

SHATTERED ILLUSIONS: LOVE, LIES, AND REDEMPTION

Chapter 7

"Pfft." Lizetta choked and coughed.

She looked guilty as sin, and Remington's eyes grew grimmer, "Spit it out!"

Lizetta hurriedly put down her glass of water, "Is it that I can get pregnant by magic, or do you have some kind

of special talent to reproduce remotely? Which time did you not take proper precautions?"

Her tone became inevitably tinged with bitterness and annoyance towards the end.

"Sharp-tongued, aren't you!" Remington chuckled ironically.

But he probably also thought it was impossible for her to be pregnant and didn't pursue the topic further.

He knelt on one knee beside the bed, holding her ankle and opened the medical kit. Lizetta didn't resist, she knew his temperament and that he was stubborn.

As a husband, he didn't love her, but as a brother, he was almost perfect. He rested her right foot on his knee, holding her pale ankle and used tweezers with iodine to clean the wound.

He did this with a grace and dignity all his own. She watched him, feeling like she was transported back fourteen years when he carried her bloodied self home, and she wouldn't let a doctor near her because of her trauma.

The young man squatted in front of her bed, gently treating her wounds.

"Don't be scared, Liz. I will protect you. We won't let you get hurt again, okay?"

It had been a long time since they had shared such warmth and closeness. Four years of cold distance was enough to show he didn't love her!

Remington finished bandaging her up and pulled something out of the medical kit, tossing it to Lizetta.

"Go test yourself."

It was a pregnancy test.

Lizetta pressed her lips, "I haven't eaten anything this afternoon, just a stomach upset."

"Go test!" The man cut her off.

He was really scared of her being pregnant, wasn't he? It made sense; he had never wanted to give her a child, and now with Evelina back, it was even less likely.

Lizetta picked up the pregnancy test and dragged her weary body into the bathroom.

Five minutes later, she came out and handed the test to Remington, "One line – not pregnant. Happy now?"

Her tone was sarcastic, and Remington glanced at the test with a cool gaze and an icy voice, "It's for the best."

He clearly didn't want her pregnant. Sleeping with her must've been a last resort, and having a baby was probably an abomination in his eyes. Any child would be considered a bastard, probably.

"I'll sleep in the study. You better reflect on this," Remington turned and left.

Lizetta's gaze fell on the pregnancy test thrown in the trash can, her legs gave out, and she collapsed on the bed.

The next day, Lizetta woke up to the bright daylight. She moved slightly, felt something against her ear on the pillow, and sure enough, her hand found a pair of earrings.

She looked in the vanity mirror and saw the diamond-set gardenia-shaped earrings with two light pink pearls at the center.

It had come back to her in the end. Lizetta's feelings were complicated.

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03-07

Chapter

Her phone rang, and she found her bag had been returned too. Yolanda was on the other end.

"Liz, are you okay?"

"Huh?"

"It's all over the hot search; the Dashiell family's son expanding his territory and triumphantly returning with a beautiful artist. And a bunch of clueless netizens are eating it up; do they even know they're munching on crap?"

Evelina played the violin, and the Hawthorne family, willing to splash the cash, had organized a few solo concerts for her abroad.

"Anyone can throw money around, and only outsiders think she's some kind of new-gen violin artist. Buying two million followers and acting all high and mighty, they have no idea. You have a solid five or six million real fans

and are never snobbish like her."

Lizetta had an online alias, just for fun; she never took it seriously but Yolanda was proud of it. Lizetta smiled and took off the earrings.

"Yeah, Remington likes that witch; nothing I can do about it. I'm not playing along

anymore."

"What do you mean by not playing along?"

"I'm going to divorce him. Can I stay with you for a few days?"

Yolanda knew all too well what

shen

Remington meant to end and

used to think the world could end and

Lizetta would never give up on Remington.

chapter there!

The news was too shocking; the phone nearly dropped.

Lizetta had breakfast and went into the study.

After printing the divorce papers, she

organized her electronic resume stage videos, various awards, and stage

recent dance practice records neatly

and sent them to Hogan White to apply on her behalf.

Leaving the study, she started packing. She only took a few clothes for all

seasons, and Yolanda came to pick her up.

Lizetta got into the car and took one last look at the villa in the morning light,

feeling the sting in her eyes.

Yolanda held her hand, "Looking back at a jerk, you'll be unlucky for life!"

Lizetta squeezed her hand back, "Right, looking forward; the next one will be better behaved."

Just then Lizetta's phone rang; it was a text from an unknown number. Caught at

a red light, Yolanda glanced

at it and exclaimed.