

Illusions 121

Chapter 121

Eveling's eyes nearly melted as she gazed into Remington's, yet he made no move toward her.

Then you better go back and rest early"

The man Evelina's eyes nearly melted as she gazed into Remington's, yet he made no move toward her.

"Ma. Hawthorne? Cedric piped up.

Evelina managed a weak smile and finally pulled her leg back into the car

Cedric slammed the door shut and moved over to the driver's seat.

As the car started rolling, Evelina chuckled, "Cedric, you're getting married soon, right? I have yet to meet your girlfriend. When can you introduce her? I've been out of the country for years, my circle's gone cold. Your girlfriend must be gentle and serene, we'd get along well."

Cedric smiled politely, "My girlfriend's got social anxiety, plus the doctor told Ms. Hawthorne to lay low and rest up."

Evelina fidgeted with her fingers, trying both overtly and covertly to charm him a few times, but Cedric remained unswayed.

Evelina, frustrated, finally pretended to sleep and gave up.

After Lizetta dropped Joseph off, she told Hamilton to leave and hailed a cab herself.

But Hamilton insisted it was on his way and persuaded Lizetta to join him in his car

When they reached Meadowbrook Meadows, Lizetta got out, and Hamilton followed.

“Do you want me to recommend a reliable lawyer and PR firm for the online vitriol?”

As a fan of Lizetta, he was of course aware of her being exposed online today, her name was still in the trending searches.

Lizetta was taken aback but then laughed at his genuine concern.

“Don’t you think charging 200 grand for one play makes me come off as a total money-grubber?”

Hamilton arched an eyebrow, “No way! You’re my idol, of course, you’re worth the price. You offering her the gig is an honor!”

He was so earnest Lizetta almost bought it.

Blind affirmation from a fan sometimes can be hard to bear,

Feeling a bit sheepish, Lizetta waved him off, “Nah, I have my ways of dealing with it. You should go back now, thanks for the ride.”

As she turned to leave, Hamilton called out, “Lizetta, seriously, do you really not find me familiar at all?”

Lizetta spun around, her face a mix of surprise and confusion, “Have we met before?”

She was still trying to recall when she might have seen him, as she had no memory of him whatsoever.

Hamilton facepalmed, “Forget it, just contact me if you need help.”

He saluted her with a cool flick of his fingers, swung open the car door, and slid in.

“I’ll do my best, nighty night.”

He drove away, leaving Lizetta standing there, still trying to figure out what he meant by doing his best.

As she turned around, little did she know that someone was silently standing behind her.

“Ah!” Lizetta screamed and stumbled backward.

“What’s with the screaming?! Geez, ‘sis’? Pretty sweet, huh? Lizetta, you’re quite something. I haven’t seen you for half a day, and you’ve already got someone like Hamilton, the nation’s heartthrob hubby?”

Yolanda latched onto Lizetta’s arm, eyes wide with curiosity.

Lizetta clutched her chest, “Are you trying to scare me to death? What’s this about a heartthrob hubby?”

Yolanda rolled her eyes, “You living offline or what? Hamilton, man, the breakout star from last year’s hottest talent show, one of the top idol pups on the scene.

The dude wasn’t even twenty last year, and he’s already got a solid fanbase of ‘girlfriend fans’ calling him ‘hubby’ left and right. Mention ‘nation’s heartthrob hubby, and everyone knows it’s him.”

Lizetta was stunned. That explained why at the amusement park, Hamilton was all masked up and hat pulled low, looking like a dead ringer for Cassius.

So, when he said he’d do his best, did he mean he thought he wasn’t famous enough?

She didn’t recognize him; was that meant to signal he needed to work harder?

Lizetta laughed helplessly, “Hubby, huh? Sure it’s not meant to be a diss?”

“How could it be? It’s a term of endearment, super cute. Spill it, what’s the deal with you two?”

As Yolanda pressed Lizetta with questions, Remington’s car parked at the base of an old residential building.

The man got out and headed straight into the building.

He climbed to the top floor and knocked on the door.

No response after a long while.

He withdrew his hand, turned around, and saw a middle-aged woman peering out from the fifth floor, looking upwards.

Before Remington could say a word, the woman spoke up.

“You looking for those two girls upstairs? They moved out. A couple of days ago, one of the young ladies was nearly in trouble; the police came, and the house was sealed for a day. Didn’t you know?”

Remington’s eyes narrowed slightly, and he stood there, his presence overwhelming, like a predator lying in

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The woman suddenly regretted being a chatterbox and wanted to make a quick exit, but Remington started descending the stairs.

“What happened here, you said?”

The guy was tall as a tree, casting a big shadow as he came down the steps.

The woman went pale, wanted to bolt, but felt like she was in the crosshairs of a predator. Clamming up seemed like a one-way ticket to an even worse fate.

With nerves making her gulp, she stammered out the whole story.

Lizetta got home, freshened up, shot the breeze with Yolanda for a bit, and then headed to her room.

She was about to hit the hay when Yolanda barged in, phone in hand, “Liz, Hamilton’s got your back on Twitter, check it out!”

She flopped onto the bed and thrust the phone at Lizetta.

There it was, Hamilton’s tweet.

[300 grand to book Maestro Adagio for a new song debut, please bless me with your presence.]

Hamilton had a whopping 30 million followers on Twitter, and today Lizetta was trending for all the wrong reasons, but the buzz was through the roof.

His tweets

set Twitter on fire. His fans swarmed in, at first wondering if he was throwing shade.

But then Hamilton clapped back at a fan.

[Maestro Adagio is my idol; been a fan for two years. Chill, folks, I don’t joke about my i

idols.]

All this went down five minutes ago, and five minutes later, Lizetta's Twitter was besieged by Hamilton's fans.

"OMG, look at those follower numbers soar! Hamilton's fans are coming to your defense; their clout is off the charts! Liz, take a look, the trolls are getting shredded!"

Yolanda was over the moon, and Lizetta saw it all, her feelings a mixed bag. She never expected Hamilton. to pull something like this. Talked about owing someone big time.

"Damn! Hamilton's got game, a real stand-up guy! We can try get in touch with him," Yolanda nodded in approval.

After duking it out with trolls all day, that weight in her chest was finally lifting. Thinking about Evelina probably seething was just icing on the cake for Yolanda; Hamilton was the man.

Lizetta scrolled through her phone, hit some nasty comments, and paused.

[Maestro Adagio is hiding in his shell, too guilty to respond, huh? Hamilton's getting ahead of himself, meddling in this mess, not afraid to sink with the ship?]

[Hamilton's backing up a no-talent, money-grubbing hack composer; his play is just brainless!]

[Hamilton, just blink if you've been kidnapped.]

Lizetta frowned. She had planned to respond tomorrow, but Hamilton's public support stirred the pot even

more.

If she didn't speak up now, who knew how things would unravel, and she couldn't drag him into this mess.

She got up to grab her laptop, "I'll respond right now."

"Right on, time to slap those haters! But Liz, how are you planning to clap back?"

Yolanda leaned in close, eyes glued to the laptop.

Three minutes later, Lizetta posted the evidence she had prepared, and Yolanda slapped her thigh in revelation.

"Exactly! Evelina's calling you greedy, but you didn't pocket a cent! Why worry? Drop that evidence, steal her thunder, and how would the trolls be able to attack you without any reason? Ugh, I'm such a dunce; why didn't I think of this?"

The evidence Lizetta posted wasn't just any old thing; It was screenshots of bank transfers.

The 200 grand from the Dashiell Group came in and was sent out in less than ten minutes, to a charity home for people with disabilities.

At the same time, Lizetta posted records of her charitable donations over the years. In the last three or four years, using this alias, she had donated a total of 1.2 million. Not a single penny of this alias income was spent on herself.

Evelina's smear campaign about Lizetta being greedy and money-hungry was a complete joke. Her response was a resounding slap across the faces of the trolls and Evelina.

"Ahhh, the comments are heated! Complete turnaround, it's amazing!" This is property © of NôvelDrama.Org.

Yolanda hugged Lizetta and planted a kiss on her. Lizetta, caught up in the moment, laughed along.

Just then, there was a sudden pounding at the door. Whoever it was, they seemed in a hurry and up to no good.

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Just got Daniel's background check; it just came in.

Lizetta glanced back at the car; Yolanda hadn't even come chasing after them. Clearly, she had been held. back.

Yolanda had got a fiery temper, if she really got into it with the Remington folks, who knew if she'd get hurt.

Lizetta was panting like a deflated balloon, "Fine, I'll be a good girl and go back with you."

Only then did Remington lift his gaze to look at her, his deep eyes fixating on her reddened eyes. He was a bit irritated, his voice laced with sarcasm, "No use crying over spilled milk, huh?"

He still made the call, instructing. "Be nice to Yolanda."

Seeing him hang up, Lizetta wrapped herself in the duvet and huddled next to the car door, silent.

After a while, Remington was the first to break the silence, "Don't you have anything to say to me?"

Lizetta's heart skipped a beat; her hands clenching under the duvet. With him so ticked off and asking like that, could it be he found out she was pregnant?

She subconsciously touched her belly, her face a picture of confusion as she turned to look at him.

“What do you want me to say? That I saw your heartfelt confession to Evelina? That I know my place and wish you well?” She tried to change the subject, and she clearly succeeded.

Remington frowned slightly, “What heartfelt confession?”

Lizetta thought he was being phony, a cold sneer played at the corner of her lips, “I wasn’t blind at the amusement park just now!”

Thinking about that scene, Lizetta couldn’t keep her cool, she turned her head away to look out the window again.

It wasn’t because she was still in love with Remington. Any wife who saw her husband publicly declaring love for another woman couldn’t stay calm.

“Ah!” With a startled cry, Lizetta was yanked into his embrace.

Remington looked down at her, a frown creasing his brows.

“Speak clearly! When did I ever make a heartfelt confession to Evelina at the amusement park?”

Seeing him deny it, Lizetta snorted, “Don’t tell me you didn’t know that’s what it meant! Drone confessions, there might be videos spreading online by now,”

However, the lines in Remington’s brows deepened, his lips pressed slightly, “Lizetta, are you illiterate? The most important subject is missing, and you’re in such a hurry to pin it on me?”

Lizetta laughed, “If not you, then who? Did Evelina make...”

She spoke mockingly, but her voice trailed off half way.

Setting up a show like that for oneself, no one else would be so theatrical, but Evelina, maybe not so sure.

No subject, even if Remington started asking questions, Evelina could say it was a gift she wanted to give herself, something to motivate herself. Could it really not be Remington?

“Talking about being dumb and then playing the victim, ‘stupid’ is the only word that suits your pea-sized brain,” Remington mocked.

Lizetta was not convinced, “Pea-sized brain?”

Remington chuckled, “Enough to wrong me, and show your nonsensical stubbornness.”

Biting her lip. “You’re not off the hook yet! You were there at the amusement park too, ditching me to protect her. That big drone show was blinding! How could you not have seen it?”

Because Remington was there at the time, under those circumstances, no one would believe him.

Watching her stubborn and unrepentant demeanor, Remington let out a laugh tinged with coldness.

“Stop the car!”

The car came to an almost immediate halt, and the driver stepped out.

Lizetta clutched the blanket tighter, quickly sitting up away from Remington’s embrace, watching him warily, “What are you doing?”

Seeing her looking like she’d bolt ten meters away if she could, Remington could hardly keep his anger in check.

His face as grim as still water, “I’m giving you a chance to come clean and apologize. Three minutes, think hard about what you should be saying to me. If you keep up this nonsense, I’ll throw you out!”

After such a big mess, she kept it from him; that was one thing. But moving into Hogan’s house afterwards, did she think he was dead? Spending her days doing nothing but butting heads with him, what else could she do?

Lizetta felt his icy gaze piercing her, as if her heart was being kneaded by him repeatedly. Even if the drone show was a misunderstanding, wasn’t he the one who cherished and valued Evelina so much?

What right did he have to drag her out in the middle of the night, to mock and scorn her over and over again? She kept a cold face, “I’ve got nothing to say.”

Remington’s pupils contracted, his voice ice–cold, “Get out!”

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Lizetta was in utter disbelief, “I’m In my PJs and barefoot!”

She was carried out in her pajamas, and now he was about to dump her midway.

Remington snorted coldly, “You could choose to apologize.”

He waited for her to beg for mercy. But in the next second, the woman who refused to get out of the car turned around and boldly jumped out, slamming the car door behind her with a loud bang.

Remington’s face turned ashen, his hands clenched into fists on his knees. The driver, Christ, got back in the car, and Remington snapped, “Drive!”

Christ had been with the Dashiell family for ages and suggested, “Boss, it’s pitch–black outside. Mrs. Dashiell is lightly dressed, didn’t take her phone, and the weather’s turning cold.”

Remington cut him off coldly, “It was her choice to leave.”

Christ wondered if that meant he should go and convince Mrs. Dashiell to come back.

Meanwhile, outside, Lizetta had already turned around and started walking in the opposite direction, as the temperature inside the car seemed to drop another five degrees.

Lizetta hugged herself, but it didn’t stop the cold wind. The chilly autumn night was turning stormy, and her nightgown was thin, barely reaching her knees.

Her bare feet felt the cold, hard ground beneath them. But she didn’t want to go back and beg Remington. She wasn’t going to let him push her around without a fight..

Behind her, she heard the sound of the car driving away and something being thrown out. Lizetta turned around to see the duvet on the ground; the car had kicked up leaves and was now far away. It seemed he thought her stuff was dirtying his car

She hesitated for a moment, went back, shook out the blanket, and wrapped it around herself. She started walking back, with raindrops falling through the gaps in the leaves overhead. Lizetta quickened her pace.

She figured the car hadn’t gone far; a half–hour walk should take her back to Meadowbrook Meadows.

Lucky for her the weather was bad; there weren’t many people around. Otherwise, wandering with hair wrapped in a blanket and barefoot, she’d look like a total lunatic.

A car honked from behind her. Lizetta’s nose tingled, and she walked faster.

Someone got out of the car and caught up to her, grabbing her.

“Liz.”

“Didn’t you leave? You jerk.”

messy

Lizetta turned around, tears she couldn’t hold back fell, like a ruffled kitten that could burst into tears with a single touch. But her expression quickly froze because the person wasn’t Remington; it was Hogan.

“What happened? Never mind. Let’s not talk about it now; just get in the car,” he looked down at her feet and added.

In the car.

Hogan turned on the heater and handed Lizetta a towel, saying kindly, “Dry yourself off.”

Her hair was wet. She took the towel and wiped herself, “How come you’re here?”

“I’ve got another place here in Meadowbrook Meadows. I live there, too.”

Lizetta paused, “Just got off work?”

Yeah, got called in for two emergency surgeries after my shift, and that’s why I’m late.”

She nodded, her eyes downcast, and fell silent for a moment.

Lizetta’s dealings with Hogan had mostly been about Thaddeus and often at the hospital. But his recent actions made her feel something was different.

Hogan knew Shirley and casually had more than one apartment in Meadowbrook Meadows. His background couldn’t be simple.

Meadowbrook Meadows weren't close to the hospital. Why would he stay here? Lizetta couldn't help but wonder.

"By the way, the lease contract is printed," Hogan pulled out a document from the glove compartment and handed over.

Lizetta didn't take it, smiling instead.

"Hogan, Yolanda and I discussed it, and we think it's a bit far from her school. We're looking for a new place. and planning to move out in the next couple of days. Thanks for offering shelter."

They were both smart people. Hogan got the hint; it was her polite way of saying no. He paused with the contract in hand, and then put it back, his smile as warm and gentle as ever.

"Okay, if you don't find something suitable, there's no rush to move."

"Thank you, Hogan," Lizetta thanked him again.

The car had stopped. Lizetta opened the door to get out, but Hogan didn't unlock it. Lizetta looked at him, and Hogan bent over and pulled out a pair of shoes from under his seat, offering them to her.

"I just put them in here a few days ago; haven't worn them yet."

They were used for surgeries. Lizetta instinctively curled her dirty toes.

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Hogan added, "Don't worry about paying me back, just leave it at your place."

Lizetta couldn't refuse anymore, especially since the rain had already started to drench the ground outside.

"You better head back now" she took the shoes, hopped out of the car, and dashed into the building.

Lizette knocked on the door, and Yolanda's face was a picture of shock, "What happened to you, and where's Badass Remington?"

Yolanda hurriedly pulled her inside and poured her some hot water.

Lizetta took a sip and sneezed; Yolanda nudged her towards the bathroom. Once she emerged from a hot shower and settled on the couch, Lizetta briefly filled her in on what had happened, including turning down Hogan.

"Yolanda, sorry, looks like we gotta hunt for a new place again."

u sure

"Don't say that. Hogan seems decent, and Badass Remington is turning into a real monster. Are you you don't want to reconsider?"

Lizetta shook her head, "I'm not a good match to him."

Not to mention, she was pregnant and didn't have remarriage on her mind. Even without a baby, her heart's wounds needed a long time to heal. Why lead someone on for no reason?

"Alrighty, you've got that audition with Master Dories coming up. Focus on your dance; forget about the house hunt."

Lizetta felt a wave of warmth, leaned in for a hug, and Yolanda hissed in pain.

“Are you hurt? Did Remington’s goons do this?”

She tried to peel back Yolanda’s clothes, but Yolanda dodged, “It’s nothing, just a little twist.”

Lizetta pinned her down and saw a bruise on her shoulder blade. Without a word, Lizetta fetched the first-aid kit and started applying some ointment on the bruise.

Her aura was so intense that Yolanda didn’t dare to speak and just let her do her thing. After Lizetta pulled her clothes back, Yolanda cracked a smile and shrugged.

“That feels good.”

Lizetta glared at her, and Yolanda clung to her playfully, “All good now, really doesn’t hurt. I started it, anyway, plus I’m always getting knocked around on set, what’s a bruise or two?”

Seeing her smile, Lizetta felt a twinge in her nose.

“It’s different.”

“Okay, okay, let’s talk about something fun. You wouldn’t believe it, but Evelina’s true colors have been exposed. Hamilton’s fans are all pros at seeing through people’s BS. They’ve flooded Evelina’s Twitter, tearing her a new one.

They’re calling out her tweet for being passive-aggressive, and with her tiny following, she didn’t stand a chance. Now netizens are all over her for proof of her charitable donations.”

Yolanda showed her phone to Lizetta. True enough, Evelina’s followers were plummeting, and Lizetta’s own follower count was rocketing towards 6 million

[My Hamilton has an eye for talent! Obsessed with the goddess; his songs and dance moves are killer!]

Been a fan of Maestro Adagio for over a year, and Hamilton for 9 months, now I feel like I'm being two-timed by both; who gets it?] This is property © of NôvelDrama.Org.

But the hottest comment was a shout-out, already with a long thread below.

When is Maestro Adagio gonna follow back Hamilton? He's about to pass out from crying!!]

Lizetta's eyes curved into a smile as she hit the follow-back button, and Yolanda couldn't wait to dive back. Into Evelina's Twitter, which was full of negativity, just like Lizetta's had been before tonight.

"Bitch Evelina has lost fifty to sixty thousands of followers; she must be freaking out! Serves her right!"

[All that talk about being a posh beauty, speaking in riddles, flaunting her love life – if she's so great, let's see how much she's donated, what kind of good deeds she's done.]

[Why's she hiding now? Don't tell me she hasn't donated a dime all year, not a single contribution to society, huh? Yuck.]

The tables had indeed turned. Lizetta glanced through briefly before urging Yolanda to bed.

"Stop scrolling, have you been glued to the web all day? You've got raccoon eyes!"

"Really? It's all Bitch Evelina's fault!" Yolanda hollered as she scampered into the bedroom.

Lizetta shook her head with a smile, went back to her room, and made a call. After hanging up, she removed Remington from the block list, and sent him a message.

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When Remington got Lizetta's message, he was already back at Oakridge Heights.

On his desk was a more detailed file about Daniel, listing all the girls he had screwed over the years.

Voluntarily or coerced, it was as thick as a book. And it even led to a loss of life two years ago.

Remington's eyes darkened, struggling to imagine what might have happened that night if Lizetta hadn't thought on her feet.

A silent killing intent spread until his phone pinged with another notification. He glanced at the screen, the murderous vibe slowly melting away. He tossed the file into the trash and commanded in a deep voice, "Go, but leave him breathing."

That was what one called a fate worse than death.

"Got it," standing in front of the desk, a solemn figure, Ray, understood and left to carry out the order.

It was then that Remington picked up his phone and read the message. The woman not only had taken him

off the blocklist but also asked to meet at a café the next day; the chill in Remington's eyes completel

thawed, leaving him pensive.

At that moment, Edith knocked on the door, "Sir, Mr. Lucian Dashiell is here."

Remington flipped his phone face down on the desk, "Take him to the recreation room."

When Remington arrived, Lucian was already waiting.

"Remi, calling me over this late, you're not asking me to sweat it out with you, are you?"

He gestured at the workout equipment, slightly puzzled.

Remington didn't respond but walked over, picked up a pair of boxing gloves from the rack, and tossed them to Lucian. He grabbed a pair for himself and slowly put them on.

Lucian was momentarily taken aback, then cracked a smile, shed his coat, slipped on the gloves, and squared up, tilting his chin, "Remi, you sit in the office all day, and I'm a pro athlete. You're no match for me

now."

Before he could finish his sentence, Remington moved like lightning.

A kick to the chest sent Lucian stumbling back a few steps, a dull pain in his chest. Before he could catch his breath, another kick was flying his way, and Lucian's towering figure twisted and fell, sliding two meters and crashing into a corner.

"You talk too much," Remington said coldly, eyeing Lucian and motioning with his fists.

With a sharp look, Lucian sprang to his feet, clenched his fists, and charged forward. But as it turned out, even with daily professional training, he was no match for Remington in the boxing ring.

After being knocked down for the eighteenth time, Lucian lay there gasping for air, not getting up to fight back. Instead, he ripped off his gloves and asked, "You know about that thing, right?" His tone was questioning, but it sounded like a confirmation.

Being called in just to get beat up had to mean Remington knew about the thing he and Lizetta had kept from him.

Still standing, Remington looked down at Lucian and said coolly, "Not too stupid."

Lucian sat up, wincing from his injuries, "Ouch, Remi, you don't hold back, do you? It was Litchi who told me not to tell you,"

"And you just went along with it because she said so? What is she, your boss? Remington scoffed.

Lucian felt he was being wronged, "Isn't she just like the little boss?"

As kids, when he and Lizetta fought, no matter who was at fault, Remi always gave him a good thrashing. And years later, nothing had changed. No, it had changed; because of Lizetta marrying Remington, his fists just now were ever relentless; he was in severe pain...

Somehow his words seemed to have struck a nerve with Remington, whose gaze turned even more piercing.

"Sho's my

wife! My wife goes through something like this and you conspire with her to hide it from me; what the hell are you playing at?"

Lucian felt a bit guilty and scratched his nose, "Remi, don't be mad. Lizetta was just worried that if you found out, you'd overthink it or do something rash because of what happened that year. She cares about you too much."

Remington sneered, "Should I be thanking you guys for being so considerate

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Lucian was feeling like he was about to lose his marbles chatting away. Any more of this yammering and he was worried he'd kick the bucket right there.

Shifting gears, he said, “He’s been having a rough couple of days. I made sure he got some decent grub, though he’s about half dead from all the fuss. Let’s just drop it, okay? Litchi didn’t want you in the loop, so Remi, play dumb.”

He didn’t get to finish his sentence. Remington was already on his way out, leaving behind a frosty one-liner, “Keep your nose out of my marriage!”

The next day.

When Cedric swung by bright and early to pick up Remington, he was surprised to find Remington hadn’t come down from upstairs yet.

Edith said, “Mr. Dashiell had breakfast and then went back up. You might as well wait for him there, Cedric.”

Cedric felt it a bit weird. Workaholic Mr. Dashiell seemed off his game today. It got even weirder when Cedric realized Remington wasn’t holed up in his study but was still in the dressing room picking out a tie.

Oblivious to his own strangeness, Mr. Dashiell even turned around with two ties in hand and asked,

“Which one’s better?”

Cedric’s eyes nearly popped out of his head. He couldn’t spot a difference between the two ties – both had blue subtle patterns. On closer inspection, was the left one with slightly larger checks?

“The left one?” Cedric hurriedly suggested, catching Remington’s impatient gaze.

Two minutes later, Remington tied on the right one and walked past Cedric without a word.

On the way to the company, however, Cedric could tell the boss was in a different mood. It wasn't until after an early morning meeting and hearing Remington's instructions that Cedric got where this mood was coming from.

"Go wait for Mrs. Dashiell at the café downstairs. If she's realized her mistake, bring her up."

So Mrs. Dashiell was buttering up the boss, huh? Cedric couldn't help but chuckle, "Should I clear up your schedule for lunch, maybe book a restaurant?"

Remington's eyes were intently glued to the data charts on his computer, "Just do what you need to to."

Cedric stifled a laugh. No wonder the boss was fussing over a tie – he had a date with the missus planned.

Cedric headed down to the café and there was Lizetta already waiting. But she wasn't alone; there was a middle-aged man with glasses sitting by her side.

Cedric couldn't quite figure out what was going on as he approached.

"Mrs. Dashiell, who is this?"

Lizetta glanced over Cedric's shoulder, not seeing Remington, her expression hardly changing as she pointed to the man next to her and started introducing him to Cedric.

Cedric's smile slowly stiffened. Ten minutes later, he was back in the boss' office.

As he walked in, Remington's eyes were still on his computer, he just asked, "Has she admitted her mistake?"

He only heard one person's footsteps but figured Lizetta was lagging behind. He was peeved enough to

leave her by the roadside last night; the woman ought to be doing some serious soul-searching

She'd been acting up lately, and even had the nerve to block him. Last night, she silently added him back and asked to meet up, which meant she probably knew where she messed up.

As for why she didn't come straight up, probably too sheepish.

"Mrs. Dashiell, she...

Cedric hemmed and hawed, and finally, Remington's attention shifted from his computer, he looked up.

His gaze landed on something in Cedric's hand, "What's that you're holding?"

Cedric, nerves of steel, clenched his teeth and laid the document in front of Remington, blurting out quickly, "Boss, this is a new divorce settlement prepared by the Mrs Dashiell. She says she agrees to the divorce terms you proposed before. She even brought a lawyer. Asked me to bring up the revised settlement for your signature and then to take it back down."

With just a few words, Cedric was sweating bullets.

The boss thought Mrs. Dashiell was coming to grovel. Turned out, she'd even got the divorce lawyer all lined up. Cedric felt secondhand embarrassment for his boss.

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When Cedric was on pins and needles, a loud noise of a chair grating against the floor cut through the deathly silence of the office.

It was a sharp and spooky sound. Cedric wished he could just tuck his head into his chest as, from the corner of his eye, he saw Remington, radiating an icy chill, heading for the door.

Cedric hurried to follow, but nearly got his nose squashed by the door slamming shut. For the sake of his own skin, he wisely decided not to follow any further.

Down at the café.

The lawyer Lizetta had hired bolted as soon as he found out the other party was Remington.

Lizetta couldn't hold him back, so she had to wait there by herself. She glanced at the time, she had booked the dance studio and needed to hustle over there to practice later.

But this time, she should be able to smoothly get Remington to sign the divorce papers, right? As Lizetta was mulling this over, an intense gaze locked onto her as if it were tangible.

When Lizetta looked up, the man was already striding over to her, bringing a cold breeze with him.

“What, ah! What are you doing?”

Remington grabbed Lizetta's wrist, yanked her up from her seat, and started heading out. The man's back gave off a cold and fierce vibe as he strode quickly and urgently.

Lizetta was only 5'6", much shorter than him, and stumbled as she was dragged along, banging her thigh against the corner of a nearby table.

She winced in pain and struggled, “Remington, let go!”

The man was deaf to her pleas, pulling her out of the café and into the elevator down to the underground parking.

It was the middle of the workday, and the parking lot was deserted.

Lizetta, frightened by his dominant and fierce aura, struggled even harder, “It hurts; can’t you just tell me what you want to say?”

Remington finally stopped, but the next second he turned around and slammed the divorce papers into Lizetta’s arms.

Lizetta clutched the papers in panic, only to be scooped up by Remington. He took a few quick steps, opened the car door, and stuffed her inside.

Lizetta kicked and tried to jump out, not cooperating at all, “What on earth are you doing? I have things to

do.”

Before she could finish, with a click, Remington buckled her seatbelt and slammed the car door shut with a bang.

Lizetta was fuming, but then a thought struck her. Could it be that Remington was eager to whisk her off to City Hall?

She stopped struggling and hastily flipped to the last page of the divorce agreement. But there, only her own signature was on it; Remington still hadn’t signed.

Lizetta’s anger flared up even more, and as soon as Remington got in the car, she confronted him irritably.

“What’s the meaning of this? You said yourself, as long as I pay back 3 million to the Dashiell family, you’d

agree to the divorce. I’ve agreed to your terms now, why won’t you sign?”

In this new agreement, she was willing to divorce without taking any property with her, and to pay back 3 million as the compensation of two years of marriage without affection.

She couldn't understand what more he could possibly want! Lizetta felt like she was going to go mad because of him.

Remington's mocking gaze was cold, "Lizetta, you've grown some ambition, huh? Where do you plan to scrounge up that 3 million?"

She was just a 22-year-old girl who hadn't held down a serious job since graduating. With those two dodgy part-time gigs she had left, how could she muster up that 3 million?

He was sure she couldn't come up with the money; that was why he set the condition, never expecting she would actually agree.

"You don't need to worry about where I'll get the money from. I wrote it in the agreement, and I won't go back on my word. Just sign it already!"

Lizetta remembered how last night Remington had carried her out and dumped her barefoot on the main road. Thinking about how his people had hurt Yolanda, she couldn't stand another day of it.

Chapter 130

Plus, in just a couple of days, she had gotta meet Mester Dones, so she was racing again the clock to som out the divorce and get ready to jet off abroad

If she dragged her feet any longer, she wouldn't be able to hide her baby burg Learing over, she stuted the divorce papers into Remington's hands and started rummaging through the dove bor forage

But Remington grabbed her wrist and yanked her toward him. Lizette fell into his arms, the seater outing Into her chest so tight she could barely breathe.

“Ha, 3 million ain’t chump change. I don’t need to worry? Are you gonna do prostitution? I sure as hell don’t wanna be sporting a title of being cuckolded before we even split

Lizetta’s face went pale as she lifted her head, her eyes bloodshot as she glared at him. Did he really see her as worthless, only good for doing prostitution?

“You jerk, Remington!” She yelled, her voice trembling.

Remington just pinched her chin, his eyes narrowing dangerously, a mocking smile on his lips.

“Are you planning to run to that holier–than–thou Hogan White? Or that wussy behind tears bat from yesterday? Or maybe Lucian? Or you’re not planning to let any of them off

“Shut up!”

Lizetta couldn’t take it anymore. She swung at him, but Remington grabbed her wrist. Unable to stop him she started scratching at him desperately

Tears fell. Was it because of what happened four years ago that he’d pegged her a woman who doesn’t respect herself, who drugged men and slept around?

Remington’s neck was scratched by Lizetta, leaving visible red marks and soon, trickles of blood, a searing pain.

He frowned and clicked open the passenger seatbelt buckle. Grabbing her by the waist, he pulled her over to

him.

Forced to straddle his lap, Lizetta found her hands pinned behind her back against the steering wheel. The cramped driver’s seat left them both gasping for air after the struggle

“Lizetta, you’ve got some nerve now, lashing out at me, huh?”

A fierce look flashed in Remington’s eyes, while Lizetta’s chest heaved against his firm torso.

Humiliated and furious, she turned her head away from him. Yeah, she never thought shed lay a hand on her

brother.

He didn’t know that he was her faith, her entire world. She’d rather be covered in bruises than let a breeze touch him, but it was all his doing.

Her face was a picture of stubbornness, eyes rimmed red, “Remington, I hate you, mmph”

Before Lizetta can finish, Remington forcefully turned her face to his, sealing her lips and cutting off her words.

His kiss was fierce and punishing, chastising her for her loose tongue, devoid of tenderness, all about possession.

Lizetta’s lips and tongue quickly became numb with pain as he stirred up a storm. She bit down hard, and Remington pulled back.

She barely caught her breath before clutching the back of her head, he was at her again, relentless, oner Lizetta was gasping, never managing to bite him,

Instead, she was left with misty eyes, red at the edges, swollen lips, and hair in disarray, looking like shed been thoroughly ravaged in the car.

Remington leaned back, his shirt a mess too, but with a cold, distant look in his eyes, he appeared much more composed.

Lizetta felt both humiliated and shaken, trembling slightly with anger

Just then, someone tapped on the car window. Lizetta froze, not daring to move, instinctively trying to cover her face with her disheveled hair. She cared about her reputation, unlike him.

“Remington, is that you in there?” The person outside the car, getting no response, pulled on the door and asked.