

Illusions 141

Chapter 141

The next day.

Lizetta was busting some moves in the dance studio when her phone at the side started buzzing Unceasingly. She paused, wiped off the sweat, and grabbed the phone.

It was Hanna calling, but since Lizette had already inked the divorce papers with Remington, Hanna was history to her not her mother-in-law anymore.

She didn't feel like picking up, tossed the phone aside, and kept on dancing. But the calls kept coming, like the Grim Reaper was on the line.

With a frown, Lizette finally answered.

"Lizetta, get your butt over to Oakwood Manor now and take your mom home!"

Hanna's angry voice blasted through, and without waiting for Lizetta to ask any details, she hung up. Oakwood Manor wasn't the Dashiell family's manor, it was Nathan and Hanna's digs, right in the city center. When Lizetta rushed over there and walked in, she found Hanna on the couch with a face like thunder, and Evelina si beside her, sweet-talking her softly.

They looked more like a cozy pair than she and Hanna ever did. Lizetta approached, "What's going..."

She didn't even finish when Hanna suddenly stood up and flung the tea right in Lizetta's face. The tea was slightly hot, splashing all over Lizetta, with a few leaves sticking to her face, leaving her looking like a hot

mess.

“Tell me, does the Dashiell family owe you something? Ever since you jinx walked in, nothing but shame has been brought upon us!”

Lizetta’s eyes drooped; her lashes damp, she was barely able to open them.

The servants there were Hanna’s peeps, all standing back and enjoying the show, not a soul offering Lizetta a towel.

Evelina sat there, a smirk playing at the corner of her lips, “Here, Sis, wipe it off.”

But in front of Hanna, she still had to play the saint. She pulled out a tissue, stood up, and moved towards Lizetta.

Lizetta, though, snatched another teacup from the table and hurled it at Evelina, ‘Spare me your phony kindness!’

Hanna was livid, going straight for the jugular without any honor. Lizetta didn’t buy for a second that Evelina had no hand in this mess. And then there was Jolin causing a scene – probably Evelina’s doing too.

Hanna was her elder, so Lizetta had to take it on the chin, but she could sure as heck unload on Evelina, the one who couldn’t resist sticking her nose in.

“Ah!” Evelina got hit full in the face, instantly as bedraggled as Lizetta.

She shrieked, clutching her belly and collapsed onto the couch.

“Lizetta!” When Hanna saw Evelina take a fall, she flew into a rage, stood up, and swung at Lizetta.

Some tea leaves and debris fell from Lizetta’s eyelashes, threatening to get in her eyes. She closed them, wanting to dab them.

She didn't see Hanna's move coming and was half a beat too slow to react, already bracing for the blow.

But the pain never came. When Lizetta opened her eyes and looked up, she saw a familiar large hand gripping Hanna's wrist, stopping the slap mid-air.

Remington had arrived. His shirt cuffs were crisp white, and the metallic sheen of his watch reflected a sharp light.

Lizetta felt the glare piercing her eyes, making them burn and tear up even more.

"Remington, what the hell are you doing!? Let go!" Hanna struggled furiously.

"What are you doing, Mom!"

Remington frowned, his gaze sweeping over Lizetta's damp hair and cheeks. Seeing she was okay, he finally let go.

Hanna, stopped by her son, was even more enraged, pointing at Lizetta.

"Just look at what she's done! I had Cecilia and Maria over for flower arranging, and she had to send her mom, that parasite, to make a scene right at our doorstep!"

Crying and wailing that she can't make ends meet because her daughter won't help her! I have never been so humiliated in my life! If it wasn't for Eve being here to calm me down and talk sense into me, I'd be in the ER with high blood pressure by now!"

Lizetta had already wiped her face, looking coolly at Hanna, "I didn't send for her, and if you're so embarrassed by such relatives, you could've just had security kick her out."

Hanna didn't do that, which gave Jolin the chance to show up at the doorstep. The real reason Hanna didn't have security throw her out was all about saving face, worrying about gossip that she was heartless and wouldn't acknowledge her poor in-laws.

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She couldn't have it all—good rep and all, making poor Lizetta take the fall, huh?

“Remington, listen to this! She's got the nerve to talk back to me right in front of you. And just now, when Eve. came over to check on her, she shoved Eve to the ground! If anything happens to her baby, can she even handle that responsibility?”

Evelina, clutching her belly, was all shaken up, leaning on the couch. Hearing this, she spoke up softly.

“Mrs. Hanna Dashiell, don't worry about me. I think I'm okay. Remington has always been protective of Lizetta. Don't argue with him over me; It could strain your bond.”

What a saint she sounded like, so virtuous and considerate, all for Hanna's sake. Hanna, who'd been around the block in high society, might pick up on the subtle undertones in Evelina's words, but Evelina was carrying the grandchild she'd been waiting for.

Compared to Lizetta, she'd much rather have Evelina, the real deal, as a daughter-in-law. She shot Lizetta a glare and nudged Remington.

“Listen to how sensible and aware Evelina is. Don't let her overdo it, carry her to the room to rest, and call a doctor to check on her. She's got her solo performance tomorrow, and we can't have anything happening to her.”

Remington frowned as he looked over at Evelina, her face as white as a sheet.

“I'm really fine; I can walk by myself.”

She tried to stand up using the armrest of the couch for support, but her legs were weak and she fell back, her forehead breaking out in a sweat

Remington had just walked in and indeed saw Lizetta give a push, and Evelina fell onto the couch.

He stepped forward, but suddenly a small hand grabbed his arm tightly.

He looked down, following the hand, to see Lizetta with one eye red and the other tightly shut, looking pitifully at him.

“Remington, I think something got in my eye; it hurts so much,”

Lizetta wasn't lying: her right eye felt more and more irritated by the second. The pain was almost unbearable, and she didn't dare rub it herself, afraid it would only get worse.

And here, besides him, she had no one else to turn to. Her vision blurred, but Remington frowned and said coldly.

“Lizetta, playing games is all about timing! Let go!”

She had the nerve to splash water on Evelina earlier, and now she was playing the helpless card? His voice was so deep, so stern. Lizetta felt a chill down her spine, and her grip on his sleeve loosened as she curled up and pulled back.

She felt utterly ridiculous- as if, just because he had protected her from a slap earlier, she mistook him for her knight in shining armor, like when she was little. But she had forgotten.

Remington was no longer her protector. She sure had a short memory when it came to lessons learned.

“Hurry, Remington, take Evelina to your room! And call the doctor already!”

Remington took Evelina in his arms and headed to a room on the east side of the first floor, while Hanna busily ordered the servants around.

Lizetta watched them go, her eyes stinging with pain. That room was prepared by Hanna for Remington.

But because Hanna didn't like Lizetta, Lizetta rarely came to this part of the estate and had never stayed in Remington's room here.

But now, Evelina would be the first one to lie on Remington's bed. Lizetta's eyes hurt, but she forced them

open.

She wanted to imprint this scene in her mind, to etch it in her heart. She thought it was perfect – as her love for him decreased more today.

"Get out of the way! You're a nuisance!"

Hanna pushed past, bumping into Lizetta hard. The latter staggered a couple of steps, steadied herself against the wall, while Hanna strutted off, high and mighty, giving orders to the servants.

"Get her and her mom out of here immediately, they're bad luck!" With that, she strode into the room.

Lizetta was led out of the villa by the servants, straight to the security office at the entrance. The door opened, and there was Jolin, crouched in a corner, watched closely by two of the Dashiell family's security guards.

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Upon seeing Lizetta, Jolin immediately stood up.

"Liz, you finally showed up! Check out how your mother-in-law is treating her own kind Here I am, a quest, and she has locked me up with a bodyguard on my tail. What am I, a thief, a criminal? Come on, Liz, you're the legitimate lady of the house, you should stand up for your mother! I need you to set things straight today, or who will take you seriously in this family in the future? Hey, Liz, wait for me!"

Before Jolin could finish, Lizetta turned and swiftly walked towards the exit.

Jolin hurried after her, grabbing Lizetta's arm.

"Mom's talking to you, are you mute?"

Lizetta shook off her hand violently, and Jolin stumbled a few steps, falling onto the fawn with a wail.

"What are you doing! Now you're getting physical with your own mom? Ouch, my leg! My leg, what sins have I committed, how did I raise such an unfilial daughter!"

The sensation of something foreign in Lizetta's eyes persisted, causing her vision blurry and her eyes sting.

She, the daughter, was a total mess, but Jolin couldn't see it at all, knowing only to make a scene and having eyes only for money.

Jolin thought making a scene would ultimately force the Dashiell family to care about their reputation and give her money.

Lizetta stepped forward, fiercely grabbing Jolin by the collar with a cold chuckle.

"Ha, an unfilial daughter? Have you ever played your part as a mom? By making such a scene, what position do you put me in? Have you ever considered my situation and feelings? Just shut up!"

Her eyes were bloodshot, yet her expression was ice-cold as she pulled Jolin up, who was somewhat frightened.

"If the mother is kind to her daughter, then the daughter would be filial to her mother. You're not kind, and my being filial to a scoundrel like you is just abetting tyranny! You wanna make a scene, right? Fine!"

Lizetta let go of Jolin, who fell back onto the ground and hadn't even gotten up when a sudden cold water drenched her completely. Lizetta had picked up a high-pressure water gun from the flower bed, opened the valve, and aimed it at Jolin.

Jolin screamed, unable to open her eyes.

"Ah, help! Lunatic! Ah, Lizetta, you nasty brat. Ouch!"

Jolin scrambled away, rolling and crawling in panic, quickly covered in mud and destroying a large section of Hanna's carefully tended flowers and plants.

"Stop it! Lizetta, have you lost your mind?"

The noise was too much, and Hanna emerged from the villa with others, her face livid as she scolded Lizetta.

Lizetta swung the hose towards Hanna, who stopped in her tracks, stumbling and awkwardly being helped

to retreat.

"How dare you!"

Hanna was almost sprayed head to toe, staring at Lizetta in disbelief.

Lizetta dropped the hose, a slight smirk on her lips.

"Didn't you ask me to handle this? If we don't teach her a lesson, she'll just come back again. This is my way of handling it."

Hanna was so angry she saw stars, but Lizetta began to walk away.

After a few steps, she turned back, smiling.

“By the way, and about that pastel floral double-eared vase in the living room, it looks like a valuable antique. Next time she shows up, just smash that and blame it on her. That should land her behind bars for a few years. You won’t have to worry about her bothering you again, dragging you down to her level. I’ve told you a once-and-for-all solution, so next time she makes a scene, just do that, and please, don’t call me again.

Lizetta nodded, turned, and walked away without looking back, quickly exiting the Riverbend Abbey.

Hanna swayed, supported by two servants.

That’s when Joseph came running out from the villa; the kid had just taken his medicine and was sleeping.

“Where’s Liz? Why did she leave?”

“Don’t even mention her! You want to upset your mother too, huh? She’s really rebelled, she’s insane!”

Hanna shouted angrily, Joseph looked at the messy flower beds, the water all over the ground, and Jolin, who had just crawled out of the muddy flower bed, his mouth hung open.

“Mom, after all, Liz was raised by Remi, and you know his temperament. Liz has been influenced by him; if she’s not a big devil, she’s at least a little demon. Maybe Liz was just pretending to be too good before, and she even deceiving you.”

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Even her youngest son, who Hanna dearly loved, anger her, Hanna stepped forward to chase after Joseph.

When Jeph saw trouble, he took off like a bat out of hell.

“Calm down Mom I’ll find my brother to bring Liz back here to apologize to you.”

He ran off leaving Hanna with no way to deal with him. She ordered the servants to kick Jolin out and quickly clean up the mess in the yard.

Remington’s room was in another part of the courtyard, and the house had a good soundproof.

He heard some ruckus outside, but had no idea what was going down.

He wanted to go out, but Evelina clung to him tightly, complaining of stomach discomfort and feeling scared.

Evelina had been having a rough pregnancy, with one close call at the hospital already. Without the doctor there yet, Remington stayed with her reluctantly but felt impatient.

Just then, Joseph came running in, his face full of panic and alarm.

“Bro, bad news! Liz and her mom are fighting in the courtyard. That crazy lady’s really fierce, taking advantage of being Liz’s mom to hit her hard. Liz ended up crying and running off. Hey, where are you going? Wait up, take me with you!”

Before Joseph could finish, Remington’s towering figure had already caught the wind and stormed out.

“Remi!” Evelina anxiously sat up and called out, but Remington was too fast, she couldn’t catch him or stop him.

Fuming inside, Evelina glared at Joseph, lips pursed.

Joseph turned back, and Evelina, unable to hide her expression in time, was caught by Joseph,

Joseph made a face at her and said, "Look at you, all ugly like a snake demon. Save it, sis, my brother's not into you."

Evelina was so mad she could explode.

Before she could throw it, Joseph suddenly exclaimed "Ouch!" and sat down hard on the floor.

Before Evelina could react, Hanna entered with the servants, and there was Joseph on the floor, eyes red, sniffing

"Mom, after my brother left, meanie sister here took it out on me and pushed me to the ground."

Lever

Hanna, ever protective of her sickly youngest, shot Evelina a furious look.

Evelina felt like she was going to cough up blood, waving her hands in protest.

"Auntie, I swear I didn't push him! I was sitting on the bed the whole time. I know the young master likes Liz and dislikes me. I'm sorry, I'll leave right now."

Hanna, concerned about the baby in Evelina's belly and realizing Joseph was probably up to his tricks, glared

at him.

"Go to your room and rest! Evelina, you rest as well. The doctor will be here soon."

“Alright, I’ll listen to you.”

Evelina’s obedient act made Hanna even more pleased.

Lizetta stormed out of the Riverbend Abbey, her pace quickening.

Her vision blurred, she stumbled over something and took a hard fall..

Lizetta instinctively covered her belly. Without support from her elbows, her knees collided harshly with the ground, causing her to curl up in pain.

She had just drenched Jolin with the water gun, and she too got drenched in the process.

The wind blew, chilling her to the bone.

But what felt colder was her heart, as if a gaping hole had been torn, letting in the icy wind to blow through.

She wondered if she was really that worthless, undeserving of love.

When Kevin and Elara, who had loved her so dearly, found out she wasn’t his real daughter, they abandoned her immediately.

Her birth parents didn’t show her any affection either.

Her eldest brother was good to her, but now he was in a vegetative state. Fiona cared for her, but she was ultimately Remington’s grandmother, the lady of the Dashiell family, and there was always a barrier

between them.

Previously, Lizetta never felt self-pity because she had her brother.

With Remington, Lizetta felt like she had faith and owned the whole world.

But over these four years, her world had been gradually crumbling.

Now, even Remington had left her. He didn't want her anymore, just like everyone else.

Just as her world was about to collapse and bury Lizetta completely, a voice suddenly rang out above her.

"Get up!"

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That voice was so familiar.

But how could it be? That person should be glued to Evelina's side right about now.

Lizetta felt utterly ridiculous thinking she was still hallucinating or daydreaming.

"Lizetta! You were the one strutting around, and now you're trying to be weak and pitiful with me?"

Yet, the man's voice came from above her again.

Slowly, Lizetta lifted her head, and it was only then that Remington realized her eyes were unusually red.

Especially her right eye, it looked like it was seeping blood tears.

“What happened to your eyes?”

Remington frowned, squatting down to reach out and touch Lizetta’s cheek.

The woman who had been in a daze suddenly snapped back to reality, swatting his hand away with all her might.

Smack!

A sharp sound hit the back of Remington’s hand.

“Go away! I don’t need your help!”

Lizetta hung her head low, trying hard to get up from the ground.

She didn’t want to expose her messiness to Remington anymore..

Her resistance and rejection made Remington’s heart tighten, his face going through several emotional shifts.

When had she stopped leaning on him and started pushing him away?

All he knew was that he hated this feeling, a sense of losing control and panic slowly spreading in his chest. “You turn the world upside down and now you’re playing the victim? Stay still!”

The man’s cold voice rang out as his arm slipped through the bend of Lizetta’s knee, scooping her up in his

arms.

Her body suddenly lifted into the air, and with stinging eyes that couldn't open, fear instinctively made Lizetta wrap her arms around the man's neck, her icy body pressing into his embrace.

Remington's cold expression softened a touch as he carried her into the car.

She was too bedraggled.

Drenched from head to toe, covered in dirt, with her jeans scraped at the knees, bleeding.

Beneath her tangled hair, her face was ghostly pale, her eyes were swollen red, a mix of defiance and vulnerability.

"Go to the hospital."

Remington's deep voice commanded:

The car immediately sped off, the partition silently rising.

Remington raised his hand to Lizetta's cheek.

Lizetta couldn't open her eyes, tears flowing uncontrollably, feeling both fragile and uneasy.

He touched her, and she awkwardly turned her head away.

"Still holding a grudge?"

Remington's movements paused, knowing she was angry that he had left her behind, doubting him.

A flicker of regret crossed his brows; he hadn't realized at the time that her eye was truly injured.

"How could I hold a grudge? That would make me an ingrate, wouldn't it? I should be forever grateful for the kindness of the Dashiell family."

Lizetta turned her head away, her voice cold.

Remington's fingers were warm, gently smoothing out her messy hair, his palm cupping her cheek.

"Speak nicely."

Lizetta, with a cold expression, closed her mouth and once again turned, trying to shake off his hand.

She felt repulsed; he had just held Evelina.

His hand, had it just like this, caressed Evelina's hair, wiped away Evelina's tears?

She felt Remington stiffen. He had little patience for her, and braced herself for him to lose his temper and leave her by the roadside.

But then, the next second.

The man's familiar warm breath suddenly closed in, and a tender kiss landed on Lizetta's forehead.

Gentle, soothing, and compassionate.

Lizetta froze again, and Remington, resting his forehead against hers, let out a soft sigh.

His breath tickled her nose as he said, "I'm wrong: don't be mad at me. You're hurt. Let me take a look, okay?"

Lizetta couldn't tell if it was her eyes or her heart that hurt more.

Tears cascaded down like a breached dam, rolling off her tightly closed lashes and dropping onto Remington's hand that was caressing her cheek.

Burning hot inside, Remington swallowed hard, feeling his entire heart tremble and soften from her crying.

"Alright, let me see."

He lifted her chin, and Lizetta didn't dodge anymore.

He was her Achilles' heel; she couldn't refuse the warmth he offered.

He was so terribly good at playing her, knowing all too well.

Lizetta's heart swelled with sourness, sensing his careful approach.

He pressed her lower eyelid with his thumb and gently lifted her upper eyelid with the pad of his index finger. As he drew closer to inspect, Lizetta, through her blurred tear-filled eyes, gradually saw his magnified handsome face become clear.

She watched his furrowed brows and worried eyes.

"Looks like a bit of gunk got in your eye, hold still," Remington said as he gently blew under Lizetta's lower eyelid twice, causing her to flinch.

"Some of it came out, don't be scared, it'll be fine soon."

He was all patient and soothing, blowing gently again and wiping away a stray tear with his thumb, along with the speck of debris.

Lizetta closed her eyes, feeling much better. She raised her hand to rub them, but Remington caught her wrist.

“Your hands are dirty, don’t rub it.”

“It feels uncomfortable.” Lizetta’s eyelashes fluttered intensely.

Remington lifted his hand and covered her right eye with his large palm, gently rubbing it.

Everything went dark for Lizetta, but her nose was filled with the familiar scent of wood. Pathetically, she still felt at ease.

When Remington finally let go, she leaned back in her chair, feeling slightly drowsy.

“Don’t rush opening your eyes.”

Lizetta nodded, only to feel Remington’s large hand at her waist. Then, he seemed to be pulling down her jeans’ zipper!

“What are you doing!?” Lizetta’s hair stood on end as she reached for his hand.

The man paused, “Taking off your pants to treat the scrape on your leg.”

Embarrassed, Lizetta blushed, “No need, it’s just a small scratch, I’ll take care of it when I get home.”

Remington's voice deepened with displeasure, "By the time you get home, the wound will be all inflamed!"

Lizetta thought about her meeting with Master Dories the day after tomorrow and worried about the knee inflammation affecting her performance. While she hesitated, Remington had already forcefully pulled her hands away from her zipper.

He looked up to see her face flushed with embarrassment and chuckled.

"Shy? What part of you haven't I seen before?"

As he spoke, he unzipped her jeans and patted her thigh.

"Lift your butt up."

Lizetta's face turned beet red. Sure, he had seen her naked plenty of times, but this was the first time he was undressing her, attending to her like this.

It was just different. Especially since she couldn't open her eyes, the embarrassment and the discomfort of being watched by him were exponentially increasing.

Remington treated the scrape carefully, ensuring it was cleaned and bandaged properly. Lizetta's discomfort gradually turned into a strange sense of comfort as he attended to her.

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It was just helping her with some medicine after pulling down her pants, yet he spoke as if something more had happened between them

Lizetta's face flushed red as she reached out to put him away

But the man caught her hand and gave it a peck, chuckling. 'Do you like it when I kiss you like t

Lizetta felt a tingling sensation spread from her fingertips all over, like she'd just been zapped.

Unconsciously, she leaned softly into his embrace, too embarrassed to speak

Is that considered flirting?

Although they had been intimate, but they never really flirted like a couple

The Remington she knew before was not like this, he was silent and restrained in bed

Even during their most intense moments in bed, he never talked dirty like this, asking if she liked it or not.

Before, it felt to her like submitting homework or purely satisfying desires

But now, without even doing much, just kissing her fingers and muzzling her ear and neck, Lizette was all dewy, ready to surrender.

This was terrifying, really

She shouldn't allow herself to be indulged and fall like this.

Lizetta's eyes snapped open and she yanked her hand back

"I don't like this!"

She bit her tongue, forcing herself to lock eyes with Remington, her words sharp and decisive.

The smile on Remington's handsome face gradually stiffened. His thin lips slightly curled, and he uttered a mocking sound.

"Take a good look at this, you're little liar."

With a graceful move, he drew her attention with his fingers.

Sunlight sifted through the gaps in the leaves outside the car window, gliding over his fingertips, momentarily flashing a layer of sparkling light.

At first, Lizetta didn't understand what it was, but catching the man's teasing, mocking gaze, and thinking of where his fingers had just lingered, her mind exploded. Her entire being turned bright red, like a shrimp thrown into boiling water.

"Jerk, creep!"

Embarrassed and angry, she turned away, hurriedly pulling on her remaining pant leg.

But her hands and feet were weak, and in her haste, she struggled to put them on like a child clumsily trying to dress.

Remington casually wiped his fingers with a tissue, and with a long reach, Lizetta found herself sitting on his lap.

With one hand supporting her backside and the other helping her pull up her pants.

Lizetta tried to zip up, her fingers trembling; the zipper seemingly stuck.

Above her, Remington's chuckle filled the air, and Lizetta was too shy that she felt she could spontaneously combust. Remington covered her hand with his, helping her pull the zipper up, while teasing her in her ear.

"No need to thank me."

Lizetta couldn't stand being in the same space as him for another second.

Fortunately, they'd arrived at the hospital.

Remington got out of the car, and as Lizetta followed, pushing the door open. Just as she jumped out, her body lightened, and she was lifted by the man again.

"I can walk on my own."

"Oh, your legs are not weak anymore?"

Afraid he'd say something even more outrageous; she clamped her mouth shut and accepted her fate.

Remington carried her to the ophthalmology clinic, where the doctor said it was nothing serious, just a bit of an infection. He prescribed some eye drops and told her to use them for a couple of days.

Leaving the hospital, Lizetta refused to get back in the car with Remington.

He gave her a cold look, "You're injured, you need someone to look after you! Come back to Oakridge Heights with me."

Lizetta stood there, her eyes still red but able to open them, and looked at him.

"It's nothing serious, no need for Mr. Dashiell to bother."

She was icy cold, nothing like the coy little thing she was in the car earlier, Remington was almost amused by her change in attitude.

"So, now that you're not blind, and that you don't need me, I'm Mr. Dashiell again?"

Something about his look made Lizetta feel somewhat guilty.

She forced herself to ignore it, not forgetting Evelina was still in Remington's bed back at the Riverbend Abbey.

She nodded, "Yes, I'm leaving.

She turned to go, but Remington suddenly stepped forw

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Lizetta froze. What was he doing?

Given Remington's pride, persistently obstructing and entangling like this was out of character for him.

*Remington, let go."

Lizetta glanced around nervously. The hospital was bustling with people coming and going. What on earth was he thinking?

But the man was acting like nobody else existed, lowering his head to rest his chin heavily on Lizetta's shoulder.

"Isn't it more delightful to stay by my side than to struggle with raising funds to leave me? Liz, is it that hard to admit you can't live without me?"

His embrace was warm and comforting, something Lizetta secretly craved.

His voice was mesmerizing, his tone slow and seductive, making Lizetta's breathing quicken.

Remington sensed her emotions and his thin lips slowly curled into a contented smile

But then, in the next second.

Lizetta reached out, grabbed his arm wrapped around her waist, and firmly pulled away

She turned around, raising a smile.

“Nope, I’m itching to see the world outside. And that 3 million? I’ll gather it as soon as I can I just hope Remi, you’ll honor your agreement and let me go when the time comes.”

With that, she turned and walked away without looking back

Couldn’t she live without him?

Maybe. To Lizetta, Remington was like a drug

But she was in the process of kicking the habit, and she had always succeeded.

And Remington thought she couldn’t leave him, simply because he was convinced she lacked the ability to gather those 3 million, to survive, and could only depend on him.

Behind her, Remington’s figure stiffened, his deep eyes fixated on her gradually shrinking and disappearing silhouette, the frown between his brows deepening significantly

Even though Lizetta had been throwing tantrums lately, Remington always felt she was within reach, still that little girl who would listen to him.

But now, for the first time, he felt a serious loss of control.

And the feeling sucked!

Evelina had just left the Riverbend Abbey when she spotted Jolin waiting by the roadside.

The car stopped, and Jolin hurried in.

Evelina handed over a card, which Jolin stuffed into his pocket, grinning.

“Eve’s always the good kid.”

She was all dirty and wet, shivering with cold. She reached for Evelina’s cashmere shawl.

“I’m freezing to death! That brat Lizetta! I should have beaten her more when she was young to scare her

into submission, so she wouldn’t be as disobedient as she is now!”

A look of disdain flickered in Evelina’s eyes as she tossed the shawl to her.

“That was way out of line, how could you be so harsh on her? Don’t worry, you took care of me until I was six; as long as you do as I say, I won’t abandon you.”

“Mommy trusts you, dear, but is this month’s money not here yet? We had a deal, remember? There’s supposed to be an amount every month.”

Back when Evelina was six, she promised to give Jolin 2,000 a month from her allowance in exchange for a favor. As Evelina grew up, Jolin wasn’t satisfied anymore. Using the past as leverage, she bumped the allowance up to 5,000 a month.

Even though Evelina wasn't hurting for that 5,000, over the years it added up, and it was a serious chunk of change.

It was a real pain for her.

These days, she had been overwhelmed by internet issues, spending a lot of money to pull negative news and hire internet trolls, which strained her finances, so she didn't transfer the money on time.

Jolin had just pocketed her card and was now bringing up the money again. Even Evelina couldn't help but frown.

Jolin wasn't happy, "Eve, you're a precious daughter and about to marry into the Dashiell family, benefiting from your

child. You can't short-change me! I don't have any other options; your brother ended up like that, Lizetta is no daughter of mine, all my hopes are on you."

Evelina's eyes flashed sharply, "Zip it! What are you blabbering about? How is Sis not your daughter? Even if

you

didn't raise her till she was six, she's still your daughter!"

Chapter 149

Jolin knew there were some things shouldn't be said, and she just let something slip.

She nodded right away, "Yeah, yeah, but she's been ungrateful since she was a kid, unfilial indeed, Mommy still has to lean on you."

“Don’t worry. I’ll remind April to transfer some cash as soon as I get back,” she whispered into Jolin’s ear.

“If she finds out the truth about Lizetta’s background, she’s not someone to be trifled with. What do your reckon, could she have you thrown behind bars?!”

Jolin’s face turned ghostly pale, and she quickly clapped a hand over her mouth.

It was late into the night.

Inside a plush private room at Maplewood Club, the atmosphere was dripping with luxury.

After wrapping up their talk, Remington leaned back in his chair, sipping his drink alone.

Timothy raised his glass, “Remi and Quintin have both been abroad these past two years, so we’ve had fewer gatherings. It’s nice to have some peace and quiet to chat today. When Quentin gets back, we gotta have a proper get-together.”

Quentin, mentioned by Timothy, is the young master of the West family. The Wests are an old and established family in Zion City, and the parents are Remington’s godparents.

Quentin, Timothy, Remington, and Cassius grew up together.

Cassius nodded in agreement, “Yeah, Quentin’s even busier than Remi. Last time I flew to Celestia for a commercial shoot and wanted to catch up with him, he couldn’t even spare a minute.”

Remington’s brows knitted slightly as he tilted his head back and drained his glass in one gulp.

Seeing his mood dip even further and his lack of interest in the conversation, Timothy clicked his tongue and leaned in to ask.

“Successful in business but unlucky in love, huh? Remi, still haven’t made up with Liz?”

Remington glanced at him and chuckled, “What do you know? Even if we fight, we’re tight.”

Timothy sighed silently to himself, understanding all too well the male ego at play.

“Alright, alright, you two are tight and Liz can’t live without you. But even the happiest couples can’t keep bickering forever, man. It’s been days.”

But deep down, Remington was counting, 29 days since that woman first brought up divorce.

“Want me to lend a hand?”

Usually, Remington wouldn’t bite on such an offer.

But today, he turned his gaze to Timothy, raising an eyebrow.

Timothy chuckled to himself.

Ah, he couldn’t keep up the act anymore, huh?

He put his glass down and got serious, “If sweet-talking doesn’t work, you gotta pull the sympathy card! If

spot for she’s got even a sliver of feelings left, she won’t be able to resist. And Liz, she’s got a soft

you, Remi. If you were even slightly unwell, that girl would be anxious as can be. She would definitely fall for it.”

Remington thought Timothy had a real plan, but his interest waned upon hearing this.

Chapter 149

Lizetta used to care a lot about him.

He would have a minor illness and not take it seriously, but she would stay up all night, never leaving his side.

But that was when she cared for him like a brother. Now, her heart was as hard as stone.

He'd already pretended to have a blood disease, and she didn't even consider moving back to Oakridge Heights for more than a couple of days.

Timothy was still brainstorming, "Here's the plan, I'll hit up Liz on WhatsApp right now, tell her Remi's plastered and needs a ride home. When Liz gets here, you play drunk, and things might progress from there. Tomorrow, you two will be as sweet as honey. What do you say?"

Remington downed his drink with a tilt of his head and smirked, "Not bad, but don't bring it up again."

Timothy shrugged just as his date sashayed over to call him away.

Seeing Remington didn't want to talk anymore, Timothy stood up to leave.

But when he got to the pool table, he still took out his phone, snapped a photo, and sent it to Lizetta

He'd done his brotherly duty, whether it would work or not depended on how much weight Remi carried in Lizetta's heart.

But no sooner had he put his phone down, Cassius sidled up, peeking at the screen. With a chuckle, he took a photo and sent it to Evelina.

“What are you doing? Don’t send that randomly!”

“So only you’re allowed to send it? We should let Remi see who really cares about him.”

Timothy snatched back his phone, trying to withdraw the message, but Evelina’s reply had already pooped

1. up.

[Is Joseph drunk? I’ll be there ASAP Cassius, take care of him for me, OK?]

Timothy felt doomed!

Lizetta had moved out of Hogan’s apartment with Yolanda that afternoon and Yolanda had returned to the film crew that evening.

Lizetta went to bed early, feeling light-headed and uncomfortable.

She quickly succumbed to darkness, but her body grew heavier and more fatigued, as if she were in a desert, both hot and thirsty.

Chapter 150

Lizetta struggled to wake up and found herself with a high fever.

She felt weak all over, barely managed to grope for her phone under the pillow, instinctively wanting to call her emergency contact.

But before her fingers could dial out, WhatsApp buzzed.

She opened it to see the picture.

There he was, a man lounging back lazily in the club's leather chair, head tilted back, shirt opened at the top revealing two undone buttons, his profile oozing superiority and sleek sophistication.

Not too far from him sat a girl in a miniskirt, pure and fresh, like a college student.

Though they were some distance apart and not sitting together, that girl was clearly sneaking glances at him.

That look, Lizetta knew it all too well.

She used to gaze up at him just like that, secretly from the shadows.

"Heh."

Lizetta let out a raspy chuckle, her phone slipping from her grasp.

In a daze, she didn't know how much time had passed when the buzzing vibration startled her awake again.

Half out of it, she answered and put the phone to her ear.

"Litchi, don't forget to come to the race tomorrow. Do you need me to pick you up? Litchi?"

Lucian got no reply from Lizetta, only catching her heavy breathing, which made him frown.

“Lucian, I feel awful.”

Lizetta’s muffled voice came through, startling Lucian.

“Where are you? Hello? Lizetta!?”

But by then, there was no response from the other end.

Lucian had just taken a shower, ready for bed, but he quickly got dressed in the walk-in closet.

He quickly changed and called Remington.

But to his surprise, Remington’s phone also went unanswered.

At the club.

Evelina rushed over, stopped a waiter before entering the VIP room, gave some instructions, and handed over two grand.

She entered the room to find Remington indeed still in his previous spot, with a woman in a white miniskirt trying to cozy up to him.

Evelina walked over and snapped, “Step away, he’s not someone you can touch!”

The girl in the miniskirt was reluctant but seeing Evelina and thinking of the rumors online, she bit her lip and walked away.

Evelina moved to take the seat, but the man suddenly opened his eyes.

This seat isn’t yours either

His gaze was cold, not showing much sign of drunkenness.

Evelina froze, feeling both humiliated and wronged.

She stumbled and ended up flopping right into Remington's arms,

"Remi, you scared me like that all of a sudden."

Before Remington could push her away, Evelina sat up on her own, saying with concern.

"Cassius sent me a message saying Joseph had too much to drink, I was so worried, I even made hangover soup myself, shall I pour some for you?"

The hangover soup she brought was not homemade though.

Worried about being late and Remington leaving, she ordered takeout on the way.

She leaned in to pour the hangover soup, but Remington was already standing up, his aura even somber than before, striding towards the exit.

Evelina panicked and stood up, "Romi."

Cassius and Timothy also came over, and Cassius spoke up.

"Remi, Evelina cares so much about you."

He didn't finish his sentence when Remington put his hand on his shoulder, pushing down so hard Cassius grimaced in pain, his body swaying.

Remington let go and walked away.

Cassius, clutching his sore shoulder, hissed, “Man, why’s Remi so angry? I’ve got two action scenes to shoot tomorrow, I hope it’s not dislocated!”

Timothy offered to check, “Let me see?”

Cassius let go, only for Timothy to slap it hard, causing Cassius to wince and lash out at Timothy.

Timothy dodged and diagnosed, “It’s not dislocated, you’d better be careful, if you cause so much trouble next time, it won’t just be a dislocation.”

He made a throat-slitting gesture.

Outside the VIP room, Remington strode out, his face a stormy shade of thunder.

Evelina came, but Lizetta didn’t!

What does this imply? It goes without saying, it seemed as if a layer of frost had formed over Remington’s heart.

Yet Evelina was still tailing him, matching his every step.

“Remi, wait for me.”

Remington suddenly stopped, “Stop following me!”

His voice was menacing, startling Evelina, her eyes reddening, not understanding why she’d upset him.

Cedric approached briskly from the opposite direction, and Remington commanded, “Take her home.”

But Cedric said, “Boss, the lady’s had an accident.”