

Illusions 231

Chapter 231

“Keep up.”

In the car, when Remington momentarily opened his eyes, his expression gave nothing

away.

“Follow her,” he instructed, and on hearing this, the driver eased the car into motion, trailing behind Lizetta at a distance.

It wasn't long before Lizetta successfully hailed a cab.

“Sir, do we keep tailing her?” the driver asked cautiously.

It's broad daylight; there shouldn't be any danger.

Remington had only ordered to follow Lizetta because he was concerned that she might have been masking her emotions and could suddenly fall apart. But clearly, she hadn't.

Remington's gaze swept over the taxi's license plate and he directed, “No need, head to the west suburbs.”

By the time Remington arrived, Cedric had already been having a field day with Jolin, Apollo, and another in an abandoned warehouse for quite some time.

The trio, so arrogant and scheming back at the hospital, were now tied up on chairs, doused in gasoline, their faces stricken with fear, shaking like leaves, and looking utterly pitiful.

Remington's right-hand man, Ray, was sitting nearby with his legs crossed nonchalantly, toying with a box of matches.

Shhkh.

He struck one, flicked his finger, and the burning match flew towards the trio, teasing the flames of their anxiety. Each time, the fire came so close without quite igniting them.

Several spent matches lay scattered around them, their hearts racing beyond capacity.

"Please, we swear we'll keep our word, we won't dare do it again, just let us go," Erica's voice was hoarse from pleading.

She truly regretted it now. If she had known that trying to outsmart Lizetta would backfire, and lead to such retribution from Remington's people, she would have never made a fuss at the hospital.

"Yeah, we really won't dare again! Jolin! Say something, will you?" Apollo yelled, just after a matchstick had whizzed past the tip of his hair.

A mysterious puddle had formed beneath him, his control evidently slipping.

Jolin couldn't stand the smell of gasoline, and next to her was a pool of vomit.

She looked the worst, weak and tear-streaked.

Perhaps thinking that the bespectacled, seemingly gentle Cedric, who had been standing aside without laying a hand on anyone, would be more approachable than the menacing Ray, who looked like he had blood on his hands, Jolin, chair and all, shuffled towards Cedric, pleading.

"Cedric, I'm still Mr. Dashiell's mother-in-law, after all. Let me go, and from now on, whatever Mr. Dashiell says goes! I really can't take it anymore, I'm dying, ugh."

She turned aside and vomited more bile.

Cedric stepped back, his face showing sympathy as he said, "Mrs. Gardenia, you really shouldn't be jumping around like that. If you accidentally hit a spark and go up in flames, we can't be blamed, you know."

Jolin froze in terror, on the verge of collapse.

It was at this moment that the door to the warehouse was pushed open.

A flood of sunlight poured in, and a tall male figure strode forward. The three desperate individuals turned to look, filled with both hope and fear.

On seeing that it was Remington who had arrived, hope flickered across their faces, and they began to cry out and beg loudly.

"Mr. Dashiell, I am Liz's birth mother. Even if I've erred, considering I brought Liz into this world, my mistakes surely don't warrant death."

"Mr. Dashiell, it's all just a big misunderstanding. We're family, there's no need for deep hatred, please let us go."

But they overlooked one thing: Ray and Cedric were Remington's men.

The very ones who had cheerfully lured them from the hospital and put them in this predicament were ultimately Remington's doing.

Remington stood with a serene yet handsome face in front of the three, not even glancing at them.

A chill emanated from him, but the glaring bite mark on his chin broke through his

otherwise stern demeanor.

Ray and Cedric couldn't believe their eyes; they stared, then both twitched at the corners of their mouths, trying to suppress their laughter.

They exerted all their self-control and casually turned to look at the sky as if nothing had happened.

Compared to their inner gossip about the boss getting chewed out by his wife, they were having a field day.

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The three people were clearly too panicked to worry about the minor scrapes on

Remington's face. They were trembling like leaves, begging for mercy as if they were on the edge of an abyss.

"Light."

With a deep voice, Remington called for a light, and Ray, finally catching on, handed over the matchbox.

Remington lit up a cigarette, took a deep drag, and exhaled a wisp of smoke.

For some reason, the trio went dead silent, all eyes glued on Remington with a mix of fear and hope.

At that moment, he was like the Grim Reaper, holding their fates in his hands.

Taking another puff, Remington casually tossed the matchbox aside.

Tears of joy sprang from Jolin and her posse's eyes, feeling like they'd just dodged a bullet.

Remington raised an eyebrow, "So, you really get it now? You won't dare again?"

Jolin nodded vigorously. "I swear, no more daring for me. I'll make sure Liz gets to study abroad; I mean, what mother doesn't want her daughter to make something of herself?"

Remington nodded, and just as the trio cracked stiff smiles, he let out a scoff.

"But this promise, it sounds familiar. If my memory serves me right, you sang the same tune two years back, right?"

Jolin froze, her face twitching with terror.

Of course, she hadn't forgotten. That was when Lizetta married into the Dashiell family, officially becoming the young madam of the family.

Thinking she was now true kin, she wanted to milk the Dashiell family for money and showed up with her brothers in tow.

Hanna, ever the peacemaker, gave Jolin an apartment to send her on her way. But having tasted the sweet life, Jolin wasn't one to call it quits.

She went back again and again until Remington returned from a business trip and summoned her for a stern warning.

Back then, she promised to stop hassling Lizetta, and she did keep her nose clean for a good while. But later, she realized Remington wasn't home often, and there seemed to be trouble in paradise with Lizetta.

Before long, old habits crept back in.

“I really won’t dare again, Mr. Dashiell, please, just give me another chance.”

Remington flicked ash from his cigarette, his voice cool as ice, “The only person worth giving another chance to is someone else, and sadly, you’re not it.”

With those words, he flicked something bright red.

Boom!

Screams and flames erupted.

Meanwhile, after saying goodbye to Remington, Lizetta hurried back to the hospital.

The hospital mess wasn’t sorted yet, and Yolanda was probably still there.

But before Lizetta even reached the hospital, she got a call from the police station asking her to come in, saying Yolanda was there too.

Lizetta thought Yolanda had gotten into more trouble and rushed to the station.

In the interrogation room, she found Yolanda perfectly fine, even sparring with a couple of young male cops. The place was buzzing with officers crowding around to watch.

“Liz, you’re here.” Yolanda called out with a smile upon seeing Lizetta.

All the cops turned to look, and Lizetta gave an awkward smile, pulling Yolanda aside to hurriedly ask, “What’s going on here?”

Yolanda winked at Lizetta, looking pretty pleased with herself, and said, “It’s the same drama from the hospital. I called the cops. Jolin and her crew were just pawns; we need the police to figure out who’s really pulling the strings and get us some justice. They called you in to get the lowdown, make a statement.”

Lizetta knew this was no simple matter, but she didn't expect Yolanda to have gone to the cops after she left.

The officer handling the case motioned for Lizetta to come over, but Yolanda whispered quickly in her ear. "That bitch Evelina and her agent got nabbed, caught red-handed. Just chill and go with the flow

for the questioning."

Lizetta was shocked.

Evelina and April were arrested?

What in the world was going on? Lizetta couldn't believe the cops worked that fast.

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It took a long grilling before Lietta finally pieced together the whole story.

So here's the scoop. Right after she left the hospital, Yolanda got into a tiff with Evelina.

Yolande called the cops at night away, claiming she was being cyberbullied and that someone was sent to cause a ruckus at the hospital for a shakedown,

She even flashed the smartphone that tall dude used for his livestream in front of Evelina, giving her the fright of her life.

It turned out that Evelina got all antay, totally fell for Yolanda's trap

Worried the cops might dig up dirt, she had someone try to swipe the phone back. But Yolanda was on her toes, and the thief didn't get the phone. Instead, Yolanda ended up catching them red-handed.

The cops showed up in the nick of time, and the phone-snatcher spilled the beans about April right then and there.

Digging through the phone, the cops nabbed the livestreaming tall guy and found a money trail leading straight to April.

This time, Evelina had cooked up a storm with her planned exposé and slander. There's no way she's wiggling out of this one!

"We haven't been able to reach Jolin and the other two. Ms. Gardenia, do you still want to press charges for extortion?" the cop asked

Lizetta

Jolin and the other two were whisked away by Remington, who also said he'd take care of things for Lizetta.

Even if Lizetta wanted to claim extortion against Jolin, there was no concrete evidence, and besides, Jolin was her own mom. At most, she'd get a slap on the wrist.

Lizetta shook her head, "No need, thanks."

Officer Lionel said, "Alright then. We'll further investigate the defamation case involving Evelina and her agent April, and we'll keep you posted."

Lizetta and Yolanda exchanged a knowing look, both with a glint of triumph in their eyes.

After all, Evelina's never-ending shenanigans had been a pain, and getting some payback felt pretty damn good.

They thanked him and were about to leave, but Officer Lionel had a word of caution for Yolanda.

“Ms. Yolanda, you’ve got some moves, but next time, prioritize your safety. We don’t encourage baiting criminals like that. Go get that injury checked out.”

“You’re hurt?”

Lizetta was shocked, and Yolanda reluctantly showed her right hand, hidden up her sleeve.

“Just a scrape, no biggie”

It was indeed just a scratch, but Lizetta’s heart ached for her.

“You better listen to the officer, okay?”

“Sure, I will,” Yolanda reassured her with a smile.

She figured a few days in the slammer for Bitch Evelina and her shady agent was well worth the minor scrap

But then a rookie cop approached and whispered something to Officer Lionel.

Officer Lionel’s expression shifted slightly, and he frowned at Lizetta and Yolanda

Lizetta’s gut told her something was off, and sure enough, Officer Lionel said, “Preliminary questioning suggests April acted alone and Evelina was unaware. Plus, someone’s posted Evelina’s bail. She’s already been released.”

Lizetta and Yolanda’s brief moment of joy was suddenly frosted over.

“What the heck? I’d love to see who’s so eager to bail out Evelina!”

Fuming, Yolanda dragged Lizetta swiftly out of the police station.

They stepped out just in time to see Remington’s familiar Cullinan, with the rear window cracked open. The man was still in his suit from earlier, donning a black mask, looking all stem and flawless.

Next to him sat a pale-faced Evelina.

Lizetta stopped in her tracks. She’d thought Kevin and Elara would be the ones to bail Evelina out.

But no, it was Remington.

“Damn! Badass Remington is totally Evelina’s lapdog, always there to clean up her messes, never falling behind! Liz, good thing you ditched that jerk and signed those divorce papers, or you’d be so pissed your boobs would explode!”

Yorkide blurted out in a rape, not caring who feared in fact, she meant for the car’s occupants to hear

Remington and Evelina In the car did tum at the sound.

Remington’s gaze fell on Lizetta, meeting her vacant staré, and his hand twitched on his lap.

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Right after that, Remington pushed the car door open, hopped out, and strode over

Way.

Seeing this, Evelina’s eyes flickered with a chilly glint. She followed suit and got out of the car too.

Remington stood in front of Lizetta, his gaze falling gently upon her as he asked softly. "Weren't you supposed to be at the hospital? How come you're here too?"

Lizetta's eyes curved in a taunt, If I'm not here, how can I witness your undying love for Ma. Hawthorne?"

Her words dripped with sarcasm. Remington's brow furrowed, ready to explain, but Yolanda quickly pulled Lizetta aside to save her from Remington's toxic influence.

"Remington, you've got the nerve to ask? What's the deal, not done playing the ex-husband card yet and now you're looking to make an enemy? Coming here to bail out the woman who's been trashing Liz online, you're really something else!"

Yolanda didn't hold back, throwing Remington a sarcastic thumbs-up.

Lizetta went a bit pale, finding it all quite laughable.

Just moments before in the car, he was all apologies, acting like he wanted to make it up to her.

And then, in the blink of an eye, he was using the same car to bail out another woman who'd hurt her.

As always, when it came down to choosing between her and Evelina, Remington wouldn't hesitate to pick Evelina.

The police have cleared things up; it was all April's doing. There's no evidence linking Evelina to this, she's been released because she's innocent, no ball needed"

He came to pick up Evelina only because he was worried about the baby in her belly, fearing some misfortune.

He hadn't interfered with the police investigation, nor had he bailed Evelina out.

Remington's explanation couldn't calm Yolanda's rage, and she let out a cold laugh.

"April has no beef with Liz, why would she pull something like this? She's Evelina's agent, they're thick as thieves. If Evelina didn't put April up to it, there's no way April would go and smear Liz online!"

At this point, Evelina stepped forward, crying, her face full of remorse.

"April's been my agent for three years, we were close like sisters. Ms. Yolanda, what you are saying is making me feel utterly ashamed. but I genuinely didn't know about this beforehand. April saw me beaten up, my face swollen, teeth knocked out, bedridden for days, unable to get up, and on top of that, getting cursed out online and losing countless followers. I was so heartbroken, I nearly miscarried. Out of concern and pity for me, worried I'd become depressed, she didn't tell me and did something wrong behind my back. But it was really just a moment of impulse, she's realized her mistake now, and thankfully, it didn't cause any serious consequences in the livestream."

Evelina continued to cry as she explained, one hand on her stomach, and she even stepped forward trying to grab Lizetta's hand. "I'm feeling weak and unwell every day because of the pregnancy, that's why I didn't notice April's intentions in time. Liz, I'm sorry, I apologize to you sincerely. Can you forgive me?"

What a piece of work Evelina was, able to spin black into white.

While apologizing, she was all about showing and pregnancy glow, jabbing at Lizetta's heart with each word

Lizetta brushed her hand away, laughing lightly.

"Cut the act! Do you think you're the only smart one around? You really think by having April take the fall, you can keep playing the role of the pure and innocent girl? Everyone knows what's really going on!"

Yolanda, too, sneered and pointed at Evelina's nose.

“You’re such a smooth talker. You got beat up because you slipped sleeping pills into Liz’s water! You’re losing followers and getting trashed because you’re simply not good enough, your violin playing sucks! And somehow, in your story, it’s all Liz’s fault, like she deserved to be schemed against by you? With a heart as vile as yours, never reflecting on your own actions, any kid you have will come out with a rotten core, a menace to society with no...

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“Yolanda! Watch your language!”

Remington suddenly cut her off with a stern look, his eyes icy and piercing.

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Lizetta caught her breath and grabbed Yolanda’s hand, pulling her to safety behind her.

“Mr. Dashiell, you are so high and mighty, do we need to apologize to the esteemed Ms. Hawthorne?”

Remington was sporting a black mask, so it was hard to see what his face was really saying, but it was obvious that he was clenching his jaw tight under there.

Before he could even frown and speak up. Evelina was already waving her hands dismissively.

“Lizetta, Remington’s just super protective of the baby in my belly. The baby’s innocent, after all. Even if Ms. Yolanda and you can’t stand me, there’s no need to drag an unbom child into this.”

“If you really cared about the kid, you wouldn’t be up to no good while pregnant. You gotta know, that little bun in the oven is soaking up all your nastiness like a sponge

Lizetta cut Evelina off mid sentence. She had never seen such a shameless expectant mother!

Yolanda nodded vehemently in agreement. “You don’t bother racking up good karma, and now you’re playing innocent? Going on about the baby, the baby like a broken record, as if the whole world doesn’t know you’re the only one who can get pregnant and have kids, right Evelina?”

They tag-teamed her with their retorts, leaving Evelina looking totally lost and on the verge of tears, her body swaying as she fell towards Remington.

She knew Remington wouldn’t let her hit the ground.

Sure enough, he reached out to steady Evelina.

“Remi.”

Evelina took her acting to the next level, whispering softly as her eyes fluttered closed and her legs gave way, trying to burrow into Remington’s arms.

Remington’s brow furrowed as he supported her, glancing towards the car.

The driver was about to come over and take Evelina, but Lizetta couldn’t stand to watch any longer

Just then, a cab pulled up. She grabbed Yolanda and they bolted.

“Get her in the car.”

The driver approached, and Remington pushed the fainting Evelina towards him. Then he turned to chase after Lizetta, only to see her getting into the taxi and driving off.

king with h

him—she didn’t even glance his way before

He took a couple of steps to follow, but it was clear Lizetta had no interest in speaking rolling up the window.

He thought of her words, telling him to be a good ex-husband and stay out of her life. A shadow passed over Remington's eyes, and he stopped in his tracks.

Meanwhile, in the cab.

Yolanda was still fuming. "Badass Remington's really upping his game, isn't he? What's with the giant mask? De his true scumbag nature?"

nk it can hide

Lizetta was silent.

"And that Bitch Evelina, fainting at just the right moment! Is fainting her only trick? Badass Remington must be blind not to see through her act. Liz, you shouldn't have stopped me. I should've spat at her and seen if she could keep up the charade!"

Yolanda kept ranting as Lizetta rolled up the window a sneer playing on her lips.

Remington probably know Evelina was faking it, but he cared about her. He was willing to be duped, even if he knew the truth. "Enough about her. She's not worth wasting your precious spit on. Let's find a drugstore and treat that cut so it doesn't scar."

Yolanda didn't seem to care. "So what if it scars? It's fine."

Lizetta scolded her. "You're training in martial arts, going to film school, you really wanna be a stunt double forever? Our goal is the silver screen, the big screen! I'm waiting for you to become a big star: Ever seen a leading lady covered in scars?"

“That’s true. Oh no, will this scrape leave a scar? If it does, I swear I curse Evelina in my sleep.”

“Evelina’s dead set on breaking into showbiz. Show some spirit, outshine her, blow up bigger than her—that’ll be your revenge for me.” Lizetta cheered Yolanda on, and she felt the weight of responsibility on her shoulders, saying. “There’s actually an opportunity coming. up. There’s an issue with the fourth lead in a fantasy drama series, and Jenny said she’d help introduce me to the director

Remington

watched their taxi disappear into the distance, then walked back to his car.

The driver had already laid Evelina down in the back seat and opened the door for Remington

But Remington didn’t get in. He looked down at Evelina lying there and instructed the driver.

“Take her back to the Hawthome family, and tell Kevin to figure out the investment funds himself

The driver nodded, “Yes, Mr. Dashiell,”

Just as he was about to close the door, Evelina, who had been feigning unconsciousness, suddenly opened her eyes and propped herself up on the seat.

“Remi, I think just heard you mention canceling the investment. Did I hear wrong?

The investment Remington promised the Hawthome family was to be delivered in three instaliments,

Only the first payment had been made so far, and if no more funds came in, the Hawthorne Group would face a financial crisis.

With the current state of the Hawthome family, bankruptcy was not out of the question.

How could this be?

“Done playing possum?”

Remington stared at the seemingly frail Evelina, his eyes ice-cold.

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Evelina’s nails dug into her palm in an instant, her heart pounding so hard she could barely keep it together, trying to hide her guilt as tears streamed down her face

“Rem, I didn’t.”

But Remington wasn’t having any of her excuses, he turned on his heel to leave.

Now Evelina was really freaking out. She got out of the car, chasing after him, trying to grab his arm, pleading desperately

“Come on, investing in the Hawthorne Group was part of the deal you promised me! How can you go back on your word?”

Remington’s eyes cut through her like daggers.

Evelina’s hand froze in place, not daring to cross the line.

Remington looked away, his voice icy. “You don’t know when to stop. I made it clear to you, didn’t I? Didn’t I tell you to leave Liz alone?”

A chill ran down Evelina’s spine. Remington had indeed said so.

Last time, in her room, he warned her that if she messed with Lizetta again, he could take back everything he had given just as easily.

But back then, Lizetta was still his wife.

Now they were divorced, Lizetta was no longer Mrs. Dashiell.

Considering who Remington was, it was unthinkable how Lizetta had embarrassed him. She didn't deserve his protection or affection.

Why on earth was he still making such a fuss over Lizetta?

“Remington, you can't do this. The Hawthorne family and the Dashiell family go way back. You're cutting off the Hawthornes escape route! Plus, I didn't even provoke Lizetta, I swear I didn't know anything, April didn't tell me! And it's not like Lizetta suffered any harm.”

The livestream had just started picking up steam when that lunatic Yolanda grabbed my phone.

She blew the lid off everything right there and then. Now the internet's throwing shade at Jolin and Apollo, the whole lot of them.

April'd been locked up, no telling if she would make bail.

Compared to that, Lizetta got off scot free.

Why the hell did Remington still want to pull the plug on the Hawthorne Group after all this?

Evelina was a mix of rage and despair, feeling dizzy and on the verge of passing out, her face ghostly pale as if she might faint any second.

Remington just glanced at her, 'Im not a cop. Cops need evidence to make a case.”

Evelina's lips trembled, terrified at the thought of the Hawthomes going broke.

Flashes of her childhood, scrimping and saving at the Gardenia family, made her tears fall in fear.

She was used to the life of luxury now, there was no way she could go back to that life.

She looked up at Remington with pleading eyes, sobbing and begging.

“Remi, I was wrong. I apologize to Lizetta, I'll do it sincerely, please don't do this. My parents raised her for six wouldn't want to see the Hawthorne family fall, I'll beg her, I'll go right now.”

Evelina was frantic to leave, but Remington's cold gaze pinned her in place.

“She doesn't need your apology! Evelina, you broke the rules of the game, now you've got to face the consequences!”

His look pierced her like a blade, making her realize there was no going back.

Lately, because of the baby, Evelina had felt like Remington really cared for her.

But now, she deeply realized just how ruthless he could be.

How could he be so heartless towards her, not a shred of pity!

Remington didn't return to the office, nor did he head to the old house.

Instead, he had someone take him to Riverbend Abbey, where Nathan and Hanna lived.

er all. She

The Abbey was bustling even by day with several luxury cars parked in the yard, none of them belonging to the Dashiell family.

Remington didn't announce his arrival, just showed up. Stepping out of the car, he was immediately spotted by a servant.

The servant was taken aback, "Mr. Remington, what brings you back? Mrs. Hanna has a few friends over for Mahjong. I let her know."

Remington was in a hurry. He had grown up under Oswald and Fiona's care, respectful but not close to his parents.

His visits here were rare, and usually announced in advance.

The servant was about to inform Hanna but Remington's chilly gaze and firm voice stopped her.

"No need "

Rooted to the spot by his commanding tone, the servant watched as he strode past her, heading into the villa.

Then, the chatter of the ladies in the small living room reached his ears.

"Mrs. Hanna, so your son is really divorced now?"

"That's right

"Well, congratulations to you, Mrs. Hanna. You've finally got rid of that troublesome daughter-in-law."

“If it hadn’t been for that seductress climbing into bed, and Fiona taking pity on her, forcing Remington to marry her, with his credentials you’d be spoilt for choice among the city’s eligible ladies, wouldn’t you?”

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“Mr. Remington is finally back on the market, isn’t it, Mrs. Dashiell? My folks have a daughter who’s about to graduate from an Ivy League school and return home. Maybe she could join you for a cup of coffee.”

“Let’s not rush into anything”

Hanna’s voice chimed in casually, while Remington’s face was as unreadable as still water. He strode towards the drawing room.

“How can we not be in a hurry? Mr. Remington is pushing thirty, and your former daughter-in-law hasn’t given you any grandkids in two years. Ouch”

In the parlor, three ladies were arranging flowers with Hanna. Mrs Frost was the one speaking.

She hadn’t finished her sentence when she inadvertently looked up and saw Remington at the door.

The man wore a black mask, his expression hidden, which only made him look more stern and intimidating.

Mrs. Frost got such a scare, she pricked her finger on a rose thorn, drawing blood.

She turned pale and gave an awkward smile.

“Mr. Remington.”

Hanna turned her head, equally surprised to see Remington. She quickly put down the hydrangea she was holding, stood up, and greeted him with a smile.

“Remington, what brings you back? Mom was just chatting with friends about your marriage. They’re all very concerned about you.”

Hanna was cut off mid-sentence by Remington.

His gaze was sharp as ice, not moving from Mrs. Frost, as he spoke coolly.

“So, the Frost family breeds their offspring by laying eggs? Mrs. Frost, no wonder you and your husband have a brood of eighteen. I just wonder how many of those eggs you actually laid yourself.”

Mrs. Frost’s husband was notorious for his philandering ways, fathering illegitimate children left and right, yet Mrs. Frost herself only had one daughter.

Remington’s words hit Mrs. Frost like a dagger to the lung. Her face alternated between shades of red and white.

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She opened her mouth but couldn’t utter a word against Remington’s icy stare.

Just last month, her husband was known to have thirteen bastards, and now eighteen? else was he hiding from her?

With that thought, Mrs. Frost grabbed her purse and stormed out, humiliated and annoyed. She had to get to the bottom of this..

Remington’s gaze then swept over the other two ladies.

“Hilary, my wife might not be up to snuff, but she sure beats raising someone else’s grandkid unknowingly, doesn’t she?”

Hilary’s grandson had been revealed last year not to be her son’s child at all. This scandal was supposed to be tightly under wraps, and the kid had been shipped abroad.

How did Remington know?

Hilary’s face turned sour, but before she could say anything, Remington’s gaze had already moved on to Tracy

Tracy shivered, quickly mustering a nervous chuckle, and said apologetically, “Mr. Remington, I misspoke, I’m so leave now.”

She grabbed her bag and scurried out with her head down.

Seeing this, Hilary quickly followed suit.

In less than a minute, the parlor was left with only Hanna, her face a mask of rigid shock.

Hanna clutched her chest, her vision darkening, glaring at Remington.

These were all my guests! Remington, did you come back just to drive me to an early grave?”

Remington made her embarrassed, making her wonder how she would face the social circle from now on.

But Remington’s eyes were cold as he looked at the deeply embarrassed Hanna.

“Did you ever leave me any dignity?“,

“How haven’t

Hanna’s angry retort was silenced by Remington’s icy interjection.

→taking my

“Remember, husband and wife are one and the same! Not only did you leave me without dignity, but you’ve trampled the Dashiell

09:50

family’s reputation through the ma

His voice was heavy, as words biting

Under the fine demure, Hanna felt angry, hurt, and a twinge of guilt

She couldn’t believe that even after his divorce from Lizetta, Remington would still defend her to such lengths

She argued back, “You and Lizetta are divorced, aren’t you? So what if I and my friends talk about her? Which word wasn’t true? Does it justify you making such a scene and driving my girls away?”

Seeing she still didn’t realize her fault, Remington could only imagine how she must have treated Lizetta these past two years.

Chapter 238

Remington's brows were knit together in a dark frown. That time when the White family came knocking to ask for Lizette hand, you said you told her and she was considering it, right?"

He blindsided her by dredging up something from four years ago, and Hanna was caught off guard, her fingers nervously pinching each.

other.

"Of course, that's how it was. Why would you suddenly ask about that?"

"No! You never told Lizetta back then, and about the drug that night, don't tell me it was also your doing?"

Remington pressed her with a heavy voice, determined to clear up the past today.

He hadn't expected to catch Hanna and a few other ladies bad mouthing others. He knew Hanna wasn't exactly Lizella's number one fan, but he never thought she'd take it this far

"What are you on about, Remington? You're my son, I'd move heaven and earth to give you the best of everything. Livetta's got nothing going for her, why on earth would I drug you and help that ungrateful girl out? It must have been this wolf in sheep's clothing Lizetta who drugged you!"

Hanna fired back, her brows furrowed in anger.

"Why are you bringing this up all of a sudden? Has Lizetta been feeding you stories again? She's on the verge of divorce and still can't keep still, trying to drive a wedge between us!"

Remington's gaze was fixed on her; it was clear as day that Hanna disliked Lizetta.

With that in mind, it didn't seem like Hanna's style to drug someone.

His voice was firm, “You still haven’t answered my question. Why did you lie and say Lizetta knew?”

Hanna rolled her eyes, “Why else? Your dad had already given his word to the White family. Lizetta’s a rebellious one, no way she’d play ball. If you found out she was kept in the dark, wouldn’t you have raised hell and cut ties with us over that girl? I told you that so you might think she was already considering it and stay out of it, let her obediently trot off to the White family. But who knew, you still blew up at your dad. After that scandal, Helen’s family didn’t want her anymore, and it all fizzled out. I never brought it up with Lizetta again

after that.”

Hanna couldn’t fathom what spell Lizetta had cast on Remington that made him keep siding with that girl against his own family!

Remington’s eyes were still on Hanna, “I hope that’s all there is to it.

Hanna frowned, feeling an inexplicable chill.

Remington’s voice turned icy, “Lizetta and I are not divorced yet, she’s still my wife. If anyone dares to trash-talk her again, I’m not going to stand by, and that includes you, mother!”

Hanna’s face went pale, “What are you implying? What are you going to do to your own mother? Haven’t you rebelled enough against your elders for that woman?”

But Remington was already walking away, and the servants moved in to console Hanna.

She was helped to sit on the sofa, her chest heaving, her complexion turning a ghastly shade of blue.

A small figure hid outside the window, ducking back and darting to his room-

Pph

Remington stepped out of Riverbend Abbey and immediately instructed Ray over the phone.

“Look into that night from four years ago. Don’t miss a single detail.

His fingers tapped on his knee as he spoke with a deep gaze, “Focus on the servants who were in and out of Liz’s room that night, the ones who took out the trash.”

The paper sachet with the powdered drug didn’t just magically appear in Lizetta’s trash can.

Finding the person who tampered with things meant getting closer to the real culprit.

Who drugged him and why? He needed to get to the bottom of it

That evening.

Lizetta lay in bed, turned on some prenatal music on her phone, and set it on the nightstand, ready to sleep, when WhatsApp beeped

twice.

She picked up her phone and saw that it was a video from

m Joseph

Lizetta had been too busy to visit Joseph much lately, but the siblings still kept in touch every day.

Joseph should be asleep by now, what could he possibly be up to?

With a smile in her eyes, Lizetta opened WhatsApp and played the video from Joseph, only to pause, slightly startled by what she saw.

Chapter 239

Joseph sneakily recorded the scene where Remington lost his cool In Riverbend Abbey's lounge.

Watching Hilary and other ladies get chewed out by Remington and leave with their tails between their legs, Lizetta felt a mix of soumess and swelling in her heart.

Hilary and Mrs. Frost were Hanna's close friends, who also used to frequent the Dashiell family.

Every time they visited Riverbend Abbey, Hanna would make a point to summon Lizetta.

Even though there were servants at Riverbend Abbey to serve water, offer fruit, and tidy up the table, Hanna always bossed Lizetta around, and Mrs. Frost and company loved to join in on the fun.

They treated Lizetta like a servant. Four years ago, she was just a fresh faced 18 or 19-year-old, easy to push around.

Holding onto pipe dreams of spending her life with Remington, she didn't dare to tick off Hanna, so she was often run ragged. Now, seeing Remington stand up for her, Lizetta couldn't help but feel a little thrill of happiness.

Lizetta was zoning out with her p

phone when it suddenly rang.

Seeing it was Joseph calling, she quickly picked up.

“Liz, did you really split with Remington?”

Joseph's voice was anxious, and Lizetta slightly furrowed her brow because she could hear a lot of noise on the other end, including car horns.

“Jo, why you sticking your nose in grown folks' business? Aren't you supposed to be sleeping? What's with all that racket over there?”

“I'm on my way to find you, Liz. I'll be there soon. Shoot! My phone's about to die, I gotta hang up. Liz.”

Lizetta, already worried, was left hanging as Joseph abruptly ended the call.

She couldn't think of sleep anymore, quickly hopped out of bed, and tried to call Joseph back, only to find he had turned off his phone.

Lizetta hurriedly got dressed and dashed out the door.

She had recently moved to a new place, which Joseph didn't even know about.

Lizetta ran out of the complex, hopped in her car, and called Edith, suspecting Joseph might have headed to Oakridge Heights.

Edith picked up quickly but said, “Ma'am, Joseph came looking for you before, and I told him you're not at Oakridge Heights anymore. He probably didn't come here.”

Frowning, Lizetta told Edith to let her know immediately if she saw Joseph.

After hanging up, she stared out the car window into the dark night, feeling a headache coming on.

Joseph was pretty sharp, but he was still just an eight-year-old kid, and the Dashiell family usually kept him under tight watch.

Him sneaking out in the middle of the night to find her? Hanna would never approve.

So, the kid must have slipped out on his own, which was worrisome, to say the least.

After a moment's hesitation, Lizetta dialed Remington, who was still at the office.

When the ringtone sounded, he didn't look twice, thinking it was Kevin calling again after several attempts.

The ringing stopped briefly, but then started up again, and a flash of annoyance crossed Remington's face.

But as his gaze fell on the screen, his imitation vanished, replaced by disbelief.

Was Lizetta actually reaching out to him?

Remington's breath hitched, and he immediately swiped to answer.

“Liz?”

Lizetta hadn't expected the first call to go unanswered, nor for Remington to pick up so quickly the next time around.

And oddly, she felt like he sounded rather eager, as if he treasured this call.

Caught off guard, she didn't respond at first

Then, the man's voice came through Again, softer this time.

“What's up? Did something happen?”

Lizetta snapped back to reality, “Yeah, Joseph slipped out of Riverbend Abbey and called to say he was coming to see me, but now I can’t reach him. I’ve checked, and he hasn’t gone to Oakridge Heights, and he probably doesn’t know my new address either. I suspect

he might have gone to the old neighborhood where Yoli used to live. I’m on my way to look for him now, but it’s quite a distance.”

Joseph sneakily recorded the scene where Remington lost his tool in Riverbend Abbey’s lounge.

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There was the sound of a chair moving on Remington's end, and his voice came through, deep and soothing

"Alright, I got it. I'll send someone to search for him, and I'll head over there too. Don't worry too much"

Lizetta breathed a sigh of relief, "Okay, this. I hang up now"

Chapter 240

"Alright." Remington hung up, grabbed his coat, and bolted out of the office.

Cedric quickly stood up and approached as Remington headed briskly towards the elevator

"No need to tag along."

Cedric nodded, a bit curious about where the boss was off to all by himself this late.

But he still had something to run by him, so he followed a few steps and asked.

“Mr. Dashiell, Mr. Frost and the others are still in the meeting room having tea, should we...”

Earlier in the evening, when Remington came back to pull an all-nighter at the Starlight Group, he had Cedric summon Mr. Frost, Mt. Grover, and Mr. Hardy

They were there, but out of sight, just ordered to be kept in a small meeting room, sipping on tea.

Pot after pot, no bathroom breaks.

Now, after more than three hours, the three honchos were pale as ghosts and about to blow a gasket.

“Let ‘em stew till the wee hours and then they can scram.”

Remington had reached the elevator and issued the command indifferently.

Cedric nodded, “Any message for them?”

“Tell ‘em to go ask their better halves.”

Remington stepped into the elevator, and Cedric bowed slightly, stepping back, then suddenly blurted out to Remington inside.

“Mr. Dashiell, you might bump into Mr. Hawthorne on your way down.” Evelina had been sent home, and the driver had relayed Remington’s message about pulling the plug on the second phase of funding to Kevin.

Kevin had rushed to the Starlight Group in a panic, but Remington hadn’t let him up all this time.

Sure enough, in the parking lot, Remington ran into Kevin, who was lying in wait. Seeing Remington stride over, Kevin hurried up to him.

“Remington, did Eve do something foolish on a whim? She’s had a tough childhood, and we spoiled her rotten when she got back, making her even less impressive. On her behalf, I apologize to you. How can you just change your mind about the investment like that?”

Remington completely ignored Kevin, opened his car door, and ducked inside.

Kevin, desperate, tried to grab the car door, but a cold, warning glance from Remington chilled even this seasoned businessman to the bone, stopping him in his tracks.

Remington slammed the car door, started the engine, then rolled down the window to say coldly.

“Instead of hitting a brick wall with me, Mr. Hawthorne, you’d better straighten out your good-for-nothing daughter, so she doesn’t stir up even bigger trouble.”

Kevin thought it was just a lovers’ spat between Remington and Evelina, but Remington’s words were warning.

enough to count as a

As he pondered this, Remington’s car had already sped out of the underground garage.

Remington got there before Lizetta, driving slowly to the old neighborhood. From a distance, he spotted a bundle squatting by the flower beds.

He walked over and looked down at the kid.

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“Good on you for having the sense to put on a thick coat before heading out.”

Joseph was wrapped in a big, thick down jacket and looked up when he heard the voice.

“I’m doing all this for who, huh? Remi, you’re so heartless, no wonder Liz dumped you”

Remington chuckled, “Get up.”

“Can’t, my legs are numb.”

Remington had no choice but to crouch down and was about to pick up Joseph when the kid grabbed his coat collar.

“Remi, did you really divorce Liz? You’ll regret it, I’m telling you. With the way the male-to-female ratio is, girls these days can have like four boyfriends each. And Liz, she’s such a looker. Bet if she gets divorced, she’ll have guys lined up in no time, like a dozen or twenty chasing after her! Then you’ll be the ex-hubby being hounded by guys, sheesh, just thinking about it makes me feel sorry for you’

Remington figured the kid knew how to hit where it hurt. He tugged at the back of the kid’s neck and hoisted him up, scoffing.

Til by no means be the ex-hubby! And Liz will never be past tense in my book,”

“What do you mean? Come on, Remi, just admit it, do you like Liz or not?”

Lizetta hurried over and from a distance, she heard Joseph’s question.

Her steps faltered, as if rooted to the spot, her eyes fixed on the man’s broad back, holding her breath.