

## Illusions 281

### Chapter 281

Remington scooped up Lizetta and carried her back to the villa, and she was still out like a light, not even a peep from her when they entered.

In the living room, a lady doc was already on standby.

As Remington walked in cradling Lizetta, the doc immediately stood up.

With a slight nod from Remington, he headed upstairs, and the doc smartly trailed behind.

After placing Lizetta on the bed, Remington stepped back and whispered to the doctor, "Be gentle, don't wake her."

Turns out, the doc was an OB-GYN whiz, roused out of bed in the dead of night. She came prepped for some serious drama, thinking maybe a pregnant lady was having a miscarriage or bleeding like crazy and couldn't make it to the hospital.

But the scene in front of her was a far cry from what she'd expected, leaving her with a mixed bag of emotions as she nodded and proceeded to check on the snoozing Lizetta.

All the while, Remington was hovering nearby, his gaze heavy with concern.

Once the doc finished her exam and stepped out of the bedroom, Remington hit her with the question, "How's it looking?"

"Mr. Dashiell, rest easy. Mrs. Dashiell and the little one inside are doing just fine. Though it seems Mrs. Dashiell has been running on fumes lately, a bit on the delicate side, especially now that she's gotta nourish the baby. She needs to catch more Z's and pump up the nutrition."

Remington thought back to when they were in the car, recalling that waist of hers, still as slender as a

reed.

If he hadn't known for sure she was expecting, he'd never believe such a fragile little place was secretly nurturing their little peanut.

A tad anxious, he asked, "So, the baby's not doing well?"

"No, no, not at all. The kiddo's as healthy as can be, strong heartbeat and all. You can take a chill pill, Mr. Dashiell."

Only then did Remington covertly breathe a sigh of relief. The doc caught his worried look and felt like she'd just been forced to witness their love story late at night.

Little did she know, a stronger one was already en route.

"I kinda lost control earlier, uh, we, you know..."

Even Remington, trying to keep his cool, couldn't help but show a tinge of discomfort when bringing up birds and the bees.

The doc, though, had seen it all, and with a knowing smile, she reassured him, "No worries, Mr. Dashiell. Your wife's safely in the second trimester, which is a pretty stable time for the baby. Intimacy is fine, but keep it mellow, not too rough or too long, and mind the hygiene."

Remington's ears turned a shade of pink, slightly embarrassed.

But he was all ears, taking it in seriously.

Seeing his earnestness, the doc knew he was deeply caring for his wife. With that attitude, they were likely in good hands, so she didn't need to nag anymore. She nodded and said, "Love is the best care

there is. You're so devoted, Mr. Dashiell, I've got nothing else to add. Congrats on the upcoming fatherhood."

Remington gave a gracious nod, "Thanks."

He sent Edith to see the doc out.

After a shower in the next room and thinking of the doc's hygiene advice, he gently helped Lizetta clean up before finally cuddling up with her for the night.

Lizetta slept like a rock, all the worries of taking off had been weighing on her mind until now. It felt like both shoes had finally hit the floor, and she was worry-free at last.

What woke her up was her rumbling stomach.

Rubbing her belly, she opened her eyes to a familiar handsome face.

Sunlight poured in through the floor-to-ceiling windows, bathing his good looks in a golden glow as he laid beside her, holding her in a possessive, tender embrace.

And get this, he was wide awake.

It was as if he'd been lying there, watching her for ages, just waiting for her to open her eyes and see him.

For the first time in their two years of marriage, she woke up to his face. Lizetta was totally gobsmacked.

Chapter 282

"What in you staring at me like that for? You don't recognize me after just one sleep?"

Lizetta had this bewildered and incredulous look in her eyes, as if she couldn't believe what she was seeing.

Remington's eyebrows lifted slightly, a hint of amusement in his voice as he spoke.

It was the familiar voice.

But Lizetta still felt like she was dreaming, maybe she really wasn't fully awake yet.

"Did I open my eyes the wrong way or something?"

She blinked a couple of times, muttering to herself before she squeezed her eyes shut again and then snapped them open fiercely.

The person in front of her didn't vanish.

Yet, this kind of stuff usually only happens in dreams, right?

Lizetta raised her hand, wanting to touch the man's handsome face, but also scared that she might shatter the beautiful dream, like popping a bubble.

Her hand paused in the air until Remington reached up, took her hand, and placed it on his cheek.

The real, warm touch snapped Lizetta back to reality.

It really was him.

She remembered now, he had dragged her back from the airport yesterday.

“What are you mumbling about? Sleepy head or just plain hungry?”

Remington pinched Lizetta’s hand gently and then ran his fingers through her hair, his voice soft and playful.

Lizetta blushed slightly, her eyelashes fluttering.

\*Did

“Did you sleep here last night?”

“Where else?”

Remington shot back, his tone almost defiant.

Lizetta didn’t get it, “What do you mean where else? You never used to cuddle me in sleep before, and now after we’ve divorced, you. Mmph!”

Lizetta couldn’t finish her sentence as Remington leaned in and kissed her.

Lizetta’s eyes widened.

Wasn’t he a germaphobe?

She hadn’t even brushed her teeth when she woke up, no, she hadn’t brushed them last night either. She was grossed out by her own morning breath, and pushed the man away in embarrassment. Remington seemed to just give her a simple good morning kiss and let go of her without lingering.

But then he pinched Lizetta’s cheek gently and said.

“In the past, as a husband, I admittedly didn’t do my job. So from now on, I’m going to make up for it. We’ve only registered for divorce, we’re not actually divorced yet. During this time, you better get ready and get used to waking up in your hubby’s arms every day.”

Lizetta understood each word he said, but when strung together, she was lost.

Yet she was also captivated by the beautiful Image he painted with his words.

Because that was the most beautiful married life she had ever fantasized about, just thinking about it filled her heart with happiness.

She stared blankly at Remington, but the man had already gotten out of bed and was reaching out to her.

“Edith has had breakfast ready for a while now, you can’t go hungry. Now that you’re awake, hurry up and wash up, let’s go eat.”

Lizetta’s head was still spinning, as if she really was groggy from sleep.

She didn’t catch the underlying meaning in Remington’s words and instinctively reached out her hand into his palm, allowing him to pull her out of bed and lead her into the bathroom.

Standing in front of the washbasin, Remington grabbed a toothbrush, squeezed toothpaste onto it, and handed it to her.

Lizetta took it slowly, feeling like she was transported back to her childhood.

There was a time when she was growing so much that she could never wake up on time, often ignoring the alarm and risking being late.

Remington would drag her out of bed, squeeze the toothpaste like now, and with an impatient rub of her head and a mischievous smile, he'd tease her.

"If you're late and the teacher makes you stand, don't come crying to me."

"What are you spacing out for? Need me to brush for you?"

ut as if he

Seeing Lizetta just standing there, holding the toothbrush but not moving, Remington reached out was really going to brush her teeth for her.

That was when Lizetta snapped out of it, turning her head and hurriedly stuffing the toothbrush into her mouth.

Chapter 283

Lizetta was brushing her teeth when Remington just stood there, ogling her.

She glanced at him, a bit puzzled.

"Aren't you gonna brush your teeth?"

She said this, while her eyes unintentionally scanned the toiletries nearby, slowing down her brushing rhythm.

Only now did she realize that she was in Oakridge Heights, their marital home, the place they once shared. When she left, she had only packed some clothes, nothing else.

But now, she noticed that everything in Oakridge Heights was left untouched.

Her toiletries were still there toothbrush, towel, mouthwash cup, comb, makeup, and even her hair ties were hanging from the hooks under the towel rack.

It was as if she had never left.

Well, that was not entirely true, there was a change.

Lizetta noticed that next to her stuff, someone else's belongings had been added.

Remington's toiletries, placed right beside hers, of varying heights and sizes, made everything look like it was in pairs.

Her items were in warm tones, while his were in cool tones.

But many of these items were couple-themed, handpicked by Lizetta herself.

These items held her hopes and dreams.

Back then, Remington never shared her bed, they slept in separate rooms whenever he occasionally returned home.

His toiletries used to be in the bathroom of the adjacent room.

But now, after her departure, they'd somehow made their way into the master bathroom, catching Lizetta off-guard.

This discovery threw her thoughts into chaos.



“I already freshened up, been to the company for two meetings.”

His voice came from beside her, snapping Lizetta back to reality.

Looking at the clock, it was already late morning. Remington was a stickler for routine, always up at 6 AM

for a run.

And only now did Lizetta realize that he wasn't in his loungewear but dressed in a suit and shoes.

So, he hadn't woken up next to her after all.

Maybe he wasn't even by her side last night; perhaps he had just happened to be there when she woke up.

But what was the deal with those toiletries?

Did he move into the master bedroom after she left?

Why?

Lizetta felt like a total loser, getting all worked up over Remington's actions, which might not mean anything at all.

She brushed her teeth vigorously, trying to force herself not to look or think too much.

“Could you head out? I'll be down in a bit after I get ready.”

She urged Remington to leave, not understanding what was so interesting about watching her brush her

teeth.

But Remington seemed a bit concerned. He nodded and before leaving, he reminded her.

“No rush, take your time.”

Ever since he learned about her pregnancy, he had been on edge.

He was treating her as if she was made of delicate glass, always wanting to keep her in sight.

He was restless in his heart while at the Starlight Group for meetings this morning.

He had planned to come back for lunch with her, but by mid-morning, he couldn't hold out any longer and rushed back early, postponing his work.

This was unprecedented.

When Lizetta came downstairs, sure enough, Edith had prepared a lavish breakfast.

Remington was already seated at the table, legs crossed, casually flipping through a financial newspaper.

As Lizetta approached, he placed the paper aside and stood up to pull out the chair next to him for her.

Lizetta had intended to sit across from him, but seeing his actions, she reluctantly took the seat beside him.

His chivalry didn't stop there; during the meal, he kept asking if she wanted to try this or that.

She was starving and ate quickly, but he kept reminding her to slow down and poured her a glass of water to keep close.

He even took a napkin to dab at the corners of her mouth whenever a bit of soup ended up there.

Lizetta felt coddled like a baby, and she didn't just enjoy it, she was downright uncomfortable.

## Chapter 284

When Remington reached out to help Lizetta fuck a strand of hair behind her ear for the umpteenth time, she blocked his hand.

She turned to look at him, "Remi, aren't you gonna grab a bite?"

It seemed like Remington had been so busy fussing over her that he hadn't even touched his silverware.

"I had a bite earlier. I'm good just watching you eat."

Lizetta was left speechless

But being watched like a hawk while eating was kind of a pressure cooker for her.

"I'll get indigestion, what are you up to?"

Lizetta put down her utensils and faced Remington, deciding to ditch the meal altogether.

A shadow passed over Remington's deep eyes. He just wanted to have a meal with her, and now she was talking indigestion.

Remington's lips pressed into a thin line, he nodded slightly, and stood up.

"I'll be in the living room. Have a little more to eat."

He strode towards the living room, leaving Lizetta biting her lip, sensing a tinge of loneliness in his departing figure.

She instantly felt a pang of guilt, as if she'd done something to wound him.

Oh, the tragedy of being a lapdog!

No way, no how.

Lizetta slapped her head and kept on eating.

After finishing her meal and stepping out of the dining room, she found Remington on the couch scrolling through his phone, bathed in sunlight, his watch casting a cool gleam, exuding an air of detached elegance and indifference.

It was like the man who had been so attentive during her meal had vanished.

But this was more like him, and it actually helped Lizetta unwind.

She walked over, plopped down on the couch, and reached out to him.

"Where's my phone?"

Her phone had been confiscated by Remington since yesterday. She had looked for it earlier in her room after freshening up but couldn't find it.

She had promised Yolanda she'd check in upon landing, and she hadn't yet, probably leaving her friend worried sick.

Instead of responding to her question, Remington grabbed Lizetta's hand, saying, "I'm keeping your phone for now. You'll get it back once you've sorted things out in your head."

Lizetta was stumped. "Sorted what out? What do you mean?"

"It's about realizing what you should tell me, and understanding that leaving me isn't the smartest move."

His voice was low and smooth, even mild

But the domineering undertone sent a shiver down Lizetta's spine.

it hit her that Remington's interference wasn't a whim, not just because he was irked by her escape, wanting to shame her one last time.

He was serious—he had regrets!

Regrets about the divorce, turning her whole plan upside down.

The window of freedom she had struggled to crack open was slammed shut with a simple slap from him, sealed tight

Lizetta was livid, yanking her hand back and grabbing a cushion to hurl at him.

Tve got nothing to sort out! You're the one who needs a reality check, Remington—are you out of your mind?"

He caught the cushion effortlessly, his eyebrows not even flinching.

“No, you’ll come around. Just chill at home and think some more. I’ve got a business lunch, can’t join you. but I’ll be back for dinner”

With that he stood up, leaned in to peck her on the head before she could react, and then he was off with long strides.

Lizetta’s chest heaved with emotion, and she couldn’t help but dash after him.

But as soon as she reached the foyer, two servants popped up, blocking her way.

“Move it”

“Mrs Dashiell, where do you wish to go?”

The servants were respectful yet unyielding.

Lizetta glared at them. “Did Remington forbid me to go out?”

“Mr. Dashiell mentioned you need rest. If you’d like to stroll, we’re to accompany you in the garden. If you wish to go out, Mr. Dashiell will take you after he’s finished with his work.”

So, basically, she was confined to the Oakridge Heights villa.

Lizetta laughed out of sheer frustration. Remington was actually restricting her freedom!

What was he playing at? Was he planning to keep her locked up until she agreed to call off the divorce, until she gave up the idea of leaving him?

“What if I just have to go out Lizetta fumed, trying to barge through.

Two servants instantly squeezed together in front of her, forming a barricade of flesh, begging and pleading

“Mrs. Dashiell, I’m a single mom, my kid’s dad is a deadbeat gambler and drunk, totally unreliable, and jobs are hard to come by. Have a heart, please.”

“Mrs. Dashiell, you are the kindest soul, my mother’s half paralyzed at home, I can’t afford to lose my job.”

Lizetta was left speechless.

She once had a devil of a father who was a drunkard and gambler too, and a brother in a vegetative state.

She wasn’t sure if these servants were spinning tales or not, but she instantly felt their pain,

She’s always had a soft spot, and feeling suffocated, she turned around and marched upstairs.

Lizetta scampered off to the study, fired up the computer, only to find the internet was dead as a doornail. Fuming, she stormed out of the study, bumping into Edith who was bringing her a fruit platter.

Edith tried to reason with her, “Mrs. Dashiell, don’t butt heads with Mr. Dashiell. Just butter him up a bit, he really does care about you”

“Caring about me by keeping me prisoner? Oh, I’m just overwhelmed with gratitude

Lizetta rolled her eyes and reached out to Edith, “Hand over your phone, I need to use it.”

Edith immediately shook her head, “Sorry, Mrs. Dashiell, didn’t bring it with me.”

“I need to call Remington”

Hearing this, Edith’s face didn’t even twitch as she fished out her phone from her pocket.

“Oops, look at that, silly me, the phone was in my pocket all along. Let me dial it for you.”

Edith dialed and handed the phone to Lizetta.

A man’s deep and steady voice came through quickly. Is she behaving? What is she up to?”

Lizetta chuckled, “Oh, she’s as good as gold, just sitting here cursing you to step in dog poop, get stuck in traffic every time you drive, choke every time you drink, trip over your own feet, have bad luck if you don’t smile, and lose a tooth when you do!”

Lizetta let loose a tirade, not even halfway done, when a low, magnetic chuckle sounded from the other end of the line.

The laugh seemed to vibrate through his chest, sending electric shivers straight to Lizetta’s ear

She rarely heard him laugh with such pleasure, she thought he must be nuts

Her annoyance grew, “What’s so funny?”

“Mrs. Dashiell you are quite adorable”

Remington’s laughter faded, his voice lifting slightly.

Chapter 285



Cursing him so sweetly and cutely, not a hint of venom, what damage could it possibly do?

Her heart, after all, was still tender towards him.

With that thought, a softness seemed to crumble inside Remington too.

He added, "The doctor said you've been too stressed lately. Just rest up at home, let Edith know whatever you want to eat. If the servants can't make it, tell me, I'll bring it home after work, or we can go out and eat together tonight."

He spoke softly, but Lizetta's frown deepened.

"Give me back the phone, let the servants let me out, I promise, I won't leave for now, okay? I need to get in touch with Yoli."

She didn't finish her sentence, as Remington interrupted.

"I'll inform Yolanda, don't worry about it."

Lizetta clenched her teeth, "Remington, what the hell are you up to?"

"Liz, I've said it this morning, I wasn't a good husband before, I hope during this period, I get a chance to make it up to you."

He hung up after saying that.

Lizetta clutched the phone, feeling like she had punched a cotton ball, only more stifled.

But what was that about a doctor?

Lizetta frowned at Edith, "What doctor did he mention?"

Edith, however, plucked the phone from Lizetta's hand with a smile, "Mrs. Dashiell, I really don't know, you should ask Mr. Dashiell later if you want to know. If there's nothing else, I'll head down now."

She shoved the fruit platter into Lizetta's hands and headed downstairs.

Left with no other choice, Lizetta decided to channel her anger into appetite, stabbing fiercely into a piece of dragon fruit, carrying the platter into her bedroom, and slamming the door shut with a thud.

## Chapter 286

Lizetta must've been really beat, cause she took another nap in the afternoon.

When she woke up, there was a killer sunset outside the window, splashing the floor with all sorts of

vibrant colors

Lizetta headed downstairs and Edith greeted her with a chuckle.

Mrs. Dashiell, you tide you over?"

must be starving, Mr. Dashiell ain't back yet. How about a little dessert or something to

Being cooped up, Lizetta did nothing but eat and sleep, she felt like Remington was fattening her pig for the slaughter.

She wasn't feeling peckish, shook her head and asked, "Did he say when he'd be back?"

After a day to simmer down, Lizetta had chilled out quite a bit.

She figured she'd have a real talk with Remington when he got back.

Tip

like a

Edith shook her head, "No call from Mr. Dashiell. Want me to pass you the phone so you can give him a nudge? He'd probably be thrilled."

As Edith went to get the phone, Lizetta quickly waved it off.

"Nah, don't bother, I'm not waiting on him. It's his call to come back or not."

She didn't want to be the one chasing him with calls.

Thinking back, Lizetta remembered all the times she had cooked dinner and waited for Remington at home, calling to nag and ask when he'd be back. How often had those calls gone unanswered? Many times, she had to ring Cedric.

And the answer was always the same: Remington was busy, couldn't make it back.

Lizetta plopped down on the living room sofa and started flipping through TV channels out of boredom.

The twilight sky was slowly swallowed by darkness, and one by one, the garden lights came on outside.

Still no sound of a car pulling in.

Getting hungry, Lizetta stood up and told Edith to get dinner ready.

Edith hesitated, “Mrs. Dashiell, maybe you should wait for Mr. Dashiell a bit longer, or I could give him a call.”

Lizetta’s eyes went icy as she headed for the dining room.

“So what, if he doesn’t come back, I don’t get to eat?”

“Oh no, it’s just that Mr. Dashiell said he would be back, he’s sure to return,” Edith quickly gestured, trying to explain.

But Lizetta’s expression turned even colder; Edith got the hint that Lizetta had been stood up again.

Without another word, Edith silently instructed the servants to prepare the meal.

Remington didn’t return, but Lizetta’s appetite wasn’t dampened; she ate quite a bit.

After dinner, she took a couple of strolls around the garden with the servants to digest, then changed into her dance gear and practiced the basics for an hour in the dance studio.

Then she went back to her room to wash up and hit the sack.

The next day. Lizetta woke up and instinctively reached out to the spot beside her.

It was cold as ice, empty as could be.

Laughable, really.

The man who promised to come back, to make amends, to fulfill his husbandly duties, locked her up here, and then didn’t come home all night.

What's funnier was that she couldn't keep her cool.

No matter how calm and indifferent she seemed, her heart still felt the cold spread into a wave of loss and pain.

Lizetta lay back down, slowly withdrew her hand, curled up, and closed her eyes again.

She couldn't help wondering if Remington had gone to Evelina again.

Suddenly, there were footsteps outside.

They were quick, definitely the sound of dress shoes on the floor, and they approached her bedroom door fast.

The door swung open, and a fire ignited in Lizetta's chest.

With gritted teeth, she spat, "I just cursed you in my dreams last night, how can you still be back? Tell me, why'd you confiscate my phone? Afraid the crematorium would call to ask how well-done you are?" After her outburst, no reply came. In a fit of rage, she grabbed a pillow and, without looking, hurled it towards the doorway.

"Mrs. Dashiell, it's me."

The pillow hit someone, but it wasn't Remington.

Cedric stood at the door, bewildered for a moment before he caught on.

Holy smokes, Mrs. Dashiell was basically cursing Mr. Dashiell, wondering why he hadn't kicked the bucket.

yet.

But the thing was, Remington really was in deep trouble – rushed to the ICU and all.

## Chapter 287

Lizetta stood there, staring blankly at Cedric standing at the door, feeling a wave of disappointment crash over her, and so awkward she wanted to dig a hole and bury Remington in it.

“Cedric, why is it you? Uh, sorry about just now.”

Lizetta apologized but also frowned.

This was her and Remington’s bedroom, and Cedric barging in without even knocking was both rude and weird.

The next second, Cedric’s words explained this odd behavior.

“Mrs. Dashiell, Mr. Dashiell was attacked yesterday, got seriously Injured, was fighting for his life all night and has now been rushed to the ICU. You should hurry and see him before it’s too late to catch his final

moments.”

Cedric had been assigned by Remington to play “Director of Women’s Affairs” for a day and had been the spectacle for the Starlight Group’s employees, which totally wrecked him.

Cedric just wanted Remington to win his wife back pronto and get his head straight.

So, Cedric laid it on thick. He bit his tongue, and tears started falling.

Lizetta just gawked at him, her brain went blank for a sec, her body froze.

But she quickly scoffed, “Cedric, what kind of trick is Remington pulling now? He’s in cahoots with you, right? Hey, our country’s pretty safe, and besides, this is Zion City! You’re telling me Remington just

gets attacked like that?”

No way!

The only time Remington’s dealing with death was when he’s dishing it out.

If something happened to Remington, Zion City would be up in arms, not this quiet!

Probably Remington was out with Evelina again last night. He used to flaunt his time with his old flame, and now he’s gotten sneaky about it?

She thought, “I can’t freak out! Definitely can’t believe this.”

Seeing Lizetta’s face full of anger and icy disdain, Cedric had a two-second silent vigil for his boss.

“Mrs. Dashiell, it’s all true, check out this video if you don’t believe me.”

Cedric stepped forward and handed his phone to Lizetta.

“Mr. Dashiell was thinking of you on his way home from work yesterday. He remembered how much you loved the rose pastries and sugar-steamed cheesecakes from Blissful Bites Restaurant, so he made a detour to buy some for you. But as he came out of Blissful Bites Restaurant, he was,”

As Cedric spoke, Lizetta had already taken the phone and started the video.

The footage was shaky, taken from across the street unintentionally.

But she recognized Remington's tall and slender silhouette carrying the pastry box, leaving Blissful Bites Restaurant in an instant.

He was wearing the same dark gray suit from yesterday when he left the house, head down, seemingly adjusting a ribbon on the pastry box.

Suddenly, a woman in a coat bumped into him. Remington's towering figure stiffened for a moment.

Then he shoved the woman away, but staggered several steps backward himself. That woman, now pushed aside, lunged at Remington again with a knife in her hand, its blade glinting coldly.

Screams erupted around them, and bodyguards rushed forward, pinning the woman to the ground.

Remington, however, knelt on one knee, clutching his abdomen, still holding the pastry box.

The video abruptly ended, and Lizetta's pale face trembled, her phone dropping to the floor.

Remington was truly stabbed!

But how could he be dying? She had so much to say to him.

When he left home yesterday, they even had a fight.

This couldn't be happening!

Lizetta suddenly turned and dashed out, not even bothering to put on her slippers properly.



Edith and Cedric caught up, helping her into a coat.

On the way to the hospital, Lizetta was frantic, her face ghostly.

The image of Remington kneeling on the ground from the video haunted her, his hand on his abdomen, blood seeping out.

Screams were echoing in her ears.

Lizetta took a deep breath, trying to calm herself, and asked Cedric with a shaky voice.

“Who was that crazy woman? Did they take her to the police station?”

“Well, Mrs. Dashiell, you might want to ask Mr. Dashiell about that,” Cedric said, looking like he was holding back.

Lizetta felt even more strongly that he was hiding something. “What’s really going on? Could it be this has something to do with me?”

Chapter 288

Cedric looked troubled, but then gritted his teeth and nodded.

“Mrs. Dashiell, do you still remember Daniel?”

Of course, Lizetta remembered that scumbag who tried to get fresh with her. She had whacked him one good, and later, he got what was coming to him. While in the hospital, someone seeking revenge castrated him, and the whole debacle even hit the news.

She had seen that news piece and even buzzed Remington to see if he had a hand in Daniel’s fate.

Remington acted clueless about the whole thing, so she didn't think much of it.

But now, when Lizetta heard Cedric suddenly bring up that name again, her already pale face looked even more fragile.

Her voice trembling, she asked, "Could it be that Daniel's incident was really Remi's doing? What's the deal between that crazy woman and Daniel?"

Cedric let out a sigh, "I won't hide it from you, Mrs. Dashiell, Daniel committed suicide in prison last month, and the woman who stabbed the president is Daniel's mom, Iris March. Iris had only Daniel for a child. After the mess he caused, the March family's reputation took a nosedive, and their business tanked. Daniel's dad divorced Iris, hooked up with his side chick, and even brought his love child home. Iris was devastated, and on top of that, she was diagnosed with late-stage pancreatic cancer recently. Clearly a goner, she decided to go all out for revenge."

When Cedric finished speaking, Lizetta's hands twisted together tightly. She felt weak, like her strength was sapped away, leaning back in her chair.

She hadn't anticipated that Remington had orchestrated Daniel's incident.

And now, because of it, he was facing this bloody disaster. Daniel had it coming, really.

"It's my fault, all because of me."

Lizetta muttered, her eyes brimming with tears.

Seeing her like this, Cedric was indignant on her behalf.

"Please don't think that way, Mrs. Dashiell, Mr. Dashiell wouldn't want you to think like that either. You're the victim, not the perp. It's Iris who raised a son without a shred of decency, causing harm to so many girls and families. Daniel getting jailed was just deserts. Iris not reflecting on her failure as a parent and coming after Mr. Dashiell for revenge just shows the apple doesn't fall far from the tree!"

However, Cedric's words didn't sink in for Lizetta.

She was overwhelmed with guilt and worry, thinking back to her last call with Remington where she had cursed him with harsh words.

The unease and sorrow in her heart entwined around it like vines, making it hard for her to breathe.

A sharp pain came from her lower abdomen, and Lizetta bent over slightly, pressing down with her hand.

"Joy, are you blaming me too? Are you worried about your daddy as well?"

At the hospital, Lizetta followed Cedric to the ICU entrance. Before they could even ask the doctor if they could go in, doctors and nurses with somber expressions came out.

Lizetta immediately approached, grabbing the doctor's arm.

"Doctor, is he out of danger?"

"Are you family? What took you so long!"

The doctor frowned and sighed, "Sorry, we did all we could. The patient just passed away, at least it was peaceful. Go in and say your goodbyes."

Lizetta felt the world spin, letting go of the doctor's arm.

The doctor left with the nurses, and Lizetta saw the scene inside the room.

The person on the bed was covered with a white sheet from head to toe, motionless.

Lizetta wanted to step forward, but her body had no strength left.

“No, I don’t believe it, this can’t be happening!”

She hadn’t even told him they were expecting a baby.

She hadn’t told him how much she truly, deeply loved him. How could everything just end like this!

Lizetta stiffly lifted a foot, feeling like she was stepping on clouds, her body swaying and darkness closing in as she started to fall backward.

But then, she was caught by a familiar force, pulled into an embrace, and a large hand covered her eyes, a deep voice coming from above.

“Why are you crying?”

Chapter 289

The familiar scent of Remington wafted into her nostrils, every bit of it Lizetta found irresistibly intoxicating.

But she was frozen, too scared to move, too scared to lift her hand and pull away the large palm covering her eyes.

She was terrified that once she moved the hand away, the person behind her wouldn’t be Remington at all, but a figment of her imagination.

Or worse, he might just morph into a puff of smoke and vanish right in front of her eyes..

She feared that everything that had just happened was real, and that the present moment was the cruel reality she couldn't face, conjured up from her fantasies.

She stood motionless, her tears silently streaming down one after another.

They quickly dampened the palm of Remington's hand.

Remington felt his heart softening from her tears, thumping non-stop.

And it hurt him so much.

Especially knowing she was pregnant, Remington was even more nervous and flustered.

He gently lifted her trembling shoulders, coaxing her to turn around and face him.

He bent down, tenderly cradling Lizetta's face, his thumb wiping away the tears from her eyes and cheeks with a voice as gentle as could be.

"Liz, sweetie, open your eyes and look at me, will ya? I'm right here, everything's alright."

Lizetta kept her eyes tightly shut, her eyelashes quivering, tears seeping out and wetting her pale cheeks, looking downright pitiful.

She shook her head, "I'm scared, I knew it, it's all not real, just my delusions

Her crying intensified, tears as big as beans slipping through Remington's fingers.

Remington never expected that trying to comfort her like he did when they were kids would end up making her cry even harder.

He didn't know what went wrong, she wouldn't open her eyes to see him, as if she had retreated into her

own world.

Remington was anxious and at a loss, so he just lowered his head, kissed her damp face and continued to whisper soothingly.

"Liz, don't be scared, when have I ever lied to you?"

Lizetta was truly scared, choking on her sobs

"You're not him, you're lying. Remi don't want me anymore. He hasn't called me Liz in so long."

Lizetta was terribly frightened, her mind in a daze.

When she said this, a complex and pained look flashed across Remington's eyes. He felt utterly terrible.

He had made her feel so insecure and heartbroken.

Remington's embrace became restrained and gentle, as if afraid of startling the girl in his arms.

He whispered softly in her ear, "No, I haven't stopped wanting Liz. I swear, I'm alive and kicking, and will continue to protect you for a lifetime. Sweetie, open your eyes and look at me, okay?"

But Remington's tenderness made Lizetta feel even more like it was an illusion.

She was a scaredy-cat.

She didn't dare open her eyes to see if the person in front of her really existed.

Nor did she dare to run into the hospital room to pull back the white sheet and see who was really underneath.

She felt like she was in a nightmare, everything blurry and unreal.

She didn't know that Remington, holding her cheeks, had a face full of pity, distress, and sweat beading on his forehead from worry.

Remington's icy gaze lifted, giving Cedric a look.

That look was sharper than any knife,

Cedric shuddered, regretting terribly at that moment.

It was his fault, trying to make Lizetta feel sorry for Remington by exaggerating the situation and showing her that terrifying video without permission.

Who would have thought it would actually scare Lizetta stiff, and then accidentally coinciding with the ICU incident, causing such a big misunderstanding.

Cedric hurriedly tried to make amends, stepping forward and saying, "Mrs. Dashiell, there's been a mistake! The person in the hospital room isn't Mr. Dashiell, I only just found out that Mr. Dashiell was out of mortal danger this morning and has been moved to the regular ward next door! Mrs. Dashiell, I'm so

sorry!"

Chapter 290

Remington was frowning with displeasure. He couldn't believe that after all the sweet-talking he did, the girl was still upset, yet a few words from Cedric seemed to do the trick.

He felt like his assistant was getting worse nt reading the room, throwing him under the bus at a time like

this

But then, in the next second.

Lizetta's eyes suddenly flew open, and she looked up at him, even grabbing his hand in return.

Remington was taken aback. "Liz?"

Tears started rolling down her cheeks, and her vision became clearer.

She realized the man standing before her was indeed Remington. He was still in his hospital gown, looking pale and worn out, with ashen lips.

But there he was, alive and kicking, the very same Remington who would hold her and kiss her.

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In a flash, Lizetta felt a surge of life within her, as a torrent of emotions – fear, worry, joy ripped through her heart.

She practically fell apart, reaching out and hugging Remington tightly, bursting into tears.

"Remington! I hate you to death! Was this some kind of sick joke? Because it wasn't funny at all!"

Remington hugged her back, a hint of a smile softening his usually cool features as he spoke soothingly.



“Yeah, my bad, stop crying now. You had me scared too.”

Her tears were flowing like a river by now.

Assured that the man before her was real and okay, Lizetta realized there were quite a few onlookers.

Cedric and the bodyguards, along with nurses and passersby, they were all watching this scene.

Thinking about the foolishness she had just displayed and Remington tenderly comforting her, Lizetta was suddenly overcome with embarrassment. She let go of Remington, looked down, wiped her face, and tried to make a quick exit.

Remington grabbed her wrist, “Feeling a bit sheepish now?”

Lizetta tried to tug her hand free without thinking, and Remington winced, sucking in a breath of pain.

Lizetta was startled and turned back to see him, his hand clutching his abdomen, his expression one of

acute agony.

Lizetta was shocked and blurted out without a second thought,

“You’re hurt, and you still ran out of your room? Where’s your ward? Let’s get back there first.”

From the video, Lizetta had seen quite clearly that Remington had indeed been stabbed by Iris, bleeding a lot.

Now, with his baggy hospital gown, Lizetta couldn’t tell the extent of his injuries.

But seeing him up and walking, she guessed it couldn’t be too serious, right?

Remington nodded, leaning heavily on Lizetta.

“The ward’s just around the corner.

Lizetta immediately helped Remington towards his room.

Passing by Cedric, Remington turned to give him a look that sent a shiver down Cedric’s spine.

Lizetta helped Remington lie down on the hospital bed, feeling utterly disheveled with tear stains all over her face.

She wanted to go to the bathroom to clean herself up, but as she turned to leave, Remington grabbed her wrist again and pulled her back.

Lizetta stumbled onto him, worried she might have hurt his wound.

But then he embraced her, his voice tinged with laughter by her ear.

“So, Liz would actually be this heartbroken, shedding so many tears if I died, huh? I feel like even if I really kicked the bucket, I’d die with no regrets.”

Lizetta didn’t want to hear such ominous talk, so she grabbed the hospital gown around his waist.

“I still have so much to tell you, things I haven’t said to you in person. Like, I’m pregnant, we’re going to have a baby, you’re going to be a dad. Don’t you dare talk like that! If you really dare to pull a stunt, I’ll find Joy a new stepdad in a heartbeat!”