

## Illusions 501

### Chapter 501

Lizetta looked away, a blush creeping up her cheeks, finding it hard to meet Jerome's gaze. She was about to brush off the tension with a laugh when she heard his voice, smooth and tinged with amusement, from above.

"You're pretty straightforward, aren't you?"

"Uh?" Lizetta looked up, puzzled.

Jerome raised an eyebrow, "I didn't want to scare you, but it seems like you've turned the tables on me."

Lizetta was at a loss for words.

Jerome chuckled, "That's right, I like you."

His admission was candid.

Once everything was out in the open, Lizetta felt less uneasy. She touched her pregnant belly in astonishment, clearly confused.

"But why? I mean, this doesn't make any sense."

Their interactions had been limited. Excluding a brief encounter years ago, by the time they met again, she was already pregnant and he was taking her to the hospital.

Lizetta's expression turned peculiar as a thought crossed her mind.

She wondered if Jerome was one of those men who sought thrill in unconventional relationships. Did he really have such unusual tastes?

Jerome noticed the change in her gaze and let out a resigned laugh.

He gently ruffled Lizetta's hair, "Don't look at me like that. Falling for someone never makes sense. It doesn't ask for reasons or status. It just happens, and I didn't expect to feel this way either.

It was only after seeing you again did I realize that I remembered every detail of our first meeting. Perhaps, I was already moved back then, but unfortunately, I overlooked it."

That initial oversight had now turned into a slight regret.

Without realizing it, he'd found himself drawn to her, and compassion often leads to deeper feelings.

Lizetta stood there, her expression a mix of daze and panic.

Jerome, however, had already pulled back, slightly bending towards her with a half-smile.

"Don't feel pressured. My feelings for you aren't overwhelming."

He squinted slightly, holding up his pinky finger.

"Just wanting to help you within my means, to support your decisions, nothing more."

Lizetta looked at Jerome's pinky, not sure whether to laugh or cry.

She then met his gaze, his deep eyes clear and smiling, relaxed and candid.

His focus was gentle, not intense or mad, but comfortably warm.

Lizetta found herself smiling, "To like just a little bit, this is the first time I've heard such a confession."

It was indeed unique.

Jerome

twink ghtened up, his eyes

"Well, it wasn't even at

bet

stage, but I was soft of

pushed into it, wasn't I?" Content

Lizetta felt her cheeks warm up again, urging him, "Weren't you leaving? You should hurry. The

roads are bad in the snow, don't

miss your flight."

Watching him walk away with a smirk, she admired his broad back and bit her lip.

She realized Jerome was indeed a shrewd businessman.

Saying he liked her just a bit eased the awkwardness and left her without words to refuse him.

Their interaction felt less tense.

But this subtle, warm approach was sometimes more dangerous than a fierce onslaught.

After Jerome left, Lizetta sat by the window for breakfast as usual. Dora came in after clearing the snow from the yard. Lizetta turned to her and asked, "Has someone moved into the house up the hill behind us?"

She was thinking of the snowman by the house that used to be empty.

Dora took off her gloves, having also noticed it while clearing the snow. She shook her head.

"It seems someone has moved in, but I haven't seen anyone coming or going. Probably just a tourist."

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Though it wasn't a bustling tourist hotspot, the small town saw its fair share of visitors coming to stay and play from time to time.

Lizetta nodded in agreement, not giving it much thought.

As Dora went upstairs, Lizetta heard the doorbell ring.

She set down her glass of milk and walked over to the door, opening it.

Expecting to see Nolan, her eyes lit up with a smile, but instead, there stood a towering figure of a man.

Clad in a black leather jacket, cargo pants, and leather boots, he was wrapped up with a hat and scarf, his hands in leather gloves carrying a toolbox.

He even had goggles on, with only a bit of his jaw and mouth visible under a scruffy beard.

But there was something commanding and eerily familiar about his presence.

Lizetta's grip on the door handle weakened, and she took a couple of steps back, staring at the man.

It wasn't until he spoke in a local accent, "I'm here for the fireplace maintenance check," that she snapped out of it.

His voice was raspy and unfamiliar.

Lizetta blinked, her palms sweaty and her heart racing.

She gave the man another look, finding his height and build familiar.

However, he was slightly hunched, the beard hiding much of his face, and upon closer inspection, his leather jacket was stained with grease, his boots muddied.

And Remington, he was always so upright and had a bit of a cleanliness fetish, a stark contrast in demeanor.

This couldn't be him!

"Sure, please come in. The fireplace is right over there. It's been a bit smoky, thank you for looking into it."

Lizetta stepped aside, making way with a polite smile.

Dora had mentioned calling the fireplace service that morning.

Lizetta hadn't expected them to arrive so quickly, impressed by their efficiency.

The man walked past her, biting at the edge of his glove to pull it off.

His movements were rugged and unrestrained, revealing large, slightly darkened hands. He didn't carry the familiar scent of cedar but rather the cold fragrance of frost.

Lizetta found herself amused.

What was going on with her lately, mistaking everyone for Remington, even someone so different?

"The roads were rough today. I'll get you a cup of hot water."

"Thank you."

The man said, heading towards the fireplace without giving Lizetta another glance.

Meanwhile, Dora came down the stairs, gave the man a quick look, and found nothing unusual. She walked over to Lizetta.

"I'll do it."

Lizetta waved her off, "No worries, I could use the walk."

Dora then went on to clear the dining table and headed into the bedroom.

By the fireplace.

The man took off his goggles and bent down to open his toolbox, but his gaze fixed on Lizetta, by the coffee table. His look was intense, almost burning.

Last night, under the covers, her figure was hidden.

Now, standing there in a long white cashmere sweater, her slender limbs suddenly prominent as well. It was alarming how fragile she seemed, yet she appeared well-cared-for.

Her face seemed a bit fuller, her chest more filled out.

Her cheeks were rosy, her brows relaxed, and her eyes clear and tranquil.

The table and sofa were strewn with knitting projects, and a few potted flowers sat by the window. The lovely house felt cozy and comfortable.

She and her baby were well looked after.

It was reassuring yet simultaneously heart-wrenching and defeating for him.

Realizing she might truly no longer need him, Remington couldn't feel the warmth of the house.

Instead, a cold deeper than the icy world outside enveloped him.

It made him freeze, forgetting to avert his gaze as Lizetta turned to look at him.

Their eyes met, if only for a moment.

Chapter 503

Those eyes...

Lizetta Gardenia's heart skipped a beat, her grip on the glass of water loosening until it slipped.

Crash!

The glass shattered on the floor, hot water splashing everywhere.

"Careful!"

The man's voice was a stern shout, moving swiftly to Lizetta's side a second before the boiling water could reach her.

With a strong arm, he pulled Lizetta towards him, spinning around to move her out of harm's way.

"What happened?"

"Did you get burned?"

Dora rushed out at the sound, her question overlapping with the man's concerned voice from above.

Dora hurried forward, quickly moving Lizetta behind her, eyeing the man in front of them warily.

Lizetta, now away from the man, felt her limbs trembling slightly.

Her face was pale as she looked up at him.

He stepped back, bowing his head slightly, his brows furrowed as he looked at her with a mix of surprise and polite concern.

Lizetta noticed a scar by his right eye, realizing he didn't quite resemble Remington Dashiell.

His pupils were a stormy grey-blue, suggesting mixed heritage. That familiar, intense gaze she thought she saw must have been her imagination.

Moreover, during the emergency, Dora spoke in English, while the man had been using the local dialect throughout.



People usually revert to their native language in moments of urgency.

Lizetta calmed her racing heart, trying to steady her nerves.

She figured she must still be unsettled by the news from Zion City, feeling a bit restless.

Lizetta shook her head at Dora, "I'm fine, just accidentally knocked over the glass. Fortunately, this gentleman was quick to react and pulled me away, so I didn't get burned." She then turned to the tall figure of the man, offering a polite smile of gratitude.

"Thank you for just now."

The man nodded, turning back to inspect the fireplace, crouching down.

Dora went to get cleaning supplies for the floor, while Lizetta poured herself another glass of water.

She approached him, bending down to place the glass on a small table next to the fireplace, holding her belly as she was about to head back to her room when the man suddenly spoke. "Must be hard, carrying a baby, huh?"

Lizetta paused, feeling a stir of emotion.

She looked at him, but his

expression was neutral, seemingly making casual conversation before adding, "My wife is also pregnant. Due to some reasons, I can't be there to look after her, so..."

He shook his head, a look of helplessness crossing his face.

Lizetta's heart eased at his words. His earlier actions must have been driven by thoughts of his own wife.

She gently touched her belly, smiling softly.

"Being pregnant is always tough. The physical changes and hormonal swings can take their toll..."

She looked up with a smile,

continuing, "But becoming a mother is also the most joyful and strongest thing a woman can experience. We have an old saying back home, in becoming a mother, a woman becomes mighty."

Pregnant women might be fragile but also incredibly strong. Mothers endure any hardship for their child's well-being. Everything is worth it as long as the child grows up healthy. I believe your wife feels the same way, taking good care of herself and the baby."

Remington looked up at her, her hair gently swaying.

As she spoke, her hands were gently caressing her belly, her expression serene and lovely.

She seemed to radiate light.

There she was, right in front of him, unaware of how much he longed to stand up and embrace her tightly. To share his longing and concerns.

To tell her he wished to be by her side, to take care of her, to look forward to the arrival of Daisy together.

But he dared not. His accidental slip had already startled her.

Seeing her reaction, so intense, her complexion turning ashen.

She had no desire for a reunion, no wish for his intrusion.

This realization weighed heavily on Remington, like a boulder on his chest.

Chapter 504

He couldn't bear to look her in the eyes any longer. With a quick nod and a voice rough with emotion, he managed to say, "Thanks for sharing that with me, but even if she can take care of herself, I still wish I could be there for her and our kid..."

He lowered his head, busying himself once more, a hint of moisture forming in his eyes.

These darn contacts, they just don't feel right, irritating his eyes.

Lizetta, seeing his downcast mood, thought it was because he couldn't be with his wife. She admired the man for always thinking about his wife, wanting to share her burdens. She smiled again, saying, "Even though you can't be there in person, calling her often and sending her surprises can also be a great way to show you care. I'm sure your wife can feel the love."

Remington looked up again, his gaze resting on the cheerful woman. Suddenly, he asked, "Is your husband with you? Or does he also stay in touch by calling?" Lizetta paused, her smile fading.

"Don't get me wrong, I'm not prying into your privacy. I was just wondering, if your husband isn't around, what kind of gifts does he send you?"

Lizetta avoided his gaze this time, clearly displeased. Her lips tightened, and then, losing interest in the conversation, she uttered, "He's gone."

Those three simple words felt like three sharp swords piercing straight through Remington's heart, spreading a painful sensation throughout his body. So, in her mind, was he, Remington, as good as dead?

Or did she wish he was dead, never to reappear in her world?

His face, hidden behind a façade, turned pale as he replied with a voice strained by restraint, "I'm sorry..."

Lizetta shook her head, "It's okay, but I guess I can't be of any help to you now."

After saying this, she politely nodded and left, disappearing into her room.

Remington watched her go, his gaze lingering long after she was gone, his throat aching with dryness. Dora approached, asking, "What's wrong?"

He quickly averted his gaze, speeding up his work, and simply said, "Two parts broke, fixing them now."

He quickly finished the repairs and rekindled the fireplace.

Lizetta didn't come out of her room again, and Remington left with a heavy heart.

For the next two days, he didn't show up, and Lizetta's life went on as usual.

From a distance, Remington

watched her. He knew she did yoga by the patio door in the morning. In the sunny afternoons, she'd take food out to feed the stray cats around town and go for walks by the lake.

She was also quite popular with the local They'd run up to her,

kids

laughing and playing, dancin

and

singing around her.

In the evenings, a few children would knock on her door, eager to hear her tell tales of mythology by the fireplace.

She was a captivating storyteller, leaving the kids in awe as they chattered excitedly on their way home.

At night, she'd wrap herself in a warm coat and gaze up at the stars, sometimes lighting sparklers for her own amusement.

Compared to his own restless turmoil, she seemed content and at peace.

"Mr. Remington Dashiell, we've been here for three days now. Are you going to keep avoiding your wife like this?"

Cedric called again today, urging you to bring your wife back home."

As the lights in the villa below went out again Ray, rubbing his temples in frustration, approached the silhouette shrouded in shadows, resembling a man turned to Stone from longing for his wife.

Lately, Remington had been acting so unlike himself that even Ray was starting to feel the strain.

Chapter 505

"Let's do it tomorrow."

Remington's voice was deep, a cigarette dangling unlit between his fingers. He was a man of discipline, rarely indulging in the habit unless under the weather. Yet, the past two months of fruitless searching had seen him reaching for the pack more often than not.

Now, with Lizetta right in front of him, he didn't want his smoking to affect her, so he had been trying to kick the habit for the past few days. But to his annoyance, what had been a casual indulgence seemed to have morphed into a full-blown addiction, stirring up an unexpected irritability within him.

Crushing the cigarette between his fingers, Remington withdrew his gaze and repeated, "Let's do it tomorrow."

Turning to enter the house, Ray ran his hands through his hair, practically on the verge of screaming.

'Remington, you said the same thing last night and the night before!'

This trip had been a rush, with the company barely having time to make arrangements. Thinking of Cedric, who was nearly driven to tears over the phone begging for his return, Ray felt helpless. "Take care of the surveillance," Remington ordered calmly from ahead.

Lizetta's villa was rigged with cameras and an alarm system, so when Remington mentioned this, Ray knew that someone was planning another wall-scaling adventure tonight. It had become a routine over the past few days.

"Got it. But Mr Remington Dashiell,

you really should come clean with your wife sooner rather than later. She's bound to find out, and the longer you wait, the angrier she'll be!" Ray tried to reason, feeling like he was turning into a love guru despite his tough, single status.

Remington frowned slightly but said nothing. He, too, wanted to come clean and take Lizetta away with him. Now that he had found her, he couldn't bear the thought of leaving her here, especially in her condition. Regardless of how content she seemed, the distance was too much for him to bear.

However, he knew that Lizetta was unlikely to willingly leave with him. Coming clean meant facing resistance or, worse, another escape. These thoughts made the usually decisive man hesitant.

That night, Remington snuck into Lizetta's room, leaving only when it was deep into the night. Back in his room, he reset the surveillance and alarm systems before lying down, twirling two strands of long, fine hair between his fingers until he drifted to sleep.

What he didn't know was that, mere minutes after his departure, six shadows approached Lizetta's courtyard and breached it. They managed to tamper with a couple of cameras, but as one of them touched the doorknob to Dora's room, a soft alarm sounded.

Dora sat up abruptly, grabbing a gun before peering out. Her eyes glinted sharply as she quickly drew the curtains.

Lizetta was roused from sleep by Dora, who hastily dressed her in a thick coat, whispering, "There's danger. I'll hold them off; you escape from the back. Head north into the woods; someone will meet you there."

Startled, Lizetta barely had time to react before a small handgun was thrust into her hands. Dora led her out of the room in the dark, pushing her towards the back door and then cutting the power.

"Be careful."

Knowing she'd only slow Dora down, Lizetta nodded. They had rehearsed this escape before. Pulling her hat down, she, crouched and made her way towards a hidden exit at the back. Meanwhile, the sound of the door being forced open and heavy objects hitting the floor rang out behind her.

Chapter 506

Then, there was the sound of a scuffle, punctuated by the chilling whispers of a silenced gun.

Lizetta knew that was Dora, buying her time to escape. She didn't dare look back.

She slipped through a hidden door, quickly scrambling down a narrow path behind the house, running towards the northern woods as Dora had instructed. Dora said someone would meet her there, and Lizetta believed her.

Clutching her belly with both hands, her head bowed, lips bitten, she sprinted towards the woods, her heart filled with terror and concern.

She wondered if Dora could handle those men. What if something happened to her?

And she was terrified for her unborn child's safety.

These men couldn't be from the Remingtons; their silent approach meant ill intentions.

If they were from the West family, did they want the baby's life, or hers as well?

The cold wind blew, causing Lizetta's ill-fitted hat to fall off.

She didn't dare turn back for it, stumbling and running faster, her hair cold against her cheeks, bone-chilling.

The snow reflected her pale face, the only sounds her frantic footsteps and heavy breathing.

Then, she tripped over something, tumbling forward with a short, suppressed cry of alarm, fearful of attracting the men.

Biting her lip, she closed her eyes, tears squeezing out, bracing for pain.

But the next moment, a figure rushed over.

Instead of falling into the snow, Lizetta found herself in a man's arms, both of them collapsing to the ground.

"Let go of me! Ah! Get off!"

Terrified, Lizetta opened her eyes, struggling before she could make out his face, her cries sharp as the gun in her hand struck his forehead. The man grunted, loosening his grip.

Lizetta scrambled up, staggering back, trembling as she raised the gun at the man getting up.



"Don't come any closer, I'll shoot!"

Her bluff did little to deter him. He stepped closer, taking her shaking, cold hand, pressing the gun against his chest, his voice low and soothing.

"Don't be afraid, shoot here."

His voice, clear and deep in the snowy night, was familiar. The hand covering hers was steady and warm, firm as he guided the gun against him, as if entrusting his life to her finger, unconcerned with death.

The hunter seemed to have become the hunted.

Gradually, Lizetta's fear subsided, her heartbeat still thunderous as she lifted her eyelashes.

She saw the familiar stern brows and eyes of the man enveloping her, shielding her from the wind and snow.

Behind him, the aurora danced, its beauty sprawling across the sky.

Lizetta stared at him, suddenly drained of all strength.

Her heart pounded, unsure if she felt more relieved or scared. Remington, as if afraid of startling her, remained still, watching her.

When Lizetta's strength failed, and

she stumbled forward, the gun

slipping from her grasp, Remington caught it with one hand, securing the safety before gently catching her in his arms, whispering softly.

"It's alright now, it's alright. It's my fault, I came late."

Chapter 507

Lizetta leaned into Remington's embrace, her body feeling as though every ounce of strength had been drained from it.

Seeing him at that moment, she couldn't deny the sense of security that washed over her.

The panic and tension faded away, revealing the discomfort she had been trying to hide.

Her stomach ached slightly, she was shivering from the cold, and her lips had turned a shade of blue. Clutching at his shirt, her teeth chattered as she spoke.

"Dora..."

Remington quickly bent down to pick Lizetta up, comforting her with a gentle gaze.

"Ray's got this, don't worry. She'll be fine."

He had rushed over with Ray the moment he heard the commotion. By the time he got there, Dora was already tangling with those guys.

He hadn't found Lizetta in the villa, but upon seeing tracks behind the building, he had hurriedly followed them.

But with Ray's skills, he was confident there wouldn't be any trouble.

Hearing his deep, reassuring voice made Lizetta's eyes well up with tears, her voice catching in her throat.

But his words truly eased her worries, allowing her body to relax completely as she nestled into Remington's arms.

Lizetta had fled in such a hurry that she was underdressed for the cold. Despite not having gone far, her body felt frozen.

Remington felt like he was holding a block of ice, and since he had also rushed out without dressing properly, he was unable to provide her with much warmth.

He quickened his pace, glancing down at her worriedly from time to time.

Seeing her pale face, furrowed brows, and the sweat that seemed to form despite the cold, he could sense her discomfort.

His heart tightened, and his voice softened even more, "Are you in pain anywhere?"

Lizetta pressed a hand to her stomach, unsure if the pain was from running too hastily or if there was a more serious issue. The more anxious and tense she became, the worse the throbbing pain got.

She shook her head slightly, but Remington seemed to understand everything, taking even larger strides as he spoke in a low voice.

"It's alright, you've danced every day without issue, which proves our Daisy is healthy and strong. Just relax and follow my breathing." As he spoke, he pressed her closer to his chest.

Lizetta could hear his steady, strong heartbeat and feel the rise and fall of his chest.

Following his rhythm, she began to adjust her breathing.

Whether it was the comfort she found in his presence or his method was

tightlly effective, she felt the

tightness and pain in her stomach. lessen considerably.

By then, Remington had kicked open the door to the house and carried Lizetta inside.

He placed her on the bed and covered her with two blankets.

Bending over, he gently arranged her messy hair, tucking it behind her ears.

Lizetta, her lips devoid of any color, turned her head away, avoiding his tender touch.

"I'm okay now. You... you should check on Dora..."

She stammered, still feeling the chill.

When she had escaped, she had glimpsed several figures sneaking inside.

Having lived with Dora for a while,

Lizetta had come to see her as

mét

friend. If anything happened to Dora because of her, she would be

consumed by guilt.

Lizetta recognized the place; it was right above her own villa, but it was eerily quiet outside, with no signs of conflict.

Such silence only served to heighten her unease.

Remington tucked the blankets around her more securely and stood upright, but he said, "I can't leave you alone at a time like this."

As for the wellbeing of others, he wasn't as concerned.

Lizetta turned her head, looking back at him.

He stood at the foot of the bed, gazing down at her. The dim light from the bedside lamp cast a warm glow, his deep eyes filled with an intense emotion that seemed to envelop her.

Lizetta felt a pang in her heart, as if touched by a hot flame, and turned her head away again.

"Are you still cold? Does your stomach still hurt?"

Chapter 508

Remington stared at her, noticing the color returning to her lips, and asked with a gentle voice.

He turned to pour a glass of warm water for Lizetta, then sat down by the bed.

Gently, he wrapped his arms around Lizetta's shoulders, helping her to sit up.

In that moment, she was enveloped by his presence once more.

Unlike the fear and cold outside, now her senses were fully alert.

Feeling the familiar embrace and scent she had missed, Lizetta found herself overwhelmed with mixed emotions.

"I told you, I'm fine!"

She swiftly raised her hand, pushing Remington away and scooted back to sit up against the headboard.

Her action was abrupt, clearly showing her rejection.

Remington's outstretched arm stiffened in mid-air, and even though he half-expected it, a shadow of sadness crossed his dark eyes.

He swallowed hard, pushing down the sting in his heart, and picked up the glass of water from the nightstand to offer it to her again.

"Have some water."

Lizetta looked down, seeing his slender, pale hand bringing the glass to her, as if the steam blurred her vision.

She stiffened, taking the glass and said distantly, "Thank you."

Remington watched her, his gaze filled with restraint and hidden anguish, his expression helpless.

Lizetta felt his stare but did not meet his eyes.

After taking a few sips of water, her gaze landed on some items on the table in front of the window.

There were dressing accessories, including a dark brown wig and the curly sideburns he had previously stuck on his face.

Lizetta felt foolish. When she saw the snowman outside the window, she should have understood.

Yet, she had deluded herself into thinking she was overthinking things.

Seeing where her gaze fixed, Remington followed it and felt a sudden jolt in his heart.

He immediately stood up, taking a step to stand solidly between her and the table.

Lizetta looked up, meeting his gaze, "Mr. Dashiell, enjoying playing dead?"

Remington realized she was indeed angry, probably feeling that he deliberately pretended not to know her, toying with her emotions.

He panicked slightly, quickly saying, "It wasn't about deceiving you on purpose. I was afraid that suddenly appearing would scare you..."

Lizetta snorted, "Right, Mr. Dashiell

was waiting for the perfect moment, like no to play the hero, at least

appearing as the savior fits your

stature." .

Her tone was mocking, not giving him any slack.

After two months apart, she felt no longing for him, nor any regret for running away.

Remington felt suffocated, his lips

pressed thin and his hands

clenched, struggling to contain his turbulent emotions. When he spoke, his voice was as calm as possible.

"Liz, it's only natural for a man to protect his woman and child. It's not about being a hero or a savior. I wasn't waiting for any moment.

I just didn't know what to do with you, hiding away like a coward."

His voice was hoarse, filled with helplessness.

The usually indomitable man seemed lonely and wounded at that moment.

As if she had committed some unforgivable sin against him.

Lizetta felt inexplicably guilty and quickly looked down.

She gripped the glass tightly, reminding herself not to trust his words so easily again. This man was too good at pretending.

The shadow over her was Remington stepping closer to the bed.

He leaned in, gently lifting her chin to make her look at him.

Gazing into her eyes, he said, "Liz, can you not think of me as so calculating and malicious? Trust me once.



this once. Come back with me, let

me take care of you and Daisy, okay?"

Chapter 509

Liz gazed up at the man before her, torn between the sincerity gleaming in his eyes and the impeccably timed essence of his presence tonight. At her most vulnerable and terrified moment, his embrace had somehow managed to stir something uncontrollable within her heart.

Yet, she knew all too well that this was nothing but a sweet snare laid out for her.

Biting the tip of her tongue, she forced herself to stay alert, gently pulling away from his grasp as she shook her head.

"Expecting me to entrust Daisy and myself to your care? I'm afraid that might just be signing our death warrants."

Her eyes, cold and questioning, bore into him with a hint of sarcasm.

Remington's heart sank, his handsome features paling. "Liz, you cut right to the heart."

Liz stood defiantly, locking eyes with him.

"Because I'm speaking nothing but the truth. The people who showed up tonight, you're telling me you have no idea who sent them? I've fled miles to escape, nearly losing my life in the process. Do you really think I'd willingly walk into a trap?"

It was clear to her that the West family hadn't ceased their search. And the only reason for their relentless pursuit was to clear the way for Stella West.

The air around Remington turned icy as his jaw tensed, falling into a heavy silence.

Mentioning the West family seemed to have struck a nerve, leaving Liz feeling even colder, as if the very cup she held lost its warmth.

Setting her cup down, she laid back, pulling the covers around her. "I'm so tired, I need to rest," she said, turning her back to Remington.

He watched her silent form, his eyes reddening as he spoke in a hoarse voice.

"Whoever dares to harm you or the child, I won't hesitate or show mercy, let alone cover for them!"

His silence wasn't out of doubt but disbelief that she lacked even that basic trust in him.

Liz, with her eyes closed, felt a pang of emotion at his words but remained silent, unsure if she could still believe him.

The room fell into a dead silence until the sound of someone approaching broke the stillness. It was Ray.

"Mr. Remington Dashiell, three are down, and the others have been dealt with. Local authorities have been notified..."

Hearing about the casualties, Liz's face, which had just regained some color, turned pale again. She sat up abruptly, her voice tinged with urgency.

"What about Dora?"

"Ma'am, Dora's been injured but it's nothing life-threatening. She's been taken to the hospital," Ray reassured.

Relief washed over Liz, her eyes moistening as she thanked Ray, her concern for him evident.

Caught off-guard by Liz's concern, Ray was about to leave when he stopped, returning to the doorway to respond loudly.

"Don't worry, ma'am, those fools couldn't lay a finger on me. As for Mr. Remington Dashiell, he did sustain some injuries..." Before Ray could finish, the door was abruptly pulled open.

Remington stood there, his gaze as sharp as a blade, directed at Ray.

"You talk too much."

Ray looked innocent, simply responding to Liz's concern with no intention of boasting, especially not about being better than Mr. Dashiell. It seemed he might have struck a nerve regarding Remington's pride.

Realizing this, Ray quickly added, "I didn't mean to imply I'm better, ma'am. Mr. Remington Dashiell is far more skilled than I am. He got injured because he was too worried about you, lost focus while searching for you in the villa..."

Before Ray could finish, Remington shut the door in his face, effectively cutting him off.

Chapter 510

He turned around, and Lizetta's gaze fell on the man's right shoulder as she lay on the bed.

She hadn't noticed Remington was injured initially. It was only after hearing Ray's words that she spotted the cut on the right side of his back.

He was wearing a black sweater, so the wound wasn't visible, but there was a patch stained with blood.

Lizetta clenched her hands, "Is it serious? You should get it treated."

She couldn't remain indifferent.

And for Remington, it was finally hearing the words he longed to hear from her.

He was pleasantly surprised.

A slight smile curved his lips, unable to suppress his delight, as he quickly approached Lizetta, taking her hands in his.

"You do care about me, don't deny it! You can't deny it."

He said, prying open her tightly clasped hands, revealing crescent marks on her palm.

They were marks she had unconsciously made upon hearing he was injured.

Lizetta, flustered and frustrated, like a cat whose tail had been stepped on, tried to withdraw her hand from Remington's grasp, annoyed.

"Even if I do care, it's only because you saved me. Don't flatter yourself!"

Remington tightened his grip on her hand, not annoyed by her denial, his eyes still twinkling with amusement.

"Sure, sure, it's all my wishful thinking. I just want you to care, to notice me. Liz, your coldness is killing me, hurts way more than the wound on my back. Don't believe me? Feel it." Saying so, he audaciously pulled Lizetta's hand to his chest.

Holding her wrist, he guided her hand to rub over his heart for a moment.

His gaze was deep and teasing as he looked at her, a blatant enticement.

The usually stoic man was making such a direct move.

Lizetta felt his warmth and heartbeat under her palm, as if touched by hot coals.

She jerked her hand away, "You're shameless!"

Remington, noting her flustered and embarrassed expression, caressed his now-empty palm.

Innocently, he said, "I'm only speaking the truth. How is that shameless?"

Lizetta glared at him, ready to retort.

But as she turned to face him, a shadow loomed before her eyes.

And without warning, Remington's lips pressed against hers, catching her slightly parted lips.

The kiss was unexpected.

Lizetta react

her cheeks and head

fleas stunned, forgetting to

flushed with anger, driving

bite or push him away. here.

Content

But Remington had quickly pulled back, leaving a loud smooch echoing near Lizetta's ear.

With a triumphant curve of his lips, he looked at the somewhat dazed woman and said, "Now, that's shameless."

Then, touching his lips as if savoring the moment, he turned his attention back to her.

Lizetta was speechless.

In a fit of anger, she raised her hand to slap the shameless rogue.

But Remington caught her wrist,

"The police will be here soon, weet

have to face other people. Shall we save this slap for later? You wouldn't want it to be too awkward, right?"

Lizetta, infuriated yet amused, "Should I be thanking you for being so considerate?"

Remington gently stroked the delicate skin of Lizetta's wrist without replying.

"Liz, I know you're hesitant to trust

and rely on me again, but if the West family dares to make a move, I'll make sure to seek justice for you and for me. I won't force you to come with me, but can you really swallow this insult?"