

## **Illusions 51**

### **Chapter 51**

Remington sidestepped smoothly, not batting an eyelid as he dodged Evelina's little stunt.

With an even tone, the guy said, "It shouldn't be Lizetta who asked Joseph to stir things up. You've mistaken her."

Evelina was gobsmacked. Here she was, and Remington was quick to jump to Lizetta's defense. Tears welled up as she looked up, choking on her sobs, unable to get a word out, and buried herself in Shirley's embrace.

Shirley, playing the spokesperson Evelina wished for, laid into Remington, "Remi, just look at the state Eve's in! She's been practically living in the hospital, always roughed up by Lizetta, who you've spoiled rotten! Eve's the biological daughter, and Lizetta's just a faux one. If it wasn't for your backup, she wouldn't dare to be this brazen! Eve's been through the wringer, and you're still shielding Lizetta? C'mon, Joseph's just a kid; he's got no beef with Eve. He wouldn't pick on her for no reason – it's gotta be Lizetta pulling his strings! Joseph's been Lizetta's little puppet since forever!"

Shirley was secretly hoping Remington would beat Lizetta up now that Evelina was hurt so bad. A nobody, an ill-omened wretch, and she was trampling over her? No way!

Remington's gaze was heavy enough to turn Shirley pale, her heart skipping a

beat.

"Shirley, on what grounds are you standing here? Don't forget you're a Dashiell. Lizetta is your sister-in-law! Get out."

His voice was calm, not scolding, but Shirley was petrified, not daring another peep. She knew Remington was livid, and she wasn't about to test his limits.

Her eyes reddened as she staggered away from Evelina and ran out. Evelina fell back onto the bed, her lips trembling.

“Remington, Shirley just came to my defence; was that a shot across the bows for me? You’re blaming me when I’m the one who got the short end of the stick.”

Her tears flowed freely, the picture of distress. Remington saw her tear-streaked face, but his mind flashed to Lizetta’s stubborn, red-eyed defiance.

He spoke a tad softer, a glimmer of annoyance in his eyes.

“Joseph was out of line today; I’ll give him a talking-to and have him come apologize. But let me be clear, Lizetta had nothing to do with this mess. Here, take this card and treat yourself to whatever you fancy; let’s call it compensation.”

He took out a bank card from his wallet, placed it on the nightstand without another glance at a stunned Evelina, and uttered, “Get some rest.”

He turned and strode to the door, pulling it open and leaving before Evelina could protest or cling on.

As soon as he shut the door, he bumped into Kevin and his wife, with Lizetta trailing behind them.

His eyes met Lizetta’s, who turned her head away with a cold expression.

Remington’s gaze turned icy, his aura suddenly sharp.

“Remington, you.” Elara began.

She barely got a word out before Remington’s eyes swept over her, his voice cold and accusing, “Who laid a finger on my wife’s face?!”

Lizetta was taken aback by his direct confrontation, her head whipping around to face him. Wasn't he worried about Evelina, leaving her and Joseph behind, and now what was this about?

Before she could figure it out, Remington was in front of her, pulling her into his arms. In doing so, he accidentally bumped Elara, causing her to stumble and be caught by Kevin.

"Does it hurt?"

Remington reached out to touch Lizetta's injured face but paused, not wanting to cause her more pain.

Lizetta's nose tingled with a mix of emotions she couldn't unravel, her tear

ducts threatening to betray her.

She blinked rapidly and said in a low voice, "Leave it be."

Remington snorted, "You've got some nerve. If you're so capable, you should've kept the riffraff at bay."

Elara, implied to be the riffraff, bristled with indignation.

"Remington, what do you mean by that!? Eve's been hurt time and again because of her, and we haven't had any serious squabble with her. This time, all we did was give her a bit talking-to and slap

some sense into her for once. And now I'm the one left with a bruised heart by her defiant retorts! You turn a blind eye to her antics, and now you're even egging her on?"

## Chapter 52

Lizetta was on edge hearing her twist the truth like that; she simply wanted to set things straight.

She tried to step forward to clarify, but the guy wrapped his arms around her waist, pulling her into his embrace.

Remington's voice was cool as ice, "No serious squabble? Ha, my wife gets. her face busted by you guys, and you still talk about not having serious squabble?"

Elara was overpowered by his dominance, her face freezing up.

Kevin gave her a nudge. Regardless, Lizetta was Remington's wife. Smacking Lizetta was like smacking Remington himself.

He forced a smile, "Remington, Eve's had it tough, and Elara was just overzealous with motherly love. Lizetta's said some pretty harsh words too. Even though she grew up in the Dashiell family, Elara and I have been keeping her in our thoughts, feeling like she's one of our own. To watch her act all brash and bossy, it's hard for the elders not to step in and discipline."

Was

Remington's gaze icy, not giving an inch.

"My wife is shy and tolerant, understanding and reasonable. If the elders really had a point, she would naturally listen. So the idea of slight discipline is laughable. I wasn't aware the Hawthorne family ran a courtroom, setting up their own kangaroo court?!"

Kevin's face stiffened too, the atmosphere turning awkwardly.tense.

Maybe Evelina caught wind of the argument outside, because the hospital room door swung open and she showed up, her arm in a sling, surprised.

"Dad, mom? Remington, what's going on?"

Elara, anxious and caring, steadied her, “Eve, why are you out here? Get back and lie down.”

She and Kevin tried to help Evelina back inside, breaking the stiffness. But then Remington piped up again, “Isn’t Mrs. Elara Hawthorne planning to

apologize to my wife before going back in?”

Elara turned around incredulously, and Evelina’s face was a mix of shock and hurt. Even Lizetta was caught off guard. Was Remington really going to put his future in-laws on the spot for her, again and again?

“Why should I apologize, Remington? Look at what happened to Eve’s hand!”

Elara’s face flushed with anger, and Lizetta chimed in just in time.

“Mrs. Elara Hawthorne, got any proof that today’s mess had anything to do with me? Seems like you’re just picking on the softest target.”

Kevin’s face darkened too, “Then let’s have Joseph come over and sort things. out face to face!”

Joseph had stood up for Lizetta, and now she certainly couldn’t throw him under the bus.

She scoffed, “If Evelina hadn’t played the other woman first, snatching things she shouldn’t have, she wouldn’t have gotten hit. Even if Joseph did wrong. the root cause is Evelina herself. It’s her own lack of integrity!”

Evelina looked utterly bewildered and wronged, crying out, “What have I taken that I shouldn’t have? Are you randomly pinning a theft charge on me now?”

Lizetta grabbed Evelina’s arm, lifting the injured hand. The jade bracelet that couldn’t be removed was still on her wrist. But because the arm was swollen from the injury, the already ill-fitting bracelet was stuck on her wrist bone, looking quite ridiculous.

“This bracelet is a Dashiell family heirloom, Ms. Evelina Hawthorne. Doesn’t seem quite right for you to have it, does it? Joseph was just trying to take back what belonged to the Dashiell family. You weren’t cooperating, and a kid might act a bit rashly, but it’s all understandable. Sure, he’s a kid with no sense of proportion, but don’t you, Ms. Hawthorne, an adult, know any better? Shouldn’t you know not to mess with things that aren’t yours?”

Her hubby had given the mistress a bracelet – bringing that up was embarrassing for herself, and Lizetta didn’t want to mention it in the first place.

But she couldn’t let Joseph take the fall, getting labeled as a violent, heartless young tyrant, smashing someone’s hand for no reason.

What she didn’t expect was Evelina’s expression – not smug, nor ashamed, but full of bewilderment and injustice as she looked at her.

“Sis, what are you talking about, a family heirloom bracelet?”

Lizetta was taken aback, glancing back at Remington, only to see him with a face utterly dark.

## Chapter 53

“Sis, I bought this bracelet with my own money; how on earth could it belong to the Dashiell family? Framing someone with a lame excuse, that’s not cool at all.”

Evelina burst into tears again, while Lizetta still had a grip on her wrist.

She looked down at the bracelet closely and noticed something was off. At first glance, the bracelet looked a lot like the Dashiell family’s, but it was narrower, and the green was faded by twenty percent.

Up close, it had some discoloration and wasn’t as clear as the Dashiell family’s – it wasn’t even in the same league.

It was just that the high-quality part was worn on the outside by Evelina, and Lizetta hadn't looked closely, so she hadn't spotted the difference.

"Ouch."

Evelina cried out in pain, and Elara reached out to smack Lizetta's hand away. "Let go already!"

Remington, with a dark expression, pulled Lizetta away and wrapped his arm protectively around her.

At that moment, Cedric arrived with a bouquet of flowers and a fruit basket, sent to apologize on Joseph's behalf.

"Sir?"

Remington gave him a glance and said to Kevin, "It's all a misunderstanding. Joseph recklessly injured Ms. Evelina Hawthorne, but Mrs. Elara Hawthorne also hit my girl without discrimination. Since that's the case, we're even."

He looked at Cedric, "I left a card in Ms. Evelina Hawthorne's room. Go get it."

Cedric immediately responded and went into the room.

Remington didn't linger, taking Lizetta by the shoulders and heading towards Joseph's room.

Cedric quickly came out with the card, leaving the fruit basket and flowers outside without taking them into the room.

He gave a polite nod to Evelina and the other two standing stiffly at the door and caught up with the others.

Evelina, furious, shed tears again, clenched her fists, but the movement pulled. at her wound, turning her face pale and making her shiver.

“What do you mean we’re even? My hand is nearly broken from being hit, and Lizetta just got a slap. How is that the same? And to think, he can just take back a gift card that’s been given out. Joseph didn’t even bother to come and apologize himself. Does he think I deserved it? How could he be like this!”

So was her pain all for nothing?

“Eve, don’t get worked up. Mom knows you’ve been wronged, and we won’t let this go just like that,” Elara consoled, finally coaxing Evelina back into her

room.

In Joseph’s room, Remington let go of Lizetta as they entered, and she automatically stepped aside.

with

Hanna was by the bed, wiping Joseph’s face, and when they came in, she turned and asked, “How’s Evelina? Did you apologize to her?”

Her gaze then fell on Lizetta, “Always causing trouble!”

“Mom, I’ve already said it was my fault. I’ll take the fall for my own actions;

has nothing to do with Liz!”

Joseph stirred in bed, not even caring for his face to be wiped anymore.

Remington frowned, “Joseph was acting recklessly; don’t take it out on others.”



They were all protecting Lizetta, treating their own mother with disrespect, and Hanna felt a chill in her heart, her disdain for Lizetta growing.

She threw the towel into the basin, "Fine, I'm the villain; you're all in cahoots.

I'm out of here!"

Hanna grabbed her bag and left, getting angry just seeing Lizetta.

Only the three of them were left in the room, with the man sitting on the sofa with his legs crossed, commanding respect without anger.

Lizetta, thinking of the bracelet mix-up, had no ground to stand on and kept her head down.

Joseph, on the other hand, pouted, "Remi, Liz and I did nothing wrong. It's your fault for giving Evelina our family's heirloom jade bracelet. Does she even deserve it? I didn't get my hands on it today, but next time, mmph!"

Lizetta hurried over to cover Joseph's mouth, whispering urgently, "You got it wrong; the bracelet isn't the Dashiell family's. Shut up already."

Joseph blinked, "Really?"

Lizetta nodded regretfully, and Joseph, with wide confused eyes, said, "But it looked identical."

Stubborn Joseph wouldn't back down, challenging Remington with an attempt at justification, "That's still on you, Remi. If you had given the bracelet to Liz earlier, we wouldn't have made this mistake."

Lizetta wanted to smack the boy; who wanted to be in his "we"?

Remington's aura grew even colder as he chuckled. Looking at the two fools sitting side by side on the bed, he said, "Yes, blame me. Should I also praise you two for being the heroes, dumb and adorable? Even a mouse knows to sneak around when it's dark and windy, but you two? Making a scene in our own mall for the whole town to see, showing off your lack of common

sense?"

Joseph blushed from the scolding but still wanted to argue back. Lizetta tugged at him.

Remington saw them sitting there quietly and his expression softened a bit, "Do you realize what you did wrong?"

Lizetta nodded and looked at him, "Sorry for causing you trouble. And thanks

for earlier."

Her polite and distant apology and thanks sounded even more unpleasant to Remington's ears.

## Chapter 54

The guy had ice in his eyes and a chill that crept into one's bones.

Lizetta chickened out, which was kinda lame but, hey, he just did her a solid. At least she kept up appearances as Mrs. Dashiell in front of the others.

Joseph pouted, "Remi, when are you gonna hand over the bracelet to Liz?"

Lizetta's eyelashes fluttered; deep down, it bugged her.

Remington didn't send the family bracelet to Evelina, which gave her a secret thrill and a glimmer of hope.

But Remington's voice was as frosty as ever, "After pulling a stunt like that, you still expect the bracelet? Even if Evelina didn't get it, doesn't mean it's only belong to her!"

Lizetta felt a chill in her heart, and Remington couldn't read her expression as she hung her head low.

He was about to suggest that if someone would just swallow their pride, admit their mistake, and cut out the constant divorce drama, he might still give up the bracelet. But before he could say it, Lizetta looked up and, with a smile, told Joseph.

"I couldn't care less about that bracelet, so drop it, will you?"

Remington's handsome face darkened. Of course she didn't care; she didn't even give a damn about him.

He stood up, his voice cold as ice, "When you mess up, you better show some attitude. Go and face the wall and reflect on what you've done wrong!"

Joseph could tell he was really ticked off this time and didn't dare talk back, just mumbled, "Okay."

The kid hopped off the bed and shuffled over to stand in the corner. Lizetta didn't budge, though. She wasn't his little sister, and she wasn't about to stand in punishment.

She grabbed a basin of water and headed for the bathroom. As she brushed

past Remington, he grabbed her wrist hard enough to almost make her drop the basin.

She bit her lip to keep from crying out in pain, defiantly met his gaze, and said with a sarcastic smile, "What's the plan? Squeeze till my hand breaks to get back at me for Evelina?"

This woman must be going through a delayed rebellious phase. She used to be so well-behaved, and now she was prickly as a little hedgehog. Content © NôvelDrama.Org.

He could get a mouthful from her without saying a word.

Remington let go and gave a cold smirk, “You’re overthinking it. Your hands. ain’t worth as much as Evelina’s; she’s a violinist.”

With that, he turned and left, the hospital room door slamming shut with a bang.

Lizetta felt like she’d been pricked with needles. Yeah, Evelina’s hands were precious, playing a single tune and Remington would throw down 200 grand.

What was she in comparison? She gulped down her frustration before finally stepping into the bathroom.

She figured Remington must have seen Evelina again; he had to hurt the feelings of his beloved and now probably had to figure out how to sweet-talk

her.

With her head down, she rinsed and wrung out the towel, hanging it on the rack near the corner, when the sound of the door opening came from behind.

Without turning, Lizetta said softly.

“Joseph, no monkey business, okay? The old devil’s cunning as a fox; he’ll probably double back to check on you. Get back to your spot and look all obedient; that might cool his temper once he gets back and sees it. Add some crocodile tears even when you have to pinch your leg for them, and you could probably charm your way out of this.”

Having finished her piece, she didn’t hear an answer from Joseph and was about to look back when a chilling voice came from beside her ear.

“Old devil? Cunning as a fox? Charm my way out?”

His voice was frosty, making the hairs on the back of Lizetta’s neck stand on end. She straightened up, standing stiff as a board like she was being punished with a military stance, even more cowed than Joseph.

As Lizetta realized this, her temper flared, and she was about to walk away when his arms caged her in from both sides, his broad chest warm and imposing against her back.

Frozen, she said, “How dare you eavesdrop!”

Remington snorted, “Now you’re really playing the blame game, huh? I walked

in fair and square. You’re the one talking to me, so how am I the one

eavesdropping?”

“Listening in without permission is still eavesdropping. I was talking to Joseph, not you.”

She threw out all sorts of twisted logic, but Remington couldn’t be bothered to argue with her childishness and just scoffed.

“Oh really? And how else would I find out about all these little schemes you have up your sleeve to deal with me?”

Playing sweet, crying, acting cute – those were her go-to moves to handle him, and if those failed, she’d fake being sick.

But truth be told, she’d always listened to him and hardly ever resorted to those tactics. Still, being called out made Lizetta’s face heat up, and the sting on her slapped cheek burned even more.

As she was feeling uncomfortable, a cool sensation pressed against her swollen right cheek. It was Remington, holding an ice pack, applying a cold compress to her face.

The shock of cold made Lizetta shiver.

“Does it hurt?” He asked softly, right by her ear.

The defenses Lizetta had crumbled; her voice was soft and tinged with emotion as she asked, “Do you ever care?”

## Chapter 55

Lizetta held her breath, waiting for the man’s response.

“If I wasn’t concerned about you, what am I doing now?”

His answer was nonchalant, but Lizetta’s heart couldn’t help but race out of control.

His protectiveness, his response, somehow sparked a tiny bit of hope in her heart again.

Her eyes misted over, “When I hit Evelina last time, did you feel sorry for her too? Did you ice her up?”

Remington chuckled, “Take a guess.”

Without a direct answer, that must mean yes!

Lizetta felt like smashing his head in.

She turned around in anger, and Remington’s body pressed closer again.

Faced with him once more, she was cornered between his body and the wall, glaring at him with her head tilted back.

Remington's lips curved slightly, appearing leisurely composed.

"Caring so much, yet you won't admit you're jealous?"

Lizetta thought he was insane, her expression cooling off.

"We're not divorced yet; you're my husband. Women do not like being cuckolded either, okay?"

The smile in Remington's eyes faded slightly, "Since you know we're not divorced, then move back home."

Why could he bring this up again? Lizetta wanted to remind him that they would be divorced by now if he hadn't broken their last appointment.

But Remington preempted her: "I had the bedroom cleaned up, everything's new – the sofa, the carpets, the bedding."

Thinking of previously encountering Evelina when she returned, Lizetta's face went stone-cold.

"You can clean a room, but you can't wash away the filth that's gotten into my eyes and heart! I'm not coming back, get away! Go coddle your Evelina!"

She pushed at Remington hard, not expecting him to actually stumble backward, his expression changing slightly.

"Ouch."

In the cramped space, his intake of breath was especially noticeable.

Lizetta, slightly panicked, grabbed his arm and urgently unbuttoned his shirt cuff to roll it up.

“What’s going on? Hasn’t your arm wound healed?”

Rolling up the sleeve, there was indeed a bandage on his forearm, stained with traces of blood.

Lizetta’s expression changed, and she said angrily.

“Why hasn’t it healed after so many days? What have you been doing, haven’t you taken care of yourself on the trip?”

Remington has a strong ability to heal; minor wounds can heal overnight without medication. However, it’s been seven or eight days since this injury, and it’s still bleeding. This is abnormal.

Thinking of Joseph’s illness, Lizetta couldn’t help but fear the worst, anxiety

written all over her face.

She grabbed Remington, wanting to rush outside to call a doctor.

But she couldn’t pull him along. Instead, Remington grabbed her wrist, gave a gentle pull, and Lizetta turned and fell into his arms, where he held her tightly.

Lizetta froze, his chin resting on top of her head, his voice carrying a smile.

“You’re this worried about me?”

Lizetta took a shallow breath, his presence always managing to make her feel instantly at peace.



“Stop talking nonsense,” she murmured.

Even if not as husband and wife, they still had an unbreakable bond of sibling-like affection.

Even if divorced, she would still be the person most wishing for his peace and happiness in this world.

“Then let me hold you for a while.” Remington’s chin moved slightly, making Lizetta’s head itch where it rubbed against her.

His voice seemed to carry a tone of affection; Lizetta thought she must have made it out of her mind.

She smiled helplessly, “I’m not a miracle cure that can heal wounds, you know? Stop it, let’s get a doctor to check it out.”

Remington sighed, “I know what’s going on. There’s a set of traditional remedies for stopping bleeding and promoting tissue growth. Just do as I say. Now, raise your hand.”

His voice was serious, and Lizetta subconsciously obeyed, raising her hand and following his instructions.

“Put it on my waist.”

“Okay, and then what?”

“Pat it gently, smooth it.”

Lizetta was puzzled, “Are you sure you got it right?”

Despite her question, she still obediently patted and smoothed down his back. After a while without further instructions, she asked, “What’s next step?”

Remington's voice held a smile, "Tell me. I'm not being stubborn, no more talk of divorce."

"I'm not..." Lizetta repeated, then suddenly realized.

She had been so concerned that she got played by him!

She was mad at herself for being slow and at him for being wicked. She

pushed him away, her face flushed with anger.

"Remington, can you be any more childish!"

She was genuinely worried about him, and he was just playing her!

Lizetta turned to leave, reaching for the door handle, but Remington quickly caught up and placed his hand over the door.

He lowered his eyes, "I'm serious. I wasn't playing you. Don't you know that wound healing is closely related to mood? This is all because of you

upsetting me. If you behave and stop making me angry, the wound will naturally heal."

Lizetta scoffed, "I'm not some dog you've raised. I can't just obediently listen." She pulled the door with force, and Remington's cool voice sounded above her head.

Chapter 56

"You're far too grand to settle for being a dog; after all, you're aiming to be a

backstabber.”

Lizetta pushed Remington’s hand away, opened the door, and left, fearing that another second’s delay would land them on the front page of the society.

news.

Lizetta stepped out of the hospital room, with Remington following. Joseph, who had been facing the wall, started to speak with a trembling voice.

“I’m wrong, I’m so wrong. I really messed up.”

Remington walked over, and Joseph straightened up even more, stealthily pinching his thigh to force out a string of tears on his cheek.

“Brother, I’m sorry. I’m willing to go apologize to Ms. Hawthorne. Can you please not be so angry? You’re so busy, and I’ve only added to your worries by getting sick. I’m really thoughtless.”

He swayed a bit as he spoke.

Remington sat down on the couch, “Legs gone numb?”

Joseph, facing the wall, made a triumphant little face – the experiences taught by Liz were the most useful; his brother had softened.

But just as he was ready to collapse onto the bed, he heard Remington add.

“If you’re that useless, stand for two more hours.”

Joseph???

After leaving the hospital room, Lizetta still made a visit to the hematology department.

The doctor said he'd be right over, so Lizetta first returned to the ward to grab a first-aid kit from the nurse's station to treat Remington's wound.

She had been wondering if Remington was deceiving her and that his wound had already healed. But when the bandage was unwrapped, it was truly bloody and showed no signs of healing.

Lizetta frowned as she disinfected and applied medicine, feeling both heartbroken and furious.

"You got yourself injured and still insisted on carrying someone. She hurt her hand, not her legs!"

Remington looked down, "How do you know this wound came from carrying her, and not from when you pushed me earlier?"

Lizetta's heart soured and she nearly broke the cotton swab in anger.

"Yes, of course, if there's a mistake, it must be mine. What fault could she possibly have? She's just a fragile, helpless, poor thing."

Hearing her sarcasm, Remington for some reason felt a bit like laughing.

He raised his hand and gently touched Lizetta's head.

"That's not what I meant."

Lizetta disdainfully turned her head away and looked up.

"What do you mean then?"

Remington's deep gaze seemed to harbor emotions Lizetta couldn't quite discern, his lips curving slightly as he said,

"I mean, be a little kinder to me."

Lizetta thought they were arguing, but out of nowhere, he threw her a

curveball.

Her heart skipped a beat, and she froze.

Just then, Cedric knocked and brought the doctor in.

Lizetta stood up and moved aside as the doctor came forward to examine the

wound and asked,

"It doesn't look too bad; it should be healing. The medication has been applied on time, and there hasn't been a reinjury, has there?"

Remington glanced at Cedric without betraying any emotion, and Cedric immediately responded.

"Yes, everything's been done strictly according to medical advice. The president has never had this issue with past injuries."

The doctor pondered for a moment, "Well, let's take a blood sample for test."

He instructed the nurse, who quickly completed the blood draw.

Lizetta anxiously asked, "When can we expect the results?"

"Tomorrow."

Lizetta nodded, then heard the doctor add,

"What's with the injury on that wrist?"

Following the doctor's words, Lizetta saw the bite mark on Remington's other wrist, partially hidden under his shirt cuff.

That was from when Lizetta had bitten him in the mall.

Remington turned his wrist to hide the bite mark and said,

"Bitten by a cat, it's a minor injury, no need for a checkup."

The doctor didn't get a clear look and laughed, "Well, that's one strong little kitty. Just remember to clean the wound and get vaccinated."

Lizetta, the strong "kitty" with biting wit.

Remington's gaze swept over Lizetta as her cheeks began to flush, and he nodded.

"Strong indeed, fortunately, it's a domestic cat, immune since she was little, so no rabies shots needed."

The doctor left with the nurse, and Cedric followed them out.

On the hospital bed, Joseph had fallen asleep without anyone noticing.

The man leaned back on the sofa with a slightly weary expression, his tie loosened. The defined line of his throat was bathed in light and shadow, with the cold white of his skin reflecting light, spreading to his sexy collarbones.

His appearance was indeed blessed, but a pretty facade that couldn't hide a black heart.

Lizetta glared at him, "You're the cat!"

Remington tugged her, and Lizetta, losing her balance; plopped down onto his

lap.

She struggled to get up, but Remington spoke up.

"Don't move, or you'll tear my wound again."

Lizetta froze, and Remington wrapped his arms around her.

"All these wounds were from protecting you, and now they won't heal properly, making everything inconvenient. Let's forget about the lost wages and medical expenses. Just move back to take care of me. That's not too much to ask, is it?"

Lizetta's eyes fixed on his bloody wound; she hesitated, then relaxed.

## Chapter 57

Just then, before Lizetta could get a word in, someone knocked on the hospital room door.

Kevin stood at the doorway, “Remington, Eve has been crying her eyes out. If she keeps this up, she’s going to wear herself down. We really can’t calm her down. Could you please try persuading her?”

Lizetta felt a growing anger inside her, provoked time and again by Evelina’s nauseating taunts.

Instead of leaving Remington’s embrace, she wrapped her arms around his neck and nuzzled into his collar, softening her voice as she spoke.

“Babe, I haven’t seen you for a week. You’re not going anywhere; you have to stay and console me. Otherwise, I’ll cry for you to see.”

She went for it and started to fake cry.

Kevin was shamelessly disrespecting his age—coming in to see her sitting on Remington’s lap, any self-respecting elder would have excused themselves.

But not only did he pretend not to notice, he even had the audacity to ask Remington to check on his daughter.

If he’s going to be shameless, why should Lizetta need for propriety?

While nestled in the man’s arms, her hands gripped the man’s necktie.

One hand pulled, the other tightened the knot.

The message was clear: if the “pup” didn’t behave, it was going to end up strangled by its leash. It was up to him to figure it out.

With his large hand gripping Lizetta’s waist, Remington remained leaning. back, his stoic expression lifting slightly to reveal a hint of helplessness as he looked at Kevin.



“Please forgive me. I can barely handle one at home. How about I send Cedric to check on her instead?”

He himself wasn't going, and sending a secretary in his place, what was that

about?

Kevin's expression turned sour as he glared at the two on the couch and stormed out, slamming the door behind him.

Lizetta's heart was pounding. She felt a bit dazed.

Did she really make Remington stay this time? He didn't leave her behind.

She realized she had misunderstood him about the bracelet; he had prepared it as a birthday gift for her.

If all those were misunderstandings, what about the child in Evelina's womb?

Remington had never admitted that the child was his, right?

Lizetta's heartbeat quickened. She looked up, wanting to ask him again, but the man lifted her and plonked her on the couch.

The man stood up, leisurely straightening his tie and shirt, his gaze cold and detached as he looked down at her.

“We need to maintain decorum in front of the elders. This won't happen again. Rest for a while. I'll check on the situation and be back in half an hour. Wait

for me.”

The Hawthorne family and the Dashiell family were old friends and had numerous business dealings.

Today's incident was indeed initially the Dashiell family's fault, and Remington really didn't want to make things look bad.

As for Evelina's child, she hadn't chosen to have it of her own free will. Absolutely nothing could go wrong with that.

With those words, the man turned and strode out the hospital room door.

Lizetta sat on the couch, feeling cold all over.

After a while, she let out a light laugh.

Laughing at her own forgetfulness and for getting ahead of herself again.

"Liz, don't be sad. My bro is too much. I've got some primo connections; I'll

arrange a new boyfriend for you!"

Her icy hand was taken. Joseph, barefoot, squatted in front of her, clutching her hand, his face full of sympathetic anger.

Lizetta felt a warmth in her heart and quickly said.

"Why aren't you wearing shoes? Get back to bed quickly."

She led him back to the bed and rubbed his feet with her hands, feeling

downcast.

Even Joseph knew how bad it was to leave her at this time, but that man, time and again, did whatever he pleased.

In the end, it was about a lack of love.

Lizetta couldn't possibly stay obediently in the hospital room waiting for Remington to return. Just after she left, Joseph pulled out his phone.

He opened the class group chat, selected a saved picture of Lizetta performing ballet on stage, and sent it out with a message.

[Seeking a husband for a little fairy, my sister, fair, rich, and beautiful.]

[Gentle, beautiful with a great temper, fluent in four languages and skilled in eight musical instruments, sings like an angel, dances captivatingly.]

[If your family has handsome elder brothers, handsome uncles, handsome. cousins, hurry up and send me their pictures. Deadline tomorrow morning, don't miss out.]

He was attending Zion City's best international school, his classmates came from no ordinary families. This chat group was just for the students, and no teachers were present.

He couldn't believe that with his persuasive power, he couldn't find Liz a fitting handsome hubby.

Ding-dong, ding-dong.

There they were, the private messages started flooding in, Joseph kicked his legs in excitement.

Remington pushed the door open and entered the hospital room, and sure enough, Evelina was still lying in the hospital bed, crying her heart out.

Kevin and April were anxiously trying to comfort her at the side. Seeing Remington, they tacitly stepped aside.

“Eve, stop crying, Remington’s here,” Kevin said, relieved.

## Chapter 58

Evelina buried her face in the blankets, shoulders shaking uncontrollably, her voice hoarse.

“You’re lying to me, Remi isn’t coming, he only cares about sister. I’m so jealous of her, having that amazing man to cherish her wholeheartedly.”

“Just leave me alone. My hand hurts, my heart hurts even more. I’ll be fine. after I cry it out.”

Kevin glanced at Remington, gestured with his hand, and left with April.

Remington took a few steps forward, his eyebrows furrowed with a hint of impatience, and he spoke.

“Enough, stop crying.”

Evelina’s trembling body stiffened, she tidied her hair before looking up at him.

Unspoken, her tears flowed first.

Her eyes were reddened, her pale face and her delicate, flawless skin presented a pitiable look that she had practiced since childhood in front of the mirror.

She knew the best angles, how to make her lashes wet without looking a

mess.

To win her parents' affection, she had put a lot of effort into this appearance, which always moved people's hearts.

She looked up at Remington with surprise, a tear rolling down from the corner of her eyes, hanging on her chin.

"Remi, you really..."

But before she could finish, Remington interrupted her coldly.

"Did you just get diagnosed with over-sensitivity?"

She froze, Remington's reaction was too abnormal.

Without giving her another look, he hooked a chair over with his long leg, sat down in front of the sickbed in a casual, authoritative posture.

He rested his arms naturally on his knees, leaning slightly forward, bringing his handsome face closer to Evelina.

Evelina held her breath, her heartbeat chaotic, staring at the man, unable to

move.

Remington's eyes glared at her, his lips lifting slightly as he said,

"Tears are only tears when someone cares; otherwise, tears and snot are just annoying fluids, understand?"

Evelina felt like she'd been stabbed in the heart, the pain was excruciating. The breath she was holding in due to being too nervous burst out suddenly, and she ended up blowing a big snot bubble.

She was mortified, her face flushed red, not daring to meet Remington's disgusted gaze.

Remington, with a push of his long legs, forcefully slid the chair back, its squeak sounding almost like a silent mockery, a slap to Evelina's face.

Evelina cried even harder; this time without any sense of beauty, with tears Property and snot flowing together.

She turned away in panic, nearly fainting from anger.

Remington's limited patience was running thin. He tossed her a couple of wet tissues and glanced at his watch.

He had promised Lizetta to wait no more than half an hour, and if Evelina kept crying like this, it was uncertain if he'd make it back.

"If you really can't calm down, we'll talk next time."

He stood up, and suddenly Evelina grabbed his hand.

Remington frowned, intending to shake her off, but Evelina fell back onto the pillow, her face a mess of agony.

"Remi, it hurts, my stomach hurts so much!"

Remington's expression shifted, he stood up and flung back the blanket. Bright smear of blood was spreading from beneath her.

Remington's gaze darkened; he tried to shake her off to call a doctor, but Evelina clung to him, her face deathly pale, yet staring at him, gritting her teeth and said,

"It's you who want me to give birth to it. Stay with me, don't you dare leave! Otherwise, I won't have this child!"

Remington's handsome face turned cold, but he stayed still, leaning over to press the call button.

"I won't leave, calm down."

Because of Evelina's emergency, Remington was detained. By the time he got back to Joseph's room, Joseph had already been discharged, no issues found, and taken home.

Naturally, Lizetta was long gone. Remington took out his phone to send Lizetta a message.

[Ran away? That's not honorable.]

He thought it over, deleted it, then rewrote.

[Where did you go? I'll pick you up. Brought your favorite foie gras from Solstice Kingdom, want to try it?]

He double-checked the message, hit send, but a line of red text popped up from the system.

[Litchi has enabled friend verification; you're not yet friends, please send a friend request.]

Remington, having never encountered this, stared at the message for a moment before he realized what it meant.

He chuckled, his slender fingers moving again, following the instructions to resend the friend request, only for the system to pop up another message.

[Failed to add contact, the user has blocked you.]

## Chapter 59

Three days whizzed by, and Lizetta was preoccupied with dance rehearsals. and choreography, preparation for auditions, and side gigs here and there, leaving her to crash into bed for merely five or six hours a day.

That noon, after checking in on Thaddeus, she was stopped by Tina as she left the hospital.

Tina had come to drop off an invitation and a gown for the evening's

—

shindig a farewell dinner the Hawthorne family was throwing for Evelina.

"This gown was a treasured piece from the old lady's collection. If she were still with us, she would have been delighted to see you wear it," Tina said, and Lizetta, running her fingers over the gown, looked wistful, filled with longing and memories.

Rachel had a soft spot for Lizetta. When she passed away, Lizetta was still the Hawthorne family's golden girl, and that made Rachel the most loving granny

in her heart.

Lizetta agreed, but upon entering the venue in that gown that evening, she could tell something was off.

She had unwittingly chosen a dress identical to that of the evening's main character, Evelina.



Evelina wore a dark green, V-neck, velvet mermaid dress that accentuated her slim figure, complemented with a ruby necklace that radiated grace and elegance.

Lizetta's gown, while identical in material and color, featured an intricate ruffled neckline, which seemed overly cumbersome.

Lizetta's figure, demeanor, and beauty were evident, and the gown did not look bad on her. But next to Evelina, her dress—from style to taste—seemed hopelessly outdated.

"Pfft, what's she wearing? Some kind of ancient relic?"

"A faux heiress remains a faux heiress. Even after years with the Dashiell

family, a sparrow doesn't become a phoenix."

"Today is Eve's spotlight. Who's she trying to impress by dress-clashing? It's like she's trying to embarrass Eve, but, bless her, she just ended up being the joke of the night. Hilarious!"

The moment Lizetta walked in, the place was buzzing with snickers and gossip.

Of course, Evelina heard of it. She smiled, sauntered over to Lizetta, and took her arm through hers.

"Sis, what brings you here? Ah, my bad—I'm thrilled you could make it."

Everyone was paying attention to the exchange, and Evelina's words only made them look down on Lizetta even more.

So, it turned out she hadn't even been invited—how shameless she was!

Elara noticed the commotion too and was about to butt in when the entrance stirred up a new frenzy.

“Gosh, it’s Mr. Dashiell! Mr. Dashiell actually showed up—guess the rumors with Ms. Hawthorne are true!”

“So handsome, what a presence! He and Ms. Hawthorne are just perfect for each other—such a match made in heaven!”

The murmuring surged once again.

The Hawthorne family and the Dashiell family were not of the same social class; there was quite a gap.

Lizetta’s marriage to Remington was a secret one, hence no one here really knew she was the faux golden girl turned Mrs. Dashiell.

Overhearing the snide remarks, Lizetta turned to see a tall, dapper man in a sharp, dark grey suit approach, while Evelina had already let go of Lizetta, joyfully going to greet him.

“Remi, you finally made it! We’ve all been waiting for you to start the feast.”

Then, out of the blue, all the lights went out, and a spotlight hit Evelina and the

man in front of her.

With music swelling up, Evelina reached out her hand, bending her knees slightly in a playful invitation to dance.

“Mr. Dashiell, may I have the honor of a dance?”

Cheers filled the air, and Lizetta, jostled by someone, stumbled to the side, her side slamming into the edge of a table, a sharp pang shooting through her.

Tears of pain welled up in her eyes, and as she looked up, her vision blurred with the sight of the man and woman dancing gracefully among the crowd.

It must be the pain, she thought, as she turned away and fled the scene, hurrying into the restroom.

But she hadn't expected that even there, someone wouldn't give her a break.

Elara followed, frowning, "Lizetta! Who allowed you to come here, dressing like that? Who are you trying to outshine, and who are you trying to embarrass? It's not right for you to be here. Leave, now!"

"I came with an invitation, and Tina brought me this dress, saying if granny were alive, she'd want me here," Lizetta explained.

But Elara cut her off, furious, "What granny? That's Eve's granny, not yours! Tina retired from our house last month. You're just a web of lies! After all these years, must you still take what's Eve's?"

Lizetta pressed her lips together, fully aware this was all Evelina's doing.

If Tina hadn't deliberately brought up Rachel, striking at Lizetta's soft spot, she wouldn't have come at all.

## Chapter 60

"I have no interest in taking her stuff! But since I'm here, when I leave is up to me. My husband's still outside. If Mrs. Hawthorne doesn't want me to—storm out right now, grab my man, and make a scene, you better stop breathing down my neck."

If Lizetta were to step out now and announce her relationship with Remington, Evelina would be the laughingstock.

Elara was displeased but she refrained from acting for fear of affecting others. “Considering the Hawthorne family put a roof over your head for six years, do me a solid and don’t stir the pot today, I’m asking you as your aunt.”

Lizetta kept her lips sealed, and Elara beat feet out of there.

Lizetta snickered and headed into the cubicle.

When she returned to the venue, all the lights were on.

The Evelina family was at the center of it all, with Remington naturally by their side. They were standing together, looking like one big happy family.

Many people there already considered Remington the future son-in-law of the Hawthorne family.

“Remi, I’m a bit tired from all the dancing. Could you help me upstairs for a rest?”

Evelina looked up at the man before her.

He was so tall and handsome, so powerful and magnetic, standing by her side, making everyone else green with envy.

Evelina felt like she was the happiest princess tonight.

Without thinking. Evelina reached out to loop her arm through Remington’s, but the man turned away to take a glass of champagne from a tray held by a server nearby.

Evelina’s pupils constricted and her nails dug into her palms.

She thought Lizetta, after seeing her waltz with Remington, must have left heartbroken.

But no, Lizetta was still around, and not just that.

Lizetta's previously outdated dress with a ruffle neckline had its collar and lace at the hem torn away by her.

Now, in an off-the-shoulder number that showed off an attractive collarbone and a skirt that stopped at the knees, she had put her drop-dead gorgeous. legs on full display with an asymmetrical hemline.

She walked in, looking like a whole new person.

Her beauty made people unconsciously clear a path for her, her aura of beauty silenced the room, and all eyes turned to her, unconsciously drawn in.

Evelina was seething, quickly turning to see if the man next to her had noticed—and sure enough, Remington couldn't peel his eyes off Lizetta.

Damn Lizetta!

Evelina regretted inviting her now.

But there Lizetta was, right in front of them.

Remington's eyes swept over her daring dress and he frowned slightly. "What are you doing here?"

He didn't know she was coming tonight.

But Lizetta figured Remington thought she was cramping Evelina's style and her chest tightened, yet she managed a smile.

“Don’t worry, I know I’m not welcome. I won’t stick around; I’ll just drop off my gift and leave.”

Then she turned to Evelina, “Evelina, this is my homecoming gift to you, hope you like it.”

Standing there, Lizetta towered over Evelina, who was less than 5.5 feet and pregnant in flat shoes, making her legs look even shorter and her proportions.

out of whack.

While Lizetta, in flat shoes herself, had a pair of stunningly long legs, a dancer’s posture and excellent bearing, and on top of that, a beauty that could eclipse everyone at the event.

Her altered dress might not fit like a glove but it was enough to make Evelina look like mere dust in comparison, like a maid.

Lizetta stuffed something into the hands of the displeased-looking Evelina. It was a piece of fabric, extra material torn from Lizetta’s dress, casually tied up by Lizetta and mockingly thrust into Evelina’s hands.

Without lingering, Lizetta turned and walked away, Evelina was so angry, barely managing a smile as she said.

“Mom, Dad, I’ll walk my sis out.”

Remington’s brow furrowed, about to step forward, but Kevin wrapped an arm

around him.

“Remington, I’d like to speak with you about some business matters, may I have a moment?”

Lizetta picked up the pace, Evelina’s voice trailing after her.

“You did that on purpose! flaunting your charms regardless of the occasion, proud of yourself as all the men can’t take their eyes off you, aren’t you?!”

Lizetta couldn’t be bothered with her ranting, but Evelina picked up a pebble, wrapped it in the torn fabric, and threw it at Lizetta.