

Illusions 511

Chapter 511

Lizetta simply couldn't take it anymore.

She had never intended to compete with Stella for anything. It was Stella who had intruded into her marriage.

Even so, she had stepped back at every turn, fleeing far from the chaos.

Yet the Wests wouldn't let her be, intent on hunting her down.

Absolutely malicious!

But Ray hadn't said much when he came over, and even she was guessing-had Remington already known it was the Wests doing?

Her eyes widened in shock, "You knew all along? Stella helped me flee the country, and as soon as I landed, the Wests had people searching for me..." Mentioning her escape, Remington's handsome face darkened.

"Otherwise, how do you think I found you?"

Lizetta's lips pursed, then she said with a hint of sarcasm.

"Well, that's quite the revelation. I thought even if I accused the Wests, given your fondness for them, you'd suspect me of slandering them."

A pang of pain hit Remington's heart, his expression turning gloomy.

What did he now represent in her eyes?

His chest heaved slightly, unable to contain his frustration any longer; he abruptly reached out, his hand clasping Lizetta's neck.

The sudden closeness made Lizetta's breath hitch, somewhat frightened by his brooding demeanor.

She tried to twist away, but his grip was unyielding.

He was in control.

All she could do was watch him draw nearer, breath becoming labored, thinking he was about to do something to her.

He stopped, just inches away, his voice cold.

"If I were as you say, I wouldn't be here right now. Liz, do you even care?"

His voice was thick with accusation and huskiness by the end.

His eyes met hers, emotions swirling, bloodshot-indicating he too hadn't had an easy time.

Lizetta bit her tongue, tasting bitterness.

If only she could be heartless, then she wouldn't keep hoping for someone, only to be let down time and again.

So, no matter what he said now, she couldn't let herself be swayed again.

She gently pushed against his shoulder, stating, "I'll come back with you, but on one condition."

A surge of joy lit up in Remington's heart, he released Lizetta, his expression brightening for the first time in a while. "Alright, I agree."

He didn't even wait to hear her condition before eagerly consenting.

Lizetta raised an eyebrow, "Aren't you going to ask what it is?"

"It doesn't matter. I agree."

Remington lightly tapped her pert nose with his finger.

Clearly, in his heart, nothing was more important than having his wife come home with him.

But the next second, he heard Lizetta's cool voice.

"My condition is a divorce."

Remington froze, his barely recovered

heart, feeling the wa of spring, was suddenly thrust back

into

the harsh winter by a brutal chill.

His handsome face momentarily showed panic and desolation, wounded and pale.

But Lizetta didn't avert her gaze, looking at him steadfastly.

Her fleeing the country was because he refused to divorce.

If he agreed now, why would she continue to live in exile? "Sounds like the police are here, I'll go check. You rest." Remington suddenly stood up and started towards the door.

Lizetta watched his retreating figure, her eyes lingering on his injured r

shoulder. As his hand touch

doorknob, she finally spoke.

"Wait, let me take care of that wound for you."

Even if it were a stranger, she couldn't ignore someone hurt in her defense.

Moreover, with Remington's rare

blood type, any delay in treating the wound could lead to serious blood

loss in a foreign land, that could be

troublesome.

Chapter 512

Remington didn't glance back, his voice low and icy.

"Liz, if you've truly moved on, don't plan on looking back, then be as cold as you can towards me."

With those words, he pulled open the door and strode out.

Lizetta, "..."

What a jerk, she thought. If she gives him any more attention, she might as well be a fool!

Let him be overwhelmed, for all she cared!

Once Remington was outside, Ray approached him and said, "Mr. Remington Dashiell, Ralap has fled."

Ralap had brought people over, but cleverly, Ralap didn't show up himself tonight.

Ray, not having spotted Ralap, had immediately ordered the men stationed outside to capture him, but somehow Ralap still managed to slip away.

Remington's brow furrowed deeply as he spoke in a cold voice.

"Double down on the search efforts. We need to find him alive!"

Catching the culprit was crucial, as Ralap was Barbara Daisynes West's nephew and the operative this time.

If he got away, the evidence would be insufficient, and many details would remain unclear.

Hearing Remington's tone, Ray felt a surge of alarm.

"Is Mr. Remington Dashiell worried that the West family will find out and attempt to silence the matter?"

Remington massaged his temples, weary, and simply said, "Go."

To Remington, the Wests had always felt like family.

He had never doubted the Wests' integrity, carrying a heavy guilt towards the West family. He saw the Wests as kind, generous, and forgiving.

After the incident with Stella, Martin, Barbara, and Quentin never blamed him.

They all silently endured the hardships, showing tolerance and kindness.

Because of this, he had held the Wests in high esteem and trust. However, the recent events had left Remington uncertain about how to view the family he once trusted so completely.

In Zion City.

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At the West family's villa, Barbara's face was a portrait of distress. Sitting in a wheelchair, she fidgeted with a rosary, trying to contain her agitation.

Ralap had found people to act tonight, and she knew about it.

But by now, dawn was breaking over Luminesia, and there was still no word.

Ralap was also unreachable directly, leaving Barbara with an ominous feeling. Yet, she clung to a thread of hope.

Then, the sharp ring of a phone broke the silence-it was Stella calling.

Barbara immediately answered, only to be greeted by Stella's panicked voice.

"Mom, we've been duped. I'm in Oakmont, and Remington isn't here at all. He wasn't on a business trip!

He's been so calm these past days, as if he's given up on finding Lizetta. It's all been a deception. Has he suspected me all along?

Mom, he must have gone abroad, searching for that woman! Could it be that cousin was targeted the moment he left?"

Stella had believed Remington's sudden announcement of a business trip.

For the past few days, her attempts to contact Remington had received normal responses.

Stella hadn't been suspicious,

with Remington's prolonged

absence, she grew restless and net

traveled from Zion City to Oakmont yesterday.

She wanted to surprise Remington, only to discover he wasn't in Oakmont at all.

Stella was in total panic, and hearing this, Barbara's heart sank, her face darkening.

"Mom, could something have happened to cousin? What do we do?"

Listening to her daughter's cries of despair, Barbara's gnarled fingers tightened around her phone, her expression turning vindictive.

"If he can't handle this simple task, he needn't bother returning!"

Chapter 513

Lizzy had slipped across the border under a false identity, thinking that once the cops showed up, she'd be in a world of trouble. But somehow, Rem had handled it. The cops had only asked Lizzy a few simple questions before they left.

After a night of restless sleep, shaken by the encounter, Lizzy had quickly fallen into a deep slumber once the police were gone. When she next awoke, she sensed movement.

Opening her eyes, she was startled to find herself in Rem's arms, being carried out the door.

"Where are you taking me?" Lizzy looked around, bewildered.

Seeing her awake, Rem looked down and said, "Back to Zion City."

Lizzy was shocked, grabbing at the man's shirt collar, "You bastard, you promised you wouldn't force me!"

She kicked and pulled at his collar as if she wished she could strangle him.

Rem's eyes flashed with resignation, his lips pressed into a thin line, almost grinding his teeth as he spoke.

"I agreed to your condition," he said.

Lizzy blinked, surprised. "Really?"

She was a bit skeptical, feeling an odd mix of emotions.

Seeing her doubtful look, Rem scoffed, "You don't seem too happy about it. Having second thoughts?"

Lizzy immediately burst into a big, sarcastic smile. "I'm thrilled! I was just worried about someone making promises they couldn't keep."

Rem watched her relaxed smile, feeling a pang of pain. He wished he didn't have to let her go, especially with other men buzzing around her like flies. But he was out of options.

All his forceful tactics, he dared not use on her anymore.

He was afraid of pushing her further away.

And with Ralap still at large, Lizzy staying here was not safe.

"Don't worry, this time, I'll grant you your wish... consider it compensation for the wedding."

That disastrous marriage was his doing.

Perhaps ending it was the only way to break new ground.

Lizzy saw the resolution in his eyes; she could tell he was serious this time.

This marriage was truly over.

Her eyelashes fluttered as she looked down, slowly releasing her grip on Rem's collar, whispering, "So, after the flight, you'll come with me to the city hall?"

"Yeah."

Lizzy finally quieted down, letting Rem lift her into the car.

As the car slowly drove away, she watched the town recede through the window, her eyes filled with reluctance and longing. And Rem caught every expression.

His heart tightened, but then he remembered something.

"Why here?" he suddenly asked.

"Luminesia doesn't have any Dashiell family properties," Lizzy replied, her eyes gleaming.

"Lies," Rem said firmly, pausing

before continuing, "115 days of loving Rem, the Aurora Borealis... Today, read about the romantic legends of the aurora and thought about watching our own aurora together. It would be beautiful."

He was referring to a wish she had written in her diary.

Back when she penned those words, she was full of youthful dreams. But now, they only brought embarrassment.

Lizzy grabbed a pillow from beside

her and threw it at Rem, her eyes cold. "I tore up that diary. I wish 'd never written it. Can we not talk about this anymore?" S

Rem watched Lizzy's angry and disdainful face, his eyes deep with emotion.

"But Liz, we did watch the aurora together, and it was beautiful..."

Lizzy felt as if she had punched a soft spot, or perhaps breached a deeply sealed emotion.

Chapter 514

She abruptly averted her gaze, refusing to look at the man again.

Afterwards, he tried to strike up a conversation, but Lizetta was listless and unresponsive.

On the flight back, Remington seemed to realize he was unwelcome, as he didn't even stay in the same cabin as Lizetta.

Lizetta was secretly pleased, but halfway through the flight, Ray came to wake her up.

"Ma'am, could you please check on Mr. Remington Dashiell? He's been running a high fever, and now he's delirious."

Lizetta, groggy from sleep, took a moment to fully wake up.

"He's got a fever?"

"Yes, he's been feverish since before boarding. It seems an untreated wound, compounded by your absence, has prevented him from resting properly. He's been suffering from insomnia, which has severely depleted his strength and weakened his immune system..."

When Ray saw Lizetta remaining seated, he urged her again.

"Ma'am, won't you please see him? Even if you and Mr. Remington Dashiell are divorced, he's still your child's father. If not for the sake of old times, then think of his mother. If something serious happens because of the fever, she won't be able to bear it."

Lizetta clenched the armrest tightly.

She stared at Ray. "If he's feverish, give him medication. Don't you have a doctor on board? The crew should be more experienced at handling this than I am."

Ray looked somber. "Mr. Remington Dashiell is usually in excellent health, so we didn't have a medical professional on the private jet. We do have emergency medication, and he's already taken fever reducers, but they're not working. He's been calling out for you. Fever can be affected by emotional state, and we still have over seven hours of flight left. It could become very serious, ma'am. Please, just go see him..."

Eventually, Lizetta was persuaded. She stood up and followed Ray to the rear cabin, where a sofa area had been converted into a makeshift bed.

Remington was lying there, his brow furrowed, an unnatural flush on his handsome face.

Lizetta approached and bent down to touch his forehead. The heat shocked her, and she frowned, about to pull away when he suddenly grasped her wrist tightly.

Lizetta instinctively tried to withdraw, but the man, eyes previously shut, now opened them and gripped her wrist even harder.

Uncontrollably, Lizetta stumbled forward, falling onto him and getting wrapped tightly in his embrace.

"Remington..."

"Liz... you do care after all."

Her annoyance was cut short by his hoarse, fevered voice.

He buried his face in the crook of her neck, his voice entangling in her ear.

The heat from his breath made Lizetta shiver, her heart seemingly scorched.

"Remington, you're feverish. Get a hold of yourself."

Lizetta pushed against him, but he

instead seeming t

comfort in her presence,

nuzzling his face against her neck.

He still held her hand, guiding it to his cheek, and let out a contented sigh, murmuring.

"Liz is my fever reducer. Don't run away!"

Hearing this, Lizetta's eyes unexpectedly teared up.

In the past, when he was feverish, he'd liked to cling to her like this, saying the same thing.

Lizetta stiffened, her numb heart as if opened by Pandora's box,

awakening a painful, indescribable

swelling.

For a moment, she softened.

But she was grateful to quickly regain her clarity.

She closed her eyes tightly, softening her voice. "Remington, Stella."

you're not Liz,!

Remington, "..."

Chapter 515

Remington's momentary stiffness didn't escape Lizetta's notice.

Lizetta chuckled lightly, "Let go, will you?"

But Remington held Lizetta tighter, nuzzling his face against her neck, his voice husky and plaintive.

"No! It's your scent, Liz. I can't be mistaken. You can't fool me."

If it weren't for the sight of the man's short, neatly trimmed hair, Lizetta might have mistaken him for someone else, perhaps a Joseph, not Remington.

She was infuriated yet somewhat helpless, disdainfully turning her head away.

"Mr. Taylor, you've been caught. Can you stop the bad acting already?"

He was clearly lucid, pretending to be the big bad wolf.

Remington, with his eyes closed, shook his head while hugging her, his head slowly sliding down to her chest.

"Liz, you're so fierce..."

His actions and words were like those of a child throwing a tantrum.

Lizetta had never seen him like this. For a moment, she was taken aback, forgetting to resist, her heart filling with a bittersweet sensation.

But he was indeed very hot, feeling to Lizetta like a burning coal against her.

"Did you even take any fever medicine?" she frowned.

Remington didn't answer, instead burrowing closer within her embrace, his face flushed as he inhaled her scent, his heart beating with joy.

He didn't want to speak. Just holding her like this felt right.

God knows how many nights over these past two months he'd lain awake thinking of her.

And how many times he'd managed to fall asleep, only to wake up from a dream of holding her, feeling an immense emptiness.

A couple of nights ago, he had sneaked into her room, watching over her as she slept.

He had wanted to hold her tight, to meld into her being, but he was afraid of waking her up.

He had only dared to gently hold her hand, to stroke her hair, to massage her when she seemed uncomfortable.

She recognized him and turned icy cold again.

If his current shamelessness allowed him to hold her a bit longer, he didn't mind being even more shameless.

"I'm talking to you!" Lizetta pushed him.

Remington then nestled closer within her embrace, murmuring, "Liz, brother feels bad, I just need to sleep it off..."

His chin was stubbled with a rough beard, prickly as needles, easily poking through the knit sweater.

As he rubbed against her, the stubble grazed her sensitive skin, stirring a mix of heat and breath, sparking a thrill of tingles.

This unfamiliar yet intimate ambiance easily evoked memories of their past fiery encounters.

Lizetta's cheeks flushed with embarrassment and annoyance, forcefully patting his back, exasperatedly saying.

"Remington! If you don't let go of me now, I'll get serious!"

The man didn't seem to take her threats seriously, slightly pulling away to look at her.

"Easy there. Be careful, or I might

actually lose my senses from this fever, become legally tent,

and then I'll have to stick

for

life!"

His handsome face was flushed, his lips pale yet dry, making the lines on them more evident.

Those deep eyes were also reddened, yet they looked like those of a pitiful big dog.

It was only then that Lizetta noticed how much thinner he had gotten, his jawline more pronounced when he looked up at her.

But none of that diminished his handsomeness; if anything, it added a certain morbid charm.

Lizetta froze, her attempt to pull him away losing its force.

Remington's lashes fluttered down,

the light smile in his

pressing his face against her.

However, as soon as he did, something kicked him on the face.

Remington was initially baffled, and when he got kicked again, this time right on his nose, he jolted up from Lizetta's embrace, looking at her incredulously.

"Is that... Daisy?"

Lizetta's lips curved slightly, finding humor in his dumbfounded expression.

She suppressed a smile, "Daisy's teaching you a lesson!"

Of course, it was Daisy.

Chapter 516

Inside his mom's belly, the little one couldn't stand it anymore, and started throwing some serious punches and kicks towards his shameless dad. Remington was gobsmacked.

He stared in disbelief at Lizetta's protruding belly, then touched the spot where he'd felt the kick.

The strength wasn't much, after all, it was a fetus still inside the womb.

But to Remington, it felt incredibly profound, his heart trembling with a peculiar sensation.

He looked up, his eyes intense, a slight smile curving his lips, and in a raspy voice, he said.

"That's my kid, alright! Impressive!"

Lizetta, "..."

Even Daisy seems annoyed with him, can't he tell?

Clearly, Remington was oblivious.

Because he wrapped his arms around Lizetta's waist again, pressing his handsome face gently against her, and spoke warmly to Daisy. "Daisy, missing daddy? Say hi to daddy again."

This time, Daisy was quiet, proving that the man was just full of himself.

But Remington was persistent, gently poking Lizetta's belly, left and right.

Lizetta looked down at his thick head of hair, feeling the care and anticipation in his movements, her heart swelling with unspoken emotions.

In that moment, they seemed like a sweet couple eagerly awaiting their baby's arrival.

If only it weren't all a facade.

His poking slowed and then stopped, his hand sliding down to Lizetta's thigh, his breath hot and lingering against her abdomen.

He seemed unable to hold on, and fell asleep.

Lizetta lifted a hand to wipe away the moisture at the corner of her eye, then tried to shift his arm from around her.

But she couldn't budge it, sweating from the effort, she had to give up.

She called out for Ray, but all was silent outside.

Yet Lizetta knew Ray had to be there. She pursed her lips, calling out again.

"Ray, if you don't bring in some fever medicine now, he's going to truly burn up into an idiot."

Soon after, Ray walked in, carrying a cup of water and a fever reducer.

You can't take another dose too soon after the first.

Lizetta knew, Remington hadn't

Tanine

She grabbed

the pill, "You're quite the actor ever

Considered busking under a bridge?"

Ray shifted his gaze away, awkward and guilty.

"Ma'am, I'm just a humble worker, really it's all Mr. Remington Dashiell forcing me into these schemes, you believe me, right?"

Lizetta chuckled, forcing the pill into Remington's mouth, then grabbed the water cup, pinching his nose.

As soon as he opened his mouth, she poured in the water. He swallowed hard in his sleep, then started coughing violently.

He let go of the woman in his arms, arching his back, coughing hard, his neck flushed and veins bulging.

It was a pitiful sight.

Ray turned his head away, unable to bear watching.

He thought it might be wise to cancel his holiday blind date.

Stay away from women, cherish life.

Remington had a strong constitution; after taking the

medicine and getting some sleep, he was up, freshened up, in a crisp suit, looking nothing like the sickly, petulant man from before.

Lizetta walked out of the aisle with him, trying to pull away.

"I can walk on my own."

"Airports are crowded, accidents happen."

He reminded her in a low, firm voice.

Lizetta looked around; they were using a VIP corridor, she really couldn't see the crowd he mentioned. But then, she had to eat her words.

"Remington! Liz?"

At the sound of a familiar woman's voice, Stella's lovely figure approached swiftly, dragging her luggage. She was alone, but her presence alone made Lizetta feel the space tighten, the air growing thick.

"Remington, you've found Liz, that's

wonderful. Liz, where have you been all this time? Look at you, pregnant and running around! You have

idea, I've been sticking by

Remington, watching him worry and fret You can't be so reckless next time."

Chapter 517

Stella was like a big sister who genuinely cared for Lizetta, even reaching out to touch Lizetta's stomach. Facing someone who wanted her dead, but acting as if nothing was wrong, was downright creepy.

Lizetta felt a chill down her spine and snuggled closer into Remington's embrace, her voice cold.

"Don't touch me!"

Remington also reached out, grabbing Stella's wrist to halt her action.

At the same time, he tightened his hold on Lizetta's other hand, pulling her closer into his protective embrace.

Stella seemed shocked by Lizetta's harsh words and Remington's actions.

Her face was a mix of confusion and sadness, her eyes brimming with tears as she looked at Lizetta.

"Liz, what's wrong?"

She tried to pull her wrist free, her eyes filling with tears, "Remington, you're hurting me..."

Remington released her, and Stella flexed her wrist, showing several red marks.

"What are you doing here?" Remington eyed her, his brow furrowed, his gaze cold.

Stella felt wronged. She had worked hard to get closer to Remington, hoping he would forget Lizetta and fall for her. But now, it felt like they were further apart than ever.

But she couldn't let any of this show or give Remington any reason to suspect her.

She forced a smile, playfully glaring at Remington.

"It's all your fault for not telling me you were picking up Liz. I thought you were on a business trip in Oakmont, so I flew there to find you, only to find out I had missed you. I just got back." "Oh, I even brought back some souvenirs from Oakmont, Liz, here's something for you."

She pulled a small shell pendant from her bag and handed it to Lizetta.

Lizetta stared at her, "Ms. West, have you developed amnesia? I left Zion City with your help. You should be the last person wanting me back, so why the act?"

Stella looked genuinely shocked,

"Liz, what are you talking about? I was worried when you disappeared I thought you were hiding because of a fight with Remington and would come back after a few days. only found out later that you had really left..."

She denied everything, confident Lizetta had no proof.

Lizetta scoffed, "Ms. West's act is quite convincing."

Stella looked pleadingly at Remington, tears in her eyes.

"Remington, you don't suspect me too, do you?"

Remington's gaze was dark, "What did you tell Liz at the café that day?"

Stella, tears rolling down her cheeks, clasped her hands.

"Okay, I admit, that day Liz asked me to help her leave Zion City. She said she had no feelings for you anymore and was in pain.

She wanted me to use the West family's connections to help her leave, but... how could I do that, Remington? I refused her right away. I even advised her to talk things out with you!"

She was adamant, then turned to Lizetta.

"Liz, isn't that right?!"

Lizetta marveled at Stella's ability to play the victim.

She emphasized how Lizetta was tired of Remington, making it seem like it was her own decision to leave, absolving herself of any blame.

"You did refuse me, but it wasn't

long before received a message.

Those people were supposed to help me leave the country, but then they turned against me. Ms. West, do you really think your actions would leave no trace?"

Stella was stunned, "What message? Harm you? I had no idea... Remington, you have to believe me, I would never do such a thing!"

Her face went pale, shaking her head, tears streaming down.

Chapter 518

Remington fixed his icy gaze on her, voice laced with a chilling edge, "Are you suggesting someone framed you? You knew Liz was planning to leave and you told me it wasn't you. Then who else could it be?" Stella's voice broke as she choked up, "I didn't... Do you really see me as such a vile person in your heart? I genuinely don't know how things turned out this way!

Maybe someone overheard my conversation with Liz and decided to pin the blame on me. Maybe Liz had told someone else about her plans to leave."

"But the person who chased after Liz abroad was your cousin, Ralap!" Remington said coldly.

Stella's lips trembled, a look of disbelief spreading across her face as if struck by terror, her grip on her suitcase loosening until it dropped to the ground with a loud thud.

"It can't be! How could it..."

Lizetta, gently rubbing her belly, thought how if it weren't for Remington's timely arrival, Daisy would have certainly been in danger. She felt a surge of anger towards Stella, wishing she could slap some sense into her.

"Stella, do you really think a few tears can wash away the situation that has unfolded?"

Yet, Stella, with tears welling up in her eyes, turned to Lizetta, "Liz, I know my actions spoiled your wedding, and you hold resentment towards me. But you can't wrong me like this; it's like sentencing me to death!"

Just then, a weary voice broke the tension.

"Remington, stop badgering Stella, she knows nothing! If you have questions, direct them at me."

Lizetta turned to see the maid pushing Barbara forward.

Barbara was covered with a blanket over her legs, her complexion pale and waxy, her hair gray and thin, looking every bit the part of fragility.

Lizetta felt a chill run down her spine despite Barbara's pitiful appearance, sensing something sinister.

Remington drew her closer, his brows furrowed, his gaze cold and pained as he stared at Barbara.

Stella, gasping for breath, widened her eyes and rushed over to kneel in front of the wheelchair.

"Mom, what are you saying? Are you spouting nonsense? How could this involve you? It can't be... Mom, please don't scare me!"

Barbara grasped Stella's hand, looking towards Remington.

"That day, when Stella came home, she casually mentioned that there seemed to be trouble between you and Lizetta. Lizetta had even approached her, hoping she could help her escape.

Stella asked me if she should tell you. My daughter has suffered so much, and finally, when she comes back, you've moved on, your heart changed!

Yet, my daughter still considered

your happiness above all, foolishly

wanting to bless your love. Why

should she? I told Stella not to

meddle too much in your affairs and

managed to convince her.

But I wanted to fulfill my daughter's wish, so it was I who reached out to Lizetta and arranged for her to leave the country. Stella knew nothing about this!"

Stella's tears fell in torrents, collapsing onto Barbara's lap.

"Mom, you're lying, right? How could you do such a thing..."

Barbara bowed her head, stroking Stella's hair.

"Stop crying, my dear. I knew you're too kind-hearted. If you knew, you would have stopped me, so I kept it from you."

Barbara then looked up at Remington.

"Remington, it was Lizetta's choice

to leave. I merely facilitated her departure. As her godmother, all I wanted was to prevent you two from ending up resentful towards each other. You may not understand my intentions, and that's fine.

But this whole situation started with your wife; she was the one planning to escape. I merely assisted her. How can Stella be blamed for any of this? She's innocent."

Chapter 519

"In Evercrest, relentlessly pursuing Liz, and then attempting to take her life in Luminesia, is that your idea of helping her?"

Remington's gaze was ice-cold as he stared down Barbara, devoid of any warmth.

Barbara's brow furrowed slightly, "Attempt to take her life? Liz is tough, she vanished without a trace as soon as she went abroad. I was the one who helped her leave the country, of course, I had to ensure her safety! When we couldn't find her, I even sent my own nephew to look for her. She was hiding in Luminesia, you say?"

And what about Ralap, I haven't been able to reach him. Remington, have you seen him on your trip?"

Liz almost wanted to applaud Barbara for her ability to twist the narrative so skillfully.

Remington's heart was heavy with irony.

Even though he had suspected that the West family might go as far as murder, using Ralap as a scapegoat, the reality still took him by surprise.

He hadn't expected Barbara to be so ruthless, especially towards her own nephew, whom she once treated like a son. Now, she was willing to cast him aside without a second thought.

He had always prided himself on being a good judge of character, yet it turned out he was the one who was blind, not Barbara.

"Do you really expect me to believe that? My wife was being hunted down in Luminesia, and all fingers pointed back to the West family.

Barbara, have I been too kind to the West family over the years that you think I'm a fool easily deceived?"

There was a sharp edge to Remington's voice, and he no longer addressed Barbara with any familial endearment.

Barbara felt a chill, though her expression remained unchanged, her brows knitting together.

"Being hunted down? How could that be! Where's Ralap? I need to speak to him; there must be some misunderstanding!"

Barbara wasn't overly panicked; she had been careful with her dealings. She hadn't made any appearances, and the men Ralap brought with him had never seen her.

Even if Remington interrogated those men, there was no direct evidence to prove she was the mastermind.

As long as she insisted that Ralap acted on his own, there would be no proof against her.

Remington knew arguing further was pointless. Holding Liz close, his eyes shone with a chilling light as he coldly said, "I hope you can keep up this act."

Barbara sensed a menacing threat in his words, and her heart sank.

But the West family was no ordinary family. Without solid evidence, even Remington couldn't touch her.

2ton, I've always treated you

child. To think

your own godmother.

murder,

child. To think y

Tears welled up in Barbara's eyes.

"If you have evidence, feel free to call the police on me, otherwise, I have nothing more to say."

Stella also wiped away her tears, approaching Liz with a deep, sincere bow.

"I'm sorry, Liz. My mother has been looking for me for years, wanting to make up for lost time, giving me the best. It must be my cousin who misunderstood her intentions, You're a mother too; you understand the love Barbara has..." Content

Liz looked at Stella with scorn, recognizing the West family's timeless recipe for moral manipulation.

"I would never endorse my child with murder! Evil is evil, a murderer is a murderer, don't tarnish the word 'motherhood'!"

Liz spat out in laughter.

Stella's face turned pale as she shook her head in tears.

"Liz, you've misunderstood me and my mother deeply. You might not know, but I can't have children of my own anymore, my health won't allow it. But I know Remington's status; he can't be without an heir.

So, if you truly leave Remington, your child would become mine, and I would love him as my own, why would I..."

Slap!

Stella's pitiful plea was cut short as Liz landed a fierce slap across her face.

"Ah!"

Stella stumbled and fell, looking up with her hand on her cheek.

"Liz..."

"Whether you can have children is your business, keep your eyes off my child!"

"I didn't mean it like that... Remington?" Stella looked up at Remington, her eyes seeking comfort.

But Remington didn't glance at Stella; instead, he gently patted Liz's back as she trembled with indignation.

Chapter 520

"Pregnant women shouldn't get upset. Even if we divorce, I won't fight you for Daisy's custody. You are her mother and will always be! Don't bother with what she said." Hearing him say this, Lizetta felt a bit comforted.

Stella's words had been like a knife to her heart, suggesting she'd be left childless and alone.

How could Lizetta not be angry?

She turned her head away, protecting her belly, not wanting to look at Remington.

Even though he was desperately trying to explain, Lizetta still felt uneasy.

The weariness on her face was evident, and Remington felt like the tiny bit of progress he had made on the plane had been completely shattered by the West family's mother and daughter. Irritation flickered in his eyes as he frowned at Stella, ignoring her tear-streaked face, he spoke firmly.

"Stella, I have no romantic feelings for you. I've always seen you as a sister, and that hasn't changed. We will never be a thing. Your accusations are absurd!"

Stella shook her head, visibly shaken.

"I don't believe you! Remington, you had promised my mother you would marry me."

"Ha, ha, oh please, Mr. Dashiell is known for keeping his promises, isn't he? Forgot your own words, did you? It's time to give her an explanation."

Lizetta's voice was dripping with sarcasm, eager to leave this mess behind.

She walked away from Remington, striding forward.

Remington glanced at Ray, who immediately followed.

Taking a moment, Remington crouched down, looking into Stella's tearful eyes, he spoke tiredly.

"I was clear about the circumstances under which I agreed, your parents know it. If I had known it would lead to greed and harm towards my wife and child, I would have never agreed!"

Stella, I owe you, but my wife and child don't. I've tried to make amends over the years, but everyone has their limits. Don't push me to the point where my years of affection for the West family become a joke!" Stella was devastated, her face pale, tears silently streaming down.

Her lips quivered, grasping at Remington's coat.

"Remington, believe me, believe my mother there must be
And Liz is fine,

swool

isn't she? You..."

Remington looked into her pleading eyes, pulling his coat from her grasp.

Stella felt a void, then a heavy sink in her heart, her expression one of stunned pain. Leaning in, Remington whispered.

"Stella, you better truly be unaware

of this mess. Otherwise... I won't spare any past feelings. Don't make me regret bringing you back, I'd rather you had died sixteen years ago!"

His voice cold, Stella froze, her support gone, collapsing to the ground.

Remington stood up, walking past Barbara without a glance, and left.

Only when he had completely disappeared did Stella release a terrified cry.

She got up, rushing to Barbara, "Mom, Remington, he..."

She meant to say, Remington felt like a stranger, terrifying.

His demeanor had completely changed, clearly siding with Lizetta, showing no tolerance for the West family anymore.

But Barbara gripped her hand tightly, reminding sternly.

"Stella, let's go home."

Barbara's hand was cold, covered in sweat.

Yet, Stella found strength, holding onto Barbara's hand, wrapping her in a blanket, laying her head on

Barbara's lap, whispering through

tears.

"Mom, you'll protect me, right?"

In the car.

As soon as Remington got in, ready to tell Ray to drive, Lizetta said.

"Let's go to the city hall first."