

## **Illusions 531**

### **Chapter 531**

The West family, all three of them, were in tears, their eyes pleading as they looked at Remington.

The murderer, now looking utterly vulnerable.

Liz couldn't believe how shameless they could be to act like this.

She felt a chill, finding the situation both ridiculous and terrifying.

Yet, she wasn't sure if Remington would actually show mercy and grant their request.

Remington remained silent, and Liz felt her heart growing colder.

She mocked herself, about to pull her hand from his grasp.

But Remington forcefully separated her fingers, intertwining them with his.

With a cold expression, he pulled Liz to the side, stepping away from Stella, who was clutching at his pant leg.

Stella's expression turned to panic, her eyes filled with disappointment.

Remington looked down at her, "Murder demands retribution. Attempted murder requires a price to be paid. Moreover, I haven't seen any remorse or apology from Barbara from the beginning.

She wasn't acting on impulse; she had been plotting relentlessly! Should I let her go, so she can become more desperate and continue to harm my wife and child?"

For Barbara, what was there to lose?

Killing once or multiple times made no difference to her.

If he showed leniency to Barbara today, Liz might face danger tomorrow, and he was unwilling to forgive anyone who would harm Liz.

Stella's grip weakened as she listened to his harsh words, her injured hand falling limply.

"Remington, please! I'll keep an eye

on her, she won't harm Ms. Gardenia again. If you're worried, you can have someone watch over the West family!" Martin pleaded, still not ready

ly to give up. He then turned to Liz, bowing deeply, "Ms. Gardenia, I know you're kind and generous. We were wrong before, and sincerely apologize. If you're not satisfied with the terms, we can negotiate- more shares or cash, anything...

Martin, a businessman, believed that with Barbara's life hanging by a thread, and the prison conditions she might not last even a few weeks, it would be more profitable to exchange her life for a substantial

amount of money.

Liz was seen as someone climbing the social ladder, an orphan without a family background.

With a generous offer, how could she not forgive?

However, before he could finish, Liz coldly said, "So in your eyes, Luna Dempsey's life can be measured by money. Unfortunately, my life and my baby's life are priceless! I want those who harmed me to pay the price."

She wouldn't even accept the divorce settlement from Remington, let alone anything from the West family.

She found it repulsive.

"You! Ms. Gardenia... please reconsider." Martin was frustrated, wanting to call Liz foolish.

But meeting Remington's icy gaze, he swallowed his words.

Remington stepped forward, shielding Liz from the West family's further entanglements, his voice deep and firm.

"The West family should be grateful that Liz and the child are safe. Otherwise, it wouldn't be just Barbara paying with her life!"

His voice carried a hint of menace, causing Martin's face to pale and his shoulders to slump.

Stella, overwhelmed, began to cry even harder.

Soon, the sound of police sirens was clear.

A team of officers arrived, handcuffing Ralap and leading her away.

The leading officer approached Barbara, who looked towards Remington and said, "My daughter became disabled trying to save you, and she suffered because of you all these years.

She was supposed to be Zion City's most elegant and pampered lady, unaware of the world's hardships. Because of you, her life was ruined! You owe her, and you'll never be able to repay it in this lifetime!"

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"I'm okay with meeting my end, but this has nothing to do with my daughter Stella. I love her more than anything; I couldn't bear for her to be dragged into this mess. Please, just spare Stella..." Barbara pleaded for the last time.

However, the living room remained steeped in a prolonged silence.

Remington clenched his jaw, his deep-set eyes dark and unreadable.

He didn't respond, leaving Barbara to sway slightly, her hope extinguished.

Stella let out a stifled sob, and Barbara, in despair, lowered her head, imploring the police officer.

"Could I go change my clothes? At least let me leave my home looking decent in front of my husband and daughter."

She was wearing a simple nightgown, quite thin for the occasion.

Ordinarily, if a suspect didn't resist arrest and cooperated, the police wouldn't make a fuss over such a request.

But with Remington present, the officer handling the case didn't dare make a decision without his consent, turning to look at him.

Remington frowned slightly, and Martin, his voice cracking with age, said, "Remington, do I need to kneel before you?"

Finally, Remington told the officer, "It's your call."

The police put away the handcuffs. "Make it quick."

Stella quickly wiped away her tears and stepped forward to comfort Barbara, "Mom, let me help you."

But Barbara gently pushed her hand away. "Let your father come with me. It might be the last time I get to spend alone with him." Stella burst into tears again.

Martin supported Barbara, and they made their way to the bedroom.

Remington glanced at the lead police officer.

The officer followed them, signaling the other two to guard the windows tightly.

Martin and Barbara seemed unaware, chatting as they went.

"I want you to pick out something nice for me to wear."

"Alright, and then I'll do your hair like the first time we met, how about that?"

Remington watched their retreating figures, his gaze complex.

Martin and Barbara had always shared a deep affection, and the West family home had always exuded a warm atmosphere. Remington had enjoyed spending time there as a child.

He never felt his mother's love from Hanna, but Barbara, his godmother, often filled that void, treating him better than Hanna ever did.

Over the years, his respect and affection for Barbara were genuine, yet he never imagined she could commit such a cruel act.

Remington's eyes darkened as he looked toward the staircase.

"I'm tired. Should I take you home?" he asked Lizetta.

Lizetta was indeed tired but didn't need Remington's escort. She shook her head.

"Thank you, but I can manage on my own."

Remington was still holding her hand tightly. Lizetta looked down, signaling him to let go.

But Remington held on. "Where are you planning to stay? Let Ray take you."

Lizetta pursed her lips, seeing Remington's concession, she knew she had no other option, and began to speak.

"I'll go to..."

However, before she could finish, a sudden outcry and commotion erupted from upstairs.

"Ray! Keep an eye on her."

Remington's expression shifted as

he ordered Ray to step forward. Then, releasing Lizetta, he rushed

upstairs, with Stella, still wiping her tears, following closely behind.

Lizetta frowned, a sinking feeling in her heart, uncertain of what had transpired.

Upstairs, Remington reached the master bedroom door, which was open.

At a glance, he saw the scene within: Barbara hadn't changed her clothes. She lay on the bed, her face contorted, with foam at the mouth.

contorted, with foam at this?

A syringe and a suicide note were found beside her.

## Chapter 533

Martin slumped by the bed, his face streaked with tears, a picture of grief.

The officer quickly checked the scene, then walked over to Remington with a grave expression. "It appears to be cyanide poisoning. The syringe and a note were prepared in advance. She's gone."

"Mom! Dad, what happened to mom? Why? You were with her, weren't you? How did this happen?"

Stella stumbled into the room, grabbing Barbara's hand and sobbing as she questioned Martin.

Martin rubbed his face, filled with regret, and said, "I went to the closet to fetch a dress for your mom. She wanted to look around our house one last time. When I left her, she was just dusting off our family portrait..."

"Mom! Mom, please, say something to me!"

As Stella shook Barbara, Martin calmed down and gently pulled Stella aside. "Stella, let's let your mom go in peace. This was her choice."

Stella covered her face, weeping, and staggered towards the doorway where Remington stood.

Her face was pale, tears rolling down her cheeks. "Remington, my mom is gone. I don't have a mom anymore. Liz must be satisfied now, right?"

She gave a bleak smile, her expression one of utter despair, then suddenly her eyes closed, and she collapsed towards Remington.

Remington frowned slightly, catching Stella in his arms instinctively.

Downstairs, Lizetta, anxious and accompanied by Ray, had just reached the scene. What she saw was Remington, holding a frail Stella in his arms, his gaze filled with concern.

Lizetta stopped in her tracks, then abruptly turned and walked back downstairs.

"Ma'am..."

Ray's voice made Remington look back, catching a glimpse of Lizetta's retreating figure. His brow furrowed deeply.

He handed Stella over to a nearby officer and hurried after Lizetta.

Lizetta, visibly pregnant, was slowly descending the stairs.

Remington caught up with her in a few strides, grabbing her arm as he tried to explain, "Barbara took her own life. Stella is in shock..."

Lizetta struggled lightly, her tone cold. "You don't need to explain anything to me."

Remington's eyes darkened, his grip tightening unintentionally as he spoke harshly, "Liz, Barbara is dead! It's time to put this to rest."

Indeed, there's an end even to killing.

Barbara admitted her guilt, and now she was gone. What more could be done?

Holding onto it would be unreasonable, lacking compassion.

And though Remington didn't say it outright, his words implied as much.



Lizetta scoffed, nodding. "Now that the murderer's mother is dead, no one can cover for Stella's crimes

or

fight over men for her. Such a pity, she's to be pitied.

divorced now. I've

handed you over, no need for h

Mr. Dashiell, please,

back and take good care

"Lizetta!"

Remington's face turned stormy, veins on his forehead standing out sharply.

Lizetta, pained by his grip, didn't respond but instead forcefully pried his fingers off one by one.

Remington pressed his lips together, struggling to control his emotions.

He didn't want to let go until he saw the pained expression on her pale face.

He suddenly released her, and Lizetta instinctively patted the area he had gripped before turning to leave.

Her disdainful gesture made Remington's handsome face darken further.

At that moment, the officer in

charge of the investigation caught up, needing Remington's input for the next steps now that Barbara was deceased.

Remington had no choice but to instruct Ray, "Take her home."

Ray hurried after Lizetta, while outside the West family home, several police cars remained, the area cordoned off with police tape.

#### Chapter 534

Even in the upscale neighborhoods where the wealthy reside, it's rare to see any commotion. But today was different. Liz had already called her friend Yolanda, and as she stepped out of her mansion, she immediately spotted Yolanda pushing her way to the front of the crowd behind the police tape.

Liz hurried over, and by the time Ray had pulled up in his car, she was already sitting shotgun in Yolanda's ride. Ray had no choice but to follow behind.

"Looks like we can't shake off this tail," Yolanda remarked with a smirk, glancing at the car trailing us through her rearview mirror.

If it weren't for Liz being pregnant, Yolanda would've been tempted to put her foot down and see if Ray could keep up. But with Liz's condition, that was off the table.

"Let him be," Liz said, her voice detached. She had filled Yolanda in on everything that had happened last night over the phone.

Yolanda peered at Liz, concern creasing her brow. "What's up? The cops taking their sweet time with something? I was hoping to catch the show of that witch being hauled away."

"Luna's dead," Liz dropped the bombshell.

Yolanda slammed on the brakes. "What? Dead?"

"Yeah, she went to change her clothes, ended up injecting herself with something, and even left a note."

Yolanda took a moment to process this, then slammed her hand against the steering wheel. "Serves her right! But seriously, were those cops just there for decoration? They let her off too easy!" Liz couldn't help but chuckle at Yolanda's outburst.

"What's so funny?" Yolanda glanced at her friend.

"Nothing, it's just... I feel better hearing you say that," Liz admitted.

She had been feeling guilty, wondering if she was being too heartless. But suicide as a way to dodge punishment didn't sit right with her. Luna had brought her fate upon herself.

"So, Stella had nothing to do with it?" Yolanda asked as she resumed driving.

Liz pursed her lips. "Who knows? Luna was adamant it was all her doing. And now with her gone, that's probably where it'll stay."

Yolanda hoped for Stella's sake she was innocent because living with that kind of guilt would be a nightmare.

Changing the subject, Yolanda

brightened. "Let's drop this grim talk. I booked us a cool spot at Lakeside Cafe to celebrate your newfound freedom. Let's make it a night to remember!"

Soon, they arrived at the cafe. Yolanda held the door for Liz, who was greeted with a burst of confetti as she entered.

"Surprise!" The room was decked out with balloons and flowers, with a flashy sign proclaiming "Liz's Fab Divorce Bash!"

Among the familiar faces were Hogan and Hamilton Madden, ready with more confetti.

Liz shot Yolanda a bewildered look.

"What's going on?" they silently communicated.

Yolanda winked and gestured for Ray to stay back, then slowly closed the door behind them, kicking off what promised to be an

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"Liz, where have you been all this time? Everything alright?" Hogan asked with a gentle voice.

"Wow, look how much Daisy has grown already!"

Hamilton didn't hold back either. He stared in amazement at Lizzy's belly, then squatted down slightly, waving at her stomach with a smile that was both soft and charming.

"Hey there, Daisy, I'm Uncle Hamilton. Oh, and I brought you a gift."

Hamilton turned around, picking up a giant white teddy bear from his seat and handing it to Lizzy.

Lizzy smiled, accepting it. "Thanks, Hamilton."

She then turned to Hogan. "Brother, have you not been abroad?"

Hogan had previously applied to study in Astoria with Lizzy, even quitting his job at the hospital for it.

But his initial application to study abroad was to be with Lizzy.

When Lizzy couldn't make it, Hogan delayed his plans as well, during the time Lizzy had disappeared.

Hogan had asked Yolanda twice about Lizzy's whereabouts, with Yolanda only saying Lizzy had gone abroad.

Hogan had even spent some time in Astoria, asking Master Dories about Lizzy, hoping to bump into her on the streets of Astoria.

But, failing to find her and after encountering someone from Remington in Astoria, he realized Lizzy wouldn't dare seek out Master Dories if she was running away, so Hogan returned home.

"My mom has been unwell lately, I wanted to spend more time with her. I've rejoined Skyline Hospital," Hogan mentioned briefly before swiftly changing the subject with a gentle smile.

"Liz, I specially ordered a cake for you, less sugar. Come, give it a try."

Yolanda watched the two men vying for attention, one adorably puppy-like, the other a refined gentleman.

Both seemed far superior to the notorious Remington, making for a very pleasing scene to her eyes.

Yolanda chuckled, stepping aside to snap a photo of the trio, sitting down to immediately share it on Facebook.

"Leaving the wrong ones to meet the right ones, picture.jpg"

She blurred the photo, showing only the figures of three people. Their faces weren't clear, but the atmosphere was fully captured.

Cassius Sterling was the first to see

this

Facebook. He was

a fantasy drama set

leosto

lead in

wrapping up filming after

Having wrapped up filming today, he had invited Yolanda to the wrap party, but Yolanda had ditched him to pick up Lizzy.

Seeing the post, Cassius immediately took a screenshot and sent it to Remington.

"Remi, Lakeside Cafe, that's all I can do for you, buddy."

He imagined Remington rushing over to whisk Lizzy away, thereby breaking up the gathering at Yolanda's end.

After sending the WhatsApp message, Cassius commented on Yolanda's Facebook post.

"Delete this, unless you're not fond of living, huh?"

"Let's have a drink, thanks for bringing me into the role, Cassius. Wanna add me on WhatsApp?"

Cassius was scrolling through his phone when a sugary voice suddenly spoke up next to him.

It was Caroline, holding a drink and leaning in close.

She was wearing a black bodycon dress, her voluptuous curves visible from Cassius's angle.

Cassius coolly withdrew his gaze, pushing away the phone that was presenting a QR code. "The show's over, no need for that."

With a strong background and control over big screen resources, Caroline had been trying to seduce Cassius ever since she joined the cast.

To her frustration, Cassius showed

no interest in her, the so-called goddess of the entertainment world, even avoiding intimate scenes with her preferring to mingle with a relatively unknown actress instead.

Caroline took it as an insult, feeling indignant.

When her phone was pushed away, she didn't get angry but instead leaned in closer, smiling.

"I saw what happened that night,"

she said, her voice laden with

insinuation, her breath tickling Cassius as he tilted his head glancing sideways at Caroline.

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Caroline blinked, "You know, like a spontaneous camping trip, Movie Star Cassius plays it pretty wild. Accidentally got some footage of it..."

Cassius's gaze darkened slightly, his voice cool, "Text it to me."

Caroline's lips curved into a smirk, raising her glass in a toast.

Cassius, with a lazy grip, clinked his wine glass against Caroline's and took a sip, his Adam's apple bobbing.

Caroline, with a sultry look, passed him a QR code.

After adding her on WhatsApp, Cassius said, "Send it."

Caroline chuckled, sauntering back to her seat and, with a twist of her waist, sent him a photo.

Cassius tapped open the message.

In the photo, under the curve of a crescent moon, the night over the creek illuminated a tent. Inside, the silhouettes of two intertwined figures were unmistakable. Zooming in, Cassius's lips quirked in a mix of wild desire and amusement.

Catching his smug smirk, Caroline typed a message.

"Got something even more thrilling. You in?"

After sending, a red alert popped up immediately, changing Caroline's expression in a flash.

Meanwhile, Cassius, without looking up, saved the photo, then switched to Facebook, refreshing his feed only to find Yolanda's recent post had vanished. Was it actually deleted?

So obedient?

With a click of his tongue, Cassius opened Yolanda's chat.



"Playing nice today, huh? What do you want?"

Yolanda responded quickly.

"Forgot you're just one of Badass Remington's lackeys!"

Lackeys?

Something felt off to Cassius. He checked Yolanda's WhatsApp profile, then her Facebook again.

Sure enough, all of Yolanda's updates were gone.

She hadn't deleted her post; she had restricted him.

In an instant, Cassius's mood soured.

At the hospital, in a private room.

Remington checked Cassius's message while Stella, still unconscious on the hospital bed, hadn't woken up.

Opening the photo, even through

blurry figures, Remington could

instantly tell the woman surronete

by fawning men was Lizetta

And though her expression was indiscernible, somehow Remington felt she was smiling.

Smiling at other men.

His grip on the phone tightened, ready to turn away, when suddenly Stella let out a sharp scream.

"No! Please, don't! Mom, stop!"

Remington paused, turning back to see Stella trapped in a nightmare.

Her face was pale, drenched in sweat, hands flailing in the air, her fear palpable.

Frowning, Remington's gaze fell on Stella's visibly injured right hand, but

he decided to approach, and bet

gently

patting her shoulder.

Stella seemed to fall deeper into her nightmare, crying out in panic.

"Get away, don't touch me! Please, I'll behave, I won't do it again, just don't hit me!"

Over the years, Stella had not had it easy, often going hungry or cold, and sometimes subjected to lockups and beatings.

And now, her nightmares were clearly a reflection of those painful experiences.

Remington stiffened, a crack of emotion breaking through his icy demeanor as he called out sternly.

"Stella, wake up!"

But she continued, her flailing hand accidentally striking Remington.

His brow furrowed deeper, he grasped her hand firmly.

Only then did Stella's eyes snap open. Seeing her awake, Remington let go and said,

"I'll get a doctor."

Yet, Stella looked at him with eyes

full of pain and fear, tears rolling t

down

cheeks. She hesitantly

reached out, gripping his hand.

"Remington, is that really you? I thought... I thought you'd never want to see me or bother with me again."

Her voice broke into sobs, her other hand gently touching his face, seeking reassurance in his presence.

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When Stella reached out, Remington stood up straight, sidestepping her gesture and pulling his hand from hers. "Here, wipe your face."

He handed her a wet wipe.

Touching her face, Stella felt the tear streaks and sat up awkwardly.

After she cleaned her face, it was like she finally snapped back to reality, her voice tinged with nervous guilt.

"Remington, where's my dad? Is he okay?"

Remington's brow furrowed slightly, a flash of irritation passing through his eyes.

"He's fallen ill, resting in the next room."

The police had just left when Martin collapsed.

That's why Remington had been delayed.

Stella's face filled with worry, and she tried to get out of bed but fell back weakly.

"Rest for now," Remington said sternly. "Your dad's condition has stabilized. The nurse will let you know when he wakes up."

Stella nodded obediently, her eyes wandering helplessly, tears falling as she spoke.

"Remington, with my dad like this, and my mom's funeral... I don't know what to do. Could you take care of it? Please, for my brother's sake?"

Her lip quivered, and seeing Remington silent, she began to cry again.

"I know my mom did terrible things, but death trumps all, doesn't it? Her sins should be wiped away with her passing. She may have wronged Lizetta, but she never wronged you. She always cared for you..." Traditionally, only sons or sons-in-law handle funerals.

Stella needed Remington to agree; it would mean he had truly moved on.

Barbara's death would be buried, and Stella didn't want to be scorned for having a murderer as a mother.

But Remington cut her off, his voice cold.

"Harming my wife and kid, and you say she hasn't wronged me?"

Stella froze, her hands flailing helplessly.

"No, that's not what I meant... I'm sorry, I didn't consider your feelings, that was thoughtless of me.

I just think my mom died regretful and guilty. If she knew you'd forgiven her, she'd rest in peace."

Remington was unyielding. "I can't forgive. I'm no saint. The most I can do is try not to hold a grudge."

Stella nodded silently, her expression desolate. Then, Martin's voice came from the door.

"Stella, let's keep your mom's funeral simple. I'll handle it. I'm still here, no

need to bother Reming

bother Rent Who

Stella quickly got off the bed and went to support Martin.

"Dad, you're awake? Are you okay?"

Martin seemed much older, his back hunched, the hospital gown hanging loosely on him.

He reassured Stella with a shake of his head, then looked at Remington with a sigh.

"Remington, I have just one uneasy request. Can we keep Luna's cause of death a secret? Stella was lost for so many years, and the rumors about her are already harsh. If

elné

Luna's cause of death comes out, how will Stella live, or find someone to marry?"

Tears fell from Stella's eyes. "Dad,

Cot afraid. I can bear it. If theret

I'm

it might even ease my

conscience..."

Remington's patience was thinning. "We won't make a spectacle of it."

Stella brightened, feeling that Remington still cared about her feelings.

But then he added coldly, "The companies' deep collaboration would suffer if this got out."

Any secret joy Stella felt was instantly doused in cold reality.

She hid her disappointment, looking up at Remington with gratitude.

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"Remington, thank you for whatever reason you did to protect my mom's reputation."

Remington simply said, "I've got things to do."

As he turned to leave, Stella took a step after him. "Remington, I can't go to work at the company until after my mom's funeral."

He stopped in his tracks and turned to look at Stella.

Stella was about to remind him to take care of his health when she heard him say, "You don't need to come to work at Starlight Group anymore." Stella was stunned, panic setting in. "Why... why?"

She looked at him, those eyes of his always held a distance when looking at others, but seemed to soften unknowingly when they landed on her.

Stella had always thought she was special, but now she could see, Remington's gaze was truly cold.

Towards her, there was still no complete trust, was there?

Even without any evidence, even after her mother had completely disassociated her from any wrongdoing before she died, Remington still harbored doubts. Could they never return to how things were before? This sent Stella into a panic, tears sliding down her cheeks again.

Remington's tone remained indifferent, "I'm very busy, and following me around, you won't really learn anything significant. At Starlight Group, you'd only be handling trivial matters anyway."

With Barbara's situation, even with cover-ups, there will always be people who find out the truth. There will be plenty of rumors in Zion City for a while.

After the funeral, you should consider studying abroad. Discuss it with your family; if you agree, I can make the arrangements."

With that, Remington didn't linger any longer and quickly walked away.

His tall, cold figure vanished, leaving Stella in disbelief, unable to accept what had just happened.

He actually wanted to send her abroad.

She looked at Martin, "Does he want me gone? Does he not want to see me ever again? He... Ah!"

Smack!

Before she could finish, Martin had slapped her hard across the face.

Stella fell to the ground, unprepared, her head buzzing, vision blurring, tasting blood in her mouth.

She looked up to see Martin glaring down at her coldly, cursing, "You're good for nothing but trouble! Who told you to act so smart?!"

As Martin advanced, Stella scrambled backward. She leaned on the hospital bed to stand, crying and trying to defend herself.

"It's all Lizetta's fault! She must have been playing me from the start, never intending to leave. She was tricking me!

Once abroad, she had people ready



to meet her, waiting for us to make a move, then informed Remington, orchestrating this whole thing. That woman is too cunning... Mmph!

W content belongs to

Martin moved closer, his hand closing around Stella's throat.

Stella was pushed back onto the hospital bed, tears of fear in her eyes. She whimpered, trying to pry Martin's hands off, her legs kicking under the bed.

Remington, delayed by this incident, caught up in the morning rush.

He arrived at Lakeside Cafe just as Lizetta and Yolanda were leaving.

Yolanda mentioned she had other things to attend to and left.

Hamilton and Hogan were vying to take Lizetta home when Remington's car abruptly stopped in front of Lakeside Cafe. He got out and strode towards Lizetta.

His expression was dark, his gaze sweeping over the white teddy bear Lizetta held, and the "Divorce Party" banner in Hamilton's hand, his eyes turning icy.

Lizetta, slightly frowning, quickly noticed a faint scratch on the man's neck.

Long and thin, it was clearly made by a woman's nails.

Lizetta couldn't help but find it amusing. Was Stella unable to keep him happy, and now he was turning to her?

Liz frowned, instinctively stepping back as the man approached.

That step froze Remington in his tracks, darkening his already stern face.

"Liz, come here. I'll take you for your prenatal checkup," he said, barely concealing his anger as he reached out to her.

Before Liz could respond, Yolanda crossed her arms and said, "Oh, Mr. Dashiell has a moment to spare? With your busy schedule, you still find time for Liz, who's just lost her mom. We really shouldn't trouble you, after all, Liz isn't your concern anymore."

After her comment, Yolanda gave Hamilton a significant look.

Hamilton immediately lifted the sign he was holding, waving it at Remington.

But in the next second, Remington grabbed the sign and tossed it in a perfect arc into a nearby trash can.

Yolanda glared at Hamilton, her look clearly asking, "How could you be so useless?"

Hamilton shrugged innocently, "I didn't expect him to actually do something about it. Mr. Dashiell is so ruthless; no wonder Liz is ditching him even while pregnant!"

"Ruthless? Do you know what he's best at?" Yolanda, forgiving Hamilton's fumble, chimed in.

"No idea."

"Juggling two hearts at once."

The two mocked Remington while Liz silently bit her lip.

In the past, Remington's friends had sneered at her too.

But the man, with a stern face, ignored Yolanda and Hamilton, his gaze fixed on Liz, the pressure in his eyes immense as he repeated, "Come here."

However, Liz's compliance in the past was because she saw him as a brother, a husband, someone she could trust and rely on.

Now, she wished to treat him as a stranger.

Instead of moving towards Remington, she stepped towards Hogan, trying to remain calm.

"Mr. Dashiell, didn't plan on getting

a checkup today. Even if I did, I wouldn't need your help. I've already agreed to register at Skyline Hospital with my senior brother, who will arrange everything for me. I just wish you'd stop bothering me.

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Her rejection was clear, leaving no room for Remington's pride.

In front of so many people, no one had ever embarrassed Remington like this.

Feeling that Remington should get

the hint and back off, especially

since he always cared about maintaining his dignity in public, Liz turned to Hogan, "Senior brother, could you please take me?"

Hogan smiled and nodded, "Of course, let's go."

As they were about to leave, Remington suddenly moved forward, grabbing Liz by the arm. Before Liz could react, he snatched the teddy bear she was holding and tossed it to Hogan.

Catching it instinctively, Hogan watched as Remington scooped Liz up and headed towards his car. "Remington! Have you no shame!" Yolanda yelled, about to chase after them, but Ray blocked her way.

"Ms. Yolanda, the lady is carrying

child. It's his right to

his woman and child..

shameful about that?

As for you, Ms. Yolanda, if you're not keen on acting and prefer matchmaking, I know a few agencies. Shall I introduce you?"

Yolanda clenched her fists, visibly angry, but she couldn't overpower Ray.

And with that, Remington carried Liz into his car and drove away.

In the car, Liz sat emotionless, not bothering to struggle or argue, knowing it was pointless.

She appeared exhausted, as if even glancing at Remington was too taxing.

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Remington pinched the bridge of his nose, frustration clear in his voice. "I don't agree with you giving birth at Skyline Hospital." Lizetta replied with a detached tone, "It's my body, my choice of hospital."

Remington scoffed coldly, "But I'm Daisy's father. You'd need my signature to even get into the delivery room!"

With no other family to turn to, Lizetta indeed would need Remington's signature when the time came.

Angered, she turned around swiftly and swung at him, shouting, "Jerk! Using this as a threat, are you even a man?"

But Remington, as if anticipating her move, caught her hand effortlessly and retorted icily, "If I wasn't a man, how would Daisy even exist?"

Lizetta glared back, teeth gritted in frustration.

Remington's expression softened a bit, "Skyline Hospital doesn't have the amenities private clinics offer. Even if not for your sake, don't you want Daisy to have the best care and protection possible? Don't be stubborn."

He always seemed so reasonable, so considerate.

Yet Lizetta felt exhausted. She closed her eyes and when she opened them again, her emotions had turned indifferent.

"Remington, during our two years of marriage, you barely cared about me. Now that we're divorced, suddenly you want to be involved in everything. Isn't it too late?"

"Not at all," he responded, his gaze softening.

Lizetta punched a pillow in frustration, her tone dripping with sarcasm.

"So, you want to keep tabs on your childhood sweetheart and us too? Think you can manage? No wonder Stella's scratching at you; I too can't help but want to slap you."

Her eyes then fell on the scratch along his neck.

Following her gaze, Remington touched the mark, a slight sting reminding him of its cause.

He frowned slightly, recalling the incident.

"You're not jealous, are you? It's not what you think. Stella had a nightmare, and I was just waking her up when she accidentally scratched me. That's all there is to it, nothing more between us." But Lizetta couldn't stop imagining Stella crying for comfort in his arms.

She pulled her hand away, "I'm not jealous. I don't love you anymore, why would I be jealous?"

Yet, Remington suddenly leaned in,

his arm pressing against the back of the chair beside Lizetta, his towering

presence overwhelming her. He refused, insisting, "You ne

don't love me? If that were true, why can't you treat me indifferently? Why keep running, afraid to face me?"

Under his intense gaze, Lizetta felt her resolve waver. She tried to push him away.

But Remington was persistent, his grip tightening as he lifted her hands above her head and pressed his lips against hers in a kiss far more passionate and deep than any before, as if to ignite the buried feelings and turmoil within her.

Lizetta's attempts to resist turned into muffled sobs, dissolving into the heat of their entwined lips.

Her struggle only brought them closer, his warmth enveloping her, causing her breathing and senses to scatter in disarray.

Feeling increasingly panicked and out of control, with Remington evidently more so, the tension between them palpable.

This kiss had shifted, becoming something more profound and desperate.

Tears streamed down Lizetta's

cheeks, and tasting the salt,

Remington finally pulled away, their

foreheads, still touching, his gaze et

intensely focused on her

tear-streaked, flushed face. In a hoarse voice, he declared, "You don't stop loving me. You're just trying to convince yourself, lying to yourself!"