

Illusions 551

Chapter 551

Cedric sent the video out and was on pins and needles waiting for Lizetta's reaction.

He was so distracted that he caught Remington's stern glares more than a few times throughout the day.

When the afternoon rolled around without any word from her, Cedric started to sigh heavily, feeling more dejected than if he'd gone through a breakup himself.

By the fifth time he let out an involuntary sigh, Remington had had enough and reassigned Cedric to run errands at a branch office.

But as Cedric left, Remington couldn't help but notice the odd look in his eye, akin to how one might gaze at the infamous stray dog of Oakridge Heights, Archie.

Little did they know, Lizetta only saw the video that evening.

Her belly had grown a bit larger over the past few days, prompting her to stay in and cut down on her phone use.

After dinner, just as she was about to head out for her usual walk, she realized her phone had died.

Charging it up, she finally saw the video.

"Do you love Liz, Remington?"

In the video, Stella's face was streaked with tears, looking utterly pitiable.

"Yes, I love her. We had many misunderstandings, and I've hurt her in many ways, leading us to the brink of divorce. But I never wanted to truly separate, nor did I ever intend to give another woman a chance. My wife, my love, it's always been her!"

The man's figure was turned away from the camera, hiding his expression from Lizetta, but his voice was clear and resolute.

Her breath became erratic, her grip on the phone tightening.

Suddenly, she turned the screen off with a snap as if fearing that staring any longer would unleash some heart-wrenching virus.

Catching her breath, her lips curled into a mocking smile.

If it wasn't for Remington's instruction, how could Cedric dare to make such a video?

Since when had Remington become such a show-off?

Her phone charged rather quickly. After doing some stretches, the battery was more than half full.

Unplugging the charger, she stepped out, walking slowly along the greenery-lined paths of her complex.

But for some reason, Lizetta felt like she was being watched these last few days, especially today, making her quicken her pace after only a lap and a half instead of her usual three.

This eerie feeling of being followed persisted, yet every time she looked back, no one was there.

As she neared her building, she glanced behind her one more time to find no one, only the dancing shadows of trees.

Relieved, she turned back around only to be startled by a dark figure emerging from a side path.

Her heart clenched in fear, but she

soon recognized the figure as

janitor from the complex, we just

the standard uniform cap.

Perhaps sensing her tension, Daisy stirred within her.

Lizetta touched her belly, her lips curling lightly, "Daisy, are you laughing at mommy for being a scaredy-cat?"

Lifting her head nonchalantly, she saw the janitor approaching, his face illuminated by a street lamp.

He was a man in his fifties, with

deep furrows between his brows

and a grim expression, half of his right ear missing, making him appear rather sinister.

This face was both familiar and strangely foreign, triggering a flood of brutal, chaotic, and bloody memories.

Hans Gardenia!

In an instant, Lizetta's face turned ashen, her body tensing up in terror.

She wanted to scream and run, but her feet felt nailed to the ground, and her mouth seemed too heavy to open.

She could only watch as the ghastly face drew closer, reaching out to her.

"Ah!"

Lizetta clenched her eyes shut, finally screaming out.

Her vision was a sea of red, the air thick with the smell of blood.

But the expected pain never came. Instead, she felt a familiar broad embrace envelop her from behind.

A thud followed by a scream filled the air.

It was Remington, rushing over to kick Hans away, steadying the trembling Lizetta in his arms.

"Liz! It's me, open your eyes and look, your brother kicked him away, he can't hurt you now."

Remington held Lizetta close,

continuously comforting her as she

shook uncontrollably, lost in her

haunting memories, sweat beading on her forehead.

Chapter 552

"Sweetie, I...I just wanted to see you, to say I'm sorry, I..."

Kicked into the flowerbed, Hans clutched his abdomen, his expression one of agony as he crawled out and staggered to his feet. Lizetta, still reeling from the shock, shuddered violently once more.

Remington's gaze swept over fiercely, "Get lost!"

With that, he no longer paid Hans any heed, bent down to scoop Lizetta into his arms, and made a beeline for the building.

Inside the elevator, the bright lights shone on their faces.

The steady and strong heartbeat resonated in her ears, while the familiar scent of wood and a hint of cold spice filled her nostrils, reminiscent of the times when, as a child haunted by nightmares, all it took was being close to Remington to feel safe again.

Nestled in her brother's embrace, she felt fearless once more.

"Liz, he's gone now. You're safe here with me, I'll always be by your side, okay?"

Remington's voice was gentle and soothing above her, gradually calming Lizetta down.

She opened her eyes but avoided Remington's concerned gaze.

"I...I'm much better now, you can put me down..."

She struggled slightly, but in truth, she was still weak, a residual effect of her overwhelming fear.

Remington, looking at her pale lips, of course, wouldn't let her down.

"We haven't crossed the river yet, and you're already thinking of dismantling the bridge? Don't move, be careful not to fall."

Considering she was pregnant, he was extremely careful, always wary of pressing too hard against her belly, thus his arms were a bit suspended, not allowing her to fully lean against him.

When the elevator doors opened, Remington, still cradling Lizetta, headed to the apartment door before finally setting her down.

He leaned her against himself as he keyed in the code.

Lizetta had moved upstairs a couple of days ago, into the apartment Remington had transferred to her name.

The original code was Lizetta's birthday, also their wedding anniversary.

However, as Remington entered it, it was evident the code had changed.

She had changed the password.

But every date of significance from her childhood, every common password she used, Remington knew them all too well.

After two more unsuccessful tries, it was clear something was wrong.

Remington was about to attempt again when Lizetta pushed his hand away and entered the code herself.

She didn't shy away from Remington's gaze, who could clearly see the numbers she pressed.

A tightness formed in his chest, a shadow crossing his eyes, as he mumbled, "You've memorized the divorce date even before we're divorced?"

The password had changed from their wedding anniversary to their divorce date. Was she reminding herself constantly of the divorce, making sure she never looked back?

"Mhm." Lizetta hummed, pushing the door open.

As she stepped forward, Remington bent down to carry her again.

He entered, kicked the door shut behind him, and swiftly placed Lizetta on the couch.

Lizetta curled up, hugging her knees, her face still void of color.

Remington gently touched her head, "I'll get you some warm water, are you okay by yourself?"

Her head nodded slightly under his palm, like a small, soft animal.

He grabbed a cashmere throw from the couch, covering Lizetta, before quickly heading to the kitchen.

Lizetta lifted her head, silently

watching his retreating figure, her

frightened heart gradually settling,

her hands, however, tightly clenched, her expression still somewhat

dazed.

At eight years old, she was beaten to a pulp by Hans, managing to bite off his right ear in the process.

After that night, she never saw him again.

Hans ended up in jail, ironically not for child abuse, which was hard to convict, but for seriously injuring someone in a betting shop, thanks to Remington pulling some strings, resulting in a sixteen-year sentence.

All these years, Lizetta had never seen him, almost considering him dead. She hadn't expected to encounter Hans tonight, utterly unprepared for the shock. Truly frightened, she was fortunate that Remington had arrived in time, or else... Lizetta stroked her belly, which was unusually active, feeling a sense of aftershock. But Hans's sentence wasn't up yet, how had he gotten out?

Chapter 553

Remington didn't opt for boiling water but instead warmed up a cup of milk for Lizetta.

He walked back into the living room, placing the warm cup between Lizetta's icy hands, his large palms covering her cold ones. "Take it slow."

The lights in the living room felt too soft to Lizetta, casting a gentle glow in the man's amber eyes, making them appear overly tender.

She averted her gaze, withdrawing her hands from his. "Thanks for tonight, but why are you here?" she asked, sipping the milk and looking up at him.

Remington had been hanging around downstairs every night for the past few days, sometimes leaving in the middle of the night, other times just sleeping in his car. No matter how late it was, he made it a point to visit; otherwise, he'd find it hard to sleep back at Oakridge Heights.

He was glad he came early today, but he had promised Lizetta he wouldn't bother her until Stella had left.

Changing the subject, he said, "You're sweating bullets. Let me get some water for you to wipe off."

He fetched a bowl of warm water and a warm towel, leaning in to wipe Lizetta's face for her. Lizetta had just put down her half-drunk milk.

"I'll do it myself," she said.

Remington paused, not insisting.

But just as Lizetta took the towel, her phone in her pocket began to ring. She thought she had calmed down, underestimating the terror of childhood traumas. Her hand shook, dropping the towel on the blanket like a startled bird.

Remington picked up the towel, held her in his arms, forcibly keeping her shoulders still, and gently wiped her face.

The warm towel soothed her tense skin, bringing a slight sting to Lizetta's nose.

"Aren't you going to answer that?" Remington asked as he wiped her hands. The ringtone continued; Lizetta finally snapped back to reality, fumbling for her phone.

It was Yolanda calling, but as Lizetta touched the screen, the call had just timed out, automatically hanging up. The phone unlocked itself with face recognition.

The screen was still on her

conversation with Cedric, and as et

Lizetta's fingertips touched it,

video automatically played. Aman's deep voice filled the living room.

"Yes, I love her. We had many misunderstandings before..."

Remington paused, and so did Lizetta. She then frantically tried to stop the video. It was Cedric who had sent it, possibly at Remington's behest.

Why did she feel guilty? As if she was secretly spying on him, paying attention to him, when that wasn't the case!

But before Lizetta could regather her thoughts, the video stopped, plunging the living room into an even longer awkward silence.

Lizetta pursed her lips, about to say something, when Remington's chuckle broke the silence.

"When did you buy off Cedric? I had no idea.

Lizetta glared at him, irritated. "I

didn't buy off Cedric! Whatever I do, whatever I say, whoever I'm with, I couldn't care less about you! Are you going to tell me this video wasn't sent by Cedric at your request?"

Remington met her fiery gaze, finding her lively irritation refreshing. He truly wished she had influenced Cedric, but deep down, he knew it was wishful thinking. Yet, he couldn't resist teasing her, his lips curving slightly.

"Of course not! But the way you're reacting does seem a bit like you're flustered after being caught. Liz, if you want to know whether I've met with Stella alone, you could just ask me. Or if you're hoping for a personal confession, I could..."

Lizetta didn't let him finish, snatching the towel and throwing it at his teasing face, coldly saying, "If not, then better keep your assistant in check!"

Chapter 554

Remington yanked off the towel just in time to see Lizetta deleting the video and blocking Cedric.

A flicker of annoyance crossed Remington's eyes. This was definitely poking the bear.

Had he known she was this sensitive, he would have been more careful, allowing Cedric to continue shining.

"Maybe he sent it by mistake. Why not add him back?"

"I'm fine now. You should leave," Lizetta said, starting to show him the door.

Remington had finally gotten to see her; he wasn't ready to leave just yet. He pulled out his phone, tapping away at the screen.

"Hold on, I had Ray look into Hans' situation, but he hasn't gotten back to me yet."

Lizetta was curious about Hans too. She frowned slightly but remained silent.

Seeing she wasn't engaging, Remington tried to start another conversation.

"Daisy wasn't scared, was she?"

"No, she's fine."

"Hans is too dangerous. I'm going to have two bodyguards follow you around for the next few days, and maybe get a nanny to stay at the house, okay?"

She was pregnant, and he was naturally worried.

He had wanted to arrange for someone to be by her side at all times to take care of her.

When Lizetta started looking for a nanny a few days ago, he took the opportunity to sneak his person in, but somehow, that lady only lasted half a day before Lizetta figured out she was his plant.

Lizetta had promptly fired the nanny and then seemed worried he would plant someone else, so she didn't bother looking for a new one.

Worried she might be upset, Remington had held back from sending bodyguards over.

Seeing Lizetta frown and stay quiet, he continued.

"I'm not trying to spy on you. If you don't like it, they can keep their distance, not bother you..."

Before he could finish, Lizetta nodded, "Okay, but bring Bess back too.

Given Hans' unclear motives and Daisy on the way, Lizetta couldn't afford to be stubborn about her safety.

A smile tinged Remington's usually cool demeanor; Bess was the nanny he had sent before.

"Alright."

He agreed, but before he could revel in the moment, Lizetta added.

"List the expenses for the bodyguards and nanny, I'll cover their salaries."

Remington bristled, "We're not divorced yet. Protecting you and Daisy is my duty as a husband and father."

"We're registered for divorce. That counts as divorced."

"Fine, then it's just for Daisy."

"You're paying child support. If you keep stalling, I don't want them!"

Lizetta was impervious to his arguments, completely unyielding.

With a darkened expression and a clenched fist, Remington eventually relented, "Fine, we'll do it your way!"

His tone was through gritted teeth.

Just then, Remington's phone rang; it was Ray.

Lowering his gaze, Remington's expression cooled.

He didn't need Ray's efficiency right now.

It's all about comparisons. Suddenly, Cedric seemed more appealing.

Still, under Lizetta's urging gaze, he answered, putting it on speaker.

"Mr. Remington Dashiell, I've looked into it. Two months ago, Hans was involved in an accident at work, a steel frame collapsed, and he saved a guard, earning him an early release."

Remington's gaze darkened, "Make sure there's no foul play involved and keep an eye on him. Teach him a lesson, keep him away from my wife!"

Earlier, downstairs, Hans claimed he was there to apologize to Lizetta, but Remington didn't believe Lizetta needed it.

Whether Hans truly reformed was

uncertain, but he was put away by the Dashiell family without a heads-up, and suddenly, Hans was out early.

That alone was suspicious.

Chapter 555

The call ended, and Remington reached out once again to grasp Lizetta's hand in his, saying, "Why are your hands still so cold? Do you want to go back to bed and lie down?" Lizetta quickly withdrew her hand, "Thanks for tonight, but you don't have to worry about Hans anymore."

Lizetta was serious about the divorce from Remington, and that meant she couldn't rely on him for everything anymore.

"What do you mean?" Remington's gaze darkened, his jawline tensing.

Lizetta shook her head, standing up to say, "Hans served fourteen years, he's been punished. I'm not a little kid anymore, he can't hurt me now, I..."

"Can't hurt you? Really!"

Remington suddenly interrupted her, grabbing her wrist and pulling her towards the bathroom.

Lizetta stumbled as he led her into the bathroom and up to the vanity.

"What's gotten into you? Let go..."

Just as Lizetta managed to wrest her wrist from his grasp, Remington moved behind her, stretching his arms out on the vanity.

He trapped her between his body and the vanity, looking down at her sharply through the mirror.

"Look at yourself, pale as a ghost. You call that not being hurt?"

Lizetta frowned at her reflection in the mirror, indeed looking disheveled.

But what concerned her more was the sense of oppression from Remington standing so close behind her, enveloping her entirely.

Divorced couples shouldn't be like this.

She managed a stubborn smile, "I wasn't prepared today, it was just a stress reaction. Next time I see him, it won't be like this. Besides, having a bodyguard is enough, you really don't need to do more." Remington suddenly lifted his hand, pinching Lizetta's chin.

"So, you'd rather face Hans than owe me anything more, is that it?"

His eyes stung slightly, his jaw tense, as if he could barely restrain himself from choking her.

He knew the depth of the psychological shadow Hans had cast over Lizetta better than anyone.

Now she'd rather face Hans without his help.

This fact was like a knife, piercing his heart with both pain and cold.

Lizetta looked up into his eyes, her nod cold and clear, "We're divorced, it's my issue now."

Remington turned pale with

his chest heaving slightly as

struggled to control his

Just when Lizetta thought he'd storm out, he suddenly narrowed his eyes.

"Lizetta, what are you so afraid of in your hurry to distance yourself from me?"

As he spoke, he turned her around to face him, leaning slightly so his deep gaze could scrutinize her, not missing a flicker of her emotional shifts-including the brief flash of panic in her eyes.

Lizetta's hands clenched tightly, "I'm not afraid of anything, don't flatter yourself!"

Remington's lips curved into a slight smile, his voice low and magnetic, "Flatter myself about what?"

His teasing gaze made Lizetta push him away hastily and head towards the door.

Frowning and biting her lip, she realized she might have given herself away with her hasty rebuttal.

Watching her retreat somewhat frantically, Remington's eyes gleamed with amusement.

He followed her, but by then Lizetta had

Gdy entered the b

slamming the door shut behind her.

Left outside, Remington didn't seem upset.

Leaning against the door, his voice carried through, tinged with a smile.

Chapter 556

"Liz, are you afraid of falling for me again? Or are you afraid that deep down, you're still in love with me?"

The only response he got was the sound of the door being double-locked, followed by Lizetta's cool voice. "I'm going to bed. You better leave!"

"Goodnight then," Remington replied.

Behind the door, Lizetta smirked mockingly. As if she wished him a good night.

He was just being sentimental. She simply didn't want to owe him anything after their divorce.

But then, a familiar knocking pattern came through the door.

Knock, knock, knock, knock!

Three quick, one slow.

Just like the countless times they had said goodnight through a wall.

Lizetta's mocking smile froze, her eyes suddenly moist.

But she didn't raise her hand to respond. Instead, she quickly moved away from the door and entered the master bathroom. Remington leaned against the door, waiting in vain for her to knock back. All he heard was her receding footsteps.

He sighed softly after a while.

That night, Lizetta found it hard to sleep. Hans' appearance had indeed affected her.

She slept fitfully, her dreams filled with a sense of running, shrouded in a fog of blood.

When Lizetta woke up the next morning, her head felt heavy.

She lay there for a while before getting up and opening her bedroom door.

What she didn't expect was the aroma of food that immediately assaulted her senses.

She had been living alone these days. Could it be...

Lizetta hurried to the kitchen, only to witness an unexpected scene.

A tall, imposing man stood there, dressed in a white shirt and black suit pants, sleeves rolled up to reveal strong, sculpted arms, busy cooking.

He also wore an apron, a pink and yellow floral one with ruffle edges that Lizetta had bought a few days ago.

So, he hadn't left last night?

"Good morning, Liz."

Hearing her approach, Remington turned around, greeting her as if it was the most natural thing in the world.

Lizetta, however, felt a headache coming on. "Why didn't you leave?"

"Did I say I was leaving last night?" Remington raised an eyebrow.

Then, he turned back to the stove, lifting the cooked noodles into a bowl, and instructed.

"Go freshen up. The noodles won't taste good if they get cold."

Lizetta clenched her teeth, standing still, utterly frustrated.

Remington approached her, his gaze at her frowning face and

hair, which somehow made

her look even more adorable.

He reached out to smooth her hair, but Lizetta turned abruptly and stormed off to the bathroom.

After slamming the bathroom door, Lizetta turned the faucet on full,

blast, determined to change the net

locks first thing later.

When Remington placed two bowls of noodles on the dining table, Lizetta came out of the bedroom, changed.

"Let's eat. I made your favorite noodles."

Remington stood by the dining table, his handsome features illuminated by the morning light, looking calm and distinguished.

Yet, he felt a bit nervous, worried she might refuse to eat what he had prepared.

But Lizetta didn't refuse and walked over to the table.

Remington's mood instantly improved, smiling slightly. It had been a long time since they had shared a meal, and he felt as excited

as if he had just signed a

multi-billion dollar contract

Just then, the doorbell rang.

Lizetta looked at Remington, who pulled out a chair for her to sit before saying, "You start. I'll get the door."

He had called Cedric earlier to bring some clothes over, planning to go straight to work afterwards.

Expecting Cedric, Remington opened the door.

But outside, along with Cedric, stood another person.

Chapter 557

It was Yolanda.

With arms crossed and a sweeping gaze, Yolanda's eyes finally settled on the apron wrapped around Remington's chest, and she couldn't help but remark, with no intention of being polite.

"Wow, the CEO of Starlight Group moonlighting as a short-order cook? That's a rare sight. Too bad my girl Liz isn't into that."

Saying so, she strutted inside, leaving Cedric at the doorstep, holding a bag, his head bowed, not daring to look anywhere. Afraid of offending the boss's charming demeanor and getting shipped off to some backwater assignment.

Remington, with his cool and handsome face, didn't let Yolanda's jibes ruffle him.

He took off his apron and instructed Cedric, "Come in, I haven't had breakfast yet."

Thinking of how Cedric had sent the video to Lizetta, his tone was softer than usual.

Cedric, sensing his boss was in a good mood, felt a bit more at ease. But as he was about to step in, Lizetta called out.

"It's not convenient for me to help Mr. Dashiell change here. We're about to have breakfast. Mr. Dashiell, if you don't mind, you're free to leave now."

Remington turned around, only to find that Yolanda had taken his seat and was picking at the bowl of noodles he had prepared for himself.

She really did treat him like a personal chef.

Cedric saw it too and silently lowered his head again.

Looks like the boss's breakfast was hijacked?

Yolanda gripped her utensil tightly, struggling under Remington's intense stare. Holding onto her fork was hard enough.

She watched Remington warily, half expecting him to walk over, grab the noodle bowl, and dump it over her head.

However, Remington just stood there silently for a moment before his lips curved into a somewhat friendly smile. "See if it's to your liking, Ms. Yolanda."

Yolanda, "..."

She felt goosebumps rising and immediately looked at Lizetta, seeking answers with her eyes.

What's going on? Did he poison it?

With Remington acting like this, how could Yolanda dare to eat?

Lizetta was also a bit stunned, not expecting Remington to hold his ground like that.

At this moment, Remington stepped

forward, slightly leaned over to. lock of Lizetta's hair beside

and tucked it behind her ea

"The taste should be decent; I mainly wanted to cook for you. As long as you eat, I don't mind if I don't. You and Ms. Yolanda enjoy your meal, I'm off to work."

With that, he walked toward the dining room.

He hung the apron back on the hook next to the fridge, opened the fridge to take a glance, grabbed a baguette, and turned back to Lizetta. "Do you mind if I take this?"

Lizetta, "..."

Without waiting for her response, Remington headed for the door, taking Cedric with him.

The door closed behind them, leaving silence in its wake.

Yolanda was the first to snap out of her daze, clicking her tongue.

"Has he been around too many influencers that he's picked up their skills?"

Lizetta pressed her lips together, looking down, "I don't know, let's just eat."

She had sent a message to Yolanda on WhatsApp earlier, inviting her up for breakfast.

She had wanted to drive Remington away, but his reaction was beyond her expectations.

It made Lizetta feel like punching a pillow, frustrated and somewhat guilty.

Lately, she seemed to often feel this way.

"Are you sure this pasta is safe to eat? I mean, badass Remington cooking? And it actually looks pretty good..."

Yolanda stirred the pasta, which was egg, mushroom, and shrimp.

It appeared to be well-made, even seemingly handmade.

Despite witnessing it herself, Yolanda found it hard to connect this bowl of pasta with Remington.

Lizetta looked up, saw Yolanda hesitant to take a bite, and reached for a spoonful to feed her.

The rich and savory tasted

in her mouth, leaving Yolanda wide-eyed and astonished. She quickly picked up her utensils and devoured the meal like a storm.

Chapter 558

Lizetta curled her lips into a smile and lowered her head to enjoy her noodles.

After finishing her bowl of noodles, Yolanda pulled out a napkin to wipe her mouth, looking satisfied. "Will there be more tomorrow?"

Lizetta glanced at her with a playful spark in her eyes. "Are you hooked? Should I just not break up with him then?"

Yolanda waved her hands dismissively, "Break up if you must, but keep the meals coming. Those are two separate things."

Lizetta chuckled, "Then maybe not. I'm afraid he might get twisted and actually poison the food."

Yolanda shivered at the thought, considering it a real possibility. Remington was not the selfless type. He was more of a profit-first businessman, whipping up fancy noodles early in the morning-all to lure little Lizetta back, wasn't he? The more repressed, the more likely to turn into a creep!

Lizetta was somewhat worried that Hans might show up at the hospital. After resting for a while, she headed out to the hospital.

Upon arriving at the hospital entrance, Lizetta had just gotten out of her car when she saw Stella stepping out of another vehicle. Stella was carrying a thermos, and upon seeing Lizetta, she paused before walking over.

"My father fell ill from grief over my mother's passing. Just after the funeral, he ended up here, hospitalized." Stella looked worn and genuinely troubled.

Lizetta regarded her. "Ms. West and I don't really need to exchange pleasantries."

She walked past Stella towards the hospital building, but Stella caught up to her side. "Lizetta, I didn't mean anything by what I said. I just wanted you to know, my mom is gone, my dad is ill, our family has paid for what we've done. Remington told me he has only ever loved you. I've come to accept that..."

Lizetta was irked by her persistence. She stopped, turned to face Stella with a frown. "What are you trying to say?"

Her tone was sharp. Stella looked startled, her eyes reddening. "I never meant to interfere in your marriage with Remington, to be the other woman."

Lizetta let out a scoff, filled with scorn.

Stella pleaded, "Whether you believe me or not, it's true. I admit, at first, I wanted Remington to marry me, but that was when I thought you two were divorcing. Now, I realize he

could never love me, and mu za ne

feelings for him were just

dependency because he saved me, not real love..."

Lizetta frowned deeply. "You're saying you don't love Remington?"

Stella nodded. "Yes, I've realized that. I won't interfere with you and Remington anymore. So, if it was because of me you two were divorcing, I want to apologize again. Liz, could you give Remington another chance? He truly loves you."

Stella's expression was earnest, pleading with Lizetta.

Lizetta felt a sense of dissonance. Stella's sudden change of heart seemed too drastic. If it weren't for the Westfamily's relentless pursuit and attempts to ruin her, she might have believed her. But now, she couldn't take Stella's words at face

WY

value.

Lizetta was about to respond when a figure suddenly dashed out from the hospital building. "Stop, don't run!"

With the shout, the figure charged

towards Lizetta and Stella, who were

standing on the hospital steps.

Lizetta quickly sidestepped to avoid

the collision. But Stella, standing next to her, suddenly stepped

forw

positioning herself in front

of Lizetta, reaching out to stop the oncoming person.

"Stay back!" she shouted.

Crash.

In the next moment, the two collided heavily. Not only did the person fall, but Stella also tumbled to the ground. The thermos in Stella's hands was knocked open, spilling hot soup and water everywhere, eliciting a scream from Stella.

Chapter 559

Lizetta darted to the side, her eyes fixed on the disheveled figure of Stella, sprawling on the ground and wailing in distress. She frowned deeply, questioning her own judgment.

She couldn't help but suspect the worst in people, wondering if Stella was merely putting on a show. After all, it seemed implausible that someone who had harbored such malice towards her would suddenly become her selfless savior.

The person who had fallen alongside Stella struggled to get up, but the pursuers were quickly closing in. She watched as Stella, in her disarray, kept apologizing profusely.

"I'm so sorry, so sorry! I didn't think it would lead to someone getting hurt. If I had known, I wouldn't have chased after them. Miss, are you alright? Oh dear, that looks like a burn!" Lizetta gasped in surprise, "Zora? Is that you?"

It was Zora, the caretaker of Thaddeus. Upon seeing Lizetta, Zora paused for a moment, then hurriedly approached, saying, "Ma'am, what are you doing here? You see, it's like this..." Before Zora could finish, the person on the ground scrambled to their feet and attempted to flee. Zora, taken aback, dashed forward and grabbed the person, shouting angrily. "You've hurt someone and you're trying to run away?! Hand over the recorder!"

"Let me go! Back off, how dare you, a mere caretaker, lay your hands on me? I don't know anything about a recorder!"

The caught woman struggled, her hat and wig falling to the ground, revealing her bruised face. Only then did Lizetta recognize her as Daisylin.

Remembering Zora's mention of a recorder, Lizetta had a hunch about what was happening. Yet, this might indicate that Stella wasn't staging the incident.

"Ms. West, please get up, I'll take you to the ER to have a look."

Lizetta's expression softened as she bent down to help Stella, while the nurse at the reception desk, noticing the commotion, rushed over to assist in getting Stella back on her feet. Stella's clothes were still steaming from the spill, her face pale. She leaned weakly against the nurse, looking at Lizetta.

"Liz, are you okay?"

Lizetta felt a mix of emotions. Though she had managed to dodge, if Stella hadn't stepped in, who knows what might have happened. Setting her feelings aside, Lizetta reassured Stella. "I'm fine, you better go with the nurse and get that looked at....."

Suddenly, another voice joined in.

"Stella? What happened here? How did you end up like this?"

Lizetta turned to see Hanna approaching quickly, concern written all over her face. She hurried up the steps, taking one of Stella's arms.

"Auntie, it's just a burn, nothing serious. I'm just glad Liz and her baby are okay..."

Stella's voice was weak, sweat beading on her forehead before she fainted into Hanna's arms. Hanna, shocked, quickly called for a nurse.

A wheelchair was brought over, and

Stella was rushed to a hospital room. Hanna glared at Lizetta, her brows furrowed in anger. "What's this all about? Did you spill hot soup on Stella?"

Hanna's accusatory tone was nothing new to Lizetta. Considering the incident involved Daisylin and Zora, and Stella's injury was indeed related to her, she patiently explained the situation and added, "I'll bring my mom later to apologize and thank Ms. West."

Hanna's gaze shifted to Daisylin, who was still firmly held by Zora. Daisylin looked a mess, her clothes in disarray and stained with soup. With her wig off, showing burnt patches on her scalp and her hair in disheveled tufts, not to mention her bruised face, she was a sight of utter defeat.

Hanna's face twisted in disgust as she asked, "How did you end up like this?"

Daisylin, far from embarrassed, immediately began to sob and reached out to Hanna for help.

Chapter 560

"Mama D, as mothers, you have to see what's happening here. Lizetta, she's not just ignoring me, her own mom, but she's letting one of the help push me around. Look at me, I'm all bruised up from it... Let go!"

Daisy struggled once more, her hand swiping across Zora's face in the process.

Hanna's face turned stormy as she barked at Zora, "Let her go!"

It wasn't that she felt sorry for Daisy; she just thought the whole scene was embarrassingly tacky. If Daisy wanted to leave, Hanna thought she should just disappear quietly. As the matriarch of the Dashiell household, Mrs. Hanna Dashiell had always carried an aura of authority.

Zora flinched, panic flashing across her face, ready to release Daisy.

Lizetta quickly interjected, "Don't let her go!"

Zora, acting on instinct, tightened her grip. With her strength from years of caregiving, Daisy had no chance of breaking free.

Daisy's eyes burned with desperation as she appealed to Hanna again.

"Mama D, it's my fault for not raising my daughter right. She mistreats me, her own mother, and doesn't even respect you, her mother-in-law. I'm so ashamed to face you..."

"Well, then don't," Lizetta cut in coldly.

She then turned to Hanna, who was about to explode with rage, and said with a smile, "Aunt Hanna, you must've heard about me and Remington filing for divorce. If you really can't bear to let me go and still want to act as my mother-in-law, I could reconsider the divorce application?"

"Are you threatening me?!" Hanna's face darkened.

Lizetta just smiled lightly, "Just a friendly reminder."

A reminder that since she was no longer going to be her daughter-in-law, it was best to stay out of her business. Hanna gave a cold laugh through gritted teeth and turned away from Daisy's complaints, addressing Lizetta instead. "Stella saved you; she's your lifesaver. If you have any decency, you'll go thank her properly and take care of Stella!"

Lizetta frowned slightly, blocking the assertion. Was being a lifesaver that easy? Although grateful to Stella, she couldn't help but feel the description was an extortion.

But Hanna didn't give her a chance to argue and walked away.

Lizetta looked at Zora. "The recorder, she has it?"

"Yes, ma'am. You asked me to secretly record. This morning, as soon as she arrived, I hid the recorder under Mr. Gardenia's pillow. After Jolin left, I tried to retrieve it, but she came back, saw the recorder, and ran off with it chased her..."

Zora explained.

Lizetta shot Daisy a cold look and began to search her.

Despite thoroughly searching Daisy, even shaking out her dropped wig and hat, the recorder was nowhere to be found.

"Where's the recorder?" Lizetta asked, eyebrows furrowed.

Daisy rolled her eyes. "What recorder? I didn't take or see any..."

"It's true, ma'am. I saw her take it and run. What happened?"

Zora, both anxious and confused, released Daisy to join the search. Daisy, unfazed, retorted, "I didn't take anything. This is absurd!" "Why run then?" Lizetta clearly trusted Zora.

"She chased me, and I didn't know what she was up to, so of course, ran. If you can't find it, can I leave now?" Daisy argued, attempting to walk away again.

Lizetta signaled Zora to stop her, then looking at the bruises on her face, inquired, "Did Hans hit you again?"

Fists clenched, Daisy's eyes filled with resentment.