

Illusions 561

Chapter 561

Jack, that jerk, somehow got out early and found her.

Over the years while Jack was locked up, they never got divorced. The guy squatted in her house like a nightmare come back to life.

Daisy had been enjoying her freedom, not about to be as submissive as before. So, Jack beat her up, and before dawn, Daisy ran out.

Afraid of being found by Jack and having nowhere else to turn, she went back to the hospital, ranting about Jack with Thaddeus. Little did they know, Lizzy, that sneaky girl, had the nurse record everything. "So, you've seen him too? Liz, you can't just leave mom in the lurch. Get Remington to lock him up again! Or, where are you living now? Look at you, pregnant and all alone, mom's worried sick. Let me move in and take care of you, okay?"

Daisy was wringing her hands, a pleading look on her face. Lizzy coldly replied, "I don't need your care. As for Jack, he was released through the proper channels. Remington can't do anything about it." "You ungrateful child! How can you be so heartless, not lending a hand in times of need?"

Daisy snapped, to which Lizzy gave a slight smirk, "I'm just looking out for myself, not lifting a finger to help, just like I learned from you. Have you forgotten?"

Daisy choked on her words, clearly remembering how she used to neglect Lizzy, sometimes even pushing her in front of Jack to take the heat so she could slip away and avoid getting hit. Knowing Lizzy wouldn't help her, Daisy struggled to leave.

Lizzy said, "You hit someone, you can't just leave. Now, come with me to apologize."

Daisy ran off. Was she really expected to apologize to Stella herself?

Lizzy didn't want to take the blame and suspected Daisy, in her rush, had managed to dispose of the recording pen while Zora wasn't looking. Once alone, Daisy would definitely destroy that pen.

The fact that Daisy was so concerned about the pen meant it must have recorded something significant. Naturally, Lizzy couldn't let Daisy out of her sight.

As Daisy continued to resist, Zora held her down, and they all went to the burn unit.

Stella hadn't come out from treatment yet. Lizzy was considering asking the hospital security if they could review the surveillance footage when a familiar, dignified figure emerged from the elevator.

It was Remington, no longer in the morning's attire of a white shirt and black trousers. He was in a black shirt now, with a dark grey suit, and his striped tie was knotted meticulously, exuding an aura of refined excellence. Gone was any trace of the apron-wearing makeshift chef from the morning.

Stella was injured, and he sure made it quickly. Fawning over both sides, not showing the slightest sign of fatigue.

Just as Lizzy was pondering, Remington came straight towards her and before she could react, took her hands and pulled her into his familiar embrace. His voice was urgent, "Where did you get burned?"

As he spoke, his gaze quickly swept over Lizzy from head to toe. Noticing she seemed unharmed, his handsome face slightly darkened.

"Didn't I tell you not to go out alone? Bess and the bodyguards are already on their way, and yet you left by yourself! Why are you always so disobedient!"

Remington's innate authority made

it easy for him to intimidate company executives into tears. But the palpable concern in his deep eyes, along with more exasperation than scolding in his words, softened his stern demeanor, revealing a sincere, anxious side. It was as if she was the only one in his eyes, the only reason he came.

This side of Remington was truly touching.

Lizzy's heart skipped a beat, like a calm lake disturbed by a thrown stone, stirring ripples uncontrollably. She bit her lip, "I'm fine, let me go first."

Hannah, witnessing this scene, frowned.

"I remember the call mentioning

Stella got burned trying to save Lizzy! Not that Lizzy was hurt! Stella is still inside, unconscious, and.

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hasn't come out yet, Remington. Seems like you've got your concerns all mixed up?"

Chapter 562

Remington held Lizetta close, not letting go as he addressed Hanna with a firm tone. "You yourself said that Stella's already being taken care of by the doctors inside. I'm not a medic; how else am I supposed to show my concern? Should I barge in there and get in the doctor's way?"

Hanna was momentarily speechless, taking a moment to regain her composure before saying, "Well, you should at least care about how Stella got injured in the first place."

Remington nodded, "Of course, I've sent Cedric to check the security footage."

Hanna mentioned that Stella got hurt while saving Lizetta, and he had to see for himself what exactly happened.

Cedric, trailing a step behind, approached, "Boss, I've got the footage."

He handed a tablet to Remington, showing the moment Daisylin burst out in front of the hospital building, narrowly missing Lizetta and Stella.

After watching, Remington's gaze turned icy as he looked over at Daisylin, who shivered under his stare.

Daisylin stumbled over her words, "I...I didn't see Ms. West there. And, in the end, she collided into me. I fell too, and got a bit burned..."

She rolled up her sleeve to reveal a small burn on her hand, blistered and raw.

Most of the hot soup had spilled on Stella, indicating her burns were quite severe.

Remington's expression darkened further, his eyes losing any warmth they might have held.

Daisylin shrank back, her face pale, and she lowered her head, unable to speak further.

Hanna coldly added, "Looks to me like she did it on purpose. Maybe she was in cahoots with Lizetta, aiming for Stella. Why else would she choose that exact moment to come out?" Lizetta looked up at Hanna, "So, I'm some sort of psychic now, predicting Stella would jump in?"

Hanna matter-of-factly said, "That wouldn't be surprising. Stella's always been too kind for her own good, always putting others first. She was the same with Remington back in the day." Lizetta bit her lip, regretting speaking up.

Hanna clearly idolized Stella, but did Remington share that biased view?

Lizetta couldn't help but glance at Remington, who remained cool and detached, retorting to Hanna. "Liz isn't like you, disregarding her own child."

Hanna's face flushed with anger, embarrassed by Remington's public rebuke.

Fortunately for her, her phone rang at that moment.

She picked up and walked aside to answer, perhaps sensing an urgent matter, or maybe she just didn't

want to stay and face more

Remington was fully on Lizel.net

humiliation, recognizing that

side.

After taking the call, Hanna quickly left.

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Lizetta then briefly told Remington. about Daisylin stealing the recording pen, prompting Remington to instruct Cedric. "Check the halfway and elevator cameras, see where she ditched the recording pen."

Daisylin's face turned ashen, panic written all over her.

Soon after, Stella was wheeled out, having finished her treatment.

She was awake but pale, her clothes cut open with bandages from her chest up to her neck, covered by a hospital gown.

Seeing Remington, her eyes welled

up with tears, but she quickly glanced at Lizetta in Remington's embrace and looked down, saying, "Remington, Liz, I'm okay. Under those circumstances, it was right for me to step in. You shouldn't feel guilty."

After saying that, she looked up, forcing a weak smile.

Looking at Stella like this made Lizetta feel even more uneasy. If she had misunderstood Stella and this was just her being her genuine self, then so be it.

But if Stella was putting on an act, doing all this to regain Remington's trust, then that made her both ruthless and terrifying.

Chapter 563

Lizetta and Remington escorted Stella to her hospital room.

Lizetta suggested that Daisy come in to apologize, saying, "She bumped into Ms. West. Shall I call the police for Ms. West?"

Daisy's face twisted in anger at this, and she pointed a finger at Lizetta, "You little bi... Ah!"

Before she could finish her insult, Remington swiftly bent her pointing hand backward, causing Daisy to scream in pain and collapse to her knees.

Remington released her, looking down coldly, "I don't take kindly to anyone pointing fingers at my wife or child."

Daisy, cradling her hand and biting back tears, didn't dare make another sound.

Lizetta watched the scene, her gaze flickering.

Remington wiped his fingers with a tissue, and Stella, leaning against her hospital bed, suddenly spoke, "See, Liz? Didn't I tell you how much Remington cares about you? You should really think about what I said."

Her expression was envious, but her hand hidden under the blanket was clenched tightly, betraying her inner jealousy and rage.

"What did you tell Lizetta?" Remington immediately asked.

Stella blinked, a smile playing on her lips, "Why the worry, Remington? I was just telling Lizetta that I've come to realize my feelings for you aren't really love, so I'm planning to go abroad. I also told Lizetta how much you love her, suggesting she give you another chance."

Remington looked at Lizetta, "Is that so?"

Lizetta pursed her lips and nodded.

Turning back to Stella, Remington's expression softened, "Thank you for today. I'll arrange for the best scar treatment specialist to see you, so you won't have any scars from the burns."

Stella shook her head, "No need, Remington. Consider it my way of making amends for my mom. And no need to call the cops either. After all, it was Lizetta's mom and I who bumped into each other. I'm feeling a bit sore and would like to rest now..."

Her complexion was pale, her demeanor a mix of pain and frailty.

Remington nodded, signaling the bodyguard to take Daisy away before leading Lizetta out.

As Lizetta left, she looked back at Stella, who had closed her eyes, resting quietly.

Lizetta felt an unsettling discomfort.

She thought Stella would use her injury as an excuse not to go abroad, but she didn't.

Stella's actions seemed genuinely remorseful, making amends for past wrongs.

Could it be that the previous incidents were really just Barbara acting alone?

Once the door closed, the serene Stella suddenly opened her eyes.

Her gaze, full of resentment, targeted the door.

Although Barbara had died bearing the guilt, Remington's trust in

Wily had dwindled,

as warm and trusting as before.

Remington had even kept his men watching the Wests from the shadows.

Today, to salvage her situation, she had to hurt herself at the right moment.

The pain of the burn felt branded into her flesh, unbearable.

Stella swore through gritted teeth, the pain she endured today would be returned tenfold, a hundredfold on Lizetta! Bearing the pain, she grabbed her phone and made a call.

Soon, the call connected, and Stella urgently spoke, "Remington's looking into surveillance and searching for a voice recorder. If they can't find it, they'll start suspecting me!"

During her collision with Daisy, a

voice recorder had rolled out t

Daisy's possession, and Stella

quickly hidden it under herse

had

At that moment, thinking it might hold some secrets, she had already managed to discreetly get the recorder into Martin's room.

"Forget the recorder; I'll handle it," she assured the other end.

Chapter 564

Martin's voice was grave.

He had already exported the contents from the voice recorder, deleting a few bits here and there. By now, it was already on its way out, soon to be delivered to Remington's hands without leaving a trace.

"What did the recorder catch?" Stella asked, both anxious and curious.

Martin gave a wry smile, "Some intriguing stuff. You did well today. Get some rest."

In the hospital hallway.

"Lost in thought?"

Remington's deep voice snapped Lizetta back to reality.

She shook her head; her doubts about Stella were not something she would share with Remington. Because Remington would undoubtedly trust Stella, and without solid proof, accusing Stella of ill intentions would just be making a fuss over nothing.

Suppressing her frustration, Lizetta said, "I'm going to see my brother."

"Let's stop by the maternity ward first."

Worried about Lizetta, Remington insisted before she could object, "You were also startled by Hans last night, weren't you? Sometimes, the discomfort from a scare shows up later. It's better to have a doctor check and be sure."

Lizetta was led to the maternity ward for a quick check-up to ensure she was fine before Remington personally escorted her out.

Lizetta glared at Remington, "Could you not make a big deal out of everything in front of others?"

In the doctor's office, she felt so embarrassed by how nervous he made the doctor.

"I'm not making a big deal out of nothing. Anything concerning you is important to me now."

When Remington said this, his thick eyelashes drooped, his gaze intensely fixed on Lizetta. His tone, along with his gaze and expression, was too earnest. It made it impossible to doubt his words. Lizetta found herself lost in his deep, mesmerizing eyes.

That was when a familiar voice called out.

"Liz, Mr. Dashiell?"

Startled, Lizetta turned around, her eyelashes fluttering quickly.

"Hogan?"

It was Hogan, casually draping his coat over one arm, looking at her with a gentle, concerned expression.

"Feeling unwell? Why the check-up?"

Before Lizetta could answer, Remington's hand wrapped around her waist, pulling her closer, and replied.

"If I'm not mistaken, Dr. White, you're a surgeon, aren't you? Since when did you start dealing with maternity cases?"

Remington's tone was laced with tension right from the start.

Hogan's gaze briefly swept over Remington's hand holding Lizetta tight, then he calmly said.

"Mr. Dashiell might be mistaken. I'm not dealing with maternity matters, just genuinely concerned for Liz, that's all."

Remington's handsome face

darkened as he scoffed, but just as

he was about to retort, the woman in his arms glared at him warningly. Somehow, Remington swallowed his words, his Adam's apple bobbing.

Lizetta then smiled at Hogan, "Just a routine check-up, nothing to worry about. Thanks for your concern."

Hogan nodded, a faint smile gracing

his lips. Noticing Lizetta didn't pull

away from Remington's embrace,

his expression darkened slightly then asked.

"Liz, are you two back together?"

Remington, clearly impatient, cut in before Lizetta could respond.

"Dr. White seems surprised. You didn't want us to reconcile?"

His smile was mocking. Without waiting for Hogan to reply, he continued, "Too bad. Liz and I grew up together we know each other best. We've been passionately in love as a couple for over two years, and soon we'll have a baby that belongs to both of us. Even a divorce would just mark a new beginning. Reconciling is just a matter of time. I'd advise some people not to try and wedge themselves in. It'll be a wasted effort..."

Chapter 565

Remington's words landed with a definitive thud.

The man carried an air of cool arrogance, as if he held unwavering confidence in what he said.

Lizetta, however, felt like Remington had just become an expert at making her squirm.

How did someone who used to be so stingy with his words suddenly become so adept at spinning tales at the drop of a hat?

When did they grow up together? It was Stella who had grown up alongside him. And when were they ever deeply in love? It was only his coldness within their marriage that had left her tasting the bitter pill of waiting.

Lizetta couldn't bear it any longer and interrupted Remington, "Hey, why are you here?"

"I heard a junior of ours is getting her full certification this month. I was passing by and thought I'd drop in to congratulate her."

Lizetta nodded, her embarrassment growing. She and Hogan didn't communicate much privately, and since he was here for another, it seemed his interest in her had likely faded.

Lizetta elbowed Remington, fed up with his presence. Remington stiffened, his handsome face freezing for a moment. The light touch felt less like it hit his side and more like it plunged straight into his heart. Lately, she had been avoiding any physical contact with him, so even a nudge from her felt significant!

His deep eyes momentarily filled with a galaxy of stars as he leaned in and whispered, "Liz, you're touching me again! Do it once more."

Lizetta thought he was crazy, seeing his excitement over such a trivial interaction. Anyone unaware of the context would think she had done something outrageous to him in public. She shot him a glare and quickly greeted Hogan before hurrying ahead.

Remington didn't spare Hogan another glance, quickly catching up with Lizetta. With a smile playing on his lips and one hand casually in his pocket, he leaned towards her, chatting as they walked.

Hogan watched their figures recede

into the distance. Seeing the playful smirk on Remington's face and Lizetta's annoyed yet lively demeanor, they looked like a typical couple hashing out a small quarrel. Hogan's hand, hidden beneath his coat, clenched tightly. Liz, will you eventually forgive him? Even after all the hurt he's caused, why can he still occupy your entire field of vision, leaving no room for me?

When Lizetta and Remington reached Thaddeus' room, Cedric had just arrived.

"We found the recorder in a bag

belonging to a family member of a patient in the urology department on the tenth floor. The surveillance footage showed Daisylin bumping into this person when she got out of the elevator. She must have slipped it into the bag then."

Remington handed the recorder to Lizetta, asking, "Is this it?"

Lizetta nodded, eager to play the recording. Daisylin's desperation to keep the recorder from her meant it must contain something significant.

"Hans is back, and your dear mother got a beating from him again. You're my flesh and blood, wake up and stand up for your mother, will you?"

"Forget it, you're useless anyway. The first thing you'd probably do if you woke up is to snitch to that wretch Lizetta. Tell her she's not even a child of the Gardenia family; I've wasted my life raising you."

"Eve's gone missing, the Hawthorne family is in ruins, you're paralyzed, and that wretch Lizetta doesn't care about me. Raised three kids and not one of them turned out useful, no idea where your real sister is..."

"If you hadn't eavesdropped on me talking to your uncle two years ago and insisted on telling that dead girl, would you have ended up in that accident?"

Listening to Daisylin's shrill, harsh words, Lizetta clenched the recorder.

So, she was neither a child of the Hawthorne family nor of the Gardenia family. The car accident Thaddeus was in—was it because he found out she wasn't a Gardenia and wanted to tell her?

Lizetta's fingers trembled, and the recorder slipped from her grasp. Remington, ever watchful, caught it before it hit the ground and gently embraced the pale-faced Lizetta. Resting his chin atop her head and pulling her close, he offered her silent comfort and warmth, helping her emotions to slowly stabilize.

Chapter 566

Lizetta nestled in the man's embrace, her mind a whirlwind of confusion and shock.

Flashes of her childhood flickered before her eyes, her shoulders trembling slightly as she spoke in a hoarse voice.

"I can barely remember anything from before I was six, living with the Hawthornes. It's all a blur until I was kicked out..."

Being abandoned was terrifying, but I knew Evelina was the rightful Hawthorne child, and going back to the Gardenias was where I belonged.

I entered the Gardenia household full of hope, but the first time I called Hans 'Dad,' I was met with a slap across the face. After that, beatings and going hungry became a part of my daily life.

I often despaired, wondering why I was cursed with such parents. But we don't get to choose our parents, so all I could do was swallow my tears and endure.

And now you're telling me it was all a lie, that they aren't my real parents. What does that make all the suffering and beatings I endured?!"

Lizetta choked up, her fists clenched, trembling with rage.

She wasn't a Gardenia child; they could have handed her over to the police or sent her to an orphanage.

Anything would have been better than this deception, letting her endure years of physical and emotional torment.

"Liz, it's a good thing you're not a Gardenia. They never deserved to be your parents! If you still want to find your real family, I'll help you search!

And if you don't want to search, that's fine too. You've got Daisy and me! Even if I mess up and you don't want me around, I'll always be here for you, Liz."

Remington's large hands gently stroked Lizetta's hair, soothing her trembling frame with a voice so tender it was uncharacteristic.

Gradually, under his consolation, Lizetta's emotions began to settle. She could feel his warmth, his heartbeat, his familiar scent and embrace.

A crack appeared in the icy shell around her heart, warmed by his gentle words, slowly thawing the chill and pain.

This unsettling feeling made her push Remington away, wiping her cheeks awkwardly.

"Don't flatter yourself. I've got Daisy, and that's enough for me!"

Seeing her spirit return, Remington didn't mind her harsh words and nodded.

"Alright, whenever you're ready to have me back, just say the word."

Lizetta found his shamelessness unbearable, a mix of cringe and bravado.

She pursed her lips, looking away, only to see Thaddeus lying there

quietly which brought annet

pang

to her heart and tears to her eyes once more.

"Hans was brutal, Daisylin indifferent. If it weren't for my brother protecting me, I would have diedtong ago... but it's my fault my brother is like this..."

The car accident Thaddeus was in happened while he was handling a financial dispute case.

Lizetta had looked into it, fearing that this financial case had brought disaster upon Thaddeus.

But to think it was all because of her!

Swamped with guilt, Remington, feeling helpless, pulled her into his arms to comfort her.

"Don't cry, how could this be your fault? The accident was unexpected, and besides, your brother has been recovering well. He's going to wake up. I'm sure of it."

Her tears had already soaked through Remington's shirt, softening his heart.

His voice, filled with a soothing power, made Lizetta lift her head from his embrace.

"Really?"

"Of course," Remington assured, his fingertips gently wiping away her tears, his eyes full of sympathy.

Lizetta nodded, wanting to believe him like she did when she was a little girl.

Because the little Lizetta who believed in her brother never faced disappointment.

Could this mean Thaddeus would really wake up?

Avoiding Remington's gaze, Lizetta calmed down, and when she looked at him again, her eyes were filled with a bitter resolve.

"I want to confront Daisylin myself."

Maybe Daisylin knew the truth about her origins. Even if she didn't, Lizetta needed to ask Daisylin why she had been deceived for so many years.

Chapter 567

Daisy was practically hurled into the room by the bodyguard, her eyes widening at the sight of the voice recorder next to Lizetta. She spun on her heel, attempting to flee, only to be shoved back hard, crashing at Remington's feet.

"Are you gonna spill the beans, or do I need to have someone teach you how to talk?" The man's voice was ice cold, echoing from above.

Daisy shivered, realizing Lizetta must have heard everything. There was no hiding it now, and she burst into tears.

"It was Hans! Yes, it was all Hans' idea! When the Hawthorne family suspected a mix-up with the kids, they first did a DNA test with Eve, confirming that Eve was indeed their biological daughter. Then, Hans took a lock of Lizetta's hair for a DNA comparison.

The results shocked us. Lizetta wasn't our Gardenia child either.

Hans said our daughter was lost for good. If the Hawthornes found out Lizetta wasn't a Gardenia, they would surely take both girls in.

That would leave the Gardenias with no daughters at all. He argued it was better to just claim Lizetta as our own..."

Lizetta's fists clenched tighter, her arms trembling with tension.

She glared at Daisy, "Oh, really? It was all Hans' idea? Then why has Evelina been sending you money all these years?"

Daisy scrambled for an explanation: "Hans told Eve right away that you weren't a Gardenia child.

Eve was only six but clever beyond her years. She begged Hans not to tell Kevin and Elara, crying that you were so accomplished, they wouldn't even notice her if you stayed with the Hawthornes!

She promised to treat us like her own parents forever if we kept you, giving us the allowance the Hawthornes provided her every month.

Feeling indebted to Eve, the Hawthornes loaded a bank card with six years' worth of allowances and gave it to her. Eve handed that card to Hans right away.

Hans used that money to fake a paternity test, saying it would keep Eve paying and, since you were such a beauty, we could eventually cash in a hefty dowry. The Gardenias came out ahead either way..." Lizetta's gaze turned even colder as she stared at Daisy.

Daisy knew Lizetta was tough, always blunt with her, and now knowing she wasn't her birth mother, Daisy feared the worst.

She crawled to Lizetta's feet,

begging, Liz, mom... no, no, I swear I had no part in this. It was all Hans and Evelina's doing. Think about it, I'm a mother. Wouldn't I want to find my own daughter?"

As Daisy tried to cling to Lizetta's legs, Lizetta instinctively recoiled.

Remington immediately wrapped his arms around Lizetta, giving the bodyguard a look.

The bodyguard stepped forward, kicking Daisy away.

Daisy rolled twice before slamming into the wall, clutching her chest as she looked up.

"I was against it from the start. I said we had to call the cops, let them find my daughter. But Hans called me stupid, beat me up, and locked me away. Liz, you have to believe me."

Lizetta eyed Daisy's pleading face, unconvinced of her innocence.

Over the years, it was Daisy who had been receiving money from Evelina, not Hans, who had been in jail.

Indeed, when the Hawthornes and the Gardenias mixed up their children, no one had called the police.

The hospital where the mix-up

occurred was partly owned by the

Hawthornes. Wary of scandal

affecting the business, they just

swapped the children back without involving the authorities.

"So, you're saying you don't know anything about my real family?"

Lizetta bit her lip, watching for any shift in Daisy's expression.

Chapter 568

Daisy shook her head in dismay, "I have no idea. It wasn't me who swapped the kids. I only found out Evelina wasn't my daughter when she was six."

Lizetta somewhat believed Daisy's words because she saw a hint of motherly affection in Daisy for Evelina. At least, Daisy didn't use Evelina as a shield against Hans's temper, unlike how she treated Lizetta when she was a child.

"Take her away," Remington finally said after realizing he wasn't going to get anything more from her. He signaled the bodyguards to escort Daisy out.

Daisy's face was etched with terror, unsure of her fate, her pleas muffled by the bodyguard's hand as she was led away.

Lizetta hung her head low, her expression numb and lost. Seeing her like this, Remington's heart clenched. He gently wrapped his arms around her, pulling her head to his chest, his voice soft.

"You decide how to deal with her."

Lizetta closed her dry eyes, taking a moment before responding wearily. "Despite everything, she is Thaddeus's biological mother. Let's just detain her for a few days, then release her. I don't want Thaddeus to wake up without a mother."

Daisy had been decent to Thaddeus, after all.

A shadow crossed Remington's eyes, thinking a few days was too lenient for Daisy. His Liz was too kind-hearted. But he was not one to let bygones be bygones. Daisy would pay for her sins against Lizetta, he vowed silently.

"For Thaddeus's sake, you're even willing to let Daisy off the hook. Your loyalty and devotion to him is remarkable," he commented, his tone laced with a hint of sarcasm.

Lizetta sensed his mocking tone and pushed him away, annoyed. "He's my brother, and it's my fault he's in this mess. Of course, I care about him!"

She reached for a cotton swab to moisten Thaddeus's lips with some water.

Remington's handsome face darkened, his voice tinged with bitterness. "He's not even your real brother. No blood relation!"

He had always seen Thaddeus as Lizetta's brother, but knowing now that they weren't related by blood made him jealous. Especially since Lizetta had been visiting Thaddeus at least twice a week for the past two years, personally taking care of him.

Even though Lizetta only helped with upper body care, leaving the rest to the nurses, Remington couldn't help but feel a gnawing jealousy.

"Are you jealous?" Lizetta was taken aback. She couldn't understand why he would be jealous over such a thing. Even though she now knew there was no blood relation, Thaddeus was still her brother in her heart.

But Remington grabbed her wrist,

pulling the cotton swab from her hand. "In your heart, he's more important than me, right? You can easily let go of my hand, break things off with me, but you're unwaveringly loyal to him, willing to suffer for his sake.

Both of us are brothers to you without a blood relation, but he's only been with you for two years, and look at all the harm he's caused you. I've been by your side for fourteen years, Lizetta. How is that fair? Don't I have a right to be jealous?"

He pulled her forcefully in front of him, trapping her between his legs so she couldn't resist. His gaze bore into her, his face a mix of accusation and frustration, yet his eyes seemed to hold a layer of hurt and longing, as if waiting for her to soothe his Wounds.

Chapter 569

Lizetta stared blankly at the man before her, on the verge of surrendering for a moment, as she extended her hand to comfort him.

But she snapped back to reality, pushing him away forcefully, her brows furrowed. "It's different! Don't try to confuse me!"

She tried to turn away, but he wrapped his arms around her waist again, his eyes filled with helpless resignation. "How is it different, Liz? Don't be so hard on me."

Lizetta bit her lip, looking down. "My brother never hurt me!"

Her words didn't accuse him directly, but each one reminded him of the pain he had caused her. Like a series of soft needles, they pierced into Remington's heart, making his expression stiffen.

Lizetta continued, "Of course, if you think I'm being hypocritical, after we get divorced, you can just be my brother again. Considering how you used to take care of me, if you ever needed it, I'd take care of you, even if you were paralyzed."

Remington was speechless.

"Let go," Lizetta indicated.

Remington looked into her cold eyes and sighed deeply, reluctantly releasing his hold on her. But as she turned away, he couldn't bear it, pulling her back into his embrace, asking, "Liz, what do I need to do for you to forgive me?"

His voice was hoarse, filled with frustration and sorrow. Lately, he felt her being hot and cold, and just when he thought he had swayed her a little, she would retreat and become even colder towards him. This made him anxious, almost to the point of madness.

Lizetta felt a tightness in her chest. "Remington, maybe it's just your possessiveness. Because I was once your wife, carrying your child, you can't stand the thought of me being with another man after we divorce."

"Or maybe, you're just used to having me at the Dashiell family. No matter how far or cold you are, I'm always there when you come home, under your control. You're not used to losing that. Once I'm back in that place, you'll realize it's Stella you've known since childhood, she's the one you love..."

As Lizetta spoke, a self-mocking smile appeared on her lips. In fact, she had never truly believed that Remington loved her.

Listening to her sarcastic words,

Remington's chest heaved,

struggling for breath. He let go of Lizetta, pulling at his tie and unbuttoning his shirt, his eyes reddened, staring at her, grating out, "It's like karma. I didn't believe you loved me and hurt you. Now, you're doing the same to me. What do I have to do for you to believe I love you? Do I need to tear my heart out for you to see?"

He grabbed Lizetta's hand forcefully, placing it over his heart. Her fingertips felt his chaotic heartbeat, pounding fiercely, like a blaze of fire and anger.

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Lizetta curled her fingers, avoiding his gaze. But Remington held her face, forcing her to look at him, his voice hoarse again. "I've known Stella for eleven years, but I don't remember much before I was four, so it's more like six or seven years of memories. Why don't you calculate how long I've known you..."

Lizetta felt his palm burning hot, his gaze scorching, almost searing through her. She shook her head vigorously, struggling. "This is pointless. I won't do it!"

"Then let me do the math for you. I held you since you were born, you even peed on me, marking me back then."

Lizetta didn't want to listen to this

nonsense, but he continued, oblivious to her wide-eyed stare. "Before you were five, every time Granny Rachel and my grandma met, they'd bring you along. You might not remember, but back then, you were most attached to me at the Dashiell family. The first person you learned to call wasn't 'mom' or 'dad,' it was 'brother.'"

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Once upon a time, no one had ever mentioned this to Lizetta, leaving her stunned as she gazed at Remington.

"You're kidding, right?"

Cradling her face gently, Remington's gaze softened, and a faint smile played on his lips.

"I'm not kidding. When you were a little over two, you visited the Dashiell estate. The servants were frantic, unable to find you anywhere. It wasn't until I came home from school that I discovered you had somehow commandeered my bed.

Liz, you were the first to claim my bed, and so far, the only one. And I intend to keep it that way. Don't you think you owe it to me?"

This revelation made Lizetta's cheeks inexplicably warm.

She figured it must be from the warmth of Remington's palm.

As Remington's smile faded slightly, his voice grew husky.

"When I was eight, my grandfather took me fishing. I wandered off, and by the time I returned, he had collapsed from a heart attack. The delay in finding help... it cost him his life. I locked myself away, overwhelmed with guilt, refusing food and water, shunning everyone's concern..."

Lizetta's breath hitched. Mr. Dashiell and Fiona shared a close bond, and since the old man's early demise, the Dashiell family seldom spoke of the circumstances surrounding his death.

Lizetta had always assumed it was a simple case of passing away due to illness, never imagining it to be so tragic.

Noticing Remington lost in his painful memories, she instinctively reached out, softly stroking his hair, her gaze turning tender.

Remington caught her hand, bringing it to his lips for a gentle kiss, locking eyes with her.

"Guess who finally pulled me out of that darkness?"

Lizetta felt a stir in her heart but dared not believe it.

With a slight lift at the corners of his eyes, Remington revealed, "It was you."

"Me?"

"Yes, you. Finding your way into my room by accident, you tumbled through the darkness to my side, insisting on holding my hand, urging 'don't cry, big brother.'"

"I tried to push you away, but you were relentless, coming back to me. You even pulled off the pacifier hanging around your neck, trying to shove it into my mouth, covered in your drool. Liz, see, we've been exchanging spit since way back."

Hearing his increasingly outrageous tale, Lizetta felt her ears burn with embarrassment.

Covering his mouth, she retorted, annoyed,

"Stop it, I don't want to hear any of this. It's all meaningless now!"

But Remington gently pulled her hand away, his voice deep and serious.

"How is it meaningless? I want you to know, when Thaddeus brought you to the Dashiell estate, I took you in, not because of Stella, but because you had already saved me without even knowing it!"

Lizetta felt a sudden warmth in her eyes as Remington caressed the slight redness at the corners, continuing,

"Liz, even before you could remember, I was already cherishing you. If a man is to have a true love, none could be more cunning, more early in my life than you.

"See, my memories of you start from your birth, and now, twenty-two years on.

How long have I known Stella West? But you and I, we've been entwined for twenty-two years. Liz, we are the real deal, an irreplaceable fate no one else can match.

I was too late to understand, too

quick to misunderstand, hurting you in the process. You can scold me, ignore me, hit me, even make me chase you for two, five, ten years if you want, but never doubt my heart. I know who I love!"

Lizetta had never realized Remington could be so eloquent, his words pressing relentlessly into her heart, striking deep.

She didn't want to be swayed by him, to have her emotions so easily manipulated, yet she found herself overwhelmed, tears falling uncontrollably, her thoughts a turbulent mess.