

Illusions 581

Chapter 581

Liz turned to look at Andrea, trying to brush off the teasing tone in her voice as harmless. Yet, it left Liz feeling awkward, sensing an undertone of hostility.

Biting her lip, Liz thought back to what Remington had mentioned about the rumors surrounding Tranquil Meadows. Jerome was supposedly Andrea's foster brother of sorts. Was Andrea feeling jealous? Liz had been eagerly ushered to her seat by Mrs. Bernice Madden, the elderly lady brimming with warmth.

Caught up in conversation with Mrs. Madden, Liz barely noticed her surroundings until she realized Remington had taken the seat across from her, his gaze pressing down on her. Recalling the unsolicited kiss in the car earlier, she felt less inclined to engage with him.

Now, feeling uneasy and trapped in an awkward situation, Liz didn't want to get caught in the middle of someone else's emotions and suggested, "Maybe I should swap seats with Florence."

It wouldn't be right to ask Jerome to move.

As she tried to stand, Mrs. Bernice Madden grabbed her right arm.

"Where are you off to, dear?" she asked.

Jerome also reached out, holding the back of Liz's chair in place.

Unable to stand up and being pulled back down by Mrs. Madden, Liz found herself sitting again.

Jerome glanced at Andrea, "Andrea, grandma enjoys Liz's company. Let's just keep her happy. Besides..."

He paused, directing his gaze towards Remington, "You might not be aware, but Liz and Mr. Dashiell are currently separated."

Andrea looked shocked, "How come? Mrs. Dashiell looks ready to have the baby soon."

Nelson was equally surprised, his brows furrowing as he turned to Remington, his expression slightly darkening.

He had always admired Remington

for his achievements and steady demeanor. But to hear of his wife, heavily pregnant and contemplating separation, it suggested a grave misstep by the man involved!

Nelson, a man who had dedicated his life to his family and spouse, had little tolerance for men who shirked their responsibilities.

Mrs. Madden, still holding onto Liz, immediately glared at Remington, "I knew it. Archie, he's been bullying Elsa! Kick him out!" Trying to calm his wife, Nelson said, "Don't rush. Let me have a word with him."

He addressed Remington, "Mr. Dashiell, forgive my bluntness. Though it's my first time meeting Liz, Jerome told me she saved

Andrea and even helped my wife!

today These acts alone show she's a kind-hearted soul. You're missing out on recognizing the good in front of you. Wait till she finds happiness elsewhere, and you'll regret it!"

Jerome's words put Remington on the spot.

Liz had only just met the Maddens, but their protection and concern warmed her heart, even if it was under the mistaken belief that she was someone else.

Remington, usually aloof and accustomed to command, was seldom on the receiving end of life advice. Liz worried his response might embarrass the elderly couple.

To her surprise, Remington didn't

show any signs of irritation or

coldness. Instead, he offered Nelson a respectful and courteous smile, adopting the posture of an eager learner. "Sir, you're right. I've made mistakes that hurt my wife deeply, and Tregret them deeply now. Your enduring love story is the envy of Zion City, and I admire it. Please, allow me to toast to your wisdom. Could you share some advice with me?"

Chapter 582

Remington raised his glass, a gesture met with a nod from Nelson, a man known for his love of good whiskey and his adventurous spirit from his younger days traveling across the country.

"To your wisdom," Nelson toasted, clinking his glass with Remington's. The gesture seemed to instantly bridge any gap between them, leading Nelson to share some pearls of wisdom about the art of marriage with Remington.

Lizetta watched, dumbfounded. She had forgotten that Remington's success with Starlight Enterprises wasn't due to a lack of social skills but rather a lack of necessity to forge such connections. Then, Remington caught her eye.

"Our dear old friend is right. The essence of marriage lies in communication. I've been lacking in that department with Liz, but separation doesn't mean our bond is broken. She's still in my heart..." he confessed, his voice deep and unembarrassed by the public declaration.

Lizetta felt a mix of embarrassment and a stirring in her heart, wishing she could silence him even as his words touched her deeply.

Remington's gaze then shifted to Jerome and Andrea. "Having this brief chat with you has been enlightening. With mentors like Mr. Madden and Florence setting an example, your relationship must be solid. When's the wedding? Liz and I would love to celebrate with you."

Jerome met Remington's cool gaze, a slight tension visible in his smile. "You're mistaken, Mr. Dashiell. Florence is my sister, not my bride-to-be.

But speaking of weddings, the news

of your own was the talk of the town. I was halfway to sending my congratulations when I heard it was called off. A real shame, some

regrets are hard to mend, don't you

think?" Content belong he

The mention of his failed wedding was a sore point for Remington, a reminder of the pain and embarrassment he couldn't erase for Lizetta, his greatest regret.

Jerome's words struck a nerve, and the usually composed Remington looked visibly shaken, his eyes flickering towards Lizetta for support she wasn't ready to give. The wedding was a wound in Lizetta's heart too, a barrier to the affection she felt teetering towards Remington despite his attempts to make amends.

The tension at the table was

palpable as Remington, gripping his glass a little too tightly, tried to steer the conversation back. "Mr. Madden is right, some regrets are

irreplaceable. But it's the future that matters more, teaching us to cherish what we have!"

Lizetta, caught in her own turmoil, tightened her grip on the tablecloth at his words of cherishing the future.

Suddenly, Andrea gasped, "Oh, Mr. Dashiell, you're bleeding..."

Lizetta's eyes snapped up to see a trace of blood on Remington's lip, a wound she had inadvertently caused earlier, now reopened by his fervent speech and the pressure of his glass against his lips.

It was a telltale sign, understood by all who knew the intimate detail of their strife.

Chapter 583

Lizetta's cheeks flushed a deep shade of crimson in an instant. Biting her lip, she pushed her chair back and stood up.

"I need to use the restroom," she murmured, quickly making her way out.

Remington lightly touched the corner of his mouth, noticing a faint trace of blood on his fingertip. Without offering an explanation, he flashed a mysterious smile and stood up as well.

"She's not feeling well. I'll go check on her. Enjoy your meal, everyone," he said, following her out.

They left one after the other, and Andrea turned to Jerome with a knowing look.

"Bro, you saw that, right? Even though they're separated, the spark's still there. Maybe you should stop playing the villain here. You're standing up for Mrs. Dashiell, but for all you know, she might find you more annoying than helpful!"

Jerome's expression remained unchanged. He took a sip of his wine before responding.

"She won't think that."

Lizetta wasn't like that, and Remington should realize the whispers and rumors Lizetta had to endure because of him. If he couldn't handle that much, he didn't deserve to pursue her any further.

Andrea huffed, "And how would you know? Since when did you get so close to her? I had no idea."

Jerome poured Andrea a glass of freshly squeezed juice. "Just eat your food, will you?"

Andrea pouted, "I'm only looking out for you because I care, okay? It's not like anyone else will. Grandpa, look at him!"

She appealed to Nelson, who chuckled and said, "Jerome, Liz is a fine woman, but it seems there's still a chapter left in their love story."

Andrea nodded vigorously. "See, even Grandpa agrees. Instead of pining for someone who's taken, why not pay more attention to me? I'm pretty good-looking too, you know." Resting her chin on her hand, Andrea fixed her gaze on Jerome, batting her eyelashes.

Jerome, however, barely glanced at her before sighing. "I've been looking at that face of yours since we were kids. No matter how much I see it, you'll always be my little sister." Andrea felt slighted. "But I heard Mr. Dashiell and Mrs. Dashiell were like siblings before..."

"It's different, Andrea, cut it out!" Jerome interrupted firmly.

Lizetta joined the Dashiell family at eight, and even if Remington treated her like a sister back then, he was well aware she wasn't his real sister. But how could Andrea and he be same? He was adopted by the Maddens before Andrea was born, making her his sister in his heart from the moment she arrived. So, no matter how much Andrea confessed her feelings, he saw it as nothing but sibling antics. There was simply no chance between them.

Andrea's eyes welled up with tears as she clenched her fists. "It's not different at all. You're being unfair!"

She stormed out, pushing her chair back aggressively.

Jerome shook his head but didn't follow.

Nelson sighed as well, yet remained silent. Jerome wasn't blood-related to the Madden family, so if there was a chance for him and Andrea, the elders would've been happy. After all, Jerome had been raised in their care, proving himself to be responsible and of good character. But Jerome clearly had no romantic interest in Andrea, and such feelings couldn't be forced. Nelson wouldn't use the favor of raising Jerome to guilt-trip him; doing so would only harm both of them.

"Bernice, why isn't Elsa back yet?" Nelson asked, concerned about Mrs. Bernice Madden, who seemed anxious without Lizetta's return. He peeled a shrimp and placed it in her bowl "Eat up. If Elsa isn't back soon, I'll go out and look for her with you."

Mrs. Bernice Madden hurriedly started eating, while Nelson turned to Jerome.

"Jerome, tell me more about Liz. She seems to have taken a liking to our family."

Jerome shared what he knew about Lizetta's background with Nelson, which wasn't comprehensive since he hadn't investigated her life in detail. Nelson listened with a mix of sorrow and compassion. "She's had a tough life. Try to look out for her a bit."

It seemed he had taken a liking to her and didn't want to see her struggle if he could offer any protection.

Remington followed Lizetta out, waiting by the restroom for a while, but she never emerged. Nelson, growing concerned about their prolonged absence, sent Jerome to find them.

Jerome found Lizetta standing under a tree, gazing up at a pair of birds nestled among the branches.

Chapter 584

"My mom was the assistant and close friend of the late Ms. Madden, Elsa. During a construction site inspection, an accident happened, and my mom died protecting Florence."

Suddenly, a voice came from beside her, causing Lizetta to turn her head in slight surprise, looking at Jerome.

He was looking down at her, making Lizetta realize that he was explaining his connection to the Madden family.

"So that's the story. You must have been quite young back then?"

"Yeah, I grew up in a single-parent home and was barely five when Florence took me to the Madden family. To prevent me from being looked down upon, she gave me the Madden surname, calling her aunt. Aunt Florence was pregnant with Nia at the time but treated me no different than her own. When she passed away, Mr. and Mrs. Madden treated me like their own grandchild, and I've always seen Nia as nothing but my sister..."

By the end of his explanation, Lizetta understood he wasn't just explaining his background but also clarifying his relationship with Andrea.

I see.

Lizetta thought it over; if Jerome was truly raised by the Madden family to be a groomed husband, why would they change his surname to Madden? Treating him as one of their own was the only reason for the surname change. If it were for a son-in-law, there wouldn't have been a name change. But Jerome didn't need to explain all this to her.

Lizetta's gaze shifted, her eyelashes fluttering rapidly, "Actually, I..."

Before she could finish, Jerome chuckled.

"So, you still love him, forgiving him is just a matter of time. You're trying to let me down gently again, aren't you?"

Lizetta was taken aback, not expecting his straightforwardness, feeling both embarrassed and exposed.

Finding herself at a loss for words, she finally managed to say after a moment, "Is it that obvious?"

Jerome raised an eyebrow, his tone slightly exasperated, "Because you really never give anyone a glimmer of hope." Lizetta, "..."

His somewhat accusing tone made Lizetta feel shy, unsure of how to respond.

However, Jerome's gaze shifted to one of friendly teasing, making the atmosphere relax.

During this time, Lizetta was also struggling, unable to share her turmoil with anyone, not even Yolanda.

Yolanda had been severely injured at the wedding because of her; what right did she have to forgive Remington and go back to him?

But the heart is not always under our control...

"Would it be pathetic to forgive him, would people look down on me?" Lizetta laughed self-deprecatingly.

After a moment of reflection, Jerome shook his head with a smile.

"Forgiveness requires more courage than leaving. Why would anyone look down on you? Matters of the heart are personal; there's no question of being pathetic or not. If you forgive him, it only shows that the warmth and touch he gave you are enough to offset the pain he caused."

Lizetta wasn't sure if that was the case, but flashes of Luminesia opening the window to see a

snowman, of Remington appearing in the snowy landscape, his care for her brother, his goofy smile during Daisy's sonogram, and his protective stance when Hans showed up...

And his words, that they were each other's salvation, if there were a first love, no one could precede her...

She had given up on expecting anything from love.

But somehow, she began to look forward to his promise of a new start. Could a new beginning lead to a different ending? "Thank you, Jerome, you..."

Lizetta looked up at Jerome, her eyes clearing a bit, less troubled.

But before she could finish, Jerome raised his hand to stop her.

"Let me guess, time to hand me the consolation prize of a good friend card? Skip it, I don't take kindly to insincere praise. How about you agree to a real request instead?"

"What?" Lizetta was amused by his response and tone.

Jerome's smile softened, his voice smooth. "If he hurts you again, give me a chance, okay?"

Lizetta froze, and Jerome clicked his tongue.

"Is it lack of confidence in him, or... am I just that unlikable?"

With the conversation reaching this point, Lizetta couldn't help but laugh. "Okay," she agreed with a smile.

"Okay, what? What did you just agree to!"

Just as Lizetta's words fell, a familiar, deep voice came from not far away - Remington's.

Chapter 585

Liz turned her head and saw Remington striding down the corridor with a purposeful gait. His gaze was sharp and unyielding, displaying a readiness and a certain grimness that couldn't be masked. Liz felt inexplicably guilty, but she was more worried about what Remington might do to Jerome. She quickly walked up to him and grabbed his arm.

"Nothing's wrong, I've been out here for a while. Let's head back, shall we?"

Remington's gaze landed on the small hand that grabbed his arm, showing a hint of surprise and pleasure. Her hand was beautiful, contrasting starkly against the dark fabric of his suit, the grip firm enough to turn her nails a cute shade of pink from the pressure. But more importantly, she was pulling him closer, not pushing him away. It felt as if all the dissatisfaction, suspicion, and anger in his heart

dissolved in that simple gesture. Remington had never known he could be so affected by a woman, but he didn't mind this feeling. He took Liz's hand in his, generously turning back to Jerome and saying, "Mr. Madden, please join us."

When they returned to the private dining room, Andrea was already there, sitting in Liz's previous spot, chatting with Nelson and Mrs. Bernice Madden. Remington, seemingly obsessed with seating arrangements, quickly led Liz to sit in his recent spot next to Nelson. He took the seat beside Liz, immediately asking the waiter to change the cutlery. By the time Jerome arrived, trailing a bit behind, the seating was all arranged. Liz was too amused by Remington's childish antics even to notice Jerome's reaction. It wasn't until Nelson and the eager Mrs. Bernice Madden switched seats again, staring at Liz, that she felt utterly embarrassed.

Finally, after dinner, as they were leaving the room, Nelson's assistant handed him a bag. Nelson passed it to Remington, saying, "Seeing as you've shown some promise, here's a welcome gift. Study it well." Remington accepted it, finding a few books inside. He raised an eyebrow in thanks. "Much appreciated, sir. I'll take a good look."

Nelson then turned to Liz with a warm smile. "Liz, both Grandpa Nelson and Grandma Bernice are very fond of you. To Grandma Bernice, you're like her own child. That's a special connection. We'll be staying in Zion City for a while longer. Make sure to visit us often. And if you ever feel wronged, don't hesitate to let us know. Grandpa Nelson and Grandma Bernice are always here for you."

After seeing the elderly couple to their car, with Grandma Bernice holding onto her hand and nearly in tears, Liz promised to stay in touch through WhatsApp and video calls whenever Grandma Bernice missed her. Only then did Grandma Bernice, somewhat consoled, get into the car and leave.

On the drive home, Liz's curiosity got the better of her. "What did Grandpa Nelson give you?"

Remington fetched the bag from the side, pulling out three books. Liz was stunned, then burst out laughing.

How to Be a Virtuous Man

The Classic of Male Virtues

Introductory Exam on Male Virtues: Three Volumes

"What in the world are these? There are actually books like this?" she laughed. Remington's gaze lifted from the books to the smiling woman beside him. His eyes shimmered, "Maybe Nelson published them himself?"

Liz chuckled, "Let me see. Grandpa Nelson is too funny..." She reached for the books, but Remington didn't let go. His grip tightened slightly, causing Liz to lean forward

uncontrollably and fall right into his arms. She looked up from his chest, a Bit dazed.

But she was met with Remington's intense gaze, deep and endless, reflecting her small face in his dark pupils. The air grew thin, and Liz froze. Remington's voice was husky, "Liz, it's been so long since you've smiled at me like that."

Chapter 586

A carefree and light-hearted laugh.

The sound of her laughter made his heart swell and ache with a bittersweet longing. It was like a weary traveler on the brink of dehydration in a desert, finally spotting an oasis.

"Take it easy," Remington whispered softly, leaning in closer, driven by his emotions and longing to kiss her lips, to capture that fleeting smile.

But just as he was about to close the gap, Lizetta sharply raised her hand.

Remington's intended kiss landed on the tips of Lizetta's fingers instead, sending a thrilling shiver through him from the point of contact.

Lizetta quickly withdrew her hand and pushed Remington away, stepping back as she did.

"You're pushing your luck again!" she exclaimed, turning her gaze to the car window, effectively ignoring him.

He talked about starting over, yet he was eager to put a full stop on a page that wasn't even fully drafted. She thought to herself, life isn't that simple!

Seeing her ears turn slightly red, Remington couldn't help but smirk.

He tapped on the three books he was holding and said with a laugh, "Alright, I'll hit the books first. Once I ace this 'Gentleman 101' test you've got for me, then we'll see about moving to the next step." Lizetta couldn't help but smile at his words, but her thoughts quickly shifted to Yolanda, causing her smile to fade.

If Yolanda were firmly against this, she wouldn't hurt her for Remington's sake.

The mess Remington made was his to clean up.

However, when Lizetta returned to Pine Villa and waited until evening, not only did Yolanda not show up, but she also received news that the girl had flown to Windale for an audition.

Yolanda was auditioning for a leading role in a big production and was taking it very seriously, planning to stay there for three to five days to prepare.

Worried her issues might affect Yolanda's mood, Lizetta chose to remain silent over the phone.

She figured she'd wait for Yoli to return from Windale, by which time she and Remington would have finalized their divorce.

But sometimes, fate has its own plans, and the words left unsaid might as well have been unnecessary, perhaps even deemed futile by fate itself. Three days later.

Remington finished a meeting and left his office by 8 PM.

Cedric, trailing behind his boss, was going over the schedule for the next day.

Noticing Remington wasn't heading towards the elevator but instead towards his private office, Cedric felt a surge of dread.

Looks like it was going to be another late night at the office!

Lately, Remington had been setting a relentless pace, first with his work ethic and now with overtime.

Fortunately, he didn't expect the same from his staff.

But as his assistant, Cedric felt the pressure; he'd been googling hair loss prevention tips due to stress.

Following Remington to the office door, Remington stopped and turned to him.

"Go home," he said.

"Should I stay a bit longer, maybe help out?" Cedric offered.

Remington gave him a strange look, "I'm staying late because I'm about to take some leave for the divorce

paternity leave. You're single,

what are you trying to get mixed up in?"

Cedric was speechless.

Divorce leave? That was a new one.

And paternity leave, wasn't that usually for women?

Clearly, this involved his wife, so Cedric didn't dare to ask further. He just cracked a smile and made a quick exit.

Remington entered his office and went through a couple of documents when his phone rang.

Around this time, Bess would call to update him on Lizetta's day. He answered, expecting to hear about Lizetta's wellbeing.

"How's her foot? Any better?" he asked. The day before, Bess mentioned Lizetta was experiencing some swelling.

Remington had checked with a

doctor, who suggested it might just

be

aboutal and nothing to worry

but it was still on his mind.

However, the voice that came through wasn't Bess but Stella's, tinged with urgency.

"Remington, it's me! Lanson just

called. Evelina just fell, her wat net

broke, she's going into labor! What do we do? Can you come with me, please? I'm freaking out here..."

Chapter 587

Remington's brow furrowed slightly, his lips pressed together in a thin line.

"Remington? Are you listening?"

Stella received no response, her anxiety growing alongside the sound of something crashing to the ground.

Remington asked in a deep voice, "What happened? Did you fall? Has the doctor arrived yet?"

"The doctor should be on his way, I guess."

"There's a doctor coming... they'll take care of it..."

As Remington flipped through the documents and signed his name, Stella interrupted him, her voice breaking into sobs.

"Remington, my dad's been really sick lately. He just fell asleep after his IV, which has some sleeping meds in it. He's out cold now. I wouldn't bother you if it wasn't serious..." Remington tapped his pen on the desk, his voice cold.

"Stella, after what Evelina did, ruining my wedding, she should've been beyond redemption. It was only after you and Luna begged me that I agreed to spare that child.

I've done more than enough for the West family, even at the expense of Liz's feelings. How did your mother repay me?"

He had spared the West family's child, yet Luna went out of her way to seek retribution, endangering his wife and child. Remington's voice was cold and filled with loathing.

Stella seemed frightened by his icy tone, letting out a loud crash.

"Ah!"

"Miss, are you alright? You still have a fever..."

A servant's cry of alarm followed, and then the phone was picked up again, Stella's pleading voice coming through clearly. "But my mom paid with her life, Remington. Evelina is the only blood left of my brother in this world!

You were the last person my brother saw before he died, searching for me. If it weren't for your call, he wouldn't have died!

We both caused his death, and now that his child is coming into this world, you must share this burden of redemption with me!" Stella's voice was stubborn and impassioned through the phone.

Suddenly, Remington clenched his phone tighter, haunted by the unwilling eyes of Quentin at his death.

Those were eyes full of longing for life; Quentin was under thirty, his whole life ahead of him.

Remington had once promised to take care of his orphan.

"I'm really scared, what if the baby doesn't make it? The baby is underdeveloped and premature..."

Stella's frantic voice continued, but Remington closed his eyes, and when he opened them again, his voice was dry and strained.

"Stella, once the baby is born, make plans to go abroad as soon as you can."

Stella's alarmed voice stopped abruptly.

She had agreed to go abroad before, but had been hospitalized for burns these past few days.

It was probably because she got

burned trying to save Lizetta, and Remington had visited her twice, seeing her feverish condition, he hadn't pushed for her to travel abroad earlier.

Stella had secretly hoped her scheme worked, believing Remington no longer intended to force her abroad.

But who knew...

Stella bit her lip hard, swallowing back a sob before responding.

"Okay, once the baby is safely born, it'll fort to my dad, too. With

the

We one to keep him company,

I'll be more at peace going abroad."

Remington exhaled in relief, finally standing up from his chair.

"You should head straight to Lanson."

The man grabbed his coat and headed out.

As he reached the parking lot, a call from Bess came in. Remington immediately answered, inquiring about Lizetta's condition.

"Mrs. Madden's swelling in her feet

jet

has gone down quite a bit. She even visited Mrs. Bernice Madden this afternoon and met up with Fiona, They spent a good while walking around the park with the two older ladies. She might be a bit tired; she fell asleep while watching TV in the living room just now. Should I wake her?"

Bess's voice was low, cautious not to disturb Lizetta.

Remington instinctively lowered his voice as well, "No, let her sleep there. Just cover her with a blanket."

"It's covered."

"Put a cushion by the sofa, don't let her roll off."

Remington reminded her, and Bess hurriedly responded, "I forgot about that. I'll take care of it right away."

Chapter 588

A rustling sound emerged from the other end, and Remington instructed Bess.

"Let's do a video call."

He hung up and directly tapped into WhatsApp to start a video call with Bess.

Bess immediately accepted, clearly no stranger to this routine. She expertly positioned the camera to frame the sleeping figure on the couch before setting the phone down and busying herself with other tasks. Remington, driving, sparingly glanced at the screen.

On the screen, a woman lay in a loose, white maxi dress, her long hair partially covering her face and her hands gently cradling her noticeably rounded belly. She looked utterly serene.

As the car ascended the highway and left the city behind, Remington accelerated and eventually ended the video call.

Evelina was kept in a villa halfway up in Lanson, not far from Zion City.

Besides the two servants the West family had dispatched to attend to Evelina's daily needs, Remington had also placed three bodyguards on strict watch over her.

Evelina was not allowed a step outside the villa, bereft of freedom and entertainment, with every meal and its portion strictly regulated-all for the child she was carrying.

During this time, she lived like a walking womb, existing solely to nurture the child, stripped of all her rights.

Remington's car rolled into the villa's driveway, where Stella was already waiting, pale-faced and anxious as she ran out of the villa.

"The doctor said Evelina had a nasty fall, hitting her back. It's caused a spinal injury, and the baby is in a dangerous position now..." Remington glanced at Stella, passing her by.

The bodyguard previously assigned to watch Stella approached, reporting the situation.

"How did she fall?"

Evelina was just over eight months pregnant, not yet due. The sudden incident had disrupted all planned medical arrangements.

The bodyguard appeared uneasy, "She fell in the bathroom. We checked, and there was nothing unusual, so it must have been an accident. I'm sorry, Mr. Dashiell, we failed to protect her adequately." Remington nodded slightly but said nothing further.

As he ascended the stairs, a faint smell of blood wafted towards him, accompanied by Evelina's agonizing screams, causing him to frown slightly.

Just then, the doctor came out of the room, his expression grave as he spoke to Remington.

"Mr. Dashiell, we can't seem to correct the fetus's position for a natural delivery..."

"Then perform a cesarean. What do you need me to play doctor for you?"

Remington exuded an aura of impatience and cold authority.

The doctor, unsure of the patient's relationship with Remington, didn't dare make any assumptions.

Sweating, he replied, "But her

physical condition is weak, her clotting is poor, and there's

insufficient amniotic fluid. Taking her to the hospital for a C-section is highly risky. If something were to happen..."

Upon hearing this, Stella immediately clutched Remington's arm.

"Remington, we can't lose the baby! This might be the only heir to the West family."

Remington's cold gaze swept over her, his eyes reflecting the hallway's harsh fluorescent light, seemingly coated in a layer of ice.

Stella instinctively withdrew her hand, her eyes reddening.

Remington turned to the doctor, his

gaze steady, "You're the doctor!

your job. Even if the outcome

Dei

less

than ideal, no one will blame you."

Relieved, the doctor nodded briskly and hurried back inside to make arrangements.

Suddenly, lightning flashed and thunder rumbled outside, casting sinister shadows through the floor-to-ceiling windows.

Remington's heart inexplicably skipped a beat with the thunder, momentarily unsettled.

His phone rang abruptly, and he took it out.

Seeing it was a call from Ray, he quickly answered and walked toward the end of the hallway. "Talk to me."

"Mr. Remington Dashiell, we've got a

problem. We caught someone in Oakmont fishing village, but this Hans is an impostor. The real Hans might still be in Zion City, he hasn't left."

Chapter 589

Remington's fingers clenched around his phone with such force that his knuckles stood out starkly in the night.

A chill crept up his spine, that unsettling feeling sweeping over him once again.

"Get it sorted!" he commanded, his voice a deep growl. He didn't wait for Ray's response before hanging up and immediately dialing Lizetta's number. During those few seconds waiting for the ringtone, even his breaths became short and rapid.

His mind raced with a flurry of thoughts. He had assumed Hans had spotted a tail and bolted out of fear.

But now, the idea that Hans's flight from Zion City was just a decoy, and that he might still be lurking there, raised the question: what was he planning?

The image of Hans confronting Lizetta flashed before Remington's eyes, her face pale with shock.

He couldn't bear to think what might happen if Hans was still around, biding his time...

His palm, gripping the phone, grew clammy.

But the phone kept ringing with no answer.

Remington's brow furrowed deeply, then dialed Bess's number.

Meanwhile, Evelina was being carried out, her screams piercing the air as she was loaded into a vehicle.

Stella approached rapidly, urging, "Remington, let's go. We need to head to the hospital..."

She reached out to pat his shoulder, but he turned abruptly.

A bolt of lightning lit up the night sky, revealing his stern features.

His skin was pale as frost, but his eyes were a frightening red, like a predator in the night.

Stella staggered back two steps, "Remington..."

But he moved past her like a gust of wind, his silhouette cold and hurried, his steps betraying his urgency.

Bess didn't answer her phone either, an unmistakable sign of trouble.

Remington's instincts screamed that something was wrong at Lizetta's end!

"Remington! Wait for me..." Stella's voice trailed off as she ran after him out of the mansion.

The storm outside was fierce, with rain pouring down in torrents.

The bodyguard tried to offer Remington an umbrella, but before it could be opened, he had already dashed into the rainfall, heading straight for the parked Bentley. The chaos in the courtyard, illuminated by the flashing lights of the ambulance, added to the turmoil.

Evelina's cries echoed from the stretcher as the medical team tried to soothe her.

Stella, seizing the umbrella from the bodyguard, chased after Remington through the storm.

"Remington, what are you doing? Where are you going? You'll get sick running out in the rain like this!"

Her words were torn apart by the wind and rain.

But to Remington, all of it seemed unreal, a distant concern.

He had only one thought: he needed to get back to Zion City, to see Lizetta.

He prayed silently that the two bodyguards left with her would keep her safe, that nothing was wrong.

Perhaps he was overthinking it. Liz always slept through her phone ringing. Maybe she was just ignoring his calls on a whim, teasing him by making him worry.

And Bess, probably taking

advantage of Liz's sleep to catchet

some extra shut-eye herself. Such laziness, he thought, deserved a reprimand...

With these thoughts, he opened the car door, and as if in answer to his prayers, his phone finally rang. "Lovely Wife!"

A ray of hope lit up Remington's dim eyes as he stood in the cold rain, a smile breaking through his anxiety.

He answered eagerly, "Liz..."

But before he could finish, his smile froze, replaced by a cold, sinister dread.

Because it wasn't Lizetta's voice on the other end of the line.

It was Hans's venomous tone.

Lizetta was in trouble!

Half an hour earlier.

Lizetta was jolted awake from her sleep by the persistent ringing of her phone.

Groggily, she reached for it, answering without a glance.

"Emergency, Mr. Gardenia's vitals

have suddenly plummeted. He's tel d to surgery. You net

been

come now!"

Chapter 590

Lizetta's phone erupted with the voice of Thaddeus's caretaker, Zora, snapping her awake from the couch with a jolt. Panic-stricken, she called out for Bess, not bothering to change as she hurried outside. Bess quickly grabbed a thick coat and rushed out of her room to follow, both darting out the front door and into the elevator.

Lizetta tried to ask Zora for more details, but the call was filled with the chaotic sounds of nurses urging family members to hurry, before abruptly cutting off. Thaddeus had been on the mend lately; how could this be happening?

Bursting out of the elevator, Lizetta quickly found the number for Dr. Alman, Thaddeus's primary physician, but there was no answer. At that moment, the hospital called to inform her that Thaddeus was in critical condition.

Without a doubt left, Lizetta, disregarding the storm, dashed out of the building. Security guard Dean drove up, with Zora helping an anxious Lizetta into the car, where another guard, Ansel, sat in the passenger seat. They sped away from Pine Villa towards the hospital.

The weather had taken a turn for the worse; it was a quiet night with few cars on the road, allowing them to make quick progress. Sitting in the back seat, Lizetta was beside herself with worry, Bess holding her hand, trying to offer comfort.

"Ms. Gardenia, try not to panic. If Dr. Alman's not answering his phone, he's probably already at the hospital working on Mr. Gardenia. Everything's going to be okay, just don't stress too much..."

It was then that Ansel, who had been on the phone in the passenger seat, spoke up. "Something's not right, I can't get through to Mr. Dashiell's phone..." Initially thinking it was just the bad weather affecting the signal, Ansel's failed attempts to connect made him realize something was amiss.

Hearing this, Dean instinctively slowed down, but it was already too late. As they approached an intersection, a glaring headlight suddenly flashed at them. Then, out of nowhere, a truck barreled towards Lizetta's car from another road.

All Lizetta saw was a blinding light before her. "Watch out!" "Protect the lady!" Shouts filled the car, but Lizetta couldn't make out who was yelling. In a split second, the truck collided with them. With a loud bang

In that critical moment, Dean

managed to swerve, causing the

truck to miss hitting Lizetta's side of the car and instead scrape past the passenger side, sliding far off in the rain before crashing into a barrier. Lizetta was thrown against the door frame, with Bess tightly embracing her to cushion the impact.

Lizetta, dizzy and disoriented, cried out, "Bess!" Bess's head slammed against the window, and as Lizetta, fought the nausea and dizziness,

she felt sticky blood dripping

her face. The truck, however, didn't stop. Its glaring lights shifted direction, piercing into the car again, illuminating the crimson Blood on Lizetta's hand.

It was clear this was no accident; they were targeted! The passenger side took the brunt of the impact, and Ansel's phone flew out of his hand, his head lolling lifelessly on the seat. Dean, regaining his senses, shook his head vigorously and reversed quickly while drawing his gun and firing at the truck's driver's seat. The sound of tires screeching was deafening as bullets pierced through the truck's windshield, shattering the glass to reveal a

familiar, menacing face. Blood

streamed down his face from a near

miss.

It was Hans! Lizetta's pupils dilated in shock. Before Dean could fire again, the truck surged forward in a crazed assault. Bang! A whirlwind of chaos followed, then an eerie silence filled the car. "Bess... Dean!" Leaning against the window, with sticky, crimson blood trailing down her forehead, Lizetta called out, hoping for a response. What happened to them? Why was there no sound at all? This couldn't be happening! She couldn't bear the cost of surviving this!

Tears streamed down Lizetta's face as she tried to do something, but searing pain in her abdomen followed by the warm, thick flow of liquid signaled that Daisy was in trouble.