

Illusions 591

Chapter 591

Daisy's movements inside her belly suddenly became intense, as if she was fighting for her very life.

Lizetta pressed hard against her abdomen, "Daisy, mommy's here. You have to be strong. We have to get through this together, it's going to be okay..." With all her might, she pushed the car door open.

Stumbling out of the car, the rain hit her skin, chilling her to the bone.

But the sound of footsteps coming from behind was even more terrifying. Lizetta turned around in horror and saw Hans.

He had come down from the truck, following her.

Just then, her phone in her pocket started ringing.

With her belly contracting intensely and in tremendous pain, Lizetta panicked and ran forward, her fingers trembling as she reached for her phone.

Unfortunately, by the time she took out her phone, she was already out of strength.

Her steps were heavy, her fingers shook, and she couldn't swipe to answer the call, tumbling and falling into the muddy ground.

Her phone flew out of her hand.

Looking back, with the rain washing away her tears, Hans was getting closer.

She pushed her heavy, painful body forward, crawling inch by inch, reaching out for her phone.

Below her, blood mixed with rainwater, trailing behind her.

The deep red was diluted by the rain into a pale red, as a pair of dirt-covered boots stepped closer.

Lizetta managed to grab her phone, her nearly transparent fingers trembling as she pressed the side button with all her might.

Her emergency contact, Remington.

In her mind, she silently spoke to Daisy, "Don't be afraid, baby, daddy will come to save us..."

The moment the call connected, tears surged in Lizetta's eyes, but before she could utter a sound, her phone was mercilessly snatched away.

Hans, squatting beside her, cruelly enjoyed the sight of her despair and pleading, swiping to put the call on speaker.

"Remington, if you want your wife and kid alive, be ready with five billion and wait for my call!"

Before waiting for a response, Hans abruptly hung up the call and forcefully threw the phone away.

Hans grabbed Lizetta by the hair, lifting her head.

Rain poured down on her pale face, and Hans delivered a slap across it.

"Bitch! You've ruined my life! You heard that, right? Damn, Remington is still with another woman right now! You better pray he still cares ! about you and the brat in your belly, or you're both going down with me!"

Lizetta felt dizzy, her mouth filled with the taste of blood.

She was dragged up by Hans towards the truck.

Her eyes widened, looking up at the dark sky, her eyes stinging, her body in agony.

Soaked through, with blood and rain, yet like a fish out of water, gasping for breath.

Yes, she had heard it too.

When the phone connected, she heard the sound of an ambulance, and Evelina's screams.

There were even doctors loudly reassuring her.

"Stay calm, take deep breaths, trust us, you and your baby will be safe!"

But what about her and Daisy?

"Help... help me..."

Lizetta opened her mouth, using all her strength to scream.

But somehow, her voice was so quiet it was easily drowned out by the rain, even Hans ignored it.

Hans threw her in the back of the truck, intending to return to the driver's seat.

But Lizetta, with all her remaining strength, clutched at his clothes, her eyes bloodshot as she wailed.

"Hans, take me... to the hospital! The baby's coming, if I... die, you'll get nothing!"

Hans forcefully shook off Lizetta, and as she fell back into the cargo area, he sneered viciously.

"Give birth, then! Did I say you

couldn't? What, after being the Dashiell's darling daughter and living in luxury for so long, you think you're too good for this? Women give birth all the time, just do it! Once the baby's here, I'll double the ransom!"

With a bang, the door shut.

Hans spat on the ground before pulling open the driver's side door.

Though this road was less traveled and temporarily deserted due to the weather, he knew Remington would surely call the police and send people after them.

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Hans had everything planned out and knew he needed to make a quick getaway.

But just then, a piercing set of headlights caught his eye.

Instinctively turning around, Hans saw a silver sedan speeding toward him.

Bam!

The dull impact hit before Hans could even register what was happening, sending him flying.

He tumbled across the damp pavement, eventually coming to a halt in a pool of blood.

The sedan, having grazed a truck, sparked a trail of fire before screeching to a halt.

The car door swung open, and out stepped a tall, imposing figure.

The man, with a stern expression, hurried over to the truck, yanking open the door to reveal the scene inside. His face twisted in shock. Lizetta lay beneath him, her white dress stained with blood, her hair a tangled mess, barely clinging to life.

Yet, she was conscious, desperately reaching out her hand, trying to knock on the door for help.

The man leaped into the truck, quickly shedding his suit jacket to wrap around the curled-up woman, carefully lifting Lizetta from the truck. "Lizetta! Hold on!"

His voice was deep and commanding, Lizetta gripping his shirt as she was cradled in his arms.

"Daisy... save the baby..."

"Alright, I'm getting you to the hospital right now. You and the baby are going to be okay!"

He reassured her, jumping down from the truck with her in his arms.

The faint, sporadic lights illuminated his face, revealing a tightly clenched jaw and a similarly sharp gaze.

It was Jerome.

He hurried to the sedan, where the back door was already open. Nelson and Grandma Bernice were seated inside, clearly anxious and ready to spring into action. "What happened, come on, be quick!"

Seeing Lizetta being carried over, Nelson's face fell, and he leaned in to transfer her into the back seat from Jerome's arms.

Jerome quickly turned the car around, speeding towards the hospital.

"Jerome, Lizetta's covered in blood! She's going into labor, what do we do? She's lost so much blood; she's so cold..."

Lizetta lay in the backseat, her head on Nelson's lap.

Mrs. Bernice Madden, frail and trembling, knelt beside her, clutching Lizetta's hand and wiping the blood from her legs with her other hand.

Nelson was haunted by a memory from twenty-two years ago, a look of deep reminiscence and pain in his eyes.

Their daughter Elsa had a difficult delivery back then. Though they managed to safely deliver Andrea, Elsa nearly died from blood loss.

She survived, but her health was ruined, and she passed away not many years later.

Knowing Mrs. Bernice Madden was

recalling those painful times, he spoke with a hoarse voice, "Jero faster! Your grandma and I can handle it!"

Jerome was indeed cautious,

worried about the elderly couple's et

well-being after the incident with Hans Hearing this, he pushed the car to its limit.

"Hang in there, kid. Don't you dare fall asleep on us."

Nelson comforted Lizetta, while Mrs. Bernice Madden covered her with a blanket, rubbing her cold feet.

Lizetta was still conscious, fighting to stay alert, "The car..."

"Don't worry, we've called the police and an ambulance. We'll be at the hospital soon."

Nelson understood Lizetta's concerns, his eyes filled with compassion.

Biting back the pain, Lizetta barely registered the distant sound of sirens passing by.

Her heart slightly eased, she remained silent, but the smell of blood grew increasingly intense in the car...

By the time she was wheeled into the delivery room, Lizetta's consciousness was fading, the doctor's distant voice echoing as if from afar.

"The patient is hemorrhaging and

din

difficult labor, we need to operate immediately! Who's the baby's

father? We need a signature for the surgery."

As the operating room doors closed, the harsh lights bore down on her.

Throughout that long night of labor, she realized she wouldn't see that person she was waiting for.

Chapter 593

On the other side, at Lanson Villa.

The moment Remington heard Hans's voice, his heart clenched as if gripped by an icy hand. His voice seemed to echo from the depths of hell. Yet, the only response was a sharp, sudden disconnection, plunging the surroundings into a deep silence, punctuated only by his own frantic heartbeat.

"Remington! Where are you going?!"

As Remington pulled open the car door, Stella tried desperately to hold him back. With a forceful shove, she fell hard onto the rain-soaked ground, her umbrella rolling away, caught by the wind. She didn't get up, instead getting splashed in the face by the cold spray from the car tires. Opening her eyes, she saw the tail lights of the Bentley flicker and then disappear into the rain, leaving behind the three bodyguards who had been left to watch over Evelina. They exchanged looks. The leader instructed one to stay behind and quickly drove off with another, following Remington.

"Ms. West, please get up."

A servant from the West family approached with an umbrella, bending down to offer Stella a hand. Stella pushed the servant's hand away and stood up on her own. The servant, attempting to show concern, stopped mid-sentence upon seeing Stella's expression. Expecting Ms. West to be heartbroken and helpless, the servant was taken aback by her icy demeanor, her face momentarily illuminated by the red lights of an ambulance, almost sinister.

Remington received the call that Lizetta had been rescued and was on her way to the hospital as he drove down the mountain road. His car cut through the rain like lightning, desperate to get back.

Half an hour later, Remington arrived

at the hospital, but it was already too late - Lizetta had been in the

operating room for about ten minutes. At the entrance to the OR, the Maddens were still waiting. Jerome was trying to convince the elders to go home, but Mrs. Bernice Madden refused to leave leaving Nelson with no choice but to stay by his wife's side.

Soaked to the skin, Remington rushed to the OR entrance, where Cedric and his team were already in place. "Sir, the lady was brought in eight minutes ago, and it doesn't look good. She had lost a lot of blood upon arrival, and Mr. Madden had to sign the surgery consent form. Also, Bess and Dean have been taken into surgery as well..."

Cedric quickly briefed him, then

reached for a towel from another bodyguard to hand to Remington. Remington stopped him with a gesture and turned to look at the waiting area. There, Nelson and Mrs. Bernice Madden were sitting, with Jerome squatting down to hand the old Tady a cup of hot tea.

Remington's gaze, however, was fixed on them. Blood - they were all stained with blood. He knew it was Lizetta's blood. So bright, so red. Her frail, delicate body, how could it shed so much blood?

Remington's features were ashen, as if he had just been pulled from beneath a layer of ice. He mechanically turned towards the Maddens Jerome stood up, his gaze sharp, blocking Remington's path. His voice was cold. "Seems MDashiell has been quite busy. The Dashiell family and the Starlight Group are not that far from here, yet Mr. Dashiell's arrival is, shall we say, fashionably late."

It was an unexpectedly direct rebuke, causing Remington to halt. Without a word, Remington simply bowed deeply to the Maddens, a gesture of grave respect. He straightened, his voice hoarse. "I cannot thank you enough for saving her life. Once Liz and the child are safe, I will make sure to express my gratitude properly."

Jerome's eyebrows lifted slightly, his tone cool. "This wasn't for Mr. Dashiell's sake. You needn't bother."

Nelson, however, let go of Mrs. Bernice Madden's hand and stood up, patting Jerome on the shoulder. Although Nelson too felt for Lizetta, this was, after all, a family matter for them. They were strangers to Lizetta, and Nelson could see that Remington was also in a bad place.

Chapter 594

Drenched to the bone, with a pallor that spoke volumes of his ordeal and a nasty bruise swelling on his forehead, it was clear he had been through a rough patch. His spirits were just as battered. Jerome, sensing the mood, held back further questions, while Nelson turned to Remington and asked, "Who kidnapped Liz?"

"Her father, or so it was believed. But we recently discovered she's not actually a Gardenia by blood."

Remington's mention of Hans brought a darker shade to his already stormy expression. Nelson, aware of the mix-up between Lizetta and the true and false heirs of the Hawthorne legacy, was taken aback to learn the Gardenia family wasn't her real kin either.

Then, gazing at the elder, he inquired, "How did you and Mr. Madden happen to come across the incident?"

Nelson, turning to Mrs. Bernice Madden, clarified, "We weren't passing by. We were actually on our way to see Liz."

Half an hour before the incident, Mrs. Bernice Madden had woken up in a fright, insisting something had happened to Elsa and that they needed to find her immediately. Nelson had initially brushed it off as a nightmare about her daughter and tried to calm the elderly woman down. While she usually could be soothed, today Mrs. Madden was exceptionally adamant, causing quite a stir.

Left with no choice, Nelson video-called Lizetta. Mrs. Bernice Madden had been calling Lizetta frequently these past few days, and Lizetta, ever patient, always answered promptly. But today, their calls went unanswered, which unsettled Nelson further, especially with Mrs. Bernice's insistence on leaving the house.

So, Jerome was asked to drive them over to Pine Villa. Little did they know, they would stumble upon Hans in the act, leading to a serendipitous rescue of Lizetta.

"It seems Liz is truly fated to be part of our Gardenia family," Nelson remarked, amazed by the coincidence.

After expressing his gratitude, Remington returned to the doorway of the operating room. Without needing to be asked, Cedric arranged for a deluxe room for them to rest in. Unable to keep up physically, Nelson and Mrs. Bernice Madden were supported out of the hospital half an hour later.

The operating room's light went off after an hour and a half. When the doctor emerged, Remington's rigid posture voluntarily shuddered. He stepped forward, his fists clenched at his sides, making a sound that betrayed his attempt to stay composed.

"Mr. Dashiell, the severe bleeding has stopped, and there's no immediate danger to her life..."

The doctor, meeting Remington's fiery gaze, faltered in his speech. Remington briefly closed his eyes, a wave of relief washing over him, but it was short-lived as the doctor continued.

"However, I'm sorry to say, the baby was premature and encountered complications during birth. By the time we got to the operating room, the baby was already in a critical condition due to lack of oxygen and a tangled umbilical cord..."

Remington listened, his breath growing heavier with each word from the doctor. Suddenly, he grabbed the doctor by the collar, his voice hoarse with emotion.

"What happened to my child?"

"The baby... didn't make it, Mr. Dashiell. Please accept my condolences."

The doctor's trembling voice didn't

dare meet Remington's gaze. Cedric, standing behind, felt his mind go blank at the doctor's words. The baby was over seven months along. It wasn't just an embryo; it was a little being capable of life.

How could this happen...

Remington's grip on the doctor's collar loosened abruptly, and he staggered back a few steps. Cedric instinctively reached out to support him, but Remington shrugged him off. The tall figure then faltered, his head bowed, casting a long shadow under the harsh hospital lights.

In the next moment, that shadow shook violently. The man, towering and robust, suddenly dropped to one knee, vomiting blood.

Chapter 595

"Mr. Dashiell!"

Cedric gasped while the doctor's face went pale with shock.

Taking a step forward, Cedric intended to support Remington, but the man was already forcing himself to lift his head. His pale face was tinged with a smear of blood, the only color left on his handsome features.

"Please, take heart..."

The doctor's words pierced through the heart like a shard of ice. The pain of losing a child was unbearable, more agonizing than having one's flesh cut out. And he wasn't even the one who had carried the child. If he felt this way, how was Lizetta supposed to face this after enduring the agony of childbirth?

Remington's Adam's apple bobbed as he swallowed the sweet bitterness in his throat, staring at the doctor with a voice so hoarse it was barely recognizable.

"Does she know?"

The doctor, somewhat startled, took a moment before hastily shaking his head.

"Mrs. Dashiell lost a lot of blood, couldn't keep up, and then passed out... she doesn't know yet..."

At that moment, noises came from the operating room as Lizetta was wheeled out. Remington wiped the blood from the corner of his lips, his gaze falling on the woman lying there, fragile as a piece of paper. Her wet hair, her eyes tightly shut, and a bandage wrapped around her forehead. Even with a blood transfusion bag attached, her face was as white as snow.

Remington watched, his footsteps heavy, almost afraid to approach.

"Your wife is very weak. She should wake up in about an hour... I'm sorry."

After the doctor spoke, he stepped aside. Finally, Remington approached, bending down to hold Lizetta's hand. He held it tight, trying to offer her some warmth, but his hands were just as cold, unable to warm her.

Remington took Lizetta back to her room, while Jerome didn't follow. He stood in front of the operating room, watching them leave, his hands silently clenched, then slowly released in a gesture of helplessness. He hadn't expected the child to not make it.

Lizetta was rushing to the hospital

when the accident happened, not far from it. They got her there in time. He thought both she and the baby would be fine, but it turned out like this. He remembered the first time he saw Lizetta, how she fell in front of his car in pain, clutching at his pants leg, begging him to save her child. She was so anxious, so loving towards that baby. If only he could have driven faster, or left home a bit

earlier.

In the room, Remington covered Lizetta with a thick blanket, looked at her for a while, then embraced her frail body. His throat tight, he found himself unable to speak, gently laying Lizetta back on the bed. As he turned to leave the room, Cedric approached, cautiously beginning to speak.

"Sir, you need to take care of yourself too. Let me help you get checked out, this isn't good..."

Cedric had become worried when

Remington suddenly coughed up blood. He learned from the bodyguard who came back with them that on the way back,

Remington swerved to avoid an net

accident and crashed into a utility pole, deploying the airbag. Cedric was concerned Remington might have internal injuries, but before he could finish, Remington's gaze fell on a bag held by the bodyguard behind him, his voice hoarse.

"Give it here."

The bag contained a small blanket, baby clothes, a bottle, and such. These were all meant for the baby, now no longer needed... What the doctor had said at the operating room door amounted to announcing the child was stillborn, not even considered a live birth.

But seeing the boss like this, he was probably going to personally take the child to be properly laid to rest.. Cedric felt a lump in his throat, took the bag and handed it to Remington. The man's face was calm as he took the bag, his grip tight. The veins on the back of his hand bulged, as if the pressure could burst them open.

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His silhouette stood tall, each step forward a testament to his acceptance of grim reality, yet Cedric felt a shiver of fear run down his spine. Cedric stopped the bodyguard who wanted to follow, while a group of people congregated outside Lizetta's hospital room, waiting in anticipation.

The quiet hallway was suddenly filled with the sound of footsteps. Cedric turned to see Fiona and Nathan Hanna arriving together. Fiona, looking unsteady on her feet, was helped inside to see Lizetta, while Nathan and Hanna, hearing that Remington had gone to the maternity ward, decided to head there together.

Just as they reached the door, Remington emerged. Nathan, seeing the bundle in Remington's arms, exclaimed, "Remington, wasn't the baby..."

Remington glanced at them, his lips curling with a cold sneer as he spoke. "Your grandson, but it seems he knew having such displeasing grandparents and an incompetent father wouldn't make for a happy life, so he left us early."

As he stepped forward, holding the bundle, Hanna inevitably caught sight of the baby. Her eyes rolled back, and with a scream of terror, she slumped against Nathan, clutching at his coat, murmuring in shock, "How could this be..."

Nathan, quickly supporting her, wore an expression of utter dismay. He knew Hanna must have been reminded of a child they had lost to a miscarriage years ago. He averted his gaze, daring not to look at the bundle again, and said sternly, "Remington, what are you doing!? It was Hans' doing, none of us

wanted this, and this is also my and your mother's grandson. We are grieving and saddened too, but can you blame us? If there's blame, it falls on the Gardenia family, for Lizetta having such a vicious biological father, blame it on fate!"

It was the child's fate to have a short life. Nathan, with a furrowed brow, steadied Hanna, who had turned deathly pale, and took a step back. He had intended to offer Remington some words of comfort with Hanna, but their son clearly harbored resentment towards them. Knowing Hanna's psychological trauma from the miscarriage, he deliberately brought them to see the swaddled baby.

Nathan couldn't believe this was his usually calm and composed son. It was chilling, apocalyptic. Madness!

But upon hearing Nathan's words,

Remington felt their indifference and

detachment. During Lizetta's

pregnancy, Nathan, as the

grandfather, hadn't shown care even once. Hanna did show concern, but it was for Daisyseph Dashiell imposing upon Lizetta with demands. It was the Dashiells who

didn't deserve such a wonderful child. Without another glance at

them, Remington walked away.

Lizetta was awakened by waves of excruciating labor pain, her consciousness slowly returning, her body wracked with agony. Yet, instinctively, she reached for her belly, only for a large hand to grasp hers in mid-air. "Liz, you're awake? Are you feeling alright?"

The man's husky, familiar voice filled the air, and Lizetta's eyes snapped open. She didn't look at the man leaning over her; her gaze fell straight to her belly. Flat, empty. She looked around; there was no baby beside her, not even a crib in the room.

Remington, seeing her reaction,

knew exactly what she was

searching for. He thought that

dressing their child for the last time, preparing him for his final journey, was the pinnacle of pain he could endure. But now, he realized that an even greater pain was having to look at her and tell her, with his own voice, that their Daisy was gone.

Yet, no matter how excruciating or difficult, he couldn't run from it. Facing Lizetta's puzzled and vacant gaze, Remington's voice was rough, as if grinding over gravel. "I'm so sorry..."

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Lizetta paused, then shook her head.

"I don't want to hear your explanations right now. Daisy's in the incubator, right? I need to see Daisy."

With that, she struggled to sit up, attempting to throw off the covers and get out of bed.

Her body was weak, and just the effort made her forehead break out in sweat, her body swaying.

Remington felt as if his heart was being twisted in agony. He pressed down on her firmly, cradling her face and leaning in to touch his forehead to hers.

"Liz, you know what I mean. I'm sorry, it's my fault for not keeping our Daisy safe. Daisy, he just..."

Slap!

He couldn't finish his sentence before Lizetta's hand struck his face.

The slap was sharp but feeble.

She had no strength, not even leaving a mark on his face, but Remington felt as though his soul had been shaken.

"Remington, I'm so fed up with you. Can't you understand when I say get lost? I need to see Daisy. Daisy must be looking for her mom. She'll only be calm with me by her side. She must be so scared, so cold... I need to find Daisy. Let me go! Let go!"

Lizetta suddenly began to struggle, her eyebrows knitted, thinking he was utterly ridiculous.

What was he even saying?

She couldn't understand a word and didn't want to.

Pushing him away, she shook her head, kicking her legs wildly.

Her voice grew more trembling and hoarse, the eyes beneath her messy hair turning increasingly bloodshot and fierce, as if about to drip boiling blood.

"Liz, I'm so sorry... please, don't scare me like this..."

Remington bent over to embrace the increasingly distraught woman tighter, afraid she'd break free, yet also afraid to hurt her.

His arms trembled from the effort, but he felt the person in his arms shaking even more.

She was so frail and weak, as if she would shatter in his arms with every gentle quiver.

At that moment, their entire world seemed to tremble violently, collapsing thunderously.

"Please, Liz, calm down. Your body can't take this..."

Swallowed by an unprecedented sense of helplessness and fear, Remington's voice was hoarse, trying to soothe her.

He kept kissing her damp hair,

his forehead against h

drop of warm liquid rolling down her hair.

He pressed her cheek to his chest, also feeling a warm dampness there...

"Get lost! Just get lost, let me go! I don't want your apologies. Give me back my Daisy, give me my Daisy back!" Lizetta slapped and pushed against him.

Her nails scratched Remington's neck and face. She couldn't break free from him, her heart surging with hatred.

It was ridiculous, this man telling her that her baby was gone.

The baby had been kicking her in her belly just before, calling for his mom to save him.

How could he just be gone when she opened her eyes!

Ridiculous, her baby gone, and this man asking her to calm down.

She couldn't calm down. She was filled with hate!

Hate enough to want to kill everyone, including herself.

She bit

on the man's neck, as if trying to break through his veins,

g his flesh to mitigate get

fraction of her grief and rage.

But she was too weak, soon running out of strength.

Her trembling, struggling body went limp in the man's arms.

"Liz! Doctor! Doctor!"

The woman in his arms lay silent and still, as if she would never open her eyes again.

Remington shouted, and the doctor arrived quickly, examining Lizetta and administering an IV.

"Mr. Dashiell, your wife has fainted due to extreme grief and physical weakness. We've given her some sedatives to calm her down. When she wakes up, she must not be agitated further..."

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After the doctor left his final instructions and walked out, Remington sat by the hospital bed, holding Lizetta's hands against his lips. His complexion was as pale and drawn as Lizetta's, who lay on the bed before him.

Lizetta stirred back to consciousness as daylight broke through the window, the sun piercing through the clouds, heralding a clear day after the storm. Yet, the storm had taken away their Daisy, who never got a chance to see the world, forever lost in that night of thunder and pouring rain.

Lizetta's eyes opened silently. As Remington twisted a towel to dab away her sweat, he caught sight of her empty gaze.

Lying there, her once vibrant and clear eyes stared blankly at the ceiling, large yet devoid of any spirit. Unlike her previous frenzy, she now resembled a soulless doll, passively lying there.

"Woke up? You must be hungry. How about I make you some chicken noodle soup?" Remington's voice cracked slightly, then he leaned closer, his tone softening to the utmost gentleness. He seemed calm, as though everything had passed and it was all clear skies now.

Lizetta's eyes slowly moved to him, her lips trembling faintly as she spoke. Her voice was weak, barely audible. Remington had to lean in to hear her first words to him.

"Remington, where were you then?"

He was at a loss for words.

"And the West family... Has Evelina's child been born?" she asked again.

Again, he was silent.

During Lizetta's unconscious state, Remington had received news. Evelina had a cesarean section and gave birth to a boy. Though premature, the baby survived. Evelina was fine and would be taken into police custody as soon as she was in stable condition.

But to Lizetta now, the former was a cruel irony, and the latter no longer held any meaning.

Remington's lips tightened as he held Lizetta's hand, warming it with his own. Despite it being summer, the room felt cold, especially Lizetta's hands.

He warmed them in his, his voice hoarse. "Liz, we can have another baby..."

Lizetta's eyelashes fluttered as she

gave him a cold look. Men were cruel, thinking another child could replace everything lost. But to Lizetta, Daisy was irreplaceable. No future child could ever be her Daisy.

Remington's words were not comforting; they cut deep. Moreover, his naivety was laughable, absurd even.

Lizetta's lips curved into a sorrowful smile as she softly said, "We?"

What 'we'? What future did they have?

"Remington, from now on, it's either me or you; strangers. Without Daisy, it's all over..."

Lizetta slowly withdrew her hand from Remington's grasp. She thought she would be in tears, but her face remained dry, her eyes painfully dry.

Remington's pupils shivered

violently. He wanted to clench her hand, to hold on, but his fingers trembled, powerless. He could only watch as she pulled away, feeling as though his heart was being emptied.

His eyes, bloodshot, fixed on her, he asked, "Liz, do you hate me now?"

His voice was tight, trembling, as if a noose was tightening around his throat, struggling for breath. And the end of that noose was in her hands. She had the power to give him life or death.

Chapter 599

Lizetta stared at him, his appearance was actually quite a mess.

Mr. Dashiell, who had always been dignified, aloof, and composed, now had his shirt all wrinkled, hair slightly disheveled, eyes bloodshot, stubble on his chin, and his neck and cheek bore several scratch marks...

Lizetta thought, he must be suffering too, full of regret and sorrow.

But looking at him like this, she felt nothing, absolutely nothing.

Her gaze was empty as she looked at him, and it took her a while before she finally spoke in a hoarse voice.

"Hate you? I guess I should, but... how am I any better than you? I'm the one who's truly at fault."

Lizetta lowered her head, her hands resting on her now empty belly, fingers slowly intertwining tightly.

In her dazed state, she heard faint talking and knew that Thaddeus was safe.

The calls with Zoey and the hospital were just Hans's tricks to lead her on.

Remington had also arranged for bodyguards to protect her. Without Dean and Bess's help, she couldn't imagine what her situation would be like now.

So, what right did she have to hate anyone?

She should hate herself more, for being so foolish!

She had promised to protect her baby but had failed miserably, putting her child in danger.

She had failed to protect her own child, she was a failure as a mother!

Hearing her say this, Remington's guilt, regret, and pain didn't lessen at all, if anything, it felt like salt was being rubbed into his wounds.

His expression changed slightly, and he suddenly pulled her hands out from under the blanket.

Seeing her fingers scratched and bloodied by her own doing, his expression darkened.

"Lizetta, what are you doing! Look at me!"

He held her face, his eyes red and intense.

"You've done nothing wrong, the fault lies with those who do evil! You should hate me, it's me who failed to protect you and our child, it's me who wasn't there when you needed me the most!"
Remington was extremely worried. Childbirth was dangerous enough, and Lizetta had suffered such a heavy blow.

The doctors said any more emotional turmoil could be too much for her body to handle, but he was even more worried that her self-blame and repression could lead to postpartum depression. He would rather she direct her bitterness towards him, hate him, than blame herself.

And he, indeed, was to be hated, deserved the hate!

Lizetta looked at him blankly, her eyes filled with a desolate silence.

"What's the use of hating you? Can hating you bring back my Daisy?"

Love and hate, none of it mattered to her anymore.

Remington's hands trembled slightly as he held her cheeks, looking into her eyes that no longer held a trace of him.

"Liz, do you not want to see me anymore?"

Lizetta gazed into his bloodshot, emotionally turbulent eyes, no longer wanting to discern the emotions within.

Her lips, devoid of any color, moved

slightly. "Yes, seeing you reminds me of my Daisy, reminds me of everything from last night, reminds me of my and Daisy's painful struggle while you were with another woman giving birth..."

Lizetta raised her hand, pulling away Remington's hands from her cheeks, and lay back on the hospital bed, closing her eyes.

Slowly, she lifted a corner of her

mouth in a self-mocking smile, adding, "Remington, do you know? had ever forgiven you before, believing in your words about

starting over. I was thinking, maybe

this time, we could be happy..."

Lizetta's voice choked up, and after a moment, she let out a hoarse, desolate laugh, "Ha, ha..."

Remington stood in front of the hospital bed, looking at the woman lying there as if she had lost her life, her soul, clenching his fists, his eyes red and unsteady.

He had sensed it before, her

softening towards him, her acceptance of the people he arranged to be around her. Bess's daily contact with him, she must

have known, must have given her silent consent.

Chapter 600

Her laugh in the car that day, light and breezy, has been a melody in his heart these past few days, making him feel uplifted, filled with hopeful ambition.

He had mapped out the time, plotting how to woo her, to start fresh, to love like teenagers falling for the first time.

He even planned on being there for her after the birth, to support her through the postpartum period, to take care of her and the baby...

But he hadn't anticipated it all crumbling down so suddenly, turning into nothing but wishful thinking.

What he least expected was to hear from her own lips that she was willing to give him another chance. Yet, that chance slipped through his fingers in the most brutal way imaginable, piercing his heart with profound pain.

"Liz, I..."

He wanted to say, give me another chance, we're still so young, we can have more children.

But such words choked in his throat, unsaid.

He knew how tender her heart was towards him.

Time and again, she approached him, bleeding, crying.

It was his fault, again. How could he ask for yet another chance?

Remington clenched his eyes shut against the burning pain, while Lizetta opened hers at that moment.

She saw his rigid silhouette by the bed and whispered hoarsely.

"Let's start over, part ways amicably. I don't deserve it, and neither do you."

A tear rolled silently down her cheek.

Lizetta brushed it away, leaving no trace.

"So, Remington, please leave. Later, we'll finalize the paperwork and then... let's never see each other again."

Remington's throat constricted as he opened his eyes.

"Liz, does it have to be this way? Is there really no chance for us anymore?"

Lizetta's lips twitched slightly. "Unless Daisy comes back."

Otherwise, there was no hope left for them.

Remington looked at her, his expression heavier than ever.

Lizetta, however, had already closed her eyes. Moments later, footsteps sounded as Remington walked out.

As the man closed the hospital room door behind him, he heard a muffled sob from within.

Buried deep in the blankets, barely audible.

The strength he applied to the doorknob was almost enough to snap it off.

Turning around, he saw two figures rushing towards him from the other end of the hallway, Yolanda and Cassius. Cassius had taken Yolanda to Windale for an audition for a lead role in a period drama at a director's recommendation. Yolanda had ditched the director's dinner immediately after the audition upon hearing the news about Lizetta's accident.

She had raced back, driving like a bat out of hell, with Cassius barely keeping it together, vomiting several times by the roadside from the rough ride. Yolanda stormed straight at Remington, her face a mask of fury. The bodyguards stepped forward to intercept, but Remington's deep voice halted them.

"Stand down."

The bodyguards hesitated, then stepped back, allowing Yolanda to confront Remington unimpeded.

She was livid. "Remington, what

right do you have to stand here? Where were you when Liz needed you? You couldn't even protect a woman and a child. What kind of man are you?"

Yolanda clenched her fist, aiming for Remington's face.

Cassius, fearing she'd act rashly, caught up and grabbed her arm in time.

"Have you lost your mind? Losing the baby hurts Remi more than anyone. Stop making things worse, alright? It was Hans' doing, Remi couldn't have predicted this."

Cassius held Yolanda back as she struggled, hurling accusations.

"He's upset? What right does he have to be upset? His mind was preoccupied with the West family, with Evelina's bastard child. How could he have thought of anything else?

Just assigning two bodyguards to Liz and he thinks he's off the hook? Yes, it was Hans, but who was it that didn't rush Liz to the hospital, huh?"