

Illusions 621

Chapter 621

Stella and Martin trudged out of the hospital, their spirits low, just as Remington's SUV pulled up to the curb.

As the car door swung open and Remington's tall figure emerged, Stella rushed over, her eyes brimming with tears.

"Remington, is it true? Did you really order us to leave the hospital? Tell me it isn't so. I can't believe you'd be this cruel to me. Just now, a nurse shoved me. Look, I even fell and hurt myself..."

Stella reached out, grabbing Remington's arm. Indeed, she had fallen, scraping her hand on the ground until it bled.

Remington used to show a flicker of pity at the sight of her injuries, a mix of compassion and guilt. But this time, his gaze shifted over her injured hand, and Stella saw something in his eyes she hadn't seen before: revulsion.

It was a look she knew all too well, the kind people have when they see something utterly repulsive. And this time, Remington's gaze held even more disdain.

Stella froze, her face paling, her grip stiffening.

Above her, Remington's voice was cold and detached, "Stella, you've played this card too many times. It's lost its effect."

Looking up, Stella met Remington's icy, mocking gaze. With a swift gesture, he shook her off, causing her to stumble backward, nearly falling.

It dawned on her that Remington had always seen through her little schemes; he had just chosen to remember their past bond, to indulge her. But now, it seemed he truly didn't care anymore.

Martin stepped forward, supporting Stella, his voice laced with suppressed anger.

"Remington, after all these years of friendship between our families... You and Quinn grew up together, like brothers. Stella has gone through hell for you. Even if you're grieving and suspicious of everything, it's unfair to pin baseless accusations on the West family.

"Yeah, Remington, if the Wests were really involved, why would I have called you that night to get you out? Wouldn't that be like asking for suspicion?" Stella chimed in

desperate to clear their name.

Remington's gaze on Martin was heavy, almost crushing. "Whether it's baseless or not, Chairman West knows the truth."

With that, he brushed past Martin and headed into the hospital.

Martin, too, got into the car with Stella, tapping his fingers on his knee. "Not even calling me godfather anymore. Seems he's really convinced it was the Wests. What a shame..."

Upon reaching the upstairs ward, Remington pushed open the door, and voices spilled out.

"Crush some vitamin C tablets and sprinkle them on his shrimp. Poison him that way."

"Serve him celery and rabbit every day, make him lose all his hair!"

The voices belonged to Fiona and Mrs. Bernice Madden, clearly plotting against someone - undoubtedly him.

Nelson's voice joined in. "All bad ideas. We should feed him pears and duck; it's terrible for the kidneys. What do you think, Jerome?"

Jerome, seated on a couch across

the room, looked up as Remington

entered. Hearing this,

"No need to go through all that trouble Gramma. I can get

hands on some glyphosate, gne bottle should do the trick, right Mr. Dashiell?"

Jerome's eyes met Remington's as he fully entered the room.

"Where's Lizetta? You big meanie, where have you hidden her?" Mrs. Bernice Madden immediately stood up, ready to lash out at Remington for not bringing Lizetta with him, but Nelson held her back.

Chapter 622

Remington nodded at the Maddens as a way of greeting and said, "I hope the gift was received well. Thank you for visiting Liz. Once she's fully recovered, we'll come over and thank you properly." He had prepared a generous gift and had Cedric deliver it today to the Maddens' home at Maple Cottage in Zion City.

"We don't want your silly gift. I want to see Elsa," Mrs. Bernice Madden said impatiently.

Fiona also spoke up firmly, "Remington, where have you taken Liz? Must you be so stubborn?"

It was Fiona Dashiell who declared she wouldn't leave the hospital until Lizetta was returned, forcing Remington to come. Yet, even so, Remington hadn't brought Lizetta back with him.

He approached the bedside, supporting Fiona, and said, "Grandma, Liz is really okay, she's just asleep. See for yourself." Remington pulled out his phone and showed them a photo.

Lizetta was lying in bed, looking peaceful in her sleep.

It was a picture Remington took right before he left.

Fiona frowned at the picture then showed it to Mrs. Bernice Madden, who then demanded of Remington, "Let me call Liz."

"Grandma, I told you, Liz is asleep."

His stance was clear; he intended to keep Lizetta hidden, and no one could persuade him otherwise.

Fiona knew Remington well; even if she scolded him severely, it wouldn't make a difference.

Years ago, when Remington refused to marry Lizetta, she had given him a thorough beating, leaving his back covered in bruises until he agreed to the marriage.

But deep down, Fiona knew it was because Remington was willing, otherwise, no amount of scolding would have worked.

Fiona sighed, out of options.

Mrs. Bernice Madden, after seeing the photo and being persuaded by Nelson, reluctantly accepted the fact they couldn't see Lizetta.

They said their goodbyes to Fiona, and Jerome helped Mrs. Bernice Madden out of the room, with the assistant carrying a bag over.

Jerome handed the bag to

Saying

Remington saying, "With the Fourth of July around the corner, here are some homemade scented sachets and apple pies my grandma made. You wouldn't mind passing them to Mr. Dashiell, would you?"

"Of course, I'll accept them on behalf of Liz, and thank Mrs. Bernice Madden for me."

Remington took the bag, and Jerome nodded before turning to leave.

In the car, Nelson commented, "Remington is a good man in many ways, but his controlling nature towards his wife..."

Jerome tapped the steering wheel lightly, deep in thought.

He remembered the investigation. report on Lizetta he received that morning, revealing that Lizetta wasn't actually a child of the Gardenia family. It was only after Hans kidnapped Lizetta that he learned this fact and had someone dig deeper, only to find a curious detail.

Lizetta's official birthdate didn't match her actual birthdate, but she shared the exact birthdate with Andrea.

Years ago, his Aunt Elsa had taken him to Zion City for a chess tournament when an accident led to Elsa giving birth to Andrea prematurely in a small local hospital.

Unfortunately, due to a mix-up at the

hospital, the Hawthorne family and the Gardenia family took home the wrong babies. To protect Evelina, the Hawthorne family had altered Lizetta's birth records.

The investigation didn't reveal the hospital where Lizetta was born.

His visit today had been to clarify some facts with Lizetta, but Remington had taken her away.

"Jerome? What are you thinking about?" Nelson's voice suddenly brought Jerome back to the present, and he turned to face him.

Chapter 623

"Thinking about the contract stuff."

It was just a hunch he had, but Jerome hesitated for a moment, choosing not to voice it out loud.

Nelson, with a serious tone, reminded, "When it comes to work, think about work. But when you're looking for someone for Andrea, don't just consider their capabilities. The key is to find someone who knows how to cherish her, not someone like Remington. That's a definite no-go."

"Grandpa's right," Jerome said, a slight smile playing on his lips.

"Ah, poor Liz. It's strange, though, I feel just as upset when she's mistreated as I do when Andrea is. But at the end of the day, she's not related by blood, so it's not really our place to interfere too much. If I hadn't been so sure that your aunt didn't have twins, and that Andrea was definitely your aunt's daughter, I'd start wondering if Liz was a part of the Madden family too."

Nelson sighed again, and Jerome's grip on the steering wheel tightened slightly.

That was also his point of confusion. Eight years ago, Mrs. Bernice Madden began to show signs of dementia and started not recognizing people, but she was especially averse to Andrea. Insisting Andrea wasn't her niece's child, so Nelson secretly had a DNA test done between Andrea and the Maddens. The results showed no issues. That's why, when he first saw Lizetta and thought she resembled Elsa, he didn't think much of it....

But could it be possible that the DNA test back then was falsified?

As Jerome pondered, furrowing his brow slightly, Remington had already left the hospital. At his feet was the bag Jerome had given him.

"Mr. Remington Dashiell, are you really going to bring these to the missus? Want me to chuck it in the back?" Ray got in the car, following Remington's gaze to the bag on the floor.

Remington reached into the bag,

pulling out the topmost rectangular velvet box. He opened the box to reveal a delicately hand-sewn pink sachet, embroidered with beautiful gardenia patterns. The herbs inside must have been specially selected, exuding a refreshing and subtle fragrance.

"Knife." Remington caressed the sachet briefly before extending his hand towards Ray. Ray immediately handed over his pocketknife, and Remington carefully cut open the stitches along the edge of the sachet. Soon, a tiny tracking device was pushed out from the opened seam.

Ray's expression darkened, "Clever move, Jerome. Really sneaky!"

Had Mr. Remington Dashiell not been cautious and discovered this, was Jerome planning to sneak in under the cover of night?

A flicker of coldness flashed in Remington's eyes as he rolled down the window and tossed the tracker outside. The device rolled into the middle of the street, quickly crushed into pieces by a passing car. Remington handed the torn sachet back to Ray, instructing, "Have someone stitch this up."

"Mr. Remington Dashiell still plans to give it to the missus, huh?" Jerome was clearly trying to undermine, and Mr. Remington Dashiell was just letting him? No, that's not right. The missus and Mr. Remington Dashiell are divorced now; she's not really M. Remington Dashiell's to worry about anymore.

"She had a connection with Mrs. Bernice Madden. Mrs. Bernice Madden made it for her; she'll be happy to receive it," Remington said, closing his eyes.

Ray, holding the sachet, silently

sighed. He thought, in the past, when Lizetta and Remington had arguments, it was always Fiona who mediated. But now, if the elders are also getting involved, clearly Mr. Madden is winning; after all, they have a grandfather on their side.

Upon returning to the villa, Remington inquired about Lizetta's condition. The maid, Cara, smiled, "The missus woke up feeling much better, ate quite a bit at lunch, and went back to sleep not long after. I just checked on her; she's still asleep."

Hearing that Lizetta had managed to eat on her own lifted some of the gloom from Remington's demeanor, his usually furrowed brows relaxing slightly.

Chapter 624

He hurried upstairs, his steps quick with concern, and pushed open the bedroom door.

But the bed was empty, no sign of Lizetta. His expression shifted to one of worry and confusion. "Liz?"

He strode into the room, pushing the bathroom door open with urgency, but it was empty too.

"Liz! Lizetta!"

Just as Remington was about to call out for help, his gaze swept toward the balcony and he froze in his tracks.

There, standing on the balcony with a delicate silhouette, was Lizetta. She must have heard his frantic calls, but she didn't turn around or respond.

With a tight jaw, Remington quickly stepped outside.

"You're supposed to be in postpartum recovery, you shouldn't be out here in the cold."

His voice was deep and concerned as he rushed over and scooped Lizetta into his arms.

She felt lighter than ever, as fragile as a willow fluff in his embrace.

Lizetta let herself be carried back to bed and tucked in without a word.

"Don't run off like that again!" Remington frowned, his worry evident.

Only then did Lizetta look at him. "What's next? You're going to lock me in?"

A thin smile played on Remington's lips. "Glad you understand."

Her response was a light, mocking laugh.

"Why didn't you answer me when I called out?" he asked, unable to bear the sudden silence.

"Are you afraid I'd run away? Or that I'd jump off the balcony?" Lizetta's tone was laced with sarcasm.

She looked at him, her gaze playful yet cold.

Remington paused, massaging his temples. "Lizetta, why does every word from you have to be so sharp?" "You could let me go and find someone sweet on the outside but sharp on the inside, like Stella."

Her eyes then drifted to the sleeve of his right hand.

Following her gaze, Remington saw a smear of red on the cuff of his white shirt.

Lipstick.

He frowned, remembering it must have been from when he brushed past Stella earlier at the hospital.

Feeling a rush of panic, he quickly tried to explain. "Liz, I didn't meet with Stella, this is just—"

But Lizetta cut him off. "You're free to meet whoever you want, Remington. I just want to know, have you found anything out?"

His gaze locked onto hers, seeing the emotionless facade she wore.

She used to be so jealous of Stella but now, it seemed she genuinely wished he'd find someone else to free her from whatever pain she was feeling.

A bitter taste spread throughout his mouth, as if he had swallowed a bitter herb.

After a moment, Remington's voice was hoarse as he replied, "So far, the leads have turned up nothing."

Lizetta laughed, a sound devoid of joy. "If you do find something, will you tell me right away?"

Her tone was the calmest it had been in days.

He nodded. "Yes."

"You promise you won't hide anything from me?" Lizetta pressed, seeking reassurance.

Remington sat down beside the bed,

starting to reach out to stroke her hair but then hesitating, mindful of the lipstick mark. He switched hands.

"I won't hide anything, trust me."

He gently smoothed her hair with his left but Lizetta turned away, lying with her back to him, here

silence a cold barrier bet on waves

them.

Through the night.

Lizetta refused to share a bed with Remington, who stayed awake until he was sure she was asleep before retreating to the guest room.

In the early hours around 2 or 3 a.m., Ray suddenly pushed the door open.

Remington, a light sleeper, was instantly alert, his eyes sharp in the darkness.

He got out of bed and moved swiftly to the door.

"Something's up at the hospital?"

Ray nodded. "Yes, someone broke into the ward, but we've caught them."

Chapter 625

Remington hurriedly changed his clothes and, with Ray in tow, stepped out of his room. As they passed Lizetta's room, he instinctively turned to Ray and put a finger to his lips, signaling for silence before gently opening the door. He had been worried Lizetta might have nightmares, so he had left a floor lamp on in the corner of her room when he left. Beneath the soft glow of the lamp, the woman on the bed seemed to be in a deep sleep. Knowing Lizetta's medication included a mild sedative, Remington felt relieved. He softly closed the door and then quickly descended the stairs with Ray.

Yet, the moment the door clicked shut, the supposedly sleeping Lizetta opened her eyes. She sat up, walked over to the window, and peeked through a slit in the curtains. In the night, three cars with their headlights on silently drove away from the villa. Lizetta clutched the curtains tightly, a faint glimmer of light in her serene eyes.

Remington didn't return to the villa until around eight or nine the next morning. As he entered the living room, he found Lizetta, unusually, not cooped up in her room. She was lounging in a chair by the floor-to-ceiling windows, soaking up the sun while flipping through a book. The warm sunlight made her pale

face glow with a hint of rosiness, making her look somewhat healthier. Remington paused, watching this scene for a long while before slowly walking over.

"What are you reading?" he asked, leaning in and plucking the book from Lizetta's hands. He glanced at the cover and saw it was "Confession," a story about a girl named Lydia who dies, and her family's heart-wrenching quest to find her killer, only to discover it was their own doing. Remington's hand froze for a moment, his eyes reflecting a surge of intense emotion that quickly vanished. He masked his feelings, saying softly, "Cara mentioned you've been reading for a while. It's not good for your eyes to strain them like this during recovery."

Lizetta lifted her gaze. "What am I supposed to do then?" She felt trapped, with no internet, no entertainment, and no one to talk to like a ghost. Remington met her cold stare, his voice tender yet firm. "Right now, you need to rest. Once you're a bit stronger, I'll ask Yolanda to come and stay with you for a few days, how about that?"

Lizetta didn't respond, sensing that the "few days" Remington mentioned felt like an eternity away. Seeing her silence, Remington gently lifted her into his arms. "Lying here too long will make your back sore, and it's time for your medication soon." He carried her upstairs to her room. Once there, Remington knelt by the bed, stroking her hair. "If you're bored and want to hear a story, I can read one to you. Would that be okay?"

Lizetta shook her head. "I don't want to listen." Remington had grown accustomed to her refusals over the past few days. He nodded. "That's okay, I'll read whenever you're ready." He stood up. "I've been outside, and I might have brought back germs. I'll take a shower and change my clothes before I come back to keep you company." As he turned to leave, Lizetta suddenly spoke. "Where did you go?"

Remington nearly thought he'd imagined it. This was the first time Lizetta had initiated a conversation with him since the incident. Was she asking about his whereabouts because she cared? Caught off guard but touched, Remington was about to share the joy of his morning findings when the weight of reality pressed down on him again. He slowly turned to face her. "I was at the office, dealing with some urgent paperwork that needed my signature. Liz, if you'd rather I didn't go out, I..."

Lizetta cut him off. "I was just asking." She closed her eyes, her expression weary.

Chapter 626

Remington's expression grew tense, the light in his eyes dimming as he turned and strode out the door.

Lizetta lay trembling slightly, her hands beneath the blankets clutching at the sheets, suppressing the tumult of emotions within her chest.

He had lied to her!

There was no way he had gone to the office.

He had left in the middle of the night; how could he possibly have been dealing with paperwork?

And just now, she had detected a faint scent of disinfectant on him.

He must have uncovered something, yet he chose to conceal it.

After showering and changing, Remington returned to the bedroom, finding Lizetta's demeanor had turned cold again.

Cara brought up some food, and Remington sat by the bed, watching Lizetta eat.

She seemed to have gradually accepted her reality, no longer resisting the idea of eating. Silently, she held the soup bowl, eating spoonful by spoonful quietly. When she finished, Remington took a napkin from Cara and gently wiped the corners of Lizetta's mouth.

Then, footsteps sounded, and Ray's figure appeared at the door.

Remington stood up, "You get some more rest, I'll head to the study..."

But Lizetta suddenly grasped Remington's arm, "Let Ray come in and talk, I've slept too much, don't feel like sleeping anymore."

Remington's gaze fell on her small hand clutching his, his heart skipping a beat.

"Liz, do you... want me to keep you company for a while longer?"

His voice lifted slightly, a soft curve appearing at the edge of his lips, clearly delighted.

Lizetta, as if realizing what she had done, quickly withdrew her hand and turned her face away without speaking.

Seeing this, Remington's eyes softened, but he gently said, "Our talking might disturb your rest..."

He was unwilling to have Ray speak in front of her, clearly hiding something.

Remington had something on his mind, and no matter how much Lizetta pressed, she wouldn't get it out of him.

Just like how he had once hidden the truth about Evelina's child's lineage.

Lizetta remained silent, closing her eyes.

Remington leaned in to place a gentle kiss on her forehead before standing up to leave.

Cara tidied up a bit, noticing Lizetta's

long, steady breathing, assuming

she had fallen asleep, and quietly left the room, closing the door behind

her

Lizetta got out of bed, her feet bare, and silently made her way toward the study.

She had observed that the villa's security was tight on the outside but laxer on the inside.

After all, she was in her postnatal period, needing quiet and not convenient for bodyguards to come and go.

Besides the personal doctor and her

assistant

only Cara was inside the

villa, while at least seven or eig

bodyguards were stationed outside.

The personal doctor and assistant rarely moved around the villa. With Cara downstairs, no one else would pass by upstairs.

Thus, without hesitation, Lizetta boldly headed for the study, pressing her ear against the door.

Muffled voices seeped through.

"Mr. Remington Dashiell, should we pull back the people watching the West family?"

"Any movements from Martin and Stella today?"

"None, they took the kid to Tulip Hospital, then the father and daughter returned home, staying at the West family's place..."

What Ray said next was too low for Lizetta to catch clearly.

The last thing she heard was a murmur.

"Should we... tell the missus? She might hate you even more..." Remington's response was a prolonged silence.

Lizetta felt a chill crawl up from her bare feet, as if she were standing in the midst of a snowy wilderness, about to be buried by the biting frost.

Chapter 627

Liz clutched her hands tightly, fighting the urge to storm in and confront Remington.

In the study, Remington's handsome face seemed shrouded in a haze, his brows furrowed with a heavy menace. It was a suffocating mix of regret and resentment, heavier than mere hatred.

Suddenly, his heart skipped a beat. With a sharp look, he signaled Ray to shut up, stood up, and strode to the door, yanking it open forcefully. However, the hallway outside was empty.

Still uneasy, Remington quickly headed to the bedroom. He opened the bedroom door and saw Lizetta peacefully lying in bed; even the slippers beside the bed hadn't moved an inch. His heart settled, and he closed the door again.

Long after the soft click of the door, Lizetta didn't move. Only when she was sure Remington was truly gone did she suddenly start gasping for air, curling up on her side. At that moment, she realized how terrified she had been of being discovered by that man. Her breaths came in quick gasps, afraid to attract the attention of the devilish man. She rolled up her pajama sleeve and bit down hard on her arm.

So much hate! She really hated him! To this point, Remington still chose to hide the truth, to deceive her! He had never planned to avenge Daisy. Indeed, once the investigation pointed towards the West family, everything would come to a halt. Lizetta could even guess what he would say next. He would tell

her they hadn't found the perpetrator yet and to wait a bit longer until she was in better health. Until she was once again charmed by his words, perhaps even pregnant, gradually forgetting her Daisy, and this matter would fade away. But how could she forget the pain of losing a child?

Cara thought Mrs. Remington was particularly sleepy today. She went upstairs twice in the afternoon and Lizetta hadn't woken up. Thinking Lizetta had just suffered a difficult delivery and lost a lot of blood, Cara wasn't surprised she was sleeping a lot and didn't wake her.

Around four, with Lizetta still not up, Cara worried she'd have trouble sleeping at night and hurried upstairs to wake her.

"Ma'am, I've made some snacks.

Please have a little to tide you over. I'll go shopping soon and make you a lovely dinner tonight." Cara smiled as she placed the freshly made snacks on the nightstand, helping a groggy Lizetta sit up.

Rubbing her eyes, Lizetta asked, "Where's Remington?"

Cara paused, then replied with joy, "You hadn't been asleep long when the Mister went out, but he'll definitely be back to have dinner with you."

Cara was firmly in Remington's

camp and naturally hoped for a reconciliation between Lizetta and Remington. In the two days she cared for Lizetta, Lizetta had been icy towards Remington. And Remington, being who he was, hadn't shown any temper but instead was accommodating, caring, and gentle with Lizetta. Cara thought Lizetta didn't realize how good she had it.

Now that Lizetta finally asked about Remington, Cara hoped Lizetta was starting to see things differently. She saw it as an opportunity to

encourage Lizetta further, hoping to earn a hefty tip if she could mediate their reconciliation.

"Ma'am, it's heartbreaking to lose a child, but you can always have another. The Mister has been so good to you; what's there to worry about the future?"

"Focus on recovering. You're so young; you could be expecting again next year."

"Being cold to the Mister just gives other women a chance to get close to him. Wouldn't that be counterproductive?"

"By the way, is there anything specific you'd like for dinner tonight? I'll go out and buy the ingredients. It'd be good for you and the Mister to have a nice meal together, clear the air..."

Cara babbled on, noticing a couple of Lizetta's pajamas tossed aside on the bed, and started to fold them.

Chapter 628

Bang.

Mid-sentence, Cara felt a sudden thud at the back of her neck, darkness enveloped her vision, and she collapsed onto the bed.

Lizetta was standing with a metal pipe in her hand, carefully dismantled from a floor lamp just moments ago.

Seeing Cara go down, Lizetta quickly jumped off the bed and dragged Cara onto it.

Afraid that Cara would wake up, Lizetta tied Cara's hands and feet with some clothes and gagged her. Only then did Lizetta, panting heavily, slump beside the bed. Even these actions had left her feeling drained.

But Lizetta had noticed, for the past two days, Cara had been leaving the house at 4:30 AM to do her shopping.

Time was almost up. Pushing herself to stand, Lizetta hurried out of the room.

The mansion was eerily quiet, allowing Lizetta to sneak into Cara's room with ease.

When Lizetta emerged from the room, she was wearing a hat and carrying a shopping bag, her head slightly bowed and back hunched, mimicking Cara's walk to a tee. She grabbed the car keys at the entrance, took a deep breath, and left the mansion.

Outside, under the portico, stood two bodyguards.

Lizetta walked past them, heading towards the parking lot.

The bodyguards turned to look at her. Her bag tilted, and a pen rolled down the slope.

She quickly chased after it, picked it up, and continued on her way.

The bodyguards couldn't see her face, but the distinctive slight lean to the right in her shoulder as she walked, and her attire, left no doubt in their minds that she was Cara. Lizetta managed to get into the car and drive away from the mansion. The bodyguards, accustomed to Cara leaving at this time, paid her no special attention.

Lizetta's heart raced as she left the mansion behind.

She knew that at 5:00 AM, the family doctor would come up to dress her wounds, and they would realize something was amiss.

She had only half an hour and wasted no time speeding towards the West residence.

When Remington Dashiell received a call from the bodyguards informing him that Lizetta had impersonated Cara to escape the mansion, his face turned ashen.

"Mr. Remington Dashiell, I'm on it

right now I'll check the surveillance footage and track her down," Ray said, about to start his search when Remington interrupted with a stern voice.

"She must be heading to the West residence. Redirect immediately!"

The thought of Lizetta's abnormal behavior flashed through his mind, his hands clenched into fists on his lap, trembling slightly.

Had he been too eager for her

forgiveness, foolish enough to think she was coming to terms with the loss of their baby? When she had asked him where he was going and grabbed his arm, he had foolishly thought she was softening towards him.

She must have known he left last night and this morning without telling her.

That's why she had fled the mansion, Remington realized, a vein throbbing on his forehead. Damn it, he just hoped he could find her in time, to stop her from doing something foolish.

"Get everyone to the West residence, intercept her!" Remington ordered Ray with urgency.

"Half an hour has passed, and the mansion isn't far from the West residence. I'm afraid we might be too late..." Ray voiced his concern while dialing out. Trouble was brewing.

Remington pulled out his phone and called Stella, his gaze intense.

However, the call went unanswered.

Meanwhile, outside the West residence.

Lizetta's car had already arrived; five minutes earlier, she had used Cara's phone to call Stella, claiming she wanted to meet outside the

community for a talk. Stella, at net

expected, allowed her immediate access.

Lizetta drove smoothly into the community, reaching the West residence. Stella was already outside, approaching the slowly advancing car with a bright, provocative smile. Lizetta glared at Stella's taunting smile, veins on her hand gripping the steering wheel bulging. Without a moment's hesitation, she accelerated, heading straight for her.

Chapter 629

The car was barreling down towards Stella's silhouette, getting closer and closer by the second.

Just when a collision seemed imminent, Lizetta clenched her eyes shut, gripping the steering wheel tightly as she floored the gas pedal.

After zooming past, Lizetta slammed on the brakes, opening her eyes to scan the rearview mirror.

But there was no bloodied figure of Stella behind or in front of the car.

The spot where Stella had been standing was now eerily empty, leaving Lizetta gasping for breath.

Her emotions were at a breaking point, unable to discern whether she had actually felt the impact or not.

Was it all just an illusion, and Stella had never been there?

Or had Stella been swept under the car?

As Lizetta sat there dazed and frantic, a figure in black emerged from the bushes to the side, helping up a slender silhouette.

It was unmistakably Stella.

Clearly, in the nick of time, this mysterious figure had leaped at Stella, rolling with her into the roadside bushes.

Stella's forehead was bleeding from where she must have hit something, but when she locked eyes with Lizetta, she pushed away the man in black who was assisting her, staggering out of the bushes. She raised her hand, flipping Lizetta off, then smirked.

Her eyes sparkled with disdain and mockery.

Her lips moved silently, mouthing two words.

"Loser!"

Lizetta's mouth tasted of metal, her eyes burning with hatred.

She shifted into reverse, aiming the car at Stella once more.

But then.

Bang!

A car suddenly darted out from the West family estate, crashing into Lizetta's rear, halting her vehicle just in front of Stella.

"Ah! Help! Murder!" Stella screamed, collapsing to the ground.

Physically weakened, Lizetta was dazed by the impact, her vision darkening.

Seeing the West family's bodyguards and servants rushing out, Lizetta realized her moment had passed.

A wave of defeat washed over her; she released the steering wheel, slumping back into her seat.

The West family's bodyguards banged on the car door, yelling menacingly.

Without resisting, Lizetta opened the door.

She was dragged out, her arms twisted behind her, and taken into the West family estate.

The bodyguards threw her roughly to the ground, where Lizetta lay numb, motionless.

Stella, clutching her bleeding

forehead, was also brought in. She

shrugged off the servants' hands,

squatted in front of Lizetta, and

grabbed her hair, pulling hard.

Forced to look up, Lizetta remained silent, her eyes seething with unresolved hatred.

Stella smirked coldly, leaning in close to Lizetta's ear.

"Thought you'd avenge your son? Too bad your eagerness for revenge made you blind and foolish! Did you really think I'd walk into your trap without any preparation, right at the doorstep of my family's estate?"

By the time Lizetta came for her, how could she not have anticipated Lizetta's hateful arrival?

Did Lizetta think she'd simply be an easy target?

It was all a ploy to lure her in.

"Was it you?!" Lizetta glared at Stella, her gaze ablaze.

Stella's lips curled up, her usually frail and pitiful face devoid of any pretended kindness, only malice remained.

She whispered into Lizetta's ear with a laugh.

"So what if it was?"

Stella stiffened, fury boiling over,

unleashing all her strength to break free

from the guards, clutching Stella's throat tightly.

Stella, clearly taken aback by Lizetta's resistance, struggled in vain as they both fell to the ground together.

Chapter 630

Stella had been choked by Remington before, and that hauntingly familiar sensation of being on the brink of death swiftly engulfed her once more. Her eyes rolled back as she nearly passed out. Yet, Lizetta was forcibly dragged away by a bodyguard despite her resistance.

Kneeling on the ground, Stella coughed violently, her eyes red and bulging from the strain. She glared at Lizetta and rasped out a command, "Trash, hit her!"

The bodyguard didn't hesitate and delivered a slap to Lizetta. Exhausted, Lizetta's body rolled twice on the floor, ending up in a heap near the coffee table, motionless.

At that moment, Martin descended the stairs, his gaze on Lizetta as venomous as a snake's. He settled on the couch with a sneer. "Ms. Gardenia, remember this? Right here is where you all cornered my wife! Your downfall today is karma, you're getting what you deserve.

Stella, having recovered slightly, stood up and kicked Lizetta twice. "Lizetta, even pregnant, you didn't choose to do good deeds. Now, with your child gone, it's your retribution!"

Lizetta felt drained, darkness closing in. Their hateful words seemed to come from afar. They wanted to destroy her all because of Barbara. But it was Barbara who had attempted murder, truly deserving of punishment!

Lizetta felt immense pain, her enemies right before her, yet she was powerless to act. Daisy, I'm so sorry, I'm too weak. I couldn't protect you, nor avenge you... You must be so cold and alone in that other world, shall I join you?

Lizetta slowly closed her eyes, feeling kicks and hits but numb to the pain. As her consciousness began to fade, a familiar, urgent voice seemed to break through. "Liz!"

Remington's towering figure rushed

into the West family home, his eyes blazing upon seeing the scene in the

living room. Lizetta lay on the floor, lifeless and alone. Numerous

bodyguards and servants stood around, their actions towards Lizetta unknown.

Seeing Remington storm in, Stella, who had been about to continue her assault, instead collapsed into the

arms of a servant, feigning

weakness. She cried out,

"Remington, Lizetta tried to run me

over, she wanted to kill me

But Remington paid her no heed, striding forward to carefully lift Lizetta into his arms, pressing her close. "Liz!"

Lizetta was drenched in cold sweat,

as if she'd been pulled from water.

Her body was limp, her complexion pale as death, contrasting starkly with the swelling from the slap

her face and the blood at her ne

lips.

Her eyes were barely open, either too weak to do so or indifferent to

his arrival, unwilling to open her eyes to see him.

Remington, holding her, trembled slightly, a chilling aura surrounding him as he lifted his fierce gaze. "Who did this!?"

One of the black-clad bodyguards involuntarily stepped back. That small movement was all Remington needed to identify his target. With a glare, Ray moved forward, swift as lightning. "Ah!" A scream followed by the sound of breaking bones echoed almost instantly. No one saw how Ray moved, but the bodyguard screamed, his arm broken, kneeling on the ground.