

Illusions 631

Chapter 631

Stella was dumbstruck and terrified.

She had also thrown herself into the fray, kicking Lizetta repeatedly.

Instinctively, she ran towards Martin, but Remington reached out and grabbed Stella's ankle.

Thud!

Stella hit the ground hard, her forehead slamming onto the floor, leaving her dizzy and unable to even cry out.

"Remington! This is the West residence; you're way out of line!"

Martin was instantly furious, and the West family's bodyguards stepped forward, as did the bodyguards Remington had brought along.

The living room atmosphere turned tense in an instant.

Just then, the sound of police sirens grew louder, approaching from the distance.

Remington clenched his fist tightly, then relaxed, holding Lizetta's frail body even closer.

Martin watched his every move, eyes filled with a cold glint. He barked orders.

"Get her up and call a doctor, now!"

The servants snapped to action, rushing to help Stella.

Stella's forehead swelled up badly, and blood flowed even more freely, half her face covered in it.

She winced in pain, supported to sit on the couch, looking as if she had lost half her life.

But hearing the police sirens outside, she felt it was all worth it.

She was elated, thinking that no matter what, Lizetta's attempted murder charge was secured, leaving no escape for Lizetta! Thinking of Lizetta's impending prison time, Stella felt Mrs. Dashiell's position was practically in her grasp.

How could Stella not look forward to it?

She let the servants press on her wound, while tears streamed down her face.

"Remington, Lizetta is a murderer. almost got hit by her. If it weren't for our bodyguard's quick reaction would be dead by now. How can you still defend her..."

Stella didn't finish her sentence before Remington lifted Lizetta off the ground and turned to face her.

"Why would Liz hit you, if you didn't know?"

Stella's tears fell even faster, her eyes filled with confusion and bewilderment.

"How would I know? She called me, saying she wanted to talk outside my place. I couldn't neglect that, so I let her in right away, even had the servants prepare some pastries and hot drinks to welcome her

I thought she must be devastated after losing her baby, and I was thinking of how to comfort her. But out of nowhere, she charged at me!"

Stella clutched her chest, the picture of shock, pointing to the items set out for guests.

Indeed, the coffee table was laid with fruit pastries and such. Stella wiped her tears and continued.

"And when she failed to hit me the first time, s she tried again, even

insisting on my life in the living net

room. Remington, see this bruise on my neck? She did that!"

Stella tilted her head back, pointing to the mark on her neck, then coughed.

Remington just held Lizetta closer, his gaze darkening, lips curling slightly, "Well, your life sure is tough!"

Stella was stunned, disbelief written all over her face.

"Remington! What do you mean?!" Martin slammed his teacup onto the table.

Remington's cold gaze met his. "Using my wife's grief and desire for revenge, baiting her into a crime to get rid of her, isn't that your goal?"

If you weren't fully prepared, could Stella be sitting here unscathed? All these bodyguards and servants, isn't this a bit much just for my wife?" Stella bit her lip, tears almost refusing to fall.

She pointed to the blood on her face and the bruise on her neck.

"What do you mean unscathed? Look at me..."

Chapter 632

Based on your request, I have refined and corrected the translation to make it more suitable for an American audience while ensuring it remains faithful to the original text. Here's the revised translation:

Was Remington selectively blind?

There she was, a mess, bleeding profusely, and he just turned a blind eye, clinging instead to that vile murderer! Lizetta had merely received a slap and a few kicks. If she was half-dead, it was her own weakness. How could the West family be blamed?

"Stella, let it go. It seems Mr. Dashiell is dead set on being biased. Since that's the case, there's no use arguing. Let's wait for the police to come and make arrests. I trust the law will bring justice to our family!" Martin's stern voice cut through Stella's words. The sound of police sirens was unmistakably nearing the Wests' front door. Martin, confident and unflustered, gave Ray a glance, and Ray quickly led two men outside.

Martin noticed, aware that Ray's departure aimed to pull some strings and block the police from entering. Yet, he did not intervene, instead addressing Remington in a cold voice, "Lizetta hit my daughter with her car out of the blue. That's attempted murder. Our family's surveillance cameras outside caught everything clearly, and many of our security guards and servants witnessed it firsthand. There are likely plenty in the neighborhood who saw the incident as well. The car she used is still parked outside, leaving the crime scene intact. The evidence is undeniable.

After committing such an act, you barge in here, not only failing to apologize but also causing more harm, attempting to have the police back off. Do you really think you can do whatever you want in Zion City?" Remington tensed, a trace of panic in his eyes as the situation spiraled beyond control. The commotion was too great, the evidence too compelling. With little time and the Wests holding all the advantages, taking Lizetta away seemed impossible. Yet, considering Lizetta's physical and mental state, the thought of her being detained for even a day or two was worrisome. Even if she could endure, how could he bear it?

He stared coldly at Martin, "What would it take for Chairman West to let my wife go?"

Martin appeared surprised,

"Remington, it was here that Stella knelt before you, begging for mercy for her mother, and I bowed and apologized, asking for your

forgiveness. Did you spare Luna

She

was a terminal cancer patient, yet you showed no mercy, denying her a peaceful end. Today, faced with attempted murder again, but with roles reversed, Remington, how can you expect me to show kindness?"

Stella, too, shed tears, "Remington, don't blame my father for being firm. The love between my parents lasted a lifetime, and our family has yet to recover from my mother's loss. While we sympathize with Lizetta for losing her baby, we cannot forgive her actions today."

The father and daughter stood firm. However, Remington scoffed, looking at Martin, "Chairman West is a businessman. He should understand that in this world, there are no disagreements that can't be settled only terms that can't be agreed upon.

If Martin truly had no demands, he wouldn't have let Ray attempt to stop the police from entering. It was then that Lizetta, mustering her strength, opened her eyes and fiercely grasped Remington's shirt.

"Remington, let me go to jail! If you won't avenge Daisy, I will. I only regret my lack of power. I'll bear the consequences of my actions. Let me go to jail! It was the Wests who ordered Hans! All I want is justice for our child!"

Lizetta was prepared to go down

with the ship upon her arrival. She didn't want Remington to protect her or negotiate with the Wests. If

child's life wasn't enough, she'd e

gamble her own as well. Yet, even so, Remington hadn't mentioned a word about the Wests ordering Hans or the plot against Daisy!

This version aims to preserve the original narrative's intensity and emotional depth while making it accessible and engaging for an English-speaking audience.

Chapter 633

Remington looked down at the woman in his arms, her life hanging by a thread, feeling as if he had swallowed a scorching iron.

How could he tell her that his findings had nothing to do with the West family, and that someone else was behind it all? She probably wouldn't believe him anyway.

After all, she was now ready to kill and face jail time rather than trust him to stand by her side again. Besides, he didn't want to give the West family and their daughter the satisfaction of seeing the Dashiell family humiliated.

"Liz, you're exhausted. Just sleep for a bit. I won't let anything happen to you," Remington said, his voice rough with emotion.

Lizetta's eyes, filled with hope and hatred, shattered in disbelief. But before she could protest or curse, her body succumbed to the emotional turmoil, and she passed out.

"Ha, it's not up to you. She needs to be taken away today!" Martin said, sipping his tea before looking up with a mild expression.

Remington's gaze turned deep and dark. "Sending Liz to jail is declaring war on me, Remington! The West family will gain nothing from this!"

Stella's head wound was still bleeding, causing her dizziness and nausea. She was only enduring this to provide evidence of Lizetta's attempted murder to the police. She wanted to see Lizetta's downfall, but to her frustration, Remington hadn't spared her a glance, nor had he offered any comfort. Now, he was fully committed to defending Lizetta, causing Stella to clench her fists in jealousy.

"Remington, what do you mean by that? Are you threatening our family? How do you expect me to swallow this insult?"

"Swallow it, even if you have to force it!" Remington replied coldly, his eyes devoid of warmth.

"What if the West family demands justice today In Zion City, we may not be as influential as the Dashiell family, but we're not to be trampled on. If Lizetta can walk free after publicly attempting to murder my daughter, how can the West family continue to stand in Zion City?"

Martin scoffed, then turned to the West family's butler, Felix. "Felix, let the police in!"

Felix was about to leave, but Ray stepped in front of him.

"If Chairman West insists on this, then let's also discuss with the police the matter of the West family bribing their way to get that land in the south of the city at a low price," Remington said gravely.

Martin's hand trembled, spilling

some tea on his hand. The land Remington mentioned was acquired by Martin through shady means. If investigated, it would be considered economic crime. Remington's words, backed by evidence, were not an empty threat.

"Compared to attempted murder, the issue you mentioned is minor. I won't let go of the person who harmed my daughter for my own sake, even if it means joining Ms. Gardenia in jail for a few months!"

"True, Chairman West is skilled in manipulation and even with my influence, you might only be jailed for a few months. But what if the West family faces problems without you? Can Stella handle the entire West family? When Chairman West is released, will he still ha

this

mansion to return to?

Remington implied that if the West family insisted on sending Liz to jail, he would ensure their bankruptcy and disappearance from Zion City.

Martin put his teacup down with a thud, his expression fluctuating.

"I wonder if Chairman West is now willing to discuss a settlement?" Remington asked coldly.

Martin's chest heaved, and after a moment, he nodded.

Chapter 634

"Alright, then I want you to marry Stella right away!"

Stella's heart raced erratically.

Although Martin had warned her that the current pain of the West family was all thanks to Remington, she shouldn't fall for him. But when Remington appeared in that hellish little town, saving her from a dire situation, her heart was lost. She truly wanted to marry him!

"Remington, please say yes to Dad, the cops are probably getting impatient about coming in..."

Stella couldn't stand the anxious urging.

Remington tightened his arms, his brow colder as he interrupted Stella, his lips barely moving. "I can't do that."

Stella's face flushed with hurt. She couldn't believe that Remington would refuse. He had already divorced Lizetta, and under these circumstances, he still wouldn't agree to marry her. Was she that undesirable to him?

"But that's my only condition. After all, this was a promise you made to my wife, and it was her dying wish."

Martin was unyielding.

Hope reignited in Stella, she stood up and moved closer to Remington, her eyes reddened as she looked at him. "Remington, Liz can't handle the stress of prison."

Stella, full of pity and concern, cast a glance at Lizetta in Remington's arms. Seeing Remington still silent, she tiptoed closer, whispering in his ear. "I know you still care for Liz, I just want to help you. Just agree with Dad for now; we can get the certificate and pretend to be husband and wife..."

Stella was strategically retreating to advance; once she and Remington were married on paper. There would be no chance for Remington and Lizetta, and she had all the time to make Remington fall for her.

Stella was confident she could

persuade Remington, but

Remington, Holding Lizetta, stepped

back. His gaze cold, he said to

Martin, "forced marriage is a bitter one. Rather than marrying Stella with resentment, and the West family gaining nothing, it's better to take an immediate benefit. I'm willing to transfer the Cloud Retreat land to the West family for free. How does that sound, Chairman West?"

Martin's eyes narrowed, "Really? That land is priceless.

Stella knew by Martin's question that he was tempted, and she immediately became anxious. "Dad..."

But Martin raised his hand, signaling her to be silent.

Remington looked down at Lizetta, saying, "If Chairman West is interested, we can draft the transfer agreement now."

"Alright."

Martin glanced at the butler, who immediately went to arrange it, and within five minutes, Remington had signed the contract and stamped it. Martin looked over the contract, nodded in satisfaction, and handed it to the butler to keep safe.

Remington coldly said, "Now, Chairman West, can you hand over the surveillance to me and get the police outside to leave?"

Martin nodded, and the butler approached, "These are all the surveillance data. Since the agreement states the West family will no longer pursue this matter, the West family's servants and bodyguards will also keep quiet."

Remington signaled Ray to deal with

the surveillance, stood up, and

carried Lizetta out. Martin had the servants help Stella out too, and he said to the police, "It's a

misunderstanding, all a

misunderstanding. My daughter and Ms Gardenia are good friends. Ms. Gardenia just had a miscarriage and came to talk to my daughter, got confused, and mistook the gas pedal for the brake. It's all been cleared up now."

The officer leading the team looked at Stella, "Ms. West, is that true?"

Stella's head hurt terribly; she

thought for sure Lizetta would be going to jail today. But in the end, Lizetta was unharmed, and Remington didn't agree to marry her. She suffered such a serious injury

and got nothing in return. She was so resentful and angry!

Chapter 635

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Stella clenched her fists so hard her nails almost broke through her palms.

"Stella?" Martin glanced at her, a hint of concern breaking through his otherwise stern facade. Stella didn't dare go against Martin's wishes. She also gave the police a nod and a forced smile. "Liz was terrified, clinging to me and crying. It was all a misunderstanding, a scare for nothing." Once the police and Remington's men had left, the West household finally found its peace again.

Only then did Stella, eyes brimming with tears, say, "Dad, why did you back down? If I married into the Dashiell family, our families would be united. Once I get better and have children with Remington..."

Martin scoffed, cutting her off, "It's not as simple as you think. Remington isn't someone you can easily sway! When you were first brought back, Remington was full of guilt. Marrying you then, he might have treated you and our family kindly. But you, with your clever ideas, ruined a perfectly good situation. Now, Remington has his guard up against the Wests. Even if you married him out of obligation, he'd be wary of us at every turn. Besides, do you really think he's let go of his suspicions about our family? He just lacks concrete evidence.

The tangible benefits and advantages are what matter most to him. The Cloud Retreat land is worth its weight in gold, especially with Zion City's recent development plans. If played right, the West family could climb another rung on the ladder, potentially standing toe-to-toe with the Dashiells someday!"

Stella bit her lip, "So, I should just give up?"

"Of course not. Seeing how things are with Lizetta, they're hardly in a position to mend their relationship easily. Time is on our side. If you play your cards right and keep your cool, once the West family rises, the title of Mrs. Dashiell will still be within reach."

Martin patted Stella on the shoulder. She thought of Lizetta's devastated state, of her leaving the Dashiell family with nothing, while she, once the Wests were in a better position, would become Zion City's foremost socialite. With this thought, her spirits lifted, and a smile crept onto her lips.

In the car.

Remington held Lizetta close, placing a towel-wrapped ice pack against her swollen cheek, his eyes filled with concern.

Ray, sitting in the passenger seat, ended a phone call and reported back.

"All videos from the incident have been handled promptly, avoiding any unwanted attention. We've also looked into those who were there; Cedric has taken care of it."

On the way to confront the West family, Remington had ordered these cleanup tasks, ensuring the incident would leave no trace.

Remington nodded, wrapping Lizetta more tightly in the blanket.

"Turn up the heater."

He touched Lizetta's cold neck, frowning as he instructed.

Ray, wiping sweat from his brow, immediately complied without complaint.

But seeing Lizetta's pale, unconscious face, Ray couldn't hide his frustration. "Mr. Remington Dashiell, are we really just handing over that land to the Wests?"

A cold glint flashed in Remington's eyes. "The Wests have bitten off more than they can chew. What they've swallowed today, they'll be forced to spit out tomorrow." What belonged to Remington was never easy to take.

The car slowly pulled into the Dashiell estate.

Getting out, Remington placed a hat on Lizetta.

She remained unconscious as Remington carried her into the living room, where not only Fiona was waiting but Nathan too, both with faces set in worry. A doctor and a nurse stood by as well.

Upon seeing Remington carry Lizetta in Fiona stood up, her concern evident. "What happened to Liz? She looked better a few days ago. How have you been taking care of her?"

The matriarch was so agitated she nearly swung her cane, but

Remington, skillfully shielded Lizetta, saying, "Grandma, let's get Liz

upstairs for the doctor

examine

her. You can scold me all you want

afterward."

Fiona restrained herself, while Nathan, helping the old lady, frowned at Remington, signaling a brewing storm.

Chapter 636

"Divorced or not, why did you bring her back to the family estate? She was fine at the hospital. And getting your mom picked up from the airport just to lock her up? You better get your men to release her..." "Shut your mouth! Remington might be a little troublemaker, but he's loyal to his family. It's only your daughter-in-law who's done him wrong. Must be something Hanna got herself mixed up in again!" Fiona scolded Nathan sharply.

Remington ignored them, gesturing for the doctor to follow as he carried Lizetta upstairs. Five minutes later, he came back down. Before Nathan and Fiona could probe further, he instructed Ray. "Go bring Hanna here."

Nathan's face darkened, "What Hanna? That's your mother!"

Remington's gaze was icy as he looked over, "Father, you know what she's done. Then talk."

Nathan frowned, but Fiona's face turned pale as if realizing something. She looked at Remington, her voice trembling, "Remington, could it be Liz..."

Remington met the old lady's gaze, his heart heavy, barely suppressing his emotions, and nodded.

Fiona collapsed back into the armchair, clutching her cane tightly. Nathan, still confused, was about to ask more when Hanna arrived. She was a mess, hair all over the place, hands tied, even her mouth sealed with tape.

Hanna lifted her head, trying to plead with Nathan. Nathan stood up, furious.

"Ray, are you out of your mind?! Release her right now."

He moved to intervene, but Remington blocked him.

"Father, do you know why she went to the airport today?"

Nathan, frustrated, "What could she possibly do? She was just going abroad to clear her mind. After all the stress over Daisyseph's illness the worry, the sleepless nights, and now that my son's surgery is successful, she wanted to take a

break. How do you turn that into fleeing the country?"

Remington scoffed, "Fleeing from her crimes, more like!"

Nathan's anger flared, aiming a slap at Remington.

"How dare you speak of your mother like that!"

Remington caught Nathan's wrist, standing up.

"Mother? Ha, does a mother who, to save herself, ends up harming her own grandson exist in this world?!"

Remington was seething with resentment and grief. He couldn't believe that his investigation led him to his own mother. "Remington, what are you implying..." Nathan looked bewildered.

"The one behind Hans kidnapping Liz, causing her severe hemorrhage during childbirth, was none other than my dear mother! She's the reason for Daisy's death. It's ridiculous. My child was harmed, and his cord blood was to be taken to save the life of the

every person

who orchestrated it!"

Nathan's face paled, disbelief written all over as he turned to Hanna. Hanna, tears streaming down her face, lowered her head, avoiding Remington and Nathan's stares.

"Remington, there must be some

mistake. Didn't we find a match for

His surgery was

performed using bone marrow from

a donor, wasn't it? How could it be

the cord blood?"

Remington laughed bitterly, the sound chilly, "That's a question I should be asking you, father. That bone marrow donor was someone I found and handed over myself!"

Nathan was speechless; he pushed Remington away and ripped the tape from Hanna's face.

"What's going on? Was Hans really acting under your orders? Have you lost your mind? We had a bone marrow donor; Daisyseph could have been saved. Why go through all this trouble!"

Chapter 637

"Ouch! That really hurts!"

The tape that had been stuck to Hanna's face for who knows how long was suddenly ripped off, causing her to cry out in pain and cup her face.

Nathan frowned and snapped, "Enough with the screaming! Did you do it or not? Spit it out!"

How could Hanna possibly admit to anything?

Her eyes darted around as she shook her head, saying, "How could I? It was all Hans' doing. Why are you dumping all this blame on me?"

Nathan helped Hanna up from the ground with a furrowed brow and turned to Remington with a stern voice.

"Your mom already said she didn't do it. You're probably just overthinking things. Remington, the kid is gone, but you're still young. You'll have other children. Let's not turn this place upside down over this!" Remington's gaze was icy. "The pain of losing a son... you're telling me to just get over it? If one day, father, you were to be harmed, should I also just move on for the sake of 'social harmony'?"

His words sounded almost like a curse to Nathan.

Nathan's face darkened as he glared, "You!"

Unable to stand it anymore, Fiona threw a teacup towards them.

With a loud crash, the teacup shattered near Nathan's feet.

Startled, Hanna screamed and instinctively leaned into Nathan's arms.

"Mom..." Nathan looked at the old lady.

The old lady retorted, "Shut up, don't call me mom. I don't have a son who's so cold-blooded and indecisive! The child Liz was carrying was my great-grandchild. We need to clear this up completely and not let Liz suffer in vain!"

Nathan was momentarily silenced while Fiona turned her attention to Remington.

"Remington, bring out any evidence you have."

Fiona knew that Remington wouldn't falsely accuse his own mother without solid proof, especially given that even the family's bodyguards had taken action against Hanna.

Remington gave Ray a nod, and Ray turned to leave, returning shortly with two men thrown to the ground.

Both men were clearly beaten up,

lying on the ground unable to get up.

Nathan recognized the thinner,

younger one as Hugh, a cousin from Hanna's side of the family, and the other, a middle-aged man in a lab coat, looked somewhat familiar.

Seeing these two, Hanna's face went pale, and she began to sweat profusely.

"These two," Remington pointed, "Hugh was secretly coordinating with Hans, providing him with money, vehicles, and hiding places. The other is Dr. Alex from Dashiell Hospital, who attempted to sneak into Hans' room last night to silence him. Both have confessed to acting under the lady's orders. Here are their statements."

As Ray indicated the two on the floor, he handed the statements to Fiona.

Nathan, however, snatched them first, quickly scanning them before furiously tossing them at Hanna.

"What do you have to say for yourself now!"

"I... it wasn't me..."

Hanna, facing Remington's chilling stare, stuttered weakly in her defense. But before she could finish, Hugh grabbed onto her leg.

"Cousin, please... save me... I did everything for you. You're Mr. Dashiell's biological mother. You said if anything went wrong, the Dashiell family wouldn't touch you, that you would take the fall!" Hanna, in a panic, stepped back, shaking Hugh off.

"You're lying! I never said that!"

And the doctor, too, clung to Hanna's dress, "Madam, you promised to look out for me too if things went south!"

"Let go of me!" Hanna struggled.

Remington watched her, unable to defend herself, panic-stricken.

"Five years ago, Alex was involved in

a serious surgical error,

which

Hanna helped cover up. This time he agreed to Hanna's plan to sneak into Hans' room and silence him because she had something on him."

Chapter 638

"If that's still not enough to convince you, the medical team that operated on Daisyseph can confirm that the last thing used was Daisy's cord blood!" Remington said this with an emotionless face, but his eyes grew colder and more intense.

He rose from the couch and walked towards Hanna step by step.

Hanna couldn't stand his gaze and the pressure, backing away step by step until her legs gave way, and she fell to the floor with a thud.

Remington's figure cast a shadow over her, and Hanna was terrified, feeling like any second now, Remington would pull out a gun and end her life right there.

"Honey! Honey... save me, I didn't mean to do this!" Hanna, panic-stricken, crawled behind Nathan.

Nathan knelt down, grabbed her arm, and asked, "Did you really do this? Why would you even go this far?"

Tears fell from Hanna's eyes. "I didn't expect... I just had Hans try to make Lizetta give birth prematurely. I never thought he would go so far, even to the point of kidnapping and running someone over with a car!"

"You... you've lost your mind! That's our grandchild too!" Even if they didn't like Lizetta, that was still their first grandchild.

Nathan had even mentioned to Fiona before, wanting Lizetta to give up her parental rights.

But Hanna cried out, "I had no choice! The bone marrow donor for Daisyseph... drowned half a month ago! But Daisyseph had been admitted to the clinic last month, and without the transplant surgery, Daisyseph would have died!"

"How could someone just drown like that?" Nathan frowned.

Choking up, Hanna replied, "I had someone watch over him, take good care of him. How could I have known he'd sneak out in the middle of the night and accidentally fall into the river and drown!"

Fiona had been silent until now but couldn't contain her anger any longer and threw her walking stick at Hanna.

"That bone marrow donor was someone Remington had gone to great lengths to find for Daisyseph. You failed to take care of him, and to cover up the incident, you set your sights on Liz! You've completely lost your humanity!" The walking stick hit Hanna on the head, and she clutched her forehead.

"Mom, I really just wanted Hans to scare Lizetta a bit, make her give birth early. I didn't expect Lizetta to bleed so much, that the baby would be in danger. Seven months, it should have been viable..."

"Enough!" Fiona shouted angrily.

Hanna, frightened, fell silent.

Fiona stood up and said to Remington, "Do what you must, Remington. I'm going to check on Liz."

"Mother-in-law! You can't just leave things like this." Hanna's face went pale as she pleaded.

Nathan also frowned, "Mom, Hanna may have been wrong, but it was all to save Daisyseph..."

Their anxiety stemmed from knowing that in the Dashiell family, Fiona's word carried weight with Remington.

With the matriarch gone, given

Remington's ruthless nature and his

dissatisfaction and coldness

towards his parents, he was unlikely to let Hanna off easily.

But Fiona, without looking back, ascended the stairs with Tina's assistance.

"Remington, how do you plan to handle this? Before you decide, remember, no matter what, she is your mother!" Nathan looked at Remington, his voice heavy.

Even though his relationship with Hanna wasn't good, she was still his wife and the mother of his children; he couldn't just stand by.

After pondering for a moment, he suggested, "How about we send your mother abroad, ban her from returning for five years, would that be acceptable?"

Chapter 639

Hanna immediately protested, "Five years? Daisyseph just had surgery and still needs me to take care of her..."

"Shut up!" Nathan turned and glared fiercely at Hanna.

This was already a punishment as light as it could be. If Hanna were smart, she would know that now was not the time to talk back or be unrepentant, but to show weakness.

And Hanna understood the emotion behind Nathan's glare.

She paled, stepping out from behind Nathan, and grabbed Remington's arm.

"Remington, Mom knows she messed up. I've been regretting it. That day in the hospital when I heard we lost the baby, I was shocked. It was an accident! I apologize to you. I'll go and explain to Lizetta, I..." Remington coldly withdrew his hand, his expression unchanging from beginning to end.

"No need, she wouldn't want to hear your apology. Some sins can't just be erased with repentance!"

He looked at Hanna coldly, who was now crying, her expression full of regret.

But Remington smirked sarcastically, clearly not convinced of Hanna's remorse. She was just scared of the consequences now that her actions had come to light.

He turned to Nathan, "Sending her abroad for five years? Father's punishment is almost laughably lenient."

Nathan frowned, "Remington, what do you suggest then?"

Remington returned to the armchair, his voice grave.

"Call the police. Let her face the consequences she deserves."

Hanna was in disbelief, "I am Mrs. Dashiell, your mother! You want to send me to prison?!"

Nathan's expression changed, "No! I won't allow it! What would happen to the Dashiell family's reputation?!"

Remington scoffed, "The Dashiell family's reputation is already in tatters!"

He paused, then added, "If you don't want to go to jail, there's another option."

Hanna's expression relaxed. She knew it. She was Remington's biological mother. Even if their relationship was strained, Remington couldn't ignore that fact. Sending her to jail would tarnish Remington's name too.

Nathan's expression softened as

well, but the next second, they heard Remington say calmly, "I've also arranged for her to be admitted to a psychiatric hospital today for treatment. She doesn't need to come back until she's recovered."

Hanna frowned, "What hospital? I'm not sick..."

As she spoke, a chill ran down her spine. "A mental hospital?"

She hoped she was overthinking, but Remington nodded.

"Exactly."

"I won't go! No, you ungrateful child, you actually want to send your own mother to a mental hospital? I'm not sick! I don't..."

"Not sick? Ha, what kind of sane person would harm their own grandson? You're not the one to decide whether you're sick or not!"

Remington said coldly, ignoring Hanna's terrified and pale face, and instructed Ray, "If she refuses treatment, call the police!"

Ray immediately took out his phone. Nathan rushed over trying to snatch it away, but he was no match for Ray. He angrily yelled at the others, but the servants of the mansion, no longer obeyed his commands, and his own people were not strong enough to contest.

Amid Nathan's furious shouts, Hanna was restrained by two security guards.

"Prison or treatment, Father can choose for her."

Remington left no third option. Hanna looked at Nathan pleadingly.

Nathan finally clenched his teeth and told her, "Your mental state indeed seems troubled. Remington is doing this for your own good. Go and get some rest, come back when you're better."

Hanna couldn't believe Nathan

would just leave her be. Angry

thoughts filled her mind, wanting to curse Nathan for his heartlessness, to curse Remington for his betrayal, but Remington signaled the security guards to gag Hanna.

An hour later, Remington personally took Hanna to the hospital, which had decent facilities, a private room with a TV and a bathroom.

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But when Hanna looked at the door caged in iron bars, the windows sealed shut, and the bed chained down, her legs buckled beneath her in sheer terror. The more frightened she became, the louder she screamed, like someone genuinely losing their mind.

Soon, she was pinned down to the hospital bed by nurses, restrained, and given a sedative.

Lying on the bed, Hanna lacked the strength to resist any longer. She turned her head and saw Remington standing outside the door.

His gaze was exceptionally cold, and Hanna felt like she was sinking deeper and deeper into an abyss.

Before she was enveloped by utter despair, Remington turned and walked away.

When Remington returned to the old mansion, Lizetta hadn't woken up yet.

She was too weak. Besides the severe blood loss that nearly took her life, the car accident had also taken a toll on her body.

Cedric had called for a psychiatrist, and Remington led the doctor into the study and answered some questions.

"Mr. Dashiell, based on your description, your wife's symptoms seem to confirm she's suffering from postpartum depression."

Even though Remington had braced himself, hearing the doctor's diagnosis still felt like a punch to the gut.

"You mentioned your wife had a mild case of depression four years ago. It's not unusual for women to experience emotional fluctuations due to hormonal changes after childbirth, especially after going through such an ordeal..."

The man sitting behind the desk, his expression dark and brooding, seemed to radiate a gloomy aura that made the doctor hesitant to say more.

After a while, Remington spoke in a hoarse voice, "What's the treatment? Is it curable? Are there any long-term effects?"

His rapid succession of questions revealed his deep concern.

The doctor quickly responded, "Medication is part of the treatment, but it's not enough on its own. This condition is primarily psychological. Your wife needs to relax, be supported, and not subjected to further stress or pressure. Helping her forget those painful memories, encouraging her to interact with friends and family, to talk about her feelings, and to rebuild her life goals and beliefs..."

Remington listened intently and spent a long while discussing with the doctor before asking Cedric to escort the doctor out.

He remained alone in the study until the evening.

Fiona pushed open the door to the study, finding Remington still sitting motionless in the dark, like a silent and oppressive mountain.

The room was unlit, and he blended into the darkness, lonelier and more forlorn than the night itself.

Fiona sighed, "Remington, don't be too hard on yourself..."

The grandmother, despite intending to scold him, couldn't bring herself to do it out of compassion for her grandson.

Startled by her presence, Remington

seemed to only then notice her. He

stood up, turned on a lamp, and walked over to assist her, asking, "Grandma, has she woken up?"

"Why don't you go see for yourself?" Fiona responded, noting that Remington hadn't visited Lizetta since his return, even though she was resting in their old bedroom at the mansion.

Remington's lips tightened, "She doesn't want to see me.

"At least you're aware of that much. But do you understand what you did wrong?" Fiona sighed again.

Remington remained silent, clearly aware that Fiona was referring to his insistence on taking Lizetta out of the hospital to keep her under watch. He managed a bitter smile.

How could he not realize his mistake?

Thinking of Lizetta, struggling with her frail body to escape at all costs.

Considering her gentle and uncontentious nature, yet driven to such a desperate act as to crash a car, willing to face death itself.

He knew he had erred again.

"You pushed her towards a dead

end, Remington. When Liz wakes up,

let her go. Stop forcing her," Fiona

implored, holding Remington's hand with a sigh of regret.