

# SHATTERED ILLUSIONS: LOVE, LIES, AND REDEMPTION

Chapter 663



Remington's burn was indeed quite severe.

Lizetta's struggles suddenly ceased when she felt the scorching heat from his palm. That warmth seemed to travel through her skin, circulate in her blood, and gather in her heart, stirring emotions deep within her soul. It was a whirlwind of emotions, tearing her apart.

Lizetta frowned, her voice cold again, "I said let go! Didn't you say you'd be a good ex-husband and leave me alone? So stop showing up like a bad penny and scaring me!"

Remington paused, a slight smirk replacing his initial surprise, his eyes sparkling with an unusual gleam. "Liz, you heard everything I said? You woke up because of my words, right? It was me who brought you back, wasn't it?"

His eyes were filled with hope, as if this was something to be celebrated.

Lizetta's response was a sneer, "Yeah, hearing you promise to leave me alone for good made me really happy. But I guess old habits die hard, and I was too naive to believe it."

Despite her harsh words, Remington's handsome face showed neither impatience nor anger. He even offered a slight smile. Since she had woken up, he hadn't seen her. In his memory, she lay pale and lifeless on the bed, as if she'd never wake again. Seeing her so alive and sharp-tongued was a balm to him, even if it meant taking a few verbal jabs.

"You're still too thin, not a bit of flesh on your face." Remington's voice was hoarse as he unconsciously caressed her slender wrist, his fingertips gently running over her bony arm.

Lizetta jerked away fiercely. "Ouch!" Remington cried out, staggering back a few steps and leaning against the wall, his face turning pale, lips tightly pressed together forehead beaded with sweat. Blood dripped from his hand. Clearly, Lizetta's forceful action had aggravated his burn, bursting a few blisters.

"You... are insane, you brought this on yourself!" Lizetta bit her lip angrily, then turned and stormed out through the doorway. As she walked away, her thoughts turned to why she had come to thank the brave soul who had intervened on behalf of Mrs. Bernice Madden.

Her brows knitted tighter, but then she thought, Remington was a grown man, and in a hospital; wouldn't he seek medical attention for his own injuries? Lizetta felt there was no need to concern herself with him.

Yet, as she walked away, there was no sound from the stairwell behind her. Remington hadn't followed, nor called for help. The image of Remington, pale and leaning against the wall, as if he could barely stand, flashed through her mind. Could he have passed out from the pain?

Her steps slowed, and finally, with a sigh, she turned back. Upon her return, she found Remington in a sorry state, seated against the wall, one leg bent, his injured arm resting on his knee, his head down and eyes closed. His unkempt hair hid his face, adding a touch of vulnerable desolation.

Hearing her approach, he fluttered his eyelashes but did not open his eyes. "Badass Remington! Are you passed out, or dead? If you don't open your eyes right now, I'm calling the morgue."

Lizetta approached and kicked his leg lightly. Remington opened his eyes and looked up at her. A smile played in his eyes; he knew she wouldn't leave him behind.

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But he couldn't bring himself to say it out loud. He had this sinking feeling that if he did, she'd just turn on her heel and leave-probably stepping on him a couple of times for good measure before she did. "I'm not dizzy, just... that really hurt. I'm a bit weak now. Can you give me a hand?" Remington reached out his uninjured arm to Lizetta, who frowned, clearly reluctant to help.

With a sigh, he withdrew his arm, propping himself up against the wall to slowly stand. But just as Lizetta let out a sigh of relief, Remington's towering frame swayed. Instinctively, Lizetta reached out to steady him.

A small smile played on Remington's lips before he suppressed it. "Thanks."

Lizetta's brows furrowed as she thought of Mrs. Bernice Madden, who Andrea had taken to get treated, and realized she had to check on the old lady in the burn unit anyway. Since Remington got burned trying to save Mrs. Bernice Madden, her impatience gave way to resignation.

"Fine, let's go. I'll help you get treated."

As she supported Remington out, he tried to get closer to her, shifting his body towards hers. But recalling her previous frail state, though now slightly recovered, he restrained himself, maintaining a respectful distance.

It wasn't until they were in the elevator that he broke the silence. "So, Mrs. Bernice Madden was here to visit you? Liz, you're staying in this hospital too? What a coincidence."

Lizetta chuckled, "Do I look like a fool to you? Mr. Dashiell's family owns a hospital. Why would I stay here of all places?"

She hadn't called him out on his act, but that didn't mean she was oblivious or would let him treat her like a fool.

"Are you mad at me? I didn't mean to bother you. I thought I hid pretty well, but you still found me..." Remington watched her reflection in the elevator, his voice a mix of innocence and a hint of guilt. Lizetta released her hold on him, "So, it's my fault?"

"Of course not. It's on me for not hiding better and showing up uninvited, upsetting you."

Listen to him, playing the understanding and apologetic card.

Lizetta felt even more annoyed but considering she did chase after him, and Remington probably hadn't intended to be found, she found it hard to argue further.

"How did you bump into Grandma Bernice, anyway? I never knew Mr. Dashiell had it in him to be so self-sacrificing and heroic." Lizetta eyed Remington suspiciously.

He knew she was questioning whether his heroics were genuine or just another self-serving ploy. He gave a self-deprecating smile, "Just happened to

be in the right place at the right time because Mrs. Bernice Madden saved you that night."

He was referring to the night Lizetta

was kidnapped by Hans, a

life-or-death moment. He had

intended to sneak off to a fire

escape for a cigarette and had

expected to run into Mrs. Bernice

Madden. But his decision to save the elderly woman wasn't just because she had rescued Lizetta on that rainy night.

It was also because Mrs. Bernice Madden had played a key part in waking Lizetta up from her ordeal. Knowing Lizetta's sentimental nature and that she had come

to

view Mrs. Bernice Madden as family, despite their short acquaintance, played a significant role in his actions.

Lizetta gave Remington a look and pressed her lips together, choosing to remain silent.

Just then, the elevator reached the burn unit floor, chiming as the doors opened. Lizetta stepped forward to leave, but Remington, steadying himself against the elevator's wall, reached out to grasp her arm.

As Lizetta looked up, she saw

several people waiting outside the

elevator. Mrs. Bernice Madden wasConTEent belongs to Nôv(e)ID/rama(.)Org  
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being supported on either side by Jerome and Nelson, with Andrea standing off to one side. Their gazes all landed on Lizetta and Remington, who stood shoulder to shoulder, their proximity unmistakable.

Chapter 665



Remington was still in a daze when a barrage of lethal glares shot towards him the moment the elevator doors slid open. He couldn't help but feel as if the temperature inside the elevator had plummeted several degrees.

Nelson's face turned stormy. He had always harbored doubts about Remington's qualities as a husband, especially when he was off with another woman while his wife was going through a difficult labor. Previously, due to the lack of familial ties, Nelson had refrained from intervening. But now, upon discovering that Lizetta was his own granddaughter, he was seething with rage, itching to give Remington a piece of his mind.

The Maddens hadn't even started to settle their score with Remington, and here he was, trying to charm his way back to his innocent and kind-hearted granddaughter! This was utterly intolerable!

Stepping forward, Nelson grabbed Remington by the arm and yanked him out of the elevator, his voice booming with anger. "You're already divorced, and yet here you are, dragging her into your mess again. The Dashiells might be one of the top families in Zion City, but have you no decency?"

The arm Nelson had grabbed was the one that had been scalded. With Nelson's grip tightening in anger, Remington felt a piercing pain that soaked his back with cold sweat before Nelson dragged him out of the elevator forcefully.

"Grandpa Nelson, his arm is burnt..." Lizetta instinctively followed them out, her concern evident in her voice.

The next moment, she caught the intense, burning gaze Remington shot her way. Lizetta averted her gaze, frowning slightly. Seeing her avoid him, Remington's lips curved into a slight smirk. The agonizing pain he had just experienced somehow seemed worth it.

Hearing Lizetta's words only fueled Nelson's anger, but he realized that his granddaughter was naive, misled by the kindness she believed the Dashiells owed her. But it didn't

matter. With her family's pret

the Dashiells wouldn't be able to take advantage of their "precious cabbage" again. If they tried, Nelson was ready to make them pay.

"A grown man can't handle a little injury? Or is it that he knows just how to manipulate your kind heart?" Nelson's rage was palpable, but upon seeing the blood seeping

through Remington's hospital

his anger faded into concern. The sight of Remington's pallor and the sweat beading on his forehead was

a clear sign of his suffering.

"Tell me, were you the one who saved Mrs. Bernice Madden?" Upon arriving at the hospital, Nelson had learned of his wife's accident and that a kind

stranger had helped her, though his identity was unknown. Acknowledging with a nod, Remington managed to say, "Yes, it was me."

Nelson felt as if he had swallowed a fly, his disdain for Remington evident. "Why did it have to be you?" he muttered, wiping his hand on Elva's clothes as if to rid himself of bad luck. This belongs to - ©.

Remington and Lizetta exchanged

awkward glances, but Nelson's focus was solely on his

granddaughter, his voice softening as he addressed her. "Liz, since he helped your grandma, we can't just leave him be. I'll go with Jerome to get his burns treated. You're still weak; go back to your grandma's room."

Remington's gaze instantly snapped to Lizetta, silently hoping she would stay. He had barely gotten this chance to be near her. Yet, Lizetta didn't even glance his way, completely ignoring his presence.

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Like she was ditching a hot potato, Lizetta immediately nodded at Nelson.

"Alright, I'll listen to Grandpa Nelson."

Saying so, Lizetta reached out to help Mrs. Bernice Madden, guiding the elderly lady towards the elevator.

Seeing his granddaughter so obedient, Nelson's heart melted, and he beamed with joy.

"Call me Grandpa, not Grandpa Nelson!"



Lizetta was briefly taken aback, while Andrea, standing beside them, bit her lip hard. It seemed to her that Grandpa was getting as muddled as the old lady, treating Lizetta like she was some kind of treasure all of a sudden.

"Grandpa, your enthusiasm might scare Ms. Gardenia."

Andrea moved towards Nelson, taking his arm, "I'll stay with you too, Grandpa." She subtly blocked Nelson's view of Lizetta at the elevator door.

Nelson glanced at her, saying nothing more, but suddenly instructed Jerome, "Jerome, take your grandma and Lizetta back to the room."

Jerome nodded. Andrea frowned; she didn't want to give Jerome and Lizetta any chance to be alone. Especially since she and Lizetta had just had a spat in the room. Who knew what kind of lies Lizetta, that little witch, might tell Jerome.

"Grandpa, I think Mr. Dashiell's injury is quite serious. Maybe my brother should help Mr. Dashiell and come with us."

Nelson had always thought Andrea, his granddaughter, was just a bit spoiled and petty, but otherwise fine. After all, she was his only granddaughter. But now, realizing she was an impostor, without the rose-colored glasses of blood réputation, he found her annoying and overly smart for her own good.

He looked at Andrea, pulling his arm free. "If you think his injury is that bad, you help him. I'm strong enough, don't need help."

Andrea was suddenly pushed aside, looking slightly stunned. But being pampered by Nelson, she didn't think much of it. On a whim, she indeed approached Remington. She liked Jerome, but although he was nice to her, he kept her at arm's length.

Before, she'd flirt with other guys to

make Jerome jealous, but Jerome never reacted. Remington was different those other guys couldn't hold a candle to him. Andrea didn't believe that being close with a standout man like Remington

wouldn't affect Jerome. And if it also

irked Lizetta, then all the better.

Moreover, seeing Remington's handsome face up close, Andrea's heart unexpectedly skipped a few beats. Even if it wasn't for making Lizetta and Jerome jealous, getting close to a man like Remington wasn't something she'd refuse. She even felt a bit excited about it.

If Jerome truly couldn't see her worth, marrying into the Dashiell family of Zion City would be excellent. In terms of background, status, and wealth, Remington was superior to Jerome. She had always compared within the small circle of Tranquil Meadows. It was time to broaden her horizons.




"Mr. Dashiell, may I call you Remington? Here, wipe off your sweat first, and I'll help you find a doctor..." copyrighted © content.

Thinking this, Andrea pulled out a

wet wipe from her purse, offering it with a glowing smile. Her voice was so sweet it could melt hearts, but Remington didn't take it, his gaze inadvertently shifting towards Lizetta. He wanted to see if Lizetta would show any reaction to another woman flirting with him.

But seeing her standing there, indifferent, not even bothering to glance over, was a coldness that went beyond disinterest. Remington felt a sudden sting in his wound as if it was set ablaze again. Just then, the elevator dinged open.

Lizetta immediately assisted Mrs. Bernice Madden, "Grandma Bernice, let's go. We should head back to the room."



Jerome was just about to help Mrs. Bernice Madden with her other arm to get into the elevator when Remington suddenly stepped to the side, avoiding Andrea and said coldly, "Sorry, I'm allergic to heavy perfumes. Let Mr. Madden support me instead."

As he said this, he quickly moved next to Jerome and, without waiting for Jerome's approval, grabbed his arm and leaned on him unabashedly. Jerome was caught off guard, and at the same time, the elevator doors closed, leaving Lizetta behind.

Jerome glanced at Remington, "Mr. Dashiell, I'm not interested in guys who can't stand on their own two feet." owns all content.

Remington replied coldly, "Perfect, my obsession with cleanliness just kicked in."

He let go of Jerome's arm, straightened up, and walked ahead.

When they reached the doctor's office, the doctor examined Remington's arm carefully. "Why didn't you come in sooner? The wound has fused with your sleeve. It's going to be painful and tricky to treat. Let's do a local anesthetic..."

Before the doctor could finish, Nelson interjected, "What for? This is nothing compared to childbirth. He's a grown man, isn't he?"

The doctor paused, and Remington looked up at Nelson. Before anyone else could speak, Andrea jumped in, "Grandpa, burns are the worst. If it weren't for Mr. Dashiell, grandma would have..." Jerome cut Andrea off, his voice deep, "Andrea, you dare mention grandma? You were the one who took her out. How could you let this happen? Come with me."

Jerome, hands in his pockets, walked out. Andrea, reprimanded, blushed but then quickly followed Jerome, her eyes filled with an unexpected joy. Could Jerome be jealous? Because she spoke up for Remington and showed him concern, was he upset? That must be it. With that thought, Andrea pressed her lips together and hurried after Jerome.

Nelson glanced at Andrea's retreating back, his gaze darkening before turning back to Remington. But Remington was still watching him, with a thoughtful look.

Mr. Madden snapped, "What are you staring at? Going without anesthesia is for your own good!"

Remington raised an eyebrow, smiled, and nodded, "Thanks, Mr. Madden, for considering my well-being."

He then told the doctor, "Let's just proceed without it, it's okay."

Nelson snorted, feeling he had hit a brick wall. He thought, who's being considerate? The guy sure knows how to win over his naive granddaughter.

Outside in the hallway, Jerome stopped and turned to face Andrea who had followed him out.

"Brother, did you want to talk to me privately?"

Andrea's cheeks were flushed, her eyes hopeful, Jerome's gaze was deep, and he observed Andrea intently. On the way to the hospital the DNA results between Andrea and Daisylin confirmed their mother-daughter relationship

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Lizetta was switched at birth, and Andrea benefited from it. So, was Andrea aware of this baby swapping scheme?

"Brother, why are you looking at me like that..."

Andrea's nerves were on edge under Jerome's gaze, her cheeks and neck reddening with every passing

second, her heart racing with the

anticipation of his reaction

But Jerome frowned and said sternly, "Speak clearly when you address someone."

Andrea had called Jerome "brother"

before, and each time she did,

Jerome would ignore her for days. Feeling like she had been doused with cold water, Andrea bit her lip and reluctantly responded.

Chapter 668



"Bro, why'd you call me out here?"

"Grandma came out with you, and she almost got scalded. Don't you have anything to say about that?"

Jerome furrowed his brows slightly, his mind drifting back to that incident at the airport.

It was Mrs. Bernice Madden who had gone to the restroom with Andrea, only to get lost. If it hadn't been for Lizetta bumping into them...

In places like airports, where getting lost could lead to unimaginable consequences, Jerome's gaze grew sharper with each passing moment.

Andrea's face paled slightly as she clenched her fists, "Bro, it was Grandma who wanted to ask the doctor when Ms. Gardenia would be discharged. I had Elva go with Grandma. It was because Grandma was impatient and couldn't wait for the doctor that she ran into that mishap. Hospitals are full of germs and all sorts of people; frankly, it might be best if Grandma visits less. Ms. Gardenia needs to rest, and I don't think she was all that welcoming of our visit anyway."

What Andrea implied was that Lizetta only showed warmth towards Mrs. Bernice Madden in front of Jerome and Nelson.

Jerome looked at Andrea, "No one forced you to accompany Grandma here, but since you did bring her, it was your responsibility to ensure her safety, not just hand her off to a maid."

Andrea's eyes welled up as if she felt unjustly accused, and she lowered her head in a show of hurt feelings.

"I get it, okay? Grandma's my own flesh and blood too. How could you talk as if I did it on purpose? It scared me too..."

Jerome stared at her, remaining silent.

However, he suspected that Andrea's actions might not be entirely without ulterior motives. She clearly didn't want them getting too close to Lizetta, fearing that if something happened to Mrs. Bernice Madden during her visits...

They might stop allowing the elderly lady to come over, or worse, it could lead to resentment towards Lizetta.

After a moment.

Remington finished dressing the wound and came out with Nelson.

Business was business. Remington had saved Mrs. Bernice Madden, and Nelson had taken care of his injuries in return.

"Jerome, let's prepare a generous gift for Mr. Dashiell's room."

Remington waved it off, "Mr. Madden, I helped Grandma Bernice because you all had once saved my family. It's a debt repaid, and that's all there is to it. Besides, you didn't accept the gifts I sent to your house before..."

Before Remington could finish, Nelson cut him off impatiently.

"What debt repaid? Don't think I don't know, you and Liz have been divorced for ages! Who's your family now? Quit the nonsense! And don't even think about trying to leverage this act of kindness to gain an upper hand. Just because you did us a favor this time doesn't mean you can overstep. I'll tell you this, you're accepting the gift whether you like it or not!"

After Nelson had his say, he stormed off with Jerome.

Andrea lingered a step behind, offering Remington an apologetic smile before catching up with the others.

Remington watched Andrea a

moment longer, his gaze lingering on her features and demeanor, which seemed quite different from the rest of the Maddens. He hadn't noticed her at the airport before.

Feeling his stare, Andrea's cheeks flushed, and she glanced back at him a few times.

Remington entered the elevator a bit later, heading back to his room, but not before instinctively glancing towards Lizetta's room next door.

There, he saw a vase tossed aside by the door, filled with a few sunflowers and yellow roses.

Remington paused, his footsteps halting. The blatant disapproval was as clear as day, and it looked like Ray had been right after all.

No sooner had it been discovered than it was cleared out.

Chapter 669



Remington Dashiell stepped forward, bending down to pick up the vase that had fallen.

Faintly, he heard the distant murmur of conversation from the room next door, mingled with the voices of two young men.

One was Jerome Madden, and the other sounded like Hogan White.

Quite the gathering, it seemed.

Remington's lips tightened slightly as he held the vase, turning back to the adjacent room.

Ray couldn't help but show a trace of sentiment as he saw Remington enter with the vase in hand.

"The flowers the boss went through so much trouble to get, and it's been less than an hour since they sneaked into the lady's room before being discovered," Ray remarked with a slight shake of his head.

He hurried forward to take the vase. "The missus didn't destroy the flowers; they came out looking pretty good. Guess she's not that mad at you after all."

Ray tried to comfort Remington.

Remington gave him a glance and scoffed, "You think because she didn't smash the vase over my head, it's an improvement, huh?"

Ray indeed thought so. After all, the lady might very well have done just that under other circumstances.



And even if she did smash it over Mr. Remington Dashiell's head, he'd still have to take it, wouldn't he?

But facing Remington's icy gaze, Ray immediately shook his head.

"How could the missus ever bring herself to do that? No way..."

Even though it sounded insincere, Remington's expression softened slightly. He thought back to when Lizetta Gardenia had returned, eventually helping him to the emergency exit, a hint of a smile appearing in his eyes.

Then, his thoughts shifted to Nelson Madden's recent attitude toward him. Sitting on the hospital bed, he turned to Ray.

"That info about the hospital where Liz was born, the list of mothers from that week, did you get it?"

Ray blinked, unsure why Remington was suddenly bringing this up.

Still, he nodded. "Got it, but I haven't had the chance to go through it yet."

Previously, Remington had been digging into Lizetta's background, given she wasn't originally from the Gardenia family.

But with Lizetta's recent incident, that investigation had been put on hold, and the information hadn't been shared with Remington yet.

"Show me," demanded Remington, his voice firm.

Ray nodded, fetching his iPad and quickly pulling up the document for Remington.

As Remington's fingers swiftly scrolled through the document, they paused at a name.

Elsa Madden!

That year, Elsa had also given birth at Rainbow Hospital, to a baby girl, Andrea Madden.

Ray, noticing the change in Remington's demeanor, glanced at the screen and was equally shocked.

"Elsa, isn't she Mr. Madden and Mrs. Bernice Madden's only daughter? Why would Ms. Madden give birth in a small hospital in Zion City, and Andrea shares the same birthdate as the missus..."

Ray trailed off, realizing the implications. Exclusive

"Mrs. Bernice Madden mistaking the missus, could it not be a coincidence? Could it be because

the missus is actually her biological granddaughter?" én.swnovels.net

Ray looked incredulous as he spoke. "I'll search for Elsa's old photos right now..."

He pulled out his phone, searching frantically.

Though Elsa had passed away nearly twenty years ago, being Ms. Madden and having managed part of the Madden family business, she had attended several business functions, and there were bound to be photos out there.

As Ray searched, Remington had already set the tablet aside, a bitter smile on his face.

Even without seeing Elsa's photos, he was certain that Lizetta had to be a Madden.

After all, the last time he saw Nelson at the surgery door, Nelson had been polite, albeit with some complaints.

This time, however, Nelson looked as if he wanted nothing more than to flay him alive.

It seemed the Maddens had already confirmed their suspicions with a DNA test.

"This... the missus and the late Florence Madden really do look alike! The missus must really be the true heir to the Madden family!"

Chapter 670



Ray stumbled upon an old photo of Elsa on his phone and couldn't help but exclaim. Handing his phone over to Remington, their attention was suddenly hijacked by the sound of conversation at the door of the hospital room.

"What's this about the real heiress of the Madden family? Let me see."

"Liz is the true heiress of the Madden family? Which Madden family are we talking about? The wealthiest in Tranquil Meadows?"

It was Cassius Sterling and Timothy Temple who walked in, one after the other, just in time to catch Ray's words.

Cassius moved forward, grabbing Ray's phone eagerly to look at the photo, his surprise evident.

"Damn, at a glance, you could mistake this for a vintage-filtered photo of Lizetta."

The resolution of the photo found online was mediocre at best, blurring the facial features slightly but indeed, the resemblance was striking.

Timothy, leaning over Cassius's shoulder to peek at the screen, chimed in, "I heard this Florence was a stunner, a renowned belle of Tranquil Meadows back in the day. No wonder Litchi looks so gorgeous; she takes after her mom..."

He didn't get to finish his sentence before catching the icy stare from Remington.

Lifting his gaze, Timothy found himself locked in Remington's chilling gaze.

Caught off guard, Timothy mumbled, "What's the big deal? I've always called her Litchi since we were kids. We're practically siblings."

Remington's expression turned even colder, the tension around him almost tangible.

Timothy, undeterred by the chilly atmosphere, stroked his chin thoughtfully.

"I used to call her Litchi all the time, and it never bothered you before. Let me think... Is it because you're now officially divorced and feeling insecure about Litchi, seeing me as a rival?" Remington's features hardened, a bitter smile faintly tugging at his lips.

"You know too much."

Indeed, his confidence was shaken.

He even felt that, in Lizetta's eyes, any man could have a chance but him.

Seeing Remington's forlorn admission, Timothy was genuinely taken aback.

Remington, usually so proud and unyielding, was openly revealing his insecurities about a woman, a side of him Timothy never expected to witness.

Feeling a sudden pang of guilt for pushing too far, Timothy cleared his throat, attempting to lighten the mood.

"Remi, don't be like this; it's kinda scary. Want me to check on Lizetta for you, maybe talk to her?"

Remington's eyes snapped up, nodding immediately, "Yes, go now."

Timothy was speechless.

Remington's demeanor had shifted completely, his vulnerability replaced with an expectant eagerness.

Realizing he'd been played, Timothy laughed awkwardly, "Uh, Remi, I didn't bring anything to visit her with..."

Ray quickly handed Timothy a bag prepared for the visit.

"This is for Mr. Temple. Mrs.

Temple's room is just next door het

you don't need me

you to

the way?" Content below sheThi

With a resigned smile, Timothy accepted the bag and headed next door.

Knocking and entering the adjacent room, Timothy was greeted by the sight of Lizetta sitting up in bed flanked by two men. It was clear as day what was happening.

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Remington had sent him as a proxy, knowing he'd be kicked out on sight if he came himself.

But what had Timothy done to deserve playing the unwelcome troublemaker?