

SHATTERED ILLUSIONS: LOVE, LIES, AND REDEMPTION

Chapter 671



"Tim? What brings you here?"

Lizetta was taken aback to see Tim standing at her hospital bedside, her eyes wide with surprise.

Navigating the curious gazes of the room's other occupants, Tim offered Lizetta a warm, reassuring smile. "I heard you were admitted, so I thought I'd drop by to see how you're doing. Everything okay?"

His concern was palpable as he made his way to the side of her bed. Of all the friends from their circle, Tim had always been the kindest to Lizetta, offering his help on multiple occasions. Feeling a sense of gratitude towards Tim, Lizetta realized he must have been visiting someone else, likely sent by Remington, but she didn't let her annoyance show.

"Thanks for coming, Tim. Please, have a seat."

"Liz, who's this?" Nelson eyed Tim curiously.

After brief introductions and polite chitchat, Tim pulled up a chair and settled down beside Hogan, who was already seated.

Hogan handed Lizetta his phone, resuming their earlier conversation. "Liz, this is the house I was telling you about. Take a look, and if you like it, we can lock it down now. I'll handle the arrangements with my friend for you."

No sooner had Lizetta returned to her room with Mrs. Bernice Madden, Hogan arrived. Concerned about her future plans, Hogan suggested that once Lizetta was well, she should continue with her earlier plans to study abroad as soon as possible. He mentioned a female friend who was also heading to Astoria to study finance at the same university. She had found a lovely villa near campus and was looking for roommates.

"It sounds perfect for you," he told Lizetta.

As Lizetta scrolled through the pictures of the villa on Hogan's phone, she was impressed. "The house looks beautiful..."

The villa, with its neat, cozy arrangement and a small garden, seemed ideal.

Hogan nodded, about to delve into more details when Tim interjected. "Liz, thinking of studying abroad? It might be better not to room with strangers, though. Living habits, personalities... you never know. It could lead to unnecessary friction."

Nelson chimed in, "Liz, your friend's right. Plus, you're still recovering. No need to rush the study abroad plans. Have you thought about visiting Tranquil Meadows? Grandpa says it's the perfect spot for rest and recuperation."

Mrs. Bernice Madden, overhearing this, eagerly grabbed Lizetta's hand. "Back to Tranquil Meadows! Let's go back to Tranquil Meadows!"

Jerome, offering Lizetta a fig soaked

in warm water, added softly, "The dance troupe's been asking about you. The last show was a hit, and we're planning a new one that aims to surpass the previous. It's a big challenge. Interested in joining us?"

Lizetta, taking the fig, smiled thoughtfully, not dismissing the idea of returning to the dance troupe. She had enjoyed her time with the troupe, despite it being short-lived, and felt a sense of guilt for leaving so abruptly, especially

after Jerome had offered her an opportunity. Feeling a bit remorseful and eager to make amends, Lizetta was considering it.

Seeing Lizetta wavering, Hogan clenched his fist, his frustration barely concealed.

Chapter 672



He laughed aloud, "Mr. Temple and Mr. Madden, you're worrying too much. My friend here is actually someone Liz knows too, so they'll get along just fine. As for joining the dance troupe, with Liz's talents, she can get in anytime. But the chance to study with an international dance master like Master Dories is rare. I've heard that Master Dories is considering retirement after this world tour. If that's the case, it's best for Liz to go abroad and study with him as soon as possible. Once she returns home, with her reputation skyrocketing, wouldn't her joining Mr. Madden's troupe bring even more to the table?"

Hogan made his case with logic and eloquence. Clearly, he was a master of persuasion. Lizetta turned to Hogan, "This friend of yours, I know her?" "Yep, it's Megan Daisynes. If I'm not mistaken, you two were in the same class in high school, right?"

Lizetta's eyes lit up slightly, "It's Megan? What's she doing running off to Astoria to study finance?" From Lizetta's tone, it was clear that she and Megan had been friends during their school days.

Jerome's gaze darkened slightly as he glanced at Hogan. It wasn't that he opposed Lizetta going abroad to further her dance studies, but they had only just discovered Lizetta's origins. They hadn't even had the chance to

acknowledge their relationship or untangle the truth of the matter. How could they let Lizetta travel to Astoria alone at such a time?

Nelson shared the same concerns. He hadn't even had the chance to bring his beloved granddaughter home yet, and here was this reckless fool urging her to go abroad.

Nelson frowned deeply, fixing Hogan

with a stern look. Initially, he had thought Hogan to be a sharp and discerning young man, certainly more appealing than the riffraff from the Dashiell family. But now, Nelson found Hogan's presence

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increasingly irksome. The boy wore glasses and posed as a cultured gentleman, yet he lacked the insight and suitability to be his granddaughter's suitor.

"Dr. White, let's focus on letting Liz rest and recover first. Adjusting to the food and environment abroad takes time," Nelson spoke up again. His granddaughter, should she decide to study abroad, would naturally have the best property bought for her near the school by him along with arranged bodyguards, servants, and a housekeeper. He and his wife would accompany her, eliminating the need for her to share accommodations with anyone. This Dr. White fellow seemed too eager to whisk Liz away, clearly harboring ulterior motives.

Standing beside Nelson, Andrea felt as though she were invisible. There was a time when she was the center of attention wherever she went. But now, everyone's focus was on Lizetta. Jerome wanted Lizetta for the Madden family's dance troupe. Her grandfather went even further, suggesting Lizetta should go to Tranquil Meadows for convalescence.

Unable to contain herself, Andrea interjected, "Grandpa, I think Dr. White makes a good point. If Ms. Gardenia loves dancing that much, it would be a shame to miss this opportunity. If you truly have a rapport with Ms. Gardenia, you should support her. How about we, the Madden family, sponsor Ms. Gardenia's study abroad expenses?"

As soon as Andrea finished speaking, Jerome and Nelson turned their gazes toward her, both looks carrying a hint of intimidation. Andrea's smile gradually stiffened, and the atmosphere in the room grew somewhat awkward.

Timothy had only managed to speak

at the beginning, finding no

opportunity to interject thereafter. He glanced at Hogan, then at Jerome and Nelson, clicking his tongue internally. He felt sorry for Remington. If Liz was a tough nut to crack, her family seemed even more challenging. Timothy felt it might be time for him to exit the scene and go back to advising Remington to give up sooner rather than later.

Chapter 673



"Grandpa, Jerome, why are you both looking at me like that? If you don't agree, I'll just use my own allowance to sponsor Mrs. Johnson's trip abroad." Andrea was being stared at, but she maintained an innocent and cheerful demeanor.

It seemed she was completely oblivious to the fact that her words were a form of belittlement and insult to Liz, something that could hurt someone's pride.

The atmosphere suddenly became tense, but Liz laughed, breaking the awkward silence. "Mrs. Madden is really too kind-hearted, a veritable fairy godmother eager to shower me with money. But I really don't need this kind of help. Oh, and please take this credit card back too."

Saying this, Liz pulled out a credit card and handed it to Andrea in front of everyone.

Andrea's eyes flickered, surprised that Liz would bring this up publicly. She thought Liz would keep the embarrassing incident of being given a credit card to herself and just swallow the humiliation. Nelson frowned at the card, "Liz, what's this about?"

Liz just smiled calmly, "Oh, nothing much. Just that Mrs. Madden mentioned the card had fifty thousand dollars..."Material © NôveIDr

Andrea, worried Liz might say more things not in her favor, suddenly interrupted, "Grandpa, I was in such a hurry when I left this morning, I didn't even have time to buy some gifts to bring over. I'm really thankful for Mrs. Johnson's help at the bar the other day, and I wanted to show my gratitude with the money on this card. Mrs. Johnson had accepted my gesture, but you all made such a fuss, and now she feels embarrassed to keep it and wants to give it back to me!"

Andrea was blatantly lying. Liz hadn't accepted the card at all; she had thrown it back at Andrea, and it

had fallen to the ground. Andreae
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didn't bend down to pick it up, especially since she heard Mrs. Bernice Madden had an accident and ran out.

Liz couldn't just leave the card on the ground, in case someone else picked it up so she had to pick it up herself before leaving. But now, Andrea was insisting that she had accepted the card. To say she had accepted it and then pulled it out now was implying that Liz had a different set of principles in public and in private.

Andrea was betting on the fact that there hadn't been a third person in the room earlier, and now that the card was being pulled out by Liz, Liz had no way to clarify.

Liz's smile faded, and she twirled the

card between her fingers. "Mrs. Madden must be suffering from amnesia. gave the card back to you, and you didn't take it; it fell to the ground. Besides, you said these fifty thousand dollars were for hiring a caregiver, so I wouldn't bother Grandpa Nelson and Grandma Bernice anymore. I understand your intention, but hiring a caregiver really doesn't require that much money."

Whether people believed her or not, Liz had to make things clear in person.

Andrea frowned, looking wronged. "Mrs. Johnson, you clearly accepted it just now. I didn't mention hiring a caregiver. Otherwise, why would grandma come to see you? If I thought that, I wouldn't have come with grandma this morning..."

Andrea insisted Liz had accepted the card, believing that between her and Liz, Grandpa and Jerome would trust her more.

However, Nelson's expression grew darker, and he glared at Andrea. "Who taught you to throw money at people? Take back the card and apologize right now!"

Andrea had grown up under Nelson's watchful eye, and he knew her character well. He had always been indulgent, considering her loss of her mother at a young age, overlooking her minor faults with a blind eye.



Discovering that the granddaughter he had been doting on was an imposter, and his real granddaughter had been mistreated by the imposter's biological parents-subjected to abuse and kidnapping-made Grandpa Nelson see things in a clearer light. Even though he had a soft spot for Andrea, he knew deep down who truly deserved his affection and apologies.

Andrea looked at Nelson with disbelief, "Grandpa, you don't believe me?!" Her voice trembled with anger and hurt.

Seeing her like this only deepened Nelson's frown.

Andrea then turned to Jerome, "Bro, you too? You think I should apologize?"

Jerome, noticing Lizetta holding onto a credit card, quickly took it from her and suggested, "Let's not take this card back. We'll donate it to the hospital for charity."

Andrea's eyes welled up with tears as she glared at Lizetta, who was lying in the hospital bed. "I had good intentions, and you repay me with betrayal. Is this what you wanted?"

Lizetta was quite taken aback. Without any solid proof, Nelson and Jerome chose to believe her over Florence, whom they had cherished for years. A mix of emotions surged in Lizetta-gratitude, a touch of sadness, and warmth. She was at a loss for words.

Mrs. Bernice Madden, stepping forward to embrace Lizetta, frowned at Andrea, "Don't you dare speak to Elsa like that! Get out!"

Andrea felt even more upset and humiliated.

Timothy commented with a smirk, "Florence probably doesn't know, but when Litchi got divorced, Remi gave her assets worth billions in real estate, stocks, and cash. Liz didn't care for any of it and didn't take a dime. She wouldn't be interested in your \$50,000. Try not to be so stingy next time; it doesn't suit the Madden name. People might start thinking you're the imposter here."

"What are you talking about?!" Andrea glared at Timothy, frustrated that even outsiders were questioning her.

She hoped Nelson and Jerome would defend her, but they remained silent.

Andrea panicked, wondering how things could have gone so wrong.

Timothy just shrugged and rolled his eyes at her.

Hogan added, "Ms. Madden, Liz makes more than \$50,000 just from the royalties of one song she writes or choreographs. If you knew anything about Liz, you wouldn't

have made such a laughable mistake."

Sitting there, Lizetta felt like everyone's favorite. She didn't have to say or do anything; everyone in

the room believed and sided with her, protecting her.

Andrea hadn't anticipated losing so badly. Biting her lip, she covered her face and ran out crying.

"Liz, don't take this to heart, and don't let this drive a wedge between us, okay?" Nelson said, his tone cautious.

Lizetta shook her head, "Of course not. Thank you for believing in me, Grandpa Nelson."

Nelson sighed in relief, then turned to Timothy with a scowl, "What was that about earlier? So the Dash family screwed Liz over after

all?"

Timothy flinched, starting to explain, but Nelson cut him off, "Save it. I don't want to hear excuses; only outcomes matter!"

Timothy was left speechless.

Chapter 675



Nelson was a man who didn't miss a beat, his face etched with scorn, fury, and disdain.

Timothy felt unjustly targeted, meeting Nelson's gaze was like facing a barrage of thrown knives.

"Liz needs her rest, thank you for visiting her," Nelson said to Timothy, speaking with the authority of a family elder, completely disregarding his outsider status in relation to Liz. Timothy was on pins and needles, sensing that if he didn't take the hint and leave, Nelson might just grab a broom and sweep him out of the room himself.

"Take care, Liz. I'll drop by another time to check on you," Timothy said as he stood, but not before pulling Hogan up with him.

"Dr. White, a friend's cousin is sick and has some questions about surgery. Could you spare a moment to clear some things up? Let's step outside, and I'll give you the full scoop."

Without waiting for Hogan's response, Timothy led him out. He had only intended to speak on Liz's behalf but ended up making things worse.

Timothy wondered if he had just made an enemy of Remington or if pulling Hogan away might mitigate his blunder.

Once they were gone, Nelson turned to Liz with a solemn tone, "Liz, those men who are all sweet talk and no action when it matters most are the least trustworthy and don't deserve forgiveness! You've got to be wise and experienced to see through them. I say, getting married at thirty isn't too late, and even forty isn't either. Take your time, there's no rush, right?"

Nelson had only recently reconnected with his granddaughter and wished he could turn back the clock and spend another twenty years raising her, making up for lost time.

He wasn't even considering the likes of Remington anymore; even Jerome was under scrutiny, as Liz had to genuinely like and accept him herself.

But Nelson was worried. The Dashiell family was notorious, and he feared his innocent granddaughter could easily be misled by a smooth talker.

Nelson's protective stance made Liz chuckle internally, yet she nodded earnestly in agreement.

"You're absolutely right, Grandpa Nelson. I'm not focusing on that right now. I just want to recover and make something of myself."

Jerome, overhearing this, couldn't help but take a second look at Liz, sighing inwardly, feeling perhaps he had been too hasty.

"Alright then, you rest up," Nelson said, admiring how sensible and obedient Liz was.

Seeing Liz look a bit tired, Nelson decided it was time to leave.

Outside the room, Nelson's

expression grew serious as he instructed Jerome, "Call Andrea, tell her to come home immediately. We need to head back to Tranquil Meadows."

It was time to delve into the past and clear up matters, including speaking with the servants and drivers who were with Elsa when she came to Zion City and lived in Tranquil Meadows.

The paternity test from eight years ago and the people involved, as well as Andrea's place in the Gardenia family, all needed to be sorted out quickly if he was to formally acknowledge Liz as his

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Pet

granddaughter.

Jerome reached for his phone to call Andrea, but she hung up on him, clearly still upset about the earlier incident.

"She's not answering. I'll have someone look for her," Jerome said, not bothering to cover for Andrea, and relayed the situation to Nelson directly.

Chapter 676



Nelson's face darkened as he frowned and said, "Playing too many games, proud of foolish acts, and when caught, shows no remorse. Now, holding a grudge?"

He had never thought his granddaughter could be so unseemly.

Without the rose-tinted glasses, his disappointment only grew.

Hospital room.

With everyone gone, Lizetta wanted to lie down and rest a bit, but her gaze fell on a bag beside the bed.

It had been brought by Timothy just a while ago. Hesitating, Lizetta reached for the bag to see what was inside.

Sure enough, the items weren't something Timothy would buy.

There were maternity toothbrushes, a lumbar support pillow, soft slippers, a hat and socks of just the right thickness, and some sanitary pads from brands Lizetta usually used, among other things. Lizetta frowned. Last night, she had thought she heard a soft knocking on the wall but dismissed it as her imagination. Today, bumping into Remington in the fire escape explained it all. Gathering the bag, Lizetta got out of bed and went to the room next door, intending to hang the bag on the doorknob and leave. But just as she reached out, the door opened from the inside. Remington, in his hospital gown, stood there. Content © provided by NôveIDr

Caught off guard, their eyes met.

Lizetta simply extended her hand, offering the bag back to him. "Your stuff." Remington looked down at the bag she was handing to him, his gaze somber. "These are things you'll use, and they're not expensive. No need to give them back."

Lizetta's voice was cool. "Yoli already prepared all of this for me. I don't need it."

"I don't take back what I've given. Besides, I wasn't the one who gave this to you. Find whoever did to return it."

Remington's expression was tense, his voice tight with a hint of bitterness.

Even knowing her current disdain for him, he didn't expect her to reject even these small items.

Was anything associated with him as repulsive as poison in her eyes?

Seeing he wouldn't take it, Lizetta let go.

The bag dropped towards the floor.

Remington's expression shifted, his reflexes quick as he caught the bag before it hit the ground, preventing the contents from scattering and getting dirty.

He clenched the bag, looking at the cold woman in front of him with a mocking smile.

"Timothy said might as well have

walked into a crematorium, that trying to win you back was a mission impossible, and advised me to give up. I didn't believe it, but now, from your own mouth, do you really not want to see me ever again?"

His grip on the bag tightened, his burnt right hand showing beneath. The white bandage on his hand slowly stained red from the pressure. Lizetta's gaze shifted from his hand and met his, her voice emotionless.

"That's right, give up. I didn't come to see you; came to ask Mr. Dashiell, is it you who's transferring, or should I start the discharge process right now?"

Her look was so decisive, utterly void of sentiment.

Remington's breath became heavy, his hand trembling as he held the bag.

In a moment of uncontrollable emotion, he abruptly pulled Lizetta into the room.

The door slammed shut behind them.

Chapter 677



"Remington! What are you up to now!?" Lizetta's expression instantly changed, shedding her icy demeanor for a look of annoyance and vexation.

Catching a glimpse of her, Remington stuffed the bag he was holding into her arms. Instinctively, Lizetta wrapped her arms around it, and the next second, Remington bent over and scooped her up.

As she was momentarily lifted off the ground, he looked down at her again. Lizetta quickly raised her hand, covering her mouth tightly, her eyes displaying nothing but caution and wariness. However, Remington simply turned around expressionless and carried her to the hospital bed, seating her down. He then took the bag from her one-handed grip, pulling out socks and soft slippers, and knelt down.

Lizetta was wearing standard slippers, a last-minute purchase by Yolanda from a supermarket near the hospital. They were of decent quality. But Yolanda hadn't gone through childbirth herself and didn't think much of it when choosing, so she bought flip-flops.

Without socks, Lizetta only realized her feet were ice cold when Remington removed her flip-flops, his large hands firmly gripping her feet. His palms were warm, bearing the slight calluses from years of working out, as he rubbed her feet, cold as marble.

An unusual sensation crawled up her veins from the touch, causing Lizetta to retract her feet, only to be caught by the ankle. Lizetta kicked out, but Remington, still squatting before her, didn't budge an inch. Her strength was nowhere near enough to contend with his.

"Stop fidgeting!" Remington looked up at her, "You've had significant bleeding and you're in postpartum care. If you don't want me to look after you, you should at least take care of yourself."

His gaze slowly moved from Lizetta's defensively angry eyes down to her mouth, adding, "I'm just trying to put your socks on, nothing more. You don't have to guard against me as if I were a beast."

It was then Lizetta realized she was still covering her mouth. She had thought he was going to force a kiss when he lifted her, reacting almost instinctively. Now, it seemed as if she was overthinking things.

With an annoyed look, Lizetta turned

her head away, her ears burning with a mix of anger and embarrassment. But she didn't move her hand, retorting sharply, "Being this close to you makes me sick! Mr. Dashiell, can't you see what you're doing, always sticking to me like a bad smell!"

Her words were harsh, filled with contempt. Yet Remington's actions of rubbing her feet didn't pause. He even let out a light chuckle, "A bad smell is useful against chills, poor circulation, numb limbs—it suits your current condition well. Don't

underestimate its usefulness, even if it sounds unpleasant."

Speaking calmly, he rolled up her hospital gown, revealing her self. This text is property of Nô/veld/r

significantly thinner legs. The oversized gown slid up to her knee exposing her cold, bare skin. Remington frowned, quickly rubbed her legs to warm them, and put on the long socks, covering up to her knees.

Lizetta felt a bit dazed, his words strangely familiar. After a moment, she recalled saying, "Don't underestimate a bad smell, even if it sounds unpleasant," herself.

It was back when she first joined the Dashiell family, clinging to Remington. But what teenager would want a little girl tailing him all the time?

"Lizetta, can you stop sticking to me like a bad smell? Go find some friends or hang out by yourself, just stop following me around!"

Chapter 678



Back then, she was a constant annoyance to him, and the young man, Remington, would often snap at her with a rebellious glare.

Whenever he turned away, there she was, trailing behind him again.

He'd whip around to glare at her, and she'd just give him a timid, yet stubborn smile.

"Brother, don't knock the dog skin plaster. The name might not sound fancy, but it works wonders."

Later on, when he twisted his ankle playing basketball, that little girl, Lizetta, actually ran up and pulled out a dog skin plaster from her bag, sticking it on his ankle and cheekily drawing a lychee on it. "See, brother, told you it works. I'll be your personal dog skin plaster, sticking by you for life."

That plaster, Remington wore it for days.

And eventually, just like the plaster, Lizetta did manage to stick by him successfully.

Another day on the basketball court, some guys from the nearby court tossed Lizetta some cash, bossing her around.

"Hey, sticking to Mr. Dashiell like a dog skin plaster, huh? Go get us some iced drinks, make yourself useful."

Before the guy could finish his sentence, a basketball hit him square in the head.

He howled in pain and anger, turning around to see who threw it, his face draining of color. This text is property of Nô/veID/r

Lizetta still remembered how Remington walked over to her then, already bearing his cool demeanor but with a youthful defiance.

He pulled her up from where she was picking up the money.

"Stop picking up all that nasty stuff!"

Remington snatched the money from her hand, stuffed it into the mouth of the troublemaker, and warned.

"Even if she's a clingy dog skin plaster, she's clinging to me, Remington. What gives you the right to boss her around?"

The guy ended up tearfully apologizing to Lizetta before leaving.

From that day on, nobody dared call her "worthless plaster" to her face.

Timothy, seeing her, would always tease Remington, "Oh, Remi's Lychee is here."

To this

Probably forgetting that the

Timothy still calls Lizetta

originated from the lychee

g on the plaster.

Lizetta had forgotten too, until Remington mentioned it, suddenly recalling everything.

A rush of complex emotions surged in her heart, her nose tingling as she forgot to resist.

By the time she snapped back to reality, Remington had already put her other sock on.

He placed a pair of soft, cotton slippers beside her feet, "Wear these, don't catch a cold, or dancing later will be hard."

Lizetta pursed her lips, looking at the slippers, her throat tightening but she didn't refuse again.

She put on the slippers and stood up.

"All set, can I go now?"

"Put on the hat too."

Remington took a hat out of the bag, opened it, and placed it on Lizetta's head.

Strands of her hair fell across her face, the hat sitting awkwardly.

Remington reached out to tuck her hair behind her ear, but Lizetta blocked him, arranging her hair herself.

"Good enough, move!"

Her voice was icy, and Remington, catching the impatience in her eyes, felt Caprickly sensation coursing Most through his veins, an elusive ache.

He took a step aside, breathing a bit heavier.

Lizetta hurried to leave, not hesitating for a moment, eager to escape.

Yet, the next second, Remington caught her wrist.

"Little liar, forgotten all the promises you made," he said, his voice

suddenly deep with a hint of
annoyance, reminding her of her vow to stick by him for life

Chapter 679



Liz felt a lump in her throat, the irony of the situation suffocating her.

"Enough already!" She turned back, frowning. "Kids say all sorts of things. Do you really think dredging up childhood babble is meaningful?"

"It seems you remember it all too well," Remington chuckled, a hint of self-mockery in his voice.

He stared at her. "Maybe it isn't meaningful. But what if I become the clingy nuisance that sticks with you forever?"

Liz's chest heaved, a sour sensation rushing to her nose. She fought it down, almost shrieking at him.

"Then I'd rather go through hell and high water to get rid of this nuisance!"

Remington saw the bitterness in her eyes, feeling a pang in his heart as if she had already carved out a piece of it.

She was indeed more ruthless than him. He had let her stick to him so easily back then; now, she wouldn't even glance back.

Liz had been relatively stable these past few days.

However, it was clear that her postpartum depression would uncontrollably surface in Remington's presence.

Her mood was volatile, easily agitated.

Both Liz and Remington were aware of this.

In that moment, his grip on her wrist weakened, and he let go.

"I was just joking. Don't get so worked up. I've already asked Ray to handle my discharge papers. I haven't forgotten what I said while you were unconscious."

He had come to the hospital because he was worried about her, wanting to be close.

If it hadn't been for Mrs. Bernice Madden's accident, which he happened to come across. All content is © NôvelDr

He never planned to show up in front of her, wanting to let go as she wished.

But when she chased him to the emergency exit and he saw her, he couldn't help wanting more, to get closer.

"I'm glad you haven't forgotten. I hope Mr. Dashiell will keep his promise this time."

Liz stared at Remington, ignoring the paleness of his face, her voice cold.

Remington simply nodded.

He pulled open a drawer, took something out, and handed it to Liz.

"Take this, and I won't bother you again."

Liz looked, her eyebrows slightly furrowing.

It was a snapped credit card. Liz recognized it as the one from their first divorce, when he demanded \$3 million from her, which she had managed to give him.

Remington had snapped the card right away, clearly not having touched it since, let alone the money inside.

"The card's snapped, it's just a useless piece of plastic to me now. You take it back."

Seeing Liz didn't move, Remington took her hand and placed the snapped card in her palm.

Liz didn't want to entangle with him anymore, especially since the card was hers and she had painstakingly gathered the money.

He had demanded \$3 million for a divorce, ultimately deceiving her, not keeping his promise.

Now that he was returning the card, she took it without feeling guilty.

Liz clenched her fingers around it, securing it, "Any more issues, Mr. Dashiell?"

Remington looked at her intensely, his gaze thick as a whirlpool, swirling with emotions threatening to engulf her.

Liz's hand trembled slightly, holding

the card, the sharp edges digging

into her palm. Just as she was about to break under his gaze, feeling increasingly panicked and agitated, he suddenly stepped

forward and embraced her.

Unlike his usual hugs, which were intensely warm and tight, as if trying to merge her into his very bones, this hug was restrained, cautious.

Liz was momentarily stunned, forgetting to resist.

Remington's voice was rough, as if he had a mouthful of hot gravel, the words painfully hard to say.

"If letting go means you can breathe

freely, find happiness and peace

then I'm willing to let you go. Liz, whether you're going abroad or to another city, take care of yourself." en.swhovels.net

Because he knew, by letting go,

His Liz would soon be taken back by her family, whether she chose to move to Tranquil Meadows or go abroad, she wouldn't choose to stay in Zion City.

Chapter 680



She was leaving the city, setting off for somewhere far, far away.

Without her, Zion City would feel like a graveyard, burying everything but him in its silent depths.

Yet, as he embraced her fragile form, witnessing her lying there, refusing to wake, he realized he had lost the courage to hold her close once more.

In the end, Remington could only gently pat Lizetta's shoulder before letting go completely.

Lizetta didn't look up at Remington as she stepped back, quickly heading towards the door.

As she pushed open the hospital room door, she bumped into Ray, who was coming in with some paperwork.

Remington hadn't lied to her; he had indeed sent Ray to take care of the discharge procedures.

"Mrs....?"

Ray was stunned to see Lizetta walking out of his young master's hospital room.

The lady actually came to see Mr. Remington Dashiell voluntarily?

However, before Ray could rejoice, he caught sight of Remington standing in the room like a statue, realizing things weren't as he had imagined. He quickly stepped aside.

Lizetta passed by Ray without lifting her head, and at that moment, Hogan approached her quickly.

"Liz, are you alright? A junior of mine, studying psychology, got married and brought me some wedding candies. I thought I'd share the joy with you. Why are you out here by yourself? It's chilly outside; you should put on a sweater."

Hogan was evidently coming from Lizetta's hospital room, seemingly unaware that Lizetta had come from the neighboring room. He quickly stepped forward, lightly placing his arm around Lizetta's shoulders, guiding her back towards her room.

Lizetta, with her head down, didn't resist Hogan's support.

Her legs felt weak, her steps uncertain. She was clearly not in her best form.

"What kind of wedding candies?" Lizetta engaged in conversation as the two walked away.

Hogan's voice carried easily into the neighboring hospital room, and Ray dared not look at Remington's expression.

He quickly stepped into the room,
closing the door behind him. Yet, he
couldn't help but worry for his

master, pressing his ear against the door to catch any sound from outside, murmuring with a mix of frustration and helplessness.

"In just a moment, how did you manage to make the lady cry again? Look at Dr. White, going out of his way to offer sweets, running around so eagerly. If you don't step up your game, next time you might actually be giving her wedding candies..."

As Ray muttered, he heard the door of the neighboring room close and could no longer hear anything. He, turned around only to meet Remington's icy gaze, seemingly calm but with a storm of emotions swirling beneath.

Ray instantly fell silent, feeling a chill down his spine.

"She cried?" Remington asked, frowning.

He had not noticed before, and under the man's intense gaze, Ray nodded.

Indeed, he had seen Lizetta's eyes red and her lashes wet with tears.

Ray thought, realizing Lizetta had cried and had been taken away by Hogan, that Dr. White might be gently and attentively drying her tears this very moment. How could Remington stand it? All content is © Nôve! Dr

He half expected Remington to burst out any second, kick down the neighboring room's door, and tear Hogan apart.

Yet, Remington just clenched his fists tightly, then released them, before turning around with a voice devoid of emotion.

"Pack up, we're leaving."

Ray panicked, "But what about Mrs....?"

Remington began unbuttoning his hospital gown, his voice firm as he interrupted, "We're divorced now. Change the way you address her, from now on, she's Ms. Gardenia." Ray was speechless.

If it weren't for the fact that Remington struggled with a button, trying three times without success, Ray might have believed he had truly let go.