

SHATTERED ILLUSIONS: LOVE, LIES, AND REDEMPTION

Chapter 691



Lizzy frowned and pushed the phone closer to Remington when he didn't reach out to take it.

She repeated firmly, "You can leave now. Just tell Fiona you've delivered the message."

As Remington took the phone from Lizzy's hands, his fingertips accidentally brushed against hers. Unexpectedly, Lizzy recoiled sharply and stepped back.

Remington's expression darkened, but Hogan's eyes gleamed with a sly light as he stepped in front of Lizzy. He smiled politely at Remington, but his words were laced with provocation. "Liz made herself clear, Mr. Dashiell. Liz and Mr. Dashiell are divorced now and have no relationship whatsoever. Liz doesn't want to bother you anymore. It's best not to force her, considering her previous reluctance to wake up was a result of Mr. Dashiell's insistence. You haven't forgotten the psychologist's advice, have you?"

Hogan's mention of the divorce and the psychologist was strategic. He knew Remington's presence here meant he had sensed something. He wanted to infuriate Remington, hoping he would lose control. That would only make Lizzy despise Remington more.

However, Hogan was disappointed. Remington merely glanced at him with cold disdain before turning his attention back to Lizzy.

"What did he mean by his apartment? He's been entangled with some woman, and now she's vanished without a trace. Do you know about this?!" Remington's voice was grave, revealing his concern. Despite Ray's efforts, the woman from the parking lot remained missing for a day. Either Hogan had sent her out of Zion City, or worse, she was dead. There was definitely something amiss.

But Lizzy wouldn't listen, her

patience wearing thin. "Did you take that photo in the parking lot? Did you .n

have Yoli send it to me? My senior has already explained that's his girlfriend. They've just started dating, and he kept it a secret from his mother to avoid marriage pressure. As for where I choose to live, that's my business, not yours. Senior, let's go."

Lizzy looked at Hogan, who nodded, and they both prepared to leave.

Remington didn't move, but Ray stepped in front of Hogan, blocking the way. Lizzy knew Ray's capabilities; without his permission, she couldn't leave. Angrily, she turned back, glaring at Remington, "Are you trying to imprison me again?"

Remington's heart tightened at her hateful gaze, regretting his past actions that forced her against her will, leading to her current distrust and aversion. This had given Hogan the chance to manipulate a vulnerable Lizzy, even bribing a psychologist to influence her mind. Today's situation was the bitter fruit of his own actions.

Remington, masking his inner turmoil with a gentle, almost pleading gaze, focused on Lizzy. "Liz, have you already agreed to go abroad with Hogan?"

Lizzy was taken aback by his direct gaze. "How did you know I agreed to go abroad with my senior?" She hadn't told anyone about her decision except Hogan.

Remington shot Hogan a cold look before stepping closer to Lizzy. "Why would you agree to stay in Hogan's apartment instead of going home after being discharged? Liz, think about it. Was this really what you wanted? Did you feel this way before undergoing therapy with Daphne?"

Lizzy stepped back, overwhelmed by his imposing aura and resonant voice, which inexplicably drew her into his reasoning. Yet, as she tried to remember, her mind was a blur. She couldn't recall how she agreed to go abroad or to stay at Hogan's apartment at all.

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It felt as if these weren't decisions she had pondered and made, but rather sudden, overpowering urges that bubbled up from nowhere. Why was this happening?

The more she tried to think, the more her mind seemed to stagnate. Lizetta couldn't help but raise her hand, forming a fist, wanting to knock some sense into her befuddled brain. "Don't move." Remington's timely intervention, grasping her wrist, snapped her back to reality.

Only then did Lizetta whirl back to the moment, but the sight of the man before her, his face etched with concern and tension, sent a jolt of agitation through her.

"Don't touch me!"

Her voice was sharp, laced with a kind of terror. Property © .

Taken aback, Remington's complexion shifted slightly as he instinctively let go of her hand.

Lizetta stepped back, only to be steadied by Hogan's outstretched hand. Her complexion was pale, a fine sheen of sweat on her forehead.

Remington watched her, his forehead throbbing with visible veins.

He felt humiliated. He had previously scoffed at Ray for suggesting that a therapist could be so influential.

But now, he was beginning to think he might have severely underestimated their capabilities.

Unable to contain himself any longer, Remington reached out and pulled Lizetta into his arms.

Lizetta was forcibly brought close, and Hogan, with a look of fury, exclaimed, "Liz! Let her go!"

He moved to pull Lizetta away, but Remington suddenly grabbed Hogan by the collar, his voice ominously cold.

"What exactly did Daphne do to her!?"

Suspicious of Daphne, Remington had sent Ray to her therapy office.

But they were too late. After leaving the hospital, Daphne had gone straight to the airport with her new French husband, leaving the country.

"Mr. Dashiell, what are you trying to do?! I don't understand what you're saying. Please, let me go. You're frightening Liz."

Hogan frowned, reaching for Remington's wrist.

Remington's eyes were icy, but before he could respond, Lizetta suddenly pushed him away with such force that she staggered a few steps to the side,

leaning against the wall. She wrapped her arms around herself, looking both anxious and pained.

Remington froze, his fists clenched, not daring to make another move.

All he could do was watch as Hogan rushed over to Lizetta, saying with concern, "Liz the postpartum depression is acting up again because of him. Have you

forgotten? It's because of his broken promises and lingering presence that you decided to leave the country. And staying at my place

was Dr. Daphne's suggestion, to avoid the painful memories and help you relax in a completely new environment."

Lizetta looked at Hogan, her eyes slightly confused yet somewhat reassured by his words.

Was that what he said?

She nodded, "I want to leave this place."

"Alright, let's go."

Hogan smiled slightly, supporting Lizetta as they moved to leave.

"Mr. Dashiell, step aside. You see, she wants to go with me, and you can't take her. Not unless you want to completely disregard her mental health and push her over the edge. Let us pass!"

Remington's fists were tightly clenched, his arms trembling.

And Ray, anxious and desperate, wondered how they could just let Hogan take her away.

In just a couple of days, Hogan had managed to distress Lizetta to this extent. If she truly ended up in his care, who knew what he might do?

She might end up like that woman in the parking lot, vanishing without a trace.

But preventing them from leaving seemed impossible given Lizetta's current state-it might indeed cause her mental breakdown.

Hogan clearly knew this, leveraging Remington's reluctance to act rashly, which emboldened his brazen stance.

Just as the standoff reached a tense peak, an aged voice suddenly echoed from the doorway.

"Liz refuses to go with the Dashiell

family brat, and that Dashiell family brat has no right to take her. So, what about us? We surely have more right than you, a White family kid, who's nothing but a stranger to Liz

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A buzz of conversation preceded their entrance, and then, the group made their way in. Leading them was Nelson, the gentleman whose voice had announced his presence before he was even seen. Today, he was the epitome of formality. Dressed in a British-style checkered three-piece suit with a black bow tie and a hint of red peeking from his pocket square, his salt-and-pepper hair meticulously combed, he looked more prepared for an esteemed ceremony than a visit to the hospital.

By his side, Jerome opted for a lighter suit, shedding his usual somber tones for a brighter, more dapper appearance. Following closely were several bodyguards in black, quickly filling the hospital room to its brim.

Hogan watched their entrance, his expression shifting subtly as his grip on Lizetta's arm unintentionally tightened.

"Ouch..."

Lizetta winced in pain.

Nelson's face soured at this, and he raised his cane, poking Hogan's arm while scolding him. "Last time I already had my suspicions about you, lad, trying to whisk away my precious granddaughter. And look here, I've been away for just two days, and you're already planning to take Liz somewhere? Let go, I say!"

After a few ungentle prods from Nelson, Hogan released his hold. Nelson then pulled a somewhat bewildered Lizetta to his side, examining her with a mix of concern and relief. "My dear, let's see if you've gained some weight these past two days. Why is your face still so pale? No worries, once you're back home with me and grandma, we'll make sure our Liz is well-fed and healthy."

Lizetta was still processing Nelson's words, feeling both understanding and confusion. She had had her suspicions and hopes, but they seemed too good to be true. Yet, Nelson's words made it all seem like a dream...

"Grandpa Nelson, what do you mean by granddaughter and going home?" Her voice trembled; could it really mean what she hoped?

Nelson looked into Lizetta's beautiful

eyes, seeing her cautious hope, and felt his heart break. His eyes reddened as he tightened his grip on her arm. "Child, you are of the

Madden family's blood. Your mother was my daughter, Elsa, and Pam your real grandfather other

sorry we

couldn't protect you better and that

it took us this long to find you."

As Nelson spoke, he could no longer hold back and embraced Lizetta. Held in his arms, Lizetta's gaze found Jerome, still trying to make sense of it all.

Jerome nodded at her, smiling, "Liz,

back then, your aunt, along with Daisylin Gardenia and Elara

Hawthorne all gave birth at Rainbow Hospital. Daisylin's child was frail

from birth. Hans, not wanting to spend money on a sickly child, swapped the

Gardenia baby girl with you. But then, fearing you, being premature, might

also be expensive to care for, he switched you again with Evelina Hawthorne.

Here are the DNA test results proving your lineage with your grandparents.

Would you like to see?"

Nelson, too, encouraged her, "Yes, yes, Liz, take a look."

Lizetta's eyes rested on the

document case, but she shook her head. She believed them; there was no

reason for Nelson and Jerome to lie. Moreover, the instinctive

el?

affection she felt for Grandma

Bernice and Grandpa Nelson-it was the pull of blood ties.

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Nelson noticed her hesitancy and obvious panic. "Liz, do you... do you not forgive us? Do you not want to acknowledge us?"

Lizetta was momentarily taken aback, then quickly responded, "It's not Grandpa's fault, it's Hans's mistake. How could I not acknowledge you? I trust you, Grandpa."

Lizetta was in good spirits and easily accepted Nelson, along with the matter of acknowledging her family. Having been adrift since childhood, she had always longed for familial love and connection. Especially now, having left the Dashiell household behind, she was more vulnerable than ever, alone and emotionally fragile. The prior rapport with Mrs. Bernice Madden had laid a foundation for affection, making this acknowledgment a deeply desired joy for Lizetta.

Nelson had been extremely anxious, fearing Lizetta wouldn't easily accept them, fearing she would blame them for losing her, and fearing any further emotional distress for her. But everything was going smoother than expected. Truly his granddaughter, kind, forgiving, and understanding!

He beamed, wrinkles crinkling with joy, "Alright, let's go home, Grandpa's taking you home! Your grandma's waiting for us."

Nelson was impatient to leave, grabbing Lizetta to head out.

Hogan, not expecting any complications, hurriedly stepped forward. "Liz, have you forgotten what you promised me?"

Hearing Hogan's voice, Lizetta paused, the uncontrollable feeling seemingly returning.

Jerome stepped forward, blocking Hogan, and said sternly, "Dr. White, no matter what Liz promised you before for whatever reasons, she's now Ms. Madden. She's just been reunited with her family, and it's only fitting she goes home with them. Are you intending to stop her?"

Hogan's expression darkened, unwillingly he again addressed Lizetta, "Liz, are you sure about this?"

Lizetta turned to look at Hogan, his eyes behind the glasses slightly shining. A voice in her head seemed to urge her that leaving with Hogan was the right choice. Yet, she was influenced but not foolish. She was beginning to realize something was off, frowning and resisting the urge to be controlled, she shook her head at Hogan.

"Brother, I need to go home, thank you for coming to pick me up from the hospital. Grandpa, let's go."

Lizetta tightly held Nelson's hand, her complexion slightly pale. Hogan clenched his fists, his expression briefly flitting to irritation.

He wanted to speak again, but Remington, who had been silently standing by since the Maddens arrived, stepped forward and grabbed Hogan's shoulder. With no mercy, he squeezed hard, making Hogan feel as if his shoulder was about to shatter. "Ray! Keep an eye on him."Upstodatee from

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Losing control, Hogan stumbled

backward, unable to cry out in pain before Remington handed him over to Ray. Ray had been itching to act only holding back because of Lizetta Now that the Maddens taking Lizetta away, he had no reservations. He kneed Hogan hard in the chest, causing him to double over, then grabbed him by the collar and flung him onto the hospital bed.

As Lizetta and Nelson reached the hallway, a familiar and deep voice called from behind, "Grandpa, may I speak with Liz for a moment more?"

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Liz felt a shiver run down her spine as the man caught up to them from behind. Nelson sensed her unease and gently squeezed her hand. Turning to Remington, he asked, "And who might your grandfather be? You sure make it sound like we're old friends."

Remington's gaze rested on Liz, who stood quietly beside Nelson with her head bowed. He spoke in a gentle tone, "Please, Mr. Madden, give us your blessing."

Nelson snorted, clearly not inclined to give any blessings. But then he remembered that if it hadn't been for Remington's call that morning, informing him of the complications at the hospital, they wouldn't have rushed back from Tranquil Meadows so quickly. If not for that, Liz might have already been spirited away by the scheming Hogan.

Moreover, Nelson had just joyfully acknowledged his granddaughter. Thinking about the role Remington played in bringing Liz back home, Nelson managed to suppress his dissatisfaction. He looked at Liz and asked, "Sweetie, do you want to hear him out?"

Liz kept her head down, but she could feel the intense, suffocating gaze fixed on her. He stood in front of her, an immovable figure, as if he wouldn't step back unless she agreed. Liz bit her lip and finally nodded slightly at Nelson.

Nelson patted Liz's shoulder and shot Remington a warning glare before walking ahead with his bodyguards.

Liz faced Remington and met his deep, intense eyes. He had been looking at her with a focus that seemed laden with heavy sorrow and reluctance to let go. When their eyes met, the tension eased, and a smile flickered across his face. His voice was soft as he said, "Congratulations on reuniting with your family."

Liz stared at Remington, taken aback by his reaction. He rarely smiled, often appearing distant and aloof. Even his smiles were usually tinged with mockery. But now, his smile was warm-a sincere congratulation, genuinely happy for her.

Liz was puzzled by his reaction; she thought he wouldn't be pleased and
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would be angry and upset. Her surprised expression was too evident, filling Remington's heart with a renewed sense of bitterness. After a moment of silence,

continued, "I mean it. TheThis content belongs to Nô/velDra/
Hawthorne family abandoned you, the Gardenia family only brought you pain, and the Dashiell family and I..."

Remington's voice grew hoarse. He had always known that Liz had seen the Dashiell family and him as her salvation. She was too pure, grateful, and trusting. He had arrogantly considered himself her savior,

ignoring and doubting her, letting her down and then manipulating her back with small gestures repeatedly failing her until all their affection was exhausted...

Thinking of this, Remington's handsome face turned pale, and his deep eyes briefly reddened. He clenched his fist before forcing a smile.

"Liz, I always prided myself on being

a good brother, thinking that the Dashiell family provided you with a life of luxury, believing you couldn't live without the Dashiell family, especially without me. So I ignored your doubts, disappointed you, and manipulated you back, time and again, exhausting our bond... Now, I realize how arrogant and ridiculous was, but I've come to this

understanding far too late, and the cost has been too great..."

Liz looked at the man before her, feeling as if her calm heart had been blown open, her eyes uncontrollably welling up with tears. Seeing her about to cry, Remington suddenly fell silent.

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He didn't know when he would see her again after this separation. Maybe she'd fall for another man, maybe he'd soon hear about her getting remarried, or maybe their paths would never cross again. So, he didn't want to make her cry anymore. He didn't want tears to be his parting gift.

Remington changed the subject, "Liz, I don't know what Daphne did to make you despise me even more, but I still have to ask, do you still hate me?"

Lizetta blinked, hiding the warmth in her eyes, and countered his question with one of her own. "Do you want me to hate you?"

She remembered him saying he'd rather be hated than faced with her indifferent coldness.

Remington's fists clenched at his sides, trembling slightly. His voice was hoarse as he spoke. "Better not to hate. Hate is more exhausting and torturous than love. It's too painful, and for me, it's not worth it, right? Once you're back in Tranquil Meadows, just be Ms. Madden again. Forget all the unhappy times and people in Zion City, and find your carefree spirit again. Rise from the ashes, soar high."

After speaking, Remington instinctively lifted his hand. He wanted to touch her head like he used to when they were kids, or maybe pinch her cheek.

However, seeing her pale, delicate face thinned by distress, and remembering her almost fierce rejection of him, he hesitated and then withdrew his hand, stepping aside to let her pass.

Yet, Lizetta looked at him and asked, "Do you truly wish for me to forget?"

For some reason, a voice inside her always warned her that Remington was the source of her deepest wounds, the indirect cause of her baby's death, the most despicable and untrustworthy liar. No matter how he acted or what he said, she shouldn't be swayed.

But for some reason, seeing his attempt at a relaxed demeanor and hearing his words, her heart felt like it was being wrung tight, every shred in agony.

"Yeah, if you can, just forget it all," Remington nodded, his voice light, but his throat tasted bittersweet.

Of course, he didn't want her to

forget him, to move on completely and erase him from her heart. The thought made him feel suffocated and hopeless. But if forgetting him meant she could heal and find happiness again... If forgetting was the way for her to overcome the grief of losing their child, then so be it.

He would remember everything for both of them.

Lizetta

Se him a long look, and

his face didn't seem so et

repulsive to her anymore.

to her anymore. She didn't

suffocated at the sight of him.

After a moment, she looked away and nodded. "Okay, goodbye."

Lizetta walked towards Nelson, who immediately greeted her with a warm, benevolent smile.

"You said you had a couple of things to say, and yet here we've been, talking for ages. Liz, remember, actions speak louder than words.

handsome, gentle, and

Tranquil Meadows is full one

understanding men who know how to respect and cherish you. Your grandparents have already got a few in mind for you, let's go..."

Nelson's voice, full of vitality, echoed down the hospital corridor.

Remington knew the old man meant for him to hear it. He stood still, watching her walk away, and silently said in his heart.

Liz, goodbye.

At least this time, he had managed to safely bring her back to her family.

Chapter 697



Remington watched as Lizetta's figure vanished down the corridor. He lingered for a moment longer before turning back towards the hospital room. Inside, Jerome hadn't left with the Maddens as expected but was wrapping things up.

Hogan's glasses were shattered, his face bruised and swollen on one side, with traces of blood at the corner of his mouth. Ray had him tied up in a chair. Seeing Remington enter, Hogan's lips twisted into a mocking smile.

"Stubborn guy, won't say a thing," Ray reported to Remington.

Hogan didn't seem too badly injured, but Ray had gagged him and landed a few good hits, surely causing some internal damage. Yet, Hogan kept silent. Remington approached Hogan, his gaze icy.

"What kind of mind games did you have Daphne play on Liz? What are you planning to do with Liz by luring her abroad?"

Hogan looked at Remington and let out a cold laugh, filled with disdain and mockery.

"Now you care about her? If you hadn't ruined her life five years ago, she would've accepted the proposal from the White family and left the country! But you destroyed her and then neglected her, letting her suffer from slander and torment for five years! I just wanted her to completely hate you, to take her away from this place of heartache and start anew abroad. Compared to what you've done to her, what's my plan? Remington, what right do you have to stand there and judge me? You're not worthy!"

Remington's eyes darkened, "So you knew all about the White family's proposal five years ago!"

It was clear from Hogan's words that he was still holding a grudge about the proposal from the White family.

Hogan smirked, "So what if I did? Upstodatee from Novel(D)ra/m/a.O(r)g She's never been happy with the Dashiell family. She once saved a stray cat and wanted to keep couldn't because your mother

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wouldn't allow it. Living unde

someone else's roof with those

conditions? If she were with me, I'd treat her like a treasure and never let her face such indignities!"

Remington watched Hogan coldly, "Five years ago, you wanted to take Liz abroad and failed. After your leg healed, you returned to work as the primary physician for Thaddeus Gardenia, just to hover around Liz. All these years, you've never stopped persuading Liz to go abroad, even facilitating her application to study abroad with Master Dories."

Hogan nodded, "Correct. Liz loves to dance, and her talent is immense. The artistic atmosphere and dance resources abroad are incomparable to what's available here. I'm thinking of her wellbeing. Should I have just watched her wither away under the Dashiell family's control?

Jerome, who had been silent, let out a scoff. "No matter how you justify it, you're merely cloaking your selfish desires in self-deception."

Hogan's expression stiffened, his hands gripping the armrests tightly.

Remington's voice was cold, "Liz refused, so you resorted to hypnotism, not hesitating to control her mind. Once abroad, how could you let her live freely? You'd only use more despicable methods to control her, turning her into your puppet!"

Hogan's knuckles turned white as he clenched his fists, his eyes darkening.

"Yes, I've made preparations abroad. Once I take Liz away from Zion City, no one will be able to find her. We'll have all the time in the world together. I'll treat her kindly, make her fall in love with me, and we'll be happy!"

Chapter 698



Yet, time and again, Remington wrecked it all!

Hogan glared at Remington, his eyes burning with indignation, but Remington just scoffed disdainfully.

"You? After all these years, you've been playing the caring and considerate guy. Do you think Liz ever fell for it? She could never love someone as twisted and petty as you! What you feel for her isn't love; it's obsession and possession."

For a moment, Hogan's expression froze, but he quickly laughed mockingly and looked at Remington.

"Don't you find it ironic, Mr. Dashiell, coming from you? Have you forgotten how Liz got her postpartum depression?"

Remington's face paled slightly, a storm brewing in his deep eyes. He quickly suppressed his regret, stepped forward, and grabbed Hogan's right hand, pinning it down on the armrest.

The next second, he picked up a glass vase from the nearby table and, aiming at Hogan's hand, said icily, "Doctor, what good is this hand of yours if it's ruined?"

Hogan's expression changed drastically. "Remember, this is a hospital!"

Remington sneered, "When you were manipulating Liz here, why didn't you think about that?"

Ray nodded in agreement, quickly adding, "Don't worry, Mr. Dashiell, if you break his hand, I can testify he fell and cut himself on a broken vase. You saw that too, right, Mr. Madden?" Ray looked at Jerome, who raised an eyebrow, "The cops aren't that dumb, but taking the fall for your Mr. Dashiell should be doable."

Ray thought Jerome was really dark-hearted but still nodded eagerly, "I can do that!"

"Hogan, if you want to keep this hand, then spill. Who's the woman from the parking lot?"

Remington's gaze was menacing,

and Hogan had no doubt he would follow through. His pinned hand trembled but he bit back, coldly saying, told you, she's a girlfriend I got to keep my family off my back, Remington. What are you

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suspecting?"

A girlfriend to keep the family off his back would be hidden so well? Disappear so suddenly? Moreover, her disappearance surely had something to do with Lizetta.

As for his suspicions, Remington's owns © this.
eyes were dark and unfathomable.

"Half a year ago, you almost took Liz

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out of the country. I stopped you because found out Liz was pregnant and brought her back from the airport. You missed your chance and must have been resentful. You know as long as the chilebis here, Liz won't leave easily. So, was Daisy's death related to you?!"

That was what Remington really wanted to press Hogan on.

Lizetta was rushed to the hospital quickly; though it was a difficult birth, they managed to save her in time.

Hans kidnapped Lizetta for money, and Hanna Evert Dashiell used Hans for Daisy's umbilical cord blood. Neither of them had a motive to harm Daisy. In

fact, they didn't want anything bad to happen to her. So how did the child end up dying?

But Hogan had both motive and

opportunity, Having spent years at the Dashiell Hospital, Hogan knew the ins and outs very well.

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Remington even remembered, the time he accompanied Lizetta for a prenatal check-up, they ran into Hogan at the maternity ward.

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Hogan listened to Remington's theory with a scoff, his expression dripping with mockery. Not a hint of panic or guilt flashed across his face. He even chuckled at Remington, the sarcasm thick in his voice. "You kid died because you failed to protect him. And now, what? Eager to pin his death on me to win Liz's forgiveness? Dream on... Ah!"

Before Hogan could finish, a vase smashed onto his hand with a loud crash, sending sharp fragments flying. Blood immediately started oozing from the back of Hogan's hand, drawing a pained grunt from him. The next second, Remington, gripping the neck of the vase, drove its jagged edge into Hogan's bloodied hand. The sharp edge sank deeper, blood spurting out more freely, turning Hogan's face ghostly pale. Hogan obviously wanted to scream for help, but Ray was already behind him, smothering any sound he might make.

"You know, Dr. White, if you don't start talking, you can kiss this hand goodbye, let alone ever hold a scalpel again," Jerome coolly reminded him.

The pain intensified, and veins bulged visibly on Hogan's neck, but he gritted his teeth, his voice hoarse. "Speculation is just that, speculation. It can't be turned into fact. If you want to slander me, Mr. Dashiell, you better have some evidence."

Drip, drip, drip. Thick blood dripped onto the floor. Then, noise from the hallway approached.

Jerome walked a few steps towards the door, peered out, and announced, "The cops are here."

It was normal for someone to call the police given the commotion. A few officers, led by a nurse, arrived. When the door to the room swung open, a lingering scent of blood filled the air.

But by then, Hogan had been untied. Sitting on the hospital bed with a towel pressed against his wounded hand, he looked utterly calm.

The lead officer, noticing Remington and Jerome, felt a chill. "Mr. Dashiell, Mr. Madden, and Dr. Hogan White, what exactly happened here?"

Hogan stood up, speaking first, "Just a misunderstanding, it's all sorted now."

With Hogan being the only apparent victim and opting not to pursue the matter, it was clear he wanted to drop it. The lead officer, feeling like he'd landed in hot water-given the status of everyone involved-was relieved to hear Hogan's statement. Without further questions, he quickly exited with his team.

Hogan volunteered to go to the station for a statement and left with them.

Once the room was quiet, Remington instructed Ray, "Review all the medical staff who were on Liz's surgery again. Check if anyone's recently gone missing. And keep a close eye on Hogan!"

Even though Hogan staunchly

denied everything, it wasn't a total loss. If Hogan had nothing to hide he wouldn't have chosen to smooth things over when the cops showed up. Only guilty people try to avoid a fuss.

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After Ray left, Jerome finally said, "Liz is a Madden. Whoever harmed her will not be let off by the Maddens either. We're here to assist whenever necessary. Please keep us informed of any developments." Jerome nodded slightly and turned to leave when Remington said, "Mr. Madden, a moment, please."

Jerome stopped and looked back at Remington, who frowned and asked, "What's the Madden family planning to do about Andrea?"

Andrea had taken Liz's place and grown up cherished by the Maddens. Now that Liz has been recognized by the Maddens, Andrea's presence is a direct threat and injustice to Liz.

"This matter concerns the Madden family alone; I don't see a need for

Mr. Dashiell to worry," Jerome replied with a distant smile, but Remington pressed on, "Regardless, Liz was raised by the Dashiells.

Doesn't the Dashiell family have a right to inquire? When the

Hawthorne family realized they had the wrong child, they didn't hesitate to abandon Liz. Kevin Hawthorne and his wife went to great lengths for their biological daughter to ensure she faced no hardships. Considering all that Liz has suffered because of Hans, Andrea is the root cause. Is the Madden family

really going to welcome her back, allowing her to live alongside the very person who caused all this trouble?"

Chapter 700



If that's the case, Lizetta Madden might as well not go back. She'd only be met with cold shoulders and disappointment.

Jerome glanced at Remington. "Liz is Aunt Maggie's own flesh and blood, the true princess of the Madden family. Naturally, we'll make up for all the love she's missed out on over the years. Don't you trust us, Mr. Dashiell?"

Remington didn't necessarily distrust Nelson and Jerome, but Andrea had been the apple of the Madden family's eye for twenty-three years. Could the Maddens really harden their hearts and cast Andrea aside? After all, when Lizetta was found not to be a child of the Hawthornes, she was only six years old. Six years versus twenty-three; the difference was significant.

"Mr. Madden seems to be beating around the bush, unable to give me a satisfactory answer?" Remington's eyes narrowed slightly, a chill forming in his gaze.

Jerome chuckled. "Didn't you, Mr. Dashiell, send two people to the Madden household yesterday? The things they said, that was all your doing, wasn't it? I thought you had this situation well in hand."

That day, Andrea faced rejection in Lizetta's hospital room and was scolded by Nelson. She left the hospital in tears, switched off her phone, and hurried back to Maple Cottage to pack her bags. Before Nelson and the others could return, Andrea, along with two maids, flew back to Tranquil Meadows first.

She thought her heartbroken and impulsive departure would make Nelson and Jerome anxious to find her. Then, just like before, they'd feel sorry for her, worried, they'd no longer dwell on her mistakes but think only of how to cheer her up and coax her home. But upon landing in Tranquil Meadows, though Jerome did call, hearing

she'd run back didn't lead to comfort

but rather a scolding.

Yet in Tranquil Meadows, Conrad West and Eartha Madden still doted on Andrea as always. So, when Nelson and Jerome arrived at Tranquil Meadows, Andrea was throwing a grand party at the Madden house, having the time of her life. Nelson was furious at the scene, sending all the party-goers away, then slammed the paternity test results on the table.

It was later revealed that Daisyhn,

the Madden family's butler who'd been with them for many years and deeply trusted by Nelson, was behind the falsification of Andrea and the Maddens' paternity test. Daisy had said that at the

Mrs. Bernice Madden was already

senile, and Nelson was deeply

affected, his health deteriorating. He feared the shock of discovering Andrea was an impostor would devastate Nelson, possibly leading to his death, so he falsified the results.

Nelson had already kicked Daisyhn out of the Madden household. At that moment, Andrea, devastated, knelt at the old man's feet, crying and begging him to let her stay. Her words moved Conrad and Eartha deeply who argued that Andrea was innocent and should remain with the Madden family. Seeing Andrea in such a state, how could Nelson not be moved, not soften his heart?

After all, he'd raised and doted on her for twenty-three years, and the elder Madden's heart had grown© 2024 tender with age.

But at that very moment, Remington had sent two people to the Madden household from miles away. These two were neighbors of the Gardenia family, brought before Nelson to vividly recount how Lizetta suffered at the hands of Hans, the neglect and verbal abuse from Daisylin, and how she was used to shield Hans. Nelson was nearly beside himself with anger.

"They spoke the truth; it wasn't my doing," Remington stated coldly.

Jerome nodded. "Grandfather has decided to send Andrea abroad. She should be on a plane right now. But sadly, Mr. Dashiell, all this you've done, I won't be sharing with Liz."