

Illusions 641

Chapter 641

Mentioning letting Lizetta go, the man fell silent once again.

That suffocating silence was like a blunt knife cutting through flesh, making Fiona equally uncomfortable.

But the grandmother didn't try to persuade him further. She knew that this time, Remington would figure things out. "Grandma, she hasn't woken up yet?" Remington furrowed his brows slightly.

He had brought Lizetta back from the West family about seven or eight hours ago. How could she still be asleep...

"She must be exhausted. I've asked the kitchen to be ready at all times. Liz can eat whenever she wakes up."

Fiona sighed again, lifting her hand to rub her chest where it felt tight.

Remington hurried to support Fiona back to her bedroom, helping the elderly lady to lie down.

Fiona, holding Remington's hand, spoke with heavy guilt, "I'm sorry, my dear. I failed to raise your father properly and didn't keep your mother-in-law in check. Knowing her foolishness, I still indulged her, leading you and Liz to suffer so much, causing today's disaster..."

She was the elder, responsible for disciplining her daughter-in-law.

She was well aware of Hanna's partiality and mistreatment towards Lizetta.

In the past, she always thought of Nathan's wrongdoing first, turning a blind eye to Hanna's actions, never truly punishing her.

That indulgence led Hanna to commit such absurd actions.

"Grandma, what's done is done; there's no use in dwelling on it. You should rest now. Liz wouldn't want to see me like this. When she wakes up tomorrow, she'll need you to take care of her and comfort her even more.

Remington clasped the elderly lady's hand, covering her with the blanket.

Fiona, however, wore a look of shame and worry, "But, this thing with Hanna, how are we going to explain it to Liz tomorrow?"

The baby, harmed before even having a chance to see the world, for such reasons... the child's umbilical cord blood taken by the culprit...

Such news, not to mention Lizetta, even Fiona found it unbearable and suffocating today.

Thinking of Lizetta's frail body facing another blow, Fiona found herself at a loss for words.

"Then don't tell her," Remington said sternly.

Fiona looked at him in astonishment, "You want to keep it from her?"

Remington's lips were tightly pressed. After a pause, he said, "The doctor mentioned she can't

take shocks."

Thinking of Liz worrying about Daisy, afraid she was just a blood bag for the Dashiell family to use to save Joseph, and now, to end up like this...

He himself couldn't accept this truth, let alone Lizetta.

Lizetta was already suffering from

this would only make her blame a and loathe herself even more.

postpartum depression; knowing et

Fiona looked at Remington, "If you don't tell Liz, she will hate you."

Remington's cold lips curled into a self-mocking smile, "She already hates me."

With that, he turned and walked out.

Fiona watched his back, her eyes filled with tears.

It was unclear what karma had led to such a situation.

Remington went upstairs, pushing the door into the bedroom.

The room was lit by two floor lamps, with Lizetta sleeping peacefully, and a maid nearby, dozing off. Remington approached, and the maid woke up with a start, knocking over the chair in her haste.

Remington bent down, quickly stabilizing the chair, and gestured for her to be quiet.

Frightened by his bloodshot eyes, the maid covered her mouth and hurried out.

Remington sat beside the bed, pulling Lizetta's hand from under the blanket, holding it in his.

He gazed down at her still pale face, "Not telling you, in case you find out the truth, will you hate me even more?" His voice was hoarse, yet Lizetta gave no response.

Chapter 642

Her silence might well be the best answer she could give.

Remington lingered in the bedroom for a long while, aware that once she awoke, he might never again have the chance to be this close to her.

Ray waited outside. When Remington emerged, Ray followed him into the study.

"Mr. Remington Dashiell, you should rest for a bit..." Ray said, his eyes filled with concern.

Though Remington appeared unscathed, standing tall and walking steadily, Ray couldn't shake the feeling that he was like a bow stretched to its limit, ready to snap at any moment. He had internal injuries that had never been allowed to heal.

"It's nothing. What have you found out?" Remington asked as he sat down behind his desk, rubbing his temples.

"We still haven't found Lambert's phone, but we did get his call log. It shows the last call was from his girlfriend. According to the timeline, he must have snuck out right after that call."

Lambert was the donor matched with Daisyseph for the bone marrow transplant.

"Dig deeper!" Remington commanded.

"Mr. Remington Dashiell, do you think this wasn't an accident? That he was murdered?" Ray inquired.

Remington pondered for a moment before replying, "Lambert had been cooperative since we agreed on the donation terms. Why would he suddenly sneak out that night? He couldn't swim, and one would think he'd stay away from the lake late at night, yet he drowned."

"It is suspicious. If Lambert was indeed murdered, then someone was using Mrs. Hanna Dashiell as a puppet," Ray agreed.

Remington's eyes narrowed slightly. "Exactly. And for someone to do that, they'd have to know that Liz had an amniocentesis, that Hanna secretly arranged a typing, and that it was a match."

Lizetta had only undergone

amniocentesis once. That time, he rushed over and personally smashed the doctor's syringe, but only now did he realize that the doctor had drawn two samples. The other sample had been safely stored before he arrived.

Because amniocentesis for typing is more complicated and less accurate than cord blood typing, Hanna thought of drawing more for multiple typings. Hanna did the typing in secret. She said she hadn't told anyone when the typing was successful.

So, how did someone find out?

"At the time, Evelina was behind the amniocentesis scheme, and she's been locked up at the West family's place recently," Ray said, his voice tightening and eyebrows furrowing. "Mr. Remington Dashiell, do you still suspect the West family?"

The day had fully broken, sunlight

streaming in and illuminating

Remington's face, though it did little to soften his stern, brooding

line

features. His eyes, caught in the

sunlight, gleamed red. "Yesterday,

when Liz went there, the West family

was too well-prepared!"

It was clear the West family had anticipated Lizetta's motives for visiting, setting a trap for her in advance. If it were purely Hanna's doing, and the West family was oblivious, how could they have prepared so defensively?

"Find out if Hanna accidentally let slip about the amniocentesis typing, and check if the typing doctor had contact with any suspicious individuals."

After giving his orders, Ray turned to leave. He had taken a few steps when he turned back, urging, "Mr. Remington Dashiell, please get some rest. Your eyes are red from lack of sleep."

Once Ray had left, Remington closed

his eyes briefly, standing to light a cigarette, but he didn't go to rest. He thought of Lizetta, who should be waking up by now, unaware of what situation she would find herself in. He was too worried to sleep.

Yet, Lizetta didn't wake. She remained unconscious, for over a day and a night, with no signs of waking up, which was far from normal.

Chapter 643

Remington was racked with worry, suspecting the Wests had harmed Lizetta in some way. A doctor, accompanied by an assortment of medical equipment, arrived to conduct a thorough examination on Lizetta. However, the conclusion was that there was nothing physically wrong with Lizetta. The reason she wasn't waking up might be her own reluctance to face the world. If they couldn't wake her soon, she might slip into a deep coma, which would be disastrous.

Fiona held Lizetta's hand, calling out to her repeatedly and talking to her, but Lizetta didn't respond. Remington then called Yolanda, who arrived quickly. Despite her crying and shouting at Lizetta, there was still no response. It was as if Lizetta had completely given up on the world, genuinely wanting to leave it all behind.

*In Maple Cottage. the evening, Jerome's assistant Horace hurried up the stairs and knocked on Jerome's door without delay. Jerome was in the dressing room, just slipping on a shirt and hadn't yet started buttoning it. A gust of wind flipped the corner of the white shirt, briefly revealing his toned physique.

"Did you find out?" he asked without turning, his voice calm. Horace, trying not to stare, quickly replied, "Daisylin was found with both legs broken, discarded outside of Zion City. I found her begging under the bridge in Ashfield. I got it straight from her; she really did give birth at Rainbow Hospital! On the day of the delivery, Hans said they couldn't afford the hospital fees, so he rushed her discharge, and she left the hospital the same day. This is a sample of Daisylin's hair."

Jerome's hand, buttoning his shirt, paused with force. Years ago, Elsa had accompanied him to Zion City for a chess tournament when she unexpectedly went into premature labor. Though he was young at the time, the memory was vivid. The hospital Elsa was taken to was Rainbow Hospital. Lizetta and Andrea were born on the same day, in the same hospital. Considering Mrs. Bernice Madden's natural affinity for Lizetta and the resemblance between Lizetta and Elsa, Jerome's breathing deepened. He was nearly certain of his speculation. Lizetta was probably the real Ms. Madden.

Descending the stairs with Horace, they found Mrs. Bernice Madden and Andrea in the midst of a tug-of-war in the living room.

"Let go of me! Stop pulling me!" Mrs. Bernice Madden's voice was filled with panic and dissatisfaction, while Andrea clung to the elderly lady's hand, trying to drag her toward the room. "Grandma, please, don't you want to wear your beautiful gown and go with me to the show? It'll be fun."

"I won't go, I won't!" Mrs. Bernice Madden struggled, uncooperative. Andrea, frustration flashing in her eyes, was about to summon the servants to forcefully take Mrs

Bernice Madden back to her room when Jerome's voice echoed from the staircase.

"Andrea, what are you doing?"

Andrea's heart tightened, and she let go of Mrs. Bernice Madden. Mrs. Bernice Madden immediately turned and hurried towards Jerome. Rolling up her sleeves, she pointed at Andrea and complained to Jerome with a pout.

"Jerome, she's a bully, she hurt me!" Indeed, there were red marks on Mrs. Bernice Madden's arms, clearly from Andrea's forceful tugging.

Jerome frowned slightly, looking at Andrea. Andrea appeared hurt and wronged. "Brother, I just wanted Grandma to come with me to a concert. Ever since we arrived in Zion City, nobody has had time for me!"

It was always about Lizetta. These

past few days, with Lizetta gone, felt blissfully peaceful. Yet, Mrs. Bernice Madden still remembered her, causing a fuss morning and night. She would call out for Elsa at dawn and seek her at dusk. Just now, Mrs. Bernice Madden had been causing a scene about going out to find Lizetta, and Andrea, feeling upset, had insisted on coaxing the elderly lady to accompany her to a musical.

But Mrs. Bernice Madden's resistance was fierce, and in a moment of anger, Andrea had been a bit too forceful.

Chapter 644

Jerome couldn't believe his eyes when he caught Mrs. Bernice Madden, the matriarch of the family, accusing Andrea of being a troublemaker. And what was this? Lizetta, the golden grandchild, was apparently the one filling her grandmother's head with all kinds of nonsense.

"Listen, Andrea, we came to Zion City not for a vacation but to get Grandpa the best treatment from Dr. Wen. With Grandpa out, it's even more important you look after Grandma," he said, his voice dipping with a hint of annoyance.

"I was just trying to take care of Grandma, that's why I wanted her to get some fresh air with me," Andrea protested.

But Mrs. Madden was having none of it. "That's not true. She pinched me! Jerome, do you think she's trying to get rid of me by taking me out and leaving me somewhere?"

Tears welled up in Andrea's eyes, "Grandma, how could you say that? You used to adore me before you got sick. Why are you always against me now?"

She looked genuinely hurt, causing Mrs. Madden to shrink back behind Jerome like a child caught in a misdeed.

Jerome, after inspecting Mrs. Madden's arm and finding the marks to be from a tug rather than a pinch, sighed in frustration.

"Andrea, you're old enough to understand Grandma's condition. Why are you arguing with her over this?"

With her eyes brimming with tears, Andrea apologized, "Sorry, Grandma. If you don't want to go out, that's fine. I shouldn't have insisted."

Mrs. Madden, still wary, opted to retreat to her room with Jerome's assistance.

"Andrea, why don't you call some friends and go out? Buy whatever you like," Jerome suggested, trying to lighten the mood.

"You're paying?" Andrea's eyes sparkled.

Jerome raised an eyebrow, "Yes, I'll cover it."

"Remember, you said it. Don't be surprised if I end up spending a few thousand," Andrea teased with a playful smile.

As Jerome was about to leave, Andrea yelped in pain. Her hair had gotten tangled in Jerome's sapphire cufflinks.

"Hold still, I'll get it," he said, leaning in close, his minty cologne enveloping her, causing her to blush.

Once freed, Andrea tried to convince

Jerome

join her, but he had other

s to attend to. Disappoint

she left to make the most of her day.

Meanwhile, Jerome, still holding a few strands of Andrea's hair wrapped around his finger, received an unexpected call fro

Dashiell.

Mr.

"I'm surprised Mr. Dashiell would call me," Jerome mused, answering the phone with a hint of sarcasm in his voice.

"Liz is in trouble. I was hoping Mrs.

Madden could visit the Dashiell estate to see her. Is it a good time?" Remington's voice was hoarse, a sign of desperation. It was unlike him to seek help, especially from a rival. Just days ago, he had

destroyed a tracker in Jerome's car, and now, here he was, swallowing his pride.

Chapter 645

The doctor examined Lizetta and, despite some external injuries, found nothing internally that would cause her to remain unconscious. It was concluded that her prolonged coma might have psychological roots, and it was suggested that her loved ones should try talking to her more.

That's when Remington realized that Lizetta didn't have many people who mattered to her. Since she was eight and came to live with the Dashiell family, he and his grandmother were her closest kin. Yet, it was also them, and the Dashiell family at large, who had caused her the deepest wounds.

Unable to wake her, Remington called Yolanda and Lucian to her side, but despite their long conversations with Lizetta, there was no change. Yolanda mentioned that Mrs. Bernice Madden had a special bond with Lizetta, suggesting that perhaps she could make a difference.

With a heavy heart, Remington dialed Jerome's number.

"What's happened?" Jerome's worry was palpable through the brief silence that followed, his tone carrying an edge of accusation.

Gripping the phone tighter, Remington's voice was rough with emotion, "She's in a coma... Mrs. Bernice Madden-

"I'm bringing Grandma over right now," Jerome interjected before Remington could finish. Without waiting for a thank you, he hung up, his concern and urgency clear even through the phone. Feeling a weight on his chest, Remington tore off his tie in frustration, struggling to breathe.

Just then, there was a knock on the door. He opened it, hoping for good news about Lizetta, but instead found Cedric and a psychologist.

"Mr. Dashiell, Dr. Daphne is here to see you," Cedric announced.

Dr. Daphne, known as the best psychologist in Zion City, greeted Remington with a gentle smile. She was the epitome of calm, with frameless glasses and her hair tied back in a simple ponytail.

"I've already visited the patient. Now, I'd like to ask Mr. Dashiell a few questions, if you'd be so kind as to answer them honestly," she said as they took a seat.

Remington was hesitant to revisit the painful events that led to Lizetta's state but understood the necessity.

"Is it really that important?" he asked, skepticism lacing his words.

"Absolutely," Dr. Daphne assured. "The last word's she heard or the final thoughts she had before slipping into this state might be key to understanding why she refuses to wake up. We need to address the root cause."

Remington shared the story, and after listening, Dr. Daphne offered her professional insight.

"It seems she might be

overwhelmed with sorrow and disappointment, possibly fearing that waking up would mean facing further confinement by you, MR Dashiell. It's likely she's chosen to remain asleep to avoid this."

The possibility that Lizetta was in this state because of him turned Remington's face even paler.

"So, you're saying she's doing this because she feels forced by me and doesn't want to face me?" he asked, the intensity in his eyes making even the seasoned psychologist momentarily uneasy.

"I suggest that you try reassuring her

that she won't be forced into

—

anything anymore. It's likely she can hear you Right now, what she needs most is hope - a reason to want to stay alive and awake," Dr. Daphne advised, emphasizing the

importance of conveying a sense of hope and desire for life.

Chapter 646

Stepping out of his study, Remington made his way to the bedroom just as Yolanda was coming out from the room.

He had been hoping against hope that Yolanda would manage to wake Lizetta from her deep slumber. He looked at her, questioning with his gaze. Yolanda's eyes were swollen from crying, and upon seeing Remington, her look could freeze hell over, lacking even the energy to curse him.

She shot Remington a glare that could cut glass and walked past him without another word.

Cassius, following behind, shook his head at Remington, advising, "Remi, she did everything she could, cried her voice hoarse, and Liz didn't budge. I think it's on you now, buddy. Give it another shot." Yolanda, a few steps away, stopped and turned back at Cassius's words, her gaze fixed on Remington.

"Give me a break, don't put him on a pedestal. Liz is like this because of him! Anyone could wake Liz up, but he's the last person who could! If Liz heard his voice, she'd probably want to reincarnate on the spot! Tsk, tsk, tsk!"

Realizing her words were inauspicious, Yolanda looked regretful.

She was truly muddled by Remington's actions, hitting her mouth lightly in frustration before turning to hurry downstairs.

She decided to wait for Mrs. Bernice Madden, the last beacon of hope.

Cassius, pointing at Yolanda's retreating figure, said, "She's out of her wits, Remi. Don't take it to heart."

Without a word, Remington entered the room, closing the door behind him.

Approaching the bed, the dim light cast a soft glow on Lizetta's face, lying motionless, seemingly frailer than before.

Where other women gained weight after childbirth, she had become visibly thinner in just a few days.

Remington reached out to hold her hand but hesitated, recalling the therapist's advice. He stood there, speaking in a choked voice.

"Liz, I don't know if you can hear me, but if you can, please wake up. Because I truly realize my mistake now.

If you wake up, I won't hold you back. You once said exes should be like the dead to each other, and I failed to be a good husband. At least give me a chance to be a decent ex?"

It was challenging for Remington to articulate each word.

He finished speaking, hoping against hope to see her open her eyes and respond with a "yes."

But Lizetta remained still, her eyelashes casting shadows on her cheeks.

Just then, voices and footsteps echoed from outside.

Mrs. Bernice Madden had arrived. Remington took one last look at Lizetta and stepped out of the room.

Opening the door, he saw Yolanda

supporting Mrs. Bernice Madden

with Jerome trailing behind,

With

Fiona as they approached.

"Mrs. Bernice Madden, I appreciate your coming."

Remington stepped aside, nodding respectfully to Mrs. Bernice Madden.

She didn't spare him a glance, only letting out a heavy "hmm" as she passed by.

The group entered the room together, and Remington didn't follow.

He walked to the staircase, lighting a cigarette, his forehead creased with worry. The cigarette became damp with nervous sweat before he could take a few puffs.

He was anxious that even the Maddens couldn't wake Lizetta, torn between hope for her awakening and jealousy if she did. Before he could dwell further, a burst of exclamations came from the bedroom.

Remington's hand trembled, turning to look in urgency.

Cassius burst out of the room, "Remi, it's a miracle, Lizetta's awake! She's really awake, man, you've got to see this."

The cigarette in Remington's hand

scrushed in his palm, the

stark reminder the

this

wasn't a dream.

She was truly awake. Was it Jerome's voice that did it?

Chapter 647

The psychologist said that what Lizetta needed was to feel hope and a sense of belonging again, to awaken her spirit.

So, was Jerome the one who could give her that hope and sense of belonging now?

The thought dimmed the light in Remington's handsome features, previously brightened by Lizetta's moments of consciousness, bit by bit. He seemed to turn into a statue of silence.

"Remi? Aren't you going to check on her?" Cassius, noticing Remington's stillness, asked in surprise.

Remington's throat moved with difficulty, and he spoke in a hoarse voice, "What did the Maddens tell her?"

He wanted to know what had awakened her.

Cassius frowned slightly, confused, "They didn't say anything special, you know. Mrs. Bernice Madden didn't even recognize people, got the names all wrong. She just cried, holding Lizetta's hand, asking her if she really had the heart to leave her family behind, saying she should wake up and come home with her."

"And Jerome?"

Cassius then realized what Remington was getting at. It seemed that with Lizetta's awakening, Remington's jealousy had awakened as well.

"Jerome didn't say anything special either. He mentioned that his aunt loved to dance too, but because she was the sole heir to the Maddens, she never pursued a career in dance. However, she collected many beautiful dance costumes and shoes, and he asked Lizetta if she wanted to see them. Then, Lizetta woke up..."

As Cassius spoke, Remington's expression turned increasingly cold, and Cassius noticed fragments falling from between Remington's fingers to the ground. It seemed Remington wanted to crush not the half-smoked cigarette in his hand, but Jerome's bones.

Cassius chuckled nervously, "Remi, I

don't think it was necessarily the Maddens who woke Lizetta. It might've been a coincidence. She was due to wake up anyway. But, Remi, you really should go to her now. Don't let Lizetta think you've been ignoring her these past days, leaving Jerome by her side... Hey? Remi, where are you going?"

But before Cassius could finish, Remington had already turned away, not towards Lizetta's bedroom. Watching his retreating back, Cassius frowned.

No way, at such a crucial time, was Remi really leaving the field to his rival? Was he actually prepared to give up on Lizetta, resigning himself to being the lesser man?

Cassius turned towards the

bedroom, only to see Yolanda, supporting Fiona, coming out. At a glance, he saw Lizetta, wrapped in a thick cashmere blanket and wearing a hat cradled in Jerome's arms, with Mrs. Bernice Madden following by her side, holding Lizetta's hand, walking out.

Cassius's face changed, "What's going on?"

Yolanda, her eyes swollen from crying, glared at him. "Of course, we're taking Liz home. Get out of the way and stop bothering us!

As she spoke, she tried to push past Cassius, who stood his ground, looking towards Fiona.

"Fiona, you agreed to this? Remi doesn't know yet... Mmh!"

Before he could finish, Yolanda, like a cat whose tail had been stepped on, jumped up and clamped her hand over his mouth. "Liz has just woken up; you better not mention that man in front of her again!"

She pushed Cassius aside, and though he wanted to resist, Fiona said, "Let it be, Cass."

Lizetta had awakened to Mrs. Bernice Madden's plea to take her home, which meant she no longer wanted to stay at the Dashiell family mansion. In such a state, she probably wouldn't recover well.

Fiona had wanted to keep Lizetta around, but thinking of everything Hanna had done, she felt too ashamed to say anything.

Chapter 648

Fiona could see it clear as day - Mrs. Bernice Madden genuinely adored Lizetta. Maybe, just maybe, a change of scenery, a brand new environment, could help her move on faster. When Cassius heard Fiona speak up, despite his worry and discomfort for Remington, he frowned but didn't object further.

Jerome then picked Lizetta up and started making their way downstairs.

At the doorstep, waiting for the chauffeur to bring the car around, Lizetta, who had been quietly leaning on Jerome, stirred slightly.

Jerome, sensing the movement, looked down at her with gentle eyes. "What is it?" he asked, wondering if she was looking for Remington, if there was something she still wanted to say to him. But with her pale lips quivering, she simply said, "Grandma..."

Immediately, Jerome turned around to face Fiona, who was being supported by Tina.

"Fiona, Liz has something she wants to tell you."

Fiona thought Lizetta didn't even want to acknowledge her anymore. Surprised by the remark, she hurried over.

"Liz, Grandma's here..."

Lizetta gave Fiona a weak smile, "Fiona, I'll visit you once I'm feeling better."

Fiona's eyes instantly welled up with tears, almost spilling over.

She couldn't help but notice the shift in Lizetta's address. For years, it had always been 'Grandma', and now it was 'Fiona'.

It was as if Lizetta was truly stepping out of the Dashiell family's door, no longer one of them.

Yet, the child, with her kind heart and grateful spirit, was still comforting her, assuring her that she bore no grudge against her grandmother.

Fiona turned her head to hide her tears, then gently patted Lizetta on the shoulder.

"Alright, then. Fiona will be waiting for you," she managed to say.

Lizetta nodded lightly.

At that moment, a servant came in to announce the car was ready. Jerome, looking down, said softly, "It's windy outside, how about we

put

on a scarf?"

Noticing the sweat on Lizetta's forehead, Jerome was worried she might catch a cold.

Yolanda stepped forward, quickly wrapping a scarf around Lizetta's neck, adjusting it so that it covered her face snugly.

With that, Jerome strode out of the Dashiell mansion, Yolanda and Mrs. Bernice Madden following close behind.

The Madden family's car was parked outside the hall. After descending the steps and walking a few paces, Lizetta was helped into the car with Yolanda and Mrs. Bernice Madden getting in after to take care of her.

Jerome, having driven himself over, saw they were all settled before getting into the driver's seat.

As he opened the door to get in, he instinctively glanced towards the second-floor balcony.

There, a tall, dark silhouette stood, silently watching.

The night blurred the man's features, making it impossible to discern his expression.

Jerome didn't try to make it out. He bent into the car and smoothly drove away.

The weather was beautiful that evening, with nightfall approaching.

Yet, a hint of twilight lingered in the sky, the lights of the Dashiell family's mansion lit one by one, casting a glow on the car as it slowly departed. Remington watched, his mind drifting back to the night when Thaddeus had carried Lizetta to the Dashiell family's doorstep.

That night he had welcomed her

into the Dashiell home, believing she would always be a Dashiell, whether

as a sister or a wife, forever bound

to him, Remington.

But now, she was truly leaving.

As the twilight faded completely and the warm summer breeze blew, Remington felt as if his heart was caught in an eternal snowfall.

A turmoil stirred within him, and he gripped the railing to steady himself, but a familiar bitter sweetness rose in his throat.

Chapter 649

In the car, leaving the old Dashiell estate, Lizetta slightly lifted her head from beneath the blanket. "Something wrong? Need some water?" Yolanda immediately grasped Lizetta's hand with concern.

With a slight smile, Lizetta gestured for help to sit up a bit more.

Yolanda carefully propped her up, treating her as delicately as one would a porcelain doll, while Mrs. Bernice Madden, sitting beside them, busied herself wrapping Lizetta snugly in the blanket again. Once semi-upright, Lizetta turned her gaze to Jerome in the driver's seat.

Noticing her movements, Jerome had already slowed the car, keeping watch through the rearview mirror.

Their eyes met in the mirror, Jerome waiting silently for her to speak.

"Could you please take me to Skyline Hospital? I had already arranged with my senior to be admitted there."

Following the car accident and significant blood loss, the doctors were concerned about potential complications due to the large transfusion. They advised that Lizetta stay in the hospital for at least a couple of weeks to ensure she was out of danger.

She needed ongoing treatment, and although she had just agreed to go home with Mrs. Bernice Madden to leave the Dashiell estate behind swiftly, she wasn't actually related to the Madden family. It wouldn't be right or proper to impose on them, especially in her current state.

But as soon as she spoke, Mrs. Bernice Madden's eyes welled up, clutching Lizetta's hand tightly.

"Elsa, you're not coming home with me again? You promised," she pleaded, her voice cracking. "No, we need to go home now, speed up, Jerome!"

Lizetta, seeing Mrs. Bernice Madden on the verge of tears, quickly reassured her with a smile.

"I need to be in the hospital when I'm sick. Once I'm better, I promise to come home, okay?"

Mrs. Bernice Madden was clearly not pleased, insisting, "We could have a doctor come to the house! You're just making excuses. Last time, I couldn't find you at the hospital!"

She was referring to a previous incident when Lizetta was secretly moved from her hospital room by Remington, a detail Mrs. Bernice Madden remembered all too well. Lizetta shook her head, "It won't happen this time. I promise to stay put in the hospital."

Seeking support, she looked towards Jerome.

However, Jerome didn't take her side. Instead, he said, "Grandma and I promised Fiona we'd take good care of you. How would it look if we just dropped you off at the hospital now?"

Lizetta's face twisted with embarrassment and urgency.

Nelson, who hadn't come along this time, probably didn't even know she had left the Dashiell estate with Mrs. Bernice Madden and Jerome.

Whether Nelson would mind her staying with the Maddens for her recovery was still a question. Lizetta hadn't forgotten that the Maddens had another family member, Andrea, who hadn't seemed too fond of her during their last encounter

Besides, with her current condition, Lizetta wasn't keen on dealing with romantic complications or facing Jerome all the time.

Feeling stuck and beginning to regret her haste in leaving with the Maddens, she saw Jerome's expression soften as he noticed her distress.

"Rest up. We need to turn right up ahead to get to Skyline Hospital," Jerome finally conceded.

Lizetta, slightly taken aback at first, soon relaxed, giving Jerome a genuinely relieved smile.

Jerome returned the smile briefly before focusing back on the road, his fingers tapping thoughtfully on the steering wheel.

He had picked up a couple of her hairs from the bed when he had carried her away, planning to conduct a paternity test soon. Though he was eager to bring her into the Madden fold, Jerome knew they had to clear up all uncertainties first.

Chapter 650

Andrea is a piece of work, to put it mildly. Not exactly the easiest person to get along with.

Before things are clear, it wouldn't do for Lizetta to arrive at the Madden household too early. It might just make her uncomfortable, or worse, she could end up being treated poorly.

Taking Lizetta to the hospital first is a wise move. Once the paternity test comes back, and if Lizetta turns out to be the true Madden offspring, whoever forged Andrea's paternity test years ago will need to be found and dealt with quickly.

The person who faked the test might also be the one who swapped the babies. If that's the case, they wouldn't want us discovering Lizetta's true identity and might even try to harm her in secret.

Without resolving these issues, now is not the time to bring Lizetta back to the Madden family.

Jerome had only just left the Dashiell mansion when Ray had to help an again vomiting Remington into the car.

As they drove away from the Dashiell estate, they spotted the Madden family's car in the distance. Jerome was probably driving slowly out of concern for Lizetta's condition.

"Mr. Remington Dashiell, that's your wife's car ahead," Ray pointed out.

Remington, who had been resting with his eyes closed, opened them to stare intently at the vehicle ahead as if trying to see through its windows.

"That's odd, why are they turning left? Maple Cottage isn't in that direction..."

"Follow them," Remington instructed before Ray could finish.

Ray frowned, "Mr. Remington Dashiell, your bleeding must've gotten worse. We should head to the hospital; the doctors are waiting."

Remington had indeed coughed up a significant amount of blood, and Ray had already alerted the doctor.

The doctor had warned that Remington's internal bleeding was not under control and that surgery was urgently needed.

Despite this, Remington was insistent on following his wife, even though she clearly didn't want to see him. What good would catching up to her do?

Yet, a single stern look from Remington silenced any objections.

Ray reluctantly followed his orders, taking care not to get too close.

After half an hour, they arrived at the hospital parking lot. Ray, who had gone to gather information, rushed back to the car to update Remington.

"Your wife has been settled into the maternity ward. Let's get you back to Dashiell Hospital; the doctors have been calling for the third time."

"Dashiell Hospital? More like Swiss Cheese Hospital at this point. I'd be worried they'd harvest my organs on the operating table without me knowing!"

There had been incidents at Dashiell

Hospital that raised eyebrows,

including unauthorized use of ne

blood and secretive amniotic fluid sampling for compatibility tests.

Moreover, there was an attempt to silence a whistleblower, which, although part of a trap set by Remington, shockingly involved a hospital doctor.

The hospital had been riddled with corruption, much of it linked to Mrs. Hanna Dashiell of the Dashiell family.

After uncovering the truth behind Daisy's surgery, Remington had made a scene at the hospital, punishing all involved who had been bribed by Hanna. But the idea of Remington being harvested for organs was far-fetched.

Watching Remington, stubbornly making his way to the hospital's outpatient building, clutching his stomach, Ray sighed and followed. He couldn't help but wonder why Remington was putting himself through this.

With professional Dr. Hogan by

Lizetta's side, and the attentive Mr. Madden showering her with care, wouldn't Remington be better off keeping his distance? It seemed like he was just setting himself up for heartache.