

Unbreakable 1591

Chapter 1591

Victor had finished her duties and was back on watch. The previous bodyguards failed to enter certain places like the lady's restroom, making Victor's presence unreplaceable for Raegan's safety. While Mitchel had his reservations about Victor, he recognized her proficiency in ensuring Raegan's safety.

Victor received a serious glance from Mitchel. "Keep your eyes open."

Victor responded with a firm nod, "Understood, sir."

Mitchel lingered until Raegan's car was out of sight. Only then did he make his way back to the elevator.

As the elevator closed behind Mitchel, another vehicle discreetly trailed after Raegan's, maintaining a distance yet following her all the way to her villa.

This car, shrouded in secrecy, managed to capture some photographs before sending them off.

Far away, in a mansion overlooking the North Pacific, Davey reviewed the received photos with a click of his tongue. "She certainly takes after her mother," he noted, recalling Katie's grievances about Raegan being an obstacle.

His next command was chilling. "Make it seem accidental, but ensure it's clean."

Davey's motives weren't driven by any personal vendetta on behalf of Katie but rather his disdain for Casey's offspring with Mr. Foster.

When asked about Raegan's child, Davey's tone turned icy. "Handle them together."

Davey could not tolerate the thought of Casey being "contaminated" by the existence of Raegan and Janey.

Erick, not being Casey's biological child, did not factor into Davey's concerns.

However, Davey was intrigued by Mr. Foster's decision to conceal Erick's true identity, treating Erick no differently than his own son.

"If it was out of affection, then Mr. Foster was far too kind-hearted," Davey pondered, considering such generosity a fatal flaw that would inevitably lead to Mr. Foster's undoing.

Interrupting Davey's thoughts, a servant from the basement burst into the room, visibly panicked.

"Mr. Glyn, the lady, she..." The servant stammered, barely getting the words out.

Overcome with anger, Davey seized the servant by the collar, his voice thunderous. "What happened!"

As the servant gasped for air, his face turning a shade of deep blue, a sudden noise erupted.

With a forceful gesture, Davey released the servant, sending the servant sprawling to the ground.

Davey then hurried downstairs. The servant trailed behind him, struggling to catch his breath and finally managing to utter, "The lady, she's... She's awoken..."

Bursting into the room, Davey approached the figure lying on the bed "Casey?" he exclaimed, incredulous.

The woman in question slowly opened her eyes, her gaze clouded and uncertain. After a moment of silent assessment, she whispered, "Davey?"

Davey was struck motionless by the way Casey addressed him. His face hardened, revealing his distress.

Casey caught the change in his demeanor and looked up, confusion etched on her face. "Davey, what's the matter?"

Chapter 1592

Regaining his composure, Davey took Casey's hand with a softness that was out of character.

"Nothing's amiss. How are you feeling?"

Clutching her forehead, Casey's brow creased with discomfort. "I'm not sure why, but my head is throbbing."

Davey tenderly massaged her temples, murmuring, "Let me get a doctor to examine you."

Casey drained of energy, could only respond with a faint "Okay."

As Davey reached for his phone to call for a doctor, Casey, still in bed, inquired, "Davey, have you seen my parents?"

"Clang!" Davey's phone slipped from his grasp, clattering on the floor.

Davey's stare, intense and icy, fixed on Casey, his presence chilling.

Casey, seemingly oblivious to the tension, gently reminded him, "Davey, your phone fell."

Ignoring the fallen phone, Davey asked, "What did you just mention?"

"About what?" Still groggy, Casey pondered before responding, "My dad... Where are my parents? They're not here, are they?"

Davey's gaze grew icy as he scanned the room. It was a replica of her bedroom, which justified her confusion. "Casey, regarding your parents..."

Davey's attempt to explain was cut off by Casey's interruption.

"Could you get my mom? She's probably worried since I had been unconscious before..."

Davey remained silent, his dark eyes locked on her, filled with unsaid words. Pausing, he echoed her words, "Your mom is worried?"

"Yes, why? What's happening?"

"Casey..." Davey addressed her with a touch of coolness in his voice.

"Have you forgotten something important?"

Casey's eyes, large and bewildered, reflected her confusion. "What should I remember?"

Davey probed further, "Casey, how many years have you lived?"

"I'm 18, aren't I?"

Davey responded evenly, "And what about me?"

With a playful chuckle, Casey responded, "Isn't it obvious? You're 19, Davey, the finest protector of my family!"

Davey didn't utter a word in response.

Casey gave him an appraising look, teasing, "How long was my nap? You appear much older, almost like you're in your thirties. Maybe you should try some of my skincare products. It looks like the weather hasn't been kind to you."

Despite his rigorous fitness regimen and good appearance, Davey's appearance suggested he was in his thirties.

Casey, maintaining her youthful appearance without any aging signs, could easily pass for a woman in her thirties despite the years she had been asleep.

Davey's expression, a blend of light and shadow, was hard to read.

Right then, there was a knock at the door.

"Enter," Davey remarked.

A doctor entered the room.

Davey reassured Casey, "The doctor is here to check on you. There's no need to worry."

Casey acknowledged this with a weak nod.

Post-examination, Davey and the doctor stepped outside.

Davey's commanding presence was palpable.

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The doctor, in a timid voice, reported, "Mr. Glyn, she shows no physical abnormalities, but the clot in her brain persists, albeit smaller. The acupuncture seems to be working. Continuing the acupuncture might be beneficial..."

"Get to the point," Davey cut him off sharply.

"Huh?" The doctor was puzzled.

Davey's sneer was piercing. "Didn't you notice her mental disorientation?" Casey had just claimed she was eighteen.

The doctor looked down. "I missed that, but she seems mentally stable."

"Stable?" Davey's smirk carried a trace of scorn. "Is that all you've gathered after your assessment?"

The doctor felt the weight of Davey's icy stare, as if on trial. He knelt hastily, his plea for forgiveness echoing loudly. "Please, Mr. Glyn, I beg you to spare me..."

"Considering today marks Casey's awakening, I'll overlook this. However..." Davey's temper flared as he grasped the doctor's hair, his tone icy. "Roll your way out now!"

The mansion's layout was intricate, featuring a ramp that led to the grand entrance on one side and descended into a deep basement on the other.

Without delay, the doctor scurried away, tumbling down the stairs in his haste. He resembled a rolling ball, swiftly descending step by step.

Relief washed over the doctor as he escaped with his life.

In recent years, Davey had dismissed numerous doctors. Each dismissed doctor either met a tragic end or passed away suddenly.

The mere mention of Davey's name sent shivers down the spines of many physicians. The pay was substantial, yet it was akin to risking their lives. No sum of money was worth their lives.

However, once Davey summoned them, refusing his call meant certain death. The fortunate ones survived a year or two more.

The villa's atmosphere was eerily silent. The servants moved with utmost caution, avoiding any noise.

Standing at the basement entrance, Davey's face was unreadable. He then proceeded to the master bedroom.

The servant guarding Casey's room greeted Davey with respect, "Mr. Glyn."

With a simple gesture from Davey, the servant promptly exited.

Approaching Casey's bed, Davey noticed she was still awake. She looked at him, her voice tinged with sadness. "Davey, why hasn't my mother arrived yet?"

Davey took a seat beside Casey, placing one hand gently beside her leg and using the other to smooth her tousled hair, speaking softly.

"Your mother won't be coming."

"Why not?" Casey's voice was filled with disbelief as she grabbed his hand.

Davey's eyes lingered on her hand, clasping his with trust, his heart swelling with an unfamiliar warmth. "They've traveled abroad for a holiday. Your memories are just a bit mixed up."

"My memories are mixed up?" Casey questioned, struggling to grasp the situation.

Gently caressing her hair, Davey reassured her, "Your memories will return gradually."

Casey made a face, expressing her longing, "I really want to hear from my mom. Could you get her to call me?"

"They are far away, near the Pacific border, so getting in touch right now is tricky."

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Tears started to gather in Casey's eyes, and she seemed downhearted.

"Have I forgotten many things?"

Noticing her distress, Davey gently proposed, "You seem weary. Why not rest a bit more?"

Casey agreed with a nod.

Davey assisted her in getting comfortable and tucked her in. Then, he softly ki*sed her on the forehead. "Sleep now. I'll fill you in on what you've missed once you're awake."

Casey was taken aback. "Davey, how could you ki*s me?"

Davey gave her a teasing look. "Don't you remember, Casey? We're a couple, and we've shared many close moments."

"We're a couple?" This news seemed to astonish Casey.

Davey chose not to answer directly, leaning in and murmuring, "Would you prefer to listen now, or would you rather rest?"

Casey looked troubled. "My head is hurting..."

"ALL right. Get some rest, then." Davey gazed at Casey.

Chapter 1595

Davey was not in a hurry. After all, he thought he and Casey had all the time in the world.

Casey closed her beautiful eyes. After a while, her breathing gradually steadied. When Davey saw this, the expression on his face started to change. The tenderness he had shown just now instantly vanished. It was replaced by a growing cloud of darkness.

Davey reached out and caressed her sleeping face, and countless memories flooded back into his mind.

When Davey met Casey, the Glyn family had already considered him an outcast.

That was because his father, Jayceon, disobeyed his grandfather and married a woman with no background. Jayceon was kicked out of the Glyn family for this.

Jayceon was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and he had never tasted the bitter pill of poverty. But his married life with Clemmie Brown, his wife, was never easy.

The love they initially had for each other was gradually shattered by the heavy weight of financial woes. As their bills piled up, so did their fights.

Until one day, Jayceon finally abandoned Clemmie and their young son, Davey. Jayceon left them with nothing but heartache.

Clemmie, desperate and furious, rented a car, found Jayceon on the road, and accelerated the car to hit him.

This resulted in a fiery wreckage that took both their lives on the spot.

At that time, Davey was barely a teen. But the tragedy made him an orphan. He could not resist when a neighbor took him in. However, this neighbor was a cruel drunkard whose life was also in shambles.

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He provided Davey shelter, but he would beat and scold Davey every time he got drunk.

Davey was too young to remember his true identity. He endured years of torment in the hands of his abusive foster father.

One day, in the dead of night, Davey's foster father was too drunk to even stand steadily. He fell and hit the back of his head on the floor.

While lying there helplessly, he had no choice but to ask for Davey's help. However, Davey just stepped over him indifferently.

A few moments after Davey walked out of the house, a loud explosion shook the whole place, and a ball of fire soared in the air.

That damn cigarette Davey's drunk foster father had been smoking before he fell had set t

he home ablaze.

Davey calmly watched as the raging fire burned the house into ashes.

He didn't even bother to save his drunkard foster father.

Davey became a homeless orphan again. He wandered around, looking for food to survive, until he accidentally met and saved the six-year-old Casey.

When Casey's parents heard about Davey's plight, they felt so sorry for him that they decided to take him with them.

Davey wasn't a bookworm, and he was not good at studying academic subjects. But he had a knack for punching. When he acquired some fighting skills, Hutton, Casey's father, hired him as Casey's bodyguard.

As Casey grew, her relationship with Davey became better. Even when she turned into a young woman, they were still inseparable.

Casey was an innocent, kind-hearted, and compassionate young woman.

She treated Davey as a protective older brother, and she did not hesitate to share with him everything.

Casey had no idea that Davey's sentiments for her had already changed.

It was Hutton who first noticed something was wrong with the way Davey looked at Casey. But he just kept it to himself. He simply transferred Davey to the company's security department without any explanation.

Davey didn't complain. He just hid his true feelings and relentlessly toiled for the company.

Then, tragedy "unexpectedly" struck. Casey's parents died in a car incident, leaving an eighteen-year-old Casey temporarily blinded due to excessive grief.

At that moment, Davey returned to Casey's side as her personal bodyguard. Aside from that, he also became her steadfast guardian and the silent protector of her family's legacy.

As years passed, the bond between Casey and Davey became deeper and stronger. Before they knew it, they had already become intimate.

But the time came when Casey discovered a sinister secret that completely changed her view of Davey. This incident had ignited a fierce rivalry between them. From being allies, they became against each other.

Davey took advantage of Casey's visual impairment to confine her in her family's mansion.

But Casey found an opportunity to escape. She fled and disappeared into the night, leaving no trace behind.

Casey only reappeared a few years later. She had married Landen Foster and lived overseas, having given birth to a boy and a girl.

Meanwhile, Davey had been located by the Glyn family, amassing a ton of clout.

But Casey ignored Davey's existence. For her, he was just a ghost from the past.

As these memories flashed through Davey's mind, he snapped back to reality. The dim bedside lamp in the room fell on Casey's pallid face.

Davey stared at her with terrifying coldness in his eyes. Why had Casey's memories frozen to when she was only eighteen? At that time, her parents were not dead yet, and he hadn't claimed her as his own.

Davey didn't believe Casey could no longer remember everything beyond that. Could it be that Casey was only putting on an act? At the thought of this, Davey subconsciously clenched his fists tightly. He hoped Casey would not let him down again. After all, he didn't want to hurt her like he did in the past.

Davey stared at Casey for a little while before he stood up and left the room. His footsteps faded into the distance.

A few moments later, Casey's eyelids flickered, and she slowly opened her eyes.

Under the dim light of the bedside lamp, tears welled up in her beautiful eyes and fell one after another like pearls. She clutched the quilt tightly.

Casey wanted to curse Davey. He was such a scoundrel.

Since she could not beat him for now, she must be cautious. She couldn't show weakness now. No matter what, she had to find a way to escape from him. She had to find her daughter and avenge the son she had lost. Casey could never give up until she achieved her goal. The next day, Janey woke up early in the morning. She excitedly hopped out of bed, smiling from ear to ear. She exclaimed, "Daddy is coming to pick us up!"

Chapter 1597

Janey spent hours sifting through her closet, determined to find the perfect outfit for the occasion. Her nonstop chatter filled the air as she excitedly shared her plans with Raegan.

Raegan chuckled helplessly. "Honey, he's still at work. You have to wait for a while."

Janey's eyes lit up. "Can we go to his office and wait outside until he's done with work? I want to ride in his fancy car back home."

Of course, Raegan couldn't have the heart to refuse Janey's request.

She called Mitchel and asked for his permission.

Mitchel readily agreed, so they drove to his office and waited in the car.

Raegan held Janey's little hand and said, "Janey, we have something to tell you later."

Janey blinked her big eyes. "Mommy, can I guess?"

"Sure, what is it?"

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"Is Mitchel my real dad?" Janey was such a smart girl. She guessed it right on the first try. Raegan was surprised. "Janey, you..."

"Mommy, my teacher said we chose our parents in heaven before we were born. That's why when I first saw you, I liked you right away. I feel the same about Mitchel. The first time I saw him, I knew he was my real dad." Janey's explanation was so heartwarming that it melted Raegan's heart.

Raegan smiled gently and asked, "Janey, do you know what a real dad means?"

"Hmm... I'm not sure.."

"It means your only dad, the special one," Raegan explained gently.

"Mitchel is your only daddy, and you are his one and only precious daughter."

Janey's eyes widened, filled with curiosity. She asked, "I am his one and only child?"

"Of course. For now, you are his only precious child."

"Then, why don't you give me a baby brother or sister?" Janey's question stunned Raegan.

Janey shook Raegan's hand and insisted, "Mommy, I really want a little brother or sister. My classmate Paloma has a baby brother, and he's so cute."

Raegan was amused by Janey's words. She chuckled, gently pinched Janey's cute little face, and said, "Well, I can't exactly control that. We can only let nature take its course, okay?"

"Okay." Janey didn't insist anymore. But in her mind, she had already planned to ask Mitchel later. She couldn't wait to become a big sister.

Raegan continued, "Janey, there's something your daddy wants to tell you in person."

Janey's eyes lit up with excitement. She begged Raegan, "Mommy, let's go upstairs and find him now. I want to see his office."

Raegan didn't want to enter the company building, let alone go to Mitchel's office. But Janey was

persistent, so she had no choice. She considered using Mitchel's exclusive elevator to avoid being seen by the employees.

Chapter 1598

Earlier, Raegan had already texted Mitchel that they were on the way.

He replied he would come down as soon as his meeting was over.

Raegan thought it would be better to take Janey upstairs to surprise him.

Raegan and Janey got out of the elevator and walked into a small antechamber leading to the CEO's office.

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Regan squeezed Janey's little hand and said in a voice filled with pride and excitement, "Honey, we're here. This is where your dad works."

Janey's eyes widened in awe. She excitedly pushed the door open and exclaimed, "Wow! Mommy, it's even bigger than Erick's office!"

Suddenly, they heard a woman's distressed voice from inside. "Mitchel, I'm pregnant. It's yours..."

Raegan had just heard the words when she quickly put her hand over Janey's mouth and hurriedly left.

It wasn't until Raegan and Janey were safely inside the car that Janey, still puzzled, turned to Raegan with a question. "Mommy, didn't you tell me I'm daddy's only child? Why did that lady say she has daddy's child?"

Raegan found herself at a loss for words. She was waiting for Mitchel to shed some light on this, yet she wanted to keep Janey out of it.

"Let me ask your daddy about it first, and then I'll explain, okay?"

Raegan decided on honesty, considering Janey's age and sensitivity.

Raegan didn't want Janey to feel disheartened when discovering being kept in the dark.

"Alright, but please talk calmly with my daddy. Don't fight, okay?"

Janey advised like a Little adult.

"I promise I'll talk to your daddy calmly," Raegan reassured Janey, making plans to send Janey home with Victor and stay behind.

Raegan felt the need to confront Mitchel directly and find out the truth about Katie's pregnancy with his child.

Her mind felt like it was a battlefield with countless little soldiers at war.

They had just made up not too long ago, and they were still on shaky ground emotionally. Then, this bombshell dropped. She was at a loss for what to do next. If what Katie had spilled was the truth, how was she supposed to react?

Even if it was by accident, the idea of Mitchel having a child with another woman was a tough pill to swallow. Raegan's heart was a mess, swirling with discomfort and uncertainty.

Eventually, Mitchel finally called. When he found out Raegan was still in the parking lot, he quickly made his way down.

As Mitchel opened the car door, his surprise was evident upon seeing only Raegan inside. "Where's Janey?" he asked.

"I sent her home," Raegan replied simply.

Mitchel tried to keep the atmosphere light, playfully messing up Raegan's hair as he apologized, "Sorry, the meeting went over its scheduled time."

Chapter 1599

His words made Raegan feel a chill in her heart. He had hidden it from her! If she hadn't overheard Katie's words by chance, was he ever planning to tell her?

"Did your meeting really go on for that long?" Raegan probed.

Mitchel hesitated before responding in a softer tone, "I'm sorry you had to wait. It's my fault."

His apology, however, only added to the chill spreading through Raegan. He dodged her question, which made her wonder whether he intended to come clean.

Suddenly, Raegan felt all her questions were pointless. Mitchel had chosen to keep it hidden. Why would he tell her?

Her head throbbed, her heart turned cold. She kept silent. Yet, she remembered her promise to Janey, to ask Mitchel gently.

With clear, earnest eyes, Raegan inquired, "Mitchel, are you keeping something from me?"

Mitchel stayed cool, replying, "What do you wish to know? I'm an open book." He dodged the question, not owning up to any secrets.

Right then, Mitchel's phone rang, a call from Matteo.

Mitchel picked up, his expression changing with the conversation. He uttered a few "Alright" and promised to deal with it.

After hanging up, Mitchel offered an apology, "Raegan, there's something I need to sort out. Maybe head back first? If it gets late, I might not make it over. Could you apologize to Janey for me?"

Raegan felt a deeper chill, a cold that enveloped her entirely.

Probing further seemed futile. It would just leave her more humiliated.

Mitchel wrapped his arms around Raegan in a tight hug before he had to go. His voice, still captivating, whispered, "Raegan, I miss you..."

Raegan's face turned blank and cold as she accepted his hug.

Before he left, Mitchel softly ki*sed her forehead.

Raegan's car pulled away, and Mitchel's figure became smaller and smaller in the distance.

Raegan couldn't stop her tears from falling. Were all their shared moments, those intense life-or-death situations, just an act? If he didn't love her, why did he go out of his way to save her? If he did love her, why did he deceive her after they both acknowledged their feelings?

Once home, Raegan turned her phone off and went straight to bed.

Seeing Raegan needed space, Janey was exceptionally considerate and didn't intrude. She followed Annis's advice, cleaned up, and went to bed herself.

Raegan didn't wake up until the afternoon of the next day.

Upon waking, Raegan worried the studio might be trying to reach her, so she turned her phone back on. Elin sent a message saying everything at the studio was being organized smoothly and advised her not to worry but to rest well.

Yet, Mitchel hadn't sent a single message the whole night. Raegan wasn't naive. The silence spoke

volumes. With a forced smile, she thought, maybe this was just how things were going to be. Raegan got ready and headed to the studio. Work was the one thing she felt she had control over.

Chapter 1600

The studio was bustling from the moment she arrived, leaving her no room to dwell on personal matters.

As evening fell, Elin suggested they talk about work over dinner.

They chose a mall close to the studio for dinner.

While eating, Elin got a call related to work and had to leave early.

After her meal, Raegan decided to pick up a gift for Janey and made her way to the baby store on the first floor.

Entering the store, a staff member blocked Raegan's path, apologizing, "I'm sorry, miss, but we're not assisting customers right now."

Confused, Raegan asked, "Aren't you open?"

The employee explained, "We're currently attending to a VIP customer and ask for your understanding."

Sometimes, malls would shut their doors to the public to cater exclusively to a VIP shopper.

Raegan was aware of this practice and was on her way out when she heard someone call her name. "Raegan!"

Raegan looked over, her expression immediately turning frosty.

Katie emerged from the store, leaning on Luciana for support. "Raegan, are you here to shop at the baby store, too? Whose clothes are you buying?"

Katie was aware that Raegan had been away for five years, during which she got married and had a child.

Katie posed the question with a clear intention.

Raegan glanced at Katie's stomach, noting it was only slightly pronounced, suggesting about three months into the pregnancy.

Yet, Katie seemed to accentuate it to appear further along.

Preferring to avoid further interaction, Raegan turned to leave, but Katie wasn't about to let her go easily.

Katie reached out, grabbing Raegan's arm, and greeted her with a smile, "Raegan, it's been so long."

Raegan briskly pulled her arm away, her tone icy. "I don't think we're that close, are we?"

Taken aback by Raegan's blunt dismissal, Katie lost her footing slightly.

Luciana immediately snapped, "Are you blind? Don't you dare hurt Katie, or you'll regret it!"

Luciana was still fuming at Raegan because of their last encounter in Mitchel's ward. She didn't expect Raegan to go back to his son and even had connections with that bastard. She deemed Raegan as manipulative.

Raegan's face turned stone-cold. She retorted, "Mrs. Dixon, let's be clear, who started this?"

Luciana ignored Raegan and, boiling with rage, barked, "Katie was just being polite, and you repay her with harm?"

