

Unbreakable 1631

Chapter 1631

“That would be wonderful, my dear. I was just thinking I needed more.”

Luciana seemingly appreciated the gesture.

“I’ll bring it over tomorrow.” Katie concluded the call, barely concealing her triumphant smile. With Luciana on her side, she felt confident in her marrying Mitchel. It seemed to her that Mitchel was cornered, with no escape available.

In the Dixon Group, the internal investigation took a pivotal turn as they unveiled their key evidence, meticulously documenting every transaction Mitchel had authorized, suggesting a conflict of interest with the Glyn Group.

Mitchel faced the allegations with a composed silence, even as the investigation suggested his withdrawal from the Eastern Garden project was driven by personal vendettas and romantic entanglements rather than business acumen.

Mitchel’s response was marked by a stoic calm, refraining from justifying his actions or countering the claims made against him.

The drama escalated as Alexis stepped forward, feigning regret over the unfolding events while simultaneously shining a Light on Henley’s contributions to the Dixon Group.

The underlying motive behind Alexis’ actions was transparent, yet Henley’s achievements, despite being commendable, could not eclipse the legacy of success Mitchel had established at the Dixon Group.

While the accusations appeared grave, they did little to shake the financial stability of the Dixon Group, leaving the shareholders in a state of uncertainty about demanding Mitchel’s resignation.

Sensing the need to sway the opinion decisively, Alexis introduced a dramatic twist.

“Gentlemen, there’s an additional revelation that demands our attention, a handwritten letter from our founder, Kyler Dixon.”

The atmosphere tensed immediately, recognizing the significant weight Kyler’s words would carry, even posthumously.

Alexis produced a letter, solemnly declaring it contained Kyler’s will that Henley be formally recognized as a member of the Dixon lineage after a three-year period of mourning, renamed as Henley Dixon.

This announcement sent shockwaves through the room. Kyler’s personal endorsement of Henley had the power to influence the traditionalists within the company.

Some senior shareholders, who had been vocally critical and had always seen Mitchel as the rightful heir, looked at Henley with skepticism.

Yet, the unveiling of this letter visibly altered the dynamics, even Henley's demeanor shifted, reflecting the significance of this moment for him. Henley had long awaited such recognition, and with it, he planned to slowly take control of the Dixon Group and remove Mitchel from its legacy entirely.

Alexis couldn't contain his inward glee at the shareholders' reaction.

He was convinced that with a bit of time, the company and its stakeholders would adapt to this news, signaling Mitchel's inevitable downfall.

Strategically positioning himself as the voice of reason, Alexis proposed, "I believe I've made my point. It's not my place to sway your judgment further. Let's meet again in three days and decide based on a collective reflection."

Alexis' suggestion was a calculated maneuver, designed to corner Mitchel into a position of vulnerability, especially with Katie and Luciana adding to his pressure.

Mitchel remained stoic, his face a mask of impassivity, as the room's atmosphere grew cold with tension.

The once-hidden fissures within the Dixon family were now exposed, compelling the shareholders to declare their allegiances. Alexis' move was clearly aimed at the convincing undecided.

Witnessing the shift in the room's sentiment buoyed Alexis' confidence. With a he concluded the "We commanding tone, meeting shall adjourn for now."

As everyone began to stand up, Mitchel's voice halted everyone in their tracks. "Wait a moment."

The authority in Mitchel's tone was undeniable, prompting everyone to swiftly resume their seats, a reflexive response to his leadership.

Chapter 1632

Alexis, curious, wondered what Mitchel was poised to reveal.

Mitchel, with an icy demeanor, inquired, "Is that everything?"

Alexis confidently responded, "Yeah."

"Then, I have a few things to add Mitchel announced, his finger rhythmically tapping on the table, signaling the entrance of Matteo along with several individuals."

Alexis' smug expression faded instantly, replaced by concern as he turned to Mitchel, his tone laced with accusation. "What are you scheming?"

Mitchel, nonchalantly spinning a pen, retorted without even granting Alexis a glance, "I believe you're acquainted with these gentlemen."

Alexis hastily refuted, "I don't recognize them!"

But one of the newcomers contradicted, "How could you forget me, Alexis? Weren't you the one who referred us to Miss Glyn for the Dixon Group projects? You assured us she could guarantee our success in securing bids."

Another added, "Right! That's what you told us!"

Alexis paled, vehemently denying, "That's absurd. I've never met any of you, never!"

However, another voice joined the chorus, challenging Alexis' denial.

“But, Alexis, you introduced me to Miss Glyn at the Ardlens International Charity Gala two years ago. Why deny it now? Mr. Hammond from the Prosperous Group was present. He witnessed your introduction. You can’t refute that!”

Reluctant to admit it, the man found himself cornered. To deny these allegations would risk significant credibility and financial repercussions. Moreover, Mitchel’s move, though aggressive, wasn’t compelling him toward any unlawful admissions but rather to acknowledge the truth.

The room buzzed with murmurs and speculation as the shareholders absorbed the unfolding drama.

Alexis, now visibly shaken and enraged, accused Mitchel of betrayal, “You conniving little snake! You’re setting me up!”

Alexis, seething with anger, lashed out with the metal corner of the folder in his hand, aiming it straight at Mitchel.

This move caught everyone off guard.

Mitchel dodged smoothly, just tilting his head at the right moment.

Without missing a beat, Matteo sprang into action, grabbing Alexis’ arms and twisting them behind his back, then pinning him against the table.

Caught in a tight grip, Alexis exploded in rage, yelling at Mitchel, “You ungrateful brat, thinking of killing your own dad? I regret ever raising you, you disgraceful creature!”

The room went silent as the shareholders watched, their expressions turning dark. Hearing Alexis lash out at his own son with foul words was too much, and it only made Alexis look more guilty.

Henley quickly intervened, urging in a low voice, “Dad, let’s not do anything we’ll regret!”

That was when Alexis caught himself, realizing he almost walked right into the trap set for him. If he denied all accusations, who could lay a finger on him?

Seeing Alexis regain his composure, Henley turned his frustration toward Matteo, reprimanding, “Why are you disrespecting a director like this!”

Chapter 1633

Matteo ignored Henley, his hold on Alexis unyielding.

Henley, visibly upset, clenched and unclenched his fists, trying to regain his calm. He then addressed Mitchel directly, “Mitchel, what’s going on? He’s our dad. Acting this way could turn the shareholders against us.”

Henley stressed “our dad” to get under Mitchel’s skin, twisting the story to make it look as though Matteo’s protective move was Mitchel’s display of disrespect for Alexis. Such an accusation was a serious charge.

Mitchel’s lips curled into a slight smirk, his eyes dancing with sarcasm. “Matteo, let’s show the

shareholders what my dad has up his sleeve, shall we?"

Matteo then stepped back, cueing up the presentation on the large screen.

Before long, Alexis' voice filled the room. "Mr. Douglas, Mr. Potter, Mr. Faulkner, if you back my son Henley and help him rise to power, you'll have your pick of our projects. We'll go seventy-thirty on the profits."

Those three gentlemen Alexis addressed to didn't seem keen. The Dixon Group had a history of going twenty-eight, making the seventy-thirty split less appealing, especially with the risk of crossing Mitchel.

They knew what Mitchel was capable of. His competence was not to be underestimated.

Alexis, seemingly unfazed, continued to leisurely pour himself a drink. "You'll get seventy, and the Dixon Group gets thirty."

"What? Seriously?" Those three were astounded. Usually, the Dixon Group would take an eighty-twenty split in their favor.

Given the quality and reliable payments from the Dixon Group's projects, even a twenty percent share was highly coveted.

Securing final payments was notoriously tough these days. A high profit share didn't mean much if one couldn't get that final paycheck.

But Alexis' proposal was unexpectedly generous. They didn't hesitate to accept.

As the video concluded, the room erupted into chaos, with shareholders seething over Alexis' audacity. It was no surprise Alexis had a knack for winning over clients. He knew just how to use what they liked to get on their good side.

Alexis, mouth agape, struggled to find words. He was so sure he could outmaneuver Mitchel and get Mitchel to back down. But now, it felt like he'd been slapped in the face. Finally, he managed to say, "Mitchel, this... You're framing me!"

But no one took Alexis' side.

The footage showed it all: Alexis's face, his voice, clear enough for everyone, including the three gentlemen, to recognize.

Alexis ranted, "You're pinning this on me? How dare you frame your own dad, Mitchel Dixon! You're heartless!"

Alexis couldn't accept losing after all the effort he'd put in. If Mitchel started to catch on, laying another trap would be difficult.

"But even if I did try to get ahead, what's the deal with the Eastern Garden project? You're just bailing because of that woman, letting your emotions rule, right?" Alexis argued.

Right after he said this, someone checking their phone exclaimed, "The Eastern Garden project just blew up!"

The internet was in an uproar. The Glyn family's forceful evictions and bullying under the guise of carrying out the Eastern Garden project were now public knowledge.

The reporter's father, coerced by the Glyn family's thugs to drive off into a river, ended up with brain damage after being saved. Not long after, he died miserably.

At first, the reporter hesitated to report to the authority, concerned of the Glyn family's actions against him.

It was only after Mitchel's team located him and provided him the protection and support in his quest for justice did he speak up.

As he spoke up, more victims began to share their stories online.

Some didn't lose family members, but they encountered constant bad luck when they went out during those days. Preferring to steer clear of trouble, they quickly agreed to the settlements.

The Dixon Group wasn't involved in the project's early stages. They only joined later, after Katie had done the harm.

And when the Dixon Group backed out a while earlier, they openly clarified and explained the circumstances.

The shareholders breathed a sigh of relief, feeling as if they had dodged a bullet.

Violent demolition. Causing death. Any of these accusations could ruin the Dixon Group's longstanding reputation of integrity. And restoring that reputation would be an uphill task.

At this point, those shareholders admired Mitchel's decisiveness. No one wanted to hear another word from Alexis. Clearly, Alexis wanted to promote his illegitimate son, Henley, and hand over the company's interests to outsiders, all for his selfish motives, pushing the company toward ruin.

Henley certainly wouldn't be any good from Alexis' education.

Mitchel, however, was a different story. Kyler himself had personally mentored Mitchel. With a formidable mentor like Kyler, Mitchel's competence was a sure thing.

Alexis' face was as dark as charred coal, signaling he understood his defeat was imminent.

's

Mitchel's strategy was undeniably clever, holding back until Alexis made his moves.

Mitchel outsmarted Alexis by methodically proving Alexis' accusations baseless, flipping the script completely.

Feeling the need to salvage the situation, Alexis clutched Henley and wept. "My son, I was lost. I was wrong not having heeded your advice. You've been nothing but kind, urging me to believe in Mitchel, and I foolishly turned a deaf ear..."

With a self-inflicted slap, Alexis exclaimed, "I shouldn't have dragged you into this mess. You had done nothing wrong."

Alexis' words were clearly an attempt to disassociate Henley from the situation. He simply wanted Henley to continue playing against Mitchel since one had to take the blame and that was him.

Henley stayed quiet, his face a picture of sorrow. Deep down, he was unfazed.

For Henley, protecting his reputation was all that mattered, regardless of Alexis' fate.

This meeting turned into a farce.

Mitchel commanded an internal audit on Alexis' misdeeds and decided his shares would compensate for the financial damage. In other words, Alexis stood to forfeit his entire shareholding and possibly even fall into debt. Such a move effectively banished Alexis from the Dixon Group for good.

Mitchel showed he was much more formidable than Alexis could ever be.

It was a thorough clean-up!

Alexis, fuming with rage and feeling the weight of his guilt, was powerless. The shareholders' stares were almost powerful enough to swallow him whole.

Alexis shot Henley a glance, ready to sneak off, but Mitchel stopped him in his tracks. Mitchel got straight to the point, asking, "Dad, isn't there something you're leaving out?"

Chapter 1635

"What are you talking about?" Alexis frowned.

"The letter you claimed to be handwritten by my grandfather."

Alexis' expression shifted, and with a surge of anger, he shot back, "Kyler's handwriting is known to all. Don't pin this on me!"

"Whether I'm pinning it on you, you know the truth, don't you?"

Mitchel's voice dripped with sarcasm. "I'm just giving you the opportunity to come clean."

"Go and verify it, then. You're just hoping your dad dies, aren't you?" Alexis scowled.

Alexis couldn't stand it any longer. Being set up by Mitchel was humiliating enough, and the fact that he hadn't snapped was a sign of his self-control. He knew he still needed to support Henley and couldn't risk ruining the latter's reputation. Now he was facing such a bold confrontation!

Henley chimed in, "Mitchel, our dad just made some mistakes. Can't you cut him some slack and not fight him on everything? I know you're not fond of me, but I've worked hard for what I've achieved, and it's all been for the good of the company. Shouldn't the company's well-being be our main concern?"

On the surface, Henley was trying to ease the tension between Mitchel and Alexis, but he was actually hinting that Mitchel was being petty and resentful.

Mitchel looked at them with a cold expression. They were clearly ready to fight to the end. He instructed, "Bring Beuford here, please."

At the mention of Beuford, Alexis' face went white.

An elderly gentleman with a distinguished mane of graying hair, adorned in a garment of dark cyan silk, made his entrance with Matteo's assistance.

Alexis' gaze sharpened upon recognizing the man. It was indeed Beuford, Kyler's personal butler, a figure of unwavering loyalty who had retreated to oversee Kyler's grave at Mount Moriah following Kyler's demise.

Alexis had nearly forgotten Beuford, half-convinced that the latter had passed away due to the years that had slipped by.

Yet, here Beuford stood, very much alive.

“You ungrateful bastard! Why have you pulled Beuford away from his duties, disrupting his tranquility?” Alexis’ accusation against Mitchel betrayed a hint of a tremble in his voice, perhaps unaware of the emotion it carried.

Beuford had been a formidable presence in the Dixon household, one who had never bent the knee to Alexis’ authority.

Before Mitchel could interject, Beuford took the floor, his voice carrying the weight of years yet resolute. “Mr. Alexis Dixon, this visit was of my own volition, not at Mr. Mitchel Dixon’s urging.” The unease on Alexis’ face was palpable as he managed a strained smile. “And what caused your presence here, Beuford?”

“I came upon learning of your recent endeavors within the Dixon Group, which brought to mind the final charge Mr. Kyler Dixon entrusted to me,” Beuford stated, his voice gaining volume as he brushed his beard.

“He warned me, ‘Alexis lacks stability. In my absence, you must steer him on my behalf. ‘”

The authority with which Beuford spoke mirrored that of Kyler himself, a testament to the years spent under the patriarch’s influence.

Alexis, attempting to mask his mounting ire, diverted his gaze downward. He was tormented by the notion that even beyond the grave, Kyler’s dominance shadowed his every step.

Witnessing Alexis wrestling with his inner turmoil, Mitchel seized the moment. “Dad, why not share with Beuford the letter you claimed to be handwritten by my grandfather?”

Chapter 1636

Caught off guard, Alexis found himself at a loss for words.

Beuford, intrigued by the mention of a letter handwritten by Kyler, pressed further, “A handwritten letter from Mr. Kyler Dixon exists? Mr. Alexis Dixon, why not let us see it?”

Alexis faltered. “Well, it’s... It’s not of great consequence. It simply discusses my father’s desire to integrate Henley into our lineage...”

“Impossible!” Beuford’s interjection cut through the room before Alexis could elaborate.

Beuford’s decisive rebuttal left the room stunned, and Henley’s composure broke, his visage darkening with fury.

Henley’s hands balled into fists so tight that they whitened, his gaze burning into Beuford with barely contained rage.

Alexis, flustered and humiliated, insisted louder, “Beuford, you’re speaking out of turn. This letter outlines my father’s explicit wishes!”

Alexis’ appeal to Kyler’s authority was a desperate bid to regain control over the narrative.

However, Beuford’s response was unyielding. “Mr. Kyler Dixon would never authorize such a directive. He held a stringent view against acknowledging any illegitimate offspring within the Dixon lineage, a stance codified within our family’s charter to deter opportunistic claims.”

Kyler’s Legacy was one of moral fortitude, staunchly resistant to any form of scandal or dishonor.

The notion of an illegitimate heir gaining recognition would have been unthinkable under his watch.

Beuford chose not to vocalize these thoughts, offering Alexis a sliver of respect by withholding a full condemnation.

Nevertheless, the message was clear, leaving Alexis to reflect on the implications.

Alexis' patience snapped. He slammed his hand against the table, glaring at Beuford with intense animosity. "Beuford, while I acknowledge your long service to my father, need I remind you of your station? You remain a servant of this family, nothing more."

Alexis' words were utterly devoid of respect, a clear indication of his disregard for decency. In a sudden movement, he ordered his security, "Get this liar out of here!"

However, before they could act on Alexis' command, Mitchel's reaction was swift and bold. He flung a cup of tea directly at Alexis.

The splash of tea left Alexis drenched and humiliated, a stark visual contrast to his earlier arrogance. "You insolent cur! You..." he began.

But Mitchel cut Alexis off. "Dad, choose your next words carefully."

The threat in Mitchel's tone was palpable, silencing Alexis instantly.

At that moment, Alexis felt dwarfed by Mitchel's authority, recognizing that the balance of power had shifted profoundly in favor of Mitchel, who stood before him not as the young lad he once belittled but as a formidable adversary.

Mitchel then stated, "In case some of you might not fully grasp the significance of Beuford's position, let me make it clear. To my grandfather, Beuford was much more than a butler."

Alexis, already simmering with anger from the unexpected confrontation, found himself at a loss for words, dwarfed by Mitchel's imposing presence.

Mitchel elaborated on the depth of Beuford's loyalty and bravery. "In times of danger, it was Beuford who stood between my grandfather and harm, enduring wounds in his stead. My grandfather himself regarded Beuford not just as a loyal aide but as a brother, in both life and peril." This narrative, familiar to the elder shareholders of the company, underscored the deep bond Kyler and Beuford shared, highlighting Alexis' disrespectful treatment of someone his father esteemed as family.

This revelation caused a stir among the shareholders, leading to whispers and glances that left Alexis exposed and humiliated, his prior contempt now turned against him.

Chapter 1637

Mitchel, seizing the moment, said to Alexis, "Let's see that letter from my grandfather you mentioned. Why not show it to us?"

Cornered, Alexis found himself between a rock and a hard place. His refusal to reveal the letter would imply culpability. In a desperate bid to evade scrutiny, he dramatically shoved the letter into his mouth, feigning a breakdown while accusing, "You're all trying to corner me to death! If you mistrust your own dad to this extent, no evidence will ever satisfy you!"

In his haste, Alexis sought to cast himself as the wronged party, but the dry paper proved difficult for him, a man used to the finer things, to swallow.

As Alexis struggled, Matteo acted swiftly, applying pressure to a specific point on Alexis' neck, which led Alexis to cough up the letter.

Matteo secured the letter before Alexis could make another attempt at its destruction.

A brief inspection by Beuford was enough for him to declare, "This is not penned by Kyler!"

The room buzzed with disbelief and indignation at the lengths to which Alexis would stoop, fabricating even Kyler's handwriting in his scheme.

In response to Beuford's conclusion, Alexis snapped, "What do you know with those eyes of yours? How can you claim it's a forgery? You're merely Mitchel's pawn in this charade!"

Yet, Beuford remained unruffled, advising Mitchel, "Let's compare this letter with known samples of Mr. Kyler Dixon's handwriting."

Following Mitchel's directions, both the questioned letter and authentic samples of Kyler's handwriting were projected for all to see.

Alexis, scrutinizing the comparison and finding the forgeries indistinguishable to the untrained eye, gloated. "See, even you must admit your mistake. They're perfectly matched."

Alexis had invested heavily in the forgery, confident in the forger's promise of an undetectable imitation. And indeed, at first glance, the duplication seemed flawless, leaving the shareholders in a state of confusion.

The question hung in the air. Could this truly be a fake, when it mirrored Kyler's handwriting so precisely?

Beuford gently touched his beard, "Its exact likeness is the reason I declared it fake."

Alexis responded, "Keep making things up. I can't wait to see how you will twist this story!"

"Mr. Kyler Dixon wrote the manuscript, copying his grandfather's handwriting. He even added a handwritten note at the end to say it's an imitation. But you, in your careless attempt at forgery, didn't even bother to look at the last page. You just picked out bits and pieces to replicate." Beuford flipped to the final page, announcing, "Here lies the genuine work of Mr. Kyler Dixon!"

Kyler's genuine signature radiated a commanding presence. It was vastly superior from what had been presented before.

Alexis was speechless. He never expected his scheme would come back to bite him with a copy made by Kyler himself. He muttered in disbelief, "This can't be!"

"Mr. Alexis Dixon, being Mr. Kyler Dixon's son, it's shocking that you fail to recognize your own father's script after all these years!"

Beuford's face was stern, as cold as the timeless forests on a mountain peak. "What a disappointment you are."

Alexis' failure as a son was evident, explaining Kyler's preference for Mitchel and sending Alexis overseas. Without integrity, a man could not stand proud. Kyler's discerning eye had spotted Alexis' shortcomings.

"This can't be!" In a fit of anger, Alexis charged at Beuford, choking the latter while shouting, "You cunning old man! You're after me, aren't you?"

Alexis had completely lost his bearings. With his good name ruined, he had nothing left.

Without wasting a second, Mitchel jumped in, shoving Alexis aside with all his might.

Chapter 1638

Alexis fell to the floor, groaning in pain.

"Did you catch that?" Alexis growled at his guard, who had failed to act.

Alexis' bodyguard nodded, quickly concealing his phone.

Gloating, Alexis boasted, "How dare you lay a hand on your father, you ungrateful child? I'll let

everyone know what a disloyal son the prestigious leader of the Dixon Group is!”

Everyone around was left speechless. They were shocked by Alexis’ audacity.

Right then, Beuford suggested, “Mr. Mitchel Dixon, may I speak with Mr. Alexis Dixon in private?”

Mitchel agreed, understanding Beuford’s wish to deal with family issues away from public eyes.

With Alexis acting irrationally, it was best to avoid giving onlookers more to gossip about the Dixon family.

Mitchel dismissed everyone, promising to update everyone once the family matter was sorted out.

As the shareholders left, the vibe in the air was kind of all over the place. Some were feeling pretty relieved about being smart ahead of time, while others were regretting sticking with the wrong team.

Today, everyone got to see Mitchel’s sharpness and decisiveness. Any of Alexis’ supporters in the company would undoubtedly face the consequences. It belatedly dawned on them that Mitchel’s quietness was all part of a bigger plan in the game.

Alexis’ bodyguards was dismissed, leaving Alexis powerless. Henley was also escorted out.

Now it was just Beuford and Alexis inside.

Mitchel was the last one to exit the room.

Breaking the silence, Henley asked, “What could they be talking about?”

Mitchel, composed and distant, showed no interest to chat.

“Do you really think so little of me, Mitchel?” Henley asked half-jokingly, “Is it because your mother is seen as more ‘honorable’ than mine?”

Mitchel turned to face Henley, speaking with calm authority. “It’s not about being born better or worse than anyone else. It’s our actions and intentions. Some people are always up to no good.”

Henley’s expression shifted, his hands clenched.

Mitchel added, “And save your drama. I’m not interested in entertaining it.”

Henley couldn’t stand Mitchel’s distant and arrogant attitude like he owned the world. Plus, to him, Mitchel stole away the only kindness and warmth he had ever received.

Even though Henley was plotting something deep, he feigned innocence, saying, “Why do you think I’m acting? We’re brothers, and nothing can change that, no matter how much you deny it.”

Mitchel seemed indifferent, as if Henley was invisible to him.

Still, Henley pressed on, “I’ve heard Miss Glyn is pregnant. Looks like you’ll have an heir soon, enjoying life with two women. You must be feeling pretty fortunate. How did you manage to win over Raegan? Could you give me some advice on winning the heart of the lady of my dreams?”

Henley’s question seemed genuine, but his voice was filled with sarcasm, his mention of Raegan deliberate.

Chapter 1639

“I’m married only to Raegan!” Mitchel responded, his tone turning cold. “She is my rightful wife. I better not hear you mention her name again, or you’ll have no place in Ardlens.”

Henley held his position. "No matter how superior you act, you can't change the fact that I'm your half brother. It doesn't matter if I'm not in the family records. A fact is a fact."

Henley convinced himself it was no biggie even though the well-planned schemes didn't work out. Patience was his virtue, believing in he had all the time to scheme against Mitchel until he had the desired results.

"Do you seriously not get what it means to be excluded from the family records?" Mitchel glanced at Henley dismissively. "It means you have no claim to any of the Dixon Group's assets, including any inheritance from our father, which will only be mine. I can even take back any assets Alexis transferred to you."

Henley's complexion went white. He had thought only his reputation would suffer, which didn't bother him much. But he never expected Kyler to disinherit him entirely, leaving him without a dime.

Before Henley could say anymore, the door opened.

Beuford stepped out first, and Mitchel quickly walked over to assist him.

Beuford announced, "Alexis has promised to stay out of the company's business for good. This applies to you, too, Henley. You're no Longer part of the Dixon Group."

Henley's face turned ghostly white, exclaiming, "No!" Without the support of the Dixon Group, every step he took would be a struggle.

And his plans to sabotage Mitchel from within would be impossible.

Alexis, stripped of his earlier arrogance, seemed defeated. "Yes, that's my decision."

Henley stood frozen, in disbelief.

Suddenly, a disheartened Alexis, without even looking at Henley, commanded, "Gather your belongings. We're leaving now."

Henley stood there, stunned, trying to process Alexis' unexpected surrender. His eyes narrowed, and his fists tightened. He was not ready to concede.

"Is your last name Brooks?" Beuford suddenly asked.

Henley went pale, trying to speak but unable to make a sound.

Beuford offered some wisdom, saying, "Here's a tip for you, young man. If it's not yours, don't wish for it, or you'll just end up living a miserable life."

Even though Beuford spoke slowly due to his age, Henley felt a strong caution in his words.

Indeed, Beuford's youthful days were not to be taken lightly.

Henley objected, "Why shouldn't I claim what's mine? I share the Dixon blood, and by law, I'm entitled to my share!"

Beuford just smiled, dismissing him. "You still have a lot to learn."

"If you insist on pushing me away, I won't hold back. I'll see you in court..." Henley's words were cut short.

"smack!" Henley felt a stinging slap across his face.

Henley, feeling the sting of humiliation, could hardly believe Alexis slapping him.

A sense of regret washed over Alexis. Yet, he saw no alternative but to take such extreme steps to safeguard his interests, including those abroad.

With a mix of sternness and desperation, Alexis issued an ultimatum, "Leave now and end this foolishness, or I'll renounce you as my offspring!"

The dramatic turn of events left Henley reeling, and in a state of frustration, he made his way to the elevator, leaving Alexis wrestling with a blend of fury and sorrow.

Beuford, ever the pillar of calm, took a moment to remind Alexis of his obligations. "Mr. Alexis Dixon, do not forget the commitment you've made."

Alexis, now somber and showing a rare deference, responded, "I understand. I will handle the situation." This was a stark contrast to his earlier defiance.

Mitchel watched as Alexis grappled with the aftermath, his thoughts deep and unspoken. He then turned to Beuford, offering some hospitality, "Perhaps you'd consider spending a few days in Ardlens? I'd be glad to show you around."

Beuford, pondering momentarily, gently refused, "I must return to my duties by Mr. Kyler Dixon's side."

Mitchel respected his decision without further insistence. Beuford, who had devoted his life to serving Kyler and had no family of his own, cherished his serene existence by Kyler's graveside over the clamor of city life.

As he settled into the car, Beuford broached a subject, "Mr. Mitchel Dixon, does my conversation with Mr. Alexis Dixon not pique your curiosity?"

Mitchel, with a serene acceptance of Beuford's discretion, replied, "If there was something my grandfather intended for me to know, I trust you'd share it. And if not, he had his reasons for keeping it so."

"You're truly remarkable!" Beuford's approval rang out repeatedly, affirming Mitchel's rightful place as Kyler's chosen successor. "Mr. Mitchel Dixon, your restraint from prying into affairs not directly presented to you, alongside your steadfast approach to resolving issues, truly honors Mr. Kyler Dixon's legacy."

's

As the car Beuford was in started, Mitchel offered his respects with a modest nod. "Beuford, I wish you a safe journey back."

Beuford, with a look of genuine kindness, imparted a parting piece of advice. "Mr. Kyler Dixon always had his reasons. Should you find yourself seeking clarity, a visit to Mount Moriah could prove enlightening."

Mitchel, who made it a point to visit Kyler's resting place yearly, acknowledged Beuford's suggestion with a promise. "I'll remember that, Beuford. And next time, I'll bring along someone my grandfather would be pleased to meet."

"That's a good call," Beuford affirmed with a smile, as he departed.

Once back in his office, Mitchel immediately set into motion a plan of action. "Conduct a thorough investigation on every individual tied to Alexis' initiatives!"

Matteo promptly took charge, initiating a detailed probe into the affairs of those involved, a move that signified a major reorganization within the Dixon Group.

This decisive stance underscored the principle that no momentary advantage justified the

compromise of one's integrity or position within the company.

Meanwhile, Alexis, fueled by fury, made his way to the secluded confines of the underground parking lot.

Alexis was violently jolted against his vehicle before he could utter a word of protest.

Henley, consumed by a tumult of emotions, confronted Alexis, his grip tightening around Alexis' throat. "How could you plead with me to return, only to cast me aside now?"

"Ahhh..." Alexis' pleas echoed in the confined space, his voice laden with desperation. "You're nothing but a failure, unfit for this world!"

Henley's rage only intensified, his grip tightening even further as Alexis' face began to show signs of injury.

It wasn't until the sudden blare of a car horn that Henley's grip loosened, releasing Alexis.