

Unbreakable 1641

Chapter 1641

Mistaking the interruption for mere coincidence, Henley gave Alexis one final look of contempt before deciding to walk away.

Gasping for air on the ground, Alexis was haunted by the fear of having nearly met his end.

As Henley started to leave, Alexis, driven by desperation, reached out and clutched at his ankle.

“It’s not as it seems, not as it seems, my son...”

The earnestness in Alexis’ plea, his eyes bloodshot and beseeching, conveyed his panic. “I haven’t forsaken you. But without my actions, we stood to lose everything!”

Noticing a slight easing in Henley’s fury, Alexis seized the moment to add. “Just trust me. Give me some time, and all will be set right.”

Henley, his expression one of derision, questioned, “What could that old man possibly have said to render you so utterly spineless?”

Standing up and brushing himself off, Alexis glanced around nervously before leaning in to whisper a secret into Henley’s ear.

Henley’s face hardened at the revelation, his hands balling into fists once more.

“I was forced to make a temporary concession. Or risk losing the fortune I’ve dedicated my life to amassing. How could I allow that to happen?” Alexis admitted, his voice tight with frustration.

Their tense conversation was abruptly interrupted by a loud “Bang!”

Alexis was startled, his body tensed in alarm.

In a fit of fury, Henley lashed out, his fist connecting with the car window and leaving it spider-webbed with cracks. His hand immediately swelled, the skin turning a painful shade of purple and red.

“Son!” Alexis’ voice was laced with concern, his heart sinking at the sight.

But Henley, consumed by a tempest of anger, barked back, “Get out of my sight!”

With that, Henley yanked open the car door and drove away, pushing the vehicle to its limits, a clear reflection of his inner turmoil.

Questions and comparisons swirled in Henley’s mind, particularly about Alexis and their seemingly parallel paths, only to realize that fate, it seemed, had always been against him.

Elsewhere, Raegan was attending an event when her phone rang.

On the other line, Mitchel informed her, “The situation at the company has been resolved.”

A wave of relief washed over Raegan, prompting her to inquire, “Did they give you any trouble?”

Mitchel, understanding precisely who Raegan was alluding to, reassured her with a simple, “No.”

Their conversation was brief yet comforting, ending with Raegan mentioning she needed to return to her commitments at the event.

“Alright, I’ll see you tonight,” Mitchel replied, their exchange a subtle reminder of the support they found in each other amidst the chaos.

Raegan, feeling the weight of her commitments, replied, “The director wants to discuss something

with me after the event, so I might be late tonight.”

Mitchel, ever protective, offered, “If it’s too late, I’ll come and get you.”

Chapter 1642

“But you might be tied up with work as well,” Raegan pointed out.

“I’ll make sure to wrap up my tasks early. I’m not keen on you heading home late without me,” Mitchel countered, his concern evident.

Raegan, seeking to alleviate his worries, reassured him, “There’s really no need to fret. My driver is reliable, and Victor’s with me, so I’m in safe hands.”

A brief silence followed before Mitchel’s voice, deep and suggestive, broke through. “Don’t you miss me?”

Raegan’s response came quickly. “Absolutely not.”

Her response, however, belied her true concern for Mitchel’s well-being, especially given the day’s tumultuous events at the Dixon Group, not to mention the strain of him potentially driving out to fetch her late at night.

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With her bodyguard and the household driver by her side, Raegan felt secure.

Mitchel, detecting the hesitation in her voice, pressed further with a hint of amusement, “So, you actually do miss me?”

Caught off guard, Raegan found herself at a loss for words. Mitchel’s persistence was unusual, yet it drew a genuine response from her. “I miss you dearly...”

Her voice was earnest, reflecting the depth of their recent closeness.

The days they had spent together, lost in their own little universe, had only intensified their connection, making their current separation feel all the more poignant.

Mitchel playfully challenged her, “That sounded somewhat tepid, Mrs. Dixon.”

Raegan, with a mix of jest and challenge, countered, “And who, pray tell, is your wife?”

Mitchel’s reply came with a teasing edge. “The very same person who whispered ‘husband’ so sweetly to me just last night...”

Raegan felt her cheeks ignite with embarrassment at her own outburst.

“Who asked you to be so charming!”

The conversation came to an abrupt halt, leaving Raegan in a moment of stunned silence.

Realizing how easily she had been swept up at the moment, she covered her mouth in surprise.

“That’s it, I’m not speaking to you anymore!” Raegan declared, a mix of mock annoyance and real embarrassment in her voice before abruptly ending the call.

On the other end, Mitchel couldn’t help but smile, a subtle sense of satisfaction washing

over him as he pushed his work aside and relaxed a bit, his evening suddenly looking up. After wrapping up her duties, Raegan noticed the late hour. She donned her mask and was about to head downstairs with Victor when she realized she had left her bag behind. Victor, seeing Raegan's exhaustion, kindly offered to fetch it for her. "Miss, please wait in the car for me."

Raegan nodded her agreement. "Alright." She pressed the button to close the elevator doors, but just as they began to shut, a tall figure made a swift entrance, barely slipping in. Startled, Raegan's heart skipped a beat, and she instinctively moved to exit the elevator. Yet, before she could leave the elevator, the doors had already begun to close, sealing their descent.

Chapter 1643

Standing beside Raegan, the man was incognito, hiding beneath a baseball cap and a mask, his features obscured from view.

Raegan stood upright, her body poised and vigilant.

Time ticked by slowly.

While Raegan's attention remained focused on the descending floor numbers displayed on the elevator panel, she maintained a vigilant watch over the man's every movement from the corner of her eye. She refused to let her guard down for even a moment.

Observing the man's cautious glances around, Raegan remained on high alert.

The venue's elevator was outfitted with high-definition cameras capturing every angle, and it appeared that the man took a moment to glance toward them.

Each passing moment felt agonizingly long.

At last, the elevator reached the basement level.

Raegan's legs had stiffened with tension.

"Ding." As the elevator doors slid open, the man remained stationary, seemingly waiting for Raegan to exit first.

With legs stiffened by tension, Raegan cautiously began to step forward, but the sound of approaching footsteps from behind caught her attention. She was just a few strides away from where the driver awaited her in the car.

Quickening her pace, Raegan had barely moved when a sudden grip on her shoulder jolted her. 's

Raegan's body tensed instinctively, and without hesitation, she swung her elbow back forcefully.

The person behind Raegan managed to evade the blow slightly, allowing Raegan the chance to dash toward the waiting car. However, her escape was halted by a deep voice calling out her name.

"Raegan..."

Whirling around in alarm, Raegan recognized the figure behind her as Mitchel.

Raegan threw herself into his arms in a rush of relief, still trembling with adrenaline. "Mitchel..." Feeling Raegan's trembling, Mitchel's expression hardened immediately.

“What’s the matter?”

Raegan glanced around, finding no one there. She couldn’t shake off the feeling of unease, wondering if her instincts were playing tricks on her.

The man in the elevator emitted a distinct scent, unlike the locals, perhaps foreign.

Now, with no one trailing them, Raegan considered the possibility that the individual she sensed was simply someone heading to retrieve a vehicle.

Just then, a black sedan passed by.

Blinking, Raegan said, “There was a man in the elevator earlier. I thought I was being followed.”

“Get in the car first,” Mitchel instructed, his senses on high alert.

Chapter 1644

Once settled inside the vehicle, Mitchel placed a call.

As the security team swiftly locked down the entire parking lot, Raegan watched anxiously as they meticulously searched for any suspicious individuals, including the black sedan that had recently passed by.

To her surprise, the outfit of the driver of the sedan bore a striking resemblance to the man Raegan had seen in the elevator.

Removing his hat, the man revealed his ordinary face.

Raegan began to question her perception, wondering if fatigue had caused her to conjure up illusions. Seeking to allay Mitchel’s lingering concerns, she reassured him, “It’s alright. I may have been overly suspicious.”

Feeling awkward, Raegan then apologized to the man.

Victor, now behind the wheel of Raegan’s car, departed with Mitchel’s vehicle following closely behind.

Once their cars had vanished from sight, the previously parked black sedan slowly reemerged outside the lot.

The driver swiftly removed a lifelike mask, exposing a blond, blue-eyed visage. He dialed a number, his tone grave. “Mr. Glyn, the situation has become complicated. There are too many bodyguards around her.”

Unlike Aurora, where disposing of someone was as simple as squashing an ant, security in Ardlens was stringent, making any misstep a potential risk of capture.

As the man conversed, the emblem tattooed on his arm was starkly illuminated by the moonlight. Aurora.

Meanwhile, Davey found amusement in tormenting a canary confined in a nearby cage.

He continued to taunt the bird, flicking it with his finger and sporting a smirk. “Let’s postpone the plan for now. Casey just woke up. I’ve decided to refrain from any killings this month, particularly since I don’t want to upset her.”

Despite Casey’s seemingly lack of recollection, Raegan was still her daughter, after all.

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"There's something else of interest, Mr. Glyn," the man interjected.

"oh?"

"I've encountered this woman on a previous assignment."

Davey's curiosity piqued. "So, someone else was after her as well?"

"Not quite. It just coincided with my 'tribulation day,' and I required a soul for the tribulation."

This time around, the same principle applied. Otherwise, with his standing, he wouldn't be tasked with such assignments.

The man reminded Davey, "The individual in question is also linked to you."

Davey inquired, "My niece?"

"Yes, but surprisingly, this woman managed to survive." The man recalled the incident vividly. The car Raegan was in five years ago had plunged into the river and disintegrated upon impact. It was astounding that Raegan had managed to survive such a catastrophic event.

Chapter 1645

"Don't worry, Mr. Glyn. I'll ensure this one doesn't slip through my fingers," the man assured, a sinister grin playing on his lips. "No prey evades my grasp."

Davey chuckled darkly. "Then strike in a month."

Resuming his interaction with the canary, Davey was taken aback when the bird suddenly pecked at him.

"Crack."

Without hesitation, Davey swiftly ended the bird's life, its once vibrant form now still within the confines of its cage.

Davey's eyes gleamed with a twisted amusement as he stroked the lifeless creature. "Isn't that much more obedient?"

Suddenly, a noise from outside caught Davey's attention.

"Who's there?" Davey hurried to the door and swung it open.

There, Davey found Casey kneeling on the staircase. His gaze turned as cold as it had been when he had dispatched the canary.

Approaching slowly, his voice eerily calm, he questioned, "Casey, what are you doing here?" Casey's shoulders quivered as she glanced upward, her voice trembling with fear. "Davey, I couldn't find you.. Davey paused, studying her intently for a prolonged moment. Finally, his Lips twitched slightly. "What reason is there for fear? I haven't gone anywhere."

"Davey, my foot hurts..." Casey's visage, mature yet beautiful, bore an expression of innocence that surprisingly suited her well.

Davey gradually crouched down, his smile lacking warmth. "I'll carry you back."

He hoisted the alluring Casey, and as he rose, she leaned her chin dependently on his

shoulder.

Their gazes drifted in divergent directions, each lost in their own contemplations.

The following day.

Raegan arrived at the studio and was just about to exit the car when sudden

ly, a swarm of reporters emerged.

“Miss Foster, Miss Glyn of the Glyn Group has leveled an accusation against you, alleging that you seduced her fiancé during their engagement period. Is there any truth to this claim?”

“Miss Foster, rumors are circulating that you are financially supported by multiple benefactors, including Mr. Frazier of Arthen Entertainment. Can you confirm or deny these allegations?”

“Miss Foster, isn’t it true that Mr. Frazier and Mr. Dixon are close acquaintances? Are there any arrangements or associations?”

“Miss Foster, have you been made aware of the speculation regarding Miss Glyn being pregnant with Mr. Dixon’s child...”

A deluge of accusations left Raegan stunned.

Before Raegan could formulate a response, a hand adorned with distinct knuckles forcefully swiped away one of the relentless cameras.

Mitchel’s demeanor exuded coldness as he turned his gaze toward the owner of the camera. “Why not address your inquiries to me directly?”

Chapter 1646

The camera hit the ground with a loud crash.

The man, suddenly without his camera, barely had time to register who was before him when he turned white and yelled, “Crescent is assaulting people now!”

His outcry caused a stir among those present.

Mitchel, dressed in shiny black shoes, stepped on the shattered camera. In a cold tone, he grabbed the man by the collar and tossed him to Matteo, saying, “Here’s a phony reporter who sneaked in. Take him to the police.”

The man froze for a second and protested, “I am a reporter, a legitimate one! Your claim doesn’t make a difference!”

Matteo didn’t hesitate to rip off the man’s jacket, exposing a tattoo of a gang on his arm.

The man tried to cover his shoulder, protesting, “Why are you tearing my clothes? So you’re resorting to violence now!”

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Some started shouting, “They’re being violent! Look at them! They’re attacking people!”

Matteo, unfazed, swiftly located those aimed to cause chaos among the reporters and had the bodyguards subdue them.

Once their jackets stripped, the tattoos on their arms showcased they were just thugs pretending to be reporters.

The real reporters were shocked. They had followed a lead from an industry group chat, expecting a scoop. They hadn’t expected to find imposters among them with hidden agendas.

Mitchel looked over the crowd with a sharp gaze. His voice, cold and clear, broke the silence. "Who sent you here?"

A deathly silence enveloped the area.

The real reporters knew Mitchel wasn't someone to mess with. They stumbled over their words.

"Mr. Dixon, we're sorry. We had no idea. We were just misled by the messages in the group chat."

Mitchel's lips tightened. "Since you're here, you might as well get something to report."

"No, no, no, we're not reporting anything," they quickly replied.

Mitchel let out a scoff. "You dare to spread fake news but are afraid to report the truth?"

They looked confused.

"The baby Miss Glyn is expecting isn't mine," Mitchel said with conviction. Pausing, he turned to look at Raegan affectionately and gently took her hand. "She's the only woman I've ever loved, in the past and now. Got it?"

Mitchel then walked with Raegan into the studio, not glancing back.

Though the reporters didn't dare to snap a photo of the two, they could still spin a story about Mitchel, ever the workaholic CEO of the Dixon Group, openly declaring his love, which could cause a sensation.

After interrogating the imposters, Matteo learned nothing. These guys had simply taken a gig online, clueless about the employer.

But figuring out who was behind this wasn't hard. Judging from the questions directed at Raegan, it had to be Katie.

Matteo told his guys to hand the imposters over to the authorities.

Chapter 1647

Meanwhile, still a bit shocked, Raegan asked Mitchel, "Why did you come here?"

"Just happened to pass by," Mitchel answered curtly.

Mitchel had already made sure any fake news online was shut down.

Devonte had vented to Mitchel earlier this day. Devonte's girlfriend, after seeing the fake news, suspected there were something between Devonte and Raegan.

But Devonte would never cross a line with his friend's girl. That was off-limits, especially considering Mitchel's reputation.

Mitchel glanced down and offered reassurance. "Don't worry. I'll take care of this and resolve the issue with that child as quickly as I can."

Mitchel was convinced Katie's child wasn't his. His certainty wasn't just due to his peculiar condition. He would never sleep with anyone but Raegan, even in his drunk state.

The only exception might be if he was so drunk that he blacked out, which was highly unlikely. In a drunken stupor, most guys were practically unconscious, hardly in a state to father a child.

Mitchel cautioned, "Stay away from Katie, and never meet her alone."

"Got it," Raegan responded, knowing Katie might be desperate enough to have made her pregnancy public.

Bracing himself for Katie's unreasonable moves, Mitchel embraced Raegan, gently resting his chin on top of her head and murmured, "Thanks for believing in me."

Raegan, wordlessly, returned his embrace with equal fervor. Resolving these misunderstandings was a huge relief.

Just then, Mitchel's phone rang. The call was from Luciana's place.

"Mr. Dixon, your mother has taken a fall," the servant informed.

Mitchel's breath caught. "What caused her fall?"

The servant explained, "She woke up feeling a tightness in her chest this morning and decided to rest for a bit. But somehow, she ended up falling. You should come over quickly to check on her."

After hanging up, Mitchel's face was etched with worry.

Raegan, sliding her arm through his, inquired, "Is it about your mom?"

Raegan recalled her previous conversation with Mitchel about the medication issue, suspecting that Luciana might have been secretly drugged by Katie. This thought was chilling. It explained the dramatic change in Luciana's demeanor.

"Yes, she took a fall. I have to visit her," Mitchel responded.

"Do you want me to come along?" Raegan suggested.

After a brief pause, Mitchel agreed, "Yeah, that would be nice."

They made their way to Luciana's place in no time.

Upon entering, Raegan was struck by a wave of mixed feelings. She used to come here often to spend time with Kyler, and now, she felt his absence deeply.

Chapter 1648

Upon Mitchel's entrance, Katie greeted him.

Looking unwell and pale, Katie's eyes welled up with tears as she gazed at Mitchel. "Mitchel, you're here..."

Katie's voice faltered when she noticed Raegan by Mitchel's side.

Jealousy and hatred were evident in her eyes.

Katie intentionally emphasized her barely noticeable belly, standing out more in the grandeur of this mansion, aiming to stir trouble.

"What are you doing here?" Mitchel's concerned face due to Luciana's injury turned icy upon spotting Katie, his entire demeanor radiating an unspoken but palpable aura of distance.

Katie, looking upset from his coldness, said, "I've been taking care of your mom..."

"Enough, you can leave now." Mitchel cut Katie off, pulling Raegan with him as he went upstairs, acting as if Katie didn't exist.

After delving into Luciana's medication, Mitchel had people watch Luciana secretly, ensuring she wasn't harmed by Katie.

Since Luciana trusted Katie and didn't think she was being drugged, Mitchel, without solid evidence, decided to keep a close eye on things.

Watching Mitchel and Raegan heading upstairs, Katie's lips formed a thin line, noticing how well they seemed to match each other, even from the back. It was a thought she quickly dismissed.

Match? She believed she was the only woman who truly matched Mitchel.

Remembering Davey's ban on killing for the month, Katie figured Raegan would h

airs.

In the bedroom, Luciana was lying down, unable to sit up because of her waist injury.

Despite her pain, Luciana's face brightened with happiness upon seeing Mitchel, and she tried to get up.

Mitchel rushed to her side, but Katie was quicker.

"Luciana, you shouldn't try to get up. Please, lie back down," Katie said, fluffing up Luciana's pillows to make it more comfortable for Luciana to chat with Mitchel. She was surprisingly thoughtful.

Luciana, with a smile, responded, "Katie, you should grab some rest. Don't stress yourself."

Katie stood by Luciana's bed, returning the smile. "Luciana, I'm fine."

Mitchel's brow furrowed a bit as he asked, "Mom, how are you holding up?"

"I'm good. Mitchel, why don't you take a seat?" Luciana called Mitchel over with a smile, though she noticeably didn't acknowledge Raegan, who was standing right behind Mitchel.

Raegan didn't seem to mind. She was mainly here to pay a visit and get another glimpse of this mansion.

Just then, Katie gave a soft cough.

Taking Katie's cue, Luciana said to Mitchel, "Mitchel, I want a word with you."

Chapter 1649

"Sure, go ahead," Mitchel said.

Luciana hesitated and suggested, "Perhaps Miss Foster wouldn't mind stepping outside for a moment?"

Raegan understood this meant they wanted to discuss something she shouldn't overhear.

Trying to seem generous yet with a challenging gaze, Katie said to Raegan, "Miss Foster, perhaps you'd enjoy a tour of the garden by the housekeeper. Flowers are blossoming. I think you'd really appreciate them."

Katie's voice was gentle, but her eyes were daring, her words having delivered the message that Raegan was merely an outsider in this household.

"That's kind of you to say so, Miss Glyn. Well, if anyone's going to show Raegan around, it ought to be me. I know this place better than anyone, after all," Mitchel stated, chuckling icily.

Mitchel's unwavering defense of Raegan was evident to all. Each utterance carried the weight of a relentless assault, leaving Katie reeling.

In a heartbeat, Katie's confidence shattered. She felt the sting of being labeled as an outsider from Mitchel's words.

Luciana promptly intervened, assuming the role of mediator. "Mitchel, what prompts you to say so? Katie treats me like her own mother, and this establishment is just like her home."

Katie's rigid countenance eased a bit at Luciana's words. With effort, she mustered a strained smile and offered, "Mitchel, I didn't mean anything..."

Mitchel remained resolute, showing no inclination to engage further.

Redirecting his attention to Luciana, he stated, "If you have something to say, speak up. There's no need to exclude Raegan."

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His protective stance toward Raegan was unmistakable in his words.

Left with no alternative, Luciana voiced her concerns, "Mitchel, your decision to sever ties with the Glyn family has resulted in their stocks plummeting, practically pushing them toward bankruptcy. Isn't this excessive? Remember, Katie is carrying your child. Even if nothing else matters to you, think about the child in her belly..."

Mitchel's response was cold and decisive. "Mom, I have shown mercy for the sake of her father. Besides, considering Katie's collaboration with Alexis for personal gain, my Legal team could have pursued legal action against her."

Katie's complexion drained of color as she interjected, "Mitchel, you've misunderstood. It was Alexis who approached me first, claiming it was your intention. I've already explained this to your mom."

Luciana stood in defense of Katie. "Yeah. Mitchel, I can vouch for Katie's unwavering loyalty to you. Please, think about the child in her belly..."

"The child?" Mitchel's voice dripped with disdain. "I've repeated it endlessly. The child Katie purports to carry is not mine. You can't force me to recognize a child who is irrelevant to me."

"Mitchel, I'm carrying your child. That's the truth!" Katie's visage betrayed her anguish.

"Regardless of your opinion, I will bring this child into the world. If you refuse to accept it, I will raise it alone!"

Katie's words held an implicit threat toward Mitchel. She anticipated a slew of complications once the child was born. She was convinced that a man of Mitchel's stature couldn't be ignorant of the repercussions.

Despite the Dixon family's staunch policy against recognizing illegitimate children, Katie reasoned that since she became pregnant when Mitchel was still single, their child couldn't be deemed illegitimate. This child represented her leverage.

Moreover, with her arrangement, even before the child's birth, Katie assumed Raegan's demise should already be underway. In this lifetime, the sole woman destined to marry Mitchel was her, and no other. For any woman who drew near to Mitchel, would mysteriously vanish without a trace, much like the way she had orchestrated Raegan's

“accident” in the past.

Raegan had narrowly escaped last time, but this time... Katie’s gaze fell, a fleeting glint of determination flickering in her eyes before vanishing.

Mitchel’s countenance remained impassive as he spoke. “Miss Glyn, if you choose to proceed with the pregnancy, do so. However, this child bears no relation to the Dixon family.”

Chapter 1650

Tears brimmed in Katie’s eyes as she pleaded, “Mitchel, are you truly disregarding our shared history? Do the five years we spent together mean nothing to you?”

Katie’s words sounded like an accusation of Mitchel being unfaithful.

Mitchel frowned, fearing Raegan might get the wrong idea and overthink. He narrowed his eyes, his tone frigid as ice. “What transpired between us during those five years?”

Tears and grievances streamed down Katie’s face as she implored, “Mitchel, I’m not Leveraging our past to hold you accountable to me, but you must acknowledge your responsibility for our child. Please, don’t leave me to face this alone...”

Katie’s words danced on the edge of clarity, simultaneously answering his question and yet revealing nothing at all.

Mitchel, a conventional man, found himself unable to argue with Katie, despite feeling repulsed by the situation.

Growing impatient, Mitchel’s frown deepened. “Katie, are you suggesting that the benefits you received from Alexis weren’t sufficient, or that you haven’t gained enough from the Dixon Group?”

Katie’s complexion paled, as though her very skin had been peeled away. “Mitchel, are you accusing me of these charges because of this woman?”

Katie bit her lip, tears mingling with her grievance. “Are you going to get rid of our child for her sake?”

Raegan couldn’t help but be amazed at the performance Katie was delivering. If not for the solid foundation of trust between Mitchel and her, Katie’s provocation would likely have sparked conflict between them.

“Miss Glyn, please hold back your tears,” Raegan interjected suddenly.

“While you often mention the past five years of companionship, can you provide any concrete evidence or memorable moments? You’ve spent half a decade with Mitchel, yet you can’t recall a single significant event?”

Katie froze, her cheeks betraying a flush of embarrassment. Through gritted teeth, she retorted, “No matter what you say, you cannot deny that Mitchel loved me!”

Katie’s only aim was to disgust Raegan.

Katie assumed, without Raegan, Mitchel would have inevitably fallen for her. It was all Raegan’s doing.

Unfazed, Raegan asked Katie directly, “So, Miss Glyn, was your pregnancy unplanned? Where did it occur? When?”

Katie gazed at Raegan as if confronted by a monstrous enigma, unable to fathom why such questions were being posed. Shouldn't Raegan be avoiding such probing questions?

Raegan actually didn't care at all. She knew very well that Katie aimed to incite and disgust her.

In this battle, Raegan was determined not to be outdone. She gently clasped Mitchel's arm, a smile playing on her lips. "If you can't answer these questions, how can I trust Mitchel loved you?"

Katie lapsed into silence.

Raegan persisted, her tone firm, "You see, you're still unable to provide any answers. You can't even clarify how this child came to be, or how far along it is now. Simple questions, yet you remain silent."

Katie seethed with frustration. Yet, no matter how she wracked her brain, all that escaped her lips was, "It's Mitchel's child."

Observing Luciana's distress ease, Mitchel felt the urge to depart, truly loathing Katie's presence.

He clasped Raegan's hand, readying to depart.

In a desperate attempt to halt Mitchel's departure, Luciana sat up urgently, her voice echoing through the room. "Mitchel, wait! How can you treat Katie like this? Even though she didn't respond to the questions, I know she's three and a half months pregnant. I trust Katie. She's carrying your child!"