

## Unbreakable 1801

### Chapter 1801

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“Interesting. I left all my clothes at your place last night. I’m coming to pick them up,” Erick stated, clearly annoyed.

Elin felt a rush of anxiety. “You’re at my house?”

Raegan couldn’t hear the noises inside the car, but judging from Elin’s expressions, curiosity overwhelmed her as she pieced things together. Elin and Erick together? Since when? How had she never noticed?

But once doubt sets in, even the smallest details seem to hint that it wasn’t completely unexpected.

But if Elin and Erick really got together, considering Erick’s personality and their father’s demeanor, things would likely be tough for Elin.

Raegan let out a soft sigh, her mind wandering to Nicole, who had a tough love life as well. Why did all three of their love lives have to be so complicated?

Raegan resolved to talk with Elin someday to understand her feelings.

If Erick and Elin were together, and Elin had thought it through, Raegan would show her support. Inside the car.

Elin realized Erick was in her apartment and bit her lip, trying to stay composed. “Did you pick my lock?”

Erick was sprawled on the sofa, stretching out his legs. “Why would I need to pick the lock to get in?”

“How did you get in, then?”

“A drunkard gave me the password last night.”

Elin felt her ears heat up. She was the “drunkard” he was talking about. She wished she could slap herself. Why had she blurted out the password just because she’d had a few drinks? She resolved to change her password as soon as she got home.

Elin tried to calm her nerves. “You can’t just barge into my place, you know.”

Erick responded bluntly, “I came to pick up some clothes.”

Elin, dumbfounded by his nerve, countered, “You’re telling me you’re out of clothes?”

“Yeah.”

Elin was at a loss for words.

“Elin, why have you stopped calling me ‘Mr. Foster’?” Erick inquired.

Elin fell silent, her previous night’s unrestrained behavior flooding her mind, causing her cheeks to redden.

“Last night in bed, you called me ‘Mr. Foster’ 58 times. You started off loud, and the rest of

them were out with tears," Erick teased, his voice smooth and taunting over the phone. "Your voice was really captivating."

Elin, close to stammering and clearly flustered, protested, "Stop it."

Though she had been drunk, the memories weren't completely Lost. Now, as Erick reminded her, the image of him from the night before, towering over her, his sweat dripping onto her from his toned body, came rushing back. It was wild...

Chapter 1802

Elin's body trembled and her ears felt hot as she hurriedly explained, "I texted you this morning. Last night was a mistake."

"I didn't see your text. Maybe you could explain it in person?"

Erick suggested.

Elin was left speechless. She longed to forget everything about the previous evening. "I'm out having dinner," she said.

"With whom?"

"With Raegan..." Elin confessed reluctantly.

Erick, learning it was Raegan, felt a slight easing in his tense chest. "Alright, enjoy your dinner."

Elin, noting that mentioning Raegan was effective, said to Erick, "Make sure to lock the door when you leave."

Noticing Elin's tone had returned to being distant, Erick frowned and abruptly hung up.  
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Elin gazed at the silent phone for a moment. That was just Erick's way. In his presence, she could never escape being seen as the daughter of a maid.

Raegan walked into the restaurant, and a waiter escorted her upstairs.

The restaurant was a luxurious venue, consisting entirely of chambers without a main hall, ensuring significant privacy.

Raegan had been following the waiter upstairs silently. Suddenly, the waiter greeted, "Good evening, sir."

Raegan looked up and was taken aback by Mitchel's striking appearance.

Her heart skipped a beat!

Clearly, Mitchel had spotted Raegan. His deep, dark eyes held a chilly aloofness.

Their eyes locked for a brief second, and Raegan nearly let the question that was eating her up slip out. Was the baby Katie was carrying his? This question was crucial for her. It had the power to change everything she thought she knew about Mitchel.

However, Mitchel only gave Raegan a fleeting look of indifference and then turned away as if she were just another face in the crowd.

Mitchel started to walk off, his steps long and determined.

Raegan's hands clenched until the waiter's voice brought her back, "Miss?"

Raegan shook off her thoughts and hurried after the waiter.

Mitchel was walking toward the same direction as Raegan and the waiter. The restaurant had a unique setup with its chambers scattered about, offering more privacy.

Watching Mitchel's tall silhouette move forward, the sharp lines of his suit highlighting his lean physique, Raegan noticed he looked slimmer than usual. His usual distant air seemed tinged with a sad loneliness.

Chapter 1803

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Raegan chuckled to herself quietly. This wasn't her concern, after all. Mitchel hadn't even bothered to say hello, and perhaps some questions were better left unanswered. Maybe it was better if they remained strangers.

"Mitchel." A woman's slim arm linked with Mitchel's. "The dishes are ready. Let's eat together." The atmosphere froze for a moment.

Raegan's steps halted abruptly. Mitchel didn't particularly like the dishes in this restaurant, but here he was with Katie, likely creating fodder for tomorrow's gossip columns with their public display of affection.

Katie sensed a coldness coming from Mitchel, chilling her to the bone, but she maintained her grip effortlessly. She doubted Mitchel would reject her in Raegan's presence.

As Katie expected, Mitchel didn't pull away. Instead, he replied in an even tone, "Alright."

Mitchel then began to walk away. Katie wasn't ready to let the moment end. She paused, pretending to just notice Raegan nearby.

"Miss Foster?" Katie's voice carried a tone of feigned surprise as she stepped forward. "Are you dining here? Why not join us?"

Though Katie's invitation was bubbly, Raegan wasn't deceived. When latching onto Mitchel's arm, Katie had spotted her already. This invitation was clearly a show.

What really shocked Raegan was Katie's current appearance. Although not breathtaking, the previous Katie was far from plain. Typically dressed in designer clothes, Katie usually presented herself as a refined and dignified socialite. Now, it might have been her pregnancy, but her face looked pale and drawn. Her makeup was peeling, unable to hide the dark spots underneath.

This was a sharp contrast to Katie's flawless image that the news often showed. She was likely enhanced because the Dixon Group, which first reported on her, would naturally want the CEO's wife to look good. Pregnancy really changed Katie.

Raegan wasn't interested in watching their affectionate display. She responded indifferently, "Thanks, but I'm here with a friend."

The shock in Raegan's eyes didn't escape Katie's notice. Her grip on Mitchel's hand tightened without her realizing.

If looks could kill, Katie's stare right then was lethal, particularly after she saw Raegan's face, smooth and delicate Like a fragile eggshell.

Jealousy and resentment bubbled up from within Katie. Why did her pregnancy have to make her look so unattractive? She cursed the baby inside her for draining her beauty. Yet, here was Raegan, stunning as ever with eyes full of emotion, seemingly trying to charm on purpose.

Katie was fuming.

But Raegan didn't pay heed to Katie, oblivious to the latter's vicious thoughts.

Seeing Mitchell not pushing Katie away, with their arms intertwined, Raegan felt a surge of nausea and disgust wash over her.

Erick had brought up the stagnant investigation into the kidnapping case involving Janey and Annis. They had finally tracked down a thug linked to the kidnappers, but just as they were about to question the thug, a lawyer stepped in, and the thug disappeared. They later found out the lawyer was connected to the Dixon Group.

Raegan had long harbored suspicions about Katie's role in the kidnappings. How else would Luciana have known where the kidnappers were? It had to be from the information Luciana got in return for meeting Katie's demands.

Now, with Luciana being unavailable and the death of those kidnappers, the fact that the mastermind stood unharmed seemed to be solely due to Mitchel. If he decided to shield someone, they were untouchable.

Feeling more and more uncomfortable, Raegan tried to leave but was halted by Katie's extended hand. "Miss Foster, about the dress you designed for me, I approved the draft earlier today. Have you seen it?"

Raegan was taken aback by the abrupt change of topic. Initially, Katie's deposit appeared to be merely an attempt to embarrass her, and there hadn't been any follow-up or confirmation since then, leaving the issue hanging.

Now, intent on turning the embarrassment into reality, Katie wasn't letting it slide. She purposefully said, "I got my wedding dress made last year. Could you just make a couple of casual outfits for me to wear on the honeymoon, and maybe two suits for my husband too?"

Chapter 1804

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Raegan frowned and instinctively turned to Mitchel. She doubted he failed to see that Katie's request of having her design clothes was just a way to embarrass her.

Katie, smiling, said to Mitchel, "Mitchel, Miss Foster's designs are quite nice. Just let her handle it."

Mitchel's gaze was cold, and as he started to speak, he suddenly shifted his statement, remarking indifferently, "You handle these minor things."

At his words, Raegan wasn't surprised. She shouldn't have expectations anyway.

It could have been the restaurant's air conditioning that was malfunctioning. Raegan felt every bit of her skin prickle under her clothes, the cold bothering her deeply. If they could stoop to such behavior, why shouldn't she use this to her advantage? She would be silly not to seize the opportunity to earn some money.

Facing them directly, Raegan stated plainly, "Alright, I'll have my assistant schedule a time with you later."

"Enjoy your meal," Raegan added, managing a faint smile.

With that, she moved forward, not stopping for a second.

Katie was on the verge of saying something more, but Mitchel quickly stopped her by grabbing her hand.

Realizing Mitchel was holding her hand, Katie immediately softened, her expression turning to a sweet smile, hoping Raegan would glance back at them.

But Raegan continued walking with steady, unwavering steps, not looking back once.

Katie was overwhelmed with disappointment, but soon, other feelings emerged. She deemed Mitchel's holding her hand as huge progress.

Moments earlier, she had taken moments to muster the courage to link arms with him loosely, avoiding direct contact.

"Mitchel..." Katie whispered softly.

Although he was holding Katie's hand, Mitchel didn't look at her. His gaze was cold and distant, fixing straight ahead, even though the path was empty.

Just as Katie began to feel confused and was about to ask, Mitchel's grip intensified, painfully squeezing her hand until her bones felt like they might break.

Katie's face contorted with pain as she exclaimed, "Mitchel!"

Mitchel remained stoic, seemingly oblivious to her cries, his hold as relentless as a vise.

This made her sweat and grimace.

"Mitchel..." Katie was nearly in tears from the pain, managing to gasp, "It hurts. Please let go."

That was when Mitchel finally looked down at Katie, his voice cold.

"Someone is taking pictures."

However, Mitchel didn't relax his grip. Instead, he pulled her along, striding forward swiftly.

With the press taking pictures of them, Katie managed to fight back the urge to cry in pain, forcing a smile.

The pain was intense, her fingers being pressed so tightly that they felt distorted, on the verge of serious damage. Despite the agony, Katie tried her best to maintain a smile, one that looked more pained than any tear could express.

Chapter 1805

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Finally, they made it to the reserved chamber. As soon as the door shut behind them, Mitchel quickly released her hand.

Katie stumbled and grabbed the back of a chair to steady herself, while tears streamed down her

face. Her right hand throbbed painfully, almost feeling numb. Mitchel stood motionless, bathed in the harsh overhead light that highlighted his handsome features.

Yet, to Katie, his expression might as well have been the grim reaper's. A cold shiver ran through her, and just looking at him made her legs weak.

Mitchel looked down at Katie, his voice deep and rough. "Katie, do you enjoy playing games?" Katie's heart skipped a beat. She fought her anxiety and tried to sound composed. "Mitchel, what do you mean? I don't get it."

Mitchel noticed her feigned ignorance, his eyes turning frostier.

"Didn't I tell you to avoid upsetting her?"

Katie, filled with a mix of bitterness and resentment, replied, "I didn't... I only came to you because I noticed some reporters nearby. I had no idea Raegan was here."

Katie assumed she only said a few words to Raegan. How could that be seen as provocation?

"You didn't know?" Mitchel scoffed. "If you were unaware, why couldn't you keep quiet?"

"You've got it all wrong. I had planned to get a dress made for a trip, which was postponed. I thought it was a good opportunity to..."

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"Ah! Ah!" Katie had not finished speaking when she suddenly covered her face and screamed.

"smash!" The sound of shattering filled the room as a porcelain bowl grazed Katie's face and broke against the glass turntable.

"Keep your schemes to yourself." Mitchel had no interest in hearing Katie out. His lips twisted into a cold smile. "If you're not interested in continuing our agreement, you're free to leave."

Katie's expression shifted rapidly to one of panic as she reached out to grab Mitchel's arm. Yet, remembering the recent pain, she hesitated and pulled back her hand.

Katie realized that in front of Mitchel, neither excuses nor tears would work, so she dropped the act.

"Mitchel, you promised me a wedding. What's wrong with my defending my rights before then?"

Her confident tone and the quick change in her demeanor were striking.

This was her true self showing.

"Besides, as part of our agreement, I promised to get the Maxwell family to back off from attempting to murder Raegan and to help you find the antidote after the wedding. Aren't those terms significant enough?"

Katie stood tall, her gaze radiating the confident glow of someone having the upper hand. In the deal with Mitchel, she deemed herself as the one in the advantageous position.

When Mitchel came back, Katie was the only one aware that he had been poisoned. Without wasting a moment, she went straight to him to lay out her demands. Obviously, Mitchel would have to comply. After all, his very survival was at stake.

The poison was said to be lethal without a cure, but that wasn't entirely true. Davey had helped Katie track down the scientist who had concocted the antidote.

Mitchel, to Katie's astonishment, set a condition that he wanted Raegan removed from the Maxwell family's hit list. Mitchel even mentioned the Maxwell family by name, making it clear he knew about her connections.

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Katie realized that with Mitchel's resources, figuring out Davey's close ties to the Maxwell family wouldn't have been difficult.

Mitchel's demand was manageable for Katie. She had been the one to orchestrate Raegan's inclusion on the hit list anyway.

Katie assumed if she couldn't win Mitchel's love, so be it. She'd bind him with obligations instead, believing that someday, she'd win his heart through them.

"Katie, you seem to be misunderstanding something," Mitchel said, his eyes intense and menacing. "The thing about agreements is they're limited to what's been agreed upon, nothing more. You said you merely defended your rights?"

He clenched and unclenched his fists, his joints cracking crisply.

Then, he slowly walked forward.

With each step he took, Katie's heart pounded wildly.

Suddenly, Mitchel's long fingers gripped her chin firmly, looking down at her as her pupils widened with fear, and his eyes held an icy chill. "Tell me, what rights do you think you have?"

Katie's courage melted away under his intense presence. She clenched her teeth and shivered, saying, "Mitchel, you're hurting me. Please let go..."

He ignored her pleas, his voice sharp and commanding. "Who told you that you have these rights? Was it me?"

Mitchel suddenly released her, and Katie slumped into the plush seat, gasping for breath.

The light revealed the icy sternness in Mitchel's face. Katie could tell he was furious! In such moments, she knew better than to argue with him. When he lost his temper, he was formidable.

Katie lowered her eyes, still showing a hint of defiance, and said through gritted teeth, "Mitchel, regardless, we're going to be married soon!"

She paused and took a deep breath, her eyes beginning to tear up.

"At least in public, try to show some respect for me."

"Don't pretend you haven't read the contract you signed." His eyes dark and unforgiving, he said coldly, "Only the wedding. Nothing else."

Katie's face instantly paled. She was dead set on marrying Mitchel.

Although he was reluctant to make it official with a marriage certificate, the mere promise of a wedding was enough for her. After all, should anything happen to Mitchel, she would still be recognized as his spouse in the eyes of others. Her position would remain secure.

The dishes had turned cold.

However, Mitchel, appearing calmer now, pulled back a chair and said casually, "Eat now. Aren't these your favorite dishes?"

With that, Mitchel scooped the soggy vegetables onto Katie's plate.

The ladle clinked sharply as he set it down. His lips curled into a slight smile. "Eat."

Katie pressed her lips together, her face ghostly pale. These dishes were cold. Plus, she wasn't in the mood to eat. "I... I'm not hungry," she stammered. She stood up hesitantly, ready to leave. "I will leave first."

"Sit down!" Mitchel commanded. His voice was cold and distant, carrying a chilling edge that could make anyone tremble.

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Katie's legs tensed, and she dropped back down into her seat.

"Didn't you say you enjoy the dishes in this restaurant?" Mitchel's slender fingers drummed on the table as he uttered, "Finish them."

Noting the rare darkness in his gaze, Katie felt a chill run through her palms. For the first time, her feelings for Mitchel had included not only obsession but also fear. She knew she had no other choice.

"I'll eat," she declared. Gripping her fork tightly, she began stuffing her mouth with the broth-soaked vegetables and meat, eager to finish quickly and get away. Mitchel's domineering presence almost suffocated her.

Halfway through the meal, Mitchel's voice cut through the tension.

"Don't worry about the dress. It's already taken care of."

At his words, Katie choked, coughing violently. The red broth smeared her lips, blending with her sweat-damp makeup, leaving her looking dreadful.

At that moment, Katie wasn't concerned about the dress. She just hoped nothing would go wrong before the wedding. She grumbled under her breath, "Damn you, Raegan! I'll handle you after the wedding."

To Katie, ending someone's life, whether they were marked or not, made no difference.

Furthermore, their agreement on removing Raegan from the hit list was only effective overseas.

Raegan was now in Ardlens. When she decided she wanted Raegan gone, she wouldn't hesitate!

"Okay, I got it," Katie conceded, keeping her thoughts to herself.

Meanwhile, Raegan and Elin had just finished their meal.

The earlier incident had dampened Raegan's appetite, but she managed to eat something.

At the door, they noticed a discreet black SUV pull up. The driver got out, and to their surprise, it was Stefan, whom they hadn't seen for some time.

Raegan was shocked. "Stefan, what are you doing here?"

Stefan came over with a friendly smile. "I just got back from Aurora last night. Erick sent me to drive you home," he said in a playful tone.

Raegan understood that Stefan's relationship with Erick wasn't based on orders, but on mutual respect. That was why he cared so much for her.

Elin, overhearing this, tensed up, wishing she had offered to drive Raegan home instead.

Then, Stefan turned to Elin and said kindly, "Elin, Erick mentioned you haven't responded to his message. He wants to speak with you."

Elin's cheeks turned red at once. Erick was always so infuriating.

The way Stefan looked at her made it clear he thought there was something between her and Erick.

Raegan raised an eyebrow at this news. Seeing Elin's reluctance, she tried to lighten the mood.

"It's so late. What could Erick possibly want to discuss with Elin at this hour?"

"I'm not sure," Stefan replied.



Turning back to Elin, who had regained her composure, Raegan asked, "What's going on?" "It's about this troublesome client at the studio," Elin explained.

Chapter 1808

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"He got handy with me last night when he was drunk. Luckily, Erick stepped in and dealt with him. Now the client is threatening to sue, claiming I set him up to be attacked. Erick said he'd handle it. That's probably what this is about."

Indeed, the incident from last night was the reason for all this commotion. Elin suspected someone had spiked her drink, leading to her intimate moments with Erick.

The very next day, the man Erick had confronted accused Elin of arranging an assault against him.

However, Erick had taken care of things by having witnesses at the restaurant who testified that the client had indeed drugged Elin's drink. By the afternoon, they had presented the evidence to the police, and the client was arrested.

Raegan was astonished. "Elin, this is serious! Why didn't you tell me?"

Raegan scrutinized Elin, relieved to see the latter wasn't physically hurt. Angered, she declared, "That creep harassed you? Are you okay? Where is he now? I'll have my lawyer sue him to the point of getting rotten in the prison!"

Elin felt a rush of gratitude. "It's alright. He didn't get to me, thanks to Erick. Erick had taken care of everything."

Knowing Raegan was going through a tough time, Elin had decided not to burden her with the upsetting news.

Knowing Erick's intervention, Raegan felt at ease, casually saying, "Alright, if Erick's calling you, it's probably about this. Go ahead and call him back. Stefan will drive me back. Don't worry about me."

Elin thought to herself that there was more to it than just a phone call. She remembered Erick's message urging her to return early.

He'd taken advantage of her, and now he wanted to settle accounts after the fact. Did he think he was that special? Despite it being her first time, she hadn't made a fuss. Couldn't Erick just drop it? It was so awkward to even mention.

Elin walked gloomily toward her car, contemplating going back to the studio to work a bit. That way, Erick wouldn't be patient enough to wait for her to return.

As Elin reached to unlock her car door, a man from behind gripped the handle.

Still shaken from last night's groping incident, Elin was on high alert and tried to use the self-defense techniques she had learned, aiming an elbow at the man's chin.

But the man anticipated her move and quickly grabbed her wrists, pinning her hands against the car window and pressing her against the car door with a nimble stretch of his legs.

"What's this? Trying to use the self-defense moves I taught you against me?" Erick's familiar voice

calmed Elin's racing heart.

"How did you get here?" Elin asked, caught off guard.

Before Erick could respond, a whistle echoed from across the street.

A man, flushed from drinking, stumbled forward and exclaimed, "Bro, that's wild! A car sex right out in the open, awesome!"

Initially, Elin was confused by the drunk man's words. Then, she caught their reflection in the car's side mirror. Erick, who was tall and slender, held her wrists from behind, both pressed against the car door. It did appear as though they were involved in intimate moments.

Elin's cheeks burned with embarrassment.

"Woo-hoo!" The drunk man continued to whistle. Erick released Elin and started walking toward him.

The drunk man's friend hurried over, clamping a hand over the drunk man's mouth and repeatedly apologizing to Erick. "I'm sorry. Please don't take his words to heart. He's just drunk.."

Chapter 1809

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Elin stepped forward, her face still flushed, and whispered, "It's okay. He didn't know what he had said. He was just drunk. Let's go."

Elin definitely didn't want this to turn into a spectacle. What would she say if Raegan asked about it? That she and Erick were mistaken for being involved in intimate moments by the roadside? Just the thought made her squirm.

The drunk man's friend, noting Erick's commanding presence and refined air, realized Erick was not someone to provoke. He repeatedly bowed deeply, saying, "I'm sorry. I apologize to you and your girlfriend on his behalf! Please, you're a great man. Don't lower yourself to argue with a drunk man like him. I'll make sure to speak with him later."

Erick's stern expression eased slightly at the mention of "girlfriend."

He responded calmly, "If your friend is drunk, you should take him home to rest. It's better than letting him out to cause trouble you might regret."

This clearly showed Erick was ready to move past the incident, and the drunk man's friend thanked him profusely before leading the drunk man away.

Erick then turned, his eyes settling on Elin's hand as she clutched the edge of his coat. A flicker of uncertainty passed through his gaze.

Elin paused, suddenly aware, and quickly released his coat. She shuffled her feet, sensing the tension in the air, and asked, "What are you doing here?"

"Taking you home," Erick stated simply, taking the car keys from her and heading to her car.

"But..." Before Elin could refuse, Erick had already opened the passenger door for her, and she hesitantly climbed in. "Where's your car?" she inquired.

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"The driver took it," Erick answered, leaving a lingering silence.

Elin hesitated and said, "I really don't need you to take me home. I still have to go to the office."

"It's late. Whatever it is can surely wait until tomorrow."

Elin really didn't want to leave with Erick, so she quickly made an excuse. "No, I still have some documents to finish..."

Just then, Erick took out his phone and called Raegan.

"What are you doing?" Elin exclaimed, startled. She leaned over in a hurry to hit the end call button.

Erick didn't try to stop her. He just looked down at her and asked, "Just wanna ask her whether the studio will shut down when you're not there?"

"Don't you dare!" Elin's voice spiked with panic. She had always been reserved around Erick, but since last night, things had changed slightly, making them feel a bit closer. Now, she resembled a flustered little rabbit, almost ready to snap.

Erick gave a mischievous smile. "Alright, then give me a reason."

Elin fell silent.

During the silence, the car had already started moving.

In the sleek black car parked in front of the restaurant, Mitchel's lips were pressed tightly together as he watched the car carrying Raegan pull away.

The atmosphere inside Mitchel's car turned icy.

Matteo inquired, "Mr. Dixon, where are we heading?"

Chapter 1810

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"Just follow them."

Matteo complied and began tailing the car carrying Raegan.

They continued until the car pulled up at West Lake Villa. Matteo parked a little way off, keeping a low profile.

Stefan, behind the wheel, moved with an elegant ease and swiftly went around the vehicle to open the door for Raegan.

Standing by the car, Stefan and Raegan exchanged a few brief words before Stefan nudged Raegan,

urging her to go inside.

Raegan gave Stefan a warm smile. "Thanks for everything, Stefan. I'll treat you to dinner someday."

"There's no need for formalities," Stefan responded.

As Raegan started to walk away, she paused and turned back to face Stefan. "Did you come across any new leads during your trip to Aurora?"

"I did. I looked into the Maxwell family's migration details, and the timings for five individuals lined up." Stefan had intended to talk about this the next day, but Raegan's question prompted him to pull out a burner phone.

Stefan then showed Raegan the images of the five individuals.

Raegan's eyes widened when she spotted a man with a scar near his eye, and she gasped in shock, "That's him!"

Raegan hadn't noticed the concern etching Stefan's brow as she excitedly clutched his wrist, exclaiming, "It's him. These eyes I remember! He has heterochromia!"

Five years ago, amid Raegan's car incident, as the car she was in on the verge of falling down to the river, this man thrust the car off the bridge just before rescue arrived.

Raegan remembered distinctly because, even though the man was disguised with a cap and mask, the lighting had caused his eyes to reveal their unique colors: one light blue, the other light red. In the photo Raegan pointed at, it was only the man's eyes that stood out, immediately recognizable.

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After five years, seeing those eyes again stirred a deep sense of dread in Raegan. They reminded her of the calculating gaze of a venomous snake, giving anyone he looked at a chilling sense of danger. Raegan's grip on Stefan's arm trembled with the intensity of her emotions. "Stefan, do you know who he is?"

Stefan's frown deepened. "This man is connected to the Maxwell family, recently sent on a mission. His current location is unknown. I'll circulate this photo among the Clifford family to be vigilant. The moment this man returns to Aurora, we'll apprehend him to uncover the truth about what happened five years ago."

"It's not just about five years ago," Raegan insisted. "He was also involved in the recent bombing." Raegan recognized the man's accent from the voice-altering device in the car loaded with explosives. She was convinced he was the same man who had altered his voice during the car incident five years ago.

Stefan was aware of Lauren's kidnapping Raegan, as Erick had briefed him.

At the time, a hacker had infiltrated the car's system, and after using satellite technology to trace the signal, Erick sent the code to Stefan to help find someone to crack where it was sent from.

Ultimately, Stefan's hacker acquaintance discovered that the signal was sent from Ardlens.

With the evidence linking back to the man with heterochromia, Stefan's expression turned grave.