

Unbreakable 1851

Chapter 1851

Frozen with fear, Elin bit her arm to force herself to focus. She crawled to the table, struggling to grab her phone. Dialing quickly, she whispered, "Hello, I want to report a crime..."

Outside, Dayton continued his relentless assault on the door.

Elin scrambled under the table and curled up, shaking uncontrollably.

Right then, Elin's phone rang with an incoming call. It was one of her colleagues from the studio. She quickly silenced it.

But the noise had already betrayed her presence. Dayton heard it and knew she was there. With his

belt, he lashed the door from side to side. "Elin, do you think you can hide from me just by staying silent?" he taunted maliciously.

"Can you hide for a lifetime?" His laugh was vicious and cold.

Elin's hand bled where she had pinched it too hard.

Outside, Dayton's twisted game began. "Elin, do you remember our game of counting to ten?" he called out with a horrible chuckle. "If I count to ten and you still haven't opened the door, I will get very angry. Do you need me to remind you of the consequences?"

Elin knew all too well. Whenever Dayton counted to ten, she had to crawl out like a dog. If she failed, he would douse her with whatever sauce he fancied at the moment, be it tomato, soy, or chili, and it would cover her from head to toe. Then, Dayton would take photos, printing them into large posters, forcing Elin to stare at her own humiliated images.

Besides the physical abuse, Dayton took a perverse pleasure in tormenting Elin psychologically, crushing her spirit, training her to comply with his cruel whims.

His behavior was rooted in his own impotence. Unable to accept this, he saw Elin as a potential cure for his failures since he temporarily erected as he first laid eyes on her.

On their wedding night, when his impotence persisted, Dayton demanded that Elin sleep with other men, hoping to derive some twisted form of excitement.

How could Elin comply? She had been raised by Annis to value self-esteem and self-love, these principles almost etched into her very being.

In a moment of desperate struggle, Elin had kicked Dayton's penis, and this useless organ of his hadn't had any reaction since then.

Instead of self-reflection, Dayton unleashed his fury on Elin, blaming her for his impotence and finding a perverse satisfaction in torturing her.

Elin had wanted to escape, but Dayton had craftily moved her to Aurora under the guise of work.

In Aurora, the law seemed nonexistent, and Dayton exploited this, doing as he pleased

without fear of repercussions.

Dayton used Annis' safety to threaten Elin, locked her away, and took all means of communication. He confined her to their home, spreading lies that Elin was depressed and mentally unstable, which justified his control in the eyes of outsiders.

Elin was often left in a disheveled state, which only made Dayton's claims more believable to anyone who saw her.

Dayton controlled Elin's calls to Annis, ready to cut off communication at any hint of the truth slipping out, which would result in severe punishment for Elin.

As time passed in that foreign land surrounded by Dayton's allies, Elin learned that submission might prolong her survival. Each night, she would whisper to herself the necessity of living, of surviving until she could find a way to escape Dayton's clutches.

It was Raegan who first sensed something was amiss. She involved Erick, who used his connections to rescue Elin from Aurora.

Despite everything, Dayton refused to consider divorce, his twisted happiness derived solely from his dominance over Elin. He couldn't derive the same satisfaction from anyone else.

Living in constant fear, Elin was eventually liberated when Erick intervened, and Dayton reluctantly agreed to a divorce.

Chapter 1852

After the separation, Elin hadn't seen Dayton, believing him to be confined by Farley who had assured Erick that Dayton would no longer be a threat.

However, Dayton's sudden appearance in Ardlens shattered the fragile peace Elin had begun to enjoy.

Under the table, Elin trembled as the counting continued.

"Three, four, five..."

Driven by a surge of adrenaline, Elin bolted to the door and flung it open.

Dayton, looking weary and disheveled, paused his tirade. Leaning against the railing, he smirked upon seeing her. "Honey, you are still so obedient."

Elin's body shook, but she forced herself to feign calmness, reminding herself of her newfound independence. She no longer belonged to him. They were divorced. Plus, this was Ardlens, not Aurora. Here, the law would protect her.

With a steady voice, Elin faced Dayton. "Dayton, we're divorced. I'm not your wife anymore."

Dayton's smile broadened, the red birthmark twitching grotesquely as it contorted with his grin, a sight that chilled Elin to the bone.

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He spoke in a chilling tone. "Elin, you seem to have forgotten what I told you. Once my wife, always my wife. You can't escape me."

Elin steadied herself. She refused to live in fear of him any longer.

Looking him in the eyes, she declared, "Dayton, this is Ardlens, not Aurora. Touch me and you'll face the consequences."

"Bravo! How arrogant," he mocked.

Suddenly, Dayton seized her hair and yanked her toward him, his voice fierce. "It's been months since we last met. Have you forgotten..."

He leaned in close, his breath cold and sinister as he whispered, "Have you forgotten how you used to crawl at my feet like a dog?"

Elin screamed, wrenching free from his grasp. She grabbed a knife and brandished it at him, her voice trembling with rage. "Dayton, come any closer and I swear I'll kill you!"

"You're overconfident, Elin. If I could destroy you once, I can do it again," Dayton taunted, smirking ominously.

The next second, a shout pierced the air. "Put down the knife!"

Police officers in uniform reached.

Dayton instantly raised his hands in surrender, feigning innocence.

"Officer, you've arrived just in time. It seems my ex-wife is having an episode again."

He gestured to the scattered gifts on the ground. "I only came to deliver these gifts out of kindness, but she pulled a knife on me and started threatening my life."

Elin was stunned, hearing his twisted version of the truth.

Dayton was a master of deception, often painting Elin as unstable.

Chapter 1853

Sure enough, he continued, "Officer, I think she might need to be hospitalized. My ex-wife has a history of depression and mental illness. She was treated for it abroad for a long time."

Despite his sympathetic tone, his eyes glinted with cruelty as he silently mouthed a threat to Elin, promising destruction.

A wave of fear surged through Elin, overwhelming her. She felt as though she had plummeted into a dark abyss, the malevolent image of Dayton etched deeply into her psyche. Her resolve faltered, and she considered using the knife.

Dayton observed her reaction, his smirk widening as he taunted her further, hoping to provoke an outburst.

The knife in Elin's hand clattered to the floor. Tears streamed down her face as Elin raised her hands to the officer. "Sir, my ex-husband has a history of domestic violence. I had a restraining order against him abroad. He came here to intimidate me. I grabbed the knife in self-defense. Thank you for getting here when you did..."

Although she cried pitifully, Elin's account was coherent and factual.

She clearly relayed the essential details to the policemen.

Dayton's expression turned stormy. He hadn't anticipated Elin's newfound assertiveness. The manipulative tactics that once worked overseas now failed him completely. In a fit of rage, he cursed under his breath, "How dare you play games with me?"

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Elin screamed in terror, “Ah! Help!”

She collapsed to the floor, clutching her head, murmuring, “Don’t hit me. Don’t hit me...” Her behavior was a clear indicator of her prolonged suffering.

Dayton’s fury escalated. He lunged forward, grabbing Elin by the collar and snarled, “You’re courting death!”

Despite his threats, Elin retorted with unexpected bravado in a low voice, “You’re just so-so, Dayton. Let’s see who will destroy whom.”

Dayton, losing all control, began to strangle Elin, an act he had repeated many times before.

However, this time Elin was not as terrified. She was on the soil of Ambrosia, a place governed by strict laws. “Dayton, feel the rule of law in Ambrosia,” she managed to say hoarsely.

Before Dayton could respond, the police intervened and restrained him.

As Dayton was subdued on the ground, his curses and threats only served to support Elin’s claims, painting him clearly as the aggressor.

While Dayton was escorted to a patrol car, Elin accompanied the police to assist further with the investigation.

At the police station, an officer took Elin’s statement and then mentioned, “We need to take you to the hospital for an examination. Do you have any family or friends you’d like us to inform?”

Elin shook her head. She preferred to keep this ordeal private and not burden anyone else.

Just then, a familiar voice echoed through the entryway. “Hello, I’m looking for Elin.”

Startled, Elin turned to see who it was. A tall man walked in, his eyes immediately finding hers.

Recognizing her, Erick approached quickly and draped his warm suit jacket over her shoulders.

Warmth surrounded her, yet it failed to rouse Elin from her daze.

Erick glanced at Elin, his face inscrutable, a visible chill tinged with inner conflict. He said to the uniformed officer, “She’s my sister. I’m here to accompany her to the examination.”

After completing the necessary paperwork, Erick extended his hand to Elin.

Chapter 1854

Elin hesitated, unsure of how to respond, until Erick gently lifted her to her feet. His eyes fixed on the red marks encircling her neck, his gaze intensifying as he softly asked, “Can you walk?”

Elin’s hand found warmth in his grasp, nestled in his palm. She nodded. “Yes.”

Erick leaned slightly and reached to button the blazer for her.

Throughout the drive to the hospital, silence lingered between them, an unsettling atmosphere settling in.

After the medical examination, Erick swiftly handed the documents to his assistant and instructed, “Find the top lawyer. Make sure Dayton’s held accountable.”

Seated in the car, Elin felt a fraction of her fear dissipate upon hearing Erick’s directive, her heart

finding some stability.

Once the assistant left, Erick adjusted the car’s temperature to a comfortable level and handed Elin a cup of sugar water for calming.

Sipping slowly, Elin’s emotions began to steady.

Erick explained, “Raegan tried reaching you at the studio but couldn’t, so she requested me to come check on you.” That explained his appearance.

Elin didn't need to ask since Erick had already provided the answers she sought.

"Farley has passed away, which allowed Dayton to come to Ardlens."

The demise of Farley, the only person who could discipline Dayton, nullified any previous assurances made to Erick.

Elin's hand trembled her hold on the cup weakening. This meant Dayton was now unrestrained.

Their only option was a temporary detainment, which was insufficient to contain such a villain.

Witnessing Elin's distress, Erick felt a pang in his heart. Taking the cup from her hands, he enveloped her in a comforting embrace, murmuring reassurances, "It's alright, Elin. I'm here, and I won't let anything happen to you."

At his words, the tears Elin had been holding back finally spilled over. Her eyes turned red, resembling those of a frightened rabbit.

Fortunately, due to the timely intervention of the officers, Elin had not sustained more severe physical injuries besides those to her neck and arms.

However, she suffered from psychological scars. Living like a prisoner for two years had deeply ingrained fear of Dayton in her psyche. Just the mention of his name was enough to send shivers down her spine, let alone encounter his actual presence and malevolence.

Dayton's understanding of Elin's timid nature had emboldened him to confront her without holding back.

Despite Elin's recent thwarting of Dayton's scheme, no one truly understood the immense courage it had taken her to stand up to him.

After the incident, Elin was so weakened that she had to be helped into the police car, barely able to stand.

It marked their first direct confrontation, leaving Elin uncertain about facing him again. She knew Dayton, the psychopath, would not stop his malicious actions. Especially now that he had been thwarted, which only fueled his rage and made him even more dangerous. As he was restrained on the ground by the officers, his gaze bore into her with intense hatred.

Elin dreaded the feeling of being enveloped in darkness again.

Erick held Elin, providing a safe haven for her to release her emotions.

Elin, always guarded, shed tears silently, adding to her poignant vulnerability.

Chapter 1855

Erick kept soothing Elin with gentle strokes on her back.

The subtle scent of sandalwood emanating from Erick's body enveloped Elin, offering a comforting embrace that seemed to ease her turmoil.

She held onto him tightly, as if he were the sole beacon of hope in her life's darkness.

Instead of returning to Elin's apartment, the car proceeded to Erick's villa.

Upon arrival, Elin remained in the car, gazing at the house but hesitant to step out.

Erick opened the car door and stooped to lift her, his arms supporting her back with a chivalrous touch, creating a sense of warmth and security. It was clear that he paid attention to every detail.

Once inside the bedroom, Erick gently laid Elin down and suggested, "I'll prepare a bath for you to

relax in. Then, we'll have dinner together."

Elin clutched at his shirt and said uneasily, "I should go back..."

But Erick promptly vetoed the idea and asserted, "You'll stay here until we've sorted out the situation with Dayton. It's not safe for you to stay at your place."

With that, he proceeded to draw a bath before returning downstairs with a bag containing clean clothes, thoughtfully prepared by his assistant. After placing them by the bathtub, he left the room to give her privacy.

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The warm bath eased Elin's tension, leaving her feeling much more comfortable.

The meal, skillfully prepared by the villa's housekeeper, was both light and nourishing.

Elin could only manage to eat a small amount before feeling full.

But Erick's encouragement led her to eat almost half of her meal.

Later that evening, Erick returned with a first aid kit to tend to Elin's injuries. Under the soft glow of the room's lights, his focused attention exuded a captivating charm.

Lost in her thoughts, Elin found herself gazing at him until their eyes met. Embarrassed, she quickly looked away.

However, Erick gently lifted her chin and whispered, "Feel free to look. I don't charge."

Elin's cheeks flushed crimson at his words. The meticulous arrangements Erick had made helped dissipate almost entirely the fear she had felt.

Seeing Elin's dispirited appearance at the police station had pained Erick deeply, causing him to no longer dwell on her previous distant behavior toward him.

Men like Erick admired and pursued by many, often held strong pride.

Even if it was just companionship, he hoped for genuine affection, not fickleness. Elin's casual mention of having accustomed to being Dayton's wife had wounded his pride deeply.

Despite having grown up together like childhood sweethearts, it seemed to Erick that Elin placed more value on Dayton, who had suddenly appeared and treated her poorly. Even though she claimed not to love Dayton anymore, it still stung, as they had surely married for love initially.

Erick knew he couldn't have entered the picture at all if it hadn't been for Dayton's mistreatment of Elin, which led her to give up on Dayton.

Erick tried not to dwell on these thoughts, feeling somewhat embarrassed for pondering such concerns.

Chapter 1856

But Erick couldn't shake his desire for Elin. During the years she was away, he had lived a celibate life, but upon reconnecting with Elin, he found himself truly struggling to control his desires.

Elin, being more straightforward than Erick, comforted him afterward by saying, "We're both adults, and having needs is normal. Don't worry about it. We can simply be companions."

By uttering those words, Elin unmistakably acknowledged that their relationship was solely that of companionship.

However, Erick struggled to fully accept this term. Especially when Elin assumed the role of companion, it heightened the complexity of their emotions. He hoped she loved him, yet deep down, he harbored a certain fear of her developing feelings for him. He knew he couldn't provide her with what she truly desired. All he could do was provide her with the necessary assistance and

some solace, nothing beyond that.

Erick stood up and said softly, "You'll sleep in this room, and I'll be next door. Call me if you need anything. Try to get some rest early."

With that, he turned around, ready to leave for a rest.

However, a delicate hand caught the corner of his nightshirt.

As Erick looked down, his gaze moved from Elin's hand to her face, and he asked in a deep voice, "What's wrong?"

Elin, feeling a sudden fondness for the warmth Erick provided, wanted to indulge herself just this once, not holding back her feelings.

"Can you stay with me?" she asked.

Looking at him with watery eyes, her beauty undiminished by her bruises, she appeared fragile.

The silent presence of a delicate woman had the power to awaken a man's protective instincts. Erick couldn't bring himself to refuse.

He had actually intended for Elin to rest alone. For two people who had shared intimacy, sleeping in the same bed wasn't easy. Even a gentle touch could reignite deeper emotions. Erick decided not to remove his nightshirt and lay down fully clothed, switched off the light, pulled Elin close, and whispered, "Sleep." To make advances on her at this moment would be inhumane.

During today's medical examination, when the doctor asked Elin routine questions, including whether she was menstruating or pregnant, she answered no to all.

Erick realized he had misunderstood. She wasn't currently on her period.

Growing up with a distant father, Elin had always lacked a sense of security. Now, lying in Erick's arms, she felt completely safe and drifted into a peaceful sleep.

Erick, accustomed to sleeping naked, felt uncomfortable keeping his pajamas on out of consideration for Elin's feelings. With her soft body nestled in his arms, it was truly challenging for any ordinary man to drift off to sleep.

In a semi-conscious state, Elin suddenly screamed and started flailing her arms, accidentally hitting Erick in the face.

Startled awake by her inadvertent blow, Erick, concerned she might harm herself, swiftly restrained her flailing arms beneath him.

Elin, her body soaked in sweat, cried out, "Let me go! Let go.."

"Elin! Elin!" Erick murmured, gently coaxing. "Don't be frightened. Open your eyes and see who I am."

At his voice, Elin, bewildered, reluctantly opened her eyes, and found herself gazing into Erick's handsome visage, mere inches away.

She blinked, a tear trickling down from the corner of her eye, whispering, "Erick..."

Clearly still in a daze, Elin hadn't fully roused from sleep yet.

But her soft voice stirred something within Erick. At that moment, Elin's disheveled appearance, with flushed cheeks and moist lashes, rendered her irresistibly fragile. Naturally captivating, her vulnerability alone was enough to stir a man's emotions.

Unsettled by his own reaction, Erick cleared his throat lightly, attempting to alleviate the tension, and asked, "Are you fully awake now? Would you like some water?"

Elin remained silent, her eyes brimming with an irresistible allure akin to the freshness of spring, their fluttering lashes seemingly dripping with dew, stirring the depths. She embodied boundless

desire.

Erick nearly bit his lip in an effort to restrain himself, physically shifting away to maintain a safe distance from her. He excused himself to retrieve some water, hoping that a splash of cold water would help quench the heat surging through him.

But he was caught off guard as Elin grabbed his arm. Turning around in surprise, he found himself met with the soft press of her lips against his.

Elin's kiss, though inexperienced, was tender and affectionate, igniting a blaze within him.

Erick stood tall, discarding the confines of his pajamas, which fell to the floor with a soft thud. His fingertips traced the curve of her collarbone, trailing downward, as he murmured, "Allow me."

His abs were firm, a delicate sheen of sweat accentuating the allure of his Adonis belt.

Elin, despite her inexperience, savored the exquisite sensation.

Summoning her courage, she shed her inhibitions, enveloping his back in a tender embrace, tears of euphoria threatening to spill...

Intent on Elin's pleasure, Erick supported himself on one arm, his other hand tracing the contours of her back, exhaling softly. "Call me..."

Elin's cheeks flushed crimson, her body tense as she bit her lip, resisting the urge to vocalize her desires.

But Erick, adept at teasing, deliberately slowed his movements, exploring her sensitive spots with precision.

In matters of intimacy, Erick possessed a natural finesse.

Overwhelmed by sensation, Elin couldn't hold back, and pleaded, "Mr. Foster, please..."

Erick gripped her chin, sweat trickling down his chiseled jawline, and said, "Not that."

Finally, Elin breathed out breathlessly, "Erick..."

The two made love for almost half the night until Elin was completely drained, too exhausted to even summon the energy for a shower.

In the end, Erick tenderly carried her to the bathroom to clean up.

Afterward, they retreated to bed. Elin was so fatigued that distinguishing up from down felt impossible, let alone entertaining any further thoughts.

Erick gently stroked her hair, observing her for a while, as if grasping some profound truth in his heart. Some emotions, it appeared, were inherently different from the outset.

As the day of Mitchel's grand wedding with Katie approached, Raegan found herself working tirelessly to expedite her departure, partly due to missing Janey and partly because she couldn't bear witnessing Katie's extravagant ceremony with Mitchel.

One day, Raegan visited the dye factory to inspect a batch of fabrics. Due to the positive collaboration between their companies, the factory owner extended an invitation to Raegan for a meal.

Chapter 1858

The factory owner, a resilient single mother raising two children, impressed Raegan with her strength and determination.

As dinner time approached, Raegan graciously accepted the invitation, allowing the factory owner to treat her to a meal.

They chose a restaurant favored by the dye factory owner, who hailed from the northern regions and had a penchant for exotic cuisine.

A roasted sparrow was served, but Raegan found the dish so repulsive that she couldn't even bear the smell, let alone consider eating it.

As soon as the dish was served, Raegan was overcome by an overwhelming urge to vomit.

Although there was a restroom available in the chamber, Raegan hesitated to use it, concerned that the lack of sound insulation might disturb other diners.

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Deciding to excuse herself under the guise of answering a phone call, Raegan made her way to the restroom outside, where she promptly began to vomit violently.

Unbeknownst to her, a pair of eyes had been watching her every move.

As soon as Raegan entered the restroom, the person who had been watching her followed closely behind.

Raegan rushed to the sink, vomiting violently, after which she used her mouthwash to freshen her breath.

As Raegan turned to leave, she noticed a woman at the sink, reeking of booze and a pungent mixture of greasy barbecue and spicy scents.

The stench caused Raegan to gag, fighting back the urge to retch once more.

Retreating to the restroom, Raegan succumbed to another bout of violent vomiting, remaining inside until the wave of nausea had passed.

To Raegan's surprise, the woman remained, her brow furrowed with concern. "Hey, beautiful. You alright?"

The woman, now tidied up, smelled fresher and looked more presentable.

Raegan instinctively covered her nose and mouth. "I'm fine. It's nothing."

The woman apologized, "My apologies. I reeked of food and drink due to a clumsy waiter. Did it bother you?"

Raegan dismissed the apology. "Don't worry. I've been extra sensitive to smells lately."

"You look exactly how I did when I was pregnant. Are you pregnant?" the woman observed, raising her eyebrows.

Raegan's silence was her only answer to the woman's question. She kept her guard up, wary of strangers bearing too much familiarity.

The woman offered a packet of alcohol-free wipes, her voice bubbling with enthusiasm. "These are gentle enough for pregnant women."

Raegan accepted the wipes with a polite smile. "Thanks, but my nausea is unrelated to pregnancy." Though the woman seemed friendly, Raegan grew uneasy by the woman's continued insinuations of pregnancy, especially since she hadn't mentioned anything of the sort. Adding to her unease, Raegan's black trench coat kept her body well-concealed, making the woman's questions seem all the more intrusive.

Chapter 1859

She was mystified by the woman's fixation on pregnancy.

The woman apologised, "My fault."

"It's fine." Raegan was just about to leave.

In an instant, the woman's heel slipped, and she careened toward Raegan.

Though the woman wasn't heavy, her forward momentum would surely topple Raegan. Raegan's face paled as she reflexively shielded her stomach from the oncoming woman.

Seemingly in a stroke of luck, the woman clutched the wall, saving herself from toppling over. The woman apologized profusely, "I didn't slip into you, did I? The floor here is so slippery." Still shaken by the near miss, Raegan's complexion turned ashen. She shook her head. "You didn't. But please, are you okay? Take care."

"I'm alright," the woman reassured her.

"Then I'll be leaving." Raegan smiled cordially and made her exit.

With a quick hand wash, the woman headed toward a secluded chamber.

Seeing no one around, she eased open the door.

A pregnant woman, her face pallid and sallow, sat within. It was Katie. "How did it go?" she questioned the woman.

In a whisper, the woman confided, "I suspect she is pregnant."

Katie was visibly stunned, her disbelief clear.

Katie, having observed Raegan's urgent retreat to the restroom and hand-covering, sensed something amiss. So she sent her assistant to investigate. To conceal her true intentions, Katie instructed her assistant to intentionally spill wine and food.

Katie struggled to accept the idea that Raegan might be pregnant.

After all, she knew Mitchel's recent schedule.

As far as Katie knew, Mitchel and Raegan hadn't been intimate or alone together these days. So, a child between them seemed far-fetched. Could Raegan be pregnant with another man's baby?

As Katie pondered, she grew certain that Raegan was carrying another man's child.

Previously, Katie had believed that Raegan was devoted to Mitchel, but now, the idea that Raegan had conceived a child with someone else so quickly after their separation was jarring. So much for the supposed years of love between them! Raegan was surely a slut. She knew it!

Pleased with her discovery, Katie could barely contain her excitement to share the news with Mitchel, eager to witness his reaction. After all, men tended to feel upset when their ex-partners

move on quickly with new partners.

With Mitchel's harsh demeanor to her fresh in her mind, Katie intended to call him, anticipating the pleasure of personally delivering the news about Raegan's pregnancy. She wanted Mitchel to witness Raegan's true colors.

Chapter 1860

Determined to confirm the news, Katie reiterated her inquiry. "Are you absolutely positive that she's pregnant?"

The assistant drew a chair close to Katie, who covered her nose and waved dismissively, indicating the assistant to keep her distance.

The smell was overwhelming, and her pregnancy made it even more unbearable.

The assistant smiled awkwardly, retreated with her chair, and said, "She vomited again when I arrived. Afterward, I asked her if she was pregnant, and she vehemently denied it. But when I pretended to bump into her accidentally, she immediately protected her stomach. Surely, this is a telltale sign of pregnancy, isn't it?"

Katie's intuition had sharpened since the pregnancy, becoming almost a sixth sense. Thus, with a single glance, Katie suspected that Raegan might be pregnant.

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In the end, Katie's suspicion proved true.

"She's less than five months pregnant," the assistant remarked with confidence. "A baby bump doesn't usually show before five months, and it grows rapidly later in the seventh and eighth months. I'd say

she's somewhere between three and four months pregnant."

Three to four months... Katie was speechless, her face a blank slate of shock. That timeframe... No shit! Could Raegan's child be Mitchel's?

Katie's gaze turned inward as she rummaged through her memories from three to four months ago, the period just before the explosion. Back then, Mitchel and Raegan were Like two peas in a pod, impenetrable and inseparable.

The deeper Katie delved into the past, the more she was convinced Raegan's child was indeed Mitchel's.

Katie gritted her teeth, her eyes blazing with venomous fury. For years, she had clung to Mitchel like a shadow, Loving him under the guise of friendship. And when she was finally on the verge of becoming his wife, also known as the wife of the heir of the Dixon family, thanks to Henley's manipulation, all her plans might come to naught.

Henley had promised that their plot would be an unqualified success.

That meant Mitchel would face the imminent loss of his entire world.

Despite the looming downfall of Mitchel's world, Katie refused to back down. Even if Mitchel lost everything, she was not about to let another woman claim him. Especially because Raegan was not easily swayed by material possessions or social status. If Mitchel's true identity was revealed, Raegan might pity him and reconcile, undoing all of her sabotage efforts. She would not sit and

watch it happen!!!

After years of infatuation, Katie was not ready to release her grip on Mitchel. She assumed, even without the Dixon family legacy, Mitchel's remarkable competence would form a business empire into a new era of grandeur. The prerequisite for this prosperous future was Mitchel's cooperation with her. By aiding Mitchel's escape from Henley's persecution, she could ensure his success after his downfall.

Katie was certain Mitchel would agree to her conditions. Her scheme was carefully orchestrated, binding Mitchel to her side and amass riches for her before his days were numbered. After all, he couldn't possibly know about the absence of the cure for the toxin within his body, likely still under the presumption that she had antidote in her possession.

However, Raegan's unexpected pregnancy could upend her carefully laid plans. Katie couldn't tolerate any uncertainties.

Katie's grip tightened, threatening to snap the fork she held. Since Raegan's pregnancy put a wrench in her plans, she was determined to test Raegan's ability to carry the child to term.

After finishing her conversation with the dye factory owner, Raegan went downstairs.

As Raegan descended the staircase, Janey's video call drew her to a halt, and the two chatted amiably.

Gently interrupting Janey after a comfortable five-minute exchange, Raegan addressed her with a motherly tenderness, "My dear Janey, I am heading to the car now, and we'll resume our conversation once I'm safely inside, alright?"

"Okay, byebye!" Janey blew a ki*s to the screen.

Savoring Janey's ki*s, Raegan's smile widened before reluctantly disconnecting the call.

The prospect of seeing her daughter infused Raegan with a radiant joy that was reflected in her warm, tender gaze.