

## Unbreakable 1861

### Chapter 1861

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Just then, a passing waiter warned Raegan of a slippery floor up ahead and advised her to use the back exit to avoid the hazard.

Raegan saw oil spilled on the floor ahead, making it slippery, so she went out the back door instead. As Raegan approached the back door, her gaze lifted, revealing the unexpected sight of a familiar yet unwelcome figure, someone she'd been hoping to avoid. Why did she always bump into Katie? Raegan sighed inwardly, feeling such a bad luck to bump into this face. Her eyes shifted away from Katie, determined to pass by without a word, avoiding any potential confrontation.

Katie's voice unexpectedly pierced the air. "What a coincidence, don't you think?"

Raegan ignored Katie, not wanting to get involved in a conversation and attempted to step around her.

However, Katie grabbed Raegan's arm, halting her, and scolded, "Where are you going? How rude of you not replying to me!"

Raegan retorted coldly, "Politeness should be shown to people." Where threats to her safety and those of her child were concerned, the facade of civility was unnecessary.

Moreover, Raegan held little faith in Katie's ability to offer anything of value to the discourse. For it would surely devolve into empty boasting on Katie's part, a spectacle Raegan had neither the patience nor inclination to endure.

Katie flared up at Raegan's indirect insult. "You're insulting me!"

"I'm direct when I insult someone." Raegan replied with a cold smile, "Yes, I'm referring to you." Katie's anger twisted her face as she glared at Raegan. "How can you be so vile? Mitchel doesn't want you anymore! What makes you think he'd ever..."

Katie stopped herself mid-sentence, suddenly falling silent. She couldn't let Raegan know that she was aware of her pregnancy.

But Raegan's instincts kicked in, and she became instantly alert, especially as Katie's piercing gaze swept over her, causing her palms to grow clammy with nervous sweat. She wondered if Katie was hiding something, or if Katie had uncovered a secret.

With this thought, Raegan felt a surge of unease and promptly stepped aside, her voice firm but measured as she said, "Please, step aside."

Katie stood motionless, her arms crossed defiantly and her eyes blazing with a dark intensity, fixed piercingly on Raegan. Raegan seemed to be nervous. How interesting.

Katie's suspicions grew, and she became increasingly convinced that Raegan's child was Mitchel's, her mind racing with the implications.

Raegan, Katie thought, was using the child as a pawn to manipulate Mitchel. How could Katie allow Raegan to succeed? Even if Mitchel were to die, Katie felt he rightfully belonged to her, and she couldn't bear the thought of Raegan claiming him.

Katie's voice dripped with malice as she sneered, "You're still fixated on stealing my man, aren't you? Are all women from the Foster family destined to become mistresses?"

Raegan had intended to just leave, but Katie's venomous words halted her in her tracks. She spun around, her eyes narrowing as she demanded, "What exactly do you mean by 'women from the Foster family'?"

Katie's face fell as she realized her mistake. She almost revealed a secret about Casey. She had just been privy to this information from her father's trusted confidant. But the truth was still uncertain, leaving open the possibility that Casey had been secretly spirited away by Davey. What nonsense about the talented Casey's retirement?

From what she had gathered, Casey had abandoned her husband and their children, carrying on a shameful affair with Davey without even the decency of formal separation.

Katie sneered, "You're just a Foster woman, through and through!"

Raegan's eyes narrowed, her voice sharp as she pounced on the slip.

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"You said 'women from the Foster family.' Who exactly do you mean by 'women', Katie?"

Katie's mask slipped, her eyes darting momentarily wide with surprise, before quickly regaining her composure, clearly unprepared for Raegan's sharp insight. She swiftly regained her poise, replying with a careless air, "Just a slip of the tongue, Raegan. But you're awfully quick to take offense. Does the Foster family have a history of mistresses, or is that just a personal interest of yours?"

Raegan's smile was icy as she retorted, "The Fosters may not keep mistresses, but I'm currently face to face with a woman who's quite familiar with the role."

Katie's eyes flashed with anger, "What utter rubbish are you peddling?"

"Isn't it true?" Raegan's smile never wavered as she threw down the gauntlet. "Do I need to refresh your memory? You claimed to be Mitchel's fiancée while I was still married to him, and even after the truth came out, you continued to brazenly perpetuate that lie in the media."

"You..." Katie's face turned bright red with anger, her neck bulging as she pointed a shaky finger at Raegan. "Shut your mouth!"

Raegan's lips curled as she warned, "Katie, don't push me too far. I've been indulgent with you so far, but if you continue to provoke and taunt me, don't say I didn't warn you. I'll gladly reveal your secrets to the world. Let me make it clear. I have no interest in Mitchel, and I refuse to compromise my values to be the shameless other woman. Stop parading yourself in front of me until you've solidified your position as his wife!"

Katie's face drained of color as she contemplated the possibility of her past misdeeds being revealed by Raegan, and the thought of facing the judgmental gaze of the wealthy elite with her reputation in tatters made her blood run cold. As for Raegan's claim of being decency, she had her reservation.

Raegan glanced at her phone to check the time and fixed a stern gaze on the woman standing in her way, her voice firm as she asked, "Are you going to step aside?"

Katie's face burned with anger as she stood firmly in the doorway, refusing to move an inch.

Raegan sought to avoid further conflict with Katie, so she opted to exit through the front door,

assuming the area had been cleared and hoping to make a swift departure.

Just as Raegan turned to make her exit, Katie lunged forward, grasping Raegan's arm in a tight grip. Raegan's body went rigid as she spun back around, her eyes locked intensely on Katie, and she demanded in a sharp, low tone, "What do you think you're doing? Why are you holding me like this?"

Katie's face twisted into a snarl, her eyes blazing with venom as she sneered, "Raegan, why can't you just vanish? You're a constant affront to me, a repulsive reminder of everything I despise!" Katie's grip on Raegan's arm tightened, making Raegan's fear grow.

Katie's face and actions radiated malice, her intentions unmistakably sinister.

Raegan's mind raced with a chilling suspicion that Katie might be aware of her pregnancy and harbor an ill intent toward her unborn child.

"Let go! Leave me alone!" Raegan scolded Katie.

Katie suddenly pulled Raegan back and then yanked her hard, making her stumble.

Raegan's eyes widened in horror as she realized she was being dragged toward the sharp corner of a table, its deadly edge perilously close to her pregnant belly.

In a state of panic, Raegan desperately grasped the nearby door handle and with a surge of adrenaline, forcefully flung Katie off, breaking her grip.

However, Raegan didn't catch the menacing glint that flickered in Katie's eyes as she abruptly released her grip.

Katie's eyes shimmered with a dark intensity, her pupils as menacing as scorpions drenched in poison.

Raegan looked up and caught the malice lurking within those depths.

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A wave of discomfort washed over her, urging her to leave.

Suddenly, Katie's voice pierced the tense air. "Raegan, please save me! I'm pregnant!"

Raegan was initially puzzled, but as she noticed where Katie was about to fall, her eyes widened in alarm. Katie was teetering toward the sharp corner of the table, an impact there could be disastrous to the unborn child.

Moved by her natural compassion, Raegan extended her hand without a second thought.

Just then, a sly gleam flickered in Katie's eyes, and a subtle smile crept across her face, revealing her true intentions. She knew it.

She knew Raegan would offer a helping hand despite everything. She reached out toward Raegan, teeth clenched tightly in anticipation.

Her plan was to drag Raegan down, causing Raegan instead to crash against the sharp corner.

However, just as their fingertips brushed, Raegan paused. Under Katie's intense and calculating gaze, she swiftly pulled back her hand.

Katie's expression twisted in surprise. She hadn't expected Raegan, usually so kind and impressionable, to resist at such a crucial moment .

“Ah!” A sharp, agonized scream filled the room as Katie’s lower back slammed into the corner of the table. She collapsed to the ground, pain etched across her face, as large patches of red blood spread ominously from beneath her legs, an unsettling and gruesome sight.

Katie stared at Raegan’s impassive face, her own expression a mixture of disbelief and shock. She pointed at Raegan, her voice hoarse as she stuttered, “You... You!” The word hung unfinished in the air, repeated but leading nowhere. She was baffled by the change in Raegan.

“Do you want to know why I didn’t save you?” Raegan asked calmly, her voice cutting through the tension.

Katie, wincing in pain, fixed her gaze on Raegan, eager for an explanation.

“Because I know the story of the snake and the farmer very well,”

Raegan said, each word deliberate. “Since I’ve already seen through it, why should I play the role of the farmer?”

Moments earlier, Raegan had noted the unchecked malice and excitement flash in Katie’s eyes.

In that split second, Raegan envisioned the consequences if she had taken Katie’s hand. Driven by Katie’s force, she would have stumbled, her belly hitting the corner of the table, a perilous situation. Raegan was pregnant with twins, and the potential outcomes were unthinkable, the loss of her babies or even her life. There was no alternative scenario. Katie must have already known or suspected something, which was why she was willing to go to such lengths.

By staging the incident as an accident and being pregnant herself, Katie could deflect suspicion.

However, she hadn’t anticipated Raegan’s transformation.

Despite her upbringing, which emphasized compassion and the chance for redemption, Raegan knew she couldn’t risk everything when faced with clear and present danger. She couldn’t afford to ignore the threats around her.

Granting someone one chance was enough. If they squander it without remorse, Raegan resolved not to continue offering opportunities blindly, especially not to a merciless woman like Katie who consistently plotted against her and those close to her.

At that critical moment, Raegan instinctively reached out to help Katie but then swiftly pulled back to safeguard herself since she had seen it clearly. Katie, a woman adept in deceit, was not merely someone who had fallen and needed assistance. It was almost certain Katie was attempting to entrap her with such antics.

Katie, seething with rage and pain, cursed repeatedly. “Bitch, bitch, bitch!” she shouted, her voice thick with fury. If not for her own physical limitations at that moment, she would have lunged at Raegan, aiming to tear Raegan apart with her own hands.

Raegan gazed at Katie’s livid expression, her resolve solidifying.

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She knew that showing kindness was only viable when one could ensure their own safety.

Otherwise, one might unwittingly become a weapon in the hands of the malevolent, risking harm to oneself without any benefit.

Intent on avoiding further entanglement with Katie, Raegan approached the front desk to call for help, showing what she considered to be the utmost extent of her mercy.

As Raegan was about to turn away, Katie's chilling voice stopped her.  
"Do you think you're safe now?" Her words were deliberate, each one dripping with venom.  
Raegan turned to face Katie, curious yet cautious about what Katie might do next.  
Suddenly, Katie's voice escalated into a desperate cry for help.

"Help! Someone is trying to kill me! Someone is trying to kill me!"

As Raegan's face turned to stone, she watched in horror as Katie crawled toward her, frantically smearing blood on her hands and clutching them tightly.

Katie's eyes burned with hatred as she hissed, "Don't even think about running away!"

Suddenly, Katie's assistant burst onto the scene, seizing Raegan while shouting, "You murderer, don't run!"

Raegan struggled to free herself, but the ground was slick with blood and water, making it treacherous to move without risking a fall, and she couldn't break free from the assistant's grip.

As a crowd gathered, onlookers shot Raegan accusatory glances, whispering amongst themselves.

"Looking at the innocent face of this girl! Who would have thought she could commit murder?"

Truly, looks can be deceiving."

"Indeed, I heard it was over a man."

"What? This kind of woman deserves to die. No one would sympathize with her even if she died."

Raegan's hands were smeared with Katie's blood, and she was encircled, with no way out. She tried to shout her innocence, but her voice was lost in the cacophony. The crowd's anger was palpable, drowning out any chance for her explanations.

In the chaos, Katie's assistant continued to jostle and shove, attempting to topple Raegan.

Clinging tightly to the assistant's arm, Raegan managed to stay upright despite the assistant's several forceful attempts. The assistant then redoubled her efforts, straining to bring Raegan down.

Amidst the tumult, someone had alerted the authorities, and a voice rang out from the crowd, "Keep an eye on this wicked woman, and wait for the patrol officers to arrive."

"Make way! Everyone move aside!" a stern voice commanded, parting the crowd effortlessly.

Held captive by Katie's assistant, Raegan watched as a man with a cold, indifferent demeanor approached. He strode past her without a pause.

In a swift motion, Mitchel disregarded the bloodstains on Katie, bent down, and scooped her up. His gaze never lingered on Raegan, not even for a fleeting second. To him, it seemed, only Katie mattered.

Everyone else was merely background.

Despite maintaining her composure, Raegan felt a sharp twist in her heart. She recognized the intensity of Mitchel's focus on Katie. It was the kind of undivided attention she had once known herself. It became clear Mitchel had truly fallen for Katie.

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After Mitchel lifted Katie, Katie's assistant, not familiar with Raegan, asked Mitchel, "Mr. Dixon, what should we do with this person?"

Mitchel's eyes, deep and inscrutable, flickered with a hint of ferocity that sent a chill through Raegan. "Take her to the hospital with us," he stated, his voice as cold as his expression, completely devoid of empathy.

Raegan instinctively resisted going with Mitchel and stood her ground, firmly stating, "I won't go with you. I'll wait until the officers arrive. They will investigate what really happened."

Mitchel gave Raegan a cold look and his lips curved slightly as he commanded, "Take her!" Uncertain of his intentions and feeling uneasy, Raegan was forcefully pulled into the car by Katie's assistant.

Just then, the factory owner, who hadn't seen Raegan for a while, arrived. Seeing Raegan was forced into the car, she rushed over and grabbed onto Raegan's sleeve. "What are you doing? Why are you taking her away? Don't you have any respect for the rule of law?" she demanded.

Katie's assistant ignored her protests, choosing to roll up the car window without a second glance. As the car window was closing, Raegan quickly slipped her phone into the factory owner's hand, whispering, "Don't worry. Let my brother handle the factory's affairs."

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Stunned, the factory owner stood still, not following the car.

From his position in the lead car, Mitchel glanced back through the rearview mirror and coldly ordered, "Search that woman."

Soon, they arrived at the hospital. Katie was immediately rushed into the emergency room for treatment.

Mitchel watched the door of the operating room intently, his expression filled with concern.

Meanwhile, Raegan leaned against the wall outside the operating room, her body feeble and her legs barely holding her up. She was exhausted and could only rest against the wall for support.

Suddenly, the door swung open and a nurse stepped out with a grave expression. "Sir, the situation is critical right now. If we keep protecting the baby, it might put the mother's life at risk. We need to know what you decide."

Mitchel's face lost its color, and after a moment of hesitation, he replied. "Do your best to save her. Whatever it takes."

"Alright. We need your signature for these documents," the nurse said before returning to the operating room.

As the door closed, Raegan's eyes met Mitchel's. The raw worry in his gaze was unmistakable. A bitter taste rose in Raegan's throat.

She couldn't bear to watch their connection for another moment.

"Can I leave now, Mr. Dixon?" Raegan asked, her voice distant and detached.

Mitchel's face was stoic as he responded in a low tone, "No, you can't."

A spark of anger ignited within Raegan, and she retorted, "I can assure you I didn't push Katie. I've got nothing to do with her fall."

Mitchel gave Raegan a brief glance but remained silent, offering no response.

Raegan held back the rest of her words. She had wanted to explain that Katie had set her up, but she knew it was futile. Mitchel's heart and attention were fully committed to Katie inside the operating room. Any explanation she offered would likely fall on deaf ears, and might even provoke him further.

Raegan pressed her lips together, swallowing the bitterness. "I don't care if you will believe me. I can go to the police station myself to explain the situation. I'll prove my innocence."

"Come with me," Mitchel said coldly, sparing Raegan another brief glance before heading into the nearby VIP lounge.

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Raegan hesitated, not wanting to follow, but two bodyguards blocked her path, giving her no option. With reluctance, she stepped into the lounge where she found Mitchel by the window, lighting a cigarette.

As smoke curled around him, Mitchel's striking profile was accentuated.

Raegan was caught off guard. He seldom smoked, especially not around her, knowing her dislike for secondhand smoke.

Fortunately, Mitchel extinguished the cigarette shortly after Raegan entered and gestured for her to sit.

Raegan's legs were aching and she was grateful for the chance to sit down. Despite the relief, her expression remained cool and detached as she began, "Mr. Dixon, I have obligations to attend to, and you have no right to detain me. If you genuinely believe I pushed..."

She hesitated, struggling with the next words, but managed to continue, "Your fiancée. Then, you should hand me over to the police, rather than unlawfully restricting my freedom."

Mitchel met her statement with an icy stare. "How can you be so certain you'll emerge unscathed if you go to the police?" he questioned.

Raegan smirked in response. "That's none of your business. The truth will prevail, and justice will be served."

"Naive," Mitchel retorted, his expression growing darker, which sent a chill through Raegan. Just then, there was a knock on the door.

Mitchel's faint voice permitted entry with a simple, "Come in."

Mitchel's assistant stepped inside, holding a phone in his hands. He respectfully extended it toward Mitchel, saying, "Mr. Dixon, please check this."

Mitchel took the phone with an air of nonchalance. Raegan's eyes widened in shock as she recognized the device as her own white phone.

Her astonishment deepened when Mitchel, without a word, pressed the phone to her face and played a recording.

The voices from Raegan's earlier conversation with Katie filled the room.

"Are you going to step aside?"

"Raegan, why can't you just vanish? You're a constant affront to me, a repulsive reminder of everything I despise!"

"Let go! Leave me alone!"

The recording stopped abruptly after a terrified scream echoed, leaving a tense silence in its wake. Before the incident, as soon as Raegan saw Katie, suspicion crept in, prompting her to record their conversation. She had no malicious intent. She merely wished to avoid being unjustly victimized further.

Earlier, when Mitchel forced Raegan into the car, Raegan had handed her phone to the factory owner, asking the latter to contact Erick.

Yet now, her phone was in Mitchel's possession, revealing that he had discovered it.

Raegan's complexion paled as she reached out to snatch her phone back.

"Give it back."

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Mitchel simply raised his arm, keeping the device just out of her grasp. His voice was low and deliberate. "Are you trying to use this recording to prove your innocence?"

Raegan responded icily, "Don't tell me you couldn't see that it was your fiancée who tried to frame me and ended up trapping herself instead."

Mitchel gazed down at Raegan, his tone icy. "Setting aside that this recording doesn't capture everything, it still doesn't prove your innocence."

He then lowered his arm and, with a sharp snap, threw Raegan's white phone into a container filled with liquid. It hissed as it made contact.

"See?" His voice carried a cold, menacing edge, a mocking undertone suggestin

g the futility of her efforts. "Now it's completely useless."

Raegan stiffened and reached for the phone swiftly.

"Slap!" The sound was sharp. Raegan's hand was forcefully slapped away by Mitchel, leaving the back of her hand red and stinging.

Raegan barely registered the pain before shock took over upon seeing her high-quality white titanium phone, now corroded by the liquid, its surface peeling off.

It was clear that this was no ordinary water, but a chemical solution potent enough to dissolve objects.

Had Raegan's hand been submerged, her fingers would surely have suffered the same fate, a thought that sent a shiver through her and caused her fingers to tremble slightly.

The phone, reduced to nothing more than a steel frame, took on an eerie appearance.

Stunned, Raegan took a long while to process the scene before she finally blurted out, "Who gave you the right to destroy my phone?"

Mitchel's response came cold and indifferent, hinting at danger beyond the damage to her phone.

"Even with an intact phone, do you think you'd leave the police station unscathed?"

"Do you think the Glyn family and the Dixon family will just let you go?" Mitchel added.

The Glyn family's disdain for Raegan was clear, and with Alexis always eager to cause trouble for Mitchel, this incident would be no exception. As WMitchel's ex-wife, Raegan's involvement would only escalate matters further. The last thing Mitchel needed was a tangled affair with Raegan.

Raegan's anger quickly cooled down as the gravity of the situation became apparent. Mitchel's words were a veiled threat. If something happened to Katie's child, she would be blamed, and vengeance from both the Glyn and Dixon families would be swift.

Looking into the eyes of the man she had once loved deeply, Raegan felt a piercing sadness. Her earlier certainty wavered. She now questioned whether Katie's child was indeed not Mitchel's.

Mitchel's actions suggested a deeper connection than he admitted.

With a heavy heart, Raegan found the strength to confront Mitchel.

"Is the child Katie is carrying yours?"



The silence that followed was telling.

Mitchel paused, his expression unreadable, and when he noticed Raegan's teary eyes, he held back his words.

Sometimes, silence revealed more than any confession.

But Raegan needed answers. She looked up, fighting back tears, and implored, "Mitchel, please, for the sake of what we once shared, tell me the truth."

The silence grew oppressive, hanging heavily between them until Mitchel finally spoke, his voice hollow. "Yeah." He had confessed.

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At that moment, Raegan's heart twisted in agony, her breath caught in her throat. The revelation was unimaginable. How could this be happening? How could Mitchel be the father? This was supposed to be Katie's child with that bodyguard!

Mitchel seemed to read the confusion in Raegan's eyes and offered a flat explanation. "It was an accident. We were drinking, and it just happened. Katie called it a misunderstanding the next morning, so I thought nothing more of it. I had no idea that was the night she conceived. Now, the Dixon family is counting on this child."

Even Katie's fall this time had been hidden since the existence of Katie's child could attract the maximum attention, regardless of its father.

Mitchel had his assistant publicly announced that Katie and the little boy were safe, deliberately fooling the public with the false news of the new arrival of an heir of the Dixon family. In the prestigious Dixon family, the first male heir was destined to be a significant figure, poised to attract attention and influence the family's future.

After a moment's reflection, Raegan connected the dots. She realized Katie must have been pregnant when she had been with Mitchel.

Feeling utterly demeaned, as though she had been trampled underfoot, her emotions got the better of her. In a fit of indignation, Raegan snatched the teacup from the table and flung its contents straight at Mitchel's face.

Mitchel managed to shield his face with his hand, but tea leaves splattered his arm and hair. Anger flashed across his features as he gripped Raegan's wrist tightly. His eyes were icy as he confronted her. "Have you lost your senses?"

"Yes, I've lost my senses. That's why I agreed to reunite with you. And that's why I fell for you again. Mitchel, you are truly unworthy of my love!" Raegan's voice cracked with self-mockery as her face turned pale, and tears streamed down her cheeks uncontrollably.

Although Mitchel was initially furious, the despair in Raegan's eyes softened his demeanor, leaving him speechless.

The depth of Raegan's sorrow made it difficult for her to breathe.

She stared at the man before her, feeling as if he were a stranger.

How could Mitchel have changed so drastically, to no longer resemble the man she once knew?

It became painfully clear to Raegan that in their relationship, she was the only one who had truly

cared. To Mitchel, she had always been nothing more than a convenient partner, easily disposable when no longer needed. At the first sign of his interests being threatened, he was ready to cast her aside, just as he was doing now.

After her tears, a bitter laugh escaped Raegan. Thankfully, Mitchel was unaware of her own pregnancy with his children. If he had known, he might have taken drastic measures to eliminate any complications.

Determined to protect her unborn children, Raegan resolved that the twins belonged solely to her, independent of anyone else's claims.

Convinced by this ordeal to guard her heart against future wounds, Raegan decided her future would be devoted solely to her children.

She planned to give birth to the twins so Janey wouldn't face the future alone. They would have each other.

Resolved to end things with Mitchel once and for all, Raegan turned to leave, but he pulled her back gently yet firmly. His soft tone contrasted with his words. "I haven't let you go yet."

Raegan's reply was icy and final. "What more do you want from me?"

Mitchel declared firmly, "You have only one option now. Leave the country and never return."

Raegan was taken aback by his ultimatum. Clearly, he was determined to force her out. She responded defiantly, "I didn't push Katie. Her miscarriage has nothing to do with me. I refuse to pay the price for something I'm not responsible for..."

Before she could finish, Mitchel interrupted her sharply. His tone was icy. "Raegan, this isn't a negotiation. Given the influence of the Glyn and Dixon families, once you're behind bars, you'll never be released."

Raegan paused, stunned, and let out a bitter laugh. "So if I refuse, you'd have me die in prison?"

Mitchel's silent stare was confirmation enough.

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Raegan forced a smile, her body going cold. "Fine, I agree."

Her agreement was not born of fear but of sheer exhaustion. The sudden revelation of the truth had caught her off guard, leaving her reeling. Human as she was, she was susceptible to great pain.

While Raegan could call on the Foster family to oppose the Glyn and Dixon dynasties, the odds were heavily stacked against them in Ardlens. She was unwilling to put the Foster family at risk on her behalf or to endanger her unborn children.

Besides, her departure had been imminent. Mitchel's urgency simply hastened it. As Mitchel's wedding approached in just a week, his reasons for wanting her gone became painfully clear.

Approaching the door, Raegan halted but didn't turn around. Her words were meant for both him and herself. "Mitchel, you've mastered the art of wounding me deeply enough to force my hand. In your zeal to hurt me, you reveal your own guilt. Maybe I'm imagining things. Perhaps you've hidden nothing. Or maybe my reluctance to let go is causing these illusions. Regardless, you've inflicted deep wounds. Whatever your intentions, you've achieved your goal."

With her eyes closed and voice steady, Raegan declared, "Rest assured, I'll leave and won't trouble you again."

With that, Raegan quickly exited, unaware that after the door shut, Mitchel's eyes reddened and

tears streamed down his face. He then clutched his chest and collapsed to the ground.

Meanwhile, in the high-level hospital ward...

Matteo, having just returned to Ardlens after being away on business, was catching up on the situation. His absence these days was replaced by several new assistants around Mitchel.

Upon returning, Matteo learned of Katie's condition and saw Mitchel's frail but stubborn demeanor, which pained him deeply.

There were sentiments Matteo hesitated to express due to his position.

Nevertheless, after much deliberation, he addressed Mitchel, "Mr. Dixon, is it necessary to go to these lengths? Mrs. Dixon..."

Pausing, Matteo shifted his way of addressing Raegan. "I understand your concern for Miss Foster's safety. Yet, considering she has the protection of the Foster family and Mr. Erick Foster's formidable bodyguards, we should be able to manage this situation. Why force her so far away and leave yourself with no way out?"

Mitchel's face remained ashen and detached as he responded, "I don't need a way out."

Unbeknownst to Matteo, Mitchel had already left no way out and relinquished any hope for himself. He saw no future or continuity for his own life with the toxin torturing him. His sole focus was arranging everything for Raegan, ensuring a carefree life ahead of her, even he was out of her life. He preferred that Raegan remember him not with painful longing but with vehement hatred after his departure, making it easier for her to move on.

Matteo, unable to grasp the depth of Mitchel's despair, failed to understand his motives.

During their conversation, Matteo mentioned the public reaction to recent news that had been trending.

Mitchel tapped his finger on the table, a sarcastic smirk crossing his face. "See, they all think I adore that woman."

On the screen, a video showed Mitchel lifting Katie into a car, her dress stained with blood.

The headline lauded Mitchel's profound love for Katie, triggering a flurry of emotive comments.

The more Mitchel watched, the more absurd he found it. He chuckled.

"Love, they think it's love. That's perfect."

This laugh from Mitchel was unlike any Matteo had heard from him before. It was desolate, touched with melancholy, as if Mitchel had transcended concerns of life and death.

Matteo had always struggled to decipher Mitchel's thoughts, yet at this moment, Matteo felt a glimpse of understanding. True love was never a show. It was Mitchel's profound love for Raegan that drove him to protect her at all costs.

Chapter 1870

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In Katie's ward.

Upon awakening after the miscarriage, Katie looked down at her now smaller belly, her eyes not filled with sorrow but with relief. She had never wanted this pregnancy, and her desire to end it had only grown after the last doctor's visit.

By using Raegan as a pawn in her scheme to kill the baby in her belly, though Katie hadn't achieved

her initial goal, she had still extracted some advantage. With this incident, she assumed she could push Raegan toward imprisonment and then discreetly resolve Raegan's pregnancy on her terms.

Katie was quietly satisfied with her scheming until her assistant's next words doused her smugness. The assistant spoke hesitantly. "Miss Glyn, that woman was released by Mr. Dixon."

"What? What did you say?" Katie's shock was palpable.

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The assistant repeated cautiously, careful not to upset Katie further.

"That woman was released by Mr. Dixon."

Infuriated, Katie grabbed a water bottle and hurled it at her assistant's face. She yelled, "You're worthless! Didn't I instruct you to take her to the police station? There's no surveillance at the back entrance. If you had just insisted you saw her push me, you could have definitely gotten her locked up!"

This was precisely the ploy Katie had concocted, using the pretext of slipping to let Raegan pull her up. If Raegan had pulled her, the safety of Raegan's unborn children would have been at risk, and Raegan's own safety would have been compromised as well.

In that case, Katie could claim that Raegan was trying to push her but ended up bumping into the sharp corner of the table by accident.

Katie could then find an easy way to get away while Raegan's pregnancy was definitely terminated. Raegan would suffer not only physically but could also face legal consequences for the alleged assault.

Katie did not foresee Raegan being so astute and avoiding the trap.

Yet, she could not let her well-devised miscarriage be for nothing.

With the same logic, she still had the means to send Raegan to prison.

But Katie did not anticipate her assistant bungling such a straightforward task.

The assistant, soaked with hot water and not daring to dodge, bowed her head and spoke. "Mr. Dixon's assistant stopped me and warned me not to be rash, or he would be the first to report me to the police for making false testimony."

Katie, enraged, threw her phone at her assistant and then started hurling whatever she could find.

"He intimidated you, and you just believed him? Making false testimony? What proof does he have? I don't care. Go to the police station now and get that woman arrested!"

"I..." The assistant hesitated. After all, Mitchel's men had secured a video from an employee from the restaurant, vividly capturing Katie's plan to frame Raegan and her subsequent failure.

"What are you waiting for? Leave, now!" Katie flung a pillow at her assistant, but Mitchel, entering the room nonchalantly, caught it.

Mitchel then told Katie's assistant, "Leave."

The assistant, feeling as though she had been granted clemency, didn't even glance at Katie and hurried out. She was completely subdued by Mitchel's presence, forgetting that her actual superior was Katie.

"Mitchel, what is this supposed to mean?" Katie, overwhelmed by her emotions and not bothering to disguise them anymore, demanded answers.

She had lost her child and received not a shred of sympathy from Mitchel. Clearly, since the child was not his, he could not muster even a trace of empathy.

Mitchel ignored her inquiry and simply stated, "You've just had surgery. You need to rest."

