

## Unbreakable 1871

### Chapter 1871

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“What do you mean, ‘rest’?” Katie exploded in anger. “I’ve lost my child. I’m devastated! You owe me an explanation!”

Mitchel gave a faint, dismissive smile. “Devastated? If you’re truly devastated, why don’t you see your child?”

Katie was stunned by the mention of seeing her child. She thought her child was gone.

Before Katie could make sense of what was happening, Mitchel clapped his hands, signaling Matteo’s entrance.

Matteo carried a small, black-draped box, stirring panic within Katie as she nervously awaited the reveal of the mysterious contents.

Katie’s hands trembled with fear as she yelled at Matteo to stay away.

However, only taking orders from Mitchel, Matteo ignored her pleas and continued forward. He placed the box in front of Katie, lifted the cloth, and revealed its contents despite Katie’s fear.

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The room fell silent for a moment, after which Katie let out a loud scream. She was frightened by the sight of the content of the box.

It was more than horrifying. Instead of a normal baby, it looked like a creature from a nightmare. It had four legs, eight fingers, no nose or mouth, and could never breathe on its own.

It was obvious that Katie had known about the child’s deformity from the start. Her initial fear turned to disgust as she remembered the detailed scans that had shown the baby’s horrific form.

Katie had been aware all along that her child was not human. The doctors believed Katie’s use of hormonal medications to maintain her beauty during pregnancy was likely the cause of the child’s deformity.

Despite the doctor’s words, Katie continued to take hormonal medications, even in a larger dosage, all for the futile attempt to look good. She never gave a damn to the child in her belly since she knew the father was Abel. Her vanity outweighed her concern for the child’s well-being, and the child suffered genetic mutation due to exposure to mercury from the medications. This not only deformed the fetus but also affected Katie’s appearance to some degree.

To avoid embarrassment, Katie had decided to end the pregnancy, never intending to bring it to the world. By scheming against Raegan, she didn’t hesitate to bump her belly into the sharp corner of the table, making it seem like a miscarriage after a fall.

Doctors at the hospital were paid off by Katie to make sure no one saw the child’s deformities.

However, Mitchel managed to secure the child, rendering all Katie’s efforts futile.

Katie was repulsed by the sight of the box and commanded, “Take it away! Get rid of it!”

Katie felt sick at the sight of the child’s deformity, result of her lack of concern of its well-being and her overdosage of the hormonal medications.

It was heartbreaking that Abel had lost his life defending this child, only for it to end up with such

deformities.

Nonetheless, Katie was unaffected. In her eyes, such a grotesque creature did not deserve to exist in this world.

Katie's cries fell on deaf ears as Mitchel placed the box next to Katie. He said in a cold, matter-of-fact tone, "Since you miss your child so much, why don't you enjoy its company?"

Katie's eyes opened wide in shock and horror. "No! I don't want that!" she screamed.

The thought of sharing her room with such a monster terrified Katie, even though she had a heart as cold as stone.

Mitchel looked down at Katie with a cold smile on his face. "Why are you so scared? Isn't this your beloved child, the one you created with your own hands? You poisoned it day by day, so why should you be afraid?" His words dripped with malice.

Katie was left speechless, staring at Mitchel with shock and disbelief. He knew everything, even her secret about using hormones during pregnancy.

## Chapter 1872

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For the very first time, Katie had felt a deep fear toward Mitchel, someone she previously thought of as too weak to fear. Her grasp on the situation was slowly slipping away.

Katie's mind raced. What else didn't she know about him? She tried to laugh it off. "Mitchel, you're joking, right? You're joking..."

Mitchel's eyes were cold and his voice low as he replied, "I'm not joking. You wanted me to give an explanation to your beloved son, didn't you?"

"Raegan is leaving Ardlens and never coming back. Isn't that enough of an explanation?" Mitchel asked, his words chilling to the bone.

Katie fell silent. She felt a chill in Mitchel's words, sensing that he would kill her without hesitation if she complained. She knew his plan for Raegan to leave Ardlens was to protect Raegan. But she was not so foolish as to voice this out loud, knowing that Mitchel was not one to be crossed.

Katie masked her fear with obedience, stating, "Whatever you say."

Mitchel's smile was warm, but his eyes revealed a glint of danger, like a blade poised to strike.

"Katie, if you had been as obedient in the past as you are now, perhaps you'd have enjoyed greater freedom," he said, his words piercing through her like a dagger.

Katie didn't quite grasp Mitchel's words, but the cold chill they sent down her spine told her they were far from pleasant. Her fear was palpable as she asked, voice trembling, "Mitchel, what are you going to do?"

Her question was soon answered as she realized, to her horror, that this wasn't just her imagination running wild.

As the light above shone upon his handsome features, Mitchel's reflection appeared cold and hard.

His words seemed to carry a freezing chill. "Katie, I've been trying to make you understand, but you're too stubborn to see it. If you can't even wait a few days, then..."

His gaze became as frigid as ice, leaving no room for compassion.

“You will remain here until the wedding. Take some time to rest and reflect.” His sentence seemed to close the door on any hope of negotiation.

Katie’s face twisted in shock and disbelief. His intention to confine her was crystal clear, and she yelled, “Mitchel, I am your bride-to-be, not your prisoner! You have no right to imprison me. If you do this, I will refuse to marry you!”

Katie thought she had played her trump card. She started to realize that her previous efforts to control Mitchel had been a huge mistake.

Men of Mitchel’s caliber, equipped with remarkable competence and decisive nature, would never be controlled by anyone, let alone her.

Katie belatedly realized the severity of her attempts to manipulate Mitchel while underestimating the depth of his cunning, a price beyond her capabilities to handle.

Mitchel stood tall, his hand in his pocket, an aura of power surrounding him. “When you had the chance to end our agreement, you didn’t want to. Now, there is no chance left.”

His smile held a mystery as he continued, “Just be the perfect bride, okay?”

After uttering those words, Mitchel left with a purpose, leaving Katie to ponder her fate.

Katie attempted to stand and go after him, but the moment she put weight on her legs, she crumbled to the floor with a loud thud. Her recovery from the miscarriage had not been as complete as she had thought, and now it felt like her bottom had been cleaved in two.

Gritting her teeth through the pain, Katie dragged herself toward the door, only to find it locked. No amount of pounding or pleading elicited a response from the other side.

Mitchel had indeed trapped Katie in the ward, much like a prisoner.

Weak and spent, Katie slowly crawled back to bed, unable to rest as the anger inside her kept her wide awake.

The sight of the grotesque child, its noseless, mouthless face, sent chills down her spine.

Chapter 1873

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Even though the child lacked certain organs, its features bore an eerie resemblance to the late Abel, intensifying Katie’s disgust.

A resigned Katie lifted her hand, determined to hide the nightmarish child once more under the black cloth. She thought that if it wasn’t seen, it was as good as not here.

Since Abel had been willing to sacrifice himself to protect this child, then Katie had no qualms about sending it to join Abel in the underworld. This way, they could stay together forever in the afterlife. A twisted logic settled in Katie’s mind. She felt she had done a good deed.

Despite the child’s worthlessness, Katie, ever the opportunist, was not about to abandon her

investment. Any suffering she had endured would be reimbursed, with interest.

In Katie’s mind, if she couldn’t get her retribution now, she’d make sure the Maxwell family wiped

out Raegan's entire family after the wedding. She wanted to see if Mitchel's feeble body could withstand the might of the illustrious Maxwell family, given his determination to protect Raegan. Sending Raegan into exile, did Mitchel truly believe that was enough to shield her from the consequences?

Ironically, the Maxwells held greater sway in foreign lands than in Ardlens. Katie assumed she could have Raegan minced into a million pieces with a mere snap of her fingers!

After returning from the hospital, Raegan immediately collapsed into a deep sleep, too exhausted to do anything but rest.

Erick, hearing of her ordeal, came to check on her, but seeing her asleep, he did not wish to wake her and instead took to the couch to wait. He slept peacefully until the early hours of the morning when she woke up.

Upon seeing Erick sleeping on the couch, Raegan carefully laid a blanket over him, stirring him from his slumber.

In a reflexive motion, Erick clasped Raegan's hand, exclaiming, "Raegan!" His eyes were full of worry and panic.

Raegan's comforting pat soothed Erick's worries like a cool breeze.

Only then did he fully wake up, relieved to see Raegan right before him. He couldn't help but scrutinize her, still a bit anxious, and asked, "Are you sure you're okay?"

Raegan nodded, assuring him, "I'm fine." A small but genuine smile graced her lips.

Erick's anger flared like a raging inferno at the thought of Katie's repeated schemes against Raegan. "I won't let her get away with this," he vowed, his voice thick with resolve.

Raegan placed a comforting hand on Erick's shoulder. "Hey, please don't confront them. Ardlens isn't our turf, and it would be better to avoid conflict. Let's just go back home. Our dad is not getting any younger, and we certainly don't want him to be caught in the middle of this. Why don't we put an end to this?"

"Erick, we've been out too long. I want to go back to our dad,"

Raegan pleaded, her voice tinged with concern.

Erick affectionately ran his fingers through her hair, struck by her resilience and compassion, which reminded him of their mother. He'd promised to safeguard Raegan, always putting her wishes first. With a nod, he replied, "Okay, I'll listen to you."

The following day, Raegan took care of some pressing company affairs, fully aware of Mitchel's ultimatum.

Elin, Raegan's trusted friend, offered to handle the studio, granting Raegan to come back to her father's side without worries. Raegan gratefully accepted Elin's help.

After finishing her work, Raegan chose to walk home, savoring the solitude.

Unwittingly, she found herself near the Dixon Group, steps away from a nearby cultural park.

She found the park's Lovers' Bridge, which was dressed in flowers that flowered in every season.

This bridge stood as a testament to everlasting love, blossoming throughout the seasons of life.

The Lovers' Bridge was a significant part of Raegan's life, especially during her time at the Dixon Group. She and Mitchel crossed the bridge when they first met, and their relationship blossomed, just like the flowers that adorned it.

Chapter 1874

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Even after five years apart and their recent reunion, the bridge remained a symbol of their shared love, filled with cherished memories of joy and tranquility.

Raegan stood on the bridge and said goodbye to the past.

The letters “DG” on top of the Dixon Group building shined Like stars in the sky, but Raegan’s heart felt as dark as a cave.

As she stared into the distance, a man’s voice surprised her. “It’s quite stunning, isn’t it?”

Raegan turned to see Henley standing next to her, and her face darkened like a storm cloud.

Unfazed by her expression, Henley gazed at the glowing letters, a smirk playing on his lips. “I enjoy this view as well. From here, you can see the entire Dixon Group tower in its entirety.”

Raegan tried to walk away, but Henley grabbed her arm, his grip as hard as metal.

“Let me go!” Raegan protested.

Instead of releasing her, Henley pulled her close into his embrace, her face pressed against his chest, muffling her protests.

Raegan struggled to breathe as his hold tightened. “Henley, please,” she gasped, but her words fell on deaf ears.

Henley showed no intention of letting Raegan go.

Fighting against his greater strength proved futile, only serving to exhaust her further. Raegan ceased her struggles, submitting to Henley’s grasp.

Henley ran his fingers through her hair, enjoying her obedience. In a voice steeped in resentment, he began, “When I was a child, the word ‘noble’ enchanted me. Why should Mitchel lead a life of wealth and privilege, while I, an illegitimate outcast, live like a vermin in the shadows?”

Raegan feigned a listening posture, all the while discreetly reaching into her bag.

Henley was like a man possessed as he shared his secret, “Raegan, I have something to tell you.”

Henley jabbed his finger toward the grand dome, his eyes shining with greed. “I should be there, at the pinnacle of power. It should be me standing there, not Mitchel!” He laughed, a maniacal glint in his eyes.

Raegan listened intently, hanging on every word, trying to make sense of his diatribe.

“Do you know how much I’ve suffered? ALL the pain, the humiliation... It was never meant for me! Everything must be restored to its proper place!” Henley snarled, tightening his grip on Raegan.

“What do you mean?” Raegan probed.

Henley, his grin widening, merely chuckled and said, “You’ll find out soon enough.”

Sensing an opportunity, Raegan tried to bargain. “Let me go first. Then, I’ll listen to what you have to say.”

Henley leaned in, his chin resting on her hair, his voice heavy with longing. “Raegan, if Mitchel didn’t have his wealth and status, would you still have fallen for him? If I was the one with everything, would you have loved me instead?”

His questions hung in the air, but Raegan’s answer, despite being stifled, was clear. “No.”

The mask of Henley’s civility was torn away in a flash of rage, and he glared at Raegan, his eyes turning bloodshot. “Why not?” he demanded, seething.

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“Because I don’t like you. And there doesn’t need to be a reason for that,” Raegan responded, unyielding in the face of his ire.

Henley, increasingly frustrated, insisted, “I’m not ugly. Lots of women are after me. So why won’t you love me?”

“Because...” Raegan hesitated for a moment.

With a swift flick of her wrist, Raegan struck Henley’s chest with a crackling force.

It was soon followed by the sound of sizzling as Raegan’s self- defense device made contact with Henley.

Raegan swiftly withdrew her self-defense device, her gaze icy as she admonished, “Just as you are now, relying on brute force to dominate the weak, perpetuating inequality. Such tactics garner no respect.”

Henley hadn’t anticipated Raegan’s swift movement, Leaving him weak and defenseless. Struggling to rise, he couldn’t muster the strength to restrain Raegan.

Clutching his chest, Henley confronted her, pallor coloring his face.

“And what about Mitchel? After being treated that way by him, here you are, observing his workplace like this. Is he truly worth it?”

Raegan’s gaze fell, her countenance drained. “I’ve severed ties with him. I stand here not in remembrance, but in farewell.”

With those words hanging in the air, Raegan departed.

Two shadowy figures materialized behind Henley, aiding him to his feet. They observed Raegan’s departure, one inquiring, “Sir, shall we intervene?”

“No need.” As the shock’s sting ebbed, Henley straightened, his gaze fixating on the resplendent dome of the Dixon Group overhead.

Within Henley’s obsidian eyes glimmered a chilling resolve. He grasped that there were matters of greater importance at hand. Once he secured everything he assumed rightful to him, he’d assess Mitchel’s prowess, measuring their aptitudes against each other.

As for Raegan, with sufficient investment, Henley was sure he could claim her allegiance in due course.

Henley understood all too well that one bereft of possessions not only invited disdain but felt powerless. Thus, he wouldn’t squander this pivotal moment.

“Is everything in order?” Henley queried.

The black-clad guard responded, “The wedding’s personnel list is finalized, ensuring every key shareholder receives an invitation.”

Mitchel’s wedding with Katie seemed ostentatious this time, with fewer shareholders invited to the evening banquet.

But Henley couldn’t abide such a slight. A momentous announcement loomed, demanding all Dixon Group shareholders’ attendance.

“Sir, one more thing.”

Henley’s brow furrowed. “Speak.”

“Miss Foster has booked a flight to Swynborough, departing the day after tomorrow.”

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“Abroad?” Henley’s frown deepened. “Mitchel’s wedding is in six days. It appears Raegan has no intent of attending.”

Yet, how could he let such an affair proceed without her?

“Find a way to compel her return by then,” Henley commanded. He wanted his triumph witnessed by Raegan, the woman he loved, and by extension, for her to witness Mitchel, the thief who’d usurped his life.

“Understood.” The black-clad figure nodded and departed.

Henley’s gaze lingered one final time on the brilliantly illuminated dome. Soon, he’d ascend there, supplanting another’s existence. He craved the submission of all who’d looked down on him, their penance at his feet.

The eve of Mitchel’s wedding with Katie arrived swiftly.

Within the skyscraper, Mitchel held a wine glass in his hand, standing by the floor-to-ceiling window, his eyes gazing into the distance, lost in thought.

Matteo’s knock reverberated, punctuating the silence. Entering, he espied Mitchel with the glass, unable to resist a word of caution.

“Mr. Dixon, have you taken your medication? You should avoid drinking alcohol after taking medicine.”

Mitchel set the glass aside, querying, “All set?”

“Yes, no hitches. We’ve ensured not even a whisper will disturb tomorrow.”

Mitchel’s gaze pierced the distance, a calm determination evident.

“Excellent. You’ll be stationed in the field tomorrow for assistance.”

Matteo hesitated. “Mr. Dixon, perhaps it’s prudent I remain by your side.”

Considering Mitchel’s frailty, Matteo dared not stray far.

Mitchel’s impending “wedding” spurred Matteo to redouble his efforts, ensuring every detail was meticulously attended to before hastening back.

Matteo’s fervent desire was to stand sentinel beside Mitchel during this crucial juncture.

The memory of a prior explosive incident fueled his resolve. He’d go to any lengths to prevent its recurrence, even if it meant sacrificing himself for Mitchel’s sake.

Matteo’s loyalty was deeply ingrained, rooted in two fundamental aspects. Firstly, Mitchel had recognized his latent potential when others had not, investing time and effort to cultivate it. Secondly, it was Mitchel’s astuteness and expertise that commanded Matteo’s respect.

Mitchel’s strategic prowess was akin to a sturdy vessel navigating financial tempests, ensuring Ambrosia’s economic stability and shielding it from foreign interference.

Matteo’s deep-seated belief in safeguarding national pride and thwarting foreign

dominance aligned seamlessly with Mitchel's vision.

Hence, Matteo vowed to shield Mitchel, a valuable asset to the nation, at any cost.

"No need. The external situation is as vital. I can't entrust it to others," Mitchel declared, seated in the harsh light. A pang of distress momentarily gripped Matteo, fearing the loss of Mitchel.

But it was only a moment, as Matteo trusted in Mitchel's judgment.

His Lips set in a firm line, Mitchel continued, "W will accompany me."

Chapter 1877

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W, entrusted with overseeing Mitchel's ventures abroad, stood as a paragon of capability. His prowess rivaled Matteo's own, both in skill and combat acumen. Yet, what set W apart was his extensive experience in navigating perilous external assignments. Having braved countless dangers, W's adaptability surpassed even Matteo's, honed to a razor's edge by trials endured in distant lands. Matteo's apprehension eased. "Understood, Mr. Dixon."

"You may leave now." Mitchel's weariness betrayed by the sagging of his frame as he settled into the chair.

Matteo nodded and left.

Moments later, the door of Mitchel's office creaked open again.

A figure entered, sporting sunglasses and a stern countenance.

Mitchel acknowledged the man with a nod. "Please, take a seat. My apologies, I can't rise."

"It doesn't matter," the man replied.

Mitchel's tone remained reserved. "I entrust Raegan's care to you. Regarding the revised will, if my mother remains unconscious, everything is to be handed to Raegan and Janey."

The man's smile held a hint of melancholy. "It sounds as though you're bidding farewell."

Mitchel smiled serenely. "I prefer to prepare for all eventualities."

Approaching, the man laid a comforting hand on Mitchel's shoulder.

"Your woman, you should guard her yourself."

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"I hope I can," Mitchel responded nonchalantly. "There's one more matter."

"What?"

"If I met my end, do not disclose my will until five years later, unless absolutely necessary."

The man furrowed his brows, puzzled by the directive. "Five years."

"Yes, five years," Mitchel stated, his gaze fixed on the horizon. The golden hues of the setting sun cast a glow upon his chiseled features, rendering him just as striking as ever.

In a subdued tone, Mitchel explained, "Five years, 1825 days precisely. Psychologists suggest that within this time frame, people can reconcile with forgetting. By then, Raegan may not recall me as vividly or harbor the same sorrow."



A thoughtful silence hung in the air before the man sighed. "Truly, the Dixon men are hopeless romantics."

Mitchel rose, his steps faltering visibly. Days had found him dependent on stimulants to stay upright, his fragility a stark contrast to his former vitality.

Once steadied, Mitchel retrieved a document from the safe, urging, "Inside is a letter I've penned. Present it to Raegan alongside the will."

The man hesitated, suspicion clouding his features. "Mitchel, are there other matters you keep from me?"

Expression unchanged, Mitchel replied, "Preparing for contingencies."

Chapter 1878

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After a tense pause, the man conceded, "Raegan is a remarkable woman. Her affection for you is palpable. Your health, though strained, hasn't reached a terminal state. You needn't sever all paths forward."

Mitchel chuckled lightly. Then, he exposed his leg, revealing its deteriorated state. "Take a look. Do I still have a future path?"

Mitchel's once robust calves had dwindled to thin, bony limbs. It was inconceivable that such legs could uphold a man of his stature.

Moreover, Mitchel's skin bore the burden of swollen purple-red veins, their ominous hue deepening as toxins coursed through. Compared to his striking countenance, this leg appeared incongruous, even unsettling.

The man, seasoned though he was, couldn't help but furrow his brow in concern.

Mitchel's pallor deepened, his voice barely a whisper. "I cannot offer her happiness. It's best to release her."

The man's somber expression mirrored Mitchel's despair, words failing to console.

Some experiences, unless lived firsthand, eluded genuine empathy.

Meanwhile, Raegan had embarked on a brief journey abroad with her father before immersing herself in the bustling operations of her online company.

Despite being in the early stages of pregnancy, her health, meticulously tended to by the Foster family over the years, afforded her the vigor to tackle her professional commitments with zeal. Eager to accomplish as much as possible, she dedicated herself to her work.

Amidst her hectic schedule, Raegan found a moment to confide in her father about the impending arrival of her twins.

Landen, ever respectful of Raegan's decisions, welcomed the news with genuine enthusiasm. As he matured, the prospect of additional grandchildren brought him immense joy.

With his son still single, the prospect of experiencing a larger family through his daughter filled Landen with equal delight.

With her father's unwavering support, Raegan's spirits soared, infusing her work with renewed vigor and enthusiasm.

While the Foster family's resources could have easily afforded Raegan a prolonged period of rest during her pregnancy, she remained steadfast in her commitment to her responsibilities, unwilling to relent, even for a year or two, or indefinitely.

Raegan held steadfastly to the belief that diligence was a virtue worth exemplifying, especially for the sake of her impending children.

Moreover, she was vigilant not to overextend herself. Whenever fatigue or discomfort crept in, Raegan prioritized rest without imposing on others.

Recognizing Raegan's sensible approach, Landen consented to her continued work until the time of her confinement.

On Friday, Raegan embarked on a business trip to Melder, accompanied by her diligent assistant Judd.

Mid-flight, an unexpected stir disrupted the tranquility of the cabin.

Considering Raegan's safety, Judd had secured the entire first-class and business-class sections.

Thus, the disturbance infiltrating the first class was particularly perplexing.

The cabin manager approached, apologetic, revealing that a passenger's sudden illness necessitated an emergency landing at Ardlens airport.

Raegan, prioritizing human welfare over professional obligations, readily assented to the diversion.

Judd, endowed with a heightened sense of vigilance, promptly investigated the disturbance. His tenure alongside Erick had honed his instincts, elevating his alertness above the norm.

Chapter 1879

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Consequently, Erick harbored full confidence in Judd's ability to safeguard Raegan and manage any arising situations.

Upon his return, Judd confirmed that an economy-class passenger had taken ill, prompting unanimous agreement for the emergency Landing.

After a lengthy two-hour descent, the plane safely touched down at Ardlens International Airport, where the ailing passenger was swiftly attended to by awaiting medical personnel. Once the ailing passenger received medical attention, Raegan anticipated a swift continuation of their journey.

However, further complications arose. The cabin manager relayed concerns over aircraft safety, prompting an overnight delay until a thorough inspection could be conducted. Consequently,

departure wouldn't be possible until the following morning.

Raegan's astonishment was palpable. With only the afternoon waning, an unexpected overnight stay loomed.

Realizing they had to remain overnight in Ardlens, Judd's frustration with the airline's incompetence simmered as he contemplated reaching out to Erick, hoping to leverage the Foster family's connections to expedite a resolution.

The Foster family's involvement in air and water routes meant that the CEOs of both industries were intimately acquainted.

Raegan intervened, recognizing the grounded flight as a non-negotiable barrier. Safety took precedence. No room for compromise there.

Under the cabin manager's directive, the first-class passengers found themselves nestled in a lavish 7-star suite.

Raegan's esteemed status as a VIP customer, adorned with a prestigious black gold card, merited such accommodations.

With a mix of consideration and apology, the cabin manager explained, "Per our protocol, we should've secured a presidential suite for you. Unfortunately, both the presidential and executive suites are reserved for a high-profile individual's wedding. These grand spaces are earmarked for VIP guests."

Raegan's smile faltered, freezing upon her lips, as she connected the dots. The high-profile individual in question was Likely Mitchel.

Over the preceding days, Raegan had buried herself in work, almost as if she were attempting to bury her past with Mitchel along with it.

Consequently, Mitchel's wedding hadn't crossed her mind. Yet, fate had led her to the very hotel hosting his wedding feast.

Judd, too, caught on to the situation and interjected while the cabin manager continued her discourse, "Could you assist us in securing alternate accommodations? Or shall we make the arrangements ourselves?"

The cabin manager hesitated momentarily before responding, "As a holder of the esteemed black gold card, the airline bears the responsibility of arranging your stay. Unfortunately, this hotel stands closest to the airport. The nearby five-star and six-star establishments are fully booked, owing to the wedding festivities."

Judd's brow furrowed in disbelief. "Not a single room available?"

The cabin manager's response bore a note of concern. "If the distance proves too great, it might cause inconvenience to you."

Before Judd could press further, Raegan intervened, "It's quite alright. We'll manage here."

Exhaling a sigh of relief, the cabin manager felt a weight lifted off her shoulders. She had been concerned about failing to cater to the needs of the VIP guests and potentially facing complaints. However, observing Raegan's cooperative demeanor since boarding the plane, the cabin manager couldn't help but feel apologetic. As a result, her demeanor softened even further, reflecting her desire to ensure Raegan's comfort. She extended an offer to assist Raegan in arranging a series of spa services, but Raegan politely declined, intending only to retreat to her hotel room and indulge in a relaxing bath.

With a gentle nod, Raegan dismissed the cabin manager, saying, "You needn't worry about us. Carry on with your duties."

"Very well, I wish you a pleasant stay," the cabin manager replied, departing with a gentle nod.

Raegan, retrieving her phone, perused her messages while Judd couldn't help but grumble, "This airline is truly abysmal..."

Chapter 1880

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Judd's complaint was cut short by a commotion from the front of the plane, where a voice exclaimed loudly, "You there! Who allowed you to take photos? The bride doesn't allow photos!" Raegan could see only the pale side of a woman's face and a flash of her wedding dress. It was Katie, unmistakable in her bridal gown.

The dress cast a spell, illuminating Katie's usually dull complexion with a delicate radiance. As Katie turned toward the elevator, her eyes met Raegan's. A flicker of surprise crossed her features, but she quickly composed herself.

Raegan expected Katie to seize this moment to exchange barbs, yet Katie looked away, letting her assistant guide her into the elevator.

Without Katie's distinctive look, Raegan might have doubted what she saw. Typically, Katie wouldn't miss a chance to taunt her.

When the elevator doors closed, concealing the last of the wedding dress, Raegan felt as if she were in a dream. Ever since Mitchel had banished her from Ardlens, she had not expected to find herself at his wedding.

Lost in her reverie, Katie's assistant, who had spoken earlier, approached Raegan abruptly. "Hey, why are you still holding your phone up?"

Looking around, Raegan realized it was just her and Judd nearby, and she was the only one with a phone. At that moment, she understood the assistant's accusation. "I wasn't taking pictures; I was just checking my phone," she clarified.

Ignoring her explanation, Katie's assistant attempted to snatch Raegan's phone but Judd intervened with a firm grip.

"Back off!" Judd commanded sharply.

"You!" The assistant winced, twisting his wrist from the grip, and called over to a passing waiter.

"What's this about? Weren't we supposed to not allow phones here today?"

The waiter turned to Raegan and asked with reason, "Hello, may I know your room number?"

After Raegan provided her room number, the waiter's attitude shifted to one of respect. "I apologize for the misunderstanding. You're welcome to return to your room and rest."

The assistant stood in their way. "Why should they leave? I haven't checked her phone yet."

The waiter intervened. "This lady is our guest, and she's allowed to use her phone. You have no evidence she took any photos of the bride."

Raegan appreciated the waiter's fairness but wanted to resolve the situation. She challenged the assistant, "If you find no pictures on my phone, what will you do then? How will you answer for your mistake?"

The assistant faltered for a moment before responding sharply, "If there are no pictures, that's for the best. Why not show me your phone to confirm?"

Raegan could barely suppress a laugh. Katie's assistant was as unreasonable as she was, assuming the world should cater to his demands.

"I'm not interested in entertaining your baseless accusations,"

Raegan retorted. "If you believe I've taken photos, present your proof. The burden of proof is on you, not me. I won't waste my time satisfying your demands."

Raegan's firm response silenced the assistant more effectively than any threat of physical intervention from Judd, who, despite his protective stance, would never strike unless absolutely necessary.

With the matter closed, Raegan returned to her room and stayed in for the evening, opting to have her dinner delivered.

While dining, Raegan turned on the TV to the financial news, only to see coverage of Mitchel's

grand wedding. She had forgotten that the local channels in Ard lens would be focused on broadcasting his extravagant event.