

## Unbreakable 1371

### Chapter 1371

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Katie, known for her sharp business expertise and remarkable tenure as the Dixon Group's vice president, had initiated numerous mutually beneficial projects for the Dixon Group. Her family had reaped the most rewards, but she had also generated significant profits for the Dixon Group. She couldn't fathom why Mitchel cast her aside after benefiting from her hard work. A steely glint appeared in her eyes as Katie gave Abel her orders, "Have the studio take her offer, sell it for a high price, and then spread the word again, making sure to drag Arthen Entertainment into it. Don't worry about the cost. Just make sure they're the talk of the town for at least half an hour."

Katie was making a clever move. By involving Arthen Entertainment, with its numerous celebrities implicated, they'd be forced to step in and clear the situation. This meant that even if Mitchel tried to bury the story, it wouldn't stay hidden.

Abel nodded in approval.

As Katie rose, a sudden wave of dizziness hit her, causing her to sway and nearly fall.

Just then, Abel rushed over and caught her in his arms. "Please, take a moment to rest," he suggested, his worry evident.

Abel's muscular build gave Katie a sense of security.

Holding onto his neck, truly feeling dizzy, Katie agreed with a nod.

Abel, treating Katie with the utmost care, gently carried her up to the bedroom. He maintained complete respect for her the whole time, careful not to cross any boundaries. To him, Katie was his master, and without her commands, he wouldn't even think of anything else or display even a hint of assumption.

Catching a glimpse of Katie's bare legs, Abel's cheeks reddened, and he quickly stammered, "I'll go now."

"Wait." Katie stopped him, her voice calling him back.

Resting on the bed like royalty, Katie commanded, "Massage my head."

Abel quickly knelt down. The usually rough and unrefined Abel now massaged Katie's head gently. Even though Abel hailed from the Dark Island, he was among the rare assassins with a clean soul. He always appeared fresh and odor-free, never smelling of sweat. Additionally, his body hair was notably dense, giving off a distinctively masculine aroma.

After a while, Katie sensed something was lacking, feeling somewhat unsatisfied. It could have been related to her hormones. Lately, her cravings had intensified.

She slightly opened her rosy lips and glanced at Abel, suggesting, "Go a bit lower."

Abel got the hint immediately. His coarse hands moved to her neck and collarbone, gently caressing her chest.

The touch of his calloused hands offered a thrilling sensation. Katie squinted her eyes and softly murmured, "Harder..."

Abel watched her allure intensify, feeling a wave of passion stir within him. With a raspy voice, he

asked, "Miss... Do you want me to..."

Katie wasn't entirely lucid at that moment and gave a faint nod. "Mm."

Taking it as her consent, Abel's eyes shone with desire as he leaned in closer.

"Ah..." Katie couldn't stop herself from biting her lip and moaning.

Suddenly, her expression turned cold, and she swiftly raised her hand.

Chapter 1372

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"Slap!" With a loud smack, she slapped Abel across the face.

Katie looked at the visible hickeys and said icily, "How dare you ki\*s me without permission! You scoundrel!"

Abel was jolted back to his senses, his face showing shock. Before Katie could say another word, he fell to his knees and began hitting himself across the face.

"Slap!" Abel slapped himself repeatedly, each hit harder than the last, showing no mercy to himself.

Abel couldn't believe he had just acted so inappropriately. It was as if he had momentarily lost all self-control. He had always valued cleanliness and had yearned for the affection of a woman, but his heart was set on Katie alone.

Although he had encountered women who tried to lure him amid his missions, he never entertained any desires for them. His mind was occupied with thoughts of pushing them away. They seemed unclean to him, entirely so.

But Katie was an exception. In Abel's book, Katie was pretty with a poised figure, exuding elegance from every inch. She was nothing like the women he had met before. He felt the spark of love when he first laid eyes on her.

Surprisingly, Katie asked him to satisfy her needs. After each session, she permitted him to deal with his own needs, which he would opt for a shower.

Abel had never sought the company of other women since he knew Katie prized cleanliness above all. Any involvement with other women would mean he could no longer serve her.

In the room, the sound of slapping echoed.

Witnessing the harshness with which Abel dealt with himself, Katie realized she had been quite harsh.

Abel's lips were swollen, bleeding from the bites, presenting a pitiful sight.

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Feeling slightly eased by this sight, Katie pondered. Abel, who dared to ki\*s her without permission, seemed beneath contempt. Would he dare to cross further boundaries since he dared to ki\*s her now?

Such a contemptible being, only valuable for his usefulness. If it weren't for that case, Katie might have left him to his fate.

"Stop," Katie called out casually, slipping her foot into her shoe.

Abel, understanding her intention, stretched his hand flat on the ground, ready to receive her foot. Katie pressed down on Abel's palm with her chunky heel, twisting it with force. This act, oddly satisfying, relieved her stress.

She recalled his rough caresses, which were strangely enjoyable. Yet, she didn't want any hickeys. She had mastered the art of having fun while keeping her innocence intact ages ago.

With a firm voice laced with an underlying fear, Katie declared, "Never forget you're nothing more than a lowly dog at my feet. Now that you're a dog, you need to follow your master's commands without any thoughts of your own, got it?"

Abel's mouth was filled with blood, making it hard to talk, yet he endured the pain, kneeling and replying, "Got it, Miss."

Suddenly, Katie remembered something and inquired coldly, "Did you look into Lauren's case?" "I did. She's currently undergoing treatment and will be sentenced next month."

Katie nodded. "And her mouth?"

"ALL taken care of. I almost had to cut her tongue out. She was terrified, and now she's lost her mind."

Chapter 1373

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Abel had made his move in the hospital, sneaking in under cover of darkness to forcibly remove Lauren's tongue and scare her with a knife. He warned Lauren against speaking of things she shouldn't, leaving Lauren so scared that she wet the bed and lost her sanity.

If Lauren ended up losing her mind, it might even be a mercy since it could allow her a few more days of life before her end.

Katie was indifferent to what became of Lauren, concerned only with whether Lauren had been silenced.

Actually, Katie didn't wish for Lauren's death, wanting Lauren to burn through her remaining passion before her time came. Katie wanted Lauren to show her last bit of usefulness before meeting the end.

Katie brutally stepped on Abel's hand, commanding, "Get out!"

Despite the humiliation and pain, Abel didn't show it. Even then, his eyes were filled with unwavering infatuation as he got up and respectfully made his exit.

Katie never questioned Abel's loyalty. Otherwise, she wouldn't have picked him to be by her side.

Abel was sort of good-looking, his dark skin giving him a striking and robust appearance, Like a rugged man touched by wilderness. If in a different position, Katie might appreciate him. It was unfortunate that Abel was born into such a lowly status, only fit to be stepped on by her.

Katie got up and moved toward the mirror, slowly lifting her clothes to reveal her flat belly. She patted her belly and walked around, mimicking those pregnant women.

After a few steps, she peered at her reflection, her eyes narrowing into a sly and somewhat eerie smile. She had everything ready. This time, she was determined to have Mitchel's child. Mitchel would always belong to her... Forever!

The next day was the weekend.

Raegan was at home, enjoying breakfast with Janey.

Just as the table was set, the doorbell rang.

Before Annis could reach the door, Janey had already jumped off her chair and dashed to the entrance.

Raegan was curious about who it might be when she noticed Mitchel entering with Janey in his arms.

Noticing Raegan's less-than-thrilled look, Janey quickly came up with an excuse and said in a soothing tone, "Mommy, I asked daddy to come over. Can he have breakfast with me?"

Raegan and Mitchel had made a pact not to fight or show any upset feelings in front of Janey. So Raegan forced a smile and replied softly, "Of course, Janey."

While still held by Mitchel, Janey stretched out her arms to wrap around Raegan's neck, planting a small ki\*s on her. "I love you, mommy!" she declared in her tender voice.

This gesture brought Raegan and Mitchel a bit closer.

As Raegan raised her head, she accidentally collided with Mitchel's chin.

Mitchel gazed at Raegan with a look full of intensity, quickly reaching out to caress her head, asking with a concerned tone, "Are you okay?"

Janey, still in Mitchel's embrace, instructed, "Daddy, give mommy a ki\*s. It always makes me feel better when mommy ki\*s me."

Raegan was at a loss for words, racking her mind to find an excuse to decline.

The atmosphere turned slightly awkward.

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Seeing Mitchel hesitate, Janey became restless, thinking how silly he was being. "Daddy, ki\*s mommy," she encouraged, looking expectantly at Mitchel.

With Janey's eager eyes on him, Mitchel's expression softened as he carefully leaned down.

Cheek-ki\*sing was a pretty normal way of greeting.

Yet, Raegan slightly bowed her head and dodged Mitchel's ki\*s. She tenderly pinched Janey's cheek, gently placed her on the ground, and said with a smile, "I told you I'm fine. Now go wash your hands and join us for breakfast."

Although Janey felt a little letdown, the thought of having breakfast with Mitchel made her happy.

She eagerly replied, "Okay, mommy."

The moment Janey stepped out, Raegan's smile disappeared, and she asked with a cold tone, "Mitchel, what do you really want?"

That barrier Raegan put up, that distance, tugged at Mitchel's heartstrings, causing him a deep, raw ache. With a raspy voice, he replied, "I just want to have breakfast with Janey."

Raegan saw right through his act. It was clear as day that he was using Janey as an excuse to be near her.

With a frosty expression, Raegan stated, "Mitchel, I only agreed to let you pick up and drop off Janey for school, but not to barge into our lives whenever you please."

The way she said "our" clearly left Mitchel, the father, out in the cold.

His voice dry with emotion, Mitchel earnestly said, “Raegan, I really want to spend more time with Janey. I’ve missed out on five years and I can’t afford to lose another moment. I want to cherish every chance I get to see her.”

Of course, it wasn’t just about Janey. Mitchel longed to see Raegan.

He even wished the three of them could reunite as a family. Yet, he kept these thoughts to himself, knowing how difficult it was to even get this close. If he mentioned it, Raegan might refuse to let him even glance at Janey’s face.

Raegan knew Mitchel’s words made sense. Besides, he had promised not to fight with her over Janey’s custody, rendering her with no grounds to prevent the father-daughter encounters. Thus, despite her wish to steer clear from Mitchel, she had allowed Mitchel to interact with Janey, knowing how much merrier Janey was with Mitchel being around.

After wrestling with her thoughts for a moment, Raegan ended the conversation by demanding, “Leave after you’ve eaten.”

A wave of sorrow hit Mitchel, his brows furrowing.

Amid the breakfast with Mitchel sitting next to her, Janey was exceptionally energetic.

Raegan poured a glass of Janey’s favorite milk for her.

Janey didn’t hesitate to share half the milk with Mitchel, her voice filled with sweetness. “Daddy, you should try this. It’s my favorite.”

Recalling Mitchel’s distaste for milk, Raegan interjected, “Janey, he doesn’t enjoy milk...”

Raegan stopped mid-sentence, her face suddenly flushing red. Damn it!

Why was she concerned about his taste in food? Why did she still remember his preferences so clearly?

Caught off guard, Mitchel smiled and accepted the milk, drinking it with elegance.

Janey looked at him eagerly. “Daddy, do you like it? Mommy pour it for us.”

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Mitchel carefully wiped Janey’s mouth with a napkin, his touch gentle and his eyes full of love. “Of course.”

He glanced at Raegan and added softly, “Your mommy has a knack for choosing irresistibly tasty food.”

Hearing this, a hint of annoyance crossed Raegan’s face, irked by his boldness. Who needed his sudden praise? Yet, that Mitchel seemed naturally good at caring for a child surprised him. Janey seemed much livelier in his presence.

Raegan then thought of the psychologist’s suggestion about Janey’s condition, asserting that Janey needed a father figure, one that she approved of and liked. It appeared Mitchel was just the one Janey needed, demonstrated by Janey’s willingness to call Mitchel “daddy” on her own.

Yet, Raegan couldn’t fathom the cause behind it. Why did Janey take a special liking to Mitchel? Was there any truth to the saying that blood ties were the strongest?

“Daddy... Janey’s soft call snapped Raegan back to reality.

Raegan noticed Mitchel’s shirt and pants were marked with milk stains.

“Sorry, daddy...” Janey looked upset. Thinking Mitchel enjoyed the milk, she intended to fetch one more glass for him. Unexpectedly, the glass slipped from her grip and fell to the ground, pieces of shattered glass around and spilled milk on Mitchel’s clothes. An anxious Janey hastily bent down to

tidy up the mess, her hand cut by a piece of shattered glass before Mitchel's intervention.

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Mitchel, not bothered by the stains on his clothes, asked Janey with a concerned look, his voice low and tinged with worry, "Are you hurt?"

Raegan felt the same worry. Her first thought was whether Janey had gotten hurt by the glass or something.

"Janey..." Raegan wanted to check on Janey, but Mitchel had already grabbed Janey's hands for scrutinization.

With his head bowed, Mitchel leaned back slightly to avoid the milk stains on his clothes contacting Janey.

Right then, Annis approached with a medical kit, offering, "Mr. Dixon, let me help."

Annis tried to take Janey, but Mitchel kept grabbing Janey's hand, simply extending his hand for the medical kit. "Just hand it over."

Concerned Mitchel might not handle Janey's wound correctly, Raegan said to Annis, "I'll handle it."

Annis handed the medical kit to Raegan. Raegan bent down slightly as she took care of Janey's wound. As she did, Raegan's arm brushed Mitchel's sleeve occasionally, but she didn't pay it much mind.

Mitchel's gaze, filled with immense tenderness, watched Raegan silently. Ever since Raegan regained her memory, being able to interact peacefully with her was beyond his wildest dreams. He selfishly wished time would slow down.

Feeling the love and care from her two favorite people, Janey beamed, waving her unaffected hand dismissively. "Mommy, daddy, I'm good."

The swift treatment defied the impact of the cut to Janey's hand.

Both Mitchel and Raegan let out a relieved exhale.

Annis quickly grabbed Janey and suggested to Mitchel, "Mr. Dixon, perhaps you need to change your clothes."

Raegan felt the same way. She was just about to offer to pay for his ruined outfit when Janey chimed in, "Daddy, the clothes mommy made for Erick are upstairs. You can go and change into them."

Raegan was amused by Janey's eager suggestion. She still remembered Mitchel was particular about his clothing, always choosing high-end, custom-made pieces from his favorite Italian brand. Raegan inquired, "Are you still exclusive to that Italian brand? I can order a custom set for you."

Chapter 1376

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Mitchel gave her a look, a faint smile playing on his lips, and gently replied, "No need for that. Janey mentioned there are clothes for me to change into, right?"

Raegan was at a loss for words. She couldn't comprehend what experiences had led Mitchel to change so much. He now seemed unfazed by the prospect of not wearing his preferred clothing. Even though Erick's size was close to his, for someone like him used to tailored outfits, off-the-peg clothes would likely feel uncomfortable.

Raegan proposed, "Maybe you should head back and change?"  
"I've got a meeting coming up soon," Mitchel explained his situation.  
Left with no choice, Raegan led him upstairs to get the clothes.  
There was a room specifically prepared for Erick in the house, where his clothes were kept.  
Just as Raegan picked up the clothes, she was surprised by the scene when she turned around.  
Mitchel had already taken his shirt off. His smoothly defined abs and taut chest muscles were fully exposed. His belt was loosened, but his pants were still on.  
The zipper was slightly open, revealing the overly firm contours of his abdomen. It was such a hot view that it could make anyone blush with just an extra look.  
Suddenly, the air was filled with a palpable tension.

Raegan, in her rush, ended up covering her face with the clothes, blurting out, "Who said you could undress yourself!"

Mitchel said nothing when he approached Raegan for the clothes.  
Stripped of the clothes to cover her face, the heat of the moment overwhelmed Raegan.  
Mitchel, very matter-of-factly, responded, "How else am I supposed to get changed?"  
Then, his long fingers moved to his trouser button, about to unfasten his, Raegan's face turned even more crimson. She muttered to herself, "Was he really about to undress right in front of me?"  
Raegan's cheeks were on fire in an instant. She couldn't tell if it was from anger or embarrassment.  
She took a deep breath and said casually, "I'm going out."  
With her mind set on sidestepping Mitchel on her way out of this room, Raegan failed to notice the stool nearby and stumbled over it.  
Bracing for impact with the cupboard door, she closed her eyes and yelled, "Ah!"  
Her shout morphed into a muffled noise as Mitchel swiftly reached out to catch her.  
With a thud, Mitchel fell to the ground with Raegan lying atop him.  
What happened next was a bit embarrassing.  
Raegan found her face pressed against Mitchel's solid chest, her Lips touching his nipples.  
Mitchel moaned, overwhelmed by the sensation.  
Raegan was dumbfounded.

## Chapter 1377

The air was filled with awkwardness.  
Raegan quickly sensed his erection, and her face turned a deep shade of red.  
Right then, Annis' voice reached them from outside. "Miss, are you okay?"  
Annis had gone upstairs to pick up a toy. Upon hearing the commotion, she made for the sound, worried.  
Despite her question, no response came from either Raegan or Mitchel.  
Annis' worry deepened. "Miss, are you there? I'm coming in..."

Raegan felt a surge of panic. She doubted she could explain if she and Mitchel were seen in this position.  
Raegan hastily got up from Mitchel, her knee accidentally brushing against him, making him let out another muffled groan.  
Mitchel caught her ankle, his face going white and his voice raspy.

“Are you trying to kill me?”

Raegan then realized where her knee had hit. She felt utterly embarrassed. Suddenly, the door lock clicked, and Annis was about to come in. Raegan’s eyes went wide, and in a hushed tone, she said, “Let go of my...” But before she could finish, Mitchel suddenly held her waist and pulled her into the wardrobe. The door opened just as Mitchel shut the wardrobe door behind them. The wardrobe was spacious, but it felt incredibly tight with both of them inside. Mitchel’s tall build only made the space feel more constricted. Raegan, left with no choice, found herself so close to him that any minor movement could cause her to brush against his pronounced Adam’s apple. The dim lighting revealed the enticing movement of Mitchel’s throat, making her heart race. Raegan looked away, regretting not having gotten up from him and leaving this room early. This closeness between them only served to deepen her regret. Being seen by Annis would have been less awkward than enduring this intense discomfort. Upon checking the surroundings and finding no one, Annis concluded she must have been mistaken. She noticed some clothes out of place and straightened them up. Raegan’s posture was tense, and inadvertently, her lips grazed Mitchel’s Adam’s apple. The next second, Mitchel’s body tensed in reaction. Like a bird spooked into flight, Raegan tried to pull away quickly, but Mitchel caught her firmly by the back of her neck. “Stay still,” he said in a low, raspy voice, his breath warm against Raegan’s ear.

Chapter 1378

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Raegan’s ear was sensitive, his breath causing an involuntary shiver from her. Mitchel, his palm on her waist, felt her sudden shudder and looked at her more intently. As he slightly tightened his grip, his breathing uneven, he asked quietly, “Are you ticklish?” His tightened grip on her waist sent a jolt through Raegan. Her ears and waist were highly sensitive spots. Raegan’s first instinct was to push Mitchel away. However, he held her wrists tightly and whispered a warning, “Stay inside. I don’t want us to be seen.” Raegan’s anger flared even more. He had been bold enough to undress in front of her before, yet now he was concerned about being spotted? She shot him a piercing look and whispered back, “No touching.” Mitchel kept quiet, his eyes locked intently on her. He hoped Annis would take her time leaving, so he could linger a little longer with Raegan. Indeed, Mitchel desired more than just her company. He longed to ki\*s her, to explore further... But he worried Raegan would be mad at him and never allow him near again. Therefore, he proceeded with utmost care, not venturing any further. Raegan, under his steady gaze, felt exposed, uncomfortably so.



At last, the sound of Annis' steps receded.

Without a moment's delay, Raegan tried to escape. But just as she reached for the door, a buzzing noise from outside halted her.

It was the sound of a vacuum cleaner. Annis had told the maid to come in and clean the floor.

Mitchel quickly pulled Raegan back, accidentally brushing against her soft breast. Instantly, the desire he had been suppressing surged.

Memories of their intimacy flooded back. He swallowed hard, his voice tinged with desire. "Can I ki\*s you?"

The air inside the wardrobe felt tight, leaving Raegan feeling a bit dizzy, almost as if she couldn't breathe properly. She didn't quite hear him clearly.

Before she knew it, Mitchel had leaned in and ki\*sed her, a ki\*s he had longed for.

Raegan took a second to react and then pushed him away with all her might.

Mitchel held her wrists more firmly, pressing them against the door, their struggle drowned out by the sound of the vacuum cleaner.

Raegan was livid, ready to yell at Mitchel, but when she opened her mouth to speak, he took that moment. His ki\*s deepened effortlessly, their tongues intertwining.

Raegan's eyes fluttered, her angry words turning into a mix of gasps and soft cries. Fueled by anger, she finally wrenched her wrists free, shoved the door open, and both of them stumbled out of the wardrobe.

Mitchel, noticing the stool in their way, quickly moved to shield Raegan by holding her in his embrace.

"Thud." A loud muffled sound.

Mitchel bumped into the stool, and a sharp pain raced up his back, causing his attractive face to lose color.

The disturbance they created was quite noticeable. Luckily, the maid had already left.

Chapter 1379

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Raegan quickly pulled away from his embrace, her cheeks flaming red.

"Slap!" As Mitchel tried to get up, Raegan slapped him firmly.

Raegan's eyes were intense with anger as she questioned, "Mitchel, don't you have any decency?"

The slap left a visible red mark on Mitchel's face, and his lips started to bleed a little.

It was unusual for someone of Mitchel's standing to be slapped. But he just shrugged it off, wiping the blood from his lip with a calm smile. "Feel like slapping me again to feel better?"

He nonchalantly started to button his shirt, leaving it half open, and offered Raegan the other side of his face. "Go ahead. Hit me."

His shamelessness left Raegan somewhat helpless, unwilling to strike as he suggested.

When she hesitated, his smile grew warmer as he took her hand.

"Can't bring yourself to do it?"

"You're sick! You think too highly of yourself!"

"You still remember my distaste for milk and my favorite clothing brand. You remember all my likes and dislikes." Mitchel looked into Raegan's eyes, his voice deep and a bit rough. "Raegan, can you really say you feel nothing for me?"

Mitchel found a glimmer of hope flickering within him as he noticed the subconscious expressions

on Raegan's face.

Without a second thought, he pulled her into his embrace. ““Raegan, these past five years without you have been a torment for me, every single minute and second. I deeply regret losing you...”  
The tight embrace shielded Raegan from seeing Mitchel's expression.

Yet, his words conveyed a sense of profound remorse and humility.

Once upon a time, it was Raegan who embodied such humility. Now, their roles seemed reversed. Despite the change, Raegan couldn't shake off her sadness. It became apparent that in moments of true desperation, mere words held no sway. She felt her detachment. It mirrored the indifference Mitchel had once shown her.

Tears brimmed in Mitchel's eyes as he pleaded softly, “Raegan, please grant me one last chance. I'll make amends. Let's make a loving family for our daughter, please?”

Raegan offered no resistance, her expression void of any emotion. She appeared as cold and unyielding as a marble statue, devoid of warmth.

Feeling the chill, Mitchel drew her closer, hoping to share his warmth with her. Little did he know, the coldness he felt wasn't just in her body but in her heart. A heart that would never feel warmth again after being treated so coldly.

“Raegan, I promise I won't let you down again,” Mitchel murmured, his voice barely above a whisper.

A lump formed in Raegan's throat. In an effort to quell her emotions, she dug her fingernails into her palm.

Raegan scoffed. A promise? She couldn't help but scoff inwardly.

Hadn't he promised before that she would always be his top priority?

She naively believed it. And what became of that promise? When her grandmother was on her deathbed, he callously abandoned her. When she was in danger, she hoped that Mitchel would come to save her and their child. But he was nowhere to be found. She was never his top priority.

Chapter 1380

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With a determined resolve, Raegan firmly pushed him away, her eyes brimming with unshed tears. She said, “I won't be fooled by your promises again, Mitchel.”

Her gaze turned distant and cold as she looked at him. “ALL I want is peace and stability. I hope you will respect that and stay out of my life once you walk out that door.”

Mitchel stood frozen, the weight of Raegan's words settling heavily upon him.

Wanting him to give up, Raegan added coldly, “And don't expect my gratitude for your efforts in removing those misleading trending topics. Please refrain from making decisions on my behalf in the future.”

With a dismissive glance over her shoulder, Raegan declared, “Mitchel, I don't need you. Not now, not ever.”

With that, she walked out of the room, her indifference slicing through Mitchel like a blade. She had stopped loving him.

Mitchel stood rooted to the spot, his gaze vacant. A sharp pang pierced his chest, threatening to

overwhelm him.

Clutching his chest, he leaned against the wall, struggling to contain the anguish tearing through him. Finally, unable to suppress it any longer, he coughed up a mouthful of blood.

Raegan's brow furrowed as minutes passed without Mitchel's descent.

Hadn't her words been enough to dissuade him? Was his stubbornness truly so unyielding?

Before she could ponder further, Annis' panicked voice shattered the tension, drawing Raegan's attention. "Miss Foster, something terrible has happened. Mr. Dixon has collapsed."

Holding her toy, Janey had been eager to spend time with Mitchel.

But upon hearing the news, she burst into tears. "Daddy..." Her cries pierced the air, wrenching at Raegan's heart.

Scooping Janey into her arms, Raegan's panic surged. Her mind raced as she grappled with the sudden turn of events. When did Mitchel become so fragile?

As Raegan approached the stairway, she paused and gently passed Janey to Annis. In a quivering voice, she instructed, "Go ask Babur for help. Take Janey to her room."

Reluctant to leave, Janey tearfully protested, "But I want to see daddy..."

Raegan softly comforted Janey, "Be a good girl. Your daddy will be just fine."

The situation left Raegan with no choice but to leave Janey out of the sight of Mitchel's collapsing, not wanting to scare her.

With tear-filled eyes, Janey pleaded, "Mommy, I promise to be a good girl. Please save daddy, okay?"

Raegan tried her best to remain composed and replied, "Of course, sweetie. Your daddy will be alright."

As Annis carried Janey away, Raegan felt the tremors in her limbs, making the task of ascending the stairs seem daunting.

When Raegan reached the top, her heart sank at the sight of Mitchel lying motionless on the floor, his face drained of color, blood staining his lips.

For a moment, the world seemed to spin around her, leaving Raegan disoriented and deafened by the chaos of her thoughts.

Just as she felt herself teetering on the edge of despair, Babur appeared, followed closely by Matteo. Babur had called Matteo.