

## Unbreakable 1341

### Chapter 1341

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How could Lauren stop now? Anything to inflict further suffering upon Raegan, she would pursue with relentless determination.

“Your loss of the child was also my doing. Just as you had surmised, Tessa cooperated with me. She offended you and was coerced into a difficult situation by Mitchel. I intervened, provided her with financial assistance for her treatment, and hinted at your presence in the same hospital. Then, I staged an abduction, fooling Mitchel into believing I was in danger and rushing to my side. That was how Tessa could play her part and harm you and your damn baby.”

Raegan writhed in anguish, her voice trembling. “You staged your own kidnapping? Do you honestly think you can evade punishment after all the bad things you have done? The truth will come to light eventually. There is justice in Ardlens!”

“Who would dare to punish me?” Lauren chuckled, disdain evident in her smile.

She grew weary of Raegan’s naive optimism, a smirk playing on her lips. “And do you know what became of the individuals I hired to stage my abduction?”

Before Raegan could respond, Lauren continued, “They took the bag of cash and planned to flee overseas, but I had meddled with the van’s brake pads. ALL of them met their demise within this fucking country!”

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Lauren mimicked a throat-slitting motion.

Lauren’s lips curled into a malevolent smile. “You are going to meet your end tonight. As you descend into the abyss, you might even cross paths with them. You can’t hold a candle to me, moron!”

After saying that, the sound of Lauren’s departing footsteps echoed.

There was a brief silence for a moment.

Suddenly, a resounding crash filled the room as Lauren delivered a forceful kick. The dressing booth door was violently kicked open.

In the dimly lit dressing booth, Lauren caught sight of a figure with flowing hair. Her eyes instantly shimmered with malice and twisted intent.

With a surge of rage, Lauren brandished the dagger and charged forward, thrusting with all her might!

An onslaught of stabs followed!

With each plunge of the dagger, Lauren’s jealousy fueled her relentless assault. How could Raegan be this lucky? How could Raegan be loved by Mitchel?

Lauren muttered through gritted teeth, “You deserve to die! Damn you!

Go to hell!”

Blood splattered across Lauren’s face and body, obscuring her vision with red splatters. Everywhere she looked was a sea of red.

“Go to hell! Go rotten there! ALL you rotten scoundrels deserve to die!”

The hormones in her brain surged incessantly, the intense gratification rendering her unstoppable!

After Lauren plunged the dagger over a hundred times, exhaustion finally overtook her, and she collapsed to the ground, the dagger slipping from her grasp with a clatter. Being weak, she had injected herself with the mysterious drug left by the enigmatic person earlier. Although the drug granted her immense strength, the side effects were evident. As its effects waned, she felt like a dying dog, every organ in her body failing. However, she didn't care. Even in death, she intended to drag down Raegan she despised most in life!

Chapter 1342

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Lauren gazed at the blurred figure drenched in blood and laughed uncontrollably. She laughed until every fiber of her being throbbed, and blood started trickling from her lips in uncontrollable spurts. At long last! Raegan, the one she longed to finish, lay there in the pool of blood.

Suddenly, a pair of black leather shoes appeared before Lauren.

Lauren gazed up along the slender legs, meeting the gaze of the handsome Mitchel exuding a chilling aura.

"Mitchel..." Lauren changed her tone from murderous to mellow, her voice straining to mimic its former gentleness. Unbeknownst to her, her strained and coarse voice grated on the ears.

"You have finally arrived..." Lauren fixed her gaze upon Mitchel she had idolized for years, her eyes brimming with infatuation.

"Mitchel, have you come to take me back? Mitchel..." Before she could finish her words, a deafening bang reverberated through the room.

Lauren's body catapulted off the ground, crashing violently against the dressing room wall.

"Ah! The impact seemed to rupture Lauren's internal organs, as a torrent of dark blood erupted from her mouth.

Mitchel stood tall, his gaze emitting a chilling aura, as he said coldly, "This kick is for the loss of my unborn child!"

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The thought of his lost child pierced his heart like a dagger.

His precious child's chance to experience life's wonders was being robbed away because of this conniving woman!

Mitchel loathed himself for his naivety and despised himself even more for being overly lenient to Lauren, unwittingly granting her the chance to hurt the woman he treasured and the child he valued. Never had he detested himself so deeply.

At Mitchel's words, Lauren cackled maniacally, blood still streaming from her mouth. She resembled a mound of mud, contorted against the wall in a grotesque pose.

Amidst her laughter, she taunted, "Mitchel... Are you furious? Angry that I dared to harm the woman you hold dear?"

Lauren grabbed the mangled woman beside her, yanking the latter's hair and forcing the latter's disfigured face toward Mitchel, a smirk playing on her lips. "Take a good look... See how miserable the woman you love looks! I stabbed more than a hundred times! Her intestines were pierced and her stomach rotten... How excruciating she must have been!"

Mitchel stood motionless. His cold and unwavering gaze locked onto Lauren.

Lauren's expression was filled with madness and malice. "This wretch!

She deserves to die! If I can't have you, no one else can!"

Mitchel's handsome face displayed almost no reaction. The grotesque sight of the corpse seemed to leave him unfazed.

Lauren found it hard to believe his calm demeanor. She thought he was putting on an act. With this thought, She smiled wickedly and asked, "Mitchel, do you want to see your beloved woman's insides?"

Lauren released the hair she was clutching, intending to dig into the corpse's abdomen and extract some organs for display. She refused to believe Mitchel felt nothing!

However, before she could do anything, the corpse's head suddenly dropped. It tumbled several times before coming to rest beside Mitchel's feet.

"Ha-ha... Her head..." Lauren erupted into hysterical laughter once more. Few things were as chilling as seeing the severed head of a loved one roll to one's feet. The pain of failing to attain one's desires no matter the effort exerted. Mitchel needed to taste it!

Chapter 1343

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However, Lauren's laughter abruptly ceased. Emotionlessly, Mitchel kicked the severed head. The head found its way back to Lauren's feet.

How could this be? Lauren stood frozen, disbelief etched on her face as she struggled to comprehend what she was seeing. Was Mitchel, once full of affection, now devoid of any love for Raegan?

"Take a good look at what you had stabbed." Mitchel's voice was eerily calm, his eyes devoid of any warmth. The aura he gave off was akin to a demon lurking in the depths of a murky swamp. ALL around him, the air seemed thick with the scent of death.

Panicked, Lauren frantically wiped the blood from her lashes and looked closely. What lay before her wasn't Raegan. To be precise, her target wasn't even human. It was merely a lifelike dummy commonly used in film productions. The blood that stained the scene was nothing more than a theatrical concoction.

Lauren wondered about Raegan's whereabouts.

Terrified, Lauren's ears pricked at the sound of the neighboring dressing booth door creaking open.  
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Raegan emerged, immaculate and composed, a stark contrast to the blood-stained figure on the floor.

"You..." Lauren's face drained of color, realization striking her like a bolt of lightning. She remembered that during the stabbing, the figure she had stabbed a hundred times hadn't uttered a sound.

Lauren's illness had caused her vision and sense of smell to deteriorate, and with blood obstructing her eyes, she failed to realize the one she had exhausted herself from stabbing wasn't Raegan at all. "You bitch!" Driven by rage, Lauren lunged at Raegan, her eyes burning with hatred. "I'm going to kill you!"

Sensing the imminent danger, Mitchel moved to intervene, but Raegan stopped him. Raegan's gaze bore into Lauren with icy intensity, fueled by a deep-seated animosity.

Raegan had yet to recall the past leading up to this moment.

Previously, all she knew was the outcome. She remained clueless about the process.

Moments earlier, as Raegan prepared to leave the restaurant, Devonte intercepted her and urged her to take a call.

As it turned out, Mitchel couldn't reach her on her phone, so he called Devonte to inform her that Lauren was still alive. It was highly probable Lauren would seek retribution.

Mitchel instructed Devonte to ensure Raegan's safety and not to leave her side until he arrived.

But Raegan refused constant protection, deeming it a sign of weakness.

If Lauren was still alive and kicking, it meant Lauren's vendetta against her was far from over.

Raegan understood that the adversary lurked in the shadows, and retreating was the weakest option available. It was wiser to employ cunning tactics. She saw this as an opportunity to turn the tables.

Moreover, Erick had hinted that besides Tessa, Lauren might have been involved in her grandmother's and unborn child's deaths. Yet, Lauren proved to be too cunning. There was no evidence to support these two claims.

Therefore, Raegan had Devonte orchestrate everything, including surveillance.

Raegan had already sensed something was amiss when the cleaning staff collided with her. Later, in the dressing room, she used her quick thinking to counter Lauren's words, coaxing Lauren into revealing the truth. In the end, Lauren's arrogance led to her own downfall.

Mitchel grasped Raegan's intentions. He stopped his actions but maintained vigilance over her safety.

In a frenzy, Lauren lunged forward, only to be met with a forceful kick from Raegan.

Chapter 1344

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"Ah!" Lauren shrieked in agony as her fragile body was sent flying again. Her head slammed heavily against the wall. Blood streamed down the back of her head, staining the wall red.

The excruciating pain contorted Lauren's scarred face into a more grotesque and fearsome visage as she crumpled to the ground. Her complexion was as pale as paper as if it might disintegrate at any moment.

Pain coursed through Lauren, her cries for help interspersed with choking gasps. Her pleas echoed through the room as her consciousness faded. "Please help me... Ah..."

Dark brown blood, tainted with toxins, spewed from Lauren's lips, a grim indicator of her impending demise. She was suffering from chronic poisoning.

Any person with medical knowledge could discern from the blood's hue that Lauren was teetering on the brink of death.

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Mitchel's disgust deepened with each glance at Lauren. Turning to Raegan, he asked, "How do you wish to proceed?"

Raegan gazed at Lauren with eyes brimming with animosity as she said coldly, "She

claimed she prefers death over prison, so let's ensure she faces the consequences. We will send her to prison, where she can spend the remainder of her days and perhaps seek redemption."

Even stripped of her fragments of memories, Raegan couldn't summon an ounce of kindness toward Lauren. The thought of her innocent child and grandmother, both unjustly taken, fueled a rage within her so potent it bordered on madness. She longed to tear Lauren apart and subject Lauren to torturous agony!

Yet, if death were to claim Lauren now, it would merely offer solace to Lauren's feeble and disabled body. Lauren must endure a fate worse than death itself.

Raegan longed for Lauren to suffer and feel the weight of her sins bearing down upon her with each passing day. Only then would Lauren truly understand the magnitude of her evil deeds, yet remain utterly powerless to amend it. What could be more harrowing than a life devoid of hope, burdened only by unrelenting agony?

With two counts of instigating murder and the deaths of several people in that car, Lauren's guilt was undeniable. No matter how long Lauren lived, even if it was two hundred years, she would remain imprisoned by her actions.

Mitchel cast a frigid glance at Lauren, her features now distorted beyond recognition, and said in a chilling tone, "As you wish."

His voice cut through the air like the icy breath of a devil in the depths of hell.

Lauren struggled to contain her trembling. Mitchel's tone suggested he had conjured up countless cruel methods to deal with her. Indeed, his ruthless nature was nothing new to her. That harrowing journey to the mental hospital had nearly driven her to madness.

Still, Lauren staunchly refused to go to prison. Facing that fate would spell the end of her very existence. Absolutely not! She couldn't accept that. She would rather die than go to prison!

"You wretch! It serves you right that the spawn in your womb was beaten out of you!" Lauren's laughter echoed with a frenzied edge, each syllable dripping with venom. "The spawn met its end quite fittingly!"

These words struck Raegan like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. They washed over her, stirring a sense of *déjà vu* deep within her. A shiver ran down her spine, raising goosebumps across her skin. Memories flooded Raegan's mind, stacking up like a tower on the brink of collapse. The sterile scent of the hospital lingered in her recollections. Lauren had said the same thing before, "The spawn met its end quite fittingly!" Lauren had even used the same tone.

Straining to recall more, Raegan was suddenly seized by a searing pain. It was as if her skull was being assaulted by a relentless drill, buzzing and gnawing at her senses.

Raegan's hand instinctively flew to her temple, seeking to quell the agony. However, the pain persisted. It was relentless and overwhelming, causing her legs to buckle beneath her.

"Raegan!" Mitchel's voice cut through the haze of pain, his expression etched with concern as he rushed to her side, catching her fragile form before she fell.

With utmost care, Mitchel cradled Raegan as if she were the most precious treasure. His voice trembled with worry as he asked, "Where does it hurt?"

Raegan's complexion turned ghostly pale. Her throbbing head made it hard for her to speak

complete sentences. “It hurts... It hurts so much...”

Clutching Mitchel’s arm tightly, Raegan felt utterly helpless amidst the searing pain.

Chapter 1345

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The typically resolute girl let out a cry of pain, Mitchel’s eyes brimmed with emotion, his heart aching at her suffering. If only he could bear the pain in her stead.

The anguish evident in Mitchel’s eyes did not escape Lauren. This display of emotion from Mitchel was unprecedented. He had never shown such vulnerability to her before. Mitchel’s seemingly kind gestures in the past were merely superficial acts of compensation with money and material possessions. But this genuine sentiment was reserved solely for Raegan, from beginning to end. Consumed by rage and madness, Lauren’s eyes gleamed with malice as she fumbled for a syringe, plunging it into her thigh with a frenzied determination.

The potent drug surged through her veins, numbing the pain and fueling her with boundless strength.

Then, brandishing a syringe, Lauren lunged forward, driven by a desire for revenge. “Wretched woman, rot in hell!”

The freezing cold surrounded Raegan, engulfing her in an icy cave and causing her to tremble uncontrollably.

Memories from the past surged through Raegan’s mind like a slideshow.

“This is the divorce agreement... Don’t be ridiculous... Lauren’s condition is grave... Be reasonable... How could you be so heartless...”

Don’t use such childish antics...”

Each word felt like a dagger, piercing deeply into Raegan’s heart.

Sweat beaded on her temples as she curled up in anguish.

Amidst the turmoil, Raegan caught sight of Mitchel holding her past self, who desperately pleaded, “Mitchel, save us... Save our child...”

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Painful memories flooded into Raegan’s mind like a bursting dam, leaving her on the brink of collapse.

Seizing the opportunity, Lauren aimed the long, slender needle at Raegan’s neck. Its sharp tip gleamed with a menacing light as it darted forward.

Mitchel’s dark eyes widened in alarm. Just as he was about to act, he suddenly heard something.

“Argh!” Raegan’s cry of pain echoed through the room.

Mitchel’s heart skipped a beat. Right then, the needle hovered just a millimeter from Raegan’s neck. Without hesitation, Mitchel grasped the syringe. It felt like a mosquito had bitten him as the needle pierced into his palm.

The next second, Mitchel’s body went limp, numb, and powerless.

Phantoms danced before Mitchel’s eyes. He shook his head violently and bit down hard on his tongue. The metallic taste of blood jolted him back to reality, if only for a moment.

“Bang!”

Mitchel delivered a heavy kick that sent Lauren crashing into the door panel. Lauren didn’t even

have a chance to utter a groan before losing consciousness.

Raegan's hand felt as cold as ice, and her heart throbbed with pain.

Seeing her agonized expression, Mitchel's heart twisted painfully, and he felt utterly helpless. He clung to her tightly. His grip was so intense that his fingers turned white. He was desperately trying to transfer his warmth to her.

Chapter 1346

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"Raegan, Raegan..." His eyes filled with a fiery rage. How he wished he could bear her pain and shield her from harm.

Just then, a flurry of people burst in. Medical staff and law enforcement officers swarmed in.

Once Lauren was carried away, paramedics moved in to place Raegan on a stretcher.

However, Mitchel held onto Raegan and refused to let go.

Perhaps due to the infection of the syringe, despite knowing the emergency of Raegan receiving medical care, he couldn't bring himself to let Raegan go, fearing she might disappear like she once did five years ago.

When medical staff approached, Mitchel's rage boiled over, and he roared, "Don't you dare touch her!"

Intimidated by his ferocity, the medical staff hesitated to approach and could only plead, "Sir, please don't delay emergency treatment..."

"Fuck off!" Mitchel bellowed, his temples pulsating, his body trembling with emotion. His mind felt foggy, alternating between drowsiness and clarity.

In his heart, he vowed not to let what happened five years ago repeat. He wanted to ensure no harm came Raegan's way. Not with him still breathing.

"Mitchel!" Devonte pushed through the crowd and gripped Mitchel's shoulder tightly. With a penetrating gaze, he urged, "Let the doctors attend to her first."

His friend's words gradually calmed Mitchel's frenzy. With bloodshot eyes and a voice choked with emotion, Mitchel whispered, "Save her."

Tears of heartache streamed down Mitchel's face, a stark contrast to his usual towering, proud demeanor. "I'm begging you... Save her..."

Once the initial shock wore off, Devonte placed a comforting hand on Mitchel's shoulder and reassured him, "Everything's gonna be alright."

Seeing that Raegan hadn't suffered any visible injuries, Devonte concluded that her condition was likely due to psychological trauma.

With prompt treatment, there shouldn't be any major problems. But even so, Mitchel's emotional state remained a concern.

Mitchel followed Raegan into the ambulance.

As the dressing room emptied, the police sealed it off to collect evidence. Among the items

discovered were two syringes.

Matteo stayed behind to aid the investigation. Upon reviewing the surveillance footage, he was shocked to see the syringes. What could possibly be in them?

At the ward entrance, Mitchel anxiously asked the doctor about Raegan's condition.

"The patient didn't suffer serious injuries. However, a head injury from a heavy blow in the past left residual blood clots. The reaction is likely caused by stimulation from the clot..."

"What?" Mitchel blurted out in shock. "She had had a head injury?"

"Yes. It appears to have happened several years ago. Although the clot isn't big, its location is quite tricky, so surgery wasn't performed."

Mitchel's lips drained of color. A blood clot lingering for years...

Mitchel doubted Raegan would suffer when living with the Foster family. After all, he had witnessed firsthand Erick's indulgence.

Moreover, Raegan seemed to have lived a privileged life.

Chapter 1347

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The only plausible scenario was when Raegan plunged into the river after the car accident five years ago.

A sharp pain pierced Mitchel's chest, leaving him gasping for air. He had never considered such possibility. He couldn't bear to think about what had happened to Raegan after falling into the river...

The thought of her desperately clinging to life hit Mitchel like a tidal wave. He had narrowly missed her then.

At this moment, a barrage of hammers seemed to strike Mitchel's head.

He reached out and clutched his head. Simultaneously, his body swayed unsteadily. Then, with a heavy thud, his once tall and imposing figure crumpled to the ground.

"Sir!" Matteo rushed over and begged the doctor, "Quick! Save him!

He's been injected with an unknown substance!"

Just moments ago, the police had reviewed the surveillance footage and saw Mitchel, in the final moments, holding the needle that had pierced Raegan.

Raegan only regained consciousness the day later. Her mind felt clearer than ever before. Mitchel's cruelty, her grandmother's passing, the heart-wrenching loss of their child. Every detail.

Everything. It was like reliving a tragic movie in her mind. Raegan had recalled all.

Yet, regaining her memories only intensified her pain. Tears streamed down her face uncontrollably.

Because of Mitchel, Raegan had suffered so much. Even before she reclaimed her memory loss, she found herself entangled with him once again. It seemed like fate was playing a cruel joke on her.

At this moment, the door swung open, and Stefan entered. His face lit up with joy upon seeing Raegan awake. "Raegan, you're awake!"

Raegan nodded weakly and slowly sat up.

"I'm fine," Raegan replied. "By the way, does Erick know I'm hospitalized?"

Stefan shook his head. "I haven't told him yet."

Stefan had rushed over the moment he received the news. Seeing Raegan asleep earlier, he had arranged for some nutritional soup to be prepared in case she woke up feeling hungry.

“Can we keep this from Erick for now?” Raegan requested. “I don’t want him to worry about me.” Though clueless about Erick’s schedule, she didn’t want to add on his burden since he had been dealing with the family conflict.

Seeing Raegan’s relatively minor injuries, Stefan agreed, “Sure. Let’s wait until he returns, and then you can inform him yourself.”

“How’s everyone at my home?” Raegan suddenly asked.

“I just went there. Annis and Janey are both doing well, although Janey misses you dearly. Would you like me to bring her to visit you tomorrow?” Stefan offered.

Raegan longed to see Janey. But the possibility of Janey meeting Mitchel at the hospital deterred her.

“I should be fine after another day of rest,” she assured Stefan.

Thankfully, Raegan hadn’t sustained significant injuries. However, she had to be observed for another day before she could be discharged.

After some consideration, Stefan agreed. Without another word, he brought over a lunch box, portioned it for Raegan, and handed her the fork, urging her to eat.

Raegan sincerely thanked Stefan. After a while, she finished her meal.

As Stefan cleared the table, he noticed a paper on the bedside cabinet. He picked it up and asked, “Raegan, did you draw this?”

Seeing her sketch in his hands, Raegan nodded.

“How did you know about this pattern?” Stefan asked, his brows knitted together, and his expression growing serious.

## Chapter 1348

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Raegan noticed something amiss in Stefan’s expression. “Stefan, are you familiar with this pattern?”

Stefan stared at Raegan intently, his expression unreadable. “Tell me how you know about this pattern first.”

Stefan’s stern demeanor caught Raegan off guard. After a brief pause, she responded, “The man who harmed me had a tattoo of this pattern on his arm.”

“The man who harmed you?” Stefan asked in astonishment. “You have recalled the past?”

Not wanting to hide it from him, Raegan nodded.

“Then tell me what had happened,” Stefan said. “If you share the details from back then, maybe I can help you with this.”

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Raegan delved into her memory.

Back then, the car she was in crashed because the driver was blinded by the glare from oncoming vehicles.

Upon reflection, Raegan realized that the glare wasn’t from an ordinary headlight. As luck would have it, she was saved from the hurtful light due to her seat in the back row. After the crash, she noted the driver’s eyes bleeding, his pupils charred to a crisp.

Clearly, someone had orchestrated this incident by intentionally blinding the driver’s eyes.

Later, at the sound of the rescue team approaching, Raegan thought there was still hope.

But then a hand had reached in through the car window and struck her head hard with a hammer. The car, which was already hanging precariously on the railing, was shoved and plunged into the river.

Right before losing consciousness, Raegan caught a glimpse of the assailant, who was wearing a mask that only revealed a pair of exotic eyes. On the assailant's arm was a tattoo, with a distinctive mole in the center of it.

As Stefan listened to her account, his face turned serious. He revealed after hesitation, "This is the emblem of the Maxwell family."

The Maxwell family was a prominent force in Aurora, its influence and strength similar to those of the Clifford family.

Previously, the Maxwell family had faced suppression from the Clifford family. The disadvantage of being less affluent as the Clifford family was a factor at play. The Clifford family had hired a formidable army of elite soldiers, rendering them seemingly invincible.

In recent years, the Maxwell family had enlisted external support, seeking to counter the Clifford family and dominate Aurora.

Judging from Raegan's account of her ordeal, it appeared that the Maxwell family were engaged in clandestine hired killings, contributing to their swift ascension.

Raegan had heard about the Maxwell family before from Erick, who described them as a family that had been powerful for decades, though they were just a den of criminals committing various offenses.

Regarding Raegan's leaving plan back then, apart from Hector, Lauren was the only one privy to it. As for Hector, he was the one who had rescued Raegan from the river and arranged for her subsequent departure from the country.

However, Hector seemed to be deliberately avoiding meeting the Foster family for years. He had no motive to harm Raegan. Plus, he had saved both her and Janey.

That left only Lauren as the possible culprit. Lauren's intent to harm Raegan was palpable. After all, she was the mastermind behind every ordeal Raegan had endured five years ago.

## Chapter 1349

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However, even though Lauren had some domestic connections, the Maxwell family was situated in a foreign country. How had Lauren managed to contact them?

Raegan couldn't figure it out. She contemplated confronting Lauren about it.

Noticing Raegan's pensive expression, Stefan frowned and assured, "I'll help you investigate this matter. Don't try to tackle it alone, okay?"

The Maxwell family operated like a pack of wolves. If they discovered that they had failed to eliminate Raegan, they might cross oceans to finish the job. It was better to exercise caution.

Stefan added, "If that person is still with the Maxwell family, I can locate him," "Alright, Stefan. Thank you." Raegan nodded.

Observing her compliant demeanor, Stefan reached out to pat her head, but on second thought retracted his hand, deeming it inappropriate.

“Raegan, if you need anything when Erick’s not around, don’t hesitate to come to me, okay?” Stefan’s lips curled into a slight smile. “No need for formalities.”

“Okay. Stefan, I don’t want anyone else to know about the surface of my memory fragments. I’ll tell Erick about it when he returns.”

Raegan’s mind was in a mess right now, with many details that she had yet to sort out. Organizing the events before and after her memory loss would take time.

Stefan nodded. Since the hour was late, he grabbed the Lunch box and remarked, “Get some rest. I’ll drop by tomorrow.”

When Stefan left, he instructed Victor to protect Raegan. Now that he knew that Raegan had been targeted by the Maxwell family, he felt an indescribable sense of unease.

The next day.

Raegan yawned and got up from the bed.

Just as she took a few steps, she was greeted by a cheerful Little voice. “Mommy!”

In an instant, the little one, emanating a sweet fragrance, leaped into Raegan’s embrace.

Raegan’s heart swelled with warmth as she lifted Janey. “Baby...”

Annis entered the ward and saw Raegan holding Janey. “Janey, would you like to come down and play? Let’s not make your mommy tired.”

Hearing this, Janey squirmed to get down.

Sitting down with Janey in her arms, Raegan smiled and reassured her, “It’s okay. I can handle it.”

Sighing, Annis explained, “Janey had a nightmare. She kept crying and insisted you were in danger, so I brought her here in Mr. Clifford’s car to calm her down.”

Raegan gently rubbed Janey’s nose and asked, “Janey, do you feel better now?”

“Mommy, I missed you.” Janey’s innocent voice carried a trace of sorrow.

Raegan’s nose tingled. After regaining her memory, she realized Janey was Mitchel’s daughter. The words about Kabir being Janey’s biological father was a tactic adopted by Erick to keep Mitchel away from Raegan.

No wonder Raegan always had the feeling that Janey bore a resemblance to Mitchel.

Chapter 1350

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Thanks to Erick’s arrangement, everyone around Raegan insisted Janey looked like her, thwarting Mitchel’s thoughts of Janey being his own child.

However, the truth could not be hidden from anyone who knew how Mitchel looked as a child.

At this moment, a nurse walked into the room to administer the drip.

After completing another round of saline, Raegan could be discharged.

Annis took Janey to the corridor outside to play, while Stefan kept Raegan company at the bedside.

Now that she had confirmed that her mother was okay, Janey was happily frolicking outside.

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Janey accidentally bumped into a man.

Annis immediately stepped forward to apologize, “Sir, I’m sorry.”

Seeing only the little puff of hair atop Janey's head, Luis found Janey utterly endearing. He smiled and responded, "It's okay."

As Luis started to walk away, he heard Janey's voice mumble, "Sorry..."

Luis couldn't help but tousle Janey's soft hair with a gentle smile.

"It's alright. I'm perfectly fine."

Janey lifted her tiny face and smiled. "Mommy says I should apologize when I make a mistake..."

Gazing at Janey's innocent face, Luis found his mind momentarily blank. How could this little girl bear such a striking resemblance to the stern-faced Mitchel from childhood?

Mitchel slept straight for three days.

Strangely enough, the hospital couldn't determine the content of the injection, and Mitchel's body remained perfectly healthy.

As for why Mitchel remained unconscious for three days, the doctors couldn't provide a reasonable explanation. Yet, they were sure of one thing. His health was in perfect condition.

The syringe they found didn't show signs of anything unusual. It was filled with nothing more than water, plain and simple the most ordinary substance.

Matteo, feeling uneasy, called upon a highly respected senior expert for consultation, but the conclusion remained unchanged. There were no physical problems, and Mitchel should wake up soon.

Likewise, Devonte brought in experts from abroad, but the response stayed the same.

With no other choice, Matteo had to remain by Mitchel's side at all times.

Without instructions from Mitchel, Matteo didn't dare to inform Mitchel's family. He informed no one else but Luis.

After all, Mitchel had made it clear that in case of emergencies, Luis was the man to turn to.

Furthermore, Matteo felt more at ease to have Luis by Mitchel's side with Luis' expertise in the medical field.