

Unbreakable 1791

Chapter 1791

Silently, Mitchel gazed at her, offering no response.

However, Raegan didn't need his response. She simply let the affectionate term slip from her lips for one final time.

"Mr. Dixon." Reverting to the formality of their initial encounter, Raegan introduced a sense of detachment greater than anything they had known before.

"Mr. Dixon, I surrender." Raegan beheld Mitchel standing mere inches away, yet he lingered like an elusive mirage, intangible and distant.

Raegan passed by him with a brush of her presence, and her parting words, though soft as a whisper in the wind, resonated with crystalline clarity. "From now on, I won't pester you anymore."

Tears cascaded down Raegan's cheeks, marking her farewell. She made no effort to mask her breakdown. Instead, she regarded her tears as a farewell both to her former self and to him.

She accepted that Mitchel's love had faded. She also acknowledged that love had its limits. This time, she released without reservation, without needing anyone's persuasion. At that moment, fantasies, regrets, bonds, and hesitations all found their resting place.

Mitchel remained fixed, a statue immobilized by her words. He observed the gradual disappearance of Raegan's slender silhouette in the car's reflection, and a sudden pang seized his heart as if it were being torn apart. It wasn't that he lacked the desire to turn around, but something as simple as that... He found himself unable to.

Matteo sensed something awry as Raegan departed and hastened toward Mitchel. "Mr. Dixon," he called out, his voice tinged with concern.

Mitchel's face was a mess, drenched in sweat, and he looked distinctly uncomfortable.

Matteo, aware of the watchful eyes behind them, feigned opening the car door while quickly grabbing Mitchel's arm to support him.

Eventually, Mitchel managed to lift his stiff legs and climb into the car. However, once inside, he couldn't even settle back into the seat and just collapsed onto it.

Startled, Matteo quickly shut the car door, hoping no one behind them would spot any issues.

Once back in the driver's seat, Matteo saw that Mitchel struggled to sit up by himself. He was about to help, but Mitchel snapped at him, "Drive!"

Matteo's hand twitched, and he clenched his jaw as he started the engine.

Suddenly, Matteo heard a sound.

"Poof! Mitchel, in the backseat, tried to sit up forcefully but failed. He ended up coughing blood."

"Mr. Dixon!" Matteo instinctively hit the brakes, intending to stop the car.

"No... Keep going," Mitchel said, clenching his fist, his voice strained. "Head back to Serenity Villas."

Mitchel had moved back to Serenity Villas again.

Without permission, Matteo didn't dare stop the car, yet he was anxious. "Mr. Dixon, we should get you to a hospital..."

"No need," Mitchel replied, his face as pale as a sheet, coldly dismissing the idea. The hospital couldn't really help. They would just give him painkillers. He was poisoned, and even the best

hospitals couldn't figure out the poison or offer an antidote.

Soon, Mitchel would need a wheelchair to get around. Watching his body weaken day by day, unable to stop it, overwhelmed him. He decided to face it alone. If the person he loved could live out her days in peace, that would be enough.

Upon arriving at Serenity Villas, Matteo assisted Mitchel to the front gate, yet Mitchel simply waved his hand dismissively and said, "Go back."

Chapter 1792

Matteo didn't want to leave. Watching Mitchel lean on the doorframe, his heart ached.

For fear of exposing Mitchel's condition, all the staff at Serenity Villas had been sent away.

In the quiet, dark house, not a single light was on. Mitchel was alone, a thought that deeply saddened anyone who knew the truth. Who would have guessed that a CEO, flourishing and worth trillions, could be living in such despair?

Matteo couldn't grasp why Mitchel, clearly more capable than Alexis and Henley, remained so guarded.

Yet, from what Matteo knew about Mitchel, Mitchel was likely gearing up for something big. All Matteo could do was help and follow along.

With tears in his voice, Matteo pleaded, "Mr. Dixon, please let me stay here to take care of you."

Under the moonlight, Mitchel's pale face and eyes seemed to cast a cold glow. "You need to watch those people and find out what they're plotting!"

After Mitchel kicked Alexis and his supporters out of the company, there was no way Alexis would just give up like that.

As things heated up, Alexis became bolder, even daring to have people follow Mitchel.

And Henley, even after his demotion, still clung onto the company.

The two of them must be plotting something, waiting for the right moment to act. Mitchel knew he couldn't afford to let his guard down.

Apart from the threats posed by Alexis and Henley, someone even more dangerous and terrifying went after Raegan's Life.

Mitchel planned to deal with them by drawing all the attention to himself, a move that would undoubtedly make those around him become susceptible. So, time was critical. He needed to distance himself from Raegan as much as possible to keep her safe.

Looking out into the night, Mitchel's determination was evident in his deep eyes. No matter the strength of the enemies, he was resolved to eliminate anyone who posed a threat to Raegan. Even if it meant facing hell alongside them, he was prepared.

After smoking a cigarette, Mitchel went back to the empty bed. He lay down without bothering to cover himself.

Each time he shut his eyes, Raegan's words of giving up on him echoed in his mind. With

each repetition, the crack in his heart widened, causing him excruciating pain.

"Mr. Dixon." These two words seemed to carve a hollow in his heart.

He had no choice but to bear the pain alone.

At West Lake Villa.

Erick stood at the entrance, his suit hung over one arm, ready to leave. He hadn't seen Raegan come back yet and was starting to worry.

He decided to go out and wait for her.

But just as he reached the entrance, Raegan appeared.

"You're back?" Erick gave Raegan a casual look. Although Raegan had straightened up after stepping out of the car, Erick couldn't help but notice the torn corner of her sweater and the slight bruise on her jawline.

In a flash, his calm demeanor crumbled. "Who did this? Tell me!"

Chapter 1793

Erick grabbed Raegan's icy cold hand. He quickly wrapped his suit around her and helped her sit on the sofa.

At that moment, Erick fully grasped what mattered most. Once he made sure Raegan was safe, he would pursue justice. Anyone who dared hurt his sister would regret it!

Erick knelt in front of Raegan and asked, "Are you feeling okay?"

Her eyes hollow, Raegan struggled to speak. "Erick, why did he abandon me, even though he had sacrificed himself just to save me?"

Erick's throat tightened, his voice slightly hoarse as he said, "He's such a fool."

Raegan's heart ached terribly. Letting go didn't mean she had moved on. Rather, her upbringing and self-respect wouldn't let her cling to the past.

"Erick..." Raegan leaned her head on Erick's shoulder and suddenly burst into tears. "That Mitchel who used to be so kind to me... He's really gone."

After enduring so much mentally, the sudden breakdown was not unexpected.

As Raegan grew up, she rarely cried so unabashedly, disregarding her image. This time, however, it wasn't the silent tears she usually shed. She cried out loud in desperation, with no regard for how she appeared.

Her brother and father were always her sanctuary. Raegan felt no need to put on any facade around them.

As Erick watched Raegan cry, he felt helpless, his shaky hands gently patting her back to comfort her. From their childhood, Raegan was always considerate. Whenever she enjoyed a tasty treat or received a gift, she made sure to share it with him.

Raegan's disappearance later became a silent ache in Erick's heart.

He was thankful, though, that once they reunited, it was as if no time had passed. They connected just as easily as they had as children.

Erick, who had no other siblings, had once promised their father he would always look after Raegan. But now he deemed himself failed to keep his promise due to Raegan's distress. With a tight throat and a rough voice, Erick said, "Raegan, you still have me. Our dad and mom are all waiting to see you again..."

After crying for a while and releasing her built-up emotions, Raegan felt much better. She inhaled deeply and then turned to reassure Erick, "Erick, I'm okay now. Tomorrow, I'll get back to my work."

Erick frowned. "No need to hurry. Your health..."

"My health is fine, Erick. I've got something else to share with you."

"What is it?"

Raegan paused, her hand resting on her abdomen. She took a deep breath and said, "I plan to keep the babies. I will go abroad for the delivery in five months."

Raegan had made up her mind. She would focus on her studio work for these few weeks, and when the late stage of her pregnancy arrived, she would entrust everything to the manager.

With her less than pronounced baby bump, coupled with the fluffy clothes required by the cold weather, she could easily conceal her pregnancy until the five-month mark.

As for the decision to deliver abroad, Raegan wanted to cut any ties with the Dixon family regarding her unborn children. With her competence and family resources, she knew she could give her children a great life without any worries.

Raegan wanted the babies, partly for Janey to have company, and partly because her mother was still missing, and she wished for a warm big family. She also wanted to keep the children herself.

Chapter 1794

Erick's voice tightened as he said, "If you want to keep the babies, go ahead. We can afford it."

As a loving brother, Erick always backed Raegan's choices without question. He actually opposed the idea of an abortion since it took a toll on Raegan's health. It seemed better to go through with the pregnancy, ensuring the Foster family grew.

Erick squeezed Raegan's hand gently, offering comfort, "It'll be tough, but you can handle it."

After thinking it over, Raegan said, "Dad's health isn't great, so let's keep this between us. I'll tell him when I pay him a visit in two months."

Erick nodded in agreement. "Okay."

Noticing Raegan seemed calmer, Erick stood up and reassured her, "Take it easy. Head to the studio after some rest. Don't fret. Elin will oversee things there. It's late and I'm heading back now."

As Erick turned to leave, Raegan stood up and called out, "Erick."

Erick paused in his tracks and turned to face her.

"There's one more thing. You have to promise me."

"What is it?"

"Mitchel didn't actually bully me today. We just had different viewpoints, which led to an argument. Please don't confront him about this," Raegan said earnestly.

Erick felt a lump in his throat as he realized Raegan had read his mind. He lifted his eyelids slightly and calmly said, "Fine."

"No, you really need to promise me." Raegan knew Erick all too well.

Erick's eagerness to leave right now suggested his urge to confront Mitchel.

"Raegan..." Erick hesitated, reluctant to make such a promise.

"Erick, I don't want anything to do with him anymore. I want to see him as a stranger.

However, he is still the father of my child. I don't want my kids to learn about the tension between you two,"

Raegan pled.

On one hand, there was their father, and on the other, their beloved family. The children loved both sides too much to let go of either.

When they got a bit older, Raegan planned to tell them about their father. As for meeting their father and his family, she would let the children decide when the time came.

Erick finally loosened his tightly clenched fist, and gritted his teeth. "Okay, I promise. I'll leave him alone."

Raegan rested for a bit.

Ever since Mitchel had fallen into the sea, she hadn't slept well.

She would often wake up suddenly, feeling a sharp pain in her heart, and the loneliness that followed made it hard for her to go back to sleep.

Over time, her ability to sleep well worsened.

Chapter 1795

Yet, last night, perhaps because she had let go of her obsession, she experienced none of her usual unsettling dreams.

Raegan didn't sleep much, but she managed to stay asleep without waking in the middle of the night.

After getting ready for the day, Raegan went with Annis to take Janey to kindergarten.

Today marked Janey's final half-day there, and Janey chose to bid farewell to her classmates on her own.

Given the previous incident, Raegan felt uneasy and opted to move Janey overseas sooner than planned. Currently pregnant and low on energy, plus juggling studio responsibilities, she worried about Janey's safety.

Thus, Raegan arranged for Janey and Annis to stay with her father ahead of schedule. After all, she

herself would be joining them abroad in just two months.

At the airport, Janey's eyes welled up with tears, making it hard to part.

Raegan felt a pang of sadness. If it were up to her, she wouldn't want Janey away from her side for even a moment. Yet, there were still many things left unsorted in the studio. She needed to take care of them before leaving.

Raegan crouched down, hugged Janey, and said with a raspy voice, "Be good, my love. Please keep your grandpa company for me. He always tells me how much he misses you."

Janey, who had spent some time in Ardlens, felt a pang of missing her grandfather. With teary eyes, she nodded. "Mommy, make sure you take care of yourself. Eat regularly and get plenty of sleep."

When parting, Raegan embraced Janey tightly, her heart heavy with reluctance. "Be good, listen to Annis and Victor while traveling, okay?"

Janey nodded obediently, flashed a bright smile to ease her mother's worries, and cheerfully walked ahead with Annis.

Raegan turned to Victor and said, "Victor, I'm counting on you to look after Janey and Annis. The bodyguard my dad sent should be at the airport by now. Take Janey to the mansion and then come back."

"Don't worry. I'll make sure Janey arrives safely at the mansion."

Victor then expressed her concerns, "Please be careful in Ardlens."

"It's fine. Judd is with me."

After they boarded the plane, Raegan got into her car and headed back to the studio.

On the elevated road, she watched the city shrink behind her and the plane ascend into the sky.

Raegan knew she had to stay strong. Three children would soon rely on her care, and she couldn't afford to feel down.

Back at the studio, Raegan worked nonstop for five days straight until Erick insisted she rest at home due to feeling unwell.

A day of rest did Raegan good. Rising to use the bathroom, she froze at the sight of a gray soap on the washstand.

Opening the drawer and checking the cabinet, she realized Mitchel had left many of his things behind. He had become sly once he moved into her villa, gradually filling it with his belongings. Raegan found traces of him everywhere she looked.

Raegan spent half the day cleaning out his stuff. She boxed up all his items and asked her assistant to send them off via local courier.

She addressed the packages to Matteo.

Chapter 1796

When Matteo encountered the four large boxes at the company's front desk, he was taken aback. Luckily, Raegan had foreseen his surprise and had already texted Matteo, "I'm finding it hard to deal with Mr. Dixon's stuff left here. Could you handle it, Matteo?"

Her message maintained a polite yet distant tone.

Matteo lugged four large boxes into Mitchel's office.

Looking up in surprise, Mitchel caught Matteo's awkward explanation.

"These are your items from Miss Foster's place. She sent them over by courier."

"Alright, just set them down over there." Mitchel returned his gaze to the document in his hand, expression unreadable.

As night took over, the city lit up. With the workday at an end, the office had mostly emptied out.

Mitchel entered the lounge alone and began opening the boxes. He found household items, clothing, and shoes, all neatly organized.

He touched each item slowly, as if he could feel Raegan's hand in their arrangement. He pictured her

sorting through these items, much like the evenings he'd return to find his clothes for the next day already ironed and waiting in his room.

His heart ached as his fingers clenched a perfectly ironed shirt, crumpling it.

Mitchel managed a wry smile. The mess of wrinkled clothes didn't seem to bother him. This was his life. His life was never smooth sailing.

Raegan had returned to her normal routine and her packed schedule gave her little opportunity to think about anything else, her days completely occupied.

At noon, Raegan intended to ask Elin about a client. Upon entering Elin's office, she noticed Elin focused deeply on the computer.

A familiar name echoed from the computer's speakers. "Miss Glyn, you've been seen frequently at the Dixon Group recently. Do you have some good news to announce with Mr. Dixon?"

Raegan glanced at the screen and saw Katie in a beige coat and a loose cotton dress, clearly showing her pregnancy.

Upon spotting Raegan, Elin panicked and attempted to close the page, but accidentally maximized it instead.

In the video, Katie responded with a graceful smile, "Yes, an announcement is coming soon."

"Soon?" The reporter extended the microphone toward Katie and asked, "Is the announcement from the Dixon Group?"

With a calm smile, Katie chose not to reply directly. "Thank you for your interest. It will be announced when the time is right. Please, let me go ahead."

Katie carried herself as if she were the hostess of the Dixon Group.

In her rush, Elin shut off the monitor.

However, the main computer remained on, and the voice continued to broadcast. "The spokesperson for the Dixon Group announced that the CEO, Mitchel Dixon's wedding date will be revealed soon, with a press release to follow. This is Bonnie Barton reporting for the financial news. Now, back to our host. Thank you."

The host quipped, "This wedding is grabbing a lot of attention. It might even settle the longstanding feud between the Dixon and Glyn families, especially with those rumors about Katie's questionable dealings within the Dixon Group."

Chapter 1797

"Once, a Dixon Group insider stated seriously that Mr. Dixon had criticized the Glyn family's unethical transactions in a meeting. Following that, the Glyn family's stock took a nosedive. But as we see, rumors are just that. With the rumors now cleared, the Glyn Group's profits are climbing once more. They say behind every great man is a great woman, and it seems Mr. Dixon, a titan of finance, truly adores Miss Glyn. And there's news that Miss Glyn is pregnant..."

Elin slammed her laptop shut. She was relieved that she had finally turned off this damn computer. "Raegan..." she began, unsure of what to say next.

Elin's curiosity about Mitchel's high-profile wedding was the only reason she had been browsing.

Raegan responded calmly, "It's okay."

Raegan then opened a file and said, "Could you reach out to the client and check if he's okay with this change?"

After a lengthy discussion about work, Raegan remained composed.

Elin felt a bit eased. She wasn't sure if Raegan had truly let it go or was just pretending everything w

as fine.

When it came to feelings, comfort from others often wasn't enough.

One need to move on.

Raegan went back to her office and tried to keep busy, but found herself unable to focus. News of Mitchel's upcoming marriage still affected her deeply.

She stood up and walked over to the window, hoping the sight of the greenery would soothe her.

However, her heart was still in chaos, and she found no peace.

After knocking, Matteo entered Mitchel's office.

Mitchel was slumped back in his chair, looking exhausted.

Matteo reported, "Mr. Dixon, Mr. Erick Foster is here to see you."

Mitchel raised his eyebrows. "Erick?"

"Yes, I didn't say you were here," Matteo added quickly. He chose not to mention that Erick seemed furious, as if ready for a confrontation.

In Matteo's view, it was best if Erick and Mitchel avoided each other for now. Mitchel seemed too fragile to handle any more stress.

Yet, Mitchel ordered, "Take him to the reception room. I'll head there soon."

Matteo wanted to persuade Mitchel, but ultimately, he just nodded and agreed, "Okay."

When Mitchel stepped into the reception room, he found Erick standing by the window, leafing through a Dixon corporate yearbook.

"Erick," Mitchel called out as he always did.

Erick turned around, his face noticeably cold. "Mr. Dixon, I think you've mistaken me for someone else. I don't recall having anything to do with you."

Before Mitchel could reply, Erick scoffed. "There's no need to address me that way anymore. Just look at what you've caused."

Despite Erick's harsh words, Mitchel maintained a composed and indifferent expression, showing no sign of embarrassment.

Chapter 1798

Erick, ever a protective big brother for Raegan, found it hard to keep his cool around Mitchel. He had heeded Raegan's words, and only after a few days did he come to confront Mitchel.

Had this happened just two days earlier, Erick would have likely lost his temper and clashed with Mitchel.

With a clenched jaw, Erick tossed a document onto the table. "Mr. Dixon, I'm returning this absurd

will to you!” He sneered, “You know, if you just change the name on it, you might actually impress Miss Glyn.”

Mitchel replied indifferently, “No need. I’ve already declared this will void.”

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Erick was at a loss for words. If it wasn’t for Raegan’s sake, he’d have punched Mitchel until Mitchel couldn’t speak. How could Mitchel disrespect the Foster family like this?

Erick scoffed. “Very neat.”

Mitchel didn’t say anything. No matter how much Erick taunted, he listened quietly. It seemed that he didn’t want to conflict with Erick from the beginning.

Erick wanted to lash out, but Mitchel’s silence gave him no excuse.

He clenched his fists, then relaxed and slid his hands back into his pockets, turning toward the door. Just as Erick opened the door, he stopped and said, “Mitchel, I really regret letting you two get back together. If I could turn back time, you wouldn’t get that chance again.”

Mitchel stayed quiet.

Erick gave a resigned smile and said, “Well, it’s time to rip off the Band-Aid.”

Actually, Erick shared the same suspicion as Raegan. Mitchel, who had once risked everything for Raegan, even his life, now claimed he didn’t love her anymore.

After a moment’s thought, Erick asked, “Are you planning something?”

After a long pause, Mitchel replied slowly, “No.”

This response was expected. With a smile, Erick said, “You view Raegan too weak. She doesn’t need all that protection. The approach you’re using is exactly what she rejects. Congratulations! You’ve lost her forever! Raegan will never come back to you.”

With those words, Erick opened the door and left without a backward glance. The door slammed shut behind him.

Mitchel stared at the closed door, remaining silent.

Then, suddenly, the sound of things hitting the ground filled the room.

Matteo rushed in immediately and noticed the chaos on the floor. A whole display case of trophies lay shattered.

Matteo had hurriedly run in at the commotion, assuming Erick hit Mitchel. He nervously surveyed Mitchel, relieved to see the latter wasn’t hurt.

There hadn’t been a fight, then. So, what exactly had happened here?

Racking his mind, Matteo asked with concern, “Mr. Dixon, are you okay?”

Matteo thought there might be injuries hidden under Mitchel’s clothes that he couldn’t see.

Chapter 1799

Mitchel commanded icily, “Make the announcement.”

Matteo paused, puzzled. “Make the announcement?”

“Yes, for September 20th.”

“Well...” Matteo hesitated, about to speak, but a sharp look from Mitchel made him quickly change his response. “Okay.”

“Increase the coverage. Get both local and international media involved. We need to keep this trending until then.”

Matteo wasn't sure what Mitchel was planning and didn't dare to ask.

He simply nodded. “Okay.”

Once Mitchel had left, Matteo surveyed the cluttered room and sighed softly. He then had someone clean up the mess.

Raegan had been keeping herself busy to distract from her feelings.

Yet, during a break, her fingers automatically navigated to the Dixon Group's official website.

The latest announcement had been posted at two ten in the afternoon.

It featured the names of the man she once loved dearly and the woman she despised. September 20th was the date set for their wedding!

The announcement struck Raegan like a dagger to the heart. The bold and flamboyant official statement declared what the media celebrated as a love affair.

Yet, despite having been married to Mitchel for the past few years, Raegan had remained unseen and unknown. Her heart seemed to halt, her breathing grew heavy.

The event was set to occur in less than two weeks. It was approaching so quickly that Raegan hadn't seen it coming. Could it be true, as the media claimed, that Katie's child was in a hurry to arrive? But then, Katie's child... It had been proven not to be Mitchel's, hadn't it?

As far as Raegan knew, Mitchel was not the type to raise someone else's child. She dared not consider the one possibility that remained. Could Katie's child actually be his?

This thought tormented her even more. The idea that Mitchel made out with her while being with another woman made her feel nauseous.

Hastily, Raegan grabbed her herbal remedy to stave off the urge to vomit.

Raegan calmed herself for a moment and then tried to close the webpage. She thought her actions over the past few days had proven that she was over it. Yet, her fingers trembled. She attempted to shut down her laptop three times without success. In frustration, she slammed the laptop closed.

The office was empty and Elin was on the verge of leaving. Elin asked cautiously, “Raegan, are you heading home? I can give you a ride.”

As Elin spoke, her phone rang, but she ignored it.

Raegan shook her head and replied, “Don't worry about me. Go on back to your work. My driver's waiting downstairs.”

Once home, Raegan settled into a bath. The warm water couldn't ease the chill in her heart.

Over the next few days, even without paying attention to Mitchel and Katie, Raegan kept encountering news about them.

Chapter 1800

“Mr. Dixon is out shopping for furniture with his fiancée..”

“Mr. Dixon and his fiancée are enjoying a late dinner...”

“The CEO of the Dixon Group and his fiancée are spotted at a beauty treatment...”

It seemed the media was intent on painting Mitchel as the ideal man, sparking envy among many. Comments even popped up in the news comparing him to other men.

"A man as busy as he is still finds time for beauty treatments with his fiancée. What about you?"

"A man worth millions still makes time for late-night snacks with his wife. What about you?" Raegan felt bad at first, but eventually, she became numb.

As time passed, she started to believe what the media claimed.

Mitchel truly loved Katie. The things he did for Katie were, after all, extraordinary.

Raegan sensed she never truly knew Mitchel. He had daringly saved her by pushing her out of the car loaded with explosives while driving the dangerous car into the sea. Yet, upon his miraculous return, he claimed he didn't love her anymore and his actions seemed to suggest he had developed feelings for Katie. She struggled to discern the truth.

One evening after work, Elin asked, "Raegan, would you like to go out for dinner with me?"

Having noted Raegan's feeling down lately, Elin thought delicious food might cheer her up.

They had a standing agreement that delicious food was their go-to remedy for gloomy days.

Though Raegan wasn't really in the mood to eat, she still agreed, not wanting Elin to worry about her.

As they reached the entrance of the restaurant, Elin's phone rang.

Raegan glanced over and saw the caller was Erick. She was puzzled as to why Erick called Elin.

Elin hung up in a hurry.

Raegan, a bit baffled, asked lightly, "Why didn't you pick up?"

Before Elin could respond, her phone rang once more. Her cheeks turned red.

Raegan observed the screen showcasing Erick's number and then glanced at Elin, sensing something. She said nonchalantly, "Looks like my brother wants to talk to you. Go ahead and answer. I'll head upstairs first. It's chamber number two, isn't it?"

Elin nodded but hesitated before answering the phone. She expressed her concern, "You go on up. I'll be right there."

Only after Raegan exited the car did Elin feel safe to answer the phone.

"Why did you hang up?" Erick's tone was icy. "Who are you with that you couldn't talk?"

Elin, trying to avoid giving details, replied casually, "I'm alone. What do you need?"