

Unbreakable 2101

Chapter 2101

Responding to these revelations, Mitchel orchestrated a blockade of all possible exits from Aurora in collaboration with local authorities, initiating a comprehensive manhunt for Davey.

His analysis suggested that, given Daveys elaborate scheme to abduct Raegan, it was unlikely Davey would harm her immediately.

Given Daveys ruthless disposition, it was clear he only kept those around him who served a purpose. Though Mitchel couldnt ascertain why Davey took Raegan away, he was certain she must be vital for something.

As Mitchel approached Daveys villa, a deafening explosion erupted, sending a massive plume of smoke skyward, shaping into a sinister mushroom cloud over the structure.

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In response to the blast, Stefan, stricken with despair, cried out, Erick! He slid from his seat and knelt in the vehicle, overwhelmed by grief, his face buried in his hands. Erick His voice broke in agony.

Mitchel, witnessing the scene, felt a sting in his eyes and a tightening in his chest. Resolutely, he silently vowed, Raegan, I will find you.

The pervasive cold enveloped Raegan, a bone-chilling presence she had never felt so intensely before.

Accustomed to Auroras frigid temperatures, this new, profound coldness seemed to seep into her very bones, as if she lay in a dark cavern encircled by coffins.

A sharp, throbbing pain coursed through Raegan, a stark reminder that the chilling scenario was no dream. Exhaustion weighed heavily on her, sapping the strength needed even to open her eyes.

Her body trembled uncontrollably from the cold, each breath she released seemed to freeze instantly.

Suddenly, a splash!

A bucket of icy water cascaded over Raegan, shocking her system and forcing her eyelids open against her will.

The icy droplets transformed into beads of frost upon her eyelashes, a testament to the unnaturally frigid conditions surrounding her.

After a fleeting numbness, Raegan experienced a bizarre sensation of alternating heat and cold, as if she were disconnecting from her own body.

A chilling question broke the silence. How does it feel?

Turning toward the voice, Raegan saw Davey, clad in a red velvet suit, seated imperiously on a high-backed chair, his appearance reminiscent of a sinister figure from a nightmare.

Suddenly, the chilling scene before her merged with a haunting memory.

It was another dark, icy night, similar to this one, filled with the same bone-chilling rain.

Raegan remembered being carried endlessly by her foster father along a seemingly infinite road until he stumbled and fell hard.

The impact sent the young Raegan flying, and she landed in a muddy ditch, her body and face obscured by mud and hidden among dense reeds, nearly indistinguishable from the dark muck around her.

As she struggled to rise and call for help, she saw her foster father vigorously shaking his head.

Despite his pain, her foster father stood and feigned carrying her as he attempted to continue forward. The young Raegan watched in confusion, unable to understand why he pretended to hold her while she lay in the ditch.

In a moment of shock, the scene shifted. A bright red sports car blasted past, its engine roaring like thunder.

It illuminated her foster father, still mimicking motion, and in a horrific instant, a blinding light seemed to lift him off the ground.

Chapter 2102

He was thrown into the air and crashed down with a devastating impact.

The young Raegan witnessed the horrifying sight as his body shattered upon impact, his limbs grotesquely disjointed, one of his legs thrown gruesomely before her.

The sight was nightmarishly vivid.

As he lay on the ground facing Raegan, his eyes, wide and unseeing, seemed to silently plead for her to remain quiet.

The young Raegan, observing his vacant stare, felt an overwhelming urge to scream, but her voice was stifled as if her throat was filled with cotton.

Her silence, however, turned out to be her protection.

Emerging from the sports car, a man clad in a red velvet suit appeared. Despite his genteel appearance, his actions belied a brutal cruelty. He carelessly flipped her foster father's body to confirm his death, then mused aloud, seemingly to the deceased, "Where's the little girl?"

This sent chills down the young Raegan's spine. It was clear this man was searching for her.

The day had begun innocuously. It was her birthday, and her foster father had just returned from the fields, proposing a cheerful outing to the town for a birthday gift.

While at the cake shop, her foster father caught the man in the red velvet suit staring intently at the young Raegan. This gaze, unyielding and intense, unsettled him, especially amid circulating rumors of child abductions.

Sensing danger, her foster father quickly grabbed the cake as soon as it was ready and hustled Raegan out of the shop.

They had barely rounded the corner when they noticed the red car ominously trailing them at a slow pace.

This observation sent her foster father into a panic.

Aware of Raegans distinct beauty, which could easily draw unwelcome attention, her foster father had always dressed the young Raegan in modest, nondescript clothing and styled her hair with heavy bangs to obscure her features. Despite these precautions, the mans intentions seemed malign.

Deciding to confront the situation, her foster father stopped to see if the pursuer would pass.

To their dismay, the red car also came to a halt.

At that moment, Raegans foster father was certain the man was targeting the young Raegan.

In those days, someone dressed in extravagant attire and driving a notably expensive car wouldnt be suspected of child abduction. In fact, raising such a claim could even spell trouble instead.

After all, within their tight-knit community, there was a prevailing belief that wealthy individuals were above such misdeeds. This belief emboldened the man to pursue them so openly.

When Raegans foster father spotted the man approaching with a steady pace, he impulsively scooped up the young Raegan and bolted.

Raegan, confused and upset, watched her cake tumble to the ground and burst into loud tears. Daddy, the cake The cake

To a child, the loss of a cake represented a unique sorrow. Tears streaming down her face, the young Raegan gazed at the ruined cake and squirmed, wanting to escape her foster fathers grasp.

Her foster father, breathless from the sprint, tried to soothe her.

Baby, be good. Daddy will get you another one later.

Chapter 2103

Feeling utterly distraught, Raegan rested on her foster fathers shoulder, staring blankly at the deserted road stretching out behind them.

The young Raegan couldnt grasp why they needed to flee, but her foster fathers evident panic made her cling to him, pressing her face against his neck to hold back her tears.

Still too young to sense the impending danger, the young Raegan now lay in the cold mud, her eyes widening with horror as the man in the red suit drew nearer. The fear was palpable in her throat, rendering her speechless.

To her relief, the man halted about five meters from the muddy patch where she had been hiding.

The man knelt, picked up a bloodied limb of her foster father, and hurled it toward her foster fathers face.

Heh. With a chilling laugh, the man tossed out what he thought was a witty remark. Runs your leg off, you idiot.

Then, the man tilted his head back, observing the sky as it darkened further, a heavier rain imminent.

With the temperature dropping and a severe storm approaching, the man surmised that the young Raegan, if not fatally injured by the fall, would unlikely withstand the harsh conditions.

Thus, the man then climbed into the red sports car and sped off.

The young Raegan, her legs numb, was immobilized in the mud. She watched as her foster fathers eyes remained wide open, even in death.

Tears streamed down her cheeks. It was a horrific, indescribable sensation that engulfed her small frame.

Summoning all her strength, the young Raegan managed to crawl out of the dark mud, finally collapsing beside her foster father. Daddy Wake up

But the young Raegan couldnt grasp that her foster father would never respond to her again. The man who had rescued her from a garbage dump and cherished her like a precious gem would never wake up again.

The young Raegan crawled out of the mud, narrowly escaping freezing to death.

However, the profound shock triggered a fever that confined her to the hospital for a week. When she regained consciousness, her mind had locked away the horrifying memories of that night.

Until today.

Davey, seated on the high chair before Raegan, and the cake in front of him, suddenly jolted her memory, which had been numbed by the cold.

The intense rush of memories left Raegan speechless. Her body shook, her teeth clattering not

from fear, but from sheer anger at the beast who had murdered her foster father!

Davey, observant and sharp, noted the shift in Raegans demeanor and realized she had recalled the incident. He tugged at the corner of his mouth, his smirk widening as he commented, Not bad, seeing the cake and remembering everything.

You! Raegan gritted her teeth, overwhelmed by a surge of hatred, but found herself unable to speak further.

Dont rush. Take your time, Davey said, his voice calm, his smile attempting to soothe her.

Raegan wished for a knife at that moment to kill Davey, yet she understood such an action was beyond her reach. Even armed with a knife, overpowering him would be a formidable challenge. Davey had successfully kidnapped her from the well-secured Clifford familys manor, a testament to his dangerous capabilities.

She reminded herself that giving in to hatred and agitation would solve nothing. Remaining composed was essential to devising an escape plan.

Raegan pressed her nails into her palm, using the pain to anchor her composure.

Chapter 2104

Why did you want to kill me? Raegan inquired. She knew this question might seem naive, given it was obvious that Davey harbored a desire to kill her as Caseys daughter.

However, she had noticed that those who appeared clever often met their end swiftly at Daveys hands. Perhaps appearing somewhat naive and frightened might lower his defenses. Plus, she was genuinely curious about how Davey had located her when she was a child.

Davey, his face gentle and bearing a mild smile, answered, Because I couldnt bear the thought of my love being tainted. Your very existence is a reminder of her once compromised purity.

Raegan was left speechless by his madness. She steadied her voice, which trembled slightly. How did you locate me when I was a child?

It was purely by accident, Davey replied, smiling. I didnt expect your foster father to guard you so vigilantly. You were quite fortunate.

His smile then morphed, becoming more sinister and twisted. You didnt perish in the cold that night, nor were you suffocated in a trash bag

Raegans eyes widened in horror. It was you She gasped, piecing together the implications. Youre the one who put me in a trash bag and discarded me!

Not too dumb, Davey remarked, acknowledging her realization.

Daveys face twisted into a satisfied grin. Indeed, you are quite lucky. When I threw you away in that bag, I slammed it against the ground several times, yet here you are, alive.

Raegan listened, her horror growing. How could anyone inflict such cruelty on a child? Her survival, she knew, was due to her bodys flexibility as a child, described by her foster father when he found her in a garbage dump.

After bringing the young Raegan home, they discovered bruises covering her body. She was barely clinging to life. They nursed her, doubting she would survive. Yet surprisingly, she soon became energetic, and further medical examinations revealed no Lingering issues.

Raegan suspected the mud had cushioned much of the impact, and childrens bodies were naturally more resilient. There were instances of children surviving high falls with minimal injuries.

While rare, such miracles did occur, and Raegans case was indeed miraculous.

Reflecting on her narrow escapes from Daveys attempts to kill her brought a new calmness to her demeanor. Gradually, Raegan attempted to engage Davey in conversation. Is my mom in your custody? she asked.

Daveys facade of gentility vanished as he seized Raegan by the jaw, his eyes sharp and menacing. Dont dare call that woman your mother. You dont deserve to, and I wont let you Live!

The murderous intent in his gaze was unmistakable.

Raegan knew Davey intended to end her life. This deranged man, who had already tried to kill her twice, was certainly not going to pass up this chance.

Pain surged through her jaw as it cracked. Raegan struggled to breathe but managed to cry out defiantly, Let me see my mom one last time After that, do whatever you want

Dream on! Davey released Raegan abruptly, throwing her to the ground. His eyes were icy as he spat out, You, a cursed being, shouldnt exist!

Davey could not accept that his revered goddess had borne a child with another man. Such a blemish had to be removed!

Despite the searing pain in her jaw, Raegan continued to plead through her tears, Just one look. Let me see my mom, please I want to cross that off my bucket list..

Davey found amusement in Raegans acute awareness of her looming death, coupled with her sole desire to see Casey. He taunted, You want to see her, but she might not want to see you!

Raegan shook her head in disbelief. Youre lying. How could my mom not want to see me? She loves me. If it hadnt been for you kidnapping her and abandoning me, we would still be living happily!

It seems you wont believe it until you see it for yourself.

Chapter 2105

Daveys expression hardened. Since thats the case, Ill grant your wish.

He clapped his hands, and a door swung open, echoing through the room.

Bathed in the bright light, Raegan realized she was in what appeared to be a cold storage room.

Davey was unaffected by the chill, thanks to his specially designed clothing.

A figure clad in black entered, pushing a wheelchair. The bright reflection obscured the seated persons identity.

Davey walked over, took control of the wheelchair, and pushed it closer until the woman seated became clearly visible.

Raegan was struck silent by the sight. Floods of childhood memories washed over her. Memories of her mother singing lullabies to put her to sleep and holding her hand as they bought ice cream crossed her mind.

Despite the passage of time, her mothers face remained remarkably youthful, barely touched by the years.

Raegans lips trembled, and she finally whispered, Mom Her voice echoed with a deep sorrow, as if they had been separated for centuries.

Casey showed no response to Raegans call of Mom.

Desperate to embrace Casey, Raegan found her legs frozen stiff.

Attempting to move caused her to collapse to her knees. She tried to crawl toward Casey, her vision blurred with tears, repeatedly murmuring, Mom Mom

Yet, Casey looked on indifferently, as if she didnt recognize her daughter at all.

Just as Raegan neared Casey, Davey cruelly stepped on Raegans fingers, his expression icy. See, Casey doesnt care about you at all

Raegan noted that Casey didnt even shift her gaze. Something felt profoundly wrong. It

appeared Casey had experienced a tremendous shock to end up in such a state.

Davey returned Casey to the attendant in black, cautious not to reveal too much.

Ever since Casey had seen the lifeless body of Jimena, she had been in this condition, unresponsive, motionless, and devoid of expression.

Yet, she continued to eat, functioning mechanically like a robot.

Medical professionals had been unable to pinpoint any illness, attributing her condition to intense shock.

This time, however, it was clear Casey wasnt feigning her state.

Davey had conducted numerous tests, and Casey had not reacted to any stimuli, including the recent attempt to provoke a response by presenting Raegan.

Casey was connected to machines that monitored her heart rate.

Ordinarily, any parent reunited with a long-lost child would exhibit some heart rate fluctuation, especially someone like Casey, who deeply loved her children.

But Casey remained as unresponsive as ever even when Raegan called her, her heart rate unchanging.

Chapter 2106

Frustrated by this realization, Davey acknowledged the harsh truth.

Seeing no further use of Raegan, he lifted his foot off her. His expression disdainful, he commanded, Set the temperature to minus sixty-two degrees.

Raegan was shocked! She gasped in disbelief. This was his method of finishing what he hadn't managed before. He intended to freeze her to death.

Watching Davey stride toward the exit, Raegan realized she had one last opportunity. Once he left the room, her fate would be sealed.

How could she muster the strength to fight for her life? She didn't want to die. She was determined to live, to rescue her mother, and to await Erick's arrival.

With Casey's face in her mind, Raegan suddenly called out hoarsely, Davey Glyn!

Using his full name grabbed his attention. As expected, he halted and turned to face her.

Raegan bit her tongue, tasting blood, which brought a sharp clarity and calm. Her voice raspy from dehydration, she challenged, Have you ever considered whose child I am?

Davey's expression shifted to shock for a brief moment.

Raegan noticed this and sensed she had made some progress. The next part of her plan was critical to her survival. Without giving Davey time to ponder, she pressed on, Mr. Glyn, given your intelligence, you've probably figured it out. You know, my brother Erick and I aren't biological related. Didn't you ever question why my dad would adopt a boy instead of having his own?

Davey laughed dismissively. Are you trying to suggest you're my child? Clever, but I'm not naive enough to believe such a tale.

With that, he turned and walked away, clearly unconvinced.

Raegan collapsed onto the ground, motionless, conserving her body heat to extend her survival. This wild theory was a desperate invention on her part.

Davey was smart, yet not without his vulnerabilities. His Achilles heel was her existence as proof of Casey's infidelity. He wanted her dead because he viewed mother, Casey.

But what if she were actually his daughter? How might that change things? How would he

react.. He couldn't be that heartless, right?

Though Davey had departed, it didn't mean Raegan had lost. A seed of doubt, once sown, might flourish into endless turmoil.

Raegan was betting on Davey being tormented by his doubts, ensnared by the trap she had laid. She had to remain alive until help arrived.

She must survive.

After exiting the room, Davey faced Casey, who was unable to speak or even change her expression. His look was stern.

On the surveillance screen, Raegan could be seen lying in the cold storage, an image of despair.

Davey watched Raegan for a prolonged moment. Unexpectedly, his heart, usually only moved by thoughts of Casey, felt an uncharacteristic twinge of distress.

Davey turned his eyes away, calming himself in whispers.

At first glance, he had pegged Raegan as astute. The things she said and her actions were unreliable. Surely, this was a snare she had laid for him.

Casting another glance at Casey, Davey remained silent before suddenly dropping to crouch, seizing her shoulders, and jolting her with force. Casey, are you hiding something from me?

Chapter 2107

Caseys pupils dilated unfocused, showing no reaction to his query.

Daveys hands clamped tighter around her arms as he clenched his teeth and pressed, Speak! Are you?

Still unresponsive, Casey only mustered incoherent sounds to the pain.

Since Casey laid eyes on Jimenas lifeless body, she had been plunged into this state.

Davey had overestimated Caseys resilience, initially revealing that her adopted son had been shot, and then came the horrifying scene of Jimenas lifeless body.

Years of confinement in a basement had frayed Caseys spirit to tatters, these revelations shattering her completely. She held herself accountable. If Erick hadnt intervened to save her, he would not have been targeted.

Jimenas death also fell on Caseys conscience, as Davey had mercilessly executed Jimena for her tasks.

Ever a kind soul with a golden heart, Casey blamed herself for others suffering, self-loathing overwhelming her. Her mind had shut down, resembling a burnt-out fuse, unresponsive.

Her once-celebrated beauty now seemed obscured by her vacant mumbling and sporadic drooling. Yet, even in disarray, her beauty persisted.

Caseys gaze was fixed perpetually on the surveillance screen.

Abruptly, a soft Mom echoed from the monitors speaker.

At that sound, Caseys eyes began to focus, but then she tumbled from the wheelchair.

Davey extended a hand to assist, but she repelled him forcefully.

Casey made her way frantically toward the monitor. Inside, Raegan shifted from a fetal position to lying on her back, her body shaking yet her gaze locked on the camera. Summoning all her strength, she cried out, Mom

At this, Casey, incoherent and overwhelmed, battered the screen with her hands.

Davey watched her erratic actions and laughed, relieved to see her responsive again.

He observed Raegan on the monitor crying Mom and then detachedly diverted his attention.

Moments later, he pressed a green button adjacent to the monitor and issued an order. Bring her out.

Davey watched intensely as security escorted Raegan out, administered emergency care, and helped her into a deep, stable slumber.

Only then did Davey breathe a sigh of relief. This was odd. He shouldn't have felt this way. He rationalized that without Raegan's unique ability to impact Casey's condition, he would never have reconsidered her situation.

Once satisfied that Raegan was stable, Davey exited the room where Raegan was taken into for a rest.

The door shut with a click behind him.

Alone in the dim, serene, and warm chamber, Raegan's eyes snapped open. As she surveyed the comforting darkness, she realized her risky play had succeeded. Managing to pull through before she was frozen to death, those faint cries for Mom from her had indeed captured Davey's attention.

Yet, Davey probably hadn't grasped the psychological tactics influencing his decision.

Chapter 2108

Raegan knew she had to nurture this small breach in Davey's defenses until it overwhelmed him.

Raegan shut her eyes again, persuading herself to rest and conserve her strength. She had to keep fighting for her life until Erick and the rest came to her rescue.

Raegan endured a distressing night, plagued by chaotic dreams. The thought that her mother was close by and the murderer of her adoptive father was nearby prevented any peaceful rest.

By the time dawn approached, Raegan was barely holding on.

Upon opening her eyes, she saw a man seated on a stool next to her bed. It was Davey.

Raegan's face transformed instantly with worry, pondering if she had revealed her deepest thoughts while asleep.

Davey, appearing indifferent, casually inquired, Awake?

Despite feeling internal turmoil, Raegan maintained her calm exterior and replied, Yeah.

Davey commented, You seem to have had a rough night. His voice was steady, yet his gaze betrayed an icy turbulence.

A pang of anxiety struck Raegan, wondering if she had revealed any slip-ups. Gathering her thoughts swiftly, she confessed with a firm voice, Yes, I had a dreadful sleep. The events of yesterday frightened me. After all, I came close to death.

Her sincerity seemed to dissolve the shadowy doubts in Daveys eyes.

He probed further, Are you scared of me?

Extremely, Raegan admitted. Youve tried to claim my life thrice. How could I not fear you?

Her response was candid, and she moved back slightly, filled with apprehension.

Daveys expression darkened as he asked, And Landen? How do you two get along?

Confused at first by his question, Raegan hesitated.

Davey elaborated, Is your interaction with him similar to this?

Raegan now understood that Davey was comparing himself to her father.

She fondly recalled Landens kindness. My dad was very kind to me. I was never afraid of him. When I was little, he would often carry me on his back.

Indeed, Landen had always shown deep affection for Raegan, supporting her throughout childhood and even into her parenting years.

Upon seeing Raegans affectionate smile as she spoke of Landen, irritation flashed across Daveys face. His voice took on a sharper edge. Dad? He clearly disliked the term.

A father for a day, a father for life, Raegan declared, looking directly into Daveys unforgiving eyes, emphasizing that Landen and her adoptive father in Tenassie would always be her true dads.

Raegan navigated her emotions with precision. Displaying any submission or weakness toward Davey now would only trigger his suspicions.

Considering Davey had killed her adoptive father and attempted her life thrice, submissiveness was not an option. Resentment was more fitting. Such defiance might even stir a competitive edge in Davey.

Chapter 2109

If the genetic tests proved Raegan was Daveys biological daughter, the shock would be immense for Davey, realizing he had attempted to kill his own flesh and blood multiple times.

Thus, conflicted feelings tormented Davey even before the test results were in. Part of him hoped Raegans claims were false. Yet, somewhere deep down, he wished they were true.

At his age, the idea of having a child became increasingly appealing.

The deeper the isolation and neglect one experienced in youth, the more intensely one yearned for a connection with their offspring, seeking to mend the echoes of a lonely childhood.

As Davey spent hours observing Raegan, he noticed similarities in their sleeping patterns. Both of them stayed alert in unfamiliar environments.

Davey stood up and said with a calm, gentle voice, Get up and have something to eat. Ill have the servants bring it in Had Raegan not known Daveys past, she might have mistaken him for a decent man. For now, he convincingly hid his malevolent and unstable tendencies.

Remaining silent, Raegan kept her head bowed. She was careful not to meet his gaze, worried that her resentment might show and provoke suspicion.

Despite her restraint, Davey found himself increasingly charmed by her. He asked, Raegan, did your mother name you?

Raegan simply nodded in response.

The young Raegan owned a gold medal engraved with her name, a keepsake her adoptive father had retained after searching locally and at police stations without finding any reports of a missing child named Raegan.

Her obscurity was due to Davey leaving her thousands of miles away at a time when technology and missing persons searches were ineffective.

Raegans adoptive father, a compassionate man, felt a deep bond with the young Raegan and chose not to hide her identity. He kept her original name intact, hoping it would one day lead her birth parents to her.

It sounds nice, Davey remarked.

Seeing Raegan remain quiet, Davey wanted to add more but was at a loss for words. Rest well, he finally said before leaving the room.

Servants delivered a meal that was both lavish and luxurious.

Raegan surveyed the feast before her, confident that Davey wouldnt dare poison her yet. At least, not until the paternity test results were confirmed.

Raegans current location remained a mystery, suggesting Davey was concealing her in a highly secretive spot. Consequently, she knew the test results wouldnt be available swiftly.

Even Davey would need to wait approximately three days.

These next three days represented Raegans critical window for escape.

Daveys current gentleness stemmed from his belief that she might be his daughter. Should the tests prove otherwise, Raegan doubted he would hesitate to eliminate her.

After her meal, Raegan strolled around the room, under the watchful eye of a servant who never left.

Despite Daveys apparent trust issues, Raegan attempted to uncover her whereabouts. Seizing a moment when the servant was distracted, she drew back a curtain, hoping for a glimpse outside and a clue to her location, murmuring about the stuffiness as a cover.

Her hope quickly turned to disappointment. The curtain hid no window but a plain wall, serving purely as decor, which explained the servants lack of concern.

Feeling defeated, Raegan returned to the bed to close her eyes and rest, conserving her strength while she contemplated her next move.

Chapter 2110

Upon awakening, she noticed the servant had switched, with a new one now on duty, indicating a systematic rotation to monitor her.

The new servant inquired about her preference for lunch, maintaining the vigilant routine.

Raegan challenged the servant by requesting numerous complex dishes, hoping to provoke irritation.

Upon hearing her demands, the servant indeed scowled and exited the room.

As Raegan perched on the beds edge, she was startled by a strange noise from outside, reminiscent of an ancient, withered vine.

Raegan pondered this sound deeply and recalled having heard it on the day Davey had compassionately rescued her from the freezing place.

Compelled by the memory, Raegan dashed to the door, hammering on it while crying out, Mom! Mom!

Her loud calls alarmed the servant, who hurried over to restrain her.

Miss, you cant! You cant!

The servant gripped Raegan firmly, pulling her back to the bed with significant force.

Thwarted from reaching the door, Raegan continued to scream, Mom! Mom!

Her persistent shouts eventually drew a response from outside. Then came a distinct sound.

This was quickly followed by repeated banging sounds, like a wheelchair violently striking

against the door. The worried chatter of other servants permeated the air.

Madam! Madam, you cant do this! Please!

Unyielding, Raegan intensified her cries. Mom! Mom!

Quickly, the servant in the room covered Raegans mouth, causing her to struggle and emit muffled sounds.

Suddenly, the door slammed again. With a sharp snap, the lock broke.

As the door swung open, a shadowy figure charged in Like a whirlwind.

It was Casey, wielding a large vase, which she used to strike the servant on the back of the head.

The servant, struck by the impact, released Raegan while bleeding profusely on the floor.

From her wheelchair, Casey managed to stand up just enough to grasp Raegan and cling to her.

Tears immediately welled up in Raegans eyes. After years apart, she was finally reunited with her mother.

Clinging tightly to one another, they ignored the surrounding chaos.

Other servants hesitated to intervene, seeing their colleague injured and considering Caseys frantic actions. Additionally, they were under strict orders from Davey that Casey was not to be harmed.

Any harm coming to Casey would surely lead to severe repercussions for them.