

Unbreakable 1311

Chapter 1311

He then stood up, offering, "I'll drive you back."

Raegan protested, eyes wide, "But you're unwell."

"I feel fine," Mitchel countered, eager for a few more moments with her.

Despite his handsome, yet slightly pallid appearance, Raegan saw through his bravado. "Absolutely not, or you can forget about your porridge."

Mitchel conceded, suggesting, "Let Matteo drive you back then."

"I've got my own ride," Raegan replied.

Still, Mitchel insisted with a concern that roughened his voice, "Have him follow you back. It's late, and I worry."

Raegan felt a sweetness swell in her heart, a comforting warmth spreading within.

After Raegan's departure, Mitchel's night took a turn. Katie's anxious voice reached him over the phone.

"Mitchel..." Katie was on the verge of tears, revealing her father's sudden heart attack.

"How could this happen?" Mitchel's brow furrowed in concern.

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"I don't know. Suddenly, my dad passed out at home." Katie's voice trembled.

Tears brimmed in Katie's eyes as she spoke. "Would you mind postponing the clarification press conference tomorrow? The Glyn group is in disarray. News like this could tank the stock price. For the long-standing friendship between our families, could you consider delaying it..

Mitchel took a moment, his lips drawing into a thin line. "I'll reach out to the finest cardiovascular specialist for your father and make every effort to pull him through."

Relief washed over Katie, her heart lighter with the knowledge that her choice was sound.

The next moment, Mitchel's voice carried a chill. "The Glyn Group can have half a month to steady itself against any sudden events and shifts in the stock market before we hold the press conference."

This concession was a significant gesture of respect from Mitchel to Katie's father. The Glyn Group now had a fortnight to manage the crisis. It was enough time. His mind was set. He would swiftly handle any tribulations that might unsettle Raegan.

Katie couldn't believe what she just heard. The words coming from Mitchel were rut

hless. Trembling, she choked and pled, "Mitchel, but..."

But before Katie could finish her words, Mitchel, with an emotionless voice, interrupted, "I don't want to hear any but! Katie, listen up.

If the Glyn Group fails to come up with a solution for the present crises, then the PR team needs to be booted out of the company."

"I..." Katie wanted to argue, but Mitchel interrupted her again, saying firmly, "That will be all."

Then, not caring for what Katie had to say, Mitchel had cut off the call.

A little while later, Matteo came in and delivered the news that Reagan, having been escorted, had arrived home safe and sound.

Mitchel said nothing for a moment. Finally, he raised his head and said, "I want you to probe Katie's father's condition. The moment you discover anything suspicious about his illness, inform me."

Chapter 1312

Having seen through Katie, the firm trust that Mitchel previously had in her was now shattered. Now, every word that came out of her mouth sounded like lies to him.

If Katie's claim turned out to be true, then the whole situation could easily be diffused. After all, Katie's father was a long-time supporter of his faction. Mitchel would give the Glyn family ample time to take care of the crises at hand.

But, if Katie had lied to him, he wouldn't be merciful in the slightest. He would unleash his full wrath upon her.

Before long, Matteo was able to obtain Katie's father's test report.

According to the report, Katie's father had developed complications that led to him experiencing a shock which could lead him to become critically ill.

"I have also combed through every other document in the hospital that has anything to do with Mr. Glyn, and from the look of things, he is quite in a serious condition. And all the time he has been at the ICU, Miss Glyn has been by his side," Matteo reported.

Mitchel nodded and glanced at the report. It was an authentic one, which meant there was no foul play anywhere.

Mitchel then looked at Matteo and instructed, "Contact the best cardiovascular specialist in the country and see to it that they have a consultant with Mr. Glyn."

"Will do," Matteo replied.

Just as Matteo was about to leave, he suddenly remembered something else needed to report to Mitchel. Turning around, he said, "By the way, Mr. Dixon, a fire occurred down at Velvet Alley, killing a woman. The police have released an identification notice based on her physical characteristics. And from the way the victim was described, I think she might be Miss Murray. However, I have not yet confirmed if it's her."

Mitchel had dumped Lauren into the Velvet Alley to teach the latter a lesson.

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In line with Mitchel's orders, Matteo didn't seize Lauren's phone.

That gave Lauren the freedom to contact the police if she didn't want to be harmed. But then, if she contacted the police, she would be bought to book for drugging others. She'd end up in jail.

Mitchel had given Lauren two options. Lauren preferred being tortured in Velvet Alley to being in jail.

Matteo felt no pity for Lauren whatsoever. She had brought a painful ending down upon herself.

Mitchel lowered his gaze slightly and simply said, "Go to her residence, gather her personal belongings, and see to it that you identify her."

At that moment, the image of Lauren's last look, which had been resentful, popped into Mitchel's mind. He mustn't let his guard down until the victim's DNA had been confirmed to be Lauren's.

Not that Mitchel was afraid for his safety. If he knew anything about Lauren, it was that instead of targeting him, she might go after Raegan instead.

Meanwhile, at the door of the ICU.

Katie stared at the phone in her hand as she squeezed it out of frustration. How could Mitchel be so cold and ruthless? Didn't he have an iota of humanity in him?

Katie closed her eyes for a moment and placed a hand on her forehead.

There wasn't much time left for her.

At that moment, Abel, Katie's bodyguard, appeared.

Seeing him, Katie asked, "Has the medicine been taken care of?"

Chapter 1313

Abel nodded and whispered, "Yes, all taken care of. No one will be able to find out that the root cause of Mr. Glyn's heart attack was his intake of the wrong medication."

Hearing this, Katie smiled weakly and nodded. To induce complications in her father, she had earlier instructed Abel to give her father a medication that was in contradiction to what he had been prescribed by the doctor.

Of course, if there had been another way for Katie to achieve what she wanted, she wouldn't have carried out such a drastic measure.

All she needed was for her father to remain in a coma for at least another half month. That should be enough time for her to achieve her goals.

Though she knew that what she did would surely damage her father's physical functions, she wasn't that concerned. After all, her father was going to kick the bucket someday. And the sooner he died, the sooner she could take his place.

By harming her father's health, Katie had bought herself a meager half month. But she was confident that in that short space of time, she would be able to marry Mitchel.

Feeling displeased, Katie wanted to lighten up her mood. Pushing the door to the VIP Lounge open, she gestured at Abel to follow her in, which he did.

Luxurious and beaming with splendor, the lounge was indeed high-end.

Katie walked up to a chair, sat on it, and studied Abel as a queen would study her subject. "Kneel and please me," she commanded imperiously.

Hearing this, Abel's eyes twitched slightly, but he didn't blink. He walked up to Katie and neatly prostrated himself.

At this moment, he could feel his spirits lighting up. He had never felt so alive.

Abel had been born and brought up on the Dark Island, and Katie's father had parted with a huge sum of money to secure Abel, assigning him as Katie's protector.

Katie's father knew the loyalty of the Dark Island's assassins was deep-rooted. Their loyalty to their master was for a lifetime.

However, Katie's father couldn't have foreseen that the bodyguard he personally selected for Katie would be the one to give him lethal medication. He had underestimated the degree of how loyal the Dark Island's assassins were.

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Whenever a mission was delivered, no matter how farfetched it might be, even if it was to carry out patricide, the Dark Island's assassins would do so in a jiffy.

Therefore, Abel was Katie's most despicable pawn in this life, the tool she used to achieve her goals. Abel was tasked with handling all the dirty work that couldn't see the light of day. For Katie knew that Abel would never betray her, even if Abel was on the verge of de

ath.

In the flickering light on the wall, a shadow prostrated, his head bowed, consistently pleasing Katie...

Afterward, Katie, her body still tingling from what Abel had done to her, was breathing heavily. She sat up lazily and said, "Next time, don't go as hard to avoid any accident."

She was still a virgin and wanted to remain that way, at least for now. Abel was too rough just now. Abel was still by her side simply because of how well he had served her all these years. If not, she would have replaced him long ago.

Flushed and sounding weary, Katie inquired, "How is Lauren doing?"

"She's still alive and is being watched. But, from what I've observed, she seems to be ambitionless. In fact, she hardly ever leaves where she is," Abel replied.

Katie shook her head slightly, anger boiling inside of her. Lauren was the exact definition of a useless individual! How could Lauren have broken down just because she encountered this setback?

Chapter 1314

"Go and knock some senses into that skull of hers," Katie said through gritted teeth. Her initial plan was to avoid doing anything risky. But, Mitchel's unforgiven words earlier had deeply wounded her. After she informed him of her father's illness, he was unfazed and even spewed more heartless words.

Katie wrongly shifted all the blame on Mitchel's damn ex-wife who should have left this world long ago.

As Katie thought of this, a malicious smile appeared on her face.

She had to finish that woman.

"As you wish," Abel replied as he bowed his head, not daring to meet Katie's gaze.

But, his aroused reaction didn't go unnoticed by Katie. Unable to ignore it, she said with a slight frown on her face, "Handle it yourself."

Abel nodded, turned around, and headed out.

In the shed.

Just as Abel approached it, he heard some suggestive sounds.

When he entered, he saw Lauren lying down on the floor like a log of wood.

Near Lauren, there was a dark and dirty man with his pants pulled down. At first glance, it was clear that he was a rough individual.

That dirty man angrily threw a blanket on Lauren's face and bellowed, "Smell that abomination yourself. You are not worthy to even live in a pigsty!"

The dirty man paused for a moment and began to pull up his pants before continuing, "You stink like a rotten corpse. If only I could find another woman, I wouldn't come within a hundred feet of you!

You should try and find out what the hell is wrong with you!"

The dirty man shook his head and began to limp backwards as he muttered, "You damn bitch. Every single square inch of your body is disgusting. I can't believe how disgusting you are. You are nothing more than a ghost..."

Hearing this, Lauren, slightly trembling, turned around to face the dirty man. Hearing Lauren's movements, the dirty man turned back and yelled, "Don't you dare raise that ugly face of yours, you rotten woman! Do you want to scare me to death?"

The moment the accusatory words were hurled, Lauren instinctively bowed her head, trying to make herself smaller as she silently absorbed the barrage of curses and insults.

There was no way she could fight back or try to defend herself, nor did she intend to. This roof over her head was provided by this dirty man who made a Livelihood from scavenging.

It may not seem like much, considering how much she had in the past.

But at the moment, it was a sanctuary to her. Without it, she would have nowhere to stay.

Lauren wanted to get treatment for her ailments, but she didn't have anything except the poor excuse for clothes on her body, and she didn't have any means to get the money.

The scars she carried were not just physical reminders, but also emotional wounds that never seemed to heal and only grew worse with time.

It was only when the dirty man with a limp left and silence reigned in the room for several minutes that Lauren dared to raise her head.

Chapter 1315

The evidence of her trauma was etched onto her face. One side remained unscathed, while the other bore the horrific marks of severe burns.

The injury was a harsh reminder of the moment she had been abandoned on the side of the road, her face brutally scraped against the unforgiving asphalt when a car accidentally hit her, chunks of skin torn away in the merciless drag. The agony she endured was beyond words, a torment that cleaved through her very soul.

Despite the harrowing torment, Lauren gingerly got back to her feet and tried to ask the car driver for compensation, but the car driver refused and insisted on calling the police and going through the insurance procedures.

Lauren was afraid the police would discover her past wrongdoings and arrest her, so she did the only thing she could think of at that moment. That was to flee away.

Since she was unsuccessful in getting money from the driver, her injuries remained untreated. As time passed, the wounds turned into scabs and eventually healed until it became a rugged terrain of scars, hideous and unpleasant to look at.

Lauren had cut ties with her family a while ago, and not long after, she was stripped of her resources and connections. As horrific as the past few days had been, there was nothing she could do to change her fate but to sit in limbo, waiting for death to find her.

But even at that, the idea that that dirty man with a limp could throw her out was laughable. Just thinking of it roused the old Lauren, and a sinister light flickered within her eyes.

There was a creak and the door was suddenly pushed open.

Lauren had an unexpected guest. There was barely enough scrap of fabric on her body to cover her dignity, but she felt no shame and made no move to hide herself from this newcomer. Calmly, she raised her head and looked at the newcomer.

Before she stood a man dressed in dark attire, his face partially hidden by a mask. His eyes were sharp and intense, like an eagle's gaze.

"Do you want to get your revenge?" The question was direct and straight to the point.

"Can you assist me?" Lauren replied, matching the man's bluntness.

She didn't bother to ask the man's identity or reason for helping her.

Her face and body were ruined, and now she was nothing but a shadow of herself. Could she resign herself to this fate and allow the one who ruined her life to walk away? Absolutely not.

However, no matter how desperate she was for revenge, her reality was a brutal slap to the face. For one thing, Mitchel was safeguarded by a plethora of bodyguards. She couldn't get within a hundred miles of where he was. And to add insult to injury, Raegan was also out of Lauren's reach.

Indeed, Lauren wanted to get her pound of flesh, to make Mitchel and Raegan suffer for every ounce of horror she had gone through, but she couldn't do it by herself.

Now fate had for once shown mercy on her and brought to her an ally who wanted the same thing she did. What they stood to gain from Mitchel's destruction mattered very little to her. The only she cared about was seeing Mitchel's world crumble.

The second Abel heard Lauren's question, he knew he wouldn't have to persuade her to work with them.

Since that was the case, Abel took out a wad of cash, threw it on the floor and ordered in a voice devoid of emotion, "This is a good place to hide. Stay here and recover. When the time is right for action, you will be informed."

Then, Abel turned around and left.

"Wait!"

Abel stopped in his tracks as Lauren's voice rang out. When he turned to look at her, she met his gaze without flinching. "Is there a poison capable of causing instant death?"

Abel, seasoned in numerous assassination missions, instantly realized Lauren's intent. Lauren possessed the ferocity and venom necessary to execute a deed of earth-shattering consequence in her final moments.

Some hours after Abel left, the dirty man with a limp returned. He had spent the entire day scavenging, but all he had to show for his efforts was a cart filled with refuse.

Chapter 1316

For once, Lauren cleaned herself up and even tidied up the place.

When she saw the dirty man come in, she promptly descended from her perch and poured water for the man with practiced eagerness.

Caught off guard by her sudden shift in demeanor, the dirty man with a limp mocked, "So, the dead fish learns to turn at last."

While the sudden hospitality was unexpected, the dirty man was thirsty, so he accepted the cup eagerly and guzzled the water.

Then, he placed the cup down and remarked, "If you can prove to me that you can contribute, then I will rethink my decision to throw you out... Ah... Ah..."

The taunting words devolved into labored gasps as the dirty man's face contorted into an expression of agony. It felt like the fires of hell were in his throat, razing everything in its path until his vocal chords were nothing more than charred lumps.

Eyes bulging with horror and disbelief, he raised a trembling, dirt-streaked finger at Lauren. "Ah... Ah..."

"Clap!" Without even a hint of remorse, Lauren raised her hand and struck the dirty man down with every ounce of strength she could muster. She spat disdainfully on the curled form of the man and hissed. "Old fool, hurry to hell!"

The dirty man's cries tapered off a few seconds later, his wide unseeing eyes frozen in a state of shock even in death.

Fury coursed through Lauren as she glared down at the dirty man. Now, she saw not a dirty man that had taken advantage of her, but her enemy who had ruined her life. She went and got a knife and mercilessly gouged his eyes out.

When she finally calmed down and could think rationally again, she dragged the man's body to the old refrigerator and stuffed it inside.

It took considerable effort, but she managed to get it done.

Then, she surveyed her surroundings. From high-rise villas to filthy shacks. Oh, how the mighty had fallen!

Lauren wrongly assumed Raegan was the reason for her downfall. Raegan should never have returned alive! Without Raegan, Mitchel wouldn't have been this merciless toward her. How wonderful life would have been if Raegan died when she fell into the river five years ago!

Lauren's hatred seeped into every bone in her body and corroded her mind. There was only one thought in her mind and it was the one thing that had kept her going even after all the horrors she had endured. Raegan had to pay!

At the Kingbel Club.

The door of the private room was pushed open by a waiter and an impeccably dressed man walked in. He came to an abrupt halt, a sneer curling his lips when he saw the handsome man sitting across from him. "It's ironic, Mr. Dixon, that you're supposed to be sick yet here you are, strolling around as if nothing is wrong. My sister is so trusting and gullible that she stayed home today to cook Liver porridge for you."

Warmth surged up in Mitchel's heart when he heard that Raegan was at home cooking for him.

He didn't try to hide his joy and as such, Erick could see the pleased smile on his face.

Erick found Mitchel's smile to be particularly aggravating and he scoffed. "It seems that Mr. Dixon

is still quite the master at manipulating people.

Despite his pallor, Mitchel's lips curved downwards as he looked up at Erick. In a sincere voice, he told Erick, "Elder brother, you misunderstand me. I would never play with Raegan's feelings; I truly love her."

Erick felt a pulsing headache the second he heard Mitchel call him elder brother in that casual tone. This man was shameless to the extreme.

Erick was yet to make him pay for not protecting Raegan properly, yet Mitchel still had the audacity to sit in front of him and call him elder brother!

Chapter 1317

Erick's expression turned icy. "Don't call me elder brother. I'm afraid I can't afford such a title. It might shorten my life."

Mitchel's obsidian eyes were downcast as he endured Erick's scorn with remarkable patience. Right now, Mitchel appeared quite humble, which was a far cry from the image he usually projected.

But Erick was not swayed by Mitchel's little performance. When he spoke next, his voice was cold and stern. "I advise you to give up on this idea as soon as possible. As long as I'm alive, you will never take advantage of my sister again!"

He got to his feet and dusted his trousers.

"I believe I've made myself clear. We have nothing else to discuss.

Oh, and don't bother waiting for the liver porridge. I've already ordered Reagan not to leave the house."

Erick was known for his stubbornness, a trait Mitchel had quickly recognized during their first interaction.

Thus, he waited for Erick to vent his anger before telling him why he had requested for this meeting.

"Elder brother, I know you've returned to secure the domestic shipping project."

Erick paused mid-step. Scowling, he turned back to Mitchel and demanded, "What do you mean? Are you investigating me?"

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"Relax, I'm on your side, elder brother. I would never harm you."

Erick was getting quite frustrated. The more Mitchel called him elder brother, the more familiar his tone became.

However, his purpose for returning was a secret to all, yet, Mitchel had been able to discover it.

Erick's eyes narrowed slightly, a hint of wariness rising within him.

Mitchel's lips curved. "I can help you secure the project."

"You?"

Erick scoffed, his tone full of disbelief and derision.

"As far as I'm aware, the Dixon family has no history in shipping.

There is only one likely candidate for the project and that is the Boyd family. And from what I recall, the Boyd and the Dixon families aren't on good terms."

Mitchel arched an eyebrow. "While it's well-known that the Boyd and Dixon families have a long-standing feud, there is a juicy scandal involving the Boyd family that may pique your interest." The words were a missile, and they hit their target unerringly. Erick stopped scowling, interest flashing across his eyes before he remembered to control his expression. If the Boyd family were out of the picture, then victory was most assuredly his. The thought had barely taken root in his mind when his elation deflated. He knew what Mitchel wanted from him in exchange for his help. But trading his sister's happiness for his own gain was something he would never contemplate.

Chapter 1318

Erick drew himself to his full height and stated in a cold, unyielding voice, "I know what you want. You want me to let you have your way with my sister, but that will never happen."

In reply, Mitchel pushed a document folder across the coffee table towards Erick.

"Elder brother, perhaps you should review this before making a decision."

Curious, Erick warily accepted the folder and pulled out the encrypted documents inside. His eyes went wide with shock and disbelief when he saw the contents.

This document was Mitchel's will!

Erick flipped through the pages quickly. But the more he read, the more bemused he became.

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By the time Erick got to the last page, he struggled to keep his surprise in check. "You're leaving eighty percent of your entire fortune to Raegan?"

"Correct. The will has been notarized. Rest assured. There will be no changes," Mitchel affirmed.

There was no force in the world that could have stopped Erick from gaping. Eighty percent of Mitchel's fortune for Raegan, and the remaining twenty for Mitchel's mother.

Erick had an idea as to why Mitchel had allocated his fortune in this manner. It wasn't because Mitchel favored Raegan over his mother.

Mitchel's mother had already owned six percent of the Dixon Group's shares. With this additional twenty percent of Mitchel's fortune, her share would surpass Raegan's. A revelation startling enough on its own. Willingness to give a fortune worth billions to Raegan so readily...

Mitchel gave Erick a moment to absorb the news before explaining calmly, "Erick, my intention in showing you this is not to gain immediate approval from you for me to marry Raegan. I just want a chance to make things right and make up for my past mistakes. I've been so preoccupied with work that I neglected Raegan and caused her undue suffering, even to the point where she lost our child. I understand where you're coming from, but I still want to beg for a chance to make amends. Could you please not intervene in my getting along with Raegan for some time? Even if Raegan doesn't choose me in the end, my will remains unchanged. Raegan is the one I desired to spend with for the rest of my life," Mitchel's tone was somber, his expression earnest.

Mitchel was never one to openly express his emotions, but once he was sure of his feelings, he stood firm and resolute. And for Raegan's sake, he was willing to explore every possibility.

When Mitchel was making his impassioned speech, Erick had slid Mitchel's will away, only to be pushed back his way by Mitchel, who remarked, "Please keep this will for me."

Erick's lips pursed, a trace of bewilderment on his refined face.

"You just want me to allow you two to see each other? No other strings attached?"

Surprise was an inadequate word to describe what Erick was feeling.

Mitchel just entrusted Erick with the notarized will bearing Mitchel's private seal. Mitchel was essentially offering up his weakness to Erick on a silver platter.

If this document fell into the hands of Mitchel's enemy and got exposure, it could destabilize the Dixon Group's stock market presence. Moreover, Mitchel would likely be forced to step down from his position as CEO. Mitchel, a shrewd businessman, undoubtedly knew the risks of his doings. For the first time, Erick realized the terrifying extent of Mitchel's folly when blinded by love. Erick was simply an observer, having never been in love. In Erick's opinion, his career ambitions took precedence over love without exception.

"Actually, I have one condition," Mitchel answered grimly.

Erick smirked. He knew it! There was no way Mitchel was truly that selfless. Erick braced himself, waiting for Mitchel to reveal his true intentions.

However, Mitchel simply said, "Please do not tell Raegan about this will. I don't want to add to her emotional burden."

Chapter 1319

For the umpteenth time in the last five minutes, Erik was rendered speechless. This was truly baffling. Mitchel turned out to be way more selfless than he had ever imagined. Was he truly seeing Mitchel?

Just to be certain, Erick asked, "And you don't mind that Janey isn't your child?"

This was a rather crucial point. A child was the ultimate Litmus test of a man's sincerity. Few men could wholeheartedly accept a child that was not biologically theirs.

Thinking of Janey brought a gentle smile to Mitchel's face. "I'm very fond of Janey, but I'll also respect her choices. Whether or not she likes me, I'll treat her as my own daughter."

Erick scoffed. "Nice words are easy to say, but acting on them is another matter."

Mitchel replied solemnly, "If Raegan chooses not to have more children, I can assure you that Janey will be our only child."

The mocking smile on Erick's face froze and he once again found himself speechless. It was rare for a CEO of a publicly traded company to make such a promise, especially one that pertained to the inheritance of the corporation. Mitchel was actually willing to accept Janey as his only child in the world, even without knowing whom Janey's biological father was. A truly remarkable stance. Erick studied Mitchel, his tone a bit more fervent as he questioned, "Do you truly mean that?"

After all, people were inherently selfish. Especially people like them who were born into privilege and carried burdens far greater than that of the average person. They couldn't afford to be whimsical.

But Mitchel's resolve never once wavered in the face of Erick's queries. "I've already included this in the prenuptial agreement."

Erick's expression twitched. "Who said Raegan is going to marry you?"

Erick found Mitchel's forwardness presumptuous. Before Raegan even agreed to marry him,

Mitchel had already prepared a prenuptial agreement.

“It all depends on Raegan. I won’t force her, but I want to provide Janey with a complete family,” Mitchel said, his obsidian-like eyes earnestly conveying his promise to Erick. “If you give me a chance, I swear on my life to protect Raegan and Janey.”

Outwardly, Erick maintained a cool demeanor, his expression giving little away. But internally, his heart was in turmoil. Mitchel was proving to be exceptionally determined and a master negotiator who knew exactly what to offer, presenting terms that were difficult to refuse. More importantly, it seemed he cared for Janey from the bottom of his heart.

Erick’s lips turned down when he remembered Janey’s biological father was actually Mitchel. He wondered whether Mitchel’s unconditional acceptance of Janey stemmed from the bond of blood. Mitchel coughed a few times and winced. He was yet to make a full recovery and needed to return to the hospital as soon as possible.

“Erick, I’ve sent the details of the Boyd family’s scandal to your email. Excuse me, but I must head back to the hospital now. I sincerely hope you will consider my request.”

Erick held on to the document, mixed emotions swirling through his dark eyes. Lost in thought, he

didn’t speak for a long time.

At the villa.

Raegan stared at the fragrant porridge simmering in the pot with a puzzled expression.

At first, she had deemed cooking a challenge for her, but after consulting with Annis, she found herself able to prepare the dish proficiently as if she had done it before.

However, it seemed Mitchel would not get to taste it.

Raegan didn’t want to break her promise, but Erick had instructed Victor to watch her even more closely than before. He even restricted her movements to just the company and the house. Erick simply wanted Mitchel to be out of Raegan’s life, not wanting any harm from Mitchel to come her way again.

Raegan stared out at the darkening sky, wondering whether the stubborn Mitchel still refused to eat anything except for her dishes.

Chapter 1320

After hearing one too many sighs from Raegan, Annis gazed at Raegan and asked, “Miss, do you want to go out?”

Raegan hesitated before shaking her head. “It doesn’t matter. My brother doesn’t allow me to go out.”

Annis stared at Raegan intently. She could tell Raegan wanted to go out, her destination a mystery. After some thought, Annis suggested, “I guess a quick return from delivering the porridge you had cooked wouldn’t harm. Just make sure to make it quick. Victor was invited to come in for dinner just now.”

Raegan was hesitant. This wasn’t the first time Erick got angry because of Mitchel.

Annis read the reason for Raegan’s hesitation correctly. “If your brother comes back before you, I’ll cover for you. I’ll just tell him that you aren’t feeling well and went to sleep early.”

Annis pushed Raegan toward the door, a note of urgency in her voice as she handed Raegan a thermos. "Go quickly and come back soon."

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"Okay. Thank you, Annis."

Raegan's face lit up as she made for the garage with the thermos in hand. However, the next moment, as if on cue, Erick stepped out from his car.

Panic struck Raegan as she wondered why her brother had arrived so early today.

Erick marched over with determined strides. His eyes narrowed as he asked, "Where are you going?"

"Not anywhere..." Raegan's voice quivered, and she stared at her toes with a guilty expression. The thermos she held felt like incriminating evidence.

Erick glanced at the thermos and sighed. He felt as if he was playing the role of a wicked queen. He looked away and said quietly, "Be home by nine."

"Uh?" Raegan thought she had misheard him. Erick's pinched expression suggested that he knew about her destination, but his words went beyond her expectations. Why did he agree to let her see Mitchel?

"You're really letting me go?" Raegan probed.

"Yep," he confirmed.

Just to be sure that she heard him right, Raegan asked again, "You're really le

etting me see Mitchel?"

Oblivious to the talk between Mitchel and Erick earlier this day, Raegan couldn't wrap her head around Erick's sudden shift in demeanor.

Erick, slightly annoyed, arched an eyebrow at Raegan and retorted, "Do you not want to go?"

Raegan now had the confirmation she sought. Erick truly allowed her to visit Mitchel.

Raegan was baffled. She wished she could teleport to the hospital this minute and ask Mitchel how he managed to convince her brother.

"Well, I'm leaving," Raegan said as she got into the car.

Erick watched the car speed away, a wave of melancholy washing over him at the thought of his sister growing up and away from him. He comforted himself with the thought that she had only gone to meet Mitchel and was not getting married this instant.

At the hospital.