

Unbreakable 1761

Chapter 1761

Frozen, Nicole was swiftly pulled into the underbrush in the opposite direction.

They hit the ground, the man propping himself on his elbow above Nicole. Nicole looked up into his clear, piercing eyes.

Her eyes wide, Nicole was about to say something when the man pressed his hand against her Lips to silence her.

Just then, they overheard the walkie-talkie crackle. "Number one, any situation over there?"

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The bodyguard with the code name number one peered into the bushes.

Nicole had considered for hiding and responded, "No situation. Likely just a neighbor heading home."

As the footsteps receded, the tension in the air eased.

Nicole, her eyes brimming with shock, managed to stammer, "Roscoe, how did you..."

Without a word, Roscoe picked up a cane to support himself before reaching out to help Nicole get up.

That was when Nicole noticed the severe injury on Roscoe's right wrist, which clearly hadn't healed yet.

After getting up, Nicole was led to approach an MVP car nearby.

Walking beside Roscoe, Nicole saw that not only was his right wrist injured, but he also limped on his left leg, making each step a struggle for him.

A twinge of sympathy struck Nicole, and she asked, "Roscoe, where are we going?"

"Just get in the car," Roscoe replied.

After getting in the car, Roscoe lowered his head and reached out.

"Hand me the keys."

"Keys?"

"Yes, hand them over."

Confused, Nicole gave Roscoe her car keys. She watched as Roscoe retrieved her luggage and returned to the MVP car.

Then, Roscoe shut the car door and joined her in the back seat, asking, "Were you planning to fly?"

You can't. I had a buddy create a fake flight record for you. I also canceled Austin's flight and arranged a ride to the place you mentioned."

He glanced at his watch and added, "They should be on their way now."

Nicole blinked and slowly grasped his intention to help her. "Roscoe, this is madness! Don't get involved in this anymore. Hurry, get away before we're seen..."

While Nicole spoke, she tried to open the car door, but it was Locked.

Roscoe held her wrist firmly, insisting, "We're leaving together."

Chapter 1762

Tears filled her eyes as Nicole looked at the lingering scar on Roscoe's face. "Are you crazy.?" Stopping her from opening the car door with his fine hand, Roscoe couldn't lift his injured hand to wipe her tears. Instead, he used his sleeve, murmuring softly, "We agreed to face troubles together. Do you not want me anymore?"

After hearing this, Nicole burst into even more tears. "You really are a fool... There's no one in the world more foolish than you..."

Nicole was overwhelmed. Roscoe could have achieved more, but because of her, he was reduced to such a sad state.

Right then, a driver approached, someone from the neighborhood whom Roscoe had arranged in advance.

Once the car was on the move, a partition went up. This partition was specially designed to block any sounds and prevent them from being spotted in the back seat.

Nicole panicked and grabbed Roscoe's hand. "Roscoe, drop me off. I can't be seen with you. I'll only cause you more trouble."

Nicole was concerned about Roscoe. If Jarrod, who was always out for revenge, discovered that Roscoe and her had fled together, he would certainly unleash a wave of retaliation upon catching them. Roscoe was already beaten to this point and simply couldn't accept another blow.

Nicole managed to persuade Roscoe, "Roscoe, please go back home. Stop getting mixed up with me. I don't want to be in your debt anymore."

"I'm not going back," Roscoe replied, gently wiping away her tears with his sleeve. "Nicole, my home is wherever you are."

"No, no!" Nicole protested urgently. "Don't fret over me. I didn't run off without a plan. I'll drop a bombshell on several social media platforms at 2:30 in the morning. After that, Jarrod will be too busy to chase after me."

Nicole implemented a plan that would destroy herself as well as Jarrod.

"Nicole." Roscoe gazed at her with unyielding determination in his eyes. "I've been steadfast for over a decade. Do you really think you can sway me now?"

Nicole was at a loss for words, knowing Roscoe's resolve better than anyone.

A spark lit up Roscoe's eyes as he said softly, "Nicole, I've never really had a place to call home. It's only with you that I find a 'home'."

He reached out and tightly held her slender fingers, saying firmly, "Even if you see me as nothing more than a younger brother for the rest of your life, I'm ready to do anything for you."

Nicole suddenly felt weaker yet somehow braver in facing life. It was difficult to pinpoint what exactly she was feeling at that moment.

Maybe it was a blend of reliance and sympathy, or perhaps her feelings were transforming significantly.

Nicole no longer wanted to dwell on her mixed feelings. Not persuading Roscoe anymore, she quietly placed her hand in his. Roscoe was someone she could always rely on.

The car sped along, entering South Bank Road.

Nicole looked up through the open sunroof at the starry sky, feeling a surreal sensation. "Did we

really run out?” she asked.

“Yes, we did,” Roscoe answered.

“How did you know I’d leave tonight?” Nicole inquired.

“After you had the nurse give me that note today, I figured you’d leave tonight,” he explained.

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Before Nicole left, she made sure to have a nurse deliver a note to Roscoe, who was in the hospital back then. The note warned him to steer clear of the dangerous Watts family. Roscoe’s father was a ruthless man who wouldn’t think twice about abandoning his own children when things got tough. Nicole glanced at the time, showing 2:31. She then looked at the LCD screen in front of her and asked, “Can this screen show the news?”

“Yes.”

“Turn it on,” she requested.

As soon as the screen lit up, various news headlines popped up, including financial and entertainment news.

One particularly shocking piece of news dominated the screen. It showed a high-definition, uncensored video of Jarrod in a club, engaging in intimate actions with a woman that were harsh and aggressive, bordering on torture.

The comments section below the video was in an uproar.

“Wow, do all rich people play like this?”

“Is that Jarrod, the CEO of Schultz Group? This is getting a bit perverted!”

“Even if the woman agreed to it, his behavior is out of line.”

“The things he said were so harsh, almost poisonous. Despite the unclear face of the person on the other side of the glass, it seems like he was getting beaten, doesn’t it?”

Nicole stared intently at the screen. She revealed, “I had a hidden camera with me that day.”

Nicole had sensed that something might happen amid her meeting with Jarrod, so she came prepared.

This video wouldn’t necessarily lead to criminal charges against Jarrod. After all, both parties had

consented. At most, it could demonstrate that Jarrod’s actions were over the top.

However, for the Schultz Group, already reeling from the CEO’s arrest and ongoing investigations, this footage was another severe setback and challenge.

The imminent shareholders’ meeting wouldn’t just overlook this. The loss of significant orders and the retreat of business partners, given the circumstances, was more than the already unstable Schultz Group could handle.

Nicole’s decision to release the video in the wee morning hours was strategic, aimed at cutting off any chance for the Schultz Group to manage the fallout. From here on, Jarrod would face continuous troubles. Chances were that he would face heavy criticism and might even be forced to resign. Regardless, it wouldn’t be easy for him.

Nicole looked at herself in the video, her once vivid eyes now glassy, hollow, and filled with defeat.

After a while, Nicole said to Roscoe, her voice raspy, as though her throat was scorched, "I'm already tainted, but Roscoe, you're not. You still have a promising future ahead. You don't need to sink down with me..."

Having gotten involved with Jarrod, Nicole deemed herself unworthy for someone as pure as Roscoe. The release of this video only confirmed her belief.

Suddenly, Roscoe felt a sharp pain in his heart, as if it was being ripped open from the inside. The pain was so intense that it made it hard for him to talk or breathe for a while. "Nicole, you're perfect to me, like the moon," he said, his voice breaking as he pulled her into a hug. "This hurts you, doesn't it?"

At his words, Nicole started crying again. Feeling someone care about her pain felt incredibly good. The stars lit up their path, and in Nicole's once barren and cold heart, a tough white rose began to bloom quietly.

This night was the beginning of the most beautiful chapter of Nicole's life, yet it also marked the last bit of beauty she felt she had.

Chapter 1764

But right then, Nicole held it dear. She was resolved that both she and Roscoe needed to make the best of their Lives.

After that night, Raegan found no opportunity to see Mitchel again for several days.

Despite living in the same city, Raegan suddenly realized they might never meet again in this lifetime if Mitchel made a point of avoiding her.

The memory of Mitchel's icy demeanor and his claim of not loving Raegan anymore cut deep. Yet, each night as Raegan closed her eyes, she could not help but think of the determination in Mitchel's eyes when he decisively pushed her out of the car loaded with explosives. At that time, he chose to save her at the cost of his own life. The affection she once saw in him seemed a stark contrast to the distance and coldness now. Was something behind Mitchel's aloof facade?

In the afternoon, once returned from kindergarten, Janey brought up once again her desire to visit Luciana, who had saved her.

Perhaps it was the familial bond asserting itself, as Janey, since being rescued, had inquired about Luciana several times.

Both logically and emotionally, Raegan felt compelled to take Janey to see Luciana.

However, because of the ban imposed by Mitchel, Raegan could only suggest to Janey, "Let's prepare some food and leave it outside her hospital room. I'll try to arrange for us to go inside, but if we're unable to, at least our thoughts will be conveyed."

Janey, not fully comprehending, nodded. "Okay, I will be good."

Janey's compliance filled Raegan with a mixture of emotions, including a twinge of sorrow.

Annis had hinted that Janey wished to see Mitchel, but being perceptive to the tension between Raegan and Mitchel, Janey never brought it up around Raegan.

While preparing nutritional soup, Raegan became distracted and accidentally scalded her hand, resulting in two blisters. She simply wrapped it with gauze and, carrying the soup with Janey, had

Victor drive them to the hospital.

Upon arriving at Luciana's exclusive VIP floor, Raegan was unsurprised to find that Luciana was unavailable.

Raegan appealed to the security staff, mentioning Janey, in the hope that Luciana might be willing to meet Janey. After all, Luciana had risked her life to save Janey. It seemed only natural that Luciana would want to see Janey.

Yet, the response was unchanged.

Janey's lips pursed into a pout, on the verge of tears.

Raegan swiftly knelt down to console Janey, "Janey, sweetheart, she might not be feeling well right now. When she's feeling better, I'm sure she'll want to see you. Okay?"

Fortunately, Janey quickly regained composure. She mentioned needing the restroom, and when Raegan offered to go with her, Janey declined and asked for Victor instead.

Victor nodded. "I'll take her, ma'am. You wait here."

As they turned a corner out of Raegan's view, Janey whispered to Victor, "Can you take me to find my daddy?"

Victor was taken aback, "Janey..."

"Isn't that woman my daddy's mother?" Janey reasoned like an adult, "If that's the case, then my daddy will surely come to see her. Victor, could you take me there?"

Victor hesitated, saying, "Janey, your daddy might not be here right now."

Chapter 1765

"Victor, I just need to ask my daddy something. Could you help me talk to him, please?"

Janey's lips quivered, tears on the brink of spilling.

Victor, her heart softened, agreed, "I will try to ask him for you."

With that, Victor escorted Janey to the triage desk.

Back outside Luciana's ward, Raegan was negotiating with the security staff in an attempt to bring the soup inside.

The security staff remained steadfast, insisting on not accepting food from outsiders.

After Raegan persisted with her requests, the security staff, noticing her injured hands, felt a twinge of sympathy and said, "You can leave it here. I'll ask for permission later."

Raegan was primarily driven by guilt, believing that taking action might alleviate her feelings.

As Raegan set down the thermos, she noticed Mitchel approaching.

Clearly, he was here to visit Luciana.

Mitchel passed by Raegan without stopping or acknowledging her, continuing on his path.

Raegan paused briefly and then instinctively called out, "Mitchel."

Mitchel seemed to reluctantly halt, responding with a nonchalant nod.

His handsome face remained emotionless, exuding an unusually cold demeanor.

Despite any past grievances with Luciana, Raegan was determined to bring Janey to see Luciana.

Luciana had ultimately saved them by risking her own life, a debt Raegan couldn't ignore.

Besides, during Mitchel's disappearance after the explosion, Luciana was the only one who believed in Raegan's claim of Mitchel's being alive.

With her determination in mind, despite sensing Mitchel's impatience, Raegan still asked, "May I go in to see Luciana?"

"No," Mitchel responded coldly.

Undeterred, Raegan pressed on, "I'll just take a quick look. I promise not to disturb..."

Before Raegan could finish, Mitchel's chilling voice interrupted her, "If there's nothing else, please leave. Outsiders are not welcome here."

Outsiders... Raegan clenched her fist, disheartened by his words.

Despite the evolution of their relationship, she shouldn't be reduced to the label of "outsider."

The security staff observed as Raegan asserted her closeness with Luciana moments earlier, her face now burning with embarrassment.

Struggling to maintain her composure, Raegan whispered, "I apologize for the disruption."

As Raegan prepared to depart, Mitchel's cold voice at the security staff rang out again. "Who permitted you to accept items from outsiders?"

Chapter 1766

The security staff hastily responded, "I apologize, Mr. Dixon. This lady mentioned having a close relationship with your mother."

"Dispose of it!" Mitchell impatiently commanded.

When Raegan turned back, the soup she had labored over for hours, burning her fingers in the process, had already been discarded into the hospital's trash bin.

Over the past few days, Raegan repeatedly reminded herself not to be mad at Mitchel's icy demeanor. He must have his reasons. Yet, seeing his lack of appreciation of her efforts, her heart was pierced with anguish.

Approaching Mitchel, Raegan was met with Mitchel stepping back as though avoiding something unsavory.

Pausing briefly, Raegan silently retrieved the thermos from the bin.

As she lifted it, the sight of her bandaged white fingers caused a fleeting grimace to cross Mitchel's face.

Moments later, Raegan opened the thermos lid, releasing a delightful aroma. In plain sight of everyone, she raised the rescued soup from the trash to her lips and took several sips.

"What are you doing?" Mitchel frowned and reached out to take the thermos away, saying firmly, "You shouldn't drink that." Who knew what germs were in the hospital's trash can?

Raegan stepped back, maintaining a cold distance, and said emphatically, "This soup is clean, and so am I. I am not garbage."

Despite Raegan's words, she simply wouldn't jest about her health.

The thermos had a protective design at the mouth, preventing bacteria from entering immediately after it was discarded.

The tense silence was shattered by a child's voice.

"Meanie!" Janey squirmed out of Victor's grasp and dashed toward Mitchel, her small fists swinging at him. "You meanie! Why did you dispose of the soup my mommy spent hours cooking? Mommy's hand got burned because of it!"

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Mitchel's countenance hardened.

Janey's anguished cries echoed in the room. "You... I don't Like you anymore! You meanie! You make my mommy cry! Mommy always cries at night."

Janey's desire to find Mitchel was to demand answers. Why didn't Mitchel keep his promise? Why did he make Raegan cry? Mitchel had vowed to bring happiness to both of them. In such a brief span, why had he caused such sorrow for her mommy?

Children, in their distress, spared no words. Every emotion poured forth.

"Despicable daddy! You've become a cruel figure, causing my mommy immense sadness. I refuse to regard you as my daddy any Longer!"

Janey yelled.

With tears streaming down her face, Janey tiptoed to strike Mitchel, but suddenly, she lost her balance and fell. Instantly, she collapsed onto the floor, wailing loudly.

Reacting swiftly, Victor scooped Janey up before Raegan could reach Janey.

From their vantage point, it appeared as though Mitchel had forcefully pushed Janey away. This instantly kindled Raegan's fury.

"What on earth do you think you're doing?" Raegan charged forward, pushing Mitchel with force. Usually a sturdy man, Mitchel staggered several steps backward.

Chapter 1767

At that intense moment, Raegan couldn't spare a thought for such nuances.

Tears welled in her eyes as Raegan enunciated each word with clarity, "Mitchel, I was blind. I misjudged you."

Moments ago, Mitchel's cold demeanor and the callous act of discarding the thermos had been humiliating, yet Raegan had managed to hold back her tears. But now, she couldn't contain them any longer. Why did Janey have to endure such treatment?

Tears streamed down Raegan's face in rapid succession. Each one pierced Mitchel's heart.

Mitchel bore the anguish in his heart stoically, refusing to show any emotion.

Meanwhile, Victor, cradling the sobbing Janey, gently tugged at Raegan's arm, urging her to depart. "Miss, let's go."

Raegan, unwilling to expose her disheveled state to others, turned on her heel with resolve.

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Behind Raegan, Mitchel's forehead glistened with sweat, his jaw clenched tightly in restraint. He appeared indifferent, refusing to shot them another glance, and strode purposefully into Luciana's ward.

With a resounding bang, the door slammed shut behind Mitchel.

His towering figure suddenly crumpled to the ground with a heavy thud.

He struggled to prop himself up on his elbows, attempting to rise, but his legs betrayed him, refusing to cooperate. In an instant, a suffocating wave of weakness engulfed his entire being. The door swung open once more. Matteo entered, spotting Mitchel on the floor, and hurried to his aid. "Mr. Dixon..."

After assisting Mitchel to the sofa, Matteo dashed toward the door, calling out urgently, "Doctor, doctor."

"Come back!" Mitchel called out to Matteo weakly, his pallid lips barely moving. "Medicine." Matteo retrieved a nondescript small medicine bottle from his pocket, poured out a transparent gel capsule into the cap, and handed it over.

Mitchel accepted the medicine and closed his eyes to rest. As the tense muscles slowly eased, his breathing gradually steadied, and the feeling returned to his numb limbs.

Matteo inquired cautiously, "Mr. Dixon, would you like some water?"

"No, thank you." Mitchel opened his eyes, bloodshot and weary, with veins pulsating at his temples. The back of his finely tailored suit was soaked with sweat, a testament to the immense effort he had just endured.

"Mr. Dixon, don't you think we should still summon a doctor?"

Matteo's concern was palpable, questioning the efficacy of relying solely on medication. Taking medicine to alleviate the symptoms might offer temporary relief, but it was clear that it was taking a toll on Mitchel's health.

"It's unnecessary," Mitchel murmured.

Mitchel knew his body had surpassed the point where doctors could offer meaningful assistance. The progression of his condition mirrored exactly what the female doctor had predicted. He was now in the advanced stages of the first treatment regimen. If Luis failed to find a cure within three months, not even divine intervention could save him.

Even now, the lingering anguish from the earlier encounter with Raegan and Janey weighed heavily on Mitchel's heart. But he had no choice. Raegan and Janey were his utmost concern. For their safety, he had to convince everyone that he had forsaken Raegan.

Yet, contemplating it was one thing while executing it was another.

Chapter 1768

The anguish in his heart surpassed what he could endure. Those he longed to hold close for eternity, he now had to push away...

Mitchel clenched and then relaxed his fists, his voice reverting to its hollow indifference. "Did Henley depart?"

"He did. He stood at the corner, observing everything. I'm unsure if he'll trail Mrs. Dixon..." Matteo replied.

Mitchel cut him off abruptly, his tone icy with command. "Don't call her like that again."

Matteo, accustomed to addressing Raegan as Mrs. Dixon, momentarily slipped. "Apologies, Mr. Dixon. I meant Miss Foster."

Mitchel's gaze faltered. At this juncture, Henley likely wouldn't dare to make any moves. With

Victor around Raegan, Henley couldn't exploit any opportunities.

Matteo reported, "Mr. Henley Dixon attempted to bribe the nurse at the station for information regarding your mother's condition, but fortunately, we had taken precautions."

In the hospital bed lay a woman who bore an uncanny resemblance to Luciana.

The real Luciana, however, remained unconscious, having been transferred overseas early on, still dependent on a ventilator in the Icu.

The assertion that Luciana had awakened was primarily a ploy to unsettle Alexis.

Matteo continued, "Additionally, Beuford's murder has been confirmed. His body was discovered in a reservoir 800 kilometers away."

Mitchel's expression hardened, his Lips forming a tight line. "Let's not incite further chaos just yet. Ensure Beuford receives a proper burial under a veil of secrecy."

"Understood, Mr. Dixon."

Despite the dizziness threatening to overwhelm him, Mitchel attempted to rise once more, his legs unsteady.

Observing Mitchel's struggle, Matteo voiced his concern, "Mr. Dixon, perhaps you should rest a while Longer."

Yet, Mitchel, driven by sheer determination, straightened himself upright once more. Once he stood tall, despite his myriad ailments, he concealed them effortlessly, resembling a towering mountain.

There was no time for respite. Soon, he wouldn't be able to walk at all. His time was running out.

Mitchel's handsome visage regained its sternness, his voice chillingly resolute as he instructed, "Tomorrow, we begin dealing with them!"

Raegan departed the VIP floor in a daze, wandering. A sudden sharp pain in her lower abdomen jolted her out of her thoughts.

Instructing Victor to escort Janey back first, Raegan started to make her way to the obstetrics department for a checkup.

By then, Janey had settled down, and her tears subsided, though she was reluctant to leave Raegan's side. Pouting, she murmured, "Mommy, just now..."

Seeing Raegan's pallor, Victor swiftly intervened, "Janey, let's discuss it tonight at home, alright?"

Observing her mother's distress, Janey nodded solemnly. "Okay. Mommy, I'll wait for you to come back."

"Very well, Janey. Be good and listen to Victor," Raegan reassured Janey before heading off for her examination.

Chapter 1769

After Victor departed with Janey, Raegan proceeded with her ultrasound.

The results were promptly delivered, and the doctor reassured Raegan, "Nothing serious. Just ensure you supplement with folic acid, get plenty of rest, and try to avoid stress."

Raegan felt the tension in her heart dissipates. She expressed her gratitude to the doctor, accepting her report, and as she exited, she accidentally collided with someone. Quickly apologizing, she began, "Sorry..."

Before she could complete her apology, Raegan realized she had collided with Henley. Henley's gaze fixed on the medical report in her hand, and he extended his hand, saying, "What were you having checked? Let me see."

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Raegan stepped back and concealed the medical report behind her, eyeing Henley cautiously. "And why do you care?"

Henley, unruffled, flashed a serene smile. "Why are you here alone for the check-up?"

"Mr. Brooks, I don't think we're close enough for this conversation,"

Raegan replied.

Ever since Janey's being kidnapped, Raegan had lumped Henley together with Lauren and Katie. ALL of them were ruthless in their own right.

Henley, shrewd as ever, knew how to sit back and profit from others' strife.

Henley's gaze bore into Raegan. "We're not exactly strangers, are we?"

Judging by the way Henley oscillated between threats and nonchalance, Raegan could tell that he was a master at manipulation. "Are you referring to the time you attempted to blackmail me with my daughter's disappearance?" Raegan challenged.

Henley was rendered speechless. He fumbled for words, attempting to justify himself. "It was a misunderstanding. Raegan, I didn't intend to blackmail you with your child's situation. I just wanted you by my side. I was investigating back then..."

"That's enough," Raegan interjected.

Raegan refused to engage with Henley any further. In an icy tone, she asked, "By misunderstanding, do you mean not lending a helping hand when I needed the most, or trying to force me into being your mistress, which society looks down on?"

Henley's expression soured. For once, he could find no words to retort as the truth of his intentions hung heavy in the air.

"I'm sorry," Henley finally murmured, the words wrested out after contemplation.

"Bringing this up now, under these circumstances, was thoughtless of me. I understand I upset you earlier. I won't say such a thing again,"

Henley added in an effort to smooth things over.

Raegan desired no further interaction with Henley. ALL she wanted was for him to stop making her sick.

Unexpectedly, Henley spoke again. "Raegan, if what you're worried about is people's judgment, just give me some time. Right now, I need Matilda's backing. Once everything is settled, I'll divorce her and marry you."

Raegan froze, astounded by his words. Her revulsion caused by Henley sank to new depths.

Was he genuinely plotting to wed Matilda to exploit the Holmes family's wealth and influence before getting a divorce and then marry her? Could any sane person contemplate such a scheme?

Chapter 1770

With their moral compasses on opposite ends, having any sort of conversation was meaningless. "I'm sorry, but this so-called misunderstanding can't be cleared up," Raegan declared, turning to leave.

But Henley abruptly grabbed her hand, his gaze falling on the medical report. "What about you? Didn't you just come out of the obstetrics department?"

"That's none of your business!" Raegan snapped, wrenching her hand away fiercely. "Let me go!" Instead of releasing her, Henley's grasp tightened. "Are you pregnant again?" He sneered, "Mitchel doesn't want you, yet you're carrying his child. Are you stupid?"

Henley had witnessed Raegan's earlier interaction with Mitchel.

Though Mitchel appeared aloof around Raegan and didn't seem to make any moves, it was Likely that he was prepared.

Ever suspicious and wary, Alexis and Henley braced themselves for Mitchel's next move. They were ready to leverage Raegan if necessary, but Mitchel had made it clear that he was through with Raegan.

Moreover, Mitchel had stated that the Dixon family would recognize Katie's child, which was a significant indication. When a man embraced a child, it implied acceptance of the mother.

Perhaps Mitchel was shoring up Katie as a strategic maneuver. And it worked. After all, Katie now wanted nothing to do with Henley's and Alexis' schemes. However, Katie couldn't get away.

Henley knew enough to control her.

Henley remained skeptical, observing the situation closely. He wasn't keen on exploiting Raegan, but if pushed, he felt he had no other option. However, if Mitchel truly abandoned Raegan, she'd be of no use.

Raegan's brows knitted together in anger. "You only noticed the obstetrics department? Didn't you see the gynecology department right there as well?"

Henley glanced over, and indeed, next to the obstetrics department was the gynecology department. Aware of Henley's cunning nature, Raegan was careful not to reveal her pregnancy. In a composed manner, she countered, "What's unusual about a grown woman visiting a gynecologist?"

"Alright, perhaps it's my mistake. But what I saw in the VIP area earlier, I didn't misinterpret that, did I?" Henley persisted.

Observing Raegan's paling complexion, Henley's lips curved slightly as he pressed on, "Mitchel no

longer cares for you, so why do you persist in holding on to him? Maybe you should consider me. No matter how many flings I have with other women, it's always been you I genuinely loved."

"Henley, I don't owe you any explanations!" Raegan snapped. "If I wasn't clear before, let me be clear now. I have no connection with you, not even as acquaintances. If you dare target Janey or anyone close to me, I will fight you to the end, regardless of the consequences! I hope you...."

She paused, her words deliberate. "Don't make me regret having offered warmth to the boy you used to be."

Raegan's words hit a nerve, causing Henley's breath to catch in his throat. His fixation over Raegan originated from a childhood incident, and now she was expressing remorse for ever giving him warmth. In a sudden outburst of anger and embarrassment, he exclaimed, "What's so great about Mitchel? Despite his constant humiliation of you, you still choose to support him over me?"

"He's an honorable man with integrity in both his personal and professional life. He never resorts to

deceitful tactics to achieve his goals. Need I elaborate further?" Raegan retorted. "He's better than you in every way."

Henley was left speechless. With a scowl etched onto his face, he said, "Everything I've done was to reclaim what rightfully belongs to me!"

"Rightfully belongs to you?" Raegan challenged, "Henley, what exactly belongs to you? Under Mitchel's leadership, the Dixon Group has doubled its achievements and prospered, all due to his dedication. Even if you believe you're entitled to a share, you could have demonstrated your capabilities through fair competition, not by colluding with shareholders behind the scenes."

Instantly, Henley's face flushed with a range of emotions. "Did he ever give me a fair chance to compete? When I joined the company, he did everything to sideline me, making it impossible for me to even raise my head. Meanwhile, he has the best resources and connections at his disposal, which helps him effortlessly accomplish anything he puts his mind to!"

Henley continued defensively, "Do you think I enjoy scheming in the shadows? If I were in his shoes, I would do a better job than him!"

"A better job than him?" Raegan scoffed. "Henley, the instant you stooped to using those underhanded methods, you lost any right to compare yourself to him."