

Unbreakable 1431

Chapter 1431

Before Raegan could finish, the light in Annis's room switched on abruptly. Then, the door swung open from inside.

In a rush of panic, Raegan shoved Mitchel against the door and then tiptoed to cover his mouth, fearing any noise he might make.

Forgetting their height difference, this move made Raegan unsteady, almost causing her to fall.

Mitchel quickly put his arm around Raegan's waist, pulling her close to steady her.

Raegan found her face against his chest. All she could hear was the strong, steady, and rhythmic heartbeat. "Thud, thud, thud..." Echoed each heart pulse.

Some noises echoed from the kitchen. It was Annis getting water to drink.

Feeling Raegan's stiffness, Mitchel's comforting pat on her back did little to ease her tension.

Raegan grew even more anxious from the warmth of his touch. Her heart pounded harder, and her breath quickened slightly.

Finally, Annis returned to her room after drinking her water.

Eager to step back, Raegan felt as if her feet were stuck in place, unable to step back.

"Stay still." Mitchel's deep, resonant voice reached her.

Raegan was taken aback, feeling her hand captured by his.

Raegan tensed up, an innate reaction to pull back, but Mitchel traced her hand from the back down to the fingers, gently holding them.

Then, his dry, slender fingers gently parted each of her fingers, clasping them firmly.

This unexpected intertwining of fingers startled Raegan's heart, setting it racing like a deer.

It took Raegan a moment to regain her voice, lifting her head to say, "You..."

At that instant, Mitchel's face drew nearer, his lips grazing Raegan's ear's edge, his throat moving visibly. "Annis is up again," he whispered.

Once more, the sound of a door echoed through the space.

Annis realized she'd left the kitchen Lights on and emerged to switch them off.

Mitchel kept his lips close to Raegan's ear, his warm breath gently brushing against her earlobe, a silent gesture filled with clear intent.

The warmth of his breath swiftly spread Raegan's cheeks a delicate shade of pink.

Mitchel leaned in, lightly brushing his lips against her ear, bringing out a gentle tingling sensation.

Raegan quickly clasped her hand over her mouth, almost crying out.

Did he just bite her?

Chapter 1432

As Annis closed the door of her room, Raegan's ear still tingled, her gaze fixed on him, bewildered. "You..."

"What is it?" Mitchel appeared completely relaxed, as if he hadn't meant to do it at all.

Raegan was at a loss for words, standing there dumbfounded. How could she ask if he had indeed bitten her? If not, wouldn't she risk being mocked for her self-importance?

Raegan pressed her lips together, feeling her heart flutter with uncertainty.

"Never mind," Raegan finally uttered.

"What's 'never mind' about?" Mitchel gazed at her intently.

"It's nothing..."

Mitchel casually remarked, "Your heart's racing a bit, isn't it?"

Raegan kept quiet. She tightened her lips, choosing to ignore him, thinking it was entirely his fault.

"Let's head upstairs," she suggested with a hint of annoyance.

As Raegan took a step, she immediately sensed something wrong with her foot, experiencing a sudden pain. It felt like she had accidentally twisted it.

Lost in thought, she was abruptly lifted off the ground.

"Ah..." Raegan was taken aback, her hand instinctively covering her mouth as she found herself already embraced by Mitchel.

"Did you hurt your ankle?" he asked.

"I think so, but I'm fine to walk, I can manage..

Before she could say another word, he was already lifting her and ascending the stairs.

Mitchel, with his long legs and brisk pace, swiftly made his way to the upstairs bedroom.

Gently setting Raegan on the bed, Mitchel continued to remove her shoes.

Raegan couldn't stop him in time. He held her foot and examined it closely.

Raegan froze for a moment. He didn't seem to mind at all...

"It's nothing serious," she reassured. She was familiar with her body's reactions. The discomfort would likely fade by morning.

However, Mitchel appeared unconvinced, asking, "Where do you keep the first aid kit?"

Raegan gestured toward a drawer.

Mitchel grabbed the first aid kit and hopped onto the bed, lifting her leg on his thigh.

Chapter 1433

Raegan's cheeks burned with embarrassment. The position they were in, her leg resting on his, was more intimate than she preferred.

Below Raegan's calf was Mitchel's firm, tense thigh. As her skirt lifted, she could feel the warmth of his skin through his thin pants.

Raegan's legs stiffened, daring not to move. She feared accidentally grazing his private part.

The atmosphere grew increasingly thin.

Raegan found breathing somewhat challenging. Fortunately, Mitchel remained focused on her foot, oblivious to her flushed face.

Observing Mitchel's focused demeanor, Raegan suddenly realized this wasn't the first time he had applied medicine to her foot. In each instance, he handled it adeptly and effortlessly, devoid of any aversion.

Following the treatment, Mitchel targeted an acupoint on her ankle.

He determined the sprain wasn't severe. With proper care, it should improve by tomorrow.

Mitchel's unwavering gaze unsettled Raegan. "Are you finished?" she inquired.

"Yes." Mitchel secured a bandage around her foot to safeguard it from dirt.

Mitchel should have released Raegan by now, yet he couldn't bring himself to do so. Despite his inclination for cleanliness, his principles seemed to wane in her presence. He desired to maintain his grasp on her foot.

Once Mitchel released his grip, Raegan promptly instructed, "Please proceed to cleanse your hands."

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Mitchel chuckled softly, finding it amusing that Raegan, rather than himself, expressed repulsion, despite his lack of concern.

After a while, Mitchel returned from sanitizing his hands. Raegan directed him, "You can sleep in my brother's room on the third level, but ensure minimal noise."

"Understood." Mitchel cleared his throat gently, adding, "Should I receive any updates..."

Raegan swiftly interjected, "Alternatively, you may simply rest here."

Mitchel's gaze intensified. "Are you suggesting I spend the night here?"

"Yes, in case of any developments regarding Nicole, I prefer to be promptly informed," Raegan replied.

Though Mitchel had assured Nicole's well-being, the word "should" lacked definitive assurance. Given Jarrod's past unpredictability, Raegan couldn't attain peace of mind. Moreover, Jarrod was Mitchel's friend, and Mitchel might opt not to disclose anything unusual to her, in the event of an occurrence. Fundamentally, her lack of trust in Mitchel prompted her suggestion.

Mitchel noticed the skepticism in Raegan's eyes, experiencing a twinge of disappointment. Raegan instructed him, "Please bring the blanket over here. If you approach too closely, I'll have to ask you to leave the bed."

Compliantly, Mitchel fetched the blanket and positioned it on the bed.

Between them, Raegan positioned a lengthy pillow and instructed Mitchel to place his phone on the bedside table.

Mitchel adhered to all her directives.

Chapter 1434

However, Raegan remained somewhat uneasy and opted to leave a night Light on. Once everything was arranged, she declared, "Let's sleep."

Just as Raegan was on the verge of closing her eyes, she observed that his shirt was fully unfastened, revealing his finely sculpted chest. Her complexion flushed from head to toe.

"What are you doing!" Following her words, she pulled the blanket over her face, exposing only her tousled hair, a sight quite endearing.

A flicker of amusement danced in Mitchel's eyes, his voice resonated deep and soothing. "I can't sleep in my attire."

"But you can't be unclothed!" Raegan's voice, muffled beneath the blanket, protested.

Mitchel, sounding resigned, stated, "As a habit, I refrain from wearing anything under my shirt." Fortunately, Mitchel had taken a bath beforehand. Otherwise, Raegan likely wouldn't have allowed him to.

Raegan contemplated for a moment before softly stating, "In the third drawer on the left, there's a set of pajamas I had tailor-made for my brother. They're brand new. You can wear them."

Mitchel's tone conveyed a subtle chill as he remarked, "It must be pleasant to be your brother."

Raegan was speechless. Had she not misunderstood, there appeared to be a touch of bitterness in his voice. Mitchel... Was it possible that he was experiencing jealousy?

Raegan let the blanket fall from her grasp, her tone reflecting her displeasure as she inquired, "Are you planning to wear them or not?"

Raegan had crafted the set of pajamas meticulously by hand, and Erick hadn't even had the opportunity to wear them.

"I will." Mitchel's gaze narrowed ever so slightly as his fingers slowly slipped into the sleeves. The motion unveiled his well-defined abdominal muscles and the distinct V-shaped Lines, making the simple act of putting on pajamas extraordinarily slow.

Raegan couldn't help but wonder whether he was intentionally prolonging the process.

Catching a glimpse of his appealing physique, her heart rate quickened momentarily. She turned away and lay back down.

Soon after, the opposite side of the bed sank down.

Raegan's heart suddenly tightened. It had been a considerable while since she last shared a bed with a man. Additionally, it was a male companion with whom she had exchanged tender moments in the past.

Anxiously ruminating, she prayed for Nicole's safety.

"Good night," Mitchel uttered with a glint in his eyes, observing Raegan's quivering lashes. The rich resonance of his voice stirred Raegan's heart. "Alright," she responded with her eyes closed.

Mitchel's lips curled upward, fixated on her serene slumbering countenance.

Possibly genuinely fatigued, Raegan swiftly drifted into sleep.

Within the bedroom, a cozy warmth filled the air.

Contrarily, beyond the West Lake Villa, an icy, ominous presence lingered.

Chapter 1435

Adjacent to the villa, a sleek black automobile had its window partially lowered.

Inside, a man donning a white porcelain half-mask, his left hand cloaked in a sleek black leather glove, wielded a unique device directed toward Raegan's upstairs bedroom.

This device could breach the delicate film of the window screen, distinctly observing the activities of the individuals indoors.

Upon witnessing their shared presence on the bed, the leather glove descended gradually.

“Bang!” A resounding rupture.

The man indeed fractured the vehicle’s window using only his hand.

Fragments of glass promptly lodged into the leather glove.

The driver, startled and alarmed, exclaimed, “Sir!”

The man’s mouth was tightly sealed as he removed the glove. As anticipated, his palm dripped with fresh blood.

Pallid skin displayed old, notably savage, and frightening scars.

The man casually adorned a new glove, showing no intention to address his injury at all.

The driver refrained from further utterance, merely observing the movement of the man’s slender lips. “Let’s go.”

The car started.

Turning his gaze toward the bedroom adorned with billowing curtains on the upper level, the man’s lips abruptly formed a chilling smirk.

Next, his lips silently moved. Barely perceptible, yet conveying a sense of ownership: They belonged solely to me!

In the warm bedroom, Mitchel, supporting his head, observed Raegan sleeping peacefully, harboring a bitter smile within. Her trust in him exceeded reasonable bounds. He remained undecided regarding the fortune of her excessive trust.

Slowly, he inclined, softly pressing his lips against her forehead.

Raegan slumbered peacefully, her tender and perfumed form enticingly intoxicating, each touch igniting an insatiable longing within Mitchel.

Mitchel’s heart surged with desire, grappling to contain his yearning.

His gaze deepened as he attempted to suppress his desire. He dared not betray the hard-earned trust.

Although enduring was challenging, having already waited five years, he could endure a bit longer.

He hoped she would willingly surrender herself to him.

Reluctantly shifting his gaze from her countenance, just as he prepared to recline for repose, he heard her murmuring. “Honey...”

The peacefully slumbering Raegan suddenly uttered such a phrase.

Instantly, Mitchel’s heart raced uncontrollably.

Chapter 1436

He gently pinched Raegan’s cheek, his voice husky as he inquired, “What did you just say?”

Possibly discomfited by the pinch, Raegan shifted away, emitting an unconscious hum.

Only then did Mitchel discern that she was speaking in her sleep.

His body tensed, Mitchel gently brushed aside the hair from her delicate neck, saying coaxingly,

“Raegan, my dear, repeat it once more.”

Raegan dreamt of Kabir, her acting husband in Erick’s efforts to keep Mitchel from learning he was precisely Janey’s biological father.

Unconsciously, her lips moved, uttering softly, “You’re not my husband...”

Mitchel’s forehead creased slightly, correcting her, “I am.”

Exhausted, Raegan was unwilling to continue speaking.
Mitchel, feeling helpless, softly patted her back. "Rest peacefully."
Dawn was breaking.
Raegan gradually blinked her eyes open, automatically stretching.
Amidst of her stretch, her hand met with something solid, causing her to halt suddenly.
Glancing over, she realized she had inadvertently clasped onto Mitchel's chest.
In a panic, she scrambled to sit upright. Yet, her sudden movement caused dizziness, and she tumbled onto Mitchel.

To make matters worse, their lips inadvertently brushed against each other.
Mitchel was jolted awake by the sudden collision.
Instinctively, he seized Raegan's slender waist, swiftly flipping her over and securing her beneath him in a defensive stance. Upon identifying Raegan's face, his gaze abruptly darkened.

Mitchel released his hold, adjusting to a more intimate embrace, his voice deep and throaty.
"Attempting to steal a ki*s, are you?"
Raegan was caught off guard. Mitchel pressed against her, his closeness overwhelming. Especially in the early morning, his stance exuded an almost unbearably romantic aura.
Mitchel's gaze drifted downward, silently questioning. Though his weight rested upon Raegan, it wasn't oppressive. Instead, it was a gentle restraint, preventing her escape with his embrace.
Trapped within his powerful arms, Raegan found herself unable to move.
She could only look at his face.
With Mitchel's collar slightly open from their proximity, Raegan's eyes traced the lines of his taut abdominal muscles. He was undeniably handsome, and she couldn't help but feel drawn to him.
With nowhere else to look, Raegan's gaze settled on his collarbone as she said in a muffled voice, "I didn't mean for this to happen..."

Chapter 1437

Mitchel lowered his head, his eyes meeting her flushed face.
Suppressing his desires, he said in a low and magnetic voice, "I find that hard to believe."
Raegan was stunned. It was just her lips inadvertently brushed against his. How could he make a fuss over this? Furrowing her brow, she asked, "Then what do you want? Tell me..."
Before Raegan could finish her sentence, Mitchel loosened his grip.
Their bodies remained close, almost inseparable.
In a swift motion, he lifted her chin with his elegant fingers, capturing her lips in a sudden, passionate ki*s.
It took Raegan by surprise. She felt her head spinning, her entire being consumed by his touch.
With a firm press, Mitchel deepened the ki*s, leaving Raegan breathless and overwhelmed.
Raegan cast her gaze downward, her mind a whirlwind of confusion. ALL she could do was endure the shameless caress of his Lips.

Mitchel's large and warm palm tenderly traced the curve of her neck, moving with a deliberate slowness that made her shiver slightly.

Raegan's body yielded to the fervor of desire, her muscles slackening under its weight. Suddenly, Mitchel pinched her, sending a jolt of electricity coursing through her veins. "Hmm..." Raegan whimpered softly, like a startled cat. Just as she moved to push him away, her wrist was firmly held in place. Their lips met in a passionate French ki*s, leaving Raegan's heart racing in her chest. Raegan admitted he was a master at charming. Even after half a decade, he still had the knack for bringing her joy. Raegan felt like she was losing all her energy to this captivating man. He was a master of seduction.

"Raegan. Mitchel finally released her lips, his voice hoarse with longing. "Give it to me, okay?"

Raegan remained in a daze, her lips parting slightly, her eyes glazed with desire.

Before she could respond, he leaned in and nibbled at her earlobe.

With a subtle movement of his fingertips, he lifted the hem of her nightgown and slipped his hand inside.

Raegan's heart skipped a beat, her breath quickening. She couldn't help but exclaim, "Mitchel!"

"Yes..." His voice dropped to a husky whisper, his cold gaze now ablaze with intensity as he fixed it on her.

Raegan sucked in a sharp breath, hastily adjusting her nightdress. A blush crept up her cheeks. "No, we can't..."

"Raegan, please..." Mitchel's voice was thick with desire, his eyes ablaze with need. He added in a low voice, "I can't stand it anymore."

Chapter 1438

Mitchel had resisted for five long years, but now, with the one he loved before him, he could no longer hold back. He could no longer feign gentlemanly behavior. God, how he yearned for her... As Raegan regained her senses, a blush crept onto her cheeks. Why was she so easily drawn to this man?

Mitchel lowered his head again, his lips trailing ki*s across her face, earlobe, neck...

Raegan felt like she was on fire. Her body pulsed with an insatiable longing.

Beads of sweat glistened on Mitchel's brow, evidence of his endurance.

"Raegan, you want me too, right? Don't lie to me. I felt your response earlier..." His voice, husky with desire, filled the room.

Raegan instinctively bit her lip, her cheeks and ears turning red.

She wanted to deny it, but her body betrayed her, confirming her yearning. Shame washed over her like a wave. How could she react to him?

Before Raegan could ponder further, Mitchel pressed his lips against hers, silencing any protest.

"Raegan, trust me. I can make you feel good..." As he spoke, he gently restrained her wrists, guiding them above her head, and trailed his cool lips along her earlobe and all the way down.

Raegan surrendered, her resistance crumbling under his touch. As Mitchel promised, he granted her

an experience unlike any other.

At that moment, contentment washed over Raegan. Surprisingly, this experience brought genuine joy, momentarily eclipsing all other concerns. For the first time, she had forgotten to dwell on the complex dynamics between them.

Afterward, Raegan lay spent, unable to muster the strength to move.

It wasn't her exertion but Mitchel's tender care that left her feeling drained yet strangely content. It felt as though she had been hit by a truck. Her body ached, her strength depleted, and discomfort lingered.

Mitchel and Raegan were drenched in sweat, the air heavy with the lingering scent of passion.

Mitchel enveloped her in a tight embrace, pressing gentle ki*ses against her skin. He longed to fuse her into his being, to never part from her again.

Raegan was held so close that she could scarcely draw a breath.

Sensing the heat radiating from him, she also felt a subtle tremor coursing through his frame.

"I'm very happy, Raegan," Mitchel said in a trembling voice, his excitement palpable.

Raegan was at a loss for words. Then, she recalled his words and chose to believe them. Mitchel had waited for her faithfully for five years, never straying with another woman.

But what could that prove? Once the rush of passion faded, reality would rear its head, even more complicated than before. She wasn't sure if she was ready to forgive him. She was simply overjoyed by his tactics. And she relished every moment of it.

Regaining a little strength, Raegan tapped his firm arm and said, "I'll go take a shower."

Regret gnawed at her mind. Why did she involve herself with him again? All she wanted was to stay under the cascading water and contemplate her next move.

Chapter 1439

Mitchel didn't give Raegan the chance to take a shower alone. With a tender touch, he caressed her nose and rasped, "Alright."

Then, he swept her off her feet and went to the bathroom.

"Ah!" Raegan protested, "Put me down."

There they were, both without clothes, and Raegan felt awkward about where to place her hands.

"Let me assist you." Mitchel set Raegan on a towel-draped countertop, hurriedly filled the tub with water, and then eased her into it.

It dawned on Raegan that she'd fallen for Mitchel's feigned frailty.

He didn't seem the slightest bit frail. Particularly in intimate moments, his stamina was astounding! Raegan lay in the bath, observing Mitchel move around. She decided to shut her eyes. Out of sight, out of mind, she thought.

After a bath, Mitchel brought Raegan back to a bed with freshly changed sheets. The crisp, soft linens were a pleasant touch as she settled down.

Mitchel suggested kindly, "You can rest. I'll go take a shower."

He never left his clothes overnight. Last night, he brought fresh ones along.

The sound of running water filled the bathroom, and Raegan felt a headache brewing. Mitchel must have misunderstood! He thought she had welcomed him into her life.

When Mitchel emerged from the bathroom, dressed, Raegan was poised and ready to clarify.

"Mitchel, I need to be clear."

Mitchel saw Raegan's unfriendly face and felt something bad was about to happen to spoil his mood. He looked down. "What is it?"

"That doesn't mean anything. We're adults. Please don't get the wrong idea."

Mitchel looked up, his eyes brimming with sadness. "Wrong idea?"

Raegan knew she came across as a scumbag in this scenario. But she wasn't certain if it was only a fleeting urge. Unable to decipher her heart, she decided to distance herself from the relationship until her feelings were clear.

"This was just about satisfying needs. Please, don't read too much into it," Raegan added evenly.

Mitchel felt as though his heart was in a vice. It was agonizing.

His expression tensed, his eyes brimming with distress. "Is this how you see us, Raegan?"

Raegan observed the genuine pain in his demeanor. Yet, the remnants of previous hurts lingered in her heart. Even though Lauren wasn't a problem anymore, another woman, Katie, had her sights set on Mitchel, despite his clear disinterest. There were simply too many women chasing after Mitchel!

The possibility of encountering another insane woman like Lauren haunted Raegan. How could she be sure history wouldn't repeat itself?

Call her fragile or hesitant, but her fears were real. She had grown exceedingly wary. She had grown insecure.

With her thoughts organized, Raegan's voice was steadier, and she said, "My stance hasn't shifted. You're the one who's mistaken."

Chapter 1440

The room fell into a heavy silence.

Raegan felt an icy tension enveloping the room.

The next second, Mitchel unexpectedly ki*sed her. His embrace was firm, his hand cradling her head as he initiated a deep, fervent ki*s.

Raegan's eyes widened, her thoughts scattering. He was ki*sing her yet again!

Raegan attempted to push him away, her breath uneven. "Mmm... Mitchel..."

This ki*s was passionate and filled with longing.

It lasted for five long minutes before Mitchel finally released Raegan.

Raegan's face went white, and without a second thought, she lifted her hand and slapped him.

Then, Mitchel's face bore the mark of her hand, with five red fingerprints standing out starkly. He didn't dodge or halt her, allowing her to release her frustration.

Breathing heavily, Raegan was seething. "Mitchel, you couldn't ki*s me if I don't consent!"

Mitchel seemed oblivious to her words, his gaze fixated on her flushed lips, his expression intense.

"You still have feelings for me.

You could have pushed me away, but you didn't. You're interested in me."

The mention of “feelings” shifted Raegan’s demeanor dramatically. Her previous feelings for him had only brought her anguish.

Her eyes quickly became detached and indifferent. “Mitchel, yes, I responded to the ki*s, but it was merely physical desire, nothing more. Why complicate things?”

Mitchel stood rigid, his body and heart frozen. His heart felt Like it was being poked by a bunch of needles, which hurt him a lot. He refused to believe it was merely a physical urge. He couldn’t believe that someone who used to care about loyalty in relationships would say such things. It was a slap in the face for him. She knew well that he allowed no woman but her such proximity, a privilege exclusive to her.

Mitchel’s eyes turned icy. “So, you’ve satisfied your need and want to kick me aside?”

Raegan saw stubbornness in Mitchel’s stance. She moderated her words since she still needed his help on rescuing Nicole. She sighed.

“Let’s not complicate this. It’s not just me in the equation. It’s not like you’re at a loss, right?”

But Mitchel’s heart was still in torment. How could she say this? He retorted coldly, “If it’s fun you’re after, let’s go for round two!”

He then lifted her effortlessly and threw her on the bed. A shadow crossed his eyes at that moment. Raegan’s color drained from her face. The scenario was eerily reminiscent of past ordeals. Mitchel seemed beyond reason. “Mitchel, this happens only with my consent!”

Raegan struggled to sit up but was restrained by Mitchel, who pressed her back onto the bed.

Mitchel’s eyes blazed with intensity, and his words cut like ice.

“You claimed it was just for desire, right? Well, I’m not done yet.