

## Unbreakable 1461

### Chapter 1461

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Thus, Raegan set off for home by herself. It wasn't until she left the office that she noticed the evening had turned to night.

The road outside her workplace was empty, dimming her mood slightly.

She guessed Mitchel, who had stormed off earlier, wouldn't come back, and she had forgotten to arrange a ride with her family's driver for the evening. If she called her driver from West Lake Villa now, she'd have to wait for a while.

So, Raegan chose to book a ride online.

The taxi driver soon called Raegan, saying he couldn't get to her exact location and asked her to meet him at a nearby traffic light.

As Raegan walked to the spot, focused on her phone, something felt wrong. It was as if someone in rubber-soled shoes was echoing her steps from the beginning.

Raegan sped up, faking a phone call. "Hello? You've arrived? Where are you?"

Not far away, there was a white sedan.

Raegan added, "Oh, is that the white car over there? I'll be right there."

The person following Raegan seemed to pause, thrown off by her words.

Feeling a bit safer, Raegan didn't dare to glance back and quickened her pace toward the sedan.

Then, shockingly, the person in the white sedan started and drove away, revealing her bluff.

Raegan's heart raced as she sprinted.

"Clack!" The sound of those rubber-soled shoes followed, getting faster.

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Raegan hadn't gone far when someone yanked her hair forcefully.

"Ah!" Raegan let out a scream, clutching at her hair and shouting for help, "Help!"

Her assailant pushed her to the ground and knelt over her, quickly silencing her with tape and whispered angrily, "Quiet, you little bitch!"

Raegan finally saw the situation for what it was. She was being held captive by two men. They were both clad in black, their identities hidden behind masks and caps.

"Hmm... Raegan's sound was muffled, the result of tape placed over her mouth. With her hands securely tied, she was reduced to emit muffled noises.

One of the men dragged Raegan to a dark, secluded corner. There, she felt a slight prick on her finger. It appeared they were taking her blood.

After they had collected her blood, one of the men carefully stored a small vial of it in a backpack. He whispered urgently, "Let's go before we get caught."

Yet, upon laying eyes on Raegan's beautiful and delicate face, the other man, driven by desire, paused.

The one who had left, noticing his partner's absence, doubled back.

He found his partner's lustful gaze locked on Raegan. "Aren't we leaving?" he questioned.

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The man captivated by Raegan chuckled. "You go ahead. I'll catch up after having a bit of fun!" The intent behind his words was unmistakable.

The one who had turned back for his partner, now taking a moment to assess Raegan in the dim light, could not deny her striking beauty.

She possessed features reminiscent of a fairy, accompanied by a captivating figure. Such beauty was usually out of their league.

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However, leaning on the side of caution, he suggested they steer clear of trouble, "We weren't told to touch her. It's better we just leave."

But the man, clearly driven by lust, protested, "I've never been with a wealthy woman before. Her beauty's driving me mad!"

As he clumsily unbuckled his belt, he tried to reassure his partner, "Don't worry. I'll make it quick. Just wait in the car for me."

The cautious man cast a regretful glance at Raegan, pondering the potential dangers of surveillance cameras and the pressing time.

Under different circumstances, he might have succumbed to temptation.

With a heavy sigh, he gave in, albeit reluctantly. "Fine, but I'm leaving in five minutes, with or without you."

"Go on, then."

As the man intent on raping Raegan was halfway through disrobing, he suddenly produced a knife and held it to Raegan's throat, hissing a warning, "Behave. Don't make a sound, or I'll use this."

Raegan felt the chilling touch of the blade and, trembling, nodded her head frantically, her eyes brimming with tears, her silence a desperate plea for mercy.

The sight of Raegan's tear-streaked face struck a chord within the man. Her vulnerability, framed in the dim light, seemed to him a perverse kind of allure. Overcome by his baser instincts, he peeled the tape from her mouth, preparing himself with one hand while suppressing Raegan with the other. He mocked her, peeling off his clothes down to his underwear. "You rich girls, pretending to be all innocent, but deep down, you're just party animals, aren't you? Always hopping from one bed to another."

Raegan's cheeks turned ashen with fear. In a desperate bid, she offered, "Please, I can pay you, a lot. Just don't harm me."

He stopped, his interest piqued. "You're carrying money?"

Raegan nodded fervently. "I can transfer five hundred thousand to you."

Would that be sufficient?"

The man paused, quickly calculating. The amount Raegan proposed could provide far greater luxuries than what they would otherwise gain from their current deal. Considering their day's earnings would be divided, his share would only amount to three hundred thousand. Keeping an extra five hundred thousand for himself could lead to endless pleasures.

Raegan's allure was otherworldly, her beauty a glaring contradiction to their grim reality. But when faced with the choice between immediate satisfaction and the allure of future luxuries, the man

knew the better option. "Transfer it now, then!" he commanded.

Raegan, tears streaming down her face, bargained, "You'll need to free my hands so I can make the transfer."

The man pressed the knife slightly against Raegan's neck, drawing a small drop of blood as a dire caution. "Any tricks, and you're done for!"

Raegan's response was hushed. "I wouldn't dare. I promise!"

Chapter 1463

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Unconvinced by her plea, the man snatched Raegan's phone over and demanded the password.

Raegan was caught off guard by the man's shrewd move to transfer her money himself.

She relayed the password, but as soon as her phone unlocked, it vibrated with an incoming call.

It was Mitchel on the Line.

However, Raegan hadn't saved his contact, so it appeared as an anonymous string of numbers.

The man, flustered, attempted to dismiss the call.

Raegan protested, "Don't hang up!"

The man pressed the knife a bit more firmly against her, suspicion in his eyes. "Why not?"

"That's the driver of the taxi I had booked online. If you end the call, it'll automatically notify the police."

The man was skeptical. "You're trying to trick me?"

Raegan insisted, "I wouldn't dare! If you're doubtful, just check at the app. I did order a ride, and it includes an emergency alert feature.

Though the man had never personally booked a taxi online due to his profession in shady dealings, he was aware of such features. He knew of someone who tried to rob a driver, only for the driver to alert the police covertly, leading to an immediate arrest before any money was even touched.

Eyeing the phone number, now suspicious of its unusual all-eights sequence, the man challenged Raegan again, his knife still threatening against her skin. "Why does this supposed driver number is all eights? That's the kind of number someone would pay millions for!"

Raegan responded quickly, "It's not a real number. Drivers use virtual numbers for their calls, and they often look unusual."

She met his gaze, a mixture of fear and urgency in her eyes. "You haven't booked a taxi online before, have you? You could verify this with your friend if you're unsure."

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Raegan wagered that such desperadoes wouldn't book taxi online, leaving behind a digital footprint. So, she took a gamble and fabricated a story.

The man, unwilling to reveal any lack of knowledge, muttered a curse, "Fuck you! Who do you think you're talking down to? I've used them before!"

To calm him down, Raegan offered, "Let me handle it. I'll just tell him the ride isn't needed anymore."

The man, not fully trusting Raegan, cautioned her with a slight nudge from his knife, "Don't even think about any funny business!"

Raegan gave a meek nod, signaling her agreement.

The man reluctantly hit the answer button, putting the call on speaker.

“Hello,” boomed a deep, authoritative voice through the speaker.

Raegan felt a knot form in her stomach. She took a hurried breath and managed to say, “I’m sorry, sir, but there’s been a change of plans. I won’t need the ride, thank you.”

After saying those words, Raegan felt her heart racing, silently hoping that Mitchel would sense the seriousness in her tone.

Chapter 1464

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A short pause followed before Mitchel finally asked, “Why aren’t you taking the ride anymore?”

Raegan felt a sinking feeling in her heart. He didn’t get her silent plea for help!

The man started to think that Raegan was trying to signal for help and was close to breaking the phone in frustration.

Then, Mitchel’s voice came through, slightly annoyed. “If you didn’t want to take the ride, you should have told me earlier instead of having me wait.”

The man froze, and Raegan hastily said, “I’m really sorry. I forgot!”

“Don’t even think about affecting my rating negatively. Just cancel the booking yourself!” Mitchel said before hanging up the phone, the annoyance in his tone evident.

This convinced the man of Raegan’s claim, and he relaxed his guard slightly.

The man clumsily fumbled with Raegan’s phone, asking in a rush, “Quick! What’s the transfer passcode?”

Suddenly, Raegan’s phone rang again, showing Mitchel’s number.

The man looked confused. “What’s this about now?”

Raegan, thinking on her feet, said, “He’s probably telling me to cancel the ride. If I don’t, he can’t get to his next customer.”

The man attempted to cancel the ride as Raegan suggested but struggled with the task.

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As Raegan’s phone kept buzzing, the man’s frustration increased.

“What’s the deal with this useless phone!”

Raegan saw her chance. “Let me do it, please. It needs a fingerprint to work.”

The man looked at her, wary. “You’re not trying to trick me into freeing you, are you?”

“Of course not,” Raegan replied, her voice shaking. “Fingerprint verification is quick. Plus, if I handle the transfer, there’s no risk of entering the wrong password.”

The man found Raegan’s words sensible. Using fingerprint unlocking meant there was no chance of Raegan typing an incorrect password.

Watching the man think, Raegan urged, “Look at me. I couldn’t possibly pose any threat to you...”

Raegan’s shoulders trembled, and her face, once vibrant, was now pale with fear.

The man menacingly held the knife closer to Raegan. “Any tricks, and you’ll regret it.”

Raegan nodded repeatedly.

The man sliced through the ropes but kept the knife close to Raegan’s neck, watching her every move.

Luckily, the app Raegan had booked for a taxi was set to look for another ride if the first one was missed. If not, her bluff might have been called.

## Chapter 1465

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After she canceled the ride, Raegan started transferring the money, her head down and her body shaking. Yet, her gaze cautiously measured the distance to the knife and the man's position. Raegan's mind raced, analyzing the situation. They were mismatched in strength. The self-defense moves she had learned were more about protection than attack, not strong enough to be offensive. It meant she had only one chance.

Mitchel appeared to have gotten her earlier hint, but when he would get here was unknown. Raegan didn't dare to solely rely on that.

Raegan knew the man wouldn't release her even after getting the money, but she still completed the 500,000 transfer. This payment could help the police track the man down if he chose to run.

Raegan showed the man her screen, showcasing the finished transfer.

The man's eyes narrowed, forming a menacing smile, his knife hovering perilously close to Raegan's neck, a silent threat to her life should she make even the slightest movement.

Raegan, feigning a trembling voice, asked, "Can I leave now?"

The man's laughter was cold. "Going so soon? You still have to 'look after' my need!"

Raegan was painfully aware of the unreliability of such men. With her voice breaking and her hands brought together as if to pray, Raegan implored, "Please, I've done what you asked and given you the money. Let me leave..."

Her movement tactically caused the knife to move away from its menacing position.

Raegan continued to tremble as if driven by fear, her slight movement from the knife unnoticed by the man, whose eyes focused on Raegan's lips, gleaming with lust. The man laughed and said, "Be quick. I don't have much time. Satisfy me, and maybe I won't hurt you further..."

Raegan's stomach turned under his leering look. Taking a deep breath, she adopted a pitiful demeanor, nodding meekly. "Really? If I... If I comply, you'll release me?"

Believing Raegan had consented, the man, eager and impatient, started, "Yes, that's..."

His statement was abruptly interrupted by his howl of pain. "Ah! Ouch!"

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Raegan had found a stone and, with a swift and fierce motion, struck him hard. She then took off running. She assumed the lighter place with tons of people would dissuade the man from capturing her.

"Help! Someone! Help!" Raegan yelled while running, yet this place was deserted at this hour, with hardly any cars around.

"You little devil! I'll kill you!" The man's enraged shout followed her.

Raegan was surprised by his persistence. Even hurt, he was closing in on her.

Raegan sprinted desperately until a stumble caused her to fall, her body going numb from the crash.

The man, clutching his injury, approached Raegan with a snarl. "Bitch!

You dare trick me? I'll slash that pretty face of yours!"

He lifted the knife, aiming at Raegan's face.

Raegan, paralyzed and defenseless, prepared for the worst.

But just then, a long arm reached out protectively for Raegan, being sliced through by the knife. Blood started to flow immediately.

Chapter 1466

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Mitchel faced the unkempt man and ignored his injured arm, his eyes reflecting a fearsome rage.

"Bang!" With a swift motion, Mitchel struck the man down before the man could even react.

As the man reached for his dropped knife, wanting to fight back, Mitchel crushed the man's hand with his heel, eliciting a blood-curdling scream. "Ah! My hand!"

The knife slipped from the man's grasp. Mitchel kicked it aside and then quickly bent down to check on Raegan for any harm. Though he found no injuries, his worry was evident. "Are you all right?"

Raegan, regaining her composure, murmured, "I'm fine..."

Mitchel suddenly pulled her into a tight embrace.

Raegan, caught off guard, managed to gasp out, "Mitchel..."

"Raegan..." Mitchel repeated, embracing her tightly, his frame shaking with emotion.

"I was worried sick..." Mitchel confessed in a low voice.

Mitchel tried to keep his voice steady, but it still shook a bit.

Matteo, who was driving earlier, had coached Mitchel on what to say to trick the kidnapper.

At the same time, Matteo arranged for someone to locate Raegan. But the tracking was vague, only showing an area close to Raegan's studio, which wasn't very precise.

They split up to look for Raegan.

Then, following Raegan's cries for help, Mitchel found her at last!

Those minutes spent searching felt like torture to him. He even regretted getting mad at her and letting a meeting hold him up. The thought of something bad happening to Raegan was too much to bear.

Mitchel went quiet, lowered his head, and hugged Raegan even tighter.

A tear from Mitchel wetted Raegan's cheek, and its warmth made her shudder. Was Mitchel crying? Though it was just a single tear, it profoundly moved Raegan.

Being held closely by Mitchel, Raegan heard his heart beating faster than hers. Was he frightened and worried about her?

At that moment, Raegan couldn't find it in herself to be distant or push Mitchel away. Instead, she wrapped her arms around him. His suit, usually so sleek and detached, now seemed to radiate a comforting warmth. She clenched her fingers around him, letting herself get lost in this warmth for a moment.

Behind them, the man casting sleazy looks, realizing his luck was running out, tried to escape. But he had barely gotten up before another sharply dressed man, precisely Matteo, knocked him down.

"Ah! Ah!" Another yell broke the silence.

It dawned on the man belatedly that he was no match for Matteo, whose strong build indicated regular workout.

Matteo stepped on the man's uninjured hand, demanding, "Talk! Why did you kidnap her?"

"Ah!" The man's face was contorted into a grotesque expression. "I didn't hurt her. I just took a little bit of her blood..."

Chapter 1467

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He abruptly stopped, recalling the warning over the phone, aware that revealing too much would lead to dire consequences. Even though men involved in shady deals like him had heard plenty of menacing words, it was only when the man over the phone spoke that he felt a real shiver down his spine. For the first time, he was genuinely scared.

But Matteo had heard enough and pressed on, "You took her blood? Why take her blood?"

Mitchel's grip relaxed as he looked up at Raegan, his face turning solemn. "Did he take your blood?"

Regaining her composure, Raegan nodded and showed him her finger.

"Yeah, he did." The small prick on her finger was almost invisible now.

A chill went through Mitchel.

"Take a seat here for a bit." Mitchel carefully placed his expensive jacket on the ground for Raegan to sit on before turning back with a serious look on his face.

"Where's the blood?" Mitchel demanded.

The man shook under Mitchel's intense gaze, realizing he was facing someone just as daunting. "I don't know..."

Before he could finish, a threatening look crossed Mitchel's face.

Mitchel's fancy shoe pressed down hard on the sleazy man's mouth, turning his words into muffled cries.

With eyes as dark as the night, Mitchel glared at the man, shifting his weight slightly to deliver a warning. "Think hard before you talk."

Overcome with fear, the man nearly peed himself. Facing Mitchel's menacing presence, he knew his miserable end was coming, whether he spoke up or not. The person behind all this was much more terrifying than Mitchel could ever be.

"My partner took the blood. He's out in the car waiting!" the man blurted out, subdued by the palpable terror.

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Mitchel gestured at Matteo, who wasted no time in sending someone to check things out.

Matteo took control and firmly grabbed the man, pressing him for answers. "Who's your contact, and why did you need the blood?"

The man was genuinely clueless. He had never met his contact, only connecting via phone. He had no idea about the cause behind taking Raegan's blood.

After watching the man for a short while, Mitchel decided he didn't know anything important. He ordered expressionlessly, "Keep him here until we turn him over to the police."

Then, Mitchel gently picked up Raegan, cradling her carefully as if she was something precious,

careful not to shake her.

The cut on Mitchel's arm opened up under the strain, bleeding openly, drops of blood hitting the floor.

It wasn't until they were seated in the car that Raegan noticed his injury, expressing shock, "Your hand..."

"It's nothing serious," Mitchel reassured her, his eyes filled with urgency, urging the driver to hurry. Then, out of nowhere, there was a yell. "Stop right there!"

The man had somehow produced a spray, blinding Matteo before attempting to flee.

Chapter 1468

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Raegan stared in shock as the man jumped over a railing.

The next second, a loud tire screech echoed, and the man was flung into the air, landing with a thud. Before Raegan could fully understand what happened, Mitchel was quick to cover her eyes, whispering, "Don't look."

The aftermath outside was horrifying, with the man's body torn apart and unrecognizable. Matteo, barely able to see, immediately had his men to apprehend the hit-and-run driver.

Mitchel, with a determined look, ordered, "Once you've handed him to the police, dig into the driver's past."

It appeared the crash wasn't an accident but a calculated act, possibly to silence the man for good. The person orchestrating this remained unknown. Mitchel's face hardened with resolve. He was determined to thwart the other party's schemes at every turn.

Instead of rushing Raegan to the hospital, Mitchel chose Luis' lab for its cutting-edge technology and quicker test results.

There, Raegan went through an extensive evaluation, including tests for any infections from the needle prick on her finger.

Outside the room Raegan was in.

Luis examined the cut on Mitchel's arm, his brow creased with concern.

"Good thing the knife wasn't poisoned. You worry so much about Raegan, yet you don't seem to care about yourself at all."

Mitchel simply shrugged. "I am tough enough."

Mitchel would protect Raegan from poison or anything else, without a second thought. It was an instinct, not something he would argue about.

After Luis had treated and bandaged Mitchel's wound, he became serious. "There's something off with your blood test. We need to see a specialist who'll be back at the base in two weeks."

Mitchel just nodded. "Got it."

But Luis was worried by Mitchel's laid-back response and pressed on, "Please, take this seriously. I'm really worried."

Luis had his doubts about the blood test results being so straightforward, suspecting there was more to the irregularity, a mystery he hadn't figured out yet.

The more Luis thought about it, the more agitated he got, mumbling, "Lauren has really gone too



far this time, resorting to the extremes of pricking you.”

Luis marveled at the lengths a woman could go for in the name of love.

“Keep your voice down, Mitchel warned Luis, not wanting Raegan to worry about him.

“What were you discussing?” Raegan walked out after her check-up, catching the tail end of their conversation.

The room went quiet.

Looking curious, Raegan asked Luis, “Who did Lauren prick?”

Chapter 1469

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Luis instinctively turned to Mitchel at Raegan’s question.

Noticing Mitchel’s subtle signal, Luis responded swiftly, “We were just talking about a police report regarding a syringe found nearby.

They think Lauren might have planned to use it for something bad.”

Raegan felt doubtful but Mitchel shifted the conversation before she could ask further.

Settling down on the couch, Raegan noticed the bandage-covered wound on Mitchel’s arm, vividly recalling his severe bleeding. Her concern got the better of her, prompting her to ask, “Is your arm okay now?

Does it still hurt?”

Mitchel looked at her intently, raising an eyebrow, and said, “Are you concerned about me?”

His voice was deep and soothing, unexpectedly gentle.

Raegan felt her cheeks heat up but nodded anyway. Considering he had helped her again, expressing worry seemed the right thing to do...

A sense of satisfaction bloomed within Mitchel, feeling the wound was worth it if it meant earning a spot in her thoughts. He offered her a small smile. “It’s just a minor cut.”

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Raegan expressed her skepticism, “Minor? You bled quite a bit...”

Mitchel explained, “I shielded most of it with my elbow, so it wasn’t deep. It’s healing well, and stitches weren’t needed.”

Then, he lightly pinched her cheek, trying to ease her mind. “Don’t fret about it.”

Feeling the warmth from his touch, Raegan looked away, trying to hide her flustered mind.

Mitchel, finding her reaction amusing, teased her, “Come on. You’re not concerned about me?”

He seemed confident in her answer.

Defiant yet embarrassed, Raegan retorted, “Who cares about you?”

Yet, Mitchel, catching her avoidant look, found her denial charming.

Holding her face gently, he asked softly, “You’re sure you’re not worried about me?”

His deep gaze reflected Raegan’s blushing face, her pulse quickening.

With a gentle tap on her chin, Mitchel teased, “You always denies your feelings...”

His teasing tone heightened Raegan’s embarrassment. “Stop making assumptions!” she blurted out, trying to get up to escape the increasingly heated atmosphere.

“Why rush off?” Mitchel grabbed her hand, causing her to tumble onto his lap inadvertently.

“Ouch!” Raegan exclaimed.

## Chapter 1470

The warmth from Mitchel's legs was intense, stirring an unexpected reaction in Raegan to pull away.

Yet, Mitchel's grip brought her closer, positioning her sideways against him.

Caught off guard, Raegan instinctively wrapped her arms around his neck.

In front of them was a large glass window, acting like a mirror that reflected their intimate images back at them.

Mitchel's hand was stabilizing Raegan's hip, while his injured arm loosely encircled her waist.

Raegan found themselves in a pose that was bound to quicken pulses.

As Mitchel caught sight of her reddening ears, he felt an urge, his look becoming more intense. "I wasn't exaggerating," he whispered.

"You are incredibly soft..."

Raegan found herself at a loss for words. His remark was shockingly bold, causing her face to flush even hotter.

The surrounding air grew heavy with unspoken tension.

Mitchel's fingertip lightly caressed Raegan's earlobe, hinting at something more, his gaze burning with intensity.

Raegan's cheeks turned red. She felt utterly exposed under his gaze, as if he could see right through her.

The warmth in Raegan's ears intensified by the second. For the first time, she realized how touches could evoke such deep, stirring sensations, making her whole being feel light and fluttery from the intensity of it all.

Holding onto a sliver of sanity, Raegan tried to resist the pull of her emotions. She managed to say, albeit with difficulty, "Mitchel, do not..."

But Mitchel's touch lingered on her earlobe, showing no sign of stopping. "Do not... What?" His voice, laced with a husky Longing, suggesting he was ready for more mischief.

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With her face glowing red, Raegan gently reminded him, "This isn't the right place."

Mitchel's look deepened, his tone suggesting more than words could.

"Then, would it be different if we were at my place?"

Raegan was left speechless by his implication, her mind racing for an answer.

Seeing her reaction, Mitchel seized the moment to press a quick ki\*s to her Lips.

Just then, Luis emerged from the lab. "Everything's fine with the..."

His words trailed off as he caught sight of them, saying quickly, "I'll leave you two..."

Luis made a hasty exit, leaving as quickly as he could.

Raegan wished she could vanish into thin air, her embarrassment at its peak.