

Unbreakable 1471

Chapter 1471

"Release me!" Raegan demanded, gently hitting Mitchel's chest, her embarrassment teetering on the edge of tears.

Mitchel, recognizing her acute shyness, released her, allowing her to stand on her own.

Raegan fumed, saying, "I said not here, not like this!"

Just thinking about Luis' look filled Raegan with utter embarrassment.

How could she look Luis in the eye after this...

"My apologies. I'll be more considerate next time," Mitchel promised.

Raegan was baffled. "What do you mean, 'next time'!"

Mitchel couldn't restrain a chuckle at her indignation.

To avoid Luis, Raegan stayed in Mitchel's vehicle, while Mitchel approached Luis to check Raegan's check-up results.

Once inside the car, Mitchel told Raegan, "I've looked over the report. No issues."

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Raegan's anxiety eased slightly, yet Mitchel's worry grew. "You have to stay vigilant. We're investigating into the masterminds behind all these. I don't think that female bodyguard is enough for you. I'm going to assign more to protect you."

Mitchel doubted the professionalism of Victor, the bodyguard chosen to Raegan by Erick.

Even until now, Victor was nowhere in sight, leaving Raegan alone to deal with the situation.

Actually, Victor had taken some personal time off, and Raegan hadn't informed Erick, assuming things had been relatively quiet recently.

"I'll stay alert, but extra bodyguards aren't needed," Raegan declined.

Mitchel, although not pleased with her refusal of extra protect, chose not to argue. Instead, he gently said, "Promise me you'll inform me wherever you go."

Raegan froze and acknowledged his genuine concern, feeling a touch of

warmth, As Mitchel tenderly held her chin and gazed at her with warmth, Raegan found herself agreeing, drawn in by his caring look.

Mitchel's spirits lifted immediately as he leaned in for a soft ki*s.

Then, cradling her head against him, he hugged her closely.

The sensation of his breath on her hair caused a strange flutter in her heart. Trying not to bother his injury, Raegan squirmed slightly.

Mitchel's embrace tightened, his voice rich and soothing, and said, "Just let me hold you for a bit."

The tenderness in his tone was almost too much to bear. With her cheeks heating up, Raegan remained still.

"Raegan," he uttered her name, his tone filled with an unexpected melancholy. "I was somewhat

upset today.”

Raegan sensed Mitchel’s irritation but couldn’t pinpoint the cause.

She gently asked, “What’s making you upset?”

Chapter 1472

Mitchel let out a laugh, a mix of amusement and frustration. She hadn’t grasped the reason for his mood! He said, “You keep pulling away from me!”

Raegan grasped the situation a bit. “Is it because I returned the five million to you?”

“Yes. We were a couple, and I don’t think you should return those five million to me. I willingly helped your uncle by giving him the money.”

Hearing this, Raegan was at a loss for words.

Mitchel took a moment to gaze at Raegan, his feelings laid bare in his Look.

“I thought I could at least endure not seeing you until tomorrow.

Yet, even before the sunset, the longing is unbearable. I’ve hit my breaking point by making it to the end of the meeting. I’m far weaker than I ever admitted to myself.” Mitchel’s soft laughter betrayed a hint of self-deprecation.

Raegan felt her heart flutter at his admission. She was at a loss for words, unable to articulate the whirlwind of emotions inside her.

Confronted with Mitchel’s mix of tenderness and assertiveness, Raegan found herself unsure of how to respond. After a brief pause, she finally said, “Thank you for everything tonight.” Mitchel’s intervention had led to his injury, making her gratitude feel like the least she could offer.

Mitchel’s sharp gaze softened as he looked down at her. “And how will you repay me?”

“What?”

Mitchel fixed her with a look full of emotion and said, “You just thanked me.”

Feeling her heart race under his intense scrutiny, Raegan faltered.

“What are you suggesting?”

Mitchel gazed at her, his eyes burning with intensity.

Catching the meaning of his look, a deep blush spread across Raegan’s cheeks. She mentally braced herself to reject any unreasonable requests he might have in mind.

Yet, Mitchel’s next words took her by surprise, a mischievous grin on his face. “Prepare a meal for me.”

“What?”

“I would like to have a taste of your dishes.”

His request was unexpectedly modest. Raegan struggled to wrap her mind around this. She had anticipated he would seize the chance to ask for something far more audacious.

“Is that all?” Raegan couldn’t help but question him for confirmation.

Of course, Mitchel had something else in mind. He simply avoided pushing her too hard, fearing it might feel like coercion. He met her questioning gaze and gently challenged her. “Would that be insufficient?”

“Excuse me?” Raegan was stunned by his question, her reaction a bit slow.

“Then, add something more.” Mitchel grinned, leaned in, and ki*sed her, picking up where they had left off.

Chapter 1473

Raegan found herself enveloped in his intense ki*s.

Soon, their tongues met, boldly intertwining in a dance of unexpected intimacy.

Caught off guard, Raegan couldn't suppress her moans. The embarrassment overwhelmed her! She was shocked by how a single ki*s could affect her so profoundly! And with Matteo driving up front, could he hear them? The thrill of the moment felt almost forbidden...

Raegan's involuntary sounds seemed to spur Mitchel on. He cradled her head, pressing her into the leather seat, while his leg cleverly pinned hers, asserting his dominance. It was an unmistakable display of control, him above, her below, in a vulnerable embrace.

Mitchel resumed ki*sing her lips, gently at first, then delving deeper, exploring fervently.

The ki*s, intense and fiery, lingered on.

When they finally separated, Raegan's lips felt utterly numb from the intensity!

Mitchel gazed at her, a knowing smile on his face, and said, “Seems like my ki*ses have tamed your stubborn nature.”

Raegan's embarrassment flared, intensified beyond measure. This man!

Mitchel seemed amused by her flushed state. With a hint of mischief, he asked, “A meal and a ki*s.

Do you think that is enough?”

Raegan thought she might burst with emotion! She struggled to articulate her frustration. He twisted the situation as if she were asking for more.

“Enough!” Raegan aimed to speak with force, yet her mouth felt numb.

As she tried to express herself, her words emerged shaky, resembling more like a playful protest.

Mitchel observed her flushed face, drawing nearer with his charismatic pres

ence, his intent unclear. “You seem to disapprove of my suggestion?”

Pinned against the seat, Raegan found no escape. She felt trapped as he closed in, inch by inch. She knew if she argued with him further, he would simply ki*s her until her knees grew weak once more.

Raegan's stubborn resolve crumbled, and as she spoke, her voice quivered as if she were on the verge of tears. “Nothing of that sort.

I am fine with your suggestion...”

“Even so, I feel I shouldn't ki*s you anymore since I fear...”

Mitchel's tone was rough, breaking off to gently bite her soft earlobe. “I fear I won't stop at just a ki*s.”

Raegan's face turned even more crimson.

The car finally arrived at West Lake Villa.

The cool breeze did little to ease Raegan's flushed cheeks. Despite Mitchel's words of not ki*sing her, he continued to ki*s her tenderly for a while longer. He even experienced an erection. She felt

too shy to even glance his way.

Yet, Mitchel seemed in high spirits, entirely at ease from head to toe. He stepped out of the car and led Raegan into the house.

At the entrance, Mitchel softly whispered, "Raegan, do not push me away anymore, alright?"

Chapter 1474

Raegan was stunned. "I..."

Mitchel patiently suggested, "Take your time. I'd like to hear your thoughts later." It seemed he harbored some hesitation about pressing for an immediate response.

Throughout the night, Raegan found sleep elusive, her mind replaying the day's interactions.

Her thoughts were in chaos. Had they reconciled? To label their encounters as reconciliatory felt incomplete. Yet, the denial of such, paired with their closeness, indicated a level of intimacy that went beyond mere acquaintance.

Raegan's thoughts were interrupted by her vibrating phone. She picked it up and noticed a message from Mitchel. "I'll be heading out for a brief trip to Berton and return by noon the day after tomorrow. Stay safe and let me know if you plan to go out."

Knowing precisely what he was up to filled Raegan with a sense of security. Her cheeks turned warm again.

Then, she slightly frowned. She hadn't requested updates on his whereabouts. His plans weren't her concern!

Lost in her thoughts, Raegan tossed her phone aside and hid her face in her pillow. Dwelling on these things seemed to yield nothing. A sleep was in order.

Aurora.

In a well-lit, spacious living room.

A man of distinguished appearance sat leisurely on a couch, idly swirling a glass of red wine, and asked in a relaxed manner, "Is everything resolved?"

His assistant replied, "Yes, sir.

"And the blood test results?" the man, known as Davey Glyn, asked.

With due respect, the assistant presented a sealed document, saying, "Here you are, sir."

Davey set aside his wine, carefully opened the document, and perused its details. The blood test suggested Raegan was precisely Casey's daughter.

A cold smile appeared as Davey stood and disposed of the document

in the shredder.

Following that, he unlocked a securely fastened iron door and entered a basement beneath the ground.

Despite being called a basement, the space was lavishly furnished, radiating luxury and grandeur.

Davey moved toward a bed where a woman, likely in her mid-thirties to early forties, was sleeping soundly. Her features were impeccably balanced, her eyelashes long and captivating, embodying the essence of serene beauty. She was such a beauty.

Davey gently tilted his head, tenderly ki*sed the woman on her forehead, and said softly, "Casey,

your daughter is really blessed. Do you think I should end her life?"

In the room dominated by a grand bed, silk curtains of intricate designs and vivid colors danced lightly, a testament to Davey's eye for detail and depth of treasure for Casey.

Davey, with a gesture as tender as the morning light, tucked a loose strand of hair behind Casey's ear, his gaze heavy with unspoken affection.

Just then, a soft knock interrupted the quiet of the room.

"Come in," Davey invited.

Chapter 1475

Into the room stepped a woman, her vision framed by black glasses, dressed in the stark contrast of a white shirt and black pants. She was Jimena Hinks, entrusted with the health of the Glyn family as their private doctor.

Noticing Davey by the bed, Jimena offered a bow of respect and voiced her inquiry, "Mr. Glyn, should I administer acupuncture to her now or later?"

"Now," Davey stated with a calm that filled the room.

"Very well."

Davey made way as Jimena drew closer, preparing the space with a professional ease and starting with a head massage meant to soothe Casey into the treatment. Jimena's hands moved with precision, betraying a dedication to her craft.

Despite the countless times Jimena's hands had performed these motions, Casey's beauty never ceased to dazzle Jimena.

Casey was such a beauty that almost all men would pause in wonder whenever they laid eyes on her. Time had only added layers to her allure, crafting a presence that could stir envy and admiration in any onlooker, not just men.

Davey's choice to shield Casey away in this secluded sanctuary, hidden from the world's eyes for years, suddenly seemed like the only sensible thing to do.

One by one, each slender, sharp needle found its place in Casey's scalp, meticulously activating each acupoint with a gentle precision.

Davey watched this process unfold, his attention unwavering. Despite Jimena's near-decade of service, his trust in her remained guarded, much like his trust in anyone else.

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Davey waited silently, until Jimena began the careful removal of each needle after thirty minutes.

It was then that his phone broke the silence, prompting Davey to answer. "What's the matter?"

The voice on the other end belonged to Katie.

Even on the phone, Davey's eyes remained glued on Casey and Jimena's methodical movements.

"How Long do these injections last, in general?" Katie asked.

"It varies. For some, a month. For others, two, even three," Davey explained, his t

one remaining even.

"And if the last injection is given, will things really happen as you've said?" Katie probed.

Davey chuckled lightly, his voice as cold as a poisoned blade. "Katie, it seems you're still clinging to a sliver of mercy."

"Davey, I just..." Katie's voice faltered.

"Enough," Davey cut in sharply, his patience frayed. "I'm not your father. I don't have time to guide you through everything. You need to work it out yourself."

With a definitive click, Davey hung up.

Suddenly, a sharp exclamation cut through the silence.

"Ah!" It was Jimena, standing by the bed in alarm.

"Casey!" Davey, with swift concern, closed the distance between him and Casey. A thorough look reassured him. Casey was undisturbed, her peace intact.

Chapter 1476

"Why the outcry?" The question came from Davey, his eyes sparking with an icy warning, sending a wave of intimidation crashing over Jimena.

"I..." Jimena's words faltered, trapped in her throat.

Davey's gaze followed Jimena's, landing on a solitary drop of blood on Casey's finger. "Did you harm her?" His voice, though laced with worry, demanded an explanation.

"It was because..." Jimena barely began before a sudden movement interrupted.

Smack! Davey's hand connected sharply with Jimena's face.

"Ah!" Jimena was sent tumbling to the floor with a startled cry.

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The slap resounded sharply, leaving its mark.

Jimena cradled her face, now swelling and partially numb, as a trickle of blood edged its way from her mouth, a stark testament to Davey's harshness.

"Jimena... Davey's voice softened, adopting a calm and gentle tone, his lips curving in a semblance of a smile. Yet, the warmth of his voice belied the coldness of his words, sending a chill through Jimena.

"This is the first time," he stated, a simple phrase heavy with ominous implication.

Jimena felt as though she had been seared by hot iron. The memory of Davey uttering these words before lingered with haunting clarity. The individual he had warned previously vanished after a second misstep, only to be discovered later by fishermen, a nameless victim of the sharks.

The chatter among the bodyguards by the door had revealed the fate of the unnamed. Swollen and disfigured from the water, yet still recognizable.

In a silent act of compassion, the bodyguards had managed to secure half of the remains, ensuring a respectful burial.

Davey's words, thus, carried a grave finality, a declaration that there would be no tolerance for a repeat offense. Overcome with fear, Jimena stifled any words she might have had, her gaze fixed away from Davey.

"Get out!" Davey's command was terse.

Scrambling to her feet, Jimena stumbled in her haste to leave, her exit clumsy yet quick.

Despite her disarray, she made sure to close the door behind her, a small act of propriety in the midst of her turmoil.

As the door shut behind her, Jimena caught a glimpse of Davey on his knees, cradling Casey's delicate fingers as though they were treasures, tenderly removing the dried blood. His expression, a blend of gentleness and sorrow, sent a shiver down Jimena's spine.

With her heart racing, Jimena made her way downstairs, her mind racing over the events that had just unfolded.

During the needle removal, Jimena had noticed Casey's fingers twitch, a sign of life from someone who had been in a coma since a tragic fall five years prior.

Davey had exhausted every possible remedy with no success, eventually turning to acupuncture under Jimena's hand.

Despite the lack of progress over the years, Davey's hope never waned.

It seemed Casey was on the brink of awakening. Yet, Jimena hesitated to raise her hopes or speak of it to Davey. The fear of what might happen if this were merely a fleeting moment of consciousness was too great. The fate of the man who had erred twice and met his end in the jaws of sharks lingered in her mind as a grim warning.

Meanwhile, at the office, Nicole sat at her desk, closely watched by the observers Jarrod had sent over.

As she reached for her coffee, a slip of her hand sent it sprawling across her white suit, leaving a conspicuous stain. Muttering a curse, Nicole stood up and headed for the company's lounge, hoping to find some way to clean the mess.

Chapter 1477

As Nicole entered the lounge, the bodyguard dressed in black trailed behind her. Nicole placed a hand against his chest, a playful challenge in her eyes. "Is it Jarrod's orders to shadow me even to the shower?" she asked with a hint of amusement.

The bodyguard, maintaining a facade of professionalism, replied with a solemn tone, "Miss Lawrence, I apologize, but Alec instructed me to accompany you at all times."

"Alright then," Nicole said, her tone shifting as she playfully pulled at his tie, her smile turning inviting. Such a gesture was boldly provocative.

The bodyguard's composure faltered momentarily, a blush creeping up his earlobes despite his efforts to remain composed. He hesitantly followed her inside.

Without a second thought, Nicole shed her blazer, letting it fall to his feet, revealing a strapless black top that accentuated her figure.

The simplicity of the black attire became a statement of allure on her.

The bodyguard, caught off guard, managed a cough. "Miss Lawrence, could you please proceed inside to get changed?"

"Who said I was going to change my clothes?" Nicole countered, her approach smooth as she slipped out of her heels, her gaze bold and teasing.

She traced a finger along the bodyguard's shoulder, her voice sultry, hinting at an unspoken invitation. "Aren't you aware that a coffee spill calls for a shower?"

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Her playful scrutiny intensified as she noticed his flushed face, her smile widening. She lightly touched his chin, the teasing in her voice unmistakable. “Why don’t you see if Mr. Schultz’s acquaintances measure up?”

Nicole turned, her hand poised on her skirt’s zipper, appearing ready to take it off at any second. The bodyguard dressed in black started to panic. Sweat beaded on his forehead and back, the thought of spying on Jarrod’s woman filled him with fear. He would never dare to do so.

Even the mere thought of approaching someone Jarrod had let go was unthinkable for men of his caliber. Plus, Nicole had slept with Jarrod.

In his rush to leave, the bodyguard quickly left the room, slamming the door before Nicole could undress.

Once she heard the door shut, Nicole allowed a small smirk, grabbing a towel on her way to the shower.

Finishing her shower swiftly, she wrapped up in the towel and pressed a hidden switch on the wall, unveiling a secret room.

Inside, a detailed map of intricate relationships and numerous photos adorned a black

oard.

Nicole plugged a USB into the computer.

Her earlier rushed visit to Jarrod’s mansion had only allowed her to download files from one folder, not yet reviewed by her.

To her astonishment, the drive was filled with compromising photos and videos of Mr. Hampton, caught in unsavory moments with various women.

Nicole was aware of Jarrod’s extreme prudence, presumably keeping such material on close associates as a safeguard. These were evidently his blackmail reserves, possibly crafted by his hand. The release of these photos would cause significant harm to the Hampton family, impacting both their market and corporate standing, particularly with whispers of the Hampton family elder’s influential ties.

Inspired, Nicole edited the images to obscure crucial details before anonymously emailing them to Mr. Hampton. Having indirect ties to the Hampton family made acquiring his contact easy.

A prompt reply came from Mr. Hampton “Who the hell are you?”

Chapter 1478

Nicole replied, “That’s not your concern.”

He pressed, “What do you want?”

Nicole responded. “Let’s strike a deal.”

Feeling somewhat hopeful, Mr. Hampton asked, “You’re after money?”

Name your price.”

Nicole replied, “Money is not my objective.”

Mr. Hampton asked, “Then what is it you want?”

Nicole stated, “A contract from five years back.”

Mr. Hampton went quiet before texting back, “I’m not following you.”

Nicole responded with a hint of amusement, "Perhaps the spread of these photos and videos across the internet will jog your memory."

Mr. Hampton replied, "How do we proceed?"

"Just wait for my instruction."

After sending the message, Nicole uploaded the incriminating content to a cloud server so secure it was nearly unbreakable. Feeling a sense of completion, she destroyed the USB by crushing it under her foot.

She then wet her hair again in the bathroom, got dressed, and left the room.

The bodyguard, waiting for her, approached immediately, and said, "Miss Lawrence, it's time for you to return to the villa."

Nicole couldn't suppress a smirk at this. "Let's go," she said, her tone dripping

with sarcasm.

Raegan had been engrossed in her studio work all day.

At lunchtime, her phone rang with a video call from Mitchel. She picked up the call.

Mitchel's handsome face appeared on the screen, somehow seeming more vivid than ever before.

"Did I catch you during lunch?"

Raegan softly affirmed with a "yes."

"Let me see what you're eating." Mitchel's voice filled the speaker.

Raegan aimed the camera at her meal, listing the dishes. "Radish seed salad, broccoli, and steamed bass."

"It Looks delicious, but you're missing a soup. Who cooked?"

"The housekeeper," Raegan said.

Chapter 1479

"What will you be cooking for me?" Mitchel suddenly asked.

Pondering briefly, still unsure, Raegan responded teasingly, "As if you'd have any choice. You'll eat whatever I make."

Mitchel smiled warmly at her playful defiance. "I'm easy to please.

Anything you make will be perfect."

"And when would you like for the meal?"

Mitchel observed her eating a broccoli piece, finding her expression endearingly cute.

"How about tomorrow night? Are you available?"

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If it weren't for an important meeting the next morning, his eagerness would have made it impossible to wait! He was exceptionally eager to see her!

Raegan thought about her schedule. She needed to deliver some medicine the next day due to a previous commitment, but that was scheduled for the afternoon. The delivery was in the Ashfield, a quiet suburb of Ardlens. It would take just over an hour to get there. She could surely return by the afternoon.

"Tomorrow night works," Raegan said in agreement.

Mitchel's demeanor lightened further, delighted by her confirmation.

He then playfully focused on her lips and teased, "Your lips..."

"What about them?" Raegan asked, checking her reflection but noticing nothing unusual.

"Lean in with your ear, and I'll whisper it," Mitchel said, his tone playful.

Curious and slightly wary, Raegan brought the phone closer to her ear.

Then, she heard his voice, soft and alluring, whispering closely.

"Your Lips seem so inviting for a ki*s."

A wave of blush washed over Raegan's face in an instant. Surrounded by people, this flirtatious comment felt thrillingly sweet.

Their intimate banter, amidst the crowd's noise, gave Raegan the sense that they were deeply in love.

Raegan lightly scolded, "There's a crowd here..."

Mitchel's smile turned mischievous. "Which is why I whispered it, just for you."

His allure radiated through the screen, disarmingly attractive.

Raegan's heartbeat quickened, stirred by feelings she couldn't fully understand. Amid her racing heartbeat, a sweet feeling welled up from deep within her heart. "I should get back to my work," she said, her voice tinged with a slight rush.

Noticing her cheeks tinged with red, Mitchel's expression softened.

"Take care not to work too hard."

Chapter 1480

"Watch out for your arm..." Raegan's concern for Mitchel flowed out without her even realizing it. She paused, taken aback Mitchel was equally surprised with Raegan's concern.

Then, looking deeply into the camera, he said, "Now I wish to ki*s you even more."

Raegan found herself at a loss for words.

Her face flushed a deeper red. "Can't your thoughts be laid somewhere else?"

"I can't," Mitchel said, his stare intense, making the moment feel profound. "I miss you dearly."

Raegan's eyes fluttered, her cheeks heating up. She was certain that if he were here, he might indeed "consume" her.

"I...I need to hang up now." Raegan quickly ended the call. She pondered over their growing closeness, questioning if it was becoming too much.

Just then, a receptionist from the studio came over. "Miss Foster, Mr. Matteo Jenkins is here to see you."

"Please, let him in," Raegan said.

Matteo walked in, placing a wooden food box on her table. "Miss Foster, Mr. Dixon has sent you this soup. Enjoy."

After conveying his message, Matteo departed.

Raegan eyed the food container and recognized it came from South River Restaurant. That was a notable distance away. So, was Mitchel ordering soup for her during their conversation?

Raegan lifted the lid off the container, and the aroma spread throughout the room. It contained the restaurant's renowned Four-Cup Soup.

Tasting it, she felt a comforting warmth spreading through her, sweetening her mood even more.

She then took out her phone to look up recipes, acknowledging her rusty cooking skills. It was time to choose a dish to prepare.

The following day.

Raegan headed out straight from her office after wrapping up a morning full of tasks. She'd been keeping an eye out for the past three days, making sure she wasn't being followed.

Just to play it safe, Raegan had her family's driver pretend to take her home, creating the illusion that she was inside the car.

In the meantime, she took the wheel herself, opting for a less conspicuous underground route. She relied on the navigation for half of the journey.

Suddenly, the car emitted a loud "bang"!

All of a sudden, the tire of Raegan's car blew out. Right away, the front of the car began sliding. Raegan was startled. She suddenly thought of what Mitchel had told her during her driver's tests and tried to stay calm.

Hitting the brakes hard could cause the car to overturn.

Raegan held the steering wheel firmly and gently pressed the brake.