

Unbreakable 1501

Chapter 1501

Humph! He was still upset. He had to keep his poker face.

“You!” The woman grasped her chest, struggling to articulate her frustration.

Raegan chose not to engage further with the woman. Turning her attention to Mitchel, she asked, “Could we have a word?”

Despite his urge to look up at Raegan, Mitchel, without so much as a glance, grabbed another drink and stated icily, “I’m busy.” His voice was devoid of any warmth, treating Raegan as if she were a stranger.

Raegan felt a pang of hurt. “I just need a moment.”

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Noticing Mr. Ortega’s fixed stare on Raegan, Mitchel’s irritation grew. He knitted his brows and said impatiently, “I told you I’m busy. Isn’t that clear enough?”

“Matteo!” Mitchel questioned, “What are you waiting for?” His implication was to have Matteo show Raegan to the door.

Matteo was puzzled, wondering if the alcohol had dulled Mitchel’s senses.

Raegan got straight to the point, asking, “Mitchel, were you in Ashfield last night?”

The question seemed to strike a nerve, as Mitchel’s look turned even colder. He retorted, “Asking about my whereabouts? Who do you think you are to me?”

Raegan inhaled deeply and confessed, “I’m someone who wants to give us a try. Does that count for anything?”

Raegan’s words stirred something in Mitchel, his desire to draw her into his arms burning. She wanted to give them a try? But why did she lie to him last night? She was with Stefan the previous night, yet she claimed she was with someone he wasn’t familiar with. He had rushed over upon learning her whereabouts, only to meet with her entering the hotel with Stefan. Nah! He couldn’t stomach that.

Reflecting on the previous night, Mitchel clenched his teeth, his voice icy and sharp. “You want to give us a try? Do you think you’re skilled at playing games?”

Mitchel’s face turned stern, exuding a daunting aura.

Raegan felt a chill. She bit her lip, saying, “I didn’t..

But Raegan was interrupted by a mocking voice nearby. “So, you’ve been rejected and you’re pathetically holding on. Drop the act of being decent!”

The woman assumed Raegan was one of her kind.

Clad in fine clothes, Raegan appeared affluent, clearly not sharing the woman’s occupation.

But to the woman, Raegan was just another poor thing dumped by a man, no better than herself.

“What a sight! This gentleman has turned you away and here you are, shamelessly trying to win him back!”

Her words irked Mitchel, his hand tightening around the glass, nearly shattering it. He struggled to keep his composure, finding it hard to tolerate any baseless accusations directed at Raegan. He was agitated, knowing this wasn’t a good sign.

Oblivious to Mitchel's darkened face, the woman stood up, brushing past Raegan on purpose. It was a clear challenge.

Raegan, repulsed, took a step back and offered a smile, remarking, "It seems you're not aware of who's truly pitiful here."

The woman's expression hardened. "What are you implying?"

Raegan's smile was faint. "Maybe I got it wrong. It seems you're fine with being a lover, so maybe my sympathy is misplaced."

Chapter 1502

The woman was stunned by Raegan's boldness, having assumed Raegan was one of her kind. Shouldn't Raegan be trying to win Mitchel back? How could Raegan insult her in Mitchel's presence?

"So what? Sure, Mr. Dixon may have flirted with me, but he's not interested in you!" The woman's fury twisted her features as she retorted without holding back, "And who's to say how many have flirted with you in secret? Drop the innocent act! You're no high-class prostitute..."

Fuming over how close her schemes could have made it earlier, only to be thwarted by Raegan, the woman lifted her hand in a huff, prepared to hurl the drink at Raegan.

But Raegan caught the woman's wrist just in time. "Whether I'm respectable or not isn't your place to say," Raegan stated calmly.

Her wrist held by Raegan, the woman could only stare as Raegan tipped her hand, the drink she meant to pour at Raegan dousing herself instead.

After releasing the woman, Raegan watched as the glass clattered to the floor. "Just remember, careless words come with consequences," she cautioned.

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The woman stood drenched and disheveled, her wrist throbbing. She was not sensible enough to read the room and continued to insult Raegan "I struck a nerve, huh? ALL you dolled-up ladies are just the same.."

"Enough!" Mitchel's voice cut through the air, deep and on the verge of erupting.

The woman smirked. "Looks like he's telling you to zip it Mitchel was beside himself with fury. What a moron this woman was!

He blurted out, "Idiot!"

Mr. Ortega, sensing the growing tension, regretted his decision to involve the woman, a choice he aimed to please Mitchel instead of upsetting him. Attempting to diffuse the situation, he joked,

"Well, Mr. Dixon's allure is really irresistible. See, these two stunning women are vying for his attention. That's something most of us can only dream of!"

The room filled with laughter at Mr. Ortega's attempt to lighten the mood.

The laughter and jesting continued around them.

"It's a rare sight indeed."

"Sure, if Mr. Dixon weren't here, maybe the rest of us would stand a chance. But with him around, we're all out of luck."

The men's jokes, fueled by alcohol, took a dive into coarseness.

Meanwhile, Raegan felt lost, unable to pinpoint who Mitchel was rebuking. Feeling out of place, she questioned the point of this squabble. Engaging in a spat with a woman and being perceived as

envious by onlookers felt utterly foolish to her.

Raegan turned to Mitchel, her heart cooling. "Mitchel, are you ready to give up without any inquiry?"

Mitchel's expression grew stern, as if he couldn't tolerate her presence here anymore.

Raegan bit her lip, fighting back her tears. "Fine by me. If it's meant to be, it'll be. It's best we don't waste our time."

Mitchel's fists clenched, a surge of distress washing over him. Not to waste time? Was Raegan implying he shouldn't squander hers?

"And about Stefan, we're just acquaintances. Our meeting was coincidental, not what you might assume." Raegan's initial confidence had ebbed away, leaving her in doubt. She wondered if Mitchel cared about her explanation.

Despite her discomfort, Raegan felt compelled to clarify her intentions for being here. She wanted to end the confusion that had lingered over the past few days.

Having said her piece, Raegan turned briskly and exited, leaving a stunned Mitchel behind.

Chapter 1503

Mitchel blinked. What did Raegan just reveal? She and Stefan were simply friends? Indeed, just friends!

The woman heavily dolled up, sighed in relief as Raegan left. She acknowledged her inability to rival Raegan. She sauntered over to Mitchel, her tone dripping with flirtation, "Mr. Dixon, now that I've removed that nuisance for you, what's my prize?"

It wasn't uncommon for a man of Mitchel's means to be surrounded by a bevy of women. The woman knew too well that rich men were always after those young and naive girls. Once boredom set in, even the most stunning beauty lost her allure. Therefore, the woman's strategy was to be accommodating, skilled, and charming to keep a man's interest.

"Mr. Dixon, would you grace me with the pleasure of a drink together?"

The woman edged closer, her scent overpowering.

Mitchel's face turned icy, and he swiftly brushed the drink off her hand.

Caught off guard, the woman tripped and landed awkwardly on the floor.

Mitchel, towering and stern, cast a scornful glance over the crowd and stated firmly, "Just so we're clear, I was the one chasing her!"

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I pleaded for her company!"

His words echoed, laden with significance, stunning the onlookers, particularly Mr. Ortega, who regretted his actions deeply. He had never intended to cross the woman Mitchel favored!

Mr. Ortega, who had his own requests for Mitchel, now just hoped to avoid Mitchel's ire.

The woman, still on the floor, attempted to catch Mr. Ortega's attention with a sweet call, "Mr. Ortega!"

The woman felt her last bit of hope dwindled, yet she reached out for any remaining chance.

Mr. Ortega found the woman incredibly vexing. He knew angering Mitchel could lead to serious consequences. His face twisted in annoyance, and he pushed the woman aside with force. "Get lost!"

Bitch!"

Raegan didn't waste any time in catching a taxi.

Just as the taxi began to drive away, a voice echoed from behind.

"Raegan!"

The taxi driver glanced at Raegan in the rearview mirror, questioning, "Is that man calling out for you?"

Raegan's response was frosty. "No, let's just keep going." She was determined to avoid any further entanglement with Mitchel since she had said her pieces.

The driver followed her instructions and drove away.

Not long after, a sudden roar interrupted their way.

The taxi screeched to a stop.

Mitchel's car door flung open, revealing his determined figure.

The taxi driver, anxious, said, "Miss, this could be trouble."

Chapter 1504

Mitchel approached the taxi, tapping on the window, trying to get inside. He glared at the driver, his voice cold. "Open the door."

The driver felt immense pressure. He never thought he'd be intimidated by a young man's stare. Despite his nervousness, the driver stood firm, reassuring Raegan, "Don't worry. I won't let him in." His voice betrayed his fear.

The driver pulled out his phone, ready to make an emergency call in Mitchel's presence.

Raegan acknowledged the driver's kindness and didn't want to alarm him or cause trouble for him. So she reassured him, "Sir, relax.

He's someone I know."

"He's someone you know?" The driver was about to dial the number, but upon hearing this, he swiftly canceled the call.

"Yes, just lower the window. I need to talk to him," Raegan confirmed.

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Once the window was down, Mitchel outside wasted no time. "I was in Ashfield last night."

Mitchel's voice got rough. "I got it wrong."

Although they cleared the misunderstanding, Raegan felt slighted.

This made her realize there were too many issues between them. The lack of trust was disheartening. Trying anything without sorting this mess would be reckless.

"Hmm, gotcha," Raegan said.

Mitchel hesitated, murmuring an apology, "I'm sorry..."

She replied calmly, "Okay, I accept it. Can I go now?"

Mitchel stood there, his tall figure immobile. With the misunderstanding cleared, he didn't want to let her leave. He asserted, "Come with me."

Raegan found his words bold. "Mr. Dixon, there are women waiting for your attention. Don't joke around with me."

“What women?” Mitchel asked.

“Drop the act. The woman in the chamber was eagerly vying for your attention. Please don’t waste your time on me,” she shot back.

A smile crossed Mitchel’s face.

Raegan felt something wasn’t right. Was she sounding jealous?

Mitchel felt considerably relieved, explaining, “I don’t mess around with other women. I’m not that kind of guy.”

Raegan turned her gaze away, expressing indifference, “Your actions are none of my concern.”

“Why wouldn’t it matter to you?” Lowering his voice, aware of the taxi driver nearby, Mitchel insisted, “You’re the only one for me.

Chapter 1505

There’s nobody else.”

Raegan, initially angry, now felt her cheeks grow warm. She dismissed his words, “Stop talking nonsense.”

Mitchel looked somewhat hurt, reminding her, “You just said you wanted to give us a try.”

Raegan immediately regretted her previous words. “Forget that idea.

It’s off the table.”

“I don’t care. As of now, we’re an item.”

Raegan found herself speechless. She then instructed the taxi driver, “Please start driving.”

Those few words left Mitchel without a comeback. He realized an explanation now was pointless.

Then, he addressed the driver, “Could you and I swap vehicles?”

The taxi driver was puzzled, questioning, “What? Why?”

Mitchel handed the car keys he had received from Matteo to the taxi driver. “I need to borrow your car for a bit, and you can take mine.

Is that fine?”

The taxi driver shook his head. “Sorry, I need my car to work.”

Raegan appreciated the taxi driver’s integrity. She apologized, “I’m sorry for the trouble. Please keep the fare going, and I’ll cover the cost.”

With no alternatives left, Mitchel’s attention was caught by an ad in the taxi for a night shift driver.

He inquired, “Are you looking for someone to work the night shift?”

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Pushing Matteo forward slightly, Mitchel asked, “How about him for the job?”

Had he not been drinking, Mitchel would have considered the job for himself.

The driver chuckled. “I appreciate the humor, young man.”

Mitchel doubled down, “Seriously, I’m not kidding.”

Matteo chimed in, “He’s serious.” After all, being an assistant often meant taking on varied roles. Yet, venturing into taxi driving at night was indeed a new challenge.

With a serious tone, Mitchel explained to the taxi driver, "That's my wife over there. I've made a mistake, and now she's locked me out.

If you don't let him try out this job, I'll end up without a wife."

Utilizing his appealing looks, Mitchel seemed genuinely earnest.

Mitchel urged, "You don't want to witness us go separate ways, do you? Could you bear to see us split over a misunderstanding?"

Matteo found himself at a loss for words.

Chapter 1506

The taxi driver frowned, thinking.

Raegan was stunned. Mitchel's capacity for fabrication was unexpectedly impressive.

After consideration, the taxi driver eventually stepped out and passed the taxi to Matteo.

The taxi driver even imparted some wisdom to Mitchel. "Remember, a wife should be treasured, not upset. Got that?"

"I understand, sir." Looking at Raegan, Mitchel added, "I'll make sure to 'treasure' her properly."

Raegan was at a loss for words since things happened so swiftly.

Matteo took the wheel and began to drive away, with the taxi driver's voice echoing in the distance.

"Young man, I don't know how to operate your fancy car..."

A slight smile appeared on Mitchel's face. His plan had worked.

Raegan was astounded by Mitchel's plan. "You really are a scoundrel."

"Just a bit, and only for you," Mitchel replied.

Raegan was rendered speechless. She crinkled her nose at the overpowering scent on him. "Leave the car. Your smell is making me nauseous!"

Mitchel sniffed his sleeve, recognizing the woman's strong perfume on his clothes. He immediately removed his jacket, instructed Matteo to pull over at a nearby station platform, and discarded his jacket in a trash bin.

As he began to remove his shirt, Raegan intervened. "What on earth are you doing?"

Mitchel appeared puzzled. "You said the smell was bothering you, didn't you?"

Raegan felt her cheeks grow hot. "Just leave the car. I didn't mean you should undress!"

The idea of Mitchel getting undressed in a taxi was even more unsettling. Particularly in a taxi lacking privacy film. Passersby might misconstrue their situation if they saw Mitchel undressing. Mitchel protested, "But I made a promise to the taxi driver to 'treasure' you

properly..."

Raegan's face turned even redder.

Mitchel moved closer, offering his arm for her to sniff. "Check this.

No smell here. I didn't take off my jacket back in the chamber."

Raegan awkwardly looked away, criticizing, "Have you no dignity?"

"Well, it seems I don't have such a thing in your presence." Mitchel placed his hand on the back of her seat, subtly enclosing her, his tone deep. "Does this bother you?"

Feeling her ears heat up and frustrated, Raegan replied, "I'm not interested in someone who's been

with others. It's repulsive."

Mitchel faced her, lifting his hand as though taking an oath. "I assure you, I haven't been with any other woman. You can ask Matteo."

Chapter 1507

I never let any other woman beyond you get close to me. My only mistake was sharing the same air with them."

Matteo, keeping his eyes on the road, confirmed, "Yes, Mr. Dixon is disciplined. He didn't let other women make advances."

Feeling her face warm up, Raegan pushed Mitchel's hand away, her Lips parting to speak, yet she hesitated, aware of Matteo's presence. She then turned her gaze outside, watching the world beyond the car window.

Mitchel sensed her shyness and chose not to tease her further, maintaining a respectful distance, a mark of his consideration.

When they arrived at their stop, Matteo tactfully exited the vehicle to give them some privacy.

Raegan reached for the door, attempting to leave, but found her movement halted by Mitchel's arm pressing down on the door handle.

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"Raegan..." Mitchel's action created a protective gesture as if he was encircling her, his cool breath surrounding her. "I regret letting jealousy get the better part of me. I grasped I should have trusted you more and not let my temper flare just because I see you with another man. I'm committed to making amends, though I've struggled to change in the past. My self-control isn't perfect, but I vow to make a genuine effort to improve..."

His sincere apology and the softness in his voice were new to Raegan, It was a surprise to see the usually confident and somewhat arrogant Mitchel display such openness and vulnerability.

Mitchel then gently lifted his arm from the door, drawing Raegan into his embrace.

In a soft tone, he added, "Just as you're uneasy about the woman in the chamber, I face my own insecurities. Henley knew you from school, and Stefan was by your side for the past five years. Those were the days I was absent from your life. That's why I'm jealous. Do you see where I'm coming from?"

Raegan's posture tensed up. This vulnerability was a side of Mitchel she hadn't seen before. His displays of jealousy, it seemed, had deeper roots. Despite being wounded by his past actions, her heart softened at his downcast expression.

Mitchel, interpreting her silence as ongoing displeasure, promised, "From now on, I'll consult with you about everything, no more jumping to conclusions. I'll work on curbing my jealousy, alright?"

He didn't promise to eliminate his jealousy entirely. He knew that was too much to ask of himself. His sense of possessiveness was just too ingrained.

Raegan, who had been quite upset, felt her anger ebbing away. Her tone mellowed. "I prepared quite a few dishes tonight."

Mitchel's face lit up with hope. "I apologize. I'll eat them now."

"Don't bother. Everything's gone cold."

"That's fine. I haven't eaten much today. I had neglected the previous night's dinner." His meals had been limited to a cup of coffee and some wine in the evening. His turmoil had left him without an

appetite.

Raegan's concern deepened. "You haven't eaten at all?"

"Well... I was quite upset..." Mitchel replied, sounding slightly aggrieved. "How could I have the appetite to eat without you by my side?"

Raegan was about to correct Mitchel but decided it wasn't worth the fuss. She was tired of picking on every little thing he did. "Let's get inside, and I'll make up something else for you."

When Mitchel stepped into the living room, he noticed the table full of dishes, his expression turning grim. It was clear that Raegan had put in some serious preparation for this. Yet, he had disappointed her, which was unforgivable.

Knowing Mitchel hadn't eaten for almost two days, Raegan decided to prepare a comforting dish for him.

After Raegan added the noodles to the pot, she lowered the flame to cook the noodles softer.

The moment the noodles were served, Mitchel devoured them swiftly. He even seemed somewhat eager for more.

Chapter 1508

Raegan said, "No more for now. Give your stomach some time to digest."

It was late at night, and Raegan didn't want to summon the maid to do the dishes. She tidied up the table and was about to wash the plates.

Right then, Mitchel walked over to the sink and started to do the washing.

His tall stature made the sink look low by comparison, setting up a slightly awkward yet cozy and pleasant vibe.

With everything finished, it seemed like there was nothing else to do.

But Mitchel lingered, asking in a gentle tone, "May I check on Janey?"

Raegan agreed and started to remove her apron, accidentally tightening the knot.

Mitchel offered to help, his voice deep. "Allow me."

As Mitchel skillfully untied the knot, his fingers sometimes brushed Raegan's neck, making her shiver slightly.

The way she stood facing the wall while he stood behind her gave off a daring vibe.

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Raegan started breathing fast.

"Why are your ears so red?" Mitchel asked with a soft chuckle.

His lazy laughter echoed like the deep notes of a cello, filling every corner and sinking into Raegan's skin. It wasn't just her ears.

Her neck was also blushing. "Are you finished?" she asked.

"Yes." Mitchel removed the apron and casually placed it on the kitchen counter.

Raegan found herself at a loss for words.

Mitchel's intense stare, reminiscent of a night creature's, made Raegan's cheeks warm. "You should leave after checking on Janey."

After seeing Janey, Mitchel hesitated at the door, not quite ready to go. "When might I spend the night here?"

Raegan felt her cheeks burn. "Only in your dreams."

With that, she forcefully closed the door.

Outside, Mitchel gazed at the door, feeling a strange sense of satisfaction. He began to feel a hint of hope.

On the way back.

Matteo reported, "Mr. Dixon, the security team just called in.

They've got a lead on the blood-sampling suspect who got away."

Chapter 1509

"Did they get any information from him?" Mitchel asked.

"No, by the time they located him, he had already been dead in his car for several days."

"Dead?" Mitchel's expression turned serious.

"Yes, after turning the case over to the police and consulting with a known forensic doctor, they determined the cause of death was a cardiac explosive device," Matteo revealed.

Mitchel's expression grew concerned.

Matteo added, "Seems like the implant was done manually, a method we haven't seen around here before. The suspect probably came in disguised and sent from abroad, maybe from the Aurora's Maxwell family. Rumor has it that the Maxwell family have a top-notch squad spread across different countries for secret missions."

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Mitchel was puzzled about why those people targeted Raegan. He felt the need to consult Erick to find out if the Foster family had any enemies abroad. With the ability to implant cardiac explosive devices, those people were quite something. If it really was the Maxwell family behind this, then the future troubles could be significant. He could still keep Raegan safe at home, but it would be difficult going overseas.

The more Mitchel pondered, the more his worry deepened, his face weighed down by concern.

"Find out why Raegan is their target!" Mitchel's tone turned cold and serious as he directed, "Arrange two elite guards for Raegan and Janey, and make sure the guards appear only when necessary."

"Got it," Matteo acknowledged.

Over the next few days, Raegan was swamped with work.

Whenever Mitchel had a spare moment, he'd drop by her studio himself to bring her meals. It wasn't long before everyone in Raegan's studio started making a guess about their relationship, causing Raegan a bit of stress. It appeared Mitchel was making a point to be noticed.

Another thing that caught Raegan's attention was Katie hosting a press conference, making it clear that she and Mitchel were only colleagues and nothing more.

But Katie's behavior during the announcement didn't quite convince.

She seemed anything but happy.

The press conference hit the headlines, sparking gossip that Katie had been kicked out by the Dixon family, resulting in a big hit to the Dixon Group's reputation.

only winner of holding this press conference.

However, Raegan didn't give it much thought. Recently, she'd been fully immersed in a "Charity Drive" project. Her mother had always been keen on helping others and was often involved in charity work.

So, representing Crescent and in partnership with the Children's Care Foundation, Raegan Launched a charity project. She took this project to heart, not just providing financial support and supplies to children in need but also spending time with them personally.

Today marked the second day of the three-day outreach program.

Raegan planned to head back to Ardlens tomorrow.

Being apart from Janey for three days filled Raegan with longing.

Luckily, Mitchel was in Ardlens, dropping by to see Janey after work and even taking Janey for some fun.

Chapter 1510

Raegan felt thankful for Mitchel. She was comforted knowing Janey wasn't alone during her absence.

During their video call at night, right after Janey finished chatting with Raegan, Mitchel appeared on the screen, his good-looking face sharp and distinct. "Shall I come to pick you up tomorrow?" he asked.

Mitchel was ready to, yet he would like to know what Raegan preferred.

"There's no need. I'll head to the airport with the group on the volunteer bus," Raegan responded, choosing not to draw too much attention to their charitable efforts.

Mitchel nodded, his tone warm and gentle. "I miss you. Do you feel the same?"

Caught in Mitchel's intense, hopeful stare, Raegan felt her cheeks heated up. She shifted the conversation and said, "I should get some rest now..

With a touch of sadness in Mitchel's eyes, he said, "Sleep well."

"Goodnight."

After the call ended, Raegan couldn't shake off Mitchel's disappointed expression, making it difficult for her to fall asleep.

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She tried to force herself to sleep, aware of the busy day ahead.

But just as sleep began to take over, a sudden loud "boom" startled Raegan awake.

Suddenly, the ground started shaking violently.

Raegan, still feeling confused, heard things crashing to the ground.

From outside, a voice cried out, "Run! It's an earthquake!"

Raegan snapped out of her drowsiness completely.

She abruptly sat up and saw everything on the cabinet falling down, along with a thunderous noise.

With no time to think, Raegan grabbed the door handle and attempted to rush outside.

But at this critical moment, the door seemed stuck, refusing to open no matter how much she pulled.

The area, being mountainous, lacked any hotels. Some volunteers were staying with the villagers, and others at the school.

Most of the school buildings were in poor condition, yet their metal doors were solid and didn't wear out easily. The problem was that the locks were old and sometimes needed someone from outside to open them if they got stuck. Trying to kick it open from the inside was useless. It had to be done from the outside.

Trapped, Raegan started banging on the metal door and yelling for help, "Hello? Can anyone hear me? I need help with this door!"

But outside, the sound of people running in panic drowned out her voice.

Then, an announcement came through the village's loudspeakers.

"Attention, everyone! Due to an imminent landslide threat in the mountains, please evacuate to the village's central safe area immediately!"