

Unbreakable 1571

Chapter 1571

After their intimate moments, it remained Raegan's responsibility to assist him with his care.

When he was asleep, it presented no issue. However, now that he was awake, it was quite different. Raegan hadn't even begun, yet she was already flushed crimson.

Adding to the challenge, Mitchel teased her, "You're known for your thoroughness. What's with the sudden shift?"

"You have woken up. What about getting you a nurse?"

His voice grew husky. "You want anyone else to see me in this state?"

Raegan's ears burned with embarrassment. She murmured in response, "There's not much to see anyway..."

Mitchel chuckled, his voice low and enticing. "It's about the performance, not the look."

Raegan was left speechless.

Blushing profusely, Raegan continued with her task.

Despite performing it three times daily before, she had yet to grow accustomed to it. Only now did she accept it was such a challenging task for her. The contrast between caring for someone awake versus someone unconscious was striking.

Every inch of Mitchel's body seemed more attractive upon his waking up, his aura overwhelmingly captivating.

After tidying up, Raegan took a shower to rinse off the sticky sweat.

Once she emerged, Mitchel tenderly grasped her flushed hand, a hint of concern in his expression. "Feeling tired? Would you like to lie beside me a bit longer?"

Raegan, her heart pounding, insisted, "No, no, the doctor will reprimand me."

Mitchel affectionately pinched her cheek, chuckling. "What's on your mind? I may be willing, but I'm powerless at the moment."

Her laughter in response to his remark allowed her to relax comfortably by his side.

Truly, she was utterly exhausted. The recent days have proven to be both mentally and physically strained. Only by his side did she find solace and security.

Mitchel had mixed feelings as Raegan placed her trust in him. He whispered seductively, "Once I've recovered, we'll celebrate properly."

Raegan, feeling her cheeks burn, turned away, avoiding his gaze.

He longed to kiss her, her bashfulness warming him, drawing him closer to her.

Raegan felt overwhelmed by his unexpected advances. "No more... Or we'll end up needing another bath," she protested.

"Next time, I'll be the one to bathe you." Mitchel's voice was husky, causing her cheeks to flush even more. She had her own hands. Why would she need his help with a bath?

They lay entwined, neither feeling the pull of sleep nor the desire to rise, treasuring every moment of their precious time together.

Chapter 1572

Noticing Raegan was still awake, Mitchel took the opportunity to broach a topic. "Did my mother strike you today?"

Luciana's frailty meant her slap hadn't landed forcefully, and there was no visible mark left by now.

But when Luciana slapped Raegan, Mitchel was caught between sleep and wakefulness. The noise he heard seemed almost surreal, leaving him unsure if such an incident had actually taken place.

Raegan glanced down, fiddling with her fingers. Previously, with Mitchel unconscious, she hadn't felt much. Now being directly asked by him, she felt a bit aggrieved.

Instantly, Mitchel's eyes hardened with ice, initially suspecting it was in his dream, only to realize it was true. He tenderly kissed Raegan's cheek, promising, "I'll make it right for you."

"Let it go. I didn't suffer much. I'll just be more cautious in the future." Raegan had no desire to create discord between Luciana and Mitchel.

In Raegan's recollection, Luciana had always been kind and reasonable, even though Luciana's demeanor to her had shifted due to Mitchel's subsequent injuries. The way Luciana behaved today appeared rather peculiar to Raegan.

"Do you not find Luciana's behavior a bit odd?" After pondering for a while, Raegan couldn't reconcile Luciana's drastic change in manners, even if Luciana was heartbroken.

"She had changed a lot after I distanced myself from her five years ago," Mitchel revealed.

"Five years ago..." Raegan pondered whether Mitchel knew about the conversation Luciana had with her.

Raegan wasn't certain. Mitchel seemed unwilling to delve further into the past.

After a while, Mitchel remarked, "My mother relies heavily on Katie. If you happen to see them together, try not to be upset."

Raegan shook her head. "I won't." Her principles were never dictated by others. Nor would she bend over backward to please those who held animosity toward her. Yet, Luciana's shift in demeanor always left her feeling somewhat remorseful.

Reflecting on the day's events, Raegan inquired, "What exactly is Henley's plan?"

Mitchel had been aware of Alexis' illegitimate son's existence, vigilant all the while. Despite a thorough search, he couldn't locate his half-brother. Now, it made sense. He failed to locate Alexis' illegitimate son because the latter had been hospitalized after the car incident.

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In response to Raegan, Mitchel stated, "He aims to ascend to power."

Although Raegan didn't grasp the intricacies of the Dixon Group's internal dynamics, she had faith in Mitchel's abilities.

Surveying the landscape of the country, it seemed unlikely that anyone could topple Mitchel from his position of strength and influence. Therefore, Raegan remained unperturbed.

Observing her calm demeanor, Mitchel teasingly pinched her rosy lips, inquiring, "What if I truly get sidelined?"

Still irritated by his previous restlessness, Raegan retorted grumpily, "I'll sell you to a brothel for a decent sum."

Mitchel fiercely nibbled her luscious earlobe, his voice thick with desire. "If I end up in a brothel,

who will look after your needs?"

Raegan's ears flushed as Mitchel nibbled, and she protested, "Who said I needed you to take care of my needs?"

Unaware to herself, her voice was both sweet and enticing.

Mitchel's Adam's apple bobbed slightly, his lips approaching again with a husky voice. "Are you blaming me for not tending to your needs?"

Chapter 1573

Raegan was rendered speechless. Mitchel had a knack for bending the truth to his will.

In the midst of their talk, Mitchel's hand had already made its way under Raegan's pajamas.

Raegan tensed, her heart racing. They had just made out. Now, Mitchel wanted to do it again? Plus, he had just woken up. Though it didn't require much of his strength, diving into the temptation of lust didn't do his recovery any good.

Raegan's cheeks turned pink, and her ears burned with a mix of embarrassment and longing.

Mitchel's gaze was intense, his arm muscles tightening, only intensifying the moment.

Raegan's thoughts were scattered, as if her mind was clouded. She let out a gentle moan, her lips parting ever so slightly.

"No... Don't... I can't handle anymore," she whispered, her voice soft and warm, her face glowing with a shy appeal.

Mitchel looked at her more intensely. "Is talking big all you've got?"

Raegan decided it was best not to argue back. His endurance and skills in sexual intercourse were undeniable. If she talked back, he'd definitely "punish" her with actions. A blush crept into Raegan's eyes, and she uttered softly, "You know me..."

Mitchel noted her exhausted look and remembered she had just taken care of his needs and cleaned him up.

Trying to suppress his desire, Mitchel tenderly ki*sed Raegan on the forehead, smiling slightly. "I'll get you a yoga instructor tomorrow."

"What?" Raegan looked puzzled by the sudden change in topic.

Mitchel, his eyes warm with affection, gently stroked her hair. His voice was a bit rough as he explained, "You get tired too easily because you don't exercise enough."

Raegan's face turned bright red. "Quit it!"

But Mitchel, seemingly ignoring her embarrassment, whispered playfully in her ear, "I've heard yoga really helps with flexibility. There are lots of different poses we could try..."

Raegan couldn't take it anymore. She gave him a light slap and then covered her ears. "Stop it! I don't want to hear anymore!"

Mitchel just laughed. "Then don't come complaining about aches and pains later..."

Yoga poses could be quite a challenge. And yet... What man wouldn't be curious to try?

Hearing his insinuating remarks, Raegan knew plugging her ears wasn't enough. She had to silence him.

“Stop talking!” With that, she placed her hand gently over his mouth.

Mitchel chuckled, his laughter causing him to shake and unintentionally hurt his injury, making him grimace.

Raegan, ever so alert, caught his pained sound and turned around in worry. “Are you okay? Do you need a doctor?”

Noticing Raegan’s concern, Mitchel wished he could just embrace her.

Chapter 1574

“It’s fine, really.” He frowned, pressing her head against his chest, lying to ease her worry. Unable to see his face but reassured by his steady voice, Raegan’s anxiety faded away. She relaxed into his hold, too comfortable to move.

Their quiet moment together was incredibly warm.

Mitchel refrained from further teasing, soothingly running his fingers through her hair, his voice rich and captivating. “It wasn’t all about my grandpa.”

Raegan froze and then it clicked. Mitchel was referring to Henley’s earlier taunts.

Mitchel gently revealed “Actually, I noticed you even before you joined the Dixon Group.”

Raegan was shocked.

Mitchel went on, “At Ardlens University’s 70th anniversary, I was there as a guest. Back then, I was constantly on the move for the Dixon Group, swamped with work and sorting out some issues within the company. A professor I really admire invited me because I had once donated a building. During the latter part of the celebration, I decided to leave early. While I was waiting for my car, I noticed a girl heading toward the school’s artificial lake. I was afraid she might jump in, so I hurried over. But, it turns out, she wasn’t about to jump.”

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Mitchel smiled softly and added, “I saw her with a little butterfly net, trying to save a cat that had ended up in the middle of the lake. Despite the freezing cold, with temperatures way below freezing, she waded into the lake to get the cat. Once the girl got the cat out, it wasn’t breathing, so she gave it CPR for twenty minutes. Then, she wrapped it in her coat, and when the cat started breathing again, her smile was the brightest I’d ever seen.”

Mitchel gazed at Raegan. “I’ve never seen such a beautiful smile before.”

Raegan was stunned. “Was it you who gave me a coat back then?”

Raegan remembered it clearly. It was bitterly cold that day. Her pants were soaked, and she was huddled in her coat, freezing, while holding the cat. Then, a man in a suit came by, covered her with his coat, and walked away before she could say anything.

“Yeah, I had my driver send it to you,” Mitchel said, smiling. “I’m glad we met again after that.”

Raegan’s eyes widened. “The, the time after we had drinks...”

“You think I’m that easy?” Mitchel playfully tapped her nose, a smile spreading across his face. “I let it happen because it was you.”

Anyone else would have been escorted out right away by his bodyguards.

Raegan's expression was beyond shock. So, she wasn't just a random pick for him? Their sexual intercourse after having some drinks wasn't a coincidence. He played along because she was the girl he had met before, which he used as an excuse to marry her.

Mitchel had always been a man of depth and integrity. To make it up to Lauren for the life-saving favor he assumed, he had generously gifted Lauren with estates and money, granting her a carefree life ahead.

Mitchel never toyed with Raegan's feelings.

Raegan's heart skipped a beat, struggling to put her emotions into words. It was a heart-fluttering sensation. She began to see Mitchel in a new light, realizing just how remarkable he was. His earnestness brought her a sense of security and comfort.

A sweetness filled Raegan, as though her heart was coated in honey.

Their paths hadn't crossed by chance. Their drunken encounter was a deliberate leap toward each other.

Raegan decided it was time to open up. "Mitchel, there's something I've been wanting to tell you."

Mitchel caressed her head, his voice gentle. "Yes?"

Chapter 1575

Raegan gazed up at him with determination. "I've had feelings for you for a really long time."

"For how long?"

"Ten whole years."

"What... What do you mean..." Mitchel, usually so good with words, suddenly found himself stammering at Raegan's revelation.

He was utterly astonished. Had Raegan actually said she liked him for ten whole years?

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Raegan felt a little embarrassed. She was an introvert and always kept her feelings to herself, especially when it came to matters of heart. If it weren't for Mitchel's selfless rescue and heartfelt confession of his feelings, she would have kept this secret buried inside her.

"I Like you..." Raegan glanced down, fiddling with her fingers as she finally let it out. "Mitchel, I've liked you in silence for ten years. You've always been the one in my heart."

Everything seemed to freeze at that moment.

To Mitchel, the surrounding noise faded into a distant hum. Raegan liked him for ten whole years.

Mitchel, momentarily forgetting about his injuries, tried to sit up quickly but was met with sharp pain. He hissed in pain.

In a panic, Raegan pushed him gently back down, urging, "Stay still! Are you okay? Do we need to get a doctor?" Anxiety and concern were evident on her face, her hand reaching out to press the button and call for the doctor.

Mitchel stopped Raegan by clutching her hand. "Raegan..."

Despite his pain, he didn't pay heed to his injuries. His mind was a whirlwind of shock.

"Was it really me you had liked starting from ten years ago?" He was in disbelief, afraid that he had misheard or he was simply having illusions. "Could you pinch me? Am I dreaming?"

His excitement was evident, drawing Raegan's hand to his face for a hit to confirm the reality himself. "It's no dream!" he exclaimed.

Raegan was amused by his reaction, beaming. She felt an overwhelming tenderness. Seeing this

side of Mitchel, surprised and bewildered, was a delightful contrast.

Raegan's voice, gentle and sweet, carried her confession. "Mitchel, I've had feelings for you for a long span of time!"

Mitchel's face showed more emotions than ever before, displaying a blend of joy and astonishment. "When was that exactly?"

Raegan's face fell as she recalled the past. "Remember me asking if you'd ever been to Tenassie?"

"Yeah." Mitchel did recall. It was on their way back from paying respects to her grandmother.

He gave it some thought but confirmed he had never visited Tenassie.

However, with Raegan mentioning it again, he started to piece things together. "Did our paths cross there?"

Raegan confirmed with a nod, "Back then, I was attending middle school in Tenassie. My grandmother had no means of income, and my uncle wasn't dependable. To ease my grandmother's financial strain, I dedicated myself to my studies in hopes of earning scholarships. The school recognized my efforts, rewarding me with scholarships for three years and covering all my tuition and boarding expenses. Yet, this generosity from the school sparked envy among some fellows. One Friday, on my way back to my grandmother's house, they confronted me on the road. Despite being outnumbered, I stood my ground and defended myself with a brick."

This memory was vivid in Raegan's mind. She had only one thought at that moment. Showing weakness would only invite more bullying. She was determined to stand strong and show them she was no pushover.

Chapter 1576

On that day, her clothes were ripped, but she faced the harsh cold wind defiantly. Word by word, she warned her bullies, "If you hurt me, this won't end here. I'll report it to the school, and if the school does nothing, I'll take it to the town education bureau. If they don't handle it, I'll escalate it to the county, then the city. I'll ensure you face consequences!"

Bullies often picked on those they perceived as weak. They saw Raegan as an easy mark because she had no parents to stand up for her. Back then, Raegan just had a frail grandmother and an indifferent uncle who wouldn't cause a fuss.

However, Raegan was well aware of this tactic. Understanding she couldn't count on anyone but herself, she resolved to stand up to the bullying.

Raegan's resolve frightened the bullies away. But as they left, one of them, not quite ready to back down, intentionally kicked Raegan's school bag into the river, sarcastically remarking, "Oops, didn't see it there. Your bag was in the way."

That school bag held Raegan's newly received textbooks and a set of practice books from the teacher. Nobody else valued them, but to her, they were invaluable. She remembered precisely that the practice set cost \$72.8. That amount was equivalent to her family's living expenses for a year, a sum beyond reach.

The school assumed that with the scholarship money Raegan received annually, covering the \$72.8 wouldn't be an issue.

What the school didn't know was that Raegan's uncle had taken the money her grandmother had

saved for her college education.

The school had been supportive of Raegan. She felt she couldn't ask for more without feeling embarrassed.

And her grandmother, feeling guilty for not being able to provide the needed money, fell sick. Even while feeling sick, her grandmother would collect empty plastic bottles to sell, saving every penny she could.

The teacher realized Raegan hadn't bought the new textbooks but didn't make a big deal out of it, instead giving her the practice books left over from other students. The practice books were practically new.

Raegan was over the moon, eager to show her grandmother so the latter wouldn't have to pinch pennies any longer. She believed she could earn another scholarship next year.

However, that glimmer of hope seemed to be swept away with the current. What was easily attainable for some was a significant obstacle for Raegan.

Without a second thought, Raegan rolled up her trousers, r

emoved her cotton jacket, and stepped into the river to get her school bag back.

The frigid water sent shivers down the spine of the 13-year-old.

The school bag, weighed down, had settled at the river's bottom.

Raegan had to search blindly, bit by bit, to locate it.

The river, deeper than a meter, came up to Raegan's neck. She used a stick to help find her school bag. With great effort, she managed to retrieve it. Her backpack was finally in her hands again.

Ignoring the wet sweater and her bare feet, she unzipped the bag, only to find the practice books soaked and beyond salvage.

The ink had smeared, and the pages were stuck together, beyond help even after drying.

Raegan stood there, motionless, her gaze fixed on the damaged practice books. She felt silent for what seemed like forever.

To her, they were more than just some practice books. It symbolized her teacher's expectations for her, a chance to change her future, and a golden opportunity provided by fate for those who worked hard.

Raegan, wise beyond her years, quietly bore her struggles, mindful of her grandmother's sacrifices. She was always cheerful, never letting her smile fade.

Yet, at that moment, she found it impossible to stop her tears, even as she tried to keep her head up. She had put in so much effort...

She couldn't grasp why those who work the hardest often face the most challenges.

Chapter 1577

Mitchel listened quietly, not interrupting. Despite Raegan's understated tone, he could feel how heartbroken and desperate she felt then. His heart ached, overwhelmed with sympathy.

Raegan's eyes reddened as she continued, "Not long after, the practice books were shattered due to the weight of the water. I was there, squatting beside the street trying to pick up the pieces, when a car suddenly stopped close by. The driver got out and started shouting at me. I don't hold it against him. It was my mistake. He was scared he might have hit me."

“Stop it...” Mitchel felt his heart shatter. At her words, some fragments of his memories were recollected.

That day, darkness consumed Mitchel’s life.

Alexis and Luciana got into their worst fight yet. They hurled insults like “mistress,” “old beast,” and “nagging wife” at each other, words the young Mitchel wouldn’t expect from such a refined couple.

Later, when Alexis hit Luciana in a huff, Mitchel jumped in, taking the blow meant for her.

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Fed up with the tense atmosphere at home, Mitchel got into the car and told the driver to just head south, no destination in mind.

They wandered aimlessly until they nearly ran into Raegan, who was picking up her practice books from the ground.

The driver barely managed to stop in time, failing to see Raegan until the last second. Stepping out, the driver scolded Raegan sternly.

Tears streaming down her face, Raegan apologized and then stood on the roadside, clutching her ripped practice books and wearing a drenched cotton jacket.

It was then Mitchel noticed Raegan was without shoes, in freezing weather, her pants soaked through.

The driver, feeling guilty for scolding Raegan, thought she looked too pitiful. His worry was that if he didn’t scare her a bit, she could end up in danger with other drivers.

Feeling the stare from Mitchel in the car, Raegan quickly slipped on her shoes, gave a small bow to the driver, and got ready to walk away.

Mitchel offered Raegan a ride, but she declined, “No, I’m soaking wet. I’ll mess up your car.”

Mitchel chuckled, looking at her mud-splattered, kitten-like face, and replied, “You look pretty clean to me.”

Raegan glanced down once more.

Mitchel inquired, “Think I’m up to no good?”

Raegan shook her head. It was her first encounter with such a good-looking and neat young man, stirring a strangely familiar feeling within her. Her gut feeling assured her he was trustworthy.

Just then, Raegan’s grandmother’s neighbor came by and offered her a ride home.

Raegan quickly expressed her gratitude to Mitchel and hopped into the neighbor’s tricycle.

Mitchel noticed the damaged practice books, reminded of Raegan’s tears. For the first time, he felt a sudden urge to follow Raegan, a girl he had just met.

After watching Raegan enter a house, Mitchel sent his driver to the local bookstore.

He called the bookstore, described the practice books, and went to pick them up, noticing its price was \$72.80.

Mitchel found it ironic. Some shed tears over \$72.80, while others argue about petty issues despite being wealthy.

Chapter 1578

When Mitchel got back to Raegan’s house, he didn’t want to bother her, so he quietly left the practice books by her door. To him, it was just a small gesture, not knowing it would be a lifeline for someone losing hope.

Raegan, with a smile, said, “You now remembered? But upon thinking back, I was just like a kitten covered in mud back then. I wouldn’t blame you if you didn’t. The morning I found the practice

books, my first thought was of you. You once said I was very clean. Honestly, that's the nicest thing anyone's ever said to me. I even remembered the start of your car's license plate. I heard it was from Ardlens, a place I thought I could never reach. After that, I pushed myself to study harder and eventually got into Ardlens."

Coming from a small town, I found it hard to adjust to the fast pace of the big city, and I nearly gave up.

"Then, one day, I saw your interview on a big LED screen downtown."

"The magazine was calling you a 'genius youth.' Right then, I wasn't just happy to see you. I felt even smaller, wondering if I could ever match up. But at the end of the interview, you looked straight into the camera and said, 'Don't let setbacks scare you off from chasing your dreams. They're there to strengthen you, not to defeat you.'"

Those words were like a light on a dark winter's night, guiding Raegan way. They motivated her to keep going. Thanks to that motivation, she became the better version of herself. Her challenging experiences molded her, making her someone who contributed positively to society. Mitchel's kindness had transformed her into a warm-hearted person.

As Mitchel listened, tears welled up in his eyes. To be honest, he had never really visited Tenassie before. He only made a quick stop there, not even aware it was called Tenassie. It was a brief half-hour stop in his life, but it deeply affected Raegan.

At that moment, he felt an overwhelming sadness. Raegan had overcome so much to be with him, yet he had questioned her time and time again due to misunderstandings.

Mitchel drew Raegan close, his voice breaking as he cried. "Raegan, I'm so sorry. You've endured so much..."

Now, he understood why Erick was so doting toward Raegan. Even though Raegan was the youngest daughter of the Foster family and was expected to be spoiled, she faced many hardships after getting lost as a child. How could he not feel the need to spoil Raegan?

"Mitchel, you were my savior back then, but afterward..." Raegan's voice broke, struggling to speak. "You deeply hurt me. I did everything I could to be with you, but when Lauren came back, all my efforts seemed pointless overnight."

Hearing her words, Mitchel's heart felt like it was being torn apart.

He couldn't forgive himself.

Raegan didn't just point out the faults in others. She was honest about her own mistakes as well. For she and Mitchel to be together, they needed to put everything on the table and really clear the air.

"With Henley's meddling, I misjudged. Back in college, he was always there for me and other juniors, so I never doubted his intentions,"

Raegan admitted. "I get how his meddling hurt you, too. The real problem between us was we never actually sat down to talk things through."

Henley's meddling really shook up their already shaky relationship, tying Mitchel in knots he couldn't loosen. Now, Raegan made it clear.

She had eyes only for him, always had, and nobody else. Anything with Henley was all a misunderstanding. He despised himself for not asking and clearing things up, instead choosing to arrogantly keep her close.

Raegan now wanted to get their relationship back on track. Since they both cared for each other so deeply, why not give it another shot?

Especially since Janey loved Mitchel.

One didn't get many chances in life to waste time. Raegan couldn't bear the thought of going through separation again. She said with all her heart, "Let's make a promise to keep no secrets from now on. If we get things wrong, let's talk it out right away. No giving each other the cold shoulder or trying to make each other jealous, okay?"

Mitchel felt as if his heart was being fiercely tugged. Raegan was just too kind. She wasn't only ready to let go of the past but also eager to work on their future together. That was just how genuine she was. When she fell in love, she was all in. He muttered to himself, "What had I done to receive such kindness from her?"

Noticing Mitchel quiet, Raegan started to worry a bit. But before she could overthink, Mitchel leaned in and gave her a _ simple, affectionate ki*s on the forehead, without any hint of desire. He told her solemnly, "Raegan, if I ever let you down again, may I never find peace."

Chapter 1579

aegan's heart raced, and she quickly covered Mitchel's mouth, forcefully saying, "Stop saying such silly things!"

Mitchel caught her wrist and softly ki*sed the back of her hand, filled with overwhelming happiness. "We'll be with Janey together, forever not apart."

Raegan couldn't hold her tears back anymore. Their journey seemed to live by the old saying that consistent thoughts found a way to connect.

After countless challenges, separations, and reunions, they found their way back to each other. But now, things felt different. Their bond had grown stronger, their trust deeper.

Mitchel's recovery was quick. Within less than two weeks, he was discharged from the hospital to continue recovering at home. Yet, he wasn't allowed to work more than six hours a day at the Dixon Group, as per his doctor's orders, but Mitchel often stayed longer.

Mitchel couldn't help it. He now faced a new threat from Henley's ambitious schemes.

Henley had a knack for business, achieving impressive success in international trade within his first few weeks at the Dixon Group, boosting its performance significantly.

This success won over the previously doubtful shareholders. After all, Henley's illegitimacy didn't matter to them. What mattered was his ability to turn a profit.

Silently, the Dixon Group's dynamics began to shift, and someone deliberately leaked information about Mitchel's injury, causing his support to plummet from fifty-five to thirty-five percent.

Meanwhile, Henley secured thirty percent of the shareholders' support, coupled with the strong backing from Alexis.

Henley's rise to prominence at the Dixon Group was unparalleled, and he relished it.

Moreover, Mitchel had publicly challenged Alexis on several occasions.

This sparked rumors that Alexis was considering replacing Mitchel with Henley, suggesting that Mitchel's prestigious heritage might not guarantee his position.

Raegan knew about these shifts but felt powerless to intervene, offering only her silent concern. She was especially anxious about Mitchel's health and whether he could handle the pressure.

Today, having fewer tasks at the studio, Raegan decided to visit the Dixon Group with some homemade nutritious soup.

Upon her arrival, Matteo informed her that Mitchel was in a meeting, so Raegan decided to wait in

his office.

On her way, Raegan ran into Henley.

Henley welcomed Raegan with open arms, seemingly having forgotten the awkward run-in they had in the hospital.

“”Raegan, you’re here!” Henley’s tone was soft, but to Raegan, it just didn’t sit right. She remembered seeing a side of him she couldn’t shake off, convincing his gentleness was just for show.

Raegan kept the conversation short, saying, “I’m just here for Mitchel.”

When she tried to walk by, Henley stepped in her way. His eyelashes drooped slightly and he hooked his lips like he was in a good mood.

“It seems you really don’t want to be around me. I admit, I was out of line before, and I’m sorry.”

Raegan’s skin crawled. “You don’t have to apologize,” she responded, her tone sharp.

“Are you still upset with me?” Henley asked.

Chapter 1580

Looking him straight in the eye, Raegan didn’t mince words. “Mr. Brooks, I was quite clear back at the hospital. We aren’t friends. Spare me the pleasantries.”

Her frosty response seemed to bother Henley, but he kept up his easygoing appearance, his eyes smiling. “Raegan, do you have to be this cold?”

Even though Henley shared resembling features with Mitchel, there was a significant difference.

Mitchel looked serious and charming, but Henley had a gentle and refined air about him.

Henley’s smile, once seemed gentle, now made Raegan shiver every time she saw it.

Henley’s darker side had revealed itself as sheer madness.

Finding themselves in a corner without surveillance cameras, unease washed over Raegan, but she masked it with feigned composure, suggesting, “Mr. Brooks, with all these people around, it might be better if you get back to your work, so we avoid any unnecessary gossip.”

Henley, still smiling, said confidently, “Raegan, no one dares to spread rumors about me.”

As Raegan tried to walk past him, Henley suddenly blocked her way.

Acting on impulse, she threw the food container she was holding at him.

Henley easily dodged it, and the container hit the ground, its contents spilling everywhere.

“Don’t touch me!” Raegan shouted, unable to hide her disgust.

Henley was taken aback, his face turning stern. He moved closer, trapping her in the corner, and asked, “Do you really despise me that much?”

Raegan stepped back and warned him with a chill in her voice, “Mitchel is going to start looking for me soon.”

Henley just laughed scornfully at the mention of Mitchel. “Do you really think I’m that patient?”

Raegan never harbored this illusion. His manipulative depth was something

she was well aware of, fueling her profound repulsion.

Henley reached out, trying to lift her chin, his voice dark and intense. “What if I had taken you that night? Would Mitchel still welcome you back so easily?”

Raegan’s anger surged. “Henley, don’t you have any shame?”

Hearing his name used so directly only made Henley smirk. Such rebukes were only effective on people who followed the rules, and he was not one of them. He didn’t care about morality or decency.

With a half-smile, Henley said, “Shame? In high places, it’s all about respect.”

“Get out of my way!” Raegan turned her head, refusing to let him touch her.

This move left the pale, delicate skin of Raegan’s neck visible to Henley.

Her skin was so delicate that Henley could see the fine veins beneath, and her slight blush made her irresistibly captivating.

Henley was buzzing with a weird kind of excitement, almost feeling the urge to bite.

Five years hadn’t cooled his obsession. Instead, it spiraled into madness. He was drawn to her scent, her voice, and her smiles. Just thinking about her gave him a sensation that shook his very soul.