

Unbreakable 1581

Chapter 1581

The image of her fueled his wildest dreams, like a drug he couldn't quit.

Feeling deeply addicted, with the antidote seemingly within reach, Henley slowly leaned in, aiming for her delicate skin.

"Slap!" Raegan's hand struck his face. "Try anything, and I'm calling the police!"

Henley's cheek showed the mark of her slap, a bit of blood on his lip showing how hard she hit him. But he just laughed softly.

"Really, what will you tell them? A tale of a younger brother-in-law chasing his sister-in-law, or a sister-in-law tempting him?"

Raegan was disgusted by Henley's twisted words, and what he said next froze her to the core. "I don't care for rules. I get what I want."

Henley's bold statement was met with a powerful punch, driven by pure anger, that hit his face with the force of a storm.

Henley, caught off guard, stumbled backward, colliding with the wall.

In the blink of an eye, Mitchel's foot connected, sending Henley crashing to the ground. His knee pressed hard against Henley's throat.

Mitchel's cold, lacquer-black eyes bore into Henley, chilling as he hissed, "You're seeking death!"

With a bruised face already, Henley's situation worsened with each blow from Mitchel, swelling up half of his face. The injuries painted a gloomy picture of his predicament.

Henley chuckled. "Mitchel, lacking confidence? Just chatting up Raegan gets you this worked up. Imagine if I had taken her to bed. Would you be even more riled?"

Deliberately slowing his speech, Henley ensured only the two of them could hear, his every word dripping with mockery.

"Know yourself and know your enemy, and you will never be defeated,"

Henley mused.

Henley had always pegged Mitchel as sensitive and easily provoked. It took just a few words to push Mitchel over the edge.

Initially, Mitchel had planned to settle things with a punch and then moved on, but hearing Henley's words turned his expression icy in an instant.

Henley licked his cracked lips, taunting, "No wonder I've been fixated on Raegan all these years. She's such a beauty. I couldn't help it."

Enraged, Mitchel's fists became a relentless barrage, raining blows down upon Henley, leaving Henley choked and powerless against the onslaught.

More and more onlookers gathered around, drawn to the spectacle unfolding before them. The company's higher-ups duking it out? No one dared to step in.

Spotting someone filming, Raegan swiftly grabbed Mitchel's arm.

"Mitchel, knock it off!"

Unsatisfied, Mitchel hurled another punch before finally releasing Henley. Now, Henley's once-handsome face resembled a bruised canvas, a real sight for sore eyes.

Chapter 1582

"Tug along, Mitchel. Let's head to your office," Raegan insisted.

They couldn't afford any more public spectacle. Raegan knew all too well that Mitchel, as the CEO, losing his cool in front of the staff would spread like wildfire. His already shaky standing in the company would plummet further, fueled by this incident.

Moreover, without grasping the full picture, people would naturally side with the apparent underdog.

Nobody wanted a hot-headed leader.

As expected, murmurs started rippling through the crowd.

"How could Mitchel stoop so low? Even if he can't stand Henley, brawling in the office isn't the answer."

"Henley's always courteous to the receptionist, and he's often treating us to dinner. A kind soul like him doesn't deserve this kind of bullying!"

"Yeah, Henley's a gem. Remember when he helped me haul that stack of printer paper? No airs of superiority, just genuine kindness."

Under normal circumstances, no one would dare air these opinions in front of Mitchel. But with his recent decline in popularity due to his illness and Alexis' meddling, factions within the company were forming.

Those speaking up now were likely Alexis' allies, along with some fooled by Henley's facade of kindness.

Raegan shot a meaningful glance at Henley, sprawled on the ground, not fighting back.

Was Henley truly powerless? It all seemed like a performance, from his earlier taunts to his current theatrics aimed at provoking Mitchel. If Henley was playing dirty, they couldn't just let him off the hook.

Mitchel brushed off the whispers, his attention fixed on Raegan. He scanned her for any signs of injury, his voice soft as he asked, "Are you hurt anywhere?"

At his inquiry, Raegan's tears broke free, cascading down her cheeks uncontrollably.

Mitchel's brow furrowed with concern as he moved to embrace her, but Raegan gently pushed him away. She didn't want to hide her tears behind his embrace.

Today, Raegan had donned a fisherman's hat to avoid attention, making it difficult to see her face clearly. Only her rosy lips and tear-drenched chin were visible, her trembling shoulders betraying her distress.

Mitchel, about to say something, was interrupted by Raegan's delicate yet surprising voice.

"Mitchel." She pointed at Henley, who was now pretending to limp to garner sympathy, and accused him in a tattletale tone, "He harassed me..."

Raegan's accusation sent murmurs rippling through the onlookers.

Raegan pressed on, "I came to bring you soup, and when he saw me, he asked who I was searching for. Even after I said it was you, he still..." She choked up, seemingly too embarrassed to voice the rest.

She then added indignantly, "He even touched me!"

Mitchel initially furrowed his brows at Raegan's unusual behavior, but then he relaxed. She wouldn't act like this if she was genuinely upset. He remained silent, playing along with her charade.

Then, Raegan sobbed, her hands trembling as she shook Mitchel's shoulders with a flair for the dramatic. "I told him I was your girlfriend, but he still tried to make advances on me and even spilled the soup I had brought for you!"

The spilled soup was there on the floor for everyone to see, drawing their eyes away from the scene at hand. Suddenly, their perception of Henley began to shift. Their admiration dimmed.

"Can Henley really be such a person?" they wondered aloud.

Henley, for his part, was completely taken aback by Raegan's actions, half-convinced she was under some spell.

Chapter 1583

Nonetheless, Raegan did not relent. She intensified her act, stomping her foot and complaining, "And he said some really awful things too!"

Mitchel, previously in a foul mood, found himself unexpectedly entertained by the spectacle.

Struggling to keep a straight face, he inquired, "And what did he say?"

Raegan, still playing her part between sobs, responded, "He boasted about taking everything that's yours, including me, and even talked about seizing control of the company..."

Raegan was weaving her narrative with skills, straddling the line between truth and drama. Henley had indeed made comments far worse than what she recounted, but she chose her words carefully to hide her true identity and motive. And Henley's ambitions toward the company? Those were very real, leaving no room for accusations of falsehood.

Mitchel fixed a steely look on Henley and dismissed him with a scoff.

"only in your dreams."

Raegan showed her wrist to Mitchel. "Look, he left a bruise," she pointed out, her voice a mix of pain and accusation.

Mitchel's expression softened, his anger giving way to concern as he gently offered, "Let me see to that for you."

The room fell into a hushed surprise at Mitchel's gentle gesture, something they hadn't expected from the usually reserved Mitchel.

For a man of Mitchel's stature, who had been known to be single for such a long time, acknowledging a girlfriend was not just unusual but rather astonishing.

Everyone was buzzing with curiosity about Raegan, who had garnered such attention from him.

Mitchel, with a look of disdain aimed at Henley, issued a warning, "If there's a next time, expect

more than just a few punches.”

Mitchel then placed his arm protectively around Raegan’s shoulders, signaling their departure. Henley stood still, his gaze icy, as Mitchel and Raegan walked away.

He was taken aback by Raegan’s cunning, caught off guard by her ability to turn the tables on him. To retaliate openly would tarnish his carefully maintained image, yet to stay silent seemed to confirm the accusations against him. In either case, Raegan had struck a blow to his reputation. Henley exited the scene silently, his departure leaving a chill in the air, and convincing the onlookers even further of Raegan’s claims.

The disparity in Henley’s usual demeanor and his current predicament was striking.

Back in Mitchel’s office, the door had barely clicked shut when Mitchel Lifted Raegan onto the desk and began treating her bruises with alcohol from his drawer.

“It’s not as bad as it looks. I exaggerated a bit by rubbing it more,”

Raegan confessed.

Raegan believed that without making the injury appear severe, people wouldn’t reconsider their views about Henley.

Mitchel’s response was a low hum, a mix of advice and concern.

“Don’t take him on alone when I’m not there.”

Chapter 1584

Mitchel was worried she might be putting herself at risk. The incident, having unfolded in the Dixon Group with him arriving in the nick of time, left him contemplating the worse possibilities. Seeing Mitchel’s troubled look, Raegan, perched on the desk, reached out to wrap her arms around his waist, offering comfort, “Why worry? I’m perfectly fine.”

Mitchel was a little upset at first, but Raegan’s hugging calmed him down.

He messed up her hair gently and said, “You have to give me a heads -up, no matter what, even if it’s just a text. I’ll see it, even if I’m in a meeting.”

If he’d known about her visit and had arranged for someone to pick her up, this whole situation could have been avoided.

Raegan snuggled closer to him, whispering, “Alright.”

She noticed him tense up. Quickly, she stopped hugging him and started to undo his shirt.

After she pulled his shirt from his pants and unfastened two buttons, Mitchel caught her hand. He looked at her with a puzzled expression.

“What are you doing?”

“Just checking if you’re in pain again,” Raegan responded with a slight frown. “You’ve been ignoring the doctor’s advice and pushing yourself too hard.”

“Okay, go ahead,” Mitchel conceded, guiding her hand beneath his shirt.

Raegan’s hand brushed against his tight abs, making her cheeks turn pink.

She attempted to withdraw her hand, but he held on, guiding her hand further downward until...

“Mitchel!” Raegan’s voice was almost a shout.

“Yes?”

“What are you making me touch?” Raegan’s cheeks turned a bright shade of red.

Mitchel looked at her intently. “Didn’t you say you wanted to take a look?”

“But I thought your injuries were higher up. Why should I check there?”

And there they were, still in Mitchel’s office. It was all becoming too much!

Noticing her blushing ears, Mitchel couldn’t resist teasing her, “You just hastily unbuttoned my shirt. Thought that’s what you wanted.”

“Who... Who would want that!”

With a slight smile, Mitchel stepped back, leaned against the desk, and effectively cornered her with his arms, his voice teasing. “Your actions were too suggestive. Can’t blame me for misinterpretation.”

Raegan was rendered speechless.

Being this close, Raegan couldn’t handle his intense look, feeling a wave of unease. She avoided his eyes, pushing against his chest.

Chapter 1585

“Come on. We’re at the company.”

“And what’s with the company?” Mitchel’s voice was low and enticing, whispering, “It’s not like we haven’t done it here before.”

Now, Raegan’s ears and face were equally red. “I... I’ll leave you to work...”

She tried to move away from the desk, but he kept her in place.

“You’re my girlfriend. Let’s do whatever a couple do, shall we?”

Mitchel suggested, his words made Raegan’s face heat up even more.

Not wanting to attract attention to her past with Mitchel, Raegan claimed she was Mitchel’s girlfriend in front of everyone just now.

Mitchel gently lifted her chin with his fingers, turned her face to his, and whispered huskily, “So, could you continue to check if I’m alright?”

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Raegan felt her cheeks warm up as Mitchel gave her a soft, wet ki*s on her ear. People said every guy had a secret thing they liked. She could tell Mitchel really liked to play with her ears. With just her ear, he seemed to know a thousand ways to make her groan.

Holding her chin, Mitchel got closer, his breath tickling her ear as he teased her with his tongue.

It felt ticklish and a bit wet. Trying to hide her nervousness, Raegan pulled away slightly, whispering, “Mitchel...”

“You’re not being good again. What did you just call me?” His cool demeanor and the warm breath against her ear made Raegan’s heart race even more.

“Hmm... Raegan let out a quiet moan, her thoughts all jumbled, struggling to remember what to call him.”

As she hesitated, Mitchel continued his playful teasing, his tongue tracing her ear and

briefly dipping inside.

His actions, so contrary to his otherwise reserved expression, were incredibly arousing.

Raegan felt her skin prickle with his touch, sending a thrill through her. Her breathing quickened, her body tense and quivering. "Mitchel..." she whispered more softly.

"Mitch... Honey..." Her voice became soft and tearful as she spoke.

When Mitchel heard what he was waiting for, a small smile appeared on his face, and he said in a gentle, low voice, "Don't worry. We won't be interrupted."

But it was the middle of the day.

Despite his words of comfort, the bright office lights that turned on automatically behind the curtains made Raegan feel exposed as she was ki*sed and caressed under such bright light. She started feeling a heat surge through her body, like she was coming down with something.

"Um... Please... Stop..." she mumbled, tilting her head back to reveal her neck. Her voice cracking as she continued, "Please, stop... It's just too much..."

She couldn't quite put her feelings into words, but she marveled inwardly at how skilled Mitchel was, feeling almost out of her body.

Raegan looked weak, her cheeks a soft shade of pink, utterly bewitching.

Mitchel, utterly smitten yet playful, understood how women often hold back from voicing what they want, making it hard for them to fully enjoy themselves.

Chapter 1586

He let go of her earlobe and asked in a husky voice, "Darling, do you really want me to stop?"

Raegan was on the edge of crying. Stopping now seemed too harsh, leaving her caught in a deep yearning.

Yet, Mitchel wanted to hear her say what she needed. He pulled back a bit, his breath warm against her skin. "If you're not up for a ki*s, we'll stop, alright?"

Raegan, already overwhelmed, could only respond with a faint murmur.

Mitchel let out a soft chuckle. "If you're really against it, then let's forget it."

Raegan felt her cheeks warm up. He was serious about stopping if she didn't speak up. Too embarrassed to share her feelings, she barely whispered, "Honey..."

Mitchel managed to keep a straight face, replying, "Yes?"

Clinging to his arm, Raegan bit her lip and whispered her request, "Honey... I want more ki*ses..."

Her voice was so gentle that it could soften anyone's heart.

Mitchel undid his tie, tossed it aside, and bent down again, his hands planted near her. "Only ki*ses?"

Raegan blinked, puzzled. "Isn't that enough?" She really did love his ki*ses the most.

Mitchel playfully tapped her nose, calling her a "little greedy one," while putting aside his own desires.

Just as Raegan was about to say something, her world darkened as the tie wrapped around her eyes. Suddenly, she was up against the large desk in the office.

Mitchel's deep voice enveloped her. "Honey, how about we try something new?"

“Mitchel...” Raegan tried to speak, but Mitchel’s ki*s silenced her.

“Hmm...” A quiet gasp slipped out as she grabbed onto his shirt.

Feeling her quick breaths, Mitchel tightened his hold on her. He gently pried her lips apart for a deep, commanding ki*s, exploring with his tongue in bold swirls.

Blinded by his tie, Raegan felt like she was losing her breath to him. The fading of her other senses made the ki*s feel even more thrilling.

Mitchel held her closely, ki*sing her with a passion that filled the quiet, well-lit office.

Raegan, still in her work clothes, a white blouse and pencil skirt, found herself in disarray.

Her blouse was undone, revealing more than intended, and her skirt had ridden up.

Mitchel, ignited by the sight of her in such a state, yearned for more. His hand moved behind her, and then there was a faint snap.

The sound of a strap being released.

Raegan’s eyes went wide in shock. He had gone further than she expected...

Chapter 1587

With his tie on, all Raegan could feel was the hot trail of his fingers, making her cheeks burn. She tried to push him away, mumbling, “Mitchel... We’re at your company. We can’t... This desk is for work...”

Her words were all over the place. And this was the desk Mitchel used every day! If they made out here, how could she ever look at it the same way again?

Mitchel gently bit her lip, his voice low and rough. “Don’t you think it’s nice to make some good memories with this desk? It makes me happy just to see it.”

Mitchel loved the excitement of being so close to Raegan in his office.

Raegan was freaking out. This was too much!

“Beep! Beep! Beep!” The sudden sound of the internal phone ringing made Raegan jump, and she tensed up all over.

Mitchel noticed her stiffen, his ki*s becoming gentler, his breath turning deeper and more enticing.

“Why are you so nervous?”

“Your... Your work...” Raegan managed to say.

When she tried to stand, Mitchel smoothly changed their positions, pulling her onto his lap.

Taken by surprise, Raegan wrapped her arms around his neck, shifting uncomfortably.

He gently lifted her legs with a caution. “Stay still.”

Tears threatened to spill from Raegan’s eyes. She didn’t want to move, yet the heat was unbearable!

Suddenly, the call switched to speakerphone, silencing Raegan immediately. “Hello, Mr. Dixon, Mr. Frazier is here.”

Mitchel glanced at Raegan, his expression unreadable. “Okay, give me fifteen minutes and I’ll be there.”

Just as the call seemed to end, a familiar voice chimed in, “What are you doing, Mitchel?” It was Devonte who had grabbed the phone.

Mitchel didn't respond.

Devonte chuckled. "You're not making out during the day, are you?"

Raegan, feeling like she'd been caught, tried to pull away, but Mitchel kept her close. Gripping her waist, he drew her in closer, eliminating any space between them.

"Mm..." Raegan muffled a moan into Mitchel's chest, unable to hold it back.

"What was that noise?" Devonte realized what was happening immediately.

Raegan, panicked, closed her mouth tight, which only allowed Mitchel to take further advantage.

As Mitchel gently lifted her skirt, he simply said, "Nothing."

Devonte, always one to joke around, asked, "Did I just hear a cat? Are you sneaking off to play with cats in the middle of the day?"

Raegan's cheeks turned red with embarrassment. Her clothes were in disarray, her lips slightly open, and she felt frozen in place, especially with Mitchel's hand playfully moving.

Chapter 1588

Mitchel, looking at Raegan's flushed face with admiration, asked provocatively "Any objections?"

"Not at all. I'm not in a hurry." Devonte casually suggested, "How about I give you an hour?"

"Sounds good," Mitchel responded, his tone even.

Devonte commented on how composed Mitchel was.

Seeing Raegan nearly breathless, Mitchel quickly hung up the phone.

He then whispered to her, encouraging softly, "Baby, it's okay to enjoy it."

Raegan's neck was lightly covered in sweat as she tried to restrain herself. She wrapped her arms around him, her voice shaking, "Mitchel..."

"Let's head inside." Mitchel, noticing the desk was too hard, carefully moved Raegan to the comfier bed in the rest area.

By then, Raegan had lost almost all her clothes. Mitchel had removed her clothing when he was on the phone. Now, she looked incredibly tempting, impossible to resist.

Mitchel, looking at Raegan intensely, leaned in and whispered, "Relax, honey... It's okay to bite me, not yourself."

Raegan was left without words.

Following their close moment, both were out of breath, Raegan even more so, completely worn out.

Mitchel helped her up to clean up, washing her gently.

Overwhelmed, Raegan weakly protested, "No, please... I can't handle more."

Mitchel soothed her, "Be a good girl. Cleaning up saves you from taking any medication."

Raegan fell silent again, the meaning behind his words unmistakable.

Even bathing Raegan felt charged with an undeniable allure for Mitchel. Her bashfulness was deeply attractive.

Mitchel, filled with longing, pulled her into another deep ki*s.

Their connection was so strong they found it hard to let go. But suddenly, Raegan pushed Mitchel

away, caught in a moment of clarity, reminding him of his duty. "Mr. Frazier is waiting. You've got to go now!"

Having kept Devonte waiting for who knew how long was embarrassing enough. With Devonte's knowing tone in the phone, Raegan was overwhelmed by embarrassment.

Everyone at the Dixon Group knew about Mitchel's girlfriend's visit from the incident moments ago, and now Mitchel chose to have Devonte waiting. It was clear to everyone what they were up to. Raegan worried about how she was going to face anyone now.

"Okay, let's go out first."

Mitchel wrapped Raegan in a towel, carried her to the bed, and dried her off, but he didn't let her go right away.

Raegan felt another intimate moment coming on, her mind flashing back to their recent closeness. He seemed to drag the moment out under the pretense of drying her off, making her cheeks turn red.

Chapter 1589

"You need to go now," she urged, blushing.

Mitchel looked at her, his eyes twinkling with a hint of playfulness.

"There's no hurry right now."

Mitchel dressed Raegan in the clothes Matteo had bought, carefully putting each piece on, and gently dried her hair with a fresh towel.

He was gentle and thorough.

Raegan felt a sweet warmth from his care, aside from those intimate moments when he overpowered her pleas and teased her without mercy.

At all other times, Mitchel was incredibly thoughtful, kind, and protective.

Holding her closely, Mitchel seemed to find it hard to let go, his lips lightly touching her cheek as he asked in a deep voice, "Will you wait for me tonight?"

Raegan felt her cheeks warm as she gently refused. "No, not tonight."

The memories of her recent passionate moments with Mitchel left her body tender and aching, prompting a mix of admiration and bewilderment at how instinctively men seemed to navigate the waters of pleasure.

Though Raegan found these moments enjoyable at times, the frequency overwhelmed her.

Mitchel had a way of calling Raegan fragile in the past, always taking care to lift her spirits and ensure she felt cherished before they got carried away.

"It won't take long." Mitchel tried to persuade her with a hint of coaxing in his voice, "What about tonight?"

Mitchel had spent a significant amount of time trying to uplift Raegan's mood earlier, and having only skimmed the surface of their connection, he was left craving more.

"I need to get back to Janey." Raegan stood firm in her decision.

Unfazed, Mitchel proposed, "Then I'll come to your villa."

But Raegan was adamant. "No, let's not." The intensity of Mitchel's endurance amid passionate moments, while thrilling, also sparked a fear in her of what it might escalate into, something beyond mere playful teasing.

Noticing Mitchel's look of disappointment, Raegan battled with a sense of guilt. He had been considerate, holding back to ensure she had a wonderful time, and here she was, possibly being too rigid in her stance. "Maybe I'm being too stern," she pondered, second-guessing her refusal.

"Tomorrow night," Raegan suggested, her cheeks coloring with a warm flush. "Come to my villa tomorrow. I want to properly introduce you to Janey."

Mitchel's expression brightened instantly, his voice wavering with emotion as he asked, "You're willing?"

"Yes, I think it's time Janey knew you're her biological father."

Despite Janey's tendency to call Mitchel "Daddy", she would switch the way to address Mitchel at any sign of Raegan's disapproval, a situation that invariably pulled at Raegan's heart.

The truth that Mitchel was indeed Janey's father, in every legal and emotional sense, was something Janey was unaware of. Raegan felt a pressing need to clarify this truth.

Mitchel's hug grew firmer, his voice thick with emotion. "Thank you, my love." He had longed for this acknowledgment, holding his silence out of respect for Raegan's pace, all the while harboring a deep desire for it. "I vow to be a good father for Janey and a good partner for you, to love and protect both of you, always."

Chapter 1590

The future held many unknowns, but at that instant, Raegan felt enveloped in a profound sense of warmth and possibility, leaving her without words.

Insisting on a gesture of care, Mitchel accompanied Raegan to the garage, uneasy at the thought of her leaving alone.

Raegan took care to keep her face hidden, likely conscious of the potential for curious eyes among the staff to speculate about her and Mitchel's private moments.

As Mitchel and Raegan took the elevator, they ran into Devonte, who had been roaming the office floors. His wandering was not without purpose. He had stumbled upon someone who captivated his interest, a person with a unique allure that he found particularly striking.

Regrettably for Devonte, her interest was nowhere to be found, and she eyed him with a cautious wariness, as though he posed some sort of risk.

Upon spotting Mitchel with Raegan, who attempted to maintain a low profile in her long coat, Devonte's keen observation skills didn't fail him. Their previous business interactions had made Raegan a recognizable figure to him.

Despite the stern look Mitchel shot his way, Devonte couldn't help but address Raegan with a playful note in his voice. "Miss Foster, it seems Mitchel's 'business' was actually you."

Raegan's face was a picture of embarrassment, flushed a deep shade of red. She managed a faltering response. "Mr. Frazier, what a coincidence."

Devonte, always ready with a quip, narrowed his eyes and commented, "Yeah. It's reassuring to see you both in such harmony."

Sensing Raegan's discomfort, Mitchel stepped in, especially as Devonte showed no signs of

backing off from sharing their elevator ride. “Perhaps the next one for you.”

Devonte, who had been eager to follow and press Mitchel for details about the woman he’d spotted earlier, reluctantly decided to hold back, perhaps out of concern that Mitchel would shut down any further inquiries.

As the elevator doors sealed them off from Devonte, Mitchel drew Raegan closer by the waist, his voice a comforting rumble. “Don’t fret. Devonte’s just being playful. He’s not one to gossip.” Overwhelmed and still reeling from the encounter, Raegan asserted, “I won’t come back here.”

The thought was too embarrassing. She was tormented by the idea that the entire company might be whispering about her visit and her activities within.

Mitchel, his hand resting reassuringly on her waist, suggested nonchalantly, “Next time, take this elevator straight to the parking lot. That way, no one will catch sight of you.”

“No!” The protest came swiftly from Raegan, her embarrassment not yet faded. Hadn’t this experience been enough? How could he even consider repeating it?

Mitchel, ever the tease, gave her waist a playful pinch. “Why not? Wasn’t I attentive to your comfort earlier?”

Raegan’s cheeks flushed a deep crimson. “Stop teasing.” She knew he was saying so deliberately. Amid the intimate moments just now, he insisted on having her moaning. Now, just thinking about it made her wish she could vanish.

Mitchel was aware that she’d had such a great time just now. She had let go of her inhibitions more than ever before. His approach had, in his view, paid off.

In Mitchel’s opinion, if one partner remained reserved, only the other truly enjoyed the encounter.

Encouraging Raegan to open up had made their moments together more fulfilling for both.

Reflecting on their shared experiences, Mitchel couldn’t resist making another provocative suggestion, “Next time, why don’t you come over at night? The view through the office’s floor-to-ceiling windows is particularly striking after dark...”

The implication made Raegan’s heart race, and she could barely stammer. “You...”

The elevator reached their floor and the doors opened. With a playful squeeze of her cheek, Mitchel took her hand. “Let’s go.”

Outside, they found Victor waiting by the car.