

## Unbreakable 1771

### Chapter 1771

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"How dare you question my worthiness!" Henley's face twisted with fury. He seemed to be teetering on the brink of losing composure, constrained only by the fact that they were in public.

Raegan's gaze, on the other hand, remained bright and resolute.

"Every action he takes is for the betterment of the company. Can you and Alexis say the same? What have you accomplished anyway? Wooing shareholders, betraying the company's interests, fabricating your grandfather's will, colluding with outsiders to devalue the Dixon Group shares for personal gain..."

Raegan snorted. "Nothing you've done makes you worthy of being compared to Mitchel." With that, she left, indifferent to Henley's escalating anger.

Henley's expression was hideous as he bellowed at Raegan's retreating figure, "You'll regret this! Protecting a man who doesn't want you. I'll wait for you to regret your choice!"

Raegan halted, turned back, and declared, "I was just stating facts. It has nothing to do with my feelings for him."

Henley, speechless, was livid.

"Henley, many mistakes stem from a single misstep. I'm warning you for the last time. Don't make another mistake!" With her piece said, Raegan made her exit.

By the time Raegan returned home, she felt drained. However, thinking of the impact of today's incident to Janey, she walked to Janey's room for a talk.

Janey was already in bed, lively and seemingly untouched by the day's events, while Annis read her a story.

Approaching softly, Raegan said, "Janey, how about I tell you a story tonight?"

"Yay!" Janey's eyes lit up, and she clapped her hands with excitement.

Taking the storybook from Annis' hands, Raegan said softly, "But before that, let's have a little chat, okay?"

Janey nodded obediently. "Sure. Mommy, what do you want to talk about?"

"Let's talk about what happened at the hospital today. Is there something you'd like to share with me?" Raegan wanted to hear Janey's perspective first before offering any guidance.

Janey squirmed nervously, her tiny hands entwining as she hesitated to speak.

Sensing her daughter's unease, Raegan gently coaxed, "Janey, you know you can tell me anything."

After a moment of hesitation, Janey finally said, "Mommy, at the hospital today, daddy..."

Janey began to say “Daddy” but swiftly corrected herself. “Mitchel didn’t push me to the floor.”

Raegan inhaled sharply, taken aback by Janey’s revelation.

Swallowing hard, Janey continued, “Today, I was hitting Mitchel when I lost my balance. I almost fell, and the sharp edge of the table was this close to my eye!”

Janey pinched her fingers together, illustrating how narrowly she had avoided injury.

Puckering her lips, Janey continued, “If Mitchel hadn’t pushed me away, I would have hurt my eye. I only cried because I was scared. I wanted to tell you, but Victor said we should wait until we got home to talk about it.”

Chapter 1772

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Frightened and confused, Janey hadn’t remembered to tell Raegan about the incident even after they returned home.

A mix of surprise and shock washed over Raegan. Back then, she had consumed by worries at the sight of Janey collapsing on the floor and crying, oblivious to what truly unfolded.

But in retrospect, Raegan realized that from where she stood then, she wouldn’t have been able to see the full picture. So, she had misunderstood Mitchel.

Raegan wrestled with a surge of conflicting emotions. Believing that Mitchel had hurt Janey, she had decided to sever ties with him. But now, it turned out to be a misunderstanding!

Unable to decipher Raegan’s expression, Janey thought Raegan was upset with her. She reached out, entwining her fingers with Raegan’s, and whispered, “Mommy, please don’t be mad at me, okay?”

Snapping out of her reverie, Raegan gently clasped Janey’s hand and murmured, “I’m not mad at you, sweetheart. I’m just thinking about how I mistakenly blamed Mitchel.”

“Then will you say sorry to Mitchel?” Janey asked innocently. Since childhood, she’d been taught the importance of apologizing when wrong.

Raegan nodded, though torn. “I’ll find the right time to apologize.”

“After you do that, I’ll join you in disliking Mitchel,” Janey declared, her little fist clenched in solidarity. “After all, he just tossed your soup away like that.”

Raegan couldn’t help but be amused by Janey.

The chill that had settled over Raegan’s emotions all day began to thaw, stirred by Janey’s maturity beyond her years.

Raegan felt that it was the right time to have another serious conversation with Janey. “Janey, I have something to tell you.”

“What is it?”

“Well...” Raegan cleared her throat, feeling a hint of nerves creeping in. “I have two little babies growing in my tummy.”

Janey looked puzzled. “In your tummy?” She was still too young to fully grasp the concept of pregnancy.

Suddenly, Janey sat up, lifted Raegan's shirt, and began searching.

"Mommy, where's the babies hiding? I can't see them."

Raegan chuckled, unable to contain her amusement. "Janey, the babies are still just tiny embryos, snug inside my tummy. That's why you can't see them."

Janey blinked curiously. "Are they tiny, like I was when I was a baby?"

"Yes," Raegan replied and then proceeded to describe the journey from pregnancy to birth.

Janey seemed to finally comprehend the concept. "So the babies are tiny right now, just the size of an egg."

Raegan affirmed with a nod, "Exactly."

Then, Raegan asked the most important question, "Janey, do you think you'll like them?"

Janey pondered for a moment before cautiously asking, "Do you like them, mommy?"

Chapter 1773

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Raegan paused, recalling her mixed feelings when she had first found out that she was pregnant.

Yet, the joy was undeniable, much like when she was pregnant with Janey. Children were blessings. She nodded.

"I do."

"Then, I Like them too! Thank you, mommy!" Janey cheered, clapping her hands with delight. "I really want siblings. Brothers or sisters will be okay with me. I promise to be very good to them."

Raegan was touched by Janey's thoughtfulness. It seemed that while she was considering Janey's feelings, Janey was also considering hers.

Janey's excitement bubbled over as she exclaimed, "Mommy, I'll start learning to cook and do chores with Annis tomorrow, so when the babies arrive, I can take care of them!"

Raegan chuckled at Janey's enthusiasm. "Sweetie, in the first few months, the babies can't eat food. They can only drink mother's milk."

Janey's upbeat mood faltered momentarily as a significant question crossed her mind. "Mommy, does Mitchel know about the babies?"

Janey's innocent words left Raegan temporarily at a loss for words.

She hesitated before answering, "Well, that's something Mitchel doesn't know yet."

Janey looked confused and asked, "Mommy, why don't you tell Mitchel? What if he likes the babies just like me?"

"Well, we are having some problems right now. I really like the twins, but I'm not sure about some things," Raegan replied.

"Twins, does that mean there are two?" Janey asked with excitement.

"Like Davey and Jackie in my class? They look exactly alike."

Raegan nodded. "The doctor said so."

"Mommy, that's wonderful!" After a brief burst of joy, Janey's face turned concerned at Raegan's expression. "Mommy, what's wrong? Do you not want the little babies?"

Raegan went quiet. It wasn't that she didn't want the babies, but the current circumstances made her hesitant. She was worried about Janey's evident desire for a father figure. She didn't want the twins

in her belly to face the same issue of growing up without a father's presence.

"Mommy, can I give you a suggestion?" Janey asked gently.

"Of course, my love, go ahead."

"Even if Mitchel doesn't love the babies like we do, it's okay,"

Janey said with a sweet voice. "We have Erick, my grandpa, Annis and Elin..."

Janey started counting on her little fingers, Listing names until she ran out of fingers to count on.

She lifted both her small hands to show Raegan and declared, "Mommy, look, so many people love me and will love the babies too. You don't have to worry at all."

Raegan couldn't help but smile, feeling a wave of relief wash over her. Her primary concern had been that the twins might face challenges like Janey's, but now she saw that Janey's situation wasn't so bad after all.

Janey was flourishing, surrounded by love and support, receiving the right guidance and education. She had grown into a compassionate little girl.

Raegan knelt down and hugged Janey tenderly, whispering, "Janey, you're right. Thank you for reminding me of that."

Chapter 1774

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After Janey blinked her big eyes a couple of times, she said, "Mommy, you're welcome."

Raegan embraced Janey, and after a moment, she heard Janey's soft voice asking. "Mommy, how is Luciana doing?"

Raegan went quiet. Janey had been worried about Luciana for a while.

Sadly, Janey still didn't get to see Luciana today.

Raegan reassured Janey, "Don't worry, sweetheart. I've checked, and Luciana is doing well right now. Once her health gets a bit better, we'll definitely go visit her."

Janey confessed, "Mommy, it's my fault. I shouldn't have dragged Annis to help after seeing that man selling marshmallows fall. If I hadn't done so, Luciana might not have hurt."

"Sweetie, I told you before, what you did was kind. No one will blame you for that." Raegan softly stroked Janey's back, comforting her, "Remember, we shouldn't blame ourselves for others' mistakes. Your uncle, your grandpa and I all think you did the right thing trying to help. The fault lies with the bad person who took advantage of your kindness."

Looking down at Janey with love, Raegan added, "Janey, you didn't do anything wrong."

Janey nodded, feeling much better. "Mommy, from now on, I'll keep doing good things, but I'll make sure I'm safe."

Relieved that Janey understood, Raegan praised her, "Janey, you're such an amazing little girl!"

After Janey fell asleep, Raegan gently closed the door behind her.

Once outside, her face grew serious.

That day, after Janey left kindergarten, she was fascinated by the man selling marshmallows in

different shapes. The marshmallows were skillfully crafted, coming in a variety of designs like dolls and little animals.

Janey adored the marshmallows, but she was usually quite obedient and never ran around after

school.

Just as Janey was about to head to the car with Annis, the man selling the marshmallows was hit by a motorcycle.

Despite the heavy traffic, nobody lent a hand to the man. Ever a kind girl, Janey took Annis' hand and hurried over, wanting to assess the situation and get Annis to call for assistance.

Unexpectedly, as they approached and showed concern, a strong fragrance overwhelmed them, making Janey and Annis dizzy and disoriented. Shortly thereafter, a car pulled up and they were swiftly taken away.

Whenever Raegan recalled the incident, a chill ran down her spine.

How could there be people so wicked, using someone's kindness for their own evil intentions?

Later, the bodies of the kidnappers and their car were found in the river. Raegan suspected that someone had silenced them to cover up the crime.

Raegan felt no pity for them. They had this fate coming. By carrying out such schemes, they were practically digging their own graves, having not seen they were merely pawns in the whole scheme, death looming over once their mission was fulfilled.

Though the kidnappers' bodies were found, Raegan had a suspect of the mastermind behind the scene. The mastermind, efficient and merciless, spared none once her desired results were achieved. It bore the hallmark of "the Glyn family."

Outwardly, the Foster family seemed to move past the incident, but privately, they never stopped gathering evidence. Many challenges Raegan couldn't handle alone were privately managed by Erick. Never in this lifetime would the Foster family let go of those targeted Janey. No matter how long it took, they would catch the mastermind behind it all.

The next day.

Chapter 1775

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After sorting out her work, Raegan scheduled a dinner date with a man. He was a friend of her father and had helped with a major business transaction.

Raegan arrived early at the restaurant to wait for him.

Shortly, a middle-aged man with a distinguished presence entered and immediately noticed Raegan at the table. He greeted her with a wave, "Raegan."

Raegan promptly stood up and greeted him respectfully, "Benson."

Once seated, they enjoyed a meal while discussing business.

After they finished eating, Benson Prescott asked, "Raegan, do you know any casual places around for meetings? I have two friends who'd like to meet."

"I know just the place. I'm familiar with the manager. Let me book it for you and show you the way."

"Would that be inconvenient for you?"

"Not at all. Benson, you've come a long way to Ardlens. Tonight, I'll handle the arrangements."

"Great, those two friends also have business ties with you. You'll meet them later."

“That sounds fine.”

If it were someone else, Raegan wouldn't consider tagged along and met up. However, Benson had been a longtime friend of her father and always treated her like his own daughter. He was someone she trusted implicitly.

They soon reached a nearby club, just a ten-minute drive away.

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The club had an exclusive vibe, like a lounge, perfect for sipping drinks and talking without the noise.

The main requirement was that it was exclusive to members only, and one needed a certain status and wealth to join. This was to prevent it from getting too crowded.

Despite senior than Raegan, Benson was only in his forties and appeared youthful due to his mindset.

Soon after they settled in, Benson's friends joined them, one bringing his wife along.

Upon the introduction, Benson's friends showed great respect to Raegan, exchanging business cards and expressing interest in future collaborations.

Raegan found herself enjoying a delightful conversation with the wife.

Since it was only around 8 o'clock, Raegan wasn't in a rush to head back. She enjoyed the chat instead.

Not long after, the one who took his wife with him had to leave early for other commitments. Before leaving, his wife scheduled a visit to Raegan's studio in two days. Raegan happily agreed.

After seeing them off at the door, Raegan returned to her seat, only to find a familiar figure deeply engaged in conversation with Benson.

Mitchel sat casually on the sofa, his long legs stretched out, in a relaxed position. His white shirt's collar was slightly open, showing off his delicate collarbones. His sleeves were rolled up, revealing his strong, slim forearms with subtle veins, radiating an indescribable sexiness. Even in the dimly lit corner, he still caught the eye of all the women in the room. Even though Raegan hadn't actively kept up with Mitchel's updates over the past couple of days, she had heard about the significant changes occurring in the Dixon Group from her colleagues.

## Chapter 1776

It was rumored that the Dixon Group was undergoing significant reforms, with Mitchel eliminating all of Alexis' supporters.

At first, only a few stayed neutral. But once word of Mitchel's disappearance spread, they quickly switched sides and joined Alexis' side. Without Mitchel's these wouldn't have disappearance, people shown their true colors and been cleared out.

Now, Alexis and Henley were on their own in the company, and Mitchel could remove them in seconds. This seemed to explain why Mitchel appeared so self-assured and relaxed now.

As Raegan gazed at Mitchel's handsome and striking face, a thought crossed her mind that maybe she had misjudged him from the start.

Maybe Mitchel didn't face any extraordinary challenges. Perhaps his strange behavior was simply because his feelings for her had changed.

Raegan hesitated for a moment before walking over.

As Raegan walked up, Benson greeted her warmly, took her hand, and introduced her to Mitchel.

“This is my friend’s daughter, Raegan Foster. She runs a studio in Ardlens. Mitchel, please look out for her in the future.”

Mitchel’s lips tightened slightly, his gaze lingering uncertainly as he replied, “Benson, I know her.”  
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Raegan managed a smile, glad Mitchel didn’t attack straight into his usual sarcastic comments.

Benson, surprised yet pleased, exclaimed, “You know each other? That’s even better! Raegan is both stunning and talented.”

Benson was obviously unaware of their relationship, and his words hinted at trying to set them up, instantly making the atmosphere uncomfortable.

Mitchel nodded casually and replied, “Yes, that’s right.” It was clear he didn’t want to pursue this topic any Longer.

Benson sensed the awkwardness. Although he admired Mitchel, he had no intention of forcing a connection between them.

Raegan noticed this and, worried that Benson’s good intentions might lead to an awkward situation, shifted the conversation. “Benson, how do you know Mr. Dixon?”

At Raegan’s way of addressing him, Mitchel’s hand tightened on his cup.

Raegan didn’t notice Mitchel’s reaction as she turned to look at Benson.

Benson responded with a smile, “We met at an art exhibition. Mitchel and I had a great conversation and we really connected.”

Benson’s friend across the table grinned and suggested, “Since you two have such a good connection, let’s toast to that.”

As he spoke, he raised his glass, prompting everyone to join in the toast.

Raegan’s glass was filled with grape juice, but it resembled wine.

Just as she was about to drink, Mitchel abruptly moved his arm, causing her glass to spill. He apologized with a flat expression, “Sorry.”

Raegan was left speechless. She poured herself another glass of grape juice from a special pitcher.

Benson, knowing Raegan didn’t drink alcohol, had arranged for this pitcher, though others were unaware.

Just as Raegan was putting down the pitcher, Mitchel’s elbow unexpectedly lifted again.

“Clang!” This time, the pitcher Raegan was holding got knocked over.

Chapter 1777

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Raegan was truly at a loss for words.

“I’m sorry,” Mitchel said, his voice indifferent and showing no sincerity.

Just as Raegan began to suspect that Mitchel’s actions were intentional, he signaled to a waiter.

“Could you please bring a pot of water for this lady?”

Raegan couldn’t shake the feeling that Mitchel had done it on purpose.

Maybe he thought she was drinking alcohol?

Once this thought took hold, Raegan couldn't let it go. Why did it matter to Mitchel if she drank? The old Mitchel knew that even a little alcohol made her disoriented, so he had always made sure she stayed away from it. Could it be...

Raegan stood up, excusing herself to go to the restroom where she splashed cold water on her face to clear her thoughts. Looking at her pale reflection, she couldn't recall the last time she had genuinely smiled from the heart.

Then, Raegan remembered Janey's words of Mitchel's protective actions.

And now he made efforts to steer her away from alcohol. ALL gradually fueled the hope in her heart.

After composing herself, Raegan made her way back to her seat. On her way back, she noticed that Benson and his friend were no longer at their table but were dancing on the dance floor. So, that was to say, Mitchel was the only one left sitting there.

With this in mind, Raegan quickened her pace, eager to ask Mitchel some questions.

However, before Raegan could get close, she saw a trendy, attractive woman approaching Mitchel. The woman leaned in close to whisper something in his ear.

Raegan moved a bit closer and overheard the woman asking for Mitchel's contact information on behalf of her friend.

Raegan followed the woman's gaze and saw the friend looking over with a bold, confident stare, which made Raegan feel uneasy.

Raegan had been sitting next to Mitchel all evening, making it hard for those two girls to deduce whether she was with Mitchel or not.

Yet, they seized the moment Raegan left for the restroom to ask for Mitchel's contact information, even casting flirtatious glances his way. This behavior truly disgusted people.

When the girl noticed Raegan approaching, she didn't back off.

Instead, she asked Mitchel in a sugary, flirtatious tone, "If I drink this glass of wine, will you give me your contact information?"

As she spoke, the girl leaned forward provocatively, nearly revealing her ample cleavage to Mitchel.

Raegan's frown deepened at the sight. She couldn't imagine a man like Mitchel being drawn to such vulgar people. But the next moment, she received a slap across the face.

Raegan glimpsed Mitchel's intense gaze, with a touch of daring appeal, as he casually agreed, "Sure."

The girl hoisted her glass high into the air before draining its contents in one swift motion, her expression unchanging. After setting the glass down, she remained perfectly steady. Her ability to handle her alcohol made it clear that she frequented clubs.

Perhaps Mitchel's attractiveness and approachable demeanor allowed the girl to converse more openly. She slid her empty glass toward him and asked with a hint of pride, "What do you think?" The dim lights played off Mitchel's sharp features, enhancing his handsome appearance.

Chapter 1778

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The girl flirted with her eyes. Mitchel responded with a relaxed, "Not bad."

Noticing his interest, the girl extended her hand with a smile and reminded him, "What about what you promised me?"

Their conversation flowed easily, making the bustling crowd around them seem like mere background.

Raegan gripped her hands tightly. Her nails dug into her palms as she fought to mask her growing unease.

Mitchel appeared indifferent, yet he was keenly aware of his surroundings, including Raegan's pallid complexion.

"Handsome, don't break your promise, or you'll embarrass me in front of my best friend." The girl pouted.

Mitchel, his long, slender fingers clasping a gilded business card, slowly raised it. Just as the girl reached for it, he teasingly withdrew his hand.

The girl spoke with a coquettish lilt and a sweet tone. "Handsome, give it to me..."

The girl was experienced with men. She knew that the more serious they seemed, the more secretive their desires. Thus, she had developed methods for handling hypocritical men.

Yet, the refined Mitchel prompted the girl to display her most charming and seductive side. She bit her lip and pleaded sweetly, "Give it to me, please..."

Her voice carried a hint of desperation and suggestiveness, bordering on the inappropriate.

Raegan frowned, unable to bear the scene any longer. She stepped forward and took her seat. She hoped that by sitting down, the girl would cease her provocative behavior.

However, a moment later, Mitchel extended his fingers and slipped the business card into the girl's cleavage.

Although such crude behavior was not unexpected in a bar, it still humiliated Raegan, sitting right next to Mitchel.

The girl was taken aback by Mitchel's actions. She had assumed that a man of his refined appearance would be more restrained. Blushing, she said shyly, "Handsome, you are so bad."

She covered her mouth and gave a coquettish look, pausing at just the right moment.

Mitchel's fingers had merely brushed the business card. He had not touched the girl directly. Yet, the girl's words made it seem like he had crossed a line.

Mitchel crossed his legs, smiled as if to agree, and asked lightly, "What? You don't like it?"

The girl's cheeks flushed at his direct question. She bit her lip and whispered, "I like it..."

Mitchel smiled casually and remarked, "Don't give this card to your friend."

"Ah..." It was then that the girl remembered her original intention had been to secure Mitchel's phone number for her friend. But now, captivated by the handsome Mitchel, she had forgotten her friend entirely.

With the illusion of Mitchel's interest in her, the girl decided she would never give her friend Mitchel's number. Given his looks and wealth, she was prepared to cling to him. "Handsome, I'll be at the hotel next door tonight," she declared.

With a flirtatious gesture, she added, "I'll call you later."

Mitchel merely smiled, his silence seen by onlookers as consent.

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Raegan felt a sharp sting from her fingernails digging into her skin.

Though she sensed that Mitchel's actions were for a show, the thought of him with that girl filled her with revulsion.

Raegan painfully grasped Mitchel's intention for the show, drowning down those questions in her mind. He had positioned himself beside her deliberately, ensuring she saw everything and lost all hope. But his interaction with the girl was disgusting.

The girl assumed Mitchel had accepted and, as she returned to her seat, she made a point to walk close past Raegan, stepping firmly on Raegan's shoes.

The girl was wearing high heels, and the force of her stepping made Raegan cry out in pain.

Yet, the girl offered no apology. She simply walked away with a taunting smile.

"Stop!" Raegan called out sharply to the girl.

The girl halted and asked with arrogance, "What's the matter?"

"You stepped on me," Raegan replied.

"Did I step on you?" The girl feigned amusement and denied, "Young lady, could this be a misunderstanding? I didn't feel a thing. I'm sure I didn't touch you."

Raegan was wearing black leather shoes today. Due to her pregnancy, she chose them specifically for their comfort. The quality of the black leather was excellent, designed to recover quickly from pressure. Without removing her shoes, it was hard to prove they had been stepped on.

The girl seemed aware of this and denied any wrongdoing. She pouted and said defensively, "Dear, the handsome man just spoke to me. I get that you might be jealous, but you shouldn't accuse me falsely."

Raegan was astounded. The nerve of the girl casting baseless accusation her way!

"You said I accuse you falsely?" Raegan asked, her voice dripping with sarcasm.

"Yes." The girl could have simply ignored Raegan and walked away, but she reconsidered.

Appearing more vulnerable might draw Mitchel's attention, possibly even an invitation to sit next to him.

Tears welled up in the girl's eyes as she looked at Mitchel and pleaded in a sweet voice,

"Handsome, you have to help me..."

Raegan no longer wanted to engage with the girl. The girl's attire was hardly appropriate for the setting, lacking both style and quality, and it was clear she wasn't a regular member of this club.

The girl was likely the type who needed someone to sneak her in to chase after wealthy men.

Raegan stated firmly, "Either apologize to me, or I'll have the manager look into your membership."

Raegan's words instantly wiped the arrogance from the girl's face, replacing it with panic.

The girl had indeed sneaked in. The club maintained strict standards and used facial recognition technology. If caught, she wouldn't be able to sneak in again.

The club's reputation was impeccable, and the girl had exploited this to her advantage before and didn't want to be exposed. Despite her fear, she knew she couldn't confess to stepping on Raegan, as it would ruin her impression with Mitchel.

The girl rushed to get close to Mitchel and attempted to grasp his hand, but he subtly avoided her touch.

Flustered yet undeterred, the girl feigned tears and pleaded, “Handsome, your friend is bullying me. Will you help me?”

#### Chapter 1780

Raegan was stunned by the girl’s audacity to distort the truth so effortlessly. Was it not clear who the real aggressor was? If the girl hadn’t deliberately stepped on her, Raegan wouldn’t have interacted with the girl in the first place.

Mitchel casually swirled the stem of his goblet between his fingers and responded in a measured tone, “It’s just a small misunderstanding. This poor girl is crying so pitifully. Miss Foster, try not to be so harsh.”

Raegan felt a chill in her heart upon hearing this. She was surprised to be painted as the aggressor in his narrative.

Raegan was no pushover and couldn’t tolerate being bullied Like this.

In a swift motion, she removed her shoes and socks, exposing her feet, and said with a sardonic laugh, “Is this also a misunderstanding?”

Raegan’s feet bore red marks, already beginning to bruise.

Most people’s skin might only show a slight redness or no visible marks after being stepped on by the high heels. However, Raegan’s skin was exceptionally sensitive, much like that of a child. Therefore, even a Little mark would stay for a long time.

It was inappropriate to remove her shoes in the club, and not wanting to draw more attention, Raegan quickly slipped them back on.

The girl’s confidence faltered, visibly shaken by the evidence. She hadn’t anticipated that such a brief contact would leave a mark. With a wavering voice, she murmured, “Dear, I truly didn’t realize it. It’s really just a misunderstanding!”

“Apologize, Raegan demanded curtly, no longer interested in prolonging the discussion.”

The girl turned to Mitchel, her eyes brimming with tears, conveying a delicate and pitiful appearance.

At that moment, Mitchel kept his gaze lowered, maintaining a calm demeanor that betrayed no hint of his emotions.

Yet, the girl sensed an inexplicable chill from Mitchel. It felt Like the biting cold of Siberia, enough to make anyone shiver.

Feeling wronged, the girl murmured, “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to do that. Please forgive me...”

With those words, the girl shifted the narrative, painting herself as the victim. It was a familiar tactic for the girl, appearing innocent but manipulative.

When confronted by Raegan’s firm stance, the girl quickly showed vulnerability and pleaded dramatically, “If you’re still upset, I’ll even bow down to you. Would that satisfy you?”

Raegan was taken aback by the sudden theatrics. All she had wanted was a sincere apology, yet the girl escalated it to an emotional spectacle.

The bystanders now looked at Raegan with judgment in their eyes.

Maintaining a neutral face, Raegan tried to clarify, “All I want is...”

Raegan was about to say she only demanded an apology when Mitchel cut her off with a stern,

“Enough.”

He looked at the girl and commanded, “Stand up.”

The girl’s eyes were red. She gazed at Raegan with a submissive look, as if she dared not stand without Raegan’s forgiveness.

Raegan was left speechless.