

Unbreakable 1781

Chapter 1781

Mitchel was running out of patience and said coldly, "If you Like doing so, go outside and do it." Seizing the opportunity, the girl quickly got to her feet. "Thank you." With tears still in her eyes, she sobbed her gratitude toward Mitchel. With the mini skirt, the girl's deliberate movement was suggestive to Mitchel. Her reddened eyes with tears made her looked even more pitiful. It was the first time that Raegan had seen such a drama queen. Perhaps the girl's frequent nightclub visits had stripped her of shame.

Mitchel then asked, "What's your name?"
"Ah..." Caught off guard, the girl responded, "Are you asking me?"

Mitchel folded his hands and fixed his gaze on the girl, full of intrigue. The girl smiled with tears, replying, "My name is Amilia Wilson." Mitchel raised his eyebrows slightly and echoed, "Amilia?" Quick to confirm, the girl spelled out, "Yes, A-M-I-L-I-A. Amilia." "amilia." Mitchel smiled and said, "Nice name." Mitchel signaled a waiter, flashed a black card, and instructed, "Apply for a membership for Amilia." Amilia was so astonished that her mouth hung open. A membership to this club required assets exceeding 100 million dollars for eligibility. It granted access to all relevant upscale dining and leisure facilities. Only with the membership could she secure a reservation. The membership was not merely a marker of wealth but also a symbol of elite status. It was a dream for many, Amilia included. She had never imagined that she might actually possess such a membership in her lifetime. Overwhelmed with joy, Amilia's voice trembled as she stammered, "Thank you... Thank you..." Mitchel simply smiled and said, "Go ahead." With a burst of happiness, Amilia followed the waiter to process her membership. Before she left, she cast a venomous glance at Raegan while Mitchel was distracted. To Raegan, that look felt like a slap across her face. Moments earlier, she had threatened to expose Amilia's lack of membership. Yet, within seconds, Mitchel had granted Amilia a membership. This was more than just a slap in the face. It felt like a series of deliberate, agonizing cuts through her heart. Sitting motionless, Raegan's face drained of color, feeling as if she had swallowed a stone. She ventured, her voice tinged with discomfort, "Mitchel, you don't believe me?" Mitchel, without glancing her way, responded with nonchalance, "Miss Foster, you're reading too much into it." At that moment, Raegan felt the absurdity of the situation. She felt she didn't recognize him anymore. She wondered, to force her surrender, what other measures he might employ.

Chapter 1782

Unable to remain seated, Raegan was about to leave when Benson and his friend returned. They had been caught up in conversation with some old acquaintances nearby, oblivious to the unfolding drama.

Approaching with two well-dressed young men, Benson introduced them to Raegan with enthusiasm. ““Raegan, meet the sons of my closest friends. They’re trustworthy fellows. Currently working overseas, they plan to return to Ardlens eventually. It’s good for you to network. After all, you’re all the future of our community.”

Observers with a keen sense of awareness would realize Benson’s intent to match Raegan with a potential suitor.

Benson, recently irked by Mitchel’s demeanor toward Raegan, held a certain esteem for Mitchel but placed Raegan, whom he viewed as a daughter, above all others. Thus, he felt compelled to bolster Raegan’s social standing and demonstrate her popularity.

Despite his age, Benson’s occasional youthful whimsy lent him an endearing charm. It was genuine and cute.

Caught in a quandary, Raegan refrained from embarrassing Benson, exchanging business cards with the two men courteously. She yearned to depart yet found herself anchored by Benson’s ongoing engagement with the two men.

Then, unexpectedly, the club’s emcee activated the microphone, announcing robustly, “Esteemed guests, it’s another warm Friday night. Let’s set aside our devices and embrace our neighbors with warmth and affection.”

Rarely a visitor to such venues, Raegan was at a loss with the proceedings.

The next instant, the lights dimmed to darkness.

Amidst her confusion, Raegan found herself enveloped in the embrace of someone.

Being embraced in the darkness without knowing the identity of the other party, a sudden chill slithered through Raegan’s body, causing goosebumps to prickle along her spine. It was an alien and inexplicable dread that gnawed at her core.

“Let... Let me go...” Raegan’s face was pressed tightly against the man’s chest, her voice muffled and barely audible. She struggled against his grip, but it was unyielding, his strength overwhelming. Amidst the darkness, the announcer’s resounding voice declared, “The pinnacle of love is revealed in an embrace. May this tender and soothing gesture alleviate all sorrows tonight.”

“Let me go...” Raegan struggled once more, yet her cries were swallowed by the man’s enveloping hold.

His chest was like a magnet, holding her captive, its pull threatening to consume her.

Raegan kicked frantically, but her legs met only empty space.

As the countdown clock reached its final second, the suffocating grip around Raegan suddenly dissipated.

The room was filled with a resounding “snap,” restoring light.

Raegan’s eyes swiftly shifted toward Mitchel’s seat, where an unexpected scene unfolded before her.

Amilia, rubbing her arm gently as she whimpered, had somehow ended up next to Mitchel. “You squeezed me so tightly...” she lamented.

Raegan's complexion paled, a sudden rush of breathlessness overtaking her.

Klein Becker, the bespectacled boy seated beside Raegan, edged nearer to Raegan and said, "I sincerely apologize. Just then..."

Raegan's voice sliced through the air sharply. "Hugging someone without their explicit consent is the height of disrespect!" Her tone's intensity silenced the surrounding chatter abruptly.

Benson, his expression marked with concern, turned to Raegan. "Are you alright, Raegan? Is everything okay?"

Chapter 1783

Raegan struggled to regain her composure, her voice retaining a frosty edge as she spoke. "I'm feeling somewhat unwell. I must excuse myself."

Noticing Raegan's pale complexion, Benson refrained from insisting she stay. "I can have my driver accompany you," he offered.

"That won't be necessary. My driver is waiting outside," Raegan declined politely.

As Raegan exited the room gracefully, Benson turned to Klein with a stern expression. "What did you do to upset Raegan like that?"

Klein scratched his head, stammering, unable to offer a coherent response.

Benson wasted no time in cutting through the evasiveness. "Did you hug her against her wish just now?"

"I... I regret my actions." Klein began to explain before opting instead to apologize. Who could blame him for being captivated by such a stunning woman like Raegan? Caught up in the moment, Klein had impulsively embraced her, unaware of the consequences it would bring.

"You fool!" Benson scolded sharply, "You absolute imbecile!"

"Could you assist in clarifying matters to Raegan? I never intended for this outcome. Her reaction

took me by surprise," Klein said to Benson.

In a swift motion, Benson's wine glass landed on Klein's face.

"Ugh!" Benson exclaimed, his tone filled with disdain. "You must be dreaming! Count yourself fortunate I'm not pummeling you. I will inform your father of this incident. Your lack of tact astonishes me. Have you ever interacted with women?"

"I implore you, please. I promise this won't happen. There was no malice in my actions." Klein nearly sank to his knees, begging for leniency. "If my father discovers this, he'll be livid. He might even ground me.

"I'm culpable as well for taking the time to see your true nature before introducing you to Raegan." Benson's frustration boiled over, and he shattered a wine glass at Klein's feet. "Now, leave my sight!"

To Benson, this marked a profound failure. He resolved to offer Raegan a heartfelt apology the next day. His judgment had hit rock bottom.

Recognizing Benson's intense anger, Klein wisely refrained from further words. He promptly rose and made his exit.

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“Wait a moment,” Benson called out.

Thinking Benson’s request signaled a change in attitude, Klein turned, a spark of hope in his eyes.

“Raegan’s business card. Give it here,” Benson commanded.

With a sigh, Klein retrieved the card.

Benson then motioned toward Ruben. “You too, sonny. Both of you seem up to no good.”

“I haven’t done anything!” Ruben weakly protested.

Benson scoffed. “You two are inseparable, so I’m sure there’s some mischief afoot.”

Rendered speechless, Ruben could only cast his gaze downward.

Benson’s intuition was sharp, and both Klein and Klein, backed by their affluent families, had indeed been involved in questionable activities.

Chapter 1784

Seeing no way out, Ruben dropped the business card dejectedly and followed Klein out.

Benson seethed with frustration, unable to contain himself any longer.

He stood abruptly, preparing to leave.

Across the room, Mitchel mirrored Benson’s movement, approaching him steadily. “I have other urgent matters to attend to, so I must bid you farewell,” Mitchel announced.

Benson’s demeanor shifted as he noticed the shabbily dressed Amilia trailing behind Mitchel. His initial warmth dissipated like smoke.

“Very well,” he responded curtly.

Since Mitchel had rebuffed Benson’s intention of matching up with Raegan moments earlier, Benson’s eagerness to engage with Mitchel had noticeably waned.

Benson’s protective nature extended deeply to Raegan’s father, who was like a brother to him. And Raegan held a place as precious as any family member to him.

Despite connecting with Mitchel at the art exhibition, Benson found it challenging to be cordial toward Mitchel, who had been dismissive of Raegan. Ironically, Mitchel appeared oblivious, seated, and making no move to leave until now, further irritating Benson.

Initially, Benson held Mitchel in high regard for the latter’s charm and substantial wealth as well as capabilities, though whispers of Mitchel’s divorce had reached him.

Now, Benson had his reservation about Mitchel’s private life. Amilia, the one Mitchel seemingly interested in, fell far short of Raegan’s caliber.

Exiting the parking lot, Raegan spotted her driver waiting patiently outside. But as she opened the car door, a sudden wave of nausea overwhelmed her. She couldn’t hold it back and hurriedly dashed back to the restroom.

After relieving her stomach, Raegan quickly freshened up. Looking into the mirror, she saw her face pale and drained from throwing up.

This pregnancy was vastly different from when Raegan carried Janey.

The sickness was severe this time, making it impossible for her to keep anything down. Constant vomiting took a toll on her body, causing significant weight loss.

Annis, always attentive, had consulted a physician and crafted an herbal remedy that proved

effective in easing Raegan's relentless nausea.

Raegan kept the remedy close at hand, fearful that her pregnancy might be prematurely revealed if she couldn't control her nausea in public.

The mastermind behind Janey and Annis' kidnapping was still at large, a looming threat that hung over their lives. Raegan couldn't risk exposing her pregnancy, knowing it would put her and her loved ones in grave danger. For the safety of Janey and her family, she had to remain vigilant and discreet.

Raegan recalled Janey's words urging her to tell Mitchel about her pregnancy, but the thought felt lodged in her throat Like a fishbone.

If Mitchel discovered her pregnancy, he might insist on an abortion.

Until she knew where he stood, Raegan decided to keep her condition a secret.

Washing her hands, Raegan considered her options. Today, she had not brought along her herbal remedy, so while she might still feel sick later, she was okay for now after emptying her stomach. Thinking about the remedy, Raegan recalled the man who had just hugged her had a faint scent of herbal medicine on him. That was how she deduced he wasn't Mitchel.

The man's physique resembled Mitchel's, but his body was cold. From Raegan's recollection, Mitchel was always warm, radiating heat regardless of the weather. And the scent of cedarwood on his skin was etched in her memory.

Chapter 1785

The unsettling realization that a stranger had hugged her sparked a wave of nausea. As Raegan stepped out of the restroom, a familiar voice reached her ears.

"You fool, why did you have to touch that woman? Now you've entangled me in this predicament!" Ruben complained.

"How was I to anticipate her reaction?" Klein retorted. "She's divorced. Shouldn't she be eager for young men like us? Instead, she was rigid, nothing like a woman's caress. And she carries herself so arrogantly."

Raegan recognized the speakers as the two affluent sons Benson had just introduced her to.

"Who embraced me from behind just now?" Ruben questioned.

"What? Someone embraced you?" Klein raised an eyebrow.

"Yes, and I felt a circular pendant or something. It felt like it was pressing into me. It certainly didn't feel like a woman's touch. I wonder which man thought he could exploit me."

"A round necklace?" Klein's expression shifted, and he promptly embraced Ruben from behind.

"You pervert! What's this about? I prefer women!" Ruben exclaimed.

Klein remained composed and queried, "Like this?"

Ruben felt Klein's hug, sensing something oddly familiar.

Klein reached beneath his shirt, producing a skull-shaped pendant.

"Is this what you meant?"

"You're the one who hugged me!" Ruben yelled, his voice tinged with surprise.

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Klein let go abruptly and delivered a sharp slap to the back of Ruben's head. "Why didn't you speak up earlier? Benson laid into me. He even threatened to spill the beans to my dad!"

"How could I have known? Why not ponder how you failed to realize you were embracing a man?" Ruben retorted.

"I was overly excited then," Klein defended. "In the darkness, I didn't initially notice."

"Shall we return and fully explain to Benson?" Ruben proposed.

"Forget it. He's formidable. If he doesn't trust us, we'll be in deeper trouble. Let's stay low. I don't want him to file another complaint to my dad!"

Raegan's thoughts spun like a carousel as the two men vanished into the distance, leaving her with a bewildered expression frozen on her face. The individual who had embraced her, as it turned out, wasn't Klein. Then who was it?

As Raegan meticulously reconstructed the night's seating plan in her mind, vivid details emerged. Klein wore a blazer, while the man who had embraced her donned a simple dress shirt. Benson's friend chose a dress shirt, yet he sat several spaces away, making it impossible for him to quickly return before the room lit up. With him out of view, suspicion focused on the remaining man in a dress shirt.

Raegan's fist clenched so tightly that her palm stung. Could it really be Mitchel?

At the clubhouse entrance, Amilia followed closely behind Mitchel.

Chapter 1786

The harsh outdoor lights illuminated Amilia's battered face, revealing a disturbing scene of injuries: a swollen cheek, raw scratches on her neck, dark bruises on her arms, and disheveled hair framing her face like a tragic halo. It seemed she had just emerged from a fierce battle.

Indeed, Amilia had. She had just endured a fierce confrontation with her so-called friend, Felice. Felice asserted having witnessed Mitchel hand Amilia a business card, but Amilia vehemently denied it.

Unconvinced, Felice took action, delivering two sharp slaps to Amilia, demanding the card.

Nonetheless, Amilia stood firm, clutching the card like a vital lifeline. It represented her sole chance to rise into the upper strata of society.

Despite their supposed friendship, Felice had consistently treated Amilia with contempt, a constant reminder of their disparate backgrounds.

With her connections and resources, Felice could secure an invitation to the exclusive Kingbel Club, a world Amilia yearned to join.

Amilia acted as an intermediary, obtaining eligible men's contact details for Felice. Only when Felice deemed the prospects unsuitable did they reach Amilia.

Why would Amilia comply to Felice's orders when presented with the opportunity to ascend?

Presently, she possessed a membership for the esteemed Kingbel Club. Armed with this credential, she could effortlessly mingle with the privileged henceforth. Felice, lacking such a membership, could no longer be considered her equal.

In the aftermath of their confrontation, Amilia promptly notified the clubhouse management of Felice's deceitful entry.

Subsequently, security swiftly apprehended Felice, capturing her image before escorting her out

unceremoniously. The ruling was definitive.

Felice would be permanently banned from the Kingbel Club and all its associated venues.

A smug sense of gratification enveloped Amilia as she recalled Felice's contorted expression, the echoes of her curses lingering in her mind.

"Just observe this. All of this is a result of you. I just had a terrible fallout with my closest friend."

Amilia buried her face in her hands, assuming the role of the innocent victim.

Mitchel disregarded Amilia, steadfastly advancing without a single glance backward.

Amilia's eyes lingered on Mitchel's broad silhouette, her heart pounding in her chest like a distant war drum. This encounter marked her first conversation with such a striking man, and the peculiar intimacy of their evening left her resolute to seize this moment at any cost.

"Hold on..." Amilia called out, her voice flirtatious, hurrying after Mitchel. Her plan to feign intoxication and link arms with him was deflected by his impatient evasion.

"Don't pursue me," Mitchel responded, his face a stoic mask. Yet beneath, his smoldering irritation simmered.

Amilia's eyes blazed crimson, her body trembling, as she murmured, "Can you take me along wherever you're headed..."

Mitchel ignored her, his stern expression betraying irritation at her plea. "Are you unable to comprehend simple speech?" he retorted coldly.

Amilia stood paralyzed, her face a tangle of confusion and hurt, with tears pooling in her eyes, on the brink of cascading down her cheeks.

In the dimly lit room just moments ago, Amilia assumed Mitchel had enveloped her in his embrace.

Knowing the club's routine well, Amilia had positioned herself strategically near Mitchel, never anticipating being swept into an embrace. With the lights flickering on suddenly, she was abruptly yanked back, coming face-to-face with Mitchel. Instinctively, she had mistaken the person who held her for none other than Mitchel himself.

Amilia struggled to comprehend the sudden shift in Mitchel's attitude toward her. How could things change so drastically in such a short time?

As Mitchel walked away with heavy steps, Amilia remained rooted to her spot, afraid of provoking his displeasure and unable to follow him.

Chapter 1787

She speculated that those of wealth were subject to erratic changes in mood. Nevertheless, now that she held the membership to Kingbel Club, it seemed inevitable that their paths would intersect again.

With that notion lingering in her thoughts, Amilia reached into her pocket and retrieved a pristine business card Mitchel had given to her. She carefully entered his name and number into her phone.

"Matteo Jenkins," Amilia murmured the name printed on the business card under her breath several

times, noting his title as an executive assistant.

Oblivious to the truth that Mitchel didn't tell her his true name and simply handed her his assistant's business card, Amilia started to consider her next step. In her mind, although this job title seemed modest, the ease with which he provided her the membership hinted at substantial wealth, likely in the hundreds of millions.

Moreover, he was incredibly handsome. Amilia was smitten. Her heart had been captivated from the instant she saw him.

Mitchel strode toward the parking lot, sensing a slight discomfort in his body. He had remained seated for an extended period this evening and had foregone his customary therapeutic bath.

Having waited in the car, Matteo received a text from an unknown number.

The message read, "Hey, Matteo, it's Amilia. Here's my number. Thanks for today. I'd like to treat you to a meal sometime."

Frowning, Matteo promptly blocked the number.

Upon spotting Mitchel's approach, Matteo swiftly exited the car, opening the door for him.

As his fingers brushed the door handle, Matteo whispered, "Someone is following us."

Mitchel's demeanor shifted to seriousness. Without a word, he readied himself to enter the car.

Just then, a voice called out from behind, "Mitchel!"

Mitchel turned around, only to be tightly embraced by Raegan.

Raegan nestled her head against his chest, absorbing the texture of his shirt, the faint medicinal aroma, and his cold presence. It all aligned perfectly! Realization dawned. The person who had held her in the club earlier was indeed Mitchel!

Raegan gazed up at Mitchel, finding his eyes unusually serene, devoid of emotion.

With her suspicions confirmed, Raegan's heart raced with excitement, her eyes reddening.

"Mitchel," she murmured, still partly embraced, unwilling to release him. "It was you just now, wasn't it? It was you, wasn't it?"

Meanwhile, Matteo had discreetly faded into the background, positioning himself where he wouldn't draw attention.

Mitchel's handsome countenance remained impassive, devoid of any discernible emotion, while Raegan's tears flowed unabated.

Raegan dreaded the possibility of hearing hurtful words from Mitchel.

Though her vision was blurred by swollen, teary eyes, the physical closeness was undeniable. Every subtle cue suggested Mitchel still cared about her. How could she believe his claim that he no longer loved her?

Clutching Mitchel's shirt tightly, Raegan sobbed. "Janey mentioned that you shielded her from hitting the table corner that day. I'm sorry for misunderstanding you. But could you at least give me a hint about your reasons of being this cold to me? I'm losing my confidence..."

Despite her puffy eyes, Raegan's beauty remained undiminished. The faint glow of the

streetlights lent a poignant air, akin to a pristine white lily fallen to the ground.

"A hint?" Mitchel's lips curved into a faint, disdainful smile. "What would you like to hear?"

Chapter 1788

Raegan stood, stunned by his response. As her emotions settled, she realized his gaze upon her held a hint of derision, as though she were some lunatic.

Yet, he made no move to resist as she embraced him. His lips twisted with a trace of disdain.

"There's a certain allure to beauty illuminated by Lamplight. If you wish to hear something, I can oblige."

Though Raegan attempted to speak, her lips felt as if they were sealed shut, rendering her voiceless. Mitchel's gaze at Raegan seemed to suggest she was unhinged. He spoke casually. "My mother is still recovering from illness. I simply pushed the child aside without much thought. I hadn't anticipated such a convoluted emotional entanglement from your end. It's a pity you're not a writer."

Mitchel's gaze felt like a sharp knife, cutting through Raegan's consciousness, leaving her trembling fingertips tightly clutching her shirt.

"The embrace is even more absurd. I did embrace someone, but it was plain for anyone to see whom I embraced." Mitchel's intense, dark gaze swept over Raegan briefly, and he remarked casually, "You

appear unwell. Did you have a restless night, imagining things?"

Though it seemed like a gesture of concern, it was actually more of an insinuation that Raegan's mental state was unstable and she might be experiencing hallucinations.

Mitchel carefully disengaged Raegan's tightly gripped hand from around his waist, applying pressure that caused her discomfort and pain. Then, he said word by word, his words humiliating, "Miss Foster, emotions can be fresh and expired. Is it truly so challenging to end a relationship respectfully without causing distress to others?"

Raegan's hand throbbed with pain from being pried away, and her mind was a whirlwind of conflicting thoughts. Part of her urged resilience, pushing her to try to see things from Mitchel's perspective. Maybe what he was going through was even more challenging and incomprehensible than her own struggles.

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Yet, doubts gnawed at her, whispering that if his love had faded, she should accept it without misunderstanding or becoming a source of ridicule or burden to others.

In the end, Raegan resolved to summon courage once more, clinging to hope like a drowning person clutching at a lone straw. She refused to give up easily.

As Mitchel was poised to enter the car, Raegan seized his arm and spoke with unwavering determination. "Mitchel, I want you to swear to the Gods that you mean every word you say to me."

A flicker of impatience crossed Mitchel's eyes, suggesting he found her approach immature.

Raegan acknowledged her own childishness, yet she believed this to be the most direct path to clarity. "Swear that you truly no Longer love me. If it's a falsehood..."

Her gaze met Mitchel's cold, unfeeling countenance, and she pronounced each word deliberately.

"Then I'll rot in hell!"

The curse carried a sharp edge. Understanding Mitchel deeply, Raegan believed this tactic would

compel him to reveal his true emotions.

She held his gaze unwaveringly, unwilling to miss any nuance or hint.

“Once you swear, I’ll never trouble you again.”

Mitchel pursed his lips tightly and fell into silence. Despite having wounded her with words moments ago, he now found himself unable to speak.

Raegan sensed a glimmer of hope. Clutching his arm tightly and keeping her gaze locked on his face, she repeated, “Mitchel, just swear!”

Mitchel remained unresponsive, his expression unchanged and devoid of emotion.

In contrast to his calm demeanor, Raegan’s persistence verged on desperation. She continued to grip his arm, pushing him relentlessly.

“Mitchel, swear!”

She didn’t want to become the person who forced herself upon others.

Chapter 1789

However, if this continued, Raegan felt she couldn’t endure it any longer and feared she would collapse under the strain.

Yearning for closure, Raegan craved an outcome, a sign that would provide clarity, even if it meant letting go. Anything would suffice to free her from the entanglement of her emotions. Really, anything would do...

Tears welled in her red and swollen eyes as she smiled through the pain. “Mitchel, you wouldn’t dare, would you?”

It felt like she was on the verge of victory. Releasing his arm, she adopted a Lighter tone. “In that case, could you hold my hand for just a moment?”

She pleaded, “Just for a moment.”

The fleeting touch would grant her the strength to persevere.

Mitchel hesitated briefly and then raised his hand.

Raegan’s heart skipped a beat before her tearful gaze met his, and she reached out without hesitation. This was the moment she had been waiting for. She longed to share with him the news that they were expecting twins.

Mitchel’s large palm seemed within reach as if Raegan could grasp it with just a fraction of a millimeter.

Raegan’s hand trembled, tears streaming down her face, rendering her unable to speak.

The next moment, his hand bypassed hers, landing instead on her shoulder, pushing her forcefully against the car window. The action was harsh, devoid of any tenderness. He taunted, “Miss Foster, has the fantasy ended?”

Raegan stared at Mitchel, dazed.

Mitchel’s deep eyes were cold, and a smirk played on his lips. “How many ridiculous notions do you harbor? Speak them all, won’t you?”

Mitchel’s handsome face retained its charm, yet it now bore an icy coldness. After the mockery dissipated, only a heavy, oppressive atmosphere lingered.

Raegan's courage, on which she had staked everything, crumbled in an instant. Her heart felt wrenched out and left to freeze in the biting wind, causing excruciating pain. Despair enveloped her. Her arm, once gripping tightly, gave way weakly against the icy car body.

Inside and out, the chill was relentless.

Mitchel observed the pallor of her lips and the weariness etched on her face, momentarily rendered speechless. A fleeting urge to approach her washed over him, but his legs remained stubbornly rooted, leaving him frozen in place. In his perception, it seemed like sharp needles were forcefully piercing his head, causing unbearable pain.

Eventually, Mitchel ceased trying to approach her, tightened his fists, and spoke in a chilling tone.

"It appears my performance was so striking that Miss Foster cannot forget it or find a replacement."

Raegan weakly murmured, "Mitchel, does embarrassing me truly bring you joy?"

Right then, another dark vehicle pulled up behind them, catching Mitchel's attention. He sneered, "Do you consider this embarrassing?"

Then, he curved his fingers and traced them along Raegan's elegant neck, pausing briefly at her collarbone, before abruptly tearing it, shredding the delicate sweater that clung to Raegan's figure. A surge of cold air enveloped Raegan, and she gazed at Mitchel in shock, feeling exposed and frightened. Instinctively, she lifted her hand to shield the torn collar, only to have it grasped by him. Mitchel's voice carried an enticing charm, yet it was laced with venom. "Remember, this is humiliation."

With that, he casually lifted his hand, hooking it onto Raegan's comfortable sports bra, quipping sarcastically, "If you wish to entice someone, consider wearing something more enticing, perhaps a short skirt like those seen in clubs. It would undoubtedly capture attention more effectively."

Chapter 1790

His relentless humiliation persisted, each sentence striking Raegan like a slap. She clenched her torn collar, tears streaming down her face as she exclaimed, "What nonsense are you speaking!"

Mitchel forcefully grasped her chin, his gaze icy as he stared into her eyes. "You've been pursuing me because you want me to sleep with you, right?"

A searing pain jolted through Raegan's chin, prompting her hand to clench into a fist.

The next moment, Mitchel leaned down, his chilling breath encroaching, poised as though on the brink of a ki*s.

Raegan's thoughts dissolved into confusion, leaving her unable to respond. The long-held conjecture was entirely upended, leaving a profound impact on her.

As Mitchel's chilly lips drew nearer, before Raegan could respond, his mouth grazed past and made contact with her ear.

"To be honest, I've been intimate with you countless times." He chuckled, his voice scraping against Raegan's eardrums. "I'm honestly and completely tired of it."

After speaking those words, Mitchel quickly let Raegan go, as if discarding refuse, even taking a step back as though repulsed.

Deprived of support, Raegan slid down the car's body, nearly falling to the ground. Through a stroke of luck, she seized the door handle, stabilizing her stance.

Despite her near stumble, Mitchel remained composed. "Apologies, I cannot compromise my standards to meet your wishes, however..." He paused, a sneer forming on his face. "If you truly desire it, I can suggest men known for their endurance and diverse skills..."

Raegan couldn't endure it any longer and delivered a resounding slap to Mitchel's face.

Silence filled the air like a heavy shroud.

Mitchel's countenance darkened as if the end of the world had arrived.

A hint of blood tainted his lips, and he regarded her with a contemptuous smirk. "I never imagined someone like you would lack all sense of shame."

This was an insult to her character. Raegan's expression shifted once more, and she lifted her hand to slap him again, only to have it firmly seized by Mitchel's outstretched arm.

"At the very least, we were once husband and wife. Let's consider that slap a parting gesture between strangers. I won't hold it against you. However..." Mitchel tightened his grip, crushing her hand, and issued a stern warning, "If you wish to avoid your studio's failure in Ardlens, I suggest you refrain from physical altercations in the future."

Mitchel callously threw Raegan's hand aside.

Raegan leaned on the car door for support, preventing a fall. Dismay, caution, and intimidation... These were the sole impressions she carried from tonight, memories etched permanently in her mind.

Raegan's breathing calmed from fast to slow, then almost stopped.

The night air felt cool, under desolate moonlight.

Her icy tears lingered, her heart now numb. She fixed her gaze on Mitchel in front of her, her pale lips forming a forced smile as she softly conceded, "Mitchel, you've succeeded."

In just two short weeks, Mitchel had depleted her reservoir of courage. Her once firm beliefs now cruelly betrayed her. How foolish she had been, playing the clown for the past two weeks.

Mitchel observed Raegan's lifeless demeanor, his throat tight, unable to speak. She appeared so fragile that uttering another word seemed poised to shatter her.

"Mitchel..." Raegan's tender voice reached out to Mitchel, as if they were still deeply in love.