

# Unbreakable 1911

## Chapter 1911

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Katie was too terrified to react. She had never been this scared before.

Lorenzos smile grew even brighter. Dont be afraid, Miss Glyn. It will also be an interesting

experience.

Katies teeth chattered in terror. Mr. Maxwell, rest assured I am not lying to you. Absolutely not!

Lorenzo nudged Katies chin with the muzzle of his gun. Come on, darling. Tell me. His voice sounded so gentle. But a fatal threat always accompanied his gentleness.

Katie stammered, She She is in Suite 8019 on the eighth floor. I I had someone confirm and lock it personally. It cant be wrong.

Okay, thats good. If I find her, youll definitely get a reward, darling. Which part of this man do you like? His eyes? His Lips? Hmm Perhaps his sxy Adams apple? Whatever you like, Ill cut it off and give it to you as a thank-you gift. How about that?

Katie was rendered speechless. She felt nauseous upon hearing Lorenzos words. She prided herself on being as heartless as a murderer. But compared to Lorenzo, she was nothing. He seemed to find joy in killing.

When Lorenzo saw Katies terrified expression, he stood up with satisfaction and ordered his men, Detonate the explosives on the west window. Since their special forces touched our Shadows, its only right we return the favor with a little gift. Keep an eye on these two. Ill go meet that dear lady.

As he spoke, Lorenzos gaze fell on Mitchel. Mitchels expression was still unreadable, leaving him uncertain whether it was a deep disguise or indifference. Once Raegan was captured, would Mitchel remain this calm? Lorenzo smirked, find the situation amusingly.

As Lorenzo left with his gun, a thunderous explosion was heard from the southwest direction of the International Banquet Center.

A ball of fire soared in the sky and thick black smoke billowed from the southwest part of the building. The smell of sulfur filled the entire street.

The special forces below immediately ducked and retreated to a safe area. They understood this was a warning from Lorenzos men upstairs.

If they dared to get close, the entire building would be blown up.

While swirling smoke filled the air, Matteo found one of the special forces captains and said, I can contact someone inside. But I need to see the commander of this operation first.

After verifying Matteos identity, the captain informed his superior.

The commander of this operation soon replied, Bring him in.

The captain escorted Matteo to a makeshift command center. Go on in.

Inside, a middle-aged man in his forties greeted Matteo. You said you could contact someone inside? What do you mean?

Hello, Commander. Theres a jammer installed inside. But I just found out through the GPS that my boss wife is also inside the building.

The commander looked puzzled. Your boss wife?

Matteo clarified, Its my bosss ex-wife.

The commander questioned, Weve already evacuated all unrelated personnel from the building. How is she still inside?

Im not sure, Matteo replied. We need to get in touch with her to find out. Thats why I came to you. Once we contact her, we can plan our next move.

They checked the satellite data and confirmed Raegan was indeed in the building.

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Two hours earlier, the special forces had received information that Lorenzo, a ruthless man with many killings to his name, was at the International Banquet Center. They monitored the centers entrance closely and managed to evacuate everyone safely. Initially, they had planned for the informant,

Mitchel, to leave as well.

However, Mitchel claimed it was too late and Lorenzo was specifically targeting him. He stayed inside to assist with the operation.

Although everything seemed perfectly arranged, Lorenzo had still managed to place explosives at the banquet center undetected, a bold move indeed.

Now, Mitchels life was in immediate danger. The situation was critical and required swift action.

After confirming Matteo was clear, the commander didnt hesitate and said, Make the call.

Matteo used the satellite phone.

Raegans phone was designed for such critical situations. It could be tracked via satellite and was resistant to signal jammers, enabling calls through satellite connection.

Raegans phone emitted a long series of monotonous beeps. No one picked up.

In her room, Raegan was crouched in the corner by her bed and the wall, hands clasped over her ears. The blast just now had almost burst her eardrums.

Thankfully, the blankets had muffled the sound while she slept, or the shock might have knocked her out, putting her life at risk.

After the initial shock faded, the air was heavy with the scent of gunpowder. Raegan knew this wasnt an earthquake.

This afternoon, she had been watching TV in her room when Henley suddenly appeared on the screen, only for it to abruptly cut out.

Raegan was aware that Mitchels wedding was taking place in the hotel but lacked the courage to attend. Moreover, Mitchel had explicitly barred her from returning to the country. Given it was an enforced stopover, she chose not to cause any trouble, deciding instead to stay in her room and sleep.

She had slept until nearly evening when the explosion jolted her awake. Disoriented, she initially thought it was an earthquake and dashed from her bed to the corner for safety.

Once the noise diminished, Raegan stood up and noticed her phone vibrating on the bed. She answered just as the last buzz ended.

Hello?

Matteos strained voice came through. Miss Foster, you finally picked up

Puzzled, Raegan recognized the voice. Matteo?

Matteo went straight to the point. Mr. Dixon, he Something happened to him.

Raegan was confused. Wasnt Mitchel supposed to be amid of a wedding?

How could something have happened to him?

After Matteo quickly explained the situation, Raegan blinked, still processing the revelation silently. She didnt expect Mitchel to be suffering from a severe illness nor did she expect the cause of his illness stemmed from the syringe Lauren had injected into him, the injection originally meant for her. All these things went beyond her wildest dream.

Then, Raegans mind shifted to Mitchel. Had he been suffering all alone this whole time?

In an instant, she felt completely overwhelmed, panic consuming her.

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It turned out that when she had seen Mitchel looking bent and frail, it wasnt just her imagination. It was real pain, too much for him to bear anymore.

Matteo, are you saying Mitchel married Katie just to draw Lorenzos people in and trap them all at once? Raegan asked.

Thats my assumption, Matteo said honestly.

After all, Mitchel hadn't shared his plan with Matteo. He was left in the dark. Now, however, Mitchel's actions today and his plans for evacuating the guests made things clear. From the beginning, Mitchel wasn't really hosting a wedding. He was setting a trap.

Miss Foster, you may not be aware, but you're on Lorenzo's hit list. I think Mr. Dixon orchestrated all this for you.

Raegan was stunned. Her heart sank. She had been entertaining suspicion about Mitchel's icy demeanor toward her. Her worst fears were now confirmed.

Matteo said, Mr. Dixon went to these lengths to neutralize any threats to you, worried that you might be in danger if he were no longer around.

Having served as Mitchel's assistant for years, Matteo felt a deep empathy. Mitchel had taken such great risks alone for Raegan's sake but kept her in the dark, which was simply heartbreaking. Matteo was deeply upset on Mitchel's behalf.

Despite Mitchel's instructions of keeping Raegan unaware of his efforts and his weakened condition, Matteo still revealed everything to Raegan.

If Mitchel could make it safe and sound, Matteo was willing to accept any punishment from Mitchel for his disobedience. In his view, an excellent man like Mitchel didn't deserve to face such a grim end.

Raegan gripped her phone tightly. Matteo's words made sense. No wonder Mitchel had turned this icy toward her, despite his previous actions to sacrifice himself to save her.

Her mind was in turmoil, yet a voice inside her said firmly that that was the real Mitchel. This was the precisely Mitchel she knew.

Raegan stayed silent for a while. She was so shocked that her mind went blank. It was as though her ears and mouth were sealed shut. So this was the truth, the truth she had almost grasped, yet had pulled back from due to his indifference. Mitchel's love for her was profound. He hadn't just protected her from that lethal injection, but he had also managed to rip out any threats posed to her to keep her safe.

Shock and distress surged, making it hard for Raegan to breathe.

Then, Matteo's anxious voice came through the phone. Hello? Miss Foster? Are you there? Hello?

Raegan jerked back to reality, her voice raspy. Matteo, yes, I'm listening. Please continue.

Mr. Dixon is still in the building. We're clueless about his situation, including what kind of explosives are planted, and we can't see a thing to make a move.

So, what do you want me to do? Raegan asked quickly. And by the way, could you do me a favor? Can you check Judd's whereabouts?

Raegan recalled that Judd was in the neighboring room, and it was unusual for him not to have come to see her yet, so she asked Matteo first just to be sure.

Don't worry. Judd was evacuated when he was rebooking the flight. I've already reassured him and told him to wait for you to come out.

It was because Matteo had run into Judd that he learned about the satellite phone set up on Raegans phone by Erick. Without this, reaching Raegan would have been impossible.

Mitchels phone was also satellite-enabled, but Lorenzos signal jammer was so sophisticated that it blocked even satellite calls.

Luckily, the jammers range was limited, which allowed them to connect with Raegan.

Feeling reassured about Judds safety, Raegan then heard a new voice on the phone, introducing himself, Miss Foster, hello, Im the commander here. You can call me Cary.

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Cary, what should I do?

Cary, impressed by Raegans alertness, responded, We need to determine how many people are inside and the kind of explosives involved. This area is part of Global Harbor, which is crowded with residents and workers. Its not feasible to evacuate everyone swiftly. So, we need to identify the type of homemade explosives being used to assess the possible impact and scope, helping us manage evacuations more effectively.

Raegan went quiet, and Cary realized he was asking a lot from her.

If there wasnt a concern about Lorenzos men launching an early attack, they wouldnt have asked her to take on such a role.

Yet, Cary believed Raegan deserved the option to decide. If you dont want to do this, you can say no and head to the spot we tell you about. Well make sure you get out safely

Cary was still talking when Raegan cut him off with firm resolve.

Im in!

She was aware that Global Harbor was a bustling financial center, heavily populated, which would make any evacuation efforts tough. Not knowing how much explosives were involved meant there was a real risk to the public.

Ill get the job done.

Thank you, Cary responded. Lorenzo has been dodging the law for years, a notorious criminal on the global stage. We need to catch him this time.

Raegan nodded. I have faith in the special forces of Ambrosia.

Im sending you a security map now. Look for the spots marked in fluorescent. Those are where the bombs are.

Got it. Once the call ended, Raegan tossed aside her purse for a smaller pouch that fit her phone, which she slung around her neck.

Reaching the door, she reached out to open it, only to find it locked from the outside. Who would lock her in? She tried the handle again, but it wouldn't move.

Searching for something to help her escape, she headed into the bathroom and noticed the pipes, sparking a plan.

She lay down and tapped on the pipe, four long taps, followed by three short ones.

Mitchel had taught Raegan a unique version of Morse code. This was asking, Is anyone there?

This code was theirs alone, so Raegan wasn't concerned about anyone else deciphering it. Even if someone else heard, they wouldn't understand the message. Only Mitchel would.

But there was no reply from the pipes.

Unfazed, Raegan repeated the signal with four long and three short taps.

Time passed with no answer.

Feeling disheartened, she was about to stand up when suddenly, she heard two dull, brief knocks. She quickly crouched down, paused for a few seconds, and then heard two more brief knocks. The message was clear. I am here.

Raegan's eyes welled up with tears as she quickly tapped back her response. Raegan asked, How many people are there?

Mitchel replied, Three.

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Before she could inquire further, the pipe signaled again with five long, six short taps. It meant, Don't take any risks.

Raegan responded, Okay.

Mitchel advised, Take care of yourself.

As Raegan listened to his final words, her eyes filled with tears once more. She berated herself for almost grasping the truth earlier, yet pulling back. Why didn't she just keep going a bit longer?

Perhaps then she would have comprehended the depth of Mitchel's pain.

Yet, life was full of what-ifs

Drying her tears and gearing up to reply, Raegan suddenly caught the sound of footsteps above. Her senses were on high alert. Her hearing had sharpened significantly since she became pregnant.

She recalled Matteo's assurance that the building had been cleared out. That was to say only her,

Katie, Mitchel, and Lorenzo's crew remained. The distinct footsteps of what seemed like English brogues meant Lorenzo's men were likely approaching.

Raegans heart pounding, she scanned her surroundings, then darted to the balcony and spotted the open window on the neighboring balcony.

The space between was just enough for an adult to squeeze through.

Recognizing the immediate danger, she quickly clambered across.

Midway, she remembered her luggage. Racing back, she frantically packed her belongings into her suitcase.

Grunting with effort, she dragged the heavy suitcase back to the balcony and pushed it across.

Fortunately, she didnt have many possessions, which made it easier to throw them, and the carpet on the balcony muffled any sounds.

Raegan crawled into the room across from hers just as the footsteps approached.

Suddenly, a loud bang echoed through the air. The door to the room she had just exited was forcefully opened.

Raegan quickly hid her suitcase and looked around for a hiding spot.

But the open design of the hotel room offered few places to hide.

Next door, Lorenzo was checking the room, believing Katie might have tricked him. Entering an empty room, he paused at the sight of a creased bed sheet. In a seven-star hotel, such wrinkles suggested someone had been here recently, though it wasnt necessarily the proof of Raegans existence.

After searching every nook and cranny, Lorenzo went out onto the balcony. He saw that the window of room 8019 was open, but the one on the neighboring balcony was shut.

With his suspicions growing, Lorenzo felt a surge of adrenaline. He whistled and moved from room 819 to 8020, breaking in with his usual assertiveness.

His footsteps, purposefully loud, echoed as if trampling on ones nerves.

Hello Lorenzo whistled nonchalantly while he strolled, visibly content with himself. Hey there, honey. No need to hide

Ive missed you, honey

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Despite his soothing voice, an unsettling threat lingered.

The vast room stayed quiet.

Lorenzo continued his search and eventually halted before a wardrobe, certain Raegan was inside. It was the only cabinet slightly open.

He pulled the wardrobe door open. Honey, we meet again..

Lorenzo abruptly stopped before he finished his sentence.

The wardrobe was empty. Inside, there were only neatly folded blankets and two pillows.

Shit! Loudly, Lorenzo cursed, his frustration escalating as he looked at the tidy blankets. He pulled them out and viciously stomped on them, cursing with every step. Holy shit! Damn it!

Lorenzo then grabbed the walkie-talkie, speaking fiercely. Keep an eye on Katie. Im going back to cut her tongue out!

After he uttered those words, he slammed the wardrobe door, which then fell off its hinges, crashing loudly.

In solitude, the darker side of Lorenzo came forth, forgetting any semblance of elegance. He trashed the room thoroughly like a bandit and then paused in front of the mirror to adjust his clothes and hair.

After flashing a menacing smile at his reflection in the mirror, Lorenzo then left the room feeling strangely satisfied.

As Lorenzos footsteps receded, Raegan crawled out of the wardrobe.

She was not in room 8020, where Lorenzo suspected, but in her original hiding spot in 8019.

Fortuitously, she managed to scramble back across the balcony as Lorenzo was entering 8020. Returning to 8019, she used a hanger to secure the balcony window, keeping her movements undetected.

Outside, the hallway was silent, with a surreal sense of dread permeating the air as Raegan watched the door of the thrashed room.

She could clearly hear the violent destruction from next door, the soundproofing of the hotel unable to withstand Lorenzos rage.

Fortunately, Lorenzo hadnt wreaked the same havoc in 8019, or she would surely have been discovered.

Before stepping out, Raegan steadied her breathing, psyching herself up.

She hesitated at the door for a moment, and then returned to the bathroom to tap three short beats on the pipe as a signal.

Concerned that Mitchel might not hear, she quickly repeated the tapping three times, signaling Im okay.

She didnt wait for a response and quickly found the elevator using Carys security map, even though it was her first visit.

However, she stared at the elevator, its metal doors looming ominously, before ultimately opting for the emergency exit, distrustful of the surveillance that might be monitoring the elevators use.

Carefully, she descended to the 6th floor, the site of the ongoing wedding.



Crouching at the emergency exit, Raegan slid her phone under the door, activating the video to discreetly record the external activity. Upon retrieving her phone, she scrutinized the footage intently. The area was devoid of guards.

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Given Lorenzos mens limited numbers, it was impossible for them to cover every exit.

Moreover, with a detonator in his grasp, Lorenzo could trigger explosives at any perceived threat, untroubled by the risks. He was undeterred by potential dangers.

adjacent building, with a helicopter and four fully armed men at the ready. Those men were equipped with heavy sniper rifles, powerful enough to take down the strongest tiger or the quickest lion.

Bluntly put, sending an unprepared combat helicopter could result in its destruction and the loss of both machine and crew.

However, Lorenzo and his men harbored a great fear of Ambrosias firepower, which was why they didnt position themselves directly above the banquet center but instead lay in wait for Lorenzos next move.

Cary was now directing his subordinates to systematically check their hideouts. They were readying themselves to strike decisively and seal off Lorenzos escape routes.

Raegan carefully pushed open the door, striving to be as silent as possible, and then stealthily ran to the floors edge.

To reduce the sound of her footsteps, she discarded her shoes into a trash bin and continued in her socks, the cold floor making her shiver.

Upon reaching her intended spot, Raegan set about locating the small bomb hidden behind the fire hydrant, as laid out in the security map.

This was Raegans first encounter with a real bomb. It was markedly different from what she had envisioned. The device was primitive, a stark contrast to the high-tech bombs portrayed on television. It resembled merely a plastic-sealed box with three differently colored wires sticking out. It clearly was a makeshift device.

This was because, under Ambrosias tight controls on firearms and explosives, Lorenzo would not have been able to import explosives directly.

Raegan took her phone out and captured detailed photos of the bomb, also documenting the number of people on the floor.

She then cautiously moved to other locations, documenting each bomb with the same level of detail.

Lorenzo had destroyed all the monitoring equipment, fearing it could be hacked by special forces, allowing Raegan to move undetected.

Having completed her task, Raegan waited for a response.

Soon, she received a reassuring message. You can head to the B2F parking spot. There's a small door there you can use to exit. We'll meet you at the exit. Please be very careful.

Raegan paused. What about the explosives?

Lorenzo's boldness stemmed primarily from his possession of the detonator. Neutralizing the explosives could give the special forces a better opportunity for a stealthy assault from below.

Cary responded, That's not your concern. We have our own plans. Please exit safely.

Looking around the dimly lit building, Raegan realized Cary was right.

She wasn't a professional, and any reckless moves could only hinder their efforts.

She followed the order and started her evacuation from the sixth floor.

By the time she reached the first underground level, exhaustion had set in, and she sat down to rest.

She had barely rested for a minute when she heard the familiar footsteps. In a panic, she quickly concealed herself behind a large door.

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Then, she heard someone speaking into a walkie-talkie in a foreign language, roughly translating to, Almost at the location, with the explosives

Raegan gasped, shocked.

As the footsteps receded, Raegan watched the man head toward level B2.

A sinking feeling overwhelmed her. She urgently called Cary, who picked up immediately. Are you out yet?

No, Cary, I just saw someone heading to level B2 with explosives!

Cary's voice hardened, Are you certain about what you saw?

I'm sure of it. It looks like he's found the exit and is going down to plant the explosives!

Instantly, Cary spoke gravely into his walkie-talkie. Evacuate immediately.

Then, almost at the same moment, a loud explosion sounded both from the phone and outside.

Fortunately, Raegan threw herself onto the carpet just in time, which cushioned her fall and shielded her from the blast's force.

The phone hit the ground, cutting off the call.

Raegan realized the exit below must have been compromised, likely where the special forces had planned to enter and disarm the explosives.

Worried the man she spotted just now might return, she swiftly retrieved her phone and took refuge in a nearby electrical room.

Just then, the cell signal on her phone weakened significantly. There was only one bar left on her phone, and even that flickered intermittently.

Raegan tried several times to reconnect with the command center, but her calls continually failed. She finally caught a stable signal near a window.

Just then, Matteos call came through. His voice carried a palpable anxiety. Miss Foster, dont panic. We are still looking for another exit.

Matteo had been stationed in the special forces command center, believing Raegan had escaped, not expecting that Lorenzos men had destroyed the only exit.

At this moment, Matteo was deeply concerned about both Raegans safety and Mitchels fate.

Despite her dangerous surroundings, Raegan remained calmer than Matteo. She said, Could you please pass the phone to the commander? I need to ask him something.

Miss, what is it?

Raegan asked, This homemade remote-controlled explosive, I remember reading that cutting the wire responsible for the remote control prevents it from detonating, is that correct?

Raegan hadnt known this originally. She had seen it once in a book in her fathers study.

Her father, a military enthusiast, liked reading such books and often discussed these topics with Raegan. So, although she had never seen real explosives, she understood them better than most due to her readings.

Cary answered, In theory, yes. Remote-controlled explosives are designed with a special wire for remote activation. If its severed, they can no longer be detonated remotely.

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If thats the case, the experts should be able to determine which wire is the remote-control wire from the video I just sent you,

Raegan suggested.

Cary understood her intent and paused, momentarily speechless.

Raegan continued, Cary, Ill go cut all the wires. Then you can send your men through the window. There are only three hostages in the building, including myself. Even if discovered, they only have control over two hostages, so they probably wouldnt dare to harm them.

After all, hostages were typically used for negotiation.

Lorenzo believed he had control over the International Banquet Center, expecting thousands of hostages, but Mitchel had foreseen his plan and evacuated the venue early.

If Lorenzo risked harming the very last two hostages, the special forces would storm in without hesitation, leaving no escape for the culprits.

Raegan shared her analysis with Cary, and Cary found her plan nice.

However, Cary couldnt let a girl without practical experience take such a significant risk.

Raegan pressed, Time is pressing. Cary, I know you understand this is the best method, and Im capable of completing the task.

Cary pondered deeply but ultimately declined. They had protocols and could not permit civilians to engage in such risks, especially someone like Raegan who was unarmed. Thanks for your contribution, but I cant agree to this. We cant risk your life. Please stay where you are and wait for our rescue, he insisted.

Raegan nodded, I understand. She comprehended the commanders predicament. Allowing civilians to take such risks was out of the question.

But with a madman like Lorenzo on the loose, every minute of delay put Mitchel in greater danger.

Thus, after ending the call, Raegan immediately dialed her father without hesitation.

Landen, her father, was unaware of Raegans dangerous situation because Erick had kept many things from him due to Landens condition.

Raegan called out, Dad She tried to mask her emotions, but her voice faltered as soon as she spoke.

Landen instantly sensed the distress in Raegans voice; his aged voice filled with concern. Raegan, whats wrong?

Raegan quickly covered up, clearing her throat. Its nothing. I just choked on some water.

Oh, have you arrived over there yet? Landen asked. He was unaware of the layover and thought Raegan was still on her business trip.

Ive arrived.

Hearing her fathers voice always had a way of stirring her emotions.

Raegan shifted the conversation. Dad, you know an old military officer whos an expert in bomb disposal, right?

Raegan recalled that her father had a close relationship with a retired military officer abroad, who was seasoned in bomb disposal and had extensive experience.

Oh, you mean Smith? What do you need him for?

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Its like this. Remember my director friend, Mae? Shes working on a film that involves explosives, and I thought it might be useful to consult Smith for some advice. Could you give me his contact details?

Landen always trusted Raegan and responded warmly, Oh, no problem at all. Ill let him know to share everything he can with you.

Thanks, dad. Raegans voice choked up a bit again.

Silly child, why be so formal with me? Be careful at work, and take care of your health. Janey is being looked after by me and Annis, so dont worry.

Okay. Dad, take care of yourself too..

I know. Let Erick know in advance to pick you up from the airport when you return.

Okay. Dad, Im going to hang up now.

A tear fell as Raegan hung up the phone. She felt torn. If she did nothing now, her survival rate would raise while Mitchels would undoubtedly decline. Another possibility was that both she and he could perish from the explosives.

Thus, she felt compelled to act, to grasp at even a sliver of hope.

She initiated a video call to Smith, forwarding him detailed photos of the explosives. Smith assessed that the device was a typical continental-style, remote-controlled bomb. He identified that the remote control wire was the yellow one.

Unaware of Raegans dangerous surroundings, Smith assumed the explosives Raegan showed him were merely props, yet they appeared incredibly realistic.

Despite being retired for many years, his expertise remained sharp.

Observing the homemade explosive, he remarked, The props used in films these days are incredibly realistic. It looks very professional.

After expressing her gratitude to Smith, Raegan gazed at the yellow wire for a long time.

She trusted Smiths judgment, and as he had noted, this was a simplified device. It seemed that proper manufacturing tools were unavailable, which would have allowed for a more refined construction.

While Lorenzos influence was substantial, it was mostly outside Ambrosia.

Ambrosia maintained strict control over such illegal devices. Due to the lack of proper manufacturing conditions, Lorenzo could not produce more sophisticated explosives and had to settle for less.

This limitation, however, presented Raegan with a chance to capitalize on this weakness and easily sever the wire.

Summoning her courage, Raegan lifted the scissors in her hand, bolstering herself to be brave. After mentally preparing for an extended period, when the moment to act finally arrived, her entire hand was trembling.

Raegan's palms were slick with sweat, making it hard for her to hold onto the scissors. With determination, she aimed the scissors at the yellow wire, closed her eyes, and braced herself to cut.

Suddenly, a loud shout burst behind her. What are you doing?

Then, there was a loud clang as the scissors were abruptly taken from her grasp by a dark figure.

Raegan looked up to find Henley's handsome, usually refined face looking decidedly restless. She frowned, Why are you here?

Who else did you expect? Henley retorted, his voice dripping with hate.