

## Unbreakable 1091

### Chapter 1091

The photo showed Lauren caressing Vicente's leg with her foot, while Vicente clung to Lauren's hand. They did this right in front of Vicente's wife.

Handing Raegan's phone back, Mrs. Potter addressed calmly, "Thank you for bringing this to my attention, Mrs. Dixon."

The very next moment, she slapped Vicente's face fiercely. Furious, she shouted, "You scoundrel! How dare you!"

Noting Mrs. Potter's anger, Vicente pointed at Lauren, shifting the blame. "She's the one to blame. She seduced me!"

Lauren went pale instantly. "Mr. Potter, stop lying!"

Mrs. Potter looked from Vicente to Lauren, then scoffed, "Where there's smoke, there's fire. Enough with the excuses!"

She hit the nail on the head with her words.

Mrs. Potter, known for her education and sophistication, would always confront her husband first in any issue, and deal with any other involved party later.

"Miss Murray, I am impressed. It seems this is the way how Alpire Studio operates. I'll be sure to warn my friends about it," Mrs. Potter said, then turned and left without a second glance at her husband.

Lauren, hearing this, became visibly anxious. She knew many of Mrs. Potter's friends were important clients at Alpire Studio. Worse, she was involved with some of Mrs. Potter's friends' husbands. If this got out, she'd be ruined.

In desperation, Lauren turned to Vicente. "Please, Mr. Potter, you must speak good of me in front of your wife!"

Vicente looked at Lauren with disdain and snorted. Worried about his position at the company, he quickly distanced himself from Lauren.

"You bitch! You're the one who came onto me first!"

"That's a lie! How could you accuse me like that, you... You jerk!"

Lauren retorted.

In an instant, the two of them quarreled and tangled with each other.

Lauren was no match for Vicente's strength. In the fight, she lost some hair, and blood trickled from the corner of her mouth.

Lauren fell to the ground and desperately grabbed Mitchel's feet.

"Mitchel, please, you have to help me..."

Seeing Mitchel's handsome face covered by the coldness, Raegan remained silent. She recalled Erick's words about how men usually disliked women with harmful intentions the most.

Wanting a divorce, Raegan decided to play the bad guy gloating here.

She commented, "Mr. Dixon, didn't you notice your little lover asking for your help?"

To her astonishment, Mitchel commanded without any emotion, "Throw them out."

Raegan was momentarily taken aback.

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At Matteo's signal, the bodyguards swiftly escorted Lauren, Vicente, and the doorman out. The hall then regained its peaceful atmosphere.

Raegan, feeling a mix of disappointment and depression, followed Mitchel into the chamber, though unwillingly.

Once inside, she noticed they were alone and asked, "Where are the other guests?"

Mitchel, unbothered, answered, "They couldn't make it to dinner. Shall we begin?"

Raegan, speechless, doubted his honesty.

Deciding to leave as there were no other guests, she smelt the tempting aroma of the dishes on the table.

Right after she rose, her stomach rumbled loudly. How embarrassing that was!

Mitchel gestured toward the spread of food and asked softly, "You sure you want to head out now?"

Raegan found herself at a loss for words. Damn! He knew her too well!

The table was laden with all her favorite dishes.

Raegan replied hesitantly, "I guess it'd be a shame to let all this go to waste."

Hearing this, Mitchel leaned in suddenly, his eyes burning with intensity. "Before you enjoy the dishes, can I ask you something?"

They were so close that Raegan could smell his cologne, making her heart race. Was he trying to charm her?

She leaned back, feeling a bit uneasy, and asked, "What's that?"

"Are you happy with it?" Mitchel inquired.

"What exactly do you mean?" Reagan asked, a bit puzzled by his question.

Mitchel leaned in closer, backing Reagan against the wall. "I mean, are you happy with how I've handled things, honey?"

Mitchel's warm breath enveloped Reagan.

Mitchel leaned casually with his right arm draped over the chair's back. His lips were mere inches from Reagan's face.

Reagan's heart raced with nervousness, almost choking her.

Memories of the scene when Mitchel ki\*sed and bit her the other day flooded her mind.

The marks of that encounter still lingered on her skin and served as visible reminders during her showers.

The rush of embarrassment made Reagan blush as she thought about it.

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She tried to back away, only to find herself cornered by the cold wall, chilled by the air conditioner. Facing Mitchel who was so close that she could almost feel his Lips on hers, Reagan stammered a warning, "If you... If you come any closer, I will call the police and sue you for sexual assault!"

Mitchel responded with a burst of laughter and his finger playfully flicked her forehead.

"Ah!" Reagan's pretty face twisted in discomfort and she instinctively covered her forehead with

her hand as she glared at him.

With a smile, Mitchel gently touched the tip of Raegan's nose. "Well, you could call this domestic abuse," he said.

His voice sounded almost like music to her ears. Raegan's face blushed immediately.

Raegan soon realized that his words hinted at something. It suggested they were a couple.

She averted her gaze from Mitchel and awkwardly changed the conversation. "Aren't you hungry? The food is going cold."

At her words, Mitchel drew back and watched Raegan as she ate.

The table was laid with all Raegan's preferred dishes. Not that she wasn't accustomed to fine dining. After all, the Foster family employed a Michelin-starred chef. It was just that the dishes her family's chef made lacked something. However, both the ingredients and the cooking methods of the dishes from this restaurant were more to her liking.

Mitchel rolled up his sleeves, put on the special gloves, and slowly prepared the crab meat for Raegan.

Raegan had a fondness for crabs but found eating them a hassle.

Sometimes, she even cut her fingers on the shells. Given her delicate health, even a small cut could lead to infection.

At home, the staff would only serve her crab meat that had been pre-processed, to avoid any risks. That was why Raegan never had crabs at restaurants.

To her astonishment, Mitchel displayed surprising skills. In no time, he had neatly peeled several crabs on his plate.

It was crabs' season, so the seafood was super fresh and juicy, and the aroma made Raegan's mouth water.

She hadn't expected Mitchel to be a fellow crab lover. As a seafood lover herself, it was almost a form of torture watching Mitchel skillfully peel the crabs right before her.

Struggling to control her craving, Raegan looked away, stood up, and declared, "I'm full. I should head home now."

Mitchel removed his gloves, stopped her, and made her sit back on the seat.

He then placed a plate of succulent crab meat before her.

"Finish these first," he said lightly.

Raegan, taken aback, asked, "Aren't you going to have any?"

Mitchel's eyes darkened slightly. He then remembered that Raegan had lost her memory and wouldn't recall his allergy to seafood.

"I can't eat seafood due to my allergy, so it's all for you,"

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Mitchel explained.

This revelation made Raegan feel uneasy, like she was sitting on a bed of thorns. She hadn't realized Mitchel was preparing the crab meat for her.

As Raegan gazed at the plate heaped with crab meat, she contemplated their current relationship, feeling she shouldn't give in too easily.

She thought about refusing the gesture, and even considered tossing the crab meat in the trash, which would surely infuriate Mitchel.

Raegan was torn, debating with herself.

Eventually, she justified accepting the food as not wanting to let it go to waste.

With a smile, she thanked him, "Thank you, then."

She then began to eagerly devour the seafood.

Mitchel watched her enjoy the meal and his expression turned distant for a moment. His mind was awash with memories from the past. In the days leading up to Raegan's car incident, Raegan had been deeply unhappy and her smile was lost.

Mitchel was filled with mixed feelings. Perhaps what Erick said was right. It was a blessing that Raegan had forgotten those dark times.

Everyone who loved Raegan hoped she would leave behind those troubling memories and embark on a fresh start. In the end, only himself remained ensnared in the past and was unable to move forward.

Determined, Mitchel resolved to make amends to Raegan. Regardless of how others perceived him – whether overbearing or selfish – it didn't faze him. His sole desire was to have Raegan close to him, day and night.

Meanwhile, Raegan had quickly finished her plate of seafood.

Mitchel offered Raegan a tissue and his gaze softened. "If you enjoyed it, I'll make sure to prepare more next time. But remember, too much seafood isn't great for your health," he cautioned gently.

Content with the meal, Raegan warmed up in her demeanor. She smiled, reminiscing, "My husband used to prepare crabs for me, too. His name was Kabir, you know."

At the mention of Kabir, Mitchel's hand tensed and he couldn't help but grab Raegan's slender wrist abruptly.

Raegan's words felt like a sharp, unseen blade piercing Mitchel's heart. The thought of Raegan's time abroad, falling for another man, and even starting a family with that man filled Mitchel with pain.

Mitchel felt a twisted sense of relief that Kabir was no longer alive. He shuddered to think what he might have done if Kabir were still around.

"Mr. Dixon, Mr. Dixon..." Raegan's voice, laced with concern, broke through Mitchel's thoughts. He snapped back to reality and released his hold on her wrist. Despite this, a shadow of seriousness lingered on his handsome face.

Raegan pondered over his reaction. Was Mitchel's anger because she had brought up her late husband, Kabir? If that was the case, that was thrilling! She had been contemplating ways to provoke Mitchel.

On her first day of fulfilling her duties according to their agreement, Raegan had extravagantly spent nearly ten million dollars refurbishing Mitchel's office. Also, she had taught Lauren a stern lesson. She had exerted every effort to provoke Mitchel, but he didn't seem to display any anger. Wasn't it said that Mitchel despised reckless spending and unkind behavior? Why then, did he not show his displeasure after all her efforts to get him angry?

Instead, Mitchel seemed almost amused by her mischief. He was smiling in a way that suggested he enjoyed her attempts to piss him off.

This made Raegan question the information Erick had given her about Mitchel. It appeared she had

been misguided in her approach.

Raegan remembered another detail about Mitchel, though. Rumor had it that he was extremely possessive, disliking anyone interfering with his personal or professional life, whether it involved his career or his relationships. That explained Mitchel's near loss of composure at the mention of Kabir.

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With this new strategy in mind, Raegan spent the journey back sharing her memories of Kabir with Mitchel. She recounted her memories with Kabir, describing how he used to send her sunflowers, take her to the seaside, and often carry her back home.

She emphasized Kabir's name with each story.

As she persisted, she noticed Mitchel's expression growing increasingly dark. This reaction filled Raegan with a triumphant feeling. She reveled in the thought that her words were finally agitating him. She hoped her provocations would drive him to the point of seeking a divorce immediately. Caught up in her efforts to annoy Mitchel, Raegan was surprised when he suddenly halted the car. Raegan looked out the window and realized she had no idea where they were. With a puzzled look, she inquired, "Why are we stopping?"

Mitchel extended his hand and grabbed a cigarette from its case. He was about to light it but then decided against it. He placed the cigarette between his lips, squinting slightly. "I stopped because I want to give my full attention to your story. Please, continue."

Mitchel felt a surge of frustration as Raegan continued to ramble about her late husband, whom she dearly missed. This made it hard for him to focus on driving.

Raegan was taken aback by his reaction. She hadn't anticipated that Mitchel would be interested in hearing her past with another man.

Feigning shyness, she said softly, "But what I have left to tell is quite personal, and I'm not sure it's appropriate to share with you..."

Suddenly, the air around them grew tense and awkward.

Mitchel struggled to keep his anger in check. The thought of something personal... Huh! He bit back any harsh words. Then, he raised his eyebrows and gave Raegan a cold look. "What do you mean by 'something personal'?"

Unaware of the danger in his words, Raegan answered, "You know, the kind of intimate moments shared between a husband and wife."

Despite her claim, she actually couldn't recall any specific details.

ALL she remembered was Kabir's kindness toward her. Her memories were faint, and she struggled to picture his face without a photograph for reference.

Left with no other choice, Raegan fabricated, "In any case, Kabir was awesome!"

Upon hearing her words, Mitchel couldn't help but laugh out loud. He casually tossed the cigarette out of the window and unbuttoned the top button of his shirt. He then stretched his arms across the back of the seat and leaned in toward her.

In an instant, Raegan found herself enveloped in his arms. She looked up and met Mitchel's intense gaze.

Caught off guard, Raegan was unsure how to react.

Mitchel looked deeply into her eyes for a moment, then said in a raspy voice, "You mentioned that your husband was awesome, didn't you?"

Mitchel leaned down and fixed Raegan with a fierce gaze. "How good was he?"

"Uh... Well..." Raegan stuttered for a couple of seconds, struggling to find words. It was nothing but a lie. How could she possibly describe how good her late husband was?

Mitchel's captivatingly handsome face drew nearer. When he spoke, his voice was husky and seductive. "Do you need a ruler to measure it and see who's better?"

Raegan remained utterly wordless. Her expression was frozen like a deer caught in the headlights. She blinked twice and confusedly asked, "Measure what?"

Mitchel, with his voice huskier than ever, replied, "What do you think?"

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Raegan's eyes widened as realization dawned on her. What the hell?

"You remember Kabir's very well. Can't you remember mine?" Mitchel held her hand and began to lead her hand to his private part. "Let me help you recall some memories."

Raegan sensed that he was up to something and instinctively tried to withdraw her hand. However, his grip was tight and unyielding. Uneasy feelings crept over her. What a jerk!

"You pervert!" Raegan shouted at the top of her lungs, her voice trembling with fear.

"Me? A pervert?" Mitchel smiled faintly, which made Raegan shiver.

"Don't you like to reminisce? Well, in that case..." He lifted her chin with his slender, graceful fingers and continued, "Let me refresh your memory about what we were up to when you called me honey, shall I?"

Raegan's feigned composure shattered, and she began, "Mitchel, you.

Her words, however, dissolved into his ki\*s.

"Um..." Raegan tried to resist but was ensnared in his embrace, and the ki\*s intensified by the second. Despite being weakened by the fervent ki\*s, she struggled against his hold.

Raegan began to feel a deep sense of aversion. She tried to push him away several times, but Mitchel deftly pinned her hand against the window.

Her chest felt heavy, and it was hard to breathe. Just as she was about to gasp for air, Mitchel eased off a little and, in a deep, husky voice, murmured, "Can't even catch your breath?"

Mitchel had noticed last time that Raegan often forgot to breathe during their ki\*s, considering they hadn't shared one in years.

Mitchel's eyes darkened as he pondered over this. She didn't know how to ki\*s... This realization surprised Mitchel and brought him happiness.

"From now on, if you call someone else so intimately in front of me, I'll ki\*s you!" Mitchel declared.

It might sound absurd, but Mitchel, for some reason, had problems with the late Kabir.

Raegan, still simmering with anger, pushed Mitchel away and retorted, "You're crazy! Kabir is my husband.

Mitchel adopted a stern expression and said in a threatening tone, "You said it again. Prepare to face the consequences!"

Raegan struggled to find the words to retort. What a bastard!

“Call me ‘honey,’ and I’ll let you go,” Mitchel bargained.

With her face red with fury, Raegan spat, “You wish!”

Mitchel drew Raegan into his arms and chuckled. “Then, come here.”

Having realized resisting was futile, Raegan widened her eyes and scolded, “You bastard! This is sexual harassment!”

Mitchel lowered his head and pressed his lips against hers. “I’m ki\*sing my wife. It’s not against the law.”

Raegan was speechless. She was trapped in his embrace, and the ki\*s grew fervent as moments went by. Each of Mitchel’s ki\*sses seemed to stretch on endlessly. If they continued, she might not come home until dawn.

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Gasping for breath, Raegan whispered, “Stop... Um... Stop..

Sensing her discomfort, Mitchel restrained himself and stopped. For five years, he hadn’t been intimate with any other woman, except for that first meeting where he couldn’t resist ki\*sing and biting her.

One ki\*s was far from satisfying his desire.

Mitchel gasped, which made his Adam’s apple bob, and asked, “Are you going to call me ‘honey’?”

Although Raegan had no memory of her having sex, she wasn’t naive.

Mitchel’s intentions were crystal clear.

With her face red in anger, Raegan asked, “Have you no shame?”

Mitchel’s lips slightly curved upward. He just loved seeing her annoyed. How he wished he could go back to the nights when they had sex.

“Don’t be shy.” He smiled and, with a husky voice, continued, “We’ve had sex many times. I’ve lost count of how many times in this car...”

Since Raegan’s hands were restrained, she could only grit her teeth and reprimand him, “Shame on you!”

Mitchel remained unfazed. He pressed her body once again and declared, “If you keep saying ‘no,’ I won’t stop.”

In fear, Raegan turned her face away and reluctantly called out, “Honey...”

An abrupt silence enveloped the car.

In Mitchel’s dark eyes, an inexplicable surge of emotion welled up.

He firmly grasped her jaw, turned her face toward him, and commanded, “Look at me and say it again.”

Raegan was stunned. ALL she wanted was to call him a bastard! Sadly for her, she had no choice but to comply.

At this moment, she stared at Mitchel’s face, gnashed her teeth, and uttered the word “honey” six times in a row. Seeing that he seemed hesitant, she surmised he wasn’t satisfied.

“Don’t go too far!” Raegan snapped.

If it came down to it, she could tolerate their marriage, but she refused to be a pushover.

Mitchel gazed at her with his captivating eyes and remarked, “That sounds nice.”

He had waited for five long years, thinking he'd never hear her call him "honey" again. Raegan was at a loss. She could feel a sense of melancholy in his words. Her heart softened upon hearing him. But considering his behavior, it didn't take long before it hardened again. This rascal didn't deserve her sympathy! At West Lake Villa, as soon as Raegan stepped out of the car, a small, soft body pounced on her.

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Raegan quickly crouched down, wrapped the little girl in her embrace, and planted a ki\*s on the latter's cheek. "Janey!"

With a happy smile on her beautiful little face, Janey hugged Raegan back. "Mommy!"

"Janey just had some fruit and went out to play," Annis explained.

"Mommy, did Erick send you back?" Janey asked Raegan in an adorable voice.

"No..." Before Raegan could finish her words, Janey, with her short legs, clambered into the car and caught sight of Mitchel's handsome face.

"Daddy!" Janey exclaimed in an endearing voice, her eyes lighting up.

Mitchel's handsome visage froze at the sight of Janey's charming face.

His intuition, it seemed, had been spot on. This was unquestionably Raegan's daughter. The child of Raegan and Raegan's late husband.

This thought sent a sharp pang through Mitchel's heart, rendering it so constricted that breathing became a struggle.

Meanwhile, the endearing Janey eagerly embraced Mitchel, her arms encircling Mitchel's neck, as she inquired with innocence, "Daddy, are you here to see me?"

Janey's spontaneous gesture left Mitchel in a state of bewilderment.

Truth be told, aside from Raegan, Mitchel had an aversion to being touched by others, be they adults or children.

Nevertheless, the more Janey gazed at Mitchel, the more she liked him.

To everyone's astonishment, Janey planted an unexpected ki\*s on Mitchel's face.

Janey had wanted Mitchel to be her father. The longer she looked at him, the more she found to like him, eagerly anticipating the moment she could boast to Ann about her incredibly handsome father.

In Janey's eyes, Ann's father paled in comparison.

Despite Raegan's teachings about avoiding disparaging remarks, Janey vividly recalled the last time Ann insulted her with the term "bastard." Ann's father, in turn, laughed at the remark.

This fueled Janey's private disdain for Ann's father, muttering curses under her breath.

In a sweet voice, Janey asked, "Daddy, can we go to the amusement park?"

Mitchel, wearing a complicated expression, attempted to respond but found himself at a loss for words. Janey had pressed close and planted a gentle ki\*s on his cheek.

Surprisingly, Mitchel didn't find the sweet ki\*s from this unfamiliar girl distasteful. Instead, an unexplainable sense of affection welled up from the depths of his heart.

Initially intending to gently push Janey away, Mitchel found himself holding her back instead. His concern stemmed from the fear that she might fall and hurt herself. This marked the first time Mitchel felt unsure about how to handle Janey nestled in his arms.

Meanwhile, Janey gazed at Mitchel with her wide, admiring eyes, captivated by his presence.

As their eyes locked, Mitchel glimpsed his own reflection in Janey's innocent gaze. Suddenly, a thought crossed his mind. How wonderful it would be if this little girl were Raegan's and his own. Although he recognized the notion as absurd, he couldn't shake it.

## Chapter 1099

Janey, despite only meeting Mitchel once at the airport, harbored a deep liking for him. She stubbornly believed that Mitchel should be her daddy, drawn to him because his face resembled the one from her dreams.

As Mitchel held Janey in his arms, a sudden panic gripped Raegan, her face turning pale. The unsettling idea that Mitchel might steal Janey away from her flashed through her mind, leaving her shocked.

But, to her knowledge, he wasn't Janey's biological father.

"Janey!" Raegan shouted anxiously as she swiftly snatched Janey out of Mitchel's arms. "Don't call him like that again!"

Janey was shocked by Raegan's reaction, and her lips pursed as if on the verge of tears.

Observing this, Mitchel couldn't help but feel a pang of sympathy for Janey.

Just as Mitchel was about to say something, Raegan squatted down and met Janey's eyes, her tone notably softer but serious. "Janey Foster, this man is not your father. You can't just call a stranger 'Daddy'.

Understand?"

A stranger? Raegan's words descended on Mitchel like an unanticipated cascade of icy water, causing him to recoil in surprise. So that was what he was to her now. A stranger. Had their baby survived, she would likely have been just as adorable as Janey. Regrettably, it was impossible. Confused, Janey glanced between Mitchel and Raegan, feeling wronged and on the brink of tears. She had chosen Mitchel as her daddy since their meeting at the airport.

Raegan let out a sigh, her voice gentle as she spoke to Janey. "Come here, sweetheart. I need you to understand something. The man over there is not your father. If you keep calling him 'Daddy,' it might cause some problems for him. Do you understand me?"

Janey, being still in her early years, couldn't fully comprehend everything. Yet, she instinctively understood the importance of not causing trouble for other people. So, the daddy she had chosen didn't wish to have a little girl like her? A wave of sadness engulfed her.

At that moment, Janey felt as if she had offered someone her favorite doll, only to have it callously discarded.

Janey's eyes welled up with disappointment as she responded, "Okay, I see..."

Upon witnessing Janey's emotional state, Raegan tenderly reached out, gently touching Janey's head. "Well, say goodbye to him then."

At this time, Mitchel had already stepped out of his car, positioning himself in front of them. He had overheard Raegan's words to Janey, sensing the weight of the situation. She said Janey's calling him that way would make him troubled. Well, he didn't mind. He was prepared to embrace every challenge willingly.

Reluctantly, Janey waved at Mitchel and uttered a soft, "Goodbye, sir."

Her voice carried a somber tone, on the brink of tears.

In an instant, a heavy force seemed to strike Mitchel's heart. The desire to wrap his arms around Janey and comfort her overwhelmed him.

A complex emotion flickered in Mitchel's eyes, an uncertainty about why he felt such a profound connection to a little girl he just met.

As Mitchel continued to gaze at Janey, unblinking, Raegan's unease intensified. She was increasingly reluctant for Janey to be around Mitchel.

Unable to bear it any longer, Raegan firmly clasped Janey's hand, giving a nod to Mitchel, and began to walk away without glancing back.

"Hold on a second!" Mitchel called out, abruptly halting her departure.

Raegan halted her steps and turned around to face Mitchel.

## Chapter 1100

Pausing briefly, Mitchel said, "Don't forget to drop by my office tomorrow."

With a frown, Raegan replied, "Sure."

At this point, nothing seemed more crucial to Raegan than finalizing her divorce with Mitchel.

Watching their retreating figures, Mitchel felt an indescribable pain in his heart. Leaning against the car, he took a moment before getting inside.

Upon arriving home, Janey was visibly in a gloomy mood. She kept her head lowered, absently playing with her fingers, choosing silence over words.

Raegan recognized Janey's distress but felt helpless to console her.

Raegan couldn't let Janey call Mitchel that way. Sometimes, a small sacrifice was better than enduring prolonged sorrow. She consoled herself with the belief that Janey would eventually move on and forget about Mitchel as time passed. That way, Mitchel's face would become a distant memory for Janey.

Late at night, as the stars danced in the velvety sky, Raegan felt the weight of the day slowly lifting. The pre-orders for her studio were managed, and the city outside her window embraced a serene quiet.

Despite not being officially open, a few loyal customers had already placed orders.

The clock struck twelve as Raegan wrapped up her work.

Just then, she heard sobs emanating from Janey's room.

Concerned, Annis moved to check, but Raegan intervened, instructing Annis to go to bed. Raegan decided to investigate Janey's distress herself.

Entering Janey's room, Raegan found Janey in a state of restless sleep, occasionally sobbing.

Leaning against the bed, Raegan gently patted Janey's back and hummed a comforting lullaby.

In response to the familiar melody, Janey clutched Raegan's hand tightly.

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Witnessing her daughter's vulnerable state, Raegan's heart melted.

Janey, to her, was a precious gift from God, granting her strength to face any challenges.

After a while, Janey drifted into a peaceful slumber. However, in her sleep, tears clung to her thick eyelashes as she mumbled, "Daddy..."

There was a poignant mix of Longing and unspoken expectation in her voice.

Raegan's expression froze for a moment. She gently touched Janey's soft hair and asked with tenderness, "Do you truly yearn for a daddy, my little pumpkin?"

Ensuring Janey was sound asleep, Raegan returned to her room. However, slumber eluded her for

what felt like an eternity. Perhaps, she should consider finding a stepfather for Janey soon, someone who could play a role in Janey's upbringing.

Raegan was convinced that Kabir would support her decision if he were still around.

Yet, it would have to wait until her divorce from Mitchel was finalized.

The thought of Mitchel stirred up annoyance within Raegan. She buried her head beneath the pillow, emitting an indignant snort. That Mitchel Dixon, a real son of a gun.