

## Unbreakable 1131

### Chapter 1131

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With a push, Cary pressed Lauren against the wall. With that push, her skirt, designed for convenience, lifted, revealing her form, and the sight was enticing.

Cary chuckled, his eyes squinting, and said with a sly smile, "You're quite the temptation, my dear.. Lauren responded with a flirtatious moan, "ALL for your pleasure..."

About fifteen minutes later, the two of them had finished. Lauren's face turned red. Just as she was becoming somewhat aroused, the sex ended abruptly due to Cary's impotence.

Cary playfully pinched her waist and inquired, "Babe, was it good for you?"

Lauren couldn't help but roll her eyes inwardly. This had to be one of the most disappointing moments of her life.

She couldn't help but compare Cary to the professional services she had used before. Those young men could perform for hours without pause.

In contrast, Cary and his limitations turned out to be a complete letdown.

Yet, Lauren purposefully blushed and replied sweetly, "Of course, Cary, you're amazing. How could you be so skilled?"

Pleased with her response, Cary teasingly pinched her and said, "It's all thanks to you, my dirty little bitch."

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Lauren, unashamedly flattering, continued to shower him with compliments, "I could never keep up with you. You're such a stud!"

Cary beamed with satisfaction upon hearing her words. Raising an eyebrow arrogantly, he spanked her hard and said, "You'd better not go whoring around when I'm not around. Have you been seeing other guys?"

Lauren responded with a coquettish laugh, "I promise it's only you I treat this way..."

Regardless of the truth behind her words, they provided a certain satisfaction that left Cary feeling somewhat distracted.

Once the flattery had run its course, Lauren redirected her attention to the pressing issue. She enveloped Cary in her embrace, her eyes seeking answers. "Cary, can we be certain there won't be any surprises this year?"

The absence of surprises hinted that the contract would likely remain with Alpire Studio.

Cary's demeanor shifted abruptly, becoming serious and chilly in response. "This year is filled with uncertainty," he replied.

Lauren's expression underwent a rapid transformation, and she fired off her questions with urgency, "What do you mean by 'uncertainty'?"

Explain yourself, Cary!"

"This year, Crescent enjoys substantial support, courtesy of the Foster family, who have arranged for a fair competition," Cary explained.

In the realm of major entertainment corporations, clandestine dealings were common and

often ignored by leaders.

However, the explicit mention of “fair competition” indicated that Crescent had influential backers.

While they didn’t explicitly demand cooperation with Crescent, the phrase “fair competition” held nuanced implications.

It subtly suggested that the competition wasn’t solely dictated by financial influence.

Alternatively, it hinted at Crescent’s significant strength to engage in such a fair contest.

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Lauren was taken aback by this revelation. How had the Foster family suddenly entered the picture? Raegan’s true identity as a member of the Foster family remained a closely guarded secret, known to only a select few in Ardlens.

With an arrogant assumption, Lauren speculated that Raegan might have conspired with someone from the Foster family, further stoking her frustration.

“Cary, you must find a solution for me. I absolutely need to secure this contract.” When Lauren used the word “must”, she meant it.

Failure was not an option.

Cary frowned and replied, “Then you’ll have to come up with a plan, or it will be a difficult challenge to overcome...”

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A plan? Lauren suddenly recalled Cary’s coveted gaze at Raegan during dinner. Although he hadn’t said anything, it hadn’t escaped the notice of those around him. This Lothario!

With a flattering smile, Lauren suggested, “What if we orchestrate a scandal involving allegations of sexual bribery with Crescent?”

Cary appeared puzzled, asking, “What do you have in mind?”

Lauren leaned in, whispering her plan into Cary’s ear.

Cary’s eyes narrowed with excitement, and he enthusiastically slapped his thigh, declaring, “Let’s proceed with that!”

The dinner gathering lasted quite a while.

Halfway through the dinner, Raegan excused herself and went to the restroom down the hall.

When Raegan came out, she noticed a woman coming out of the family restroom but disappeared a second later.

The woman seemed somewhat familiar. Apart from that, there were some few strange sounds emanating from the family restroom.

Raegan frowned, and she was about to open the door of the restroom and check what was going on when someone spoke from behind her.

“Raegan.”

Raegan turned around and found Katie standing behind her.

Katie’s gaze flicked toward the family restroom behind Raegan before she narrowed her eyes. Then, Katie turned her attention back to Raegan and said, “Sorry, I didn’t have a chance to say hello to you earlier.”

Raegan was a little confused. She had already made it clear that she didn’t know Katie, so

she didn't understand why they needed to greet each other.

Katie's lips curved upwards into a warm smile. "Mitchel mentioned that you have amnesia and that's why you don't remember me. Allow me to reintroduce myself. I'm Katie Glyn, and I've known Mitchel since we were children."

Raegan arched her eyebrow and inquired, "What does that have to do with me?"

Katie paused for a moment, then smiled gently. "I just wanted to say hello."

Katie's calm words had zero effect on Raegan. Raegan's tone remained cold. "Why would you say hello to me? Aren't you Mitchel's friend?"

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I fail to see how this concerns me. Is there a reason why you should talk to me? Were we close before?"

Raegan's string of questions made Katie's face turn pale.

Katie was the esteemed daughter of the Glyn family and was also the vice president of the Dixon Group. Both attributes combined made her an influential figure in Ardlens. As a result, she was treated with respect and deference by everyone she came across. It had been ages since anyone dared to challenge her like this.

Despite feeling her temper rise, Katie forced a smile and spoke calmly to Raegan. "You seem to have misunderstood me, Raegan. I simply happened to walk by and when I saw you, I thought I should have a word with you."

Raegan's demeanor remained the same as she coolly retorted, "I didn't misunderstand anything. I really don't want to talk to you."

Raegan was not the type of person to unjustly mistreat someone.

However, while Katie's words seemed polite on the surface, Raegan knew exactly what she was trying to imply.

A discerning ear would pick up on the subtle tone of superiority in Katie's introduction. By saying she grew up with Mitchel, she was trying to tell Raegan that she was Mitchel's childhood sweetheart.

Raegan's expression turned sour. She never imagined there were so many potential love interests around Mitchel. Not only did he have Lauren, his crazy first love, but also a childhood sweetheart. Indeed, Mitchel's outstanding looks and excellence were attractive to women. But Raegan didn't understand how this had anything to do with her. They had already divorced, so she hoped these people would stop bothering her.

As far as this little introduction was concerned, Raegan felt justified in her hostility.

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Katie's Lips trembled as she struggled to form a smile. "Raegan, have I hurt your feelings? Do you think that Mitchel and I..."

Katie didn't finish her sentence, leaving enough room for imagination.

Raegan glanced at her and enunciated in a deliberate voice, "First of all, we don't know each other, so I hope you don't pretend to be my friend. Secondly..."

Raegan smirked before continuing, “You need to understand that what you consider precious may mean nothing to others. Don’t be so confident that just because you like lame things, others will, too.”

Katie’s face drained of color immediately. She was astonished by how much Raegan had changed. In the past, Raegan was a people-pleaser and never stood up for herself when she was bullied. Now that Raegan was done saying her piece, she turned on her heel and was about to head back to the chamber when she bumped into Mitchel who just came out of the chamber. Mitchel’s handsome face was dark and cold and his thin lips were tightly pursed. His displeased expression made it clear that he had heard Raegan’s words.

Raegan knew her words must have hurt Mitchel’s pride. However, she didn’t feel any sympathy toward him. She only found the woman around him annoying. She didn’t spare him a second glance and walked away.

Mitchel hesitated, his fist clenching and then relaxing as if he was unsure whether to grab her. Eventually, he decided against it.

Katie breathed a sigh of relief. In fact, she had seen Mitchel coming out early on. Moreover, she always paid attention to her reputation and the impression she left on others. On the surface, there was nothing wrong with what she just said. Any outsiders who heard her would think that she wanted to catch up with Raegan.

But in reality, Katie wanted to use this opportunity to make Mitchel see how hostile Raegan became.

Katie approached Mitchel at a leisurely pace, her gaze fixed on him and a smile on her lips. “I don’t understand why Raegan is upset. It seems like there was a misunderstanding somewhere. Do you think I should apologize and clarify things with her?”

Katie was confident that Mitchel wouldn’t find anything wrong with what she just said to Raegan. In fact, she was certain that her words made her seem generous.

## Chapter 1134

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Mitchel’s thin lips parted slightly. He replied, “Don’t bother.”

Mitchel knew better than anyone why Raegan was acting this way. Her actions were not driven by anger or jealousy. In truth, she despised everyone around him because she disliked him.

Oblivious to Mitchel’s thoughts, Katie took his words as superficial meaning and was delighted, thinking he was siding with her and deemed Raegan being unreasonable. The more unreasonable Raegan acted, the more magnanimous she had to be.

Affecting a concerned expression, Katie murmured, “Don’t take Raegan’s words too personally. I’m sure she didn’t intend for them to be hurtful.”

Again, her words were delicately chosen. While her words appeared comforting on the surface, they were making Mitchel replay Raegan’s words in his mind.

After all, Raegan just called Mitchel a lame thing.

Mitchel had never been described with such an adjective in his life.

If he was a lame thing, then there was no good thing in this world.

Mitchel didn't bother looking at Katie and warned, "She doesn't like you. You should avoid her in the future and not make her angry."

Katie was stunned. The smile on her face froze. She thought she must have misheard. "Mitchel, what do you mean?"

Mitchel stared at Katie. "I'm pursuing her now, so I don't want any unnecessary misunderstandings. Since she doesn't like you, just give her a wide berth and avoid her from now on."

This time, there was no way Katie could misunderstand his words.

Instantly, she felt as if she had been slapped in public.

Katie flushed hot with embarrassment. As an heiress of a prominent family and vice president of a renowned company, she had to steer clear of a relatively unknown design director. Not only that, but she also had to make way for Raegan when she saw Raegan! She couldn't comprehend the logic behind this.

Despite her usual etiquette and generosity, Katie couldn't shake the feeling of dissatisfaction at the current situation.

Katie's smile vanished as she fought to control her emotions.

"Mitchel, did you ever consider my feelings?"

Katie's words carried a touch of grievance. This wasn't something she aimed for after enduring so much these years.

Katie came from a decent family. Marrying into wealth was no challenging task for her. But for the public to get the wrong id

ea of her being Mitchel's fiancée, she put up with the coverage of belittling her for her failure to marry Mitchel.

She did it all for Mitchel. She was dead set on marrying him. To her, Mitchel's wealth and power were just the cherry on top. She had fallen for him for years. She was certain no one in the world could love Mitchel more than she did.

Mitchel looked up at Katie, his words cold and unyielding. "I've decided to win Raegan back," he declared. "I'll talk to my mother.

If you find it hard to convince your parents, I'll handle it. Don't worry. I'll take all the blame, so your reputation won't suffer." His tone left no room for discussion.

Katie realized the more content she had felt moments earlier, the more humiliated she felt now.

In essence, Mitchel was telling Katie that she was no longer useless to him. After all, he had opposed the marriage with her all along.

Chapter 1135

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It was Katie who had spread the rumors and taken advantage of the situation.

At that time, Mitchel wasn't following entertainment news, so he remained unaware until it exploded in the media.

Although Mitchel had denied the rumors back then, the public assumed he simply wanted to keep it private, and no one doubted their relationship.

Later, Katie approached Mitchel for help, expressing her reluctance to rush into marriage despite her parents' consistent nagging. Katie proposed the idea of putting on an act of them being in a relationship to handle their own parents' nagging.

Upon hearing Mitchel's words, Katie felt a wave of dizziness and struggled to stand. It took her a considerable time to steady herself.

She was wise enough not to fixate on the matter. Quickly regaining her composure, she said gently, "Okay, it's up to you."

Hearing this, Mitchel nodded without any expression. He started walking toward his car, and Katie hurried to catch up with him.

As Katie intended to hop in, Mitchel turned to her. "I had asked Matteo to arrange another car for you," he said.

Katie's face paled at his words. In the past, she and Mitchel often arrived and left several places together. Though Matteo was usually behind the wheel and Mitchel was in the backseat, she would simply sit in the passenger seat, leaving room for the reporters to spin some tales.

Just as Katie had expected, the reporters had always overlooked Matteo, constantly featuring her and Mitchel in headlines.

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However, Mitchel wouldn't even let her get in his car now. Katie looked at him, a mix of fury and sorrow in her eyes. Today's events had hit her hard, leaving her feeling downcast.

"Do you really have to treat me this way, Mitchel?" Katie's voice wavered, betraying her upset, and she struggled to hold back sobs.

Mitchel, unable to ignore it, looked up at her with a sharp, questioning gaze.

Feeling his intense stare, Katie quickly composed herself, holding back her tears. "I just meant we've always been seen together," she explained. "It was all for work, so people wouldn't misinterpret our relationship."

Mitchel responded icily, "I'm not concerned about what others think.

I'm worried Raegan might get the wrong idea."

Before Raegan's unexpected return, Mitchel paid little mind to such trivialities. Now, things were different.

Mitchel suspected Raegan might not be as affected by these rumors as he feared. From his observations, it seemed she wasn't particularly interested in him. Yet, he was keen to avoid any misunderstanding.

He'd learned his lesson from his indulgence of Lauren's doings. In short, he didn't want Raegan to misunderstand him again.

"I'll have the PR department issue a clarification," Mitchel stated flatly. "I hope you'll cooperate. From now on, Matteo will handle everything. You don't need to deliver any documents to me personally."

Katie, at a loss for words, fought to maintain her composure and managed a forced smile as she replied, "I understand. I'll be more cautious in the future." "But Mitchel, my father's health has been poor lately. Could you delay the statement until he's better?"

Mitchel's frown deepened, prompting Katie to quickly add, "It won't take long. Maybe just half a month, okay? Plus, I've already made a statement before, and I've never told anyone that we're engaged."

Could you do this for me, for my father's sake?"

The Glyn family had always stood by Mitchel, supporting him when no one else did.

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Mitchel, a reasonable man, nodded his agreement before stepping into his car.

Katie entered the other vehicle arranged by Matteo. As their cars crossed paths, she caught a glimpse of Mitchel's profile. Even in imperfect light, his features struck her as a work of art. This sight made her clench her fists.

Katie found herself thinking about the two people she had encountered near the bathroom earlier. She realized she wasn't the only one eager to see Raegan out of the picture. With this thought, she relaxed her grip and leaned back comfortably in the seat.

The glow from a street lamp illuminated her face, which now bore a determined, almost fierce look. She was resolute. No one would take Mitchel from her.

In the other car, Matteo glanced over his shoulder. "Mr. Dixon, where to next?" he inquired.

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Mitchel, massaging his temples wearily, replied in a subdued tone, "Just wait a moment." He was waiting for Raegan, who hadn't emerged yet.

Matteo, noticing the fatigue on Mitchel's face, couldn't help but feel concerned for Mitchel. He offered, "Should I get someone to drive you home, and I'll wait here?"

"No, don't bother," Mitchel replied, glancing at the exit and checking the time. He was expecting Raegan to have come out by now.

Worried, Mitchel instructed, "Go check on her. If she's in trouble, help her out directly."

Receiving the command, Matteo nodded and stepped out of the car.

Meanwhile, in the chamber, Raegan finished her water in one gulp. She had insisted she was driving herself and couldn't have any alcohol.

But truthfully, she just had a low alcohol tolerance. Without a trusted companion, she wouldn't drink in the company of strangers.

The dinner was lively, with everyone in high spirits. Cary, seeking to further brighten the mood, offered to play some games.

Leaving early seemed inappropriate for Raegan, as it might dampen the lively atmosphere.

While seated, Raegan started feeling dizzy and her heart began racing.

She tried to leave, but lost her balance as soon as she stood, breaking into a sweat.

Cary quickly summoned a waiter and assisted Raegan to the Lounge.

Once in the lounge, Raegan's headache intensified, and she suspected something was wrong. She reached for her phone to call Erick, only to realize she didn't have it with her. It must have been left on the table.

Raegan struggled to her feet, intending to ask the waiter for her phone. As she moved towards the door, it swung open.

Cary walked in. His eyes widened upon seeing her unsteady stance.

“Miss Foster, what’s the matter?” he asked as he approached swiftly.

Raegan felt her head spinning, her body burning up. She struggled to focus. “Mr. Blake, could you help me get my phone?” she managed to say.

Cary reached into his pocket and produced a foldable phone. “Is this yours, Miss Foster?” he inquired, holding it out.

Raegan’s vision blurred, making everything appear double, including the phone in Cary’s hand. “Yes, it’s mine. Please, hand it over,” she replied, her voice strained.

Chapter 1137

Cary extended the phone toward Raegan. But as Raegan reached out, his grip unexpectedly loosened. The phone slipped from his hand and fell to the floor with a distinct click.

Cary looked down at the fallen phone and then at Raegan, a sly smile playing on his lips. “Oops, my bad. Your phone is broken now,” he said casually.

Raegan crouched down to retrieve her phone, only to discover it was no longer working.

At this point, a suspicion began to form in her mind. The restaurant’s floor was carpeted. How could her phone have broken so easily? This thought, coupled with her current physical state, made her wary.

As Raegan surveyed her surroundings, she noticed Cary inching closer.

A spark of realization ignited in her heart. With a determined effort, she bit her tongue tip and pinched her palm, forcing herself to stand. “Mr. Blake, I’m feeling better now. Let’s leave,” she declared.

Cary blocked her path, eyeing her seemingly composed expression with doubt. Had the pill not worked as he expected?

Raegan met his gaze and offered a smile. “Shall we go now, Mr. Blake?” she asked.

Cary didn’t see this coming. If the pill didn’t work on Raegan, manipulating her would be challenging. If the drug had taken effect, he could argue that a delirious Raegan seduced him. But if the pill didn’t work on Raegan, Raegan might accuse him of sexual harassment. This possibility made Cary uneasy. With an awkward smile, he said, “I’ll stay here for a bit more rest. You go ahead.”

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“Okay. See you later, Mr. Blake.” Raegan maintained her composure as she spoke.

Raegan was about to open the door when Cary’s somber voice stopped her. “Wait a second!”

His voice made Raegan’s heart race. She froze, hearing the sound of leather shoes approaching.

“Miss Foster, what’s wrong with your arms? Why are they trembling like that?” Cary was getting closer to Raegan, filled with feigned concern. “How about I take a look at your arms? I’m quite skilled in massage,” Cary offered.

At his words, Raegan felt a chill run down her spine. Cold sweat beaded on her forehead. He had discovered her pretense!

Just as Cary’s hand menacingly reached toward Raegan, in a swift motion, Raegan spun around and hurled her phone at his forehead with all her might.

“Ouch!” Cary yelled in pain.



Seizing the moment, Raegan lunged for the door handle. To her dismay, it was locked. The next second, Cary grabbed Raegan's foot and yanked it fiercely. With a thud, Raegan tumbled to the floor. Then, Cary's sneering voice cut through the air. "You bitch! How dare you try to fool me!" Cary removed his glasses, revealing his malevolent gaze. He then leaned in close. "Despite your bitchy attitude, you're quite stunning, far more so than any film star," he said. Cary patted Raegan on the shoulder forcefully and his drool almost fell. His excitement was palpable. "I'm eager for our night together." With that, he grabbed Raegan's arm and pulled her toward the couch in the lounge.

## Chapter 1138

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"Help! Someone help me!" Raegan cried out in panic. Her fingers clawed at the carpet so fiercely that she drew blood from her nails. "Quiet!" Cary yelled as he gave her a brutal kick. "I swear, if you utter another word, I'll kill you! Be silent!" Raegan clutched her aching waist, but she didn't stop her cries for help. Cary, in his agitation, seized her hair and tried to force her face down into the couch cushion. The sensation was excruciating as if Raegan's scalp was being ripped off. The agony of her hair being yanked out brought tears to her eyes. But this pain somehow sharpened her thoughts, making her more aware of her surroundings. Through her tears, Raegan begged softly, "Mr. Blake, please, I won't resist. Just don't harm me. I'll follow your orders..." At that moment, Raegan's face was flushed. Her eyelashes were damp and quivering. This made her look pitiable yet endearing. Overcome by his desires, Cary started fumbling with his belt and his mouth spewed crude remarks non-stop. "Oh, my dear, if only you'd complied earlier, I would've given you everything you wanted," he taunted. Cary leaned forward. He licked his greasy lips and his eyes gleamed wickedly. This sight made Raegan feel sick. Realizing she had just one shot, and her strength was limited to this single attempt, Raegan acted swiftly. She deftly pulled out something hidden behind her neck. Suddenly, a jet of liquid sprayed from the tiny bottle in her hand, hitting Cary directly in the eyes. "Ah! My eyes!" Cary thrashed around wildly. His fists swung in all directions as he screamed like a madman, "You bitch! What on earth did you spray in my eyes? Damn it!" Raegan felt fortunate she always carried pepper spray in her bag and had another bottle around her neck for emergencies. She felt grateful for her foresight. She narrowly avoided Cary's wild punches by ducking. Then, seizing the moment, she kicked him, sending him tumbling off the couch.

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Cary lay on the floor, clutching his stomach and writhing in pain.

His curses and moans filled the air. "Fuck! I'll kill you!"

Mustering all her energy, Raegan crawled and scrambled toward the door. With a burst of strength, she lifted a chair and smashed it against the door lock.

"Thud!" The sound echoed as the chair made contact.

The door remained stubbornly shut after her first attempt.

Meanwhile, Cary regained some semblance of clarity, and muttered continuous threats, "I'll kill you!"

The gravity of her predicament became even clearer to Raegan.

In a bid to maintain focus, Raegan sharply slapped her own face, jolting herself back to the urgent task at hand. She grabbed the chair again and relentlessly hit the lock.

This time, her efforts paid off. After two forceful hits, the door swung open.

But Cary, still clutching his stomach, had managed to creep up behind Raegan.

Chapter 1139

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With a pained expression, Cary held her shoulder firmly.

"Ah!" Startled, Raegan screamed, spun around, and landed another kick on him.

The impact sent Cary crashing to the floor with a heavy thud.

Thankfully, Cary had overindulged in a large meal earlier, which left him less agile. If not for that, Raegan might not have been able to overpower him.

Ignoring everything else, Raegan ran for her life. Luckily, they were in a restaurant, and Cary had not set up any guards in a bid to avoid drawing attention.

However, the restaurant was eerily quiet at this hour, especially on this floor. Not a single staff member was in sight.

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Trusting on her memory, Raegan sprinted toward the elevator. Her vision started to blur because of the drug she had consumed. She anxiously watched the elevator numbers climbing floor by floor.

"You bitch!" Cary's sinister sound sent a shiver down Raegan's spine.

She hadn't anticipated Cary catching up so quickly!

Raegan had thought she was safe because the restaurant's security cameras would deter Cary from chasing after her.

But Cary had not only caught up. He was in a disheveled state. His shirt was undone, and his pants were missing. He appeared terrifying.

Raegan realized something was terribly wrong. She was overwhelmed and was feeling defeated as she leaned against the wall. Frantically, she pressed the elevator button, hoping for rescue from whoever might be inside.

Cary, staggering and drooling, slurred angrily, "You thought you could escape? You harmed me! You bitch!"

He then gripped Raegan's hair and forcefully pulled her back.  
"Ah! Let me go!" Raegan clutched her hair and cried out for help, "Help me!"

By sheer coincidence, at that moment, the elevator chimed, "Ding."

The elevator doors slid open.

Raegan caught sight of weary gray-blue eyes and instantly shouted for help, "Help me! Save me!"

Then, a sharp slap resounded.

Cary angrily threatened, "If you scream again, I'll kill you!"

Inside the elevator, Darryl leaned against the wall casually with his hands in his pockets. He appeared indifferent. He had no interest in intervening in such a petty issue.

Darryl remembered a previous incident where he had intervened in a couple's fight. After injuring the man, the woman who initially sought his help turned against him and sued. This led to a year of ridicule from his friends.

Since then, he vowed never again to meddle in others' affairs.

At that moment, Cary was pulling Raegan toward a corner of the corridor. Raegan's pleas for help grew fainter.

Chapter 1140

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The image of those weary eyes briefly flickered in Raegan's mind.

Then, in a burst of defiance, she dug her sharp nails into Cary's frenzied wrist, tearing at his flesh.

Cary winced in pain and released her. He then raised his hand to strike her. "Damn you! Ah!"

Pushed to the brink, Raegan tapped into a deep well of strength.

With no hesitation, she grabbed his arm and bit down hard. His scream of pain echoed through the corridor.

Desperate to save herself, Raegan then dashed toward the elevator.

Just as the elevator doors were closing, she gathered all her remaining energy and yelled, "Darryl! Save me!"

Darryl noticed a slender hand reaching out to stop the elevator's closing doors.

Lazily, Darryl stuck his foot out and inquired, "Who called me?"

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The next second, Raegan threw herself into his arms, pushing him back a couple of steps.

"Damn it!" Darryl grumbled, visibly annoyed. He quickly tried to push her away, wanting to keep his distance. "I'm telling you I've met countless women. I'm not easily swayed anymore. Don't try any tricks with me," he warned.

Despite his reluctance, Raegan clung to him. Her slender and soft arms wrapped around him with all her remaining strength fueled by her strong sense of escaping danger.

"Damn it!" Darryl cursed under his breath, again and again. He found himself blaming her alluring scent for his hesitation to push her away.

Then, Raegan's perfume struck him as familiar. Upon lifting her chin, her beautiful face emerged from beneath her disheveled hair.

Darryl's eyes widened in surprise. He asked in a low voice, "Raegan?"

Raegan's light fragrance intoxicated Darryl. He had never smelt such an aroma from any other woman.

Unbeknownst to him, Raegan never wore perfume. The scent was naturally hers.

Feeling uneasy, Darryl turned his head and muttered, "Let me go. I'm suffocating..."

Just as the elevator doors were about to shut, Cary charged at Raegan again. His eyes reddened, giving him a fierce appearance.

"Give her to me... Just give her to me!"

Cary's fierce look and his odd behavior suggested something was wrong with him, Darryl, with a hand on Raegan's back, straightened up quickly. His tone was icy and haughty. "Try me."

Cary froze momentarily upon hearing this. Just as he was about to attack Darryl, Darryl delivered a hard kick.

Bang! A loud noise was heard.

The power of a grown man Like Darryl far exceeded Raegan's who was under the drug's influence.