

## Unbreakable 1221

### Chapter 1221

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Upon noticing the redness of Raegan's entire palm, Mitchel couldn't keep his distress hidden. He gently grabbed her wrist, suggesting, "Let's head to the car. I have some ointment there."

Raegan, lost for words, tried to pull her hand back, intending to downplay the situation by mentioning her skin's natural sensitivity.

Despite the redness, she felt it didn't appear too serious.

However, Mitchel's firm grip left no room for protest as he insisted, "Come on. Let me take care of that."

Meanwhile, Lauren, who was reeling from the pain of being slapped, was flustered when Mitchel was about to leave. She cried out in distress, her tears flowing freely.

The bodyguards' slaps nearly ripped the skin from Lauren's lips.

Underneath, her lips were bloody, with all the flesh inside showing as red. It was horrifying and unpleasant.

After countless slaps, the bodyguards found themselves at a loss for where to strike next.

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With Raegan by his side, Mitchel cast a final glance at the scene and commanded, "Take this woman and that waiter to the police station."

The waiter's face went ghostly with fear. But witnessing what had happened to Lauren, he didn't dare to plead, knowing Mitchel's cruelty. Being taken away to the police station without being beaten like Lauren was a blessing already.

Lauren panicked at Mitchel's words. The thought of being sent to jail filled her with dread, knowing that those wealthy ladies she had offended would make things more difficult for her. They could even go as far as to torture her when she was behind bars.

Lauren knew that with a skilled lawyer, the repercussions of her drugging others could not be severe. However, being taken away to the police station and sentenced would mean having a criminal record, effectively ruining any chance of rebuilding her life in Ardlens. She couldn't face the idea of never being able to make a comeback.

"No way! I can't let this happen! There's no way I'll go in!" Lauren muttered to herself, her eyes the only part of her that remained clear, glaring at Raegan with resentment.

Then, Lauren looked desperately at Mitchel, tears in her eyes, her hands hitting the ground, her face the picture of sorrow as if she was pleading for mercy.

Raegan, indifferent to Lauren's pleading look, approached Lauren and asked coldly, "Feeling sorry now?"

Lauren was overwhelmed by pain, feeling as though her body was crawling with ants, causing her both itchiness and pain. It was killing her!

Lauren tried to speak but could only manage a weak insult. "Bitch..."

Seeing Lauren's reaction, Raegan could tell the effects of the drug kicking in. She was

reminded of the night Cary forced her onto the sofa and the struggles against her own body's reactions. She vividly remembered her desperation and her efforts to stay calm by slapping herself and biting her tongue.

Raegan felt no pity for Lauren, thinking the latter had it coming.

She sneered, "Now you're getting a taste of what I had gone through.

Enjoy it."

Raegan still had a lingering fear. Her resilience had been her salvation, fighting to save herself, clinging to hope until help arrived. She shuddered to think what could have happened that night.

Her life could be destroyed since then.

Raegan scoffed. Given the history, Lauren had likely pulled the similar taunts multiple times. This was simply karma for Lauren's doing, facing the fallout of her own misdeeds!

Chapter 1222

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Lauren's lips, trembling and unable to meet, kept repeating the same insult. "Bitch..."

Raegan smirked and commented, "Be grateful I'm not as cruel as you.

I only gave you a taste of your own medicine. Have a good night."

With those words, Raegan turned on her heels and walked away without a second glance.

Tears clouded Lauren's vision. She saw Mitchel trying to grab Raegan's hand, but Raegan brushed off his extended hand. Despite this, Mitchel continued to gaze at Raegan with affection in his eyes, as if she were a precious gem.

This stark difference in Mitchel's attitude only fueled Lauren's bitterness, making her look even more menacing with her red, tearful eyes.

"Bitch!" Her voice, rough and strained, echoed unpleasantly, filled with venom. "Die!"

Seemingly unhinged, Lauren mustered the remaining strength within her to grab and broken handle of the glass goblet she had just touched and suddenly threw at Raegan before the effects of the drug fully consumed her.

It all unfolded in seconds. The bodyguards were caught off guard, and before they knew it, it was already too late.

The broken glass, sharp as a knife, caught the light, casting an ominous glow.

Lauren, with all her strength in a desperate move, had hurled the broken glass at Raegan's neck!

The sharp handle of the glass was only a few millimeters from Raegan's neck. At this dangerously close range, it could easily cut through the main artery without any trouble.

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Two bodyguards behind Raegan hurried over, their faces filled with fear. However, it was clearly too late.

Raegan had mastered self-defense skills overseas and could avoid it in a snap.

But as she caught sight of Lauren's fierce expression, lots of images flashed in her mind all

of a sudden.

"Remember, you're nothing but an abandoned stray dog..."

"Mitchel doesn't want you or the baby you're carrying..."

"If Mitchel had not chosen to save me over you, your child might have survived..."

Lauren's harsh and misleading words echoed, followed by a different woman's voice.

"He does value you, ready to offer five billion..."

"If Lauren hadn't tricked me into abducting you..."

"I never thought he would actually prefer you over Lauren..

Right then, Raegan got a killing headache. A buzzing noise echoed in her ears, tracing a direct line. Her head was filled with a never-ending white noise. It felt as if she was under some spell, unable to move an inch.

Raegan could only watch as the crystal glass reflected the beautiful light straight at her.

Chapter 1223

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Thud! A muffled sound of flesh getting pierced was heard.

Raegan felt nothing, her face having collided with a solid chest. Her heart was racing, like it might jump out of her throat at any moment.

Strong arms wrapped tightly around her, protecting her entire body.

So tight that it was hard to breathe.

Raegan blinked and glanced at the man who was protecting her. At that moment, she saw Mitchel's panicked, scared, and concerned look mirrored in his dark eyes, with no hiding it. He was really anxious about her...

Mitchel slightly relaxed his hold and gave Raegan a thorough look from head to toe before murmuring reassuringly, "Everything's okay."

He believed Raegan was still in a state of shock. Gently, his broad hand stroked her back as he softly asked, "Are you hurt anywhere?"

Raegan bit her lip and barely whispered back, "I'm alright..."

"Ah! No!" A rough and loud scream echoed.

The bodyguards gave Lauren a few hard kicks and pushed her down firmly onto the ground.

But Lauren hadn't silenced herself yet, yelling desperately, "I'll kill you, you bitch..."

Mitchel's cold and distant handsome face briefly turned darker. He turned and walked forward with his long and confident legs, one step at a time.

The light highlighted the shadows on Mitchel's sharp features, making Lauren feel she was facing death itself. Those dark, deep eyes seemed like a deep black hole as if they could overwhelm people in a moment.

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Lauren trembled uncontrollably, but the drug twisted her into a strange form, resembling a dying snake. Her rotten lips kept trembling, barely managed to whisper, "Mitch... Ah! Ah!"

Mitchel's glossy black leather shoes stepped over Lauren's unharmed hand, the sole pressing down on all five fingers, crushing them with great force.

The surroundings became quiet.

Lauren could hear the sickening sound of her flesh and bones crunching, prompting her uncontrolled scree

ms of desperation.

Only when Lauren's five fingers were nearly crushed flat did Mitchel's shoes finally lift away. Mitchel, tall and wide, had a cold, merciless smile on his face as he looked down at Lauren. "You don't want to be taken away to the police station, right?"

Lauren's body shook violently, yet she had heard his words. The thought of staying away from the prison brought tears to her eyes as she nodded vigorously despite the pain. She assumed as long as she wasn't imprisoned, she'd have an opportunity to return and make a comeback.

At this, a slight smile appeared on Mitchel's flawless face, giving off a cold yet charming vibe. "You've made your choice. I'll respect it."

Mitchel then turned and commanded, "Take her to the Velvet Alley."

At the mention of Velvet Alley, Lauren's hands and feet grew cold, and her eyes widened in horror! That was the gathering place for human trafficking. In Ardlen, that was the very one place where the rule of law didn't apply. Mitchel wanted to send her there, which was equivalent to Living hell!

## Chapter 1224

"Ah! Ah! Ah!" Lauren was beyond scared, screaming like there was no tomorrow. The bodyguards had already pulled her out quickly.

"Ah!" Lauren fought with all her might, leaving a trail of blood on the ground with her fingertips. It was too late. With her state, she couldn't fight against these strong bodyguards, having to accept her fate unwillingly.

Raegan could tell from Lauren's reaction that Velvet Alley was far from a good place. But Lauren had it coming.

At this time, someone rushed in from outside. There stood Victor, his face filled with worry.

"Miss, are you alright?"

Raegan just shook her head, then noticed Matteo, who entered with Victor, half of his face swollen. She gave Victor a strange look.

Victor quickly said, "Miss, this guy dared to lay a hand on me, so I gave him a beating!"

The moment those words were said, everyone's faces lit up with various expressions.

The part of Matteo's face that wasn't swollen turned red. He'd never seen a woman so bold and skilled in fighting before. And he didn't mean to do so!

Mitchel looked at Matteo with deep eyes, making Matteo feel nervous.

Matteo explained quickly, "That's not how it happened. She grabbed the steering wheel out of nowhere while I was driving her here, and I wasn't paying attention..

"It was you who kept driving me around in circles on purpose!"

Victor said coldly, "My master believes that when a man leads a woman around in circles, he has bad intentions and harmful motives!"

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Matteo was left without words. He felt utterly misunderstood! ALL he wanted was to give Mitchel and Raegan some extra time to bond. How could that be seen as having bad intentions toward Victor?

Matteo glanced at Victor's chest, which lacked curves, and said, "I'm not into flat chests." Victor was left speechless.

Raegan couldn't help but think the beating was well-deserved!

Matteo met Victor's murderous eyes and quickly averted his eyes. He glanced at Mitchel, ready to talk, but his voice tightened. "Mr. Dixon, your shoulder..."

ALL eyes turned on Mitchel's shoulder, noticing the brown stains of blood on his black suit. Raegan's face turned pale. His wound clearly came from the glass Lauren had hurled at her moments ago.

The wound being on his shoulder, coupled with Mitchel's endurance for pain, Mitchel didn't wince in pain, leading none noticed his pain until Matteo remarked.

Raegan moved closer to inspect the wound, her voice tight with concern. "Why didn't you speak up when you got hurt?" Her tone clearly showed her anxiety.

Mitchel said with a scratchy voice, "It's no big deal."

Raegan stared at his bleeding blood, her eyes turning red, her brows furrowed. "You're bleeding a lot, and you say it's nothing."

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Then, she grabbed his wrist and insisted, "We're going to the hospital, no arguments."

A ripple of warmth welled up inside his heart, but Mitchel still acted tough. "No need. You can just help me rub some ointment on it."

"Fine. There's medicine in the car, right?" Raegan didn't feel the need to argue. After all, in her eyes, applying some medicine to the person who had just saved her was no big deal.

Still holding Mitchel's wrist, Raegan started to lead him toward the door.

Victor started to chase after them, but before she could get a single word out, Matteo interrupted her, "Can't you read the room?"

Matteo frowned.

Annoyed, Victor glared at Matteo.

Matteo, unfazed, continued, "My boss got injured when he saved Raegan.

It makes sense for her to help him with his injury, does it not?"

Victor retorted, "Is Raegan a doctor or a nurse? Why should she be the one to help him? What if your boss has ulterior motives and is just finding an excuse to lure her into his car?"

At this, Matteo fell silent, feeling he couldn't argue on that.

Mitchel never bothered to hide his intentions of remarrying Raegan by seizing every opportunity to get along with her. Mitchel hoped that the whole world would know how he felt about Raegan! But as a seasoned assistant, Matteo knew what he should say.

Matteo coughed and said indignantly, "Mr. Dixon isn't like that! He's a gentleman and wouldn't do anything to Raegan against her will.

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Besides, his shoulder's injured. He can't hurt her. How dare you accuse him of having any 'il terior motives'?"

Matteo showcased his eloquence. In fact, Mitchel wasn't mortally wounded. Such a minor flesh wound on his shoulder was no big deal for him. Matteo knew that Mitchel could still beat him up in the blink of an eye. But he had to convince Victor that Mitchel was weak to reassure her.

Then, Matteo dragged Victor into another car and said, "Just sit here and watch. You got nothing to worry about."

Meanwhile, in the car, Raegan stared at Mitchel's blood-soaked clothes, at a loss as to where to start. In the end, she could only frown and suggest, "How about we just go to the hospital?"

"No need. Just apply the medicine. I'll be fine." Mitchel knew his own body very well. He didn't want to go to the hospital over such an injury.

Raegan pouted and whined, "Why don't you take yourself seriously?"

Despite the unmistakable grumble in her tone, her concern was still music to Mitchel's ears. It turned out that she cared about him, albeit subconsciously. And that was a good sign.

Mitchel thought to himself that perhaps he should've gotten injured sooner.

Just then, he came up with an idea. He cleared his throat and said gruffly, "I can't use my hand. Can you help me take off my shirt to take care of my wound?"

"Uh..." Raegan blushed furiously, feeling embarrassed at the mere thought of undressing him. She would've felt uncomfortable undressing any man, let alone Mitchel.

Sensing her reluctance, Mitchel's eyes darkened. "Forget it. I'll do it myself."

Chapter 1226

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He lifted his uninjured arm and clumsily tried to unbutton his shirt.

When the last button was finally undone, he straightened his back and tried to shrug his shirt off, but it was futile. After a while, he let out a frustrated sigh.

Raegan seemed to notice his struggle. "Does it hurt?"

Sometimes it was good to admit one's weakness.

At last, Mitchel realized that Raegan yielded to a more subtle approach rather than a direct one.

Mitchel raised his eyebrows and answered in a hoarse voice, "A little..."

The pungent smell of blood permeated the air. Finally, Raegan bit her Lips and nodded, as though

she had made up her mind about something.

“Let me do it.”

Mitchel could barely hide his smile, but he tried desperately to hold it back and put on a serious face.

Shy, Raegan lowered her head to keep from staring at his defined muscles and gingerly stretched out her hand to search for the button.

But it was inevitable for her soft fingers to brush against the man’s bare skin. Her cold hands touched every part of his chest.

ALL of a sudden, Mitchel gasped.

Raegan stopped what she was doing and looked up in a hurry. “What’s wrong? Did I hurt you?”

Mitchel frowned and said in a low voice, “You touched the wrong spot.”

Raegan looked down at the part she had just touched and turned as red as a tomato. I’m sorry,” she stuttered embarrassedly.

“It’s okay. Go on...” Mitchel’s low and seductive voice seemed to make her heart race in her chest. Raegan flushed even more.

The car interior wasn’t particularly spacious with Mitchel’s stout build. One false move from Raegan, and she could hurt him. Holding her breath, she made sure to be extra careful as she tried to take off his shirt.

Finally, his shirt was half taken off. His wound was on the back of his shoulder. Raegan frowned and tried to stand up to get a clearer view of the wound. “Move over sideways, or I won’t be able to apply the ointment.”

Mitchel obediently turned sideways. Seated, Raegan still couldn’t see the wound, so she knelt one knee on the seat to prop herself up higher.

Even with her back straight, she was just tall enough to reach Mitchel’s shoulder.

She tried to lean forward, and the leather seat sank a little underneath her weight. From the rearview mirror, Mitchel could see her every movement.

Sensing that he was watching her in the mirror, Raegan looked up at their reflection curiously.

In the mirror, she could see herself kneeling down behind him, her hand resting on his shoulder. The posture looked incredibly suggestive.

Chapter 1227

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She blushed and hurriedly explained, “I had to kneel on the seat so that I could get a better look. Mitchel’s Lips curved upward into a gentle smile, but his eyes burned with desire. “Do whatever you want.”

These words... Obviously, he meant something else. Raegan’s face turned crimson. But she didn’t dare to speak her mind, lest she Look like a horny woman. He was so annoying!

Pouting, Raegan stopped feeling sorry for him and yanked his shirt off without remorse.

Mitchel's back muscles were as well defined as his front, and now that his shirt was fully off, his pheromones wafted in the air freely.

Raegan took a deep breath and tried to focus on the wound, ignoring his extraordinary back muscles.

Fortunately, the handle of the glass didn't go deep. But there was an obvious glass shard around two centimeters big wedged inside the wound.

Raegan took out the tweezers from the medical kit and warned, "This might hurt. I'm about to take the glass shard out."

"Okay."

Raegan carefully pulled the broken glass out with the tweezers and then blew on the wound out of habit. This was what she did whenever Janey got wounded. She didn't think much of it, but Mitchel, on the other hand, stiffened as she blew on his bare skin.

He could endure the pain no matter what, but if she went on Like this, he'd lose control of himself. Raegan stopped blowing on the wound. She proceeded to disinfect it and apply medicine, which gradually calmed Mitchel down.

The last step was to bandage it. But the problem was that the wound was in tricky spot. And the only way to bandage it was to wrap the bandage all around Mitchel's chest.

Raegan took a deep breath and decisively started wrapping the gauze under his arm.

Mitchel's chest was so broad that Raegan arms couldn't reach all the way around him. Frowning, she leaned closer, hoping that doing so would let her reach the roll of gauze, but her lips inadvertently touched his back.

Then, Raegan felt his back was burning hot! She stiffened in embarrassment.

She struggled for a moment and eventually gave up, leaning against Mitchel's back in defeat. "Help me," she whispered.

Mitchel held her fingers, took the roll of gauze, and pressed it into her other palm.

The whole time Raegan bandaged his wound, she had to keep her face pressed against Mitchel's back, or she wouldn't be able to reach the gauze.

It was so embarrassing. She inwardly chastised herself for not insisting that they go to the hospital in the first place.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, she finished bandaging up his wound.

Raegan breathed a sigh of relief. When she straightened up, she had completely forgotten that she was in the car and bumped her head against the low roof. Startled, she lost her balance and fell forward.

She was about to land on the back of the front seat, which was equipped with an LCD screen. Needless to say, it would be very painful if her face collided with it.

She screamed and closed her eyes, awaiting the inevitable pain.



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But the pain never came. Instead, she collided into Mitchel. Startled, she found her lips tightly pressed against his bare skin.

To make matters worse, she felt him stiffen under her touch. She blushed furiously and struggled to push him away.

As a result, Mitchel's back, which had just been bandaged, hit the back of the chair. He couldn't help but gasp in pain.

Raegan froze in place, mortified at what she had just done. She stared at his pale face, her heart aching with guilt. "Does it hurt?" she asked in a panic.

Brows knitted and lips pursed, it seemed that Mitchel could hardly speak. His chest heaved violently as though he needed to take several deep breaths to calm down.

Raegan stretched out her hand and gingerly touched his back to see if the wound had opened up.

But the next moment, Mitchel suddenly grabbed her hand and pulled her over. Their faces were mere inches apart. He fixed his fiery eyes on her, his lips a ghastly pale. "I may need pain killers."

Raegan hurriedly asked, "Where are they?"

"Right here." He suddenly lowered his head and ki\*sed her.

Mitchel's lips brushed gently against Raegan's, igniting a warmth within him. It felt as if his heart was leaping, every part of him yearning for more...

Mitchel's heart throbbed with longing. He wanted to embrace Raegan and shower her with ki\*ses at that moment. He had thought he had lost her previously, but he later bumped into her, making him shift from sorrow to joy. Despite Raegan's memory Loss over their shared past and her resistance to his advance, Mitchel was determined to patch things up with her, knowing she was the one he wanted to spend the rest of his life with.

With a whirlwind of emotions swirling inside him, Mitchel found himself speechless. All he desired was to hold Raegan tightly in his arms. But he held back, limiting his ki\*s to her lips, overflowing with boundless affection.

When Raegan regained her composure, she reacted with indignatio

n, and angrily pounded Mitchel's chest.

"Ouch..." Mitchel groaned in pain, and Raegan realized she had inadvertently touched the wound on his shoulder again.

Raegan's actions softened. She felt a mix of shame, frustration, and anger.

"Raegan..." Reluctant to release her lips, Mitchel held her face gently, softly calling out to her. "You don't want to hit me, do you?"

"Don't talk nonsense!" Raegan raised her hand, poised to strike him again. However, she refrained when she recalled how he had risked everything to protect her just moments ago.

Mitchel laughed softly, caressing her lips with his fingers. "Seems like they haven't forgotten me."

Raegan frowned, her voice a mix of embarrassment and annoyance. "Have you lost your mind? Quit spouting nonsense!"

Mitchel's gaze intensified, saying, "What if I can show you it's true?"

Raegan found herself at a loss for words. How could he possibly demonstrate such a thing? Before she could articulate her thoughts, Mitchel closed the distance between them once again.

"You!" Raegan's eyes widened in shock, pushing against him.

Before she could say another word, Mitchel gently bit on her Lips.

Chapter 1229

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"Hmm..."

The sensation was more thrilling than painful, igniting an unusual blend of pleasure and numbness within her.

Mitchel's embrace was firm, his tongue skillfully navigating past her defenses, deepening their ki\*s.

His arm acted Like an invisible rope, holding Raegan firmly in his embrace, rendering her unable to move at all. Despite his injuries, his strength was undeniable.

Raegan felt an intense pressure against her chest as if his hand might merge her very being into his own.

His hand possessed a fierce intensity as if he wanted to meld her into his very being, flesh and blood merging. Moreover, he was only half-dressed.

She was the only one wearing thin clothing, feeling the warmth of his body as it brushed against hers. Even a slight movement in the confined space seemed charged with desire. Raegan's body responded as though recalling a past familiarity, instinctively matching his movements. Reagan was suddenly reminded of his words... Her body seemed to recognize him on a profound level...

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ALL of a sudden, a loud noise was heard.

The car's windshield suddenly shattered into pieces. In an instant, the car was unlocked.

Raegan panicked. Before she could grasp the situation, the car door was opened. Then, a pair of large hands pulled her out of the car.

Despite the abruptness, her rescuer ensured her safety and helped her to stand still.

Then, Raegan witnessed her rescuer's fist smash at Mitchel, who was still in the car. The man delivered the punch at Mitchel with all his might.

It was a direct hit, marking the first time Mitchel had received such a blow to the face.

Mitchel's expression hardened as he retaliated, seizing the man's arm and pinning the latter aga

inst the car. With no hesitation, he tightened his fist and was about to land a blow on the man.

Just as Mitchel was about to land a punch, a scream interrupted the moment. "Erick!" Raegan's eyes went wide with shock upon recognizing her rescuer was actually Erick. At that instant, Mitchel's expression turned terrifying. The overwhelming cold vibe he gave out sent shivers down everyone's spines.

Raegan cried out in desperation, "Please, don't hurt my brother!"

Upon hearing Raegan's words, Mitchel restrained his fist. He turned his gaze at Erick. He took a few deep breaths, trying to regain his cool. After all, Erick was Raegan's brother. He couldn't hurt Erick, or Raegan might hate him.

Raegan breathed a sigh of relief and asked in a trembling voice, "Erick, when did you..."

Before she could finish her words, she witnessed Erick delivering another fierce punch to Mitchel without hesitation. He landed a powerful blow to Mitchel's face.

Mitchel expelled a mouthful of blood. Half of his face was numb with pain, and the metallic scent of blood filled his mouth.

Yet, he refrained from fighting back, respecting Raegan's wish not to harm Erick.

Chapter 1230

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Mitchel lowered his eyes slightly, his tongue pressing against the back of his teeth as he gritted through the punches from Erick.

In truth, when it came to fighting skills, Erick couldn't hold a candle to Mitchel, who had been trained since childhood.

Even injured, Mitchel would still come out on top against Erick. But if he defeated Erick, Raegan would harbor even more dislike toward him and perhaps even ignore him completely... So, he chose to suffer in silence. He didn't defend himself.

At this moment, Erick was consumed by rage! He landed one more powerful blow on Mitchel. Immediately after Landing from his long flight, Erick was informed by Victor that Raegan had been taken away by Mitchel. Upon arriving, he witnessed the sight of the half-naked Mitchel holding Raegan inside the car...

From Erick's perspective, it appeared as though Mitchel was overpowering Raegan.

Driven by rage, Erick didn't hesitate to smash Mitchel's car. At that moment, Erick didn't care about Mitchel's status. He was solely a brother protecting his sister.

Raegan, still confused, couldn't grasp the reason behind Erick's furious attack.

Matteo and Victor rushed over at the same time.

Matteo attempted to intervene but was stopped by a sign from Mitchel.

Mitchel was assaulted by Erick, yet he refrained from fighting back.

Matteo felt anxious. He urgently pleaded, "Raegan, you must intervene.

Mr. Dixon is getting hurt..."

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Snapping back to reality, Raegan said, "Erick, stop it!"

But in his rage, Erick was completely deaf to Raegan's voice. He couldn't restrain his fist.

Mitchel, having heeded Raegan's earlier request, didn't resist.

Raegan felt the need to intervene herself. She rushed to restrain Erick.

Erick, unable to stop his momentum, inadvertently threw Raegan directly against the door frame.

Raegan's face was on the brink of colliding with the sharp edges of the frame.

The frame loomed dangerously close to her eyes. If she collided with it, the consequences would be unimaginable.

At this crucial moment, Mitchel caught on.

"Raegan!" Mitchel cried out. He lunged forward, shoving Erick aside and positioning himself in front of the door frame to protect Raegan.

Raegan's face collided with Mitchel's sturdy chest. But his head collided with the frame instead. He frowned, his face paling with pain.

Realizing his mistake in pushing Raegan, Erick was filled with remorse. He grabbed Raegan's arm, his voice laced with concern.