

Unbreakable 1331

Chapter 1331

“Erick, rest assured. I will protect Raegan and Janey with my life,”

Mitchel promised solemnly.

Erick was pleased with the firmness in Mitchel’s eyes, knowing Mitchel meant his words.

Erick had investigated Raegan and Mitchel’s shared past, knowing most of the misunderstanding was Lauren’s doing. Despite Mitchel’s once being lenient toward Lauren out of the supposedly life-saving favor, he later realized his mistake and amended his wrongs by punishing Lauren.

Erick found Mitchel’s actions of sending Lauren to a mental hospital and forcing the doctored drink down her throat satisfactory.

However, this didn’t mean Erick had forgiven what pain and suffering Mitchel had unwittingly put Raegan through.

Had it not been for Mitchel being Janey’s biological father, Erick would not have given Mitchel any chance to remedy at all. Thus, Erick had given Mitchel’s character and feelings for Raegan a long-term test. He wouldn’t be at ease until he was sure no harm would come Raegan’s way.

With things to attend to, Erick had to leave. Still concerned, he asked Mitchel, “Is Lauren really dead?”

“I’ve asked someone to verify the body,” Mitchel replied.

“Good. I’ll be away on a business trip for half a month,” Erick said.

“Understood.” Mitchel nodded.

As the two men exchanged glances, Mitchel discerned Erick’s silent request to watch over Raegan in his absence.

When Mitchel was about to leave, Erick suddenly stopped him. “Is Lauren from the Murray family of Swynborough, known for their chain hotels?”

“Yes. Erick, are you acquainted with the Murrays?”

“My father knows Mr. Murray,” Erick replied. “You mentioned Miss Murray saved you. Can I ask what exactly she did for you?”

Instead of responding, Mitchel maintained a prolonged silence. His mind drifted to that fateful day. It seemed to be quite a coincidence since it happened on Lauren’s birthday when she saved his life.

At that time, the Murray family held a birthday party for Lauren in Swynborough.

It was during the celebration when Mitchel accidentally walked into the storeroom of the villa and stumbled upon the disconcerting scene of his father having an affair with a maid. Catching them in

the dirty act had filled him with disgust.

Walking away absent-minded, Mitchel had fallen into a frozen lake. It was Lauren who spotted him under the ice and smashed through it with a hammer to rescue him. He vividly remembered her words of encouragement in his ear, urging him not to give up and extending her hand to him.

Back then, Lauren exuded innocence, kindness, and charm. Mitchel could never have foreseen that Lauren would one day end up like this.

Even though Mitchel had granted Lauren numerous chances to redeem herself, Lauren chose again and again to inflict harm on others, ultimately harming herself.

Observing the pensive look on Mitchel's face, Erick sensed his reluctance to discuss the matter. His eyes abruptly turned cold. "Mr. Dixon, it's perfectly fine if you'd rather not delve into it. It's late now. Please head back."

"No, I can talk about it." Mitchel snapped back to reality. "When I was a child, I fell into a frozen lake. Lauren was the one who rescued me."

"A frozen lake?" Erick asked, furrowing his brow. "Are you talking about the lake in the manor of the Duke of Moss?"

Chapter 1332

Mitchel's gaze darkened. "How do you know about that?"

"I..." Erick was about to disclose something but stopped midsentence.

He was about to set off to Swynborough. He would like to verify the details with the concerned parties first before he revealed anything to Mitchel.

"Well, I've been there before," Erick finally said. "I have to leave now."

Looking at Mitchel's pale face, he added, "Take care of yourself."

Mitchel smiled and said, "Thank you for your concern."

A subtle twitch disrupted Erick's handsome features, realizing his subconscious concern for Mitchel. To Erick, Regarding Mitchel as a part of his family and showing concern for Mitchel was an untimely notion.

"I'm not concerned about you," Erick retorted icily.

With that, he strolled into the villa without waiting for Mitchel's reply.

After playing with Janey for a while, Erick took his leave.

Once Janey drifted into a slumber, Raegan indulged in a milk bath.

Then, emerging from the bath, she draped herself in a towel. When she was passing a mirror, she halted.

Gazing at her reflection, she noticed a hickey on her slender neck.

In an instant, her face went as red as a ripe apple. When had Mitchel done this? She hadn't even noticed it until now!

After pondering over it for a moment, Raegan concluded Mitchel must have done it in his ward.

Raegan attempted to rub the hickey away, but the more she rubbed, the redder it became.

Vexed, she finally pulled her hand away.

Fortunately, her collared shirt from before had covered the hickey, concealing it from Erick's notice.

Raegan seethed with frustration. She vowed not to let Mitchel ki*s her so wildly next time.

Next time... Wait. Why there was a next time? Patting her slightly flushed face, Raegan scolded herself inwardly. What on earth was she envisioning her future with Mitchel?

When Raegan slipped into a night robe, ready to go to bed, her phone rang.

It was Mitchel. Despite the late hour, he hadn't turned in for the night yet.

With a furrowed brow, Raegan answered. Mitchel's magnetic voice resonated through the phone. "Are you asleep?"

"How would I answer the phone if I was asleep?" Raegan retorted in an irritable tone.

"Are you upset?" Mitchel asked.

Chapter 1333

"Well, I just found out what you did."

"What?" Mitchel questioned, perplexed. "What's going on?"

"You..." Raegan paused, blushing. "How can you leave a hickey on me?"

"Oh..." Mitchel drawled, clearly teasing her. "Don't you like it?"

Your skin is delicate. I lost a bit of control when ki*sing you.

That's the cause of the hickey. By the way, don't you find the hickey add to your allure?"

"You are so annoying!" Raegan huffed.

"Well, I had heeded your words. I hugged you and then ki*sed you. I also wanted to..."

"Stop!" Raegan interrupted, turning redder. "Don't you have anything else to say?"

"I just want to hear your voice." His voice, low and intimate, felt as if he was whispering into her ear.

Suddenly, Raegan felt like her heart had been tossed into a serene lake like a pebble, creating ripples.

"You're such a bore," she declared. It had barely been two hours since they had last seen each other, yet his words made it sound like an eternity had passed.

"Raegan..." Mitchel softly called out.

For some reason, he sounded particularly sincere at this moment, touching Raegan's heart.

"This is the first day of our relationship," Mitchel continued.

Raegan scoffed, trying to hide her embarrassment. "I never said I wanted to date you!"

Mitchel countered, "But I want to date you."

Unable to come up with a sharp retort, Raegan finally said, "You're so cheeky!"

"I have to be. How else can I win your heart?"

Suppressing a smile, Raegan responded, "That's a long way to go."

"I will exercise patience and manage to win your heart. As long as no other men stick around you." Mitchel's last sentence had a dangerous edge to it.

Unfazed, Raegan snorted. "I can't promise that. Plus, there's nothing you can do with it."
In a low voice, Mitchel challenged, "You had ki*sed and touched me.
Now you're being this cold to me?"

Chapter 1334

"What nonsense are you talking about?"

"Anyway, you had ki*sed me, so you should take the responsibility,"

Mitchel said seriously.

"How could you be this cheeky?" Raegan was speechless. She had never taken the initiative to ki*s or touch him.

"If there's nothing else, I'll hang up," As Raegan spoke, she strolled to the window, fanning herself to calm down.

"Your night robe is stunning," Mitchel suddenly remarked.

"What?"

"This shade of pale blue suits you perfectly," Mitchel added.

Raegan immediately looked out of the window. Beyond the villa's fence, the sleek black luxury car remained parked. "You haven't left?"

"Not yet." Observing Raegan's slender silhouette on the balcony, Mitchel smiled. "I wanted to see you for a bit longer."

Raegan's temperature, which had just cooled, soared again due to Mitchel's straightforward words. She felt an unexpected rush of sweetness. "Are you crazy? What are you looking at? Just go back!" Grinning, Mitchel replied, "You know, the hickey complements the night robe perfectly. You're truly stunning."

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Raegan's heart raced. She was about to draw the curtain.

"Don't draw the curtain," Mitchel hastily said. "Let me appreciate you a little longer."

Raegan paused for a moment and decided not to draw the curtain.

"I want to hug you," Mitchel said.

Raegan's heartbeat quickened. She felt as if Mitchel was uttering these words standing before her.

"Tomorrow will be hectic for me. I need to go to bed early. You'd better go back to the hospital soon.

No fooling around."

"Since you're so concerned about my well-being, I'll listen to you."

"I..." Raegan was on the brink of a retort but refrained, fearing that Mitchel would just take it as an opportunity to continue his flirtatious banter. Besides, he hadn't recovered yet, and she didn't want his condition to worsen by lingering here at this late hour.

"Anyway, it's time for you to leave. Good night," Raegan said.

"Good night..." Even as Mitchel bid her good night, his gaze lingered on her silhouette. It wasn't until the curtain was drawn that he finally shifted his attention.

"Let's head back," he told the driver.

The next day.

Chapter 1335

Raegan rose early, heading to the company for final preparations.

Tonight was the gala, and there was no room for error. Everything proceeded smoothly and in an organized manner.

In the evening, seeing a message from Mitchel, Raegan took a photo of her bustling workspace to share with him. She told him that she was occupied and that she had to leave her phone with her assistant to handle the messages.

Meanwhile, in the hospital ward.

Mitchel enlarged the photo, finding solace in seeing Raegan's reflection on the glass in front of her. Knowing that she was gradually getting used to his presence, he felt warmth envelop his heart.

After a while, the door swung open hastily.

Holding a report, Matteo entered Mitchel's ward. "Mr. Dixon, the DNA test results for that corpse are in. It's not Lauren."

Mitchel's eyes darkened. "Is there any trace of Lauren?"

Matteo shook his head. "We haven't located her yet."

"Fine."

Mitchel immediately dialed Raegan, but there was no response.

The room plunged into an eerie silence.

Growing increasingly restless, Mitchel suddenly yanked the needle from the back of his hand, causing blood to spurt out.

Not minding the blood at all, he snatched his coat and marched out of the ward.

With only two hours remaining until the gala, Raegan was diligently ensuring every detail backstage was perfect, aiming for a flawless event.

Arthen Entertainment's gala, broadcast live annually, was a spectacle of fashion and talent.

As the celebrities debuted on stage in their stunning outfits, the live comments lit up with excitement.

"Wow! Look at their outfits!"

"If only I had grander words than just exclamation marks!"

"The traditional style is unbeatable. The designs are breathtaking!"

"It's my first time having laid eyes on this elegant yet fashionable attire. They're simply majestic!"

"Arthen Entertainment has truly outdone itself with this gala."

"This event is unparalleled. Arthen Entertainment has set a new standard."

The flood of comments reflected a unanimous appreciation for the evolution of traditional attire, catching everyone by surprise.

Chapter 1336

This moment wasn't just about fashion. It symbolized a deeper connection. The youth, living in peaceful times, showcased their deep-rooted love for their heritage through their enthusiasm for traditional styles presented by celebrities, instilling a sense of national pride.

As Raegan observed the online viewership numbers climb, her eyes filled with tears of joy. The years of hard work and dedication were finally bearing fruit.

“Mom, can you see this? The traditional costumes you believed in, once thought to be sidelined by mainstream fashion, are now embraced and loved by so many... I hope this brings you joy...”

Raegan silently said.

The gala exceeded all expectations, achieving record-breaking viewership ratings. The designs from the Crescent instantly became the talk of the town.

Raegan, having spent nearly an entire day backstage at Arthen Entertainment, was so engrossed in her duties that she barely had any time to eat.

After the main event concluded, Raegan and her team found themselves in a brief lull, their primary responsibilities over, leaving them to await the event’s end and manage the post-show clothing logistics.

Judd, Raegan’s assistant, insisted they take a break for their day’s first meal.

They settled into a discreet corner of the lounge, where Judd had arranged for some warm food to be delivered, and they began to eat.

The lounge, spacious and segmented by partitions, carried the murmur of conversations from nearby diners.

“Did you catch a glimpse of Crescent’s director? She’s striking. At first glance, I mistook her for a new model. Both her demeanor and looks are remarkable.”

“What intrigues me more than her appearance is how she clinched the deal with our company. Even esteemed studios Like Alpire couldn’t land it after five years of talks with our CEO.”

“Yeah, I’m curious too. Miss Foster doesn’t appear to have much fame yet. Crescent is a newcomer on the scene. Could her success be linked to a certain kind of relationship...”

The speculation veered into unseemly territory, suggesting impropriety in how Raegan might have secured the contract, a notion that caused Judd to bristle with frustration.

Previously Erick’s aide, Judd had been reassigned to support Raegan in all her external engagements, a move Erick made to relieve Raegan’s workload.

Despite Crescent’s newcomer status domestically, its bespoke clothing services were renowned among the international elite.

Raegan possessed an innate gift for this craft, her interactions with clients allowing her to intuitively design apparel that aligned perfectly with their tastes, rarely erring.

Judd was well aware that Raegan’s success was no stroke of luck but the result of relentless dedication.

Raegan meticulously documented each client’s preferences, from the trivial to the significant, analyzing these notes to deduce their personalities and, by extension, their stylistic predilections.

The women’s uninformed chatter about Crescent’s global standing left Judd itching to correct their misconceptions. He was on the verge of confronting them when Raegan intervened.

“Just focus on eating,” Raegan urged.

“How can you stay calm? Don’t their words bother you?” Judd pressed, his appetite lost in his indignation.

Judd huffed, “If only they knew of your acclaim in Swynborough, they’d think twice before speaking.”

“You said it yourself. They’re unaware. And enlightening them would be as effective as talking to a

brick wall. Why waste our energy on fleeting gratification?" Raegan responded with a tranquility that belied the situation.

"True success is measured through deeds, not debate," she continued, the positive reception to their work speaking volumes more than any rebuttal could.

Chapter 1337

Acknowledging both the accolades and the criticisms was part of the journey. Dwelling on every negative comment could distract from one's vision and creativity.

Raegan noticed Judd still on his feet and urged him, "Please sit down and eat quickly. We have to be at the venue later."

Judd, once accustomed to Erick's demanding pace, found Raegan's composed demeanor a stark contrast.

Influenced by her serenity, he settled down to eat, albeit with a frown as the neighboring table's gossip grew more audacious.

"Doesn't this upset you at all?" Judd couldn't help but ask again.

Raegan replied, unfazed, "It's inconsequential. Ignoring them spares me the irritation." Her confidence was rooted in her skills, rendering the rumors powerless.

After tidying up the lunch box, Raegan told Judd, "Make sure you finish eating before you join me. I'll head out ahead."

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With her head raised, Raegan strode past the nearby dining table.

Those seated nearby were taken aback, having not realized the focus of their gossip was within earshot. A wave of embarrassment swept over them. If Raegan had been Leveraging connections for her success, she wouldn't be dining in the public Lounge instead of a private one, away from prying eyes.

One of the main instigators of the gossip couldn't help but scoff.

"She's just putting on a show, trying to make it seem like she's not involved with our CEO..."

Her words were cut short as several individuals stood up from a nearby table, their attention shifting in unison. "Hello, Mr. Frazier!"

Devonte, clad in a crisp black suit, commanded the room with an authoritative presence, even without a smile.

The lounge fell silent, the atmosphere charged with tension.

The gossip, caught in her disparagement, stood up hastily, only to lose her balance and collapse back to the floor. She hurriedly stammered apologies, "I'm sorry... Mr. Frazier..."

Devonte, observing Raegan's retreating figure, concealed his frustration behind a stoic facade.

Internally, he lamented the situation. Mitchel had been bombarding him daily with calls, eager to know Raegan's condition. If Mitchel caught wind of Raegan being slandered, the fallout would be immediate.

Devonte knew all too well the recklessness of those who indulge in baseless rumors today, only to pivot to the company's artists tomorrow.

Without offering a second glance to the woman crumpled on the floor, Devonte issued a command,

his tone devoid of warmth, “Clean up this area.”

He then turned around and walked away.

Devonte’s assistant knew exactly what Devonte meant. The directive wasn’t about tidying the lounge but about addressing the issue of misconduct among the staff. He addressed the group with composure, saying, “Please proceed to the finance department to finalize your salary payments and then leave.”

Those gossips, feeling the sting of misfortune, didn’t dare voice any objections. They were well aware that any protest could lead to being escorted out by company security.

Their frustration was silently directed at the main instigators of the gossip. Without those fanning words, they would not be facing unemployment.

Despite Arthen Entertainment’s offering a generous severance package, complete with additional compensation, the ousted employees knew the stigma attached to their dismissal would likely prevent future employment within the industry. This payout wasn’t just severance. It was effectively their farewell to the industry.

Raegan remained oblivious to all these.

Chapter 1338

Heading to the restroom and exiting shortly after, Raegan inadvertently collided with a cleaning staff member in a rush, whose coffee had spilled all over her attire.

Raegan inspected her stained clothes, her expression turning to one of concern. With the event approaching, she knew she ought to maintain a professional appearance. Stained clothing was unacceptable.

The cleaning staff, visibly shaken and on the verge of tears, received a non-confrontational signal from Raegan to move on, avoiding further conflict.

Raegan then made her way back to the wardrobe for a change of outfit.

The cleaning staff, seemingly bent over her task, sneakily watched as Raegan passed by.

As Raegan entered the dressing room, the cleaning staff raised her gaze, her eyes gleaming with malice, fixating on the door Raegan disappeared through.

Later, the cleaning staff cast a furtive glance around, slipping in quickly when no one was paying attention.

It was a shared dressing room with eight separate dressing booths.

The main door was typically left ajar, relying on individuals to lock their own booths.

Now, with no one else in the other booths, Raegan was the only one inside the whole dressing room. Suddenly, a distinctive click echoed. It was sound of the main door being locked.

“Who’s there?” Raegan’s perplexed voice came from her booth.

The cleaning staff, who was hunched over, erupted into unsettling laughter. Then, she abruptly straightened up, yanking down her mask to unveil a chilling face.

It was none other than Lauren, who had been missing for a long time.

“Raegan, guess who I am...” Lauren asked in a sing-song tone, her voice hoarse and dry. “Guess who I am...”

Holding a sharp dagger in her hand with a look of madness in her eyes, Lauren strolled into the dressing room.

A hushed stillness prevailed.

Aware of a lunatic as Lauren lurking outside her booth, Raegan held her breath, maintaining silence.

A loud bang echoed through the dressing room. Lauren forcefully swung open the door of the first dressing booth, discovering that it was vacant.

Then, Lauren moved to the second one, finding it also unoccupied.

After trying three booths in a row with no success, Lauren lost her patience. "Bitch!" she shouted sharply. "Come out!"

When she received nothing but silence in response, Lauren altered her tone to a more cautious one.

"Come out. If you come out now, I'll go easy on you, okay?"

From the moment she entered the dressing room, Lauren kept fluctuating between shouting and speaking softly, with wild laughter sprinkled in between. She was a complete lunatic!

"Are you feeling scared? After all, you're stuck now, right? Let me tell you a secret. I put a hallucinogen in the coffee when I bumped into you. Just a sniff of it and you won't be able to move. Don't keep dreaming that you'll be able to escape. No one will come and save you," Lauren said confidently.

Chapter 1339

Before entering the dressing room, Lauren had placed the "Do Not Use" sign outside the door, eliminating any chances of someone coming in.

As Lauren walked down the room, she slid the sharp dagger across the wooden boards, creating a terrifying hissing sound.

The more Raegan remained silent, the more excited Lauren became. She felt like she was playing hide and seek.

With a cackle, Lauren said, "I'm going to start counting down the seconds now. When I find you, for every second that passes..." Lauren paused and giggled, as if she could barely contain her glee. "I'll give you a new cut! If you hurry out now, you'll suffer less."

After saying that, Lauren pushed open the door of the fourth booth, which also turned out to be empty.

She laughed as she counted, "Ten, eleven, twelve..."

By the time Lauren reached the door of the sixth booth, she had counted to forty.

Once again, a loud bang resounded through the room.

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But this time, the door didn't budge. Unlike the other doors, this one was locked from the inside.

Lauren instantly crouched down and, through the space below the door, peeked into the booth, where she saw a pair of black shoes inside.

Letting out another maniacal laugh, Lauren swung the knife in and said, "Found you!"

The owner of the black shoes frantically moved back, startled by the knife.

Lauren swung the knife again, but this time, she aimed at the door.

Again and again, she stabbed the door with the knife like a mad woman.

“Wait!” Raegan’s trembling voice finally came from within. “What do you want? You’re making a mistake. Do you want to go to jail?”

Once again, Lauren let out a bone-chilling Laugh. Then, she spat, “My face and my body are completely ruined! Do you think I’m afraid of going to jail?”

After a pause, Raegan’s firm voice came from inside the booth. “You had set me up first, remember? Besides, I’m not the one who ruined your face or your body. You should find the person responsible for 5, Lauren stared at the knife marks at the door with her chin tucked toward her neck and a mad glint in her eyes. “The person responsible for my suffering is Mitchel!”

Hearing this, Raegan felt a twinge of surprise. She couldn’t accept that Mitchel was capable of such a thing. “Back then, Mitchel didn’t completely push you into the fire, right?” she ventured.

“He left me an escape route that was worse than that,” Lauren spat.

“I only had two choices. Either walk into the fire or go to the police station. What other choice did I have?”

Her eyes were full of resentment. Clenching her teeth, Lauren continued, “I was an esteemed lady of Ardlens, leading a life envied by all. How could I possibly end up in jail? Even death would have been better!”

Just recalling the scene filled her with newfound fury, causing her to stab the door again. “It’s all because of you, you bitch! If it weren’t for you, I wouldn’t have ended up like this. Until Mitchel met you, he was never so heartless toward me!”

As she spoke, Lauren crazily stabbed the door over and over again, filling Raegan’s heart with fear. Raegan managed to convince Lauren, “Lauren, didn’t you end up like this because of your own choices? You can’t blame anyone else! Having the waiter doctor my drink won’t hold you behind bars forever. Even if you turn yourself in, you won’t be sentenced for long. You were given a chance, but you chose the wrong path, allowing your face and body to be ruined. Who can you blame but yourself?”

Chapter 1340

However, Raegan’s words did not sound like consolation to Lauren.

Rather, they hit Lauren’s sore spots one by one, driving her further to the verge of insanity.

With hatred in her eyes, Lauren shouted, “I blame you! It’s all your fault! My life was great before you appeared. Mitchel loved and spoiled me. It’s all because of you that I lost everything!”

Lauren stared at the door with loathing, as if she was staring right at Raegan’s face, and continued, “You have to die. You should have followed your damn grandmother and that infant to their graves!”

From the other side of the door came Raegan’s icy voice. “Lauren, are you the one behind the deaths of my grandmother and child?”

“Do you remember now, Raegan?” Lauren’s face contorted with madness, a twisted sneer curling her lips. “Then you ought to know your damn grandmother and your child have no place in this world!”

Lauren’s hand slammed the door with a resounding force, filling the room with a chilling echo.

“They died because of you! If you had just complied and parted ways with Mitchel from the start, none of this would have happened!”

From within the dressing booth, Raegan’s voice trembled with despair as she said, “So it was you “

Lauren's furious pounding on the door abruptly stopped, her expression morphing into something both eerie and unsettling.

Raegan's crying was so pleasant to her ears. It deserved to be relished to the fullest.

Raegan wept desperately, struggling to catch her breath as she stuttered, "You vile creature... You are responsible for my grandmother's death and the loss of my child..."

Lauren erupted into maniacal laughter. "How delightful it is to hear your cries! Cry louder, for this might be the last time you cry in your wretched existence."

Raegan suddenly ceased crying, announcing in a trembling, yet determined voice, "I won't cry! I won't give you the satisfaction!"

Lauren's expression reverted to its sinister state as she hysterically demanded, "Cry! Cry! I want to see you kneeling before me begging for mercy!"

But Raegan remained resolute. "Keep dreaming!"

Lauren scratched her head and violently tugged at her own hair, yanking out clumps until a bald patch formed. She cackled wildly.

"Have you forgotten how your grandmother died? Guess what? That nursing house was under my uncle's ownership. Your grandmother's medical records showed she was in perfect health, with years ahead of her.

I had Tessa spread rumors about you there, wanting to piss your grandmother off. I had intended to wait until your grandmother collapsed in fury before making my move. But much to my surprise, your grandmother was so considerate. She simply passed away without me lifting a finger..."

"You are insane!" Raegan yelled. Grief-stricken, she couldn't hold back her mournful cries.

Lauren took pleasure in Raegan's pained cries, a twisted sense of satisfaction washing over her. Killing Raegan without making her suffer was never Lauren's idea. She intended to have Raegan meet her demise consumed by pain and regret, departing with a heart full of bitterness. The mere thought had a twisted fascination gripping her.

"And your child..." Lauren began.

"Stop it!" Raegan's voice cracked, teetering on the edge of collapse.

"I won't listen! Don't... Don't say anything else..."