

Unbreakable 621

Chapter 621

Really, huh? Were they having a great time now?

Raegan didn't care about the meaning of Henley's words. She was so nervous that she felt like her heart was in her throat. She didn't even dare to breathe.

At this moment, the waiter came out of the women's restroom. She approached Henley and said there was no one inside.

It was quiet outside, so Raegan thought Henley had left. But before she could breathe a sigh of relief, the door of the men's restroom was pushed open.

The heavy sound made Raegan even more nervous.

Mitchel looked down at her. It seemed his eyes were saying, "Why haven't you gone out yet?" Raegan glared at him fiercely.

Her current appearance clearly reflected on the shiny white porcelain.

Her clothes were messy, making her look like she had just sex.

Raegan now realized how terrible Mitchel was.

He did it on purpose to keep her from seeing anyone.

She was not afraid that Henley would see her appearance now. But she definitely couldn't let other people see her like this. Mitchel looked unhappy when he saw the nervousness on Raegan's face.

He reached out and pushed the door.

Raegan was so scared that she grabbed his arm tightly and shook her head vigorously.

Mitchel's eyes became colder and colder. He shook off her hand effortlessly and was about to go out.

Raegan couldn't think of a way out to stop him, so she suddenly wrapped her arms around Mitchel's neck and kissed him on the lips to stop him.

But her kiss had a different meaning in Mitchel's eyes. Pain welled up in his heart.

He avoided her lips. Then, he pressed his thin lips against her right ear and said in a hoarse voice, "Are you so afraid that he will see you now?"

Raegan was going crazy. What if Henley was still outside and heard Mitchel speak?

Luckily, his sound was muffled by the sound of water washing hands outside.

"Mitchel, stop it!" Raegan warned him, taking advantage of the sound of the water outside.

But she was still so nervous that a cold sweat broke out on her forehead. A few strands of hair stuck on her flushed face, and her body emitted a faint milky fragrance.

She was a true interpretation of what it meant to be a sweaty beauty.

Chapter 622

Raegan had no idea how attractive she was in Mitchel's eyes right now. She pressed her ear against the door, listening to the sound outside.

Suddenly, Mitchel's thin lips bit her slender neck. His actions were fierce. He was like a wolf that had been hungry for a long time, wanting to eat raw flesh and drink up fresh blood.

Raegan was so shocked that her body trembled all over.

Her heartbeat went abnormally fast.

Suddenly, she covered her mouth hard, fearing of making any sound.

But would Mitchel let her go so easily? He licked her neck wickedly over and over again, deliberately making her lose control. Raegan was so angry that she pinched Mitchel on the waist. He groaned.

And the sound he made attracted the attention of the people outside.

At this moment, Henley was already holding the doorknob, ready to walk out. But when he heard the noise, he suddenly turned around and stared straight at the restless cubicle.

He walked toward the cubicle step by step with a straight face.

In the men's restroom, a heavy silence hung in the air.

The sound of footsteps against the floor resonated with unsettling clarity.

Raegan stood motionless. Each step reverberated through her like a relentless drum.

Meanwhile, Mitchel stood in front of her, exuding nothing but calmness. His handsome features showed no signs of inner turmoil. Raegan's nails dug into her palms in frustration.

Her role as Henley's pretend girlfriend was unknown to Mitchel. She found it baffling that he could stay so calm and guilt-free about his behavior.

However, now was not the time to confront him. Being discovered in this compromising situation was the last thing she wanted.

She racked her brain and tried to find a way out. Nonetheless, knowing Mitchel, he must have a way to resolve this. Raegan looked up at him, her beautiful eyes conveying a silent plea. Realizing what she meant, Mitchel's expression darkened, and he quietly asked, "Are you asking my help?"

His voice was unusually cold. Raegan knew exactly what that meant. He was waiting for her to make a decision. After all, only she could please him, just like she had done countless times before.

Knock. Outside, Henley lightly knocked on the door and loudly asked, "Is someone inside?"

Asudden chill ran down Raegan's spine.

Chapter 623

Startled, she impulsively wrapped her arms around Mitchel's neck and encircled her legs around his lean waist. Not only that, but her red lips were almost touching his throat.

Agasp nearly escaped from Mitchel's Lips.

In a panic, Raegan quickly covered his mouth. But then, she nearly slipped.

Mitchel's firm hand caught her just in time.

Meanwhile, Henley had now lost his patience. He reached for the doorknob, intending to open it.

Just then, a male janitor walked in.

"Sir, this CR is under maintenance. Please use another restroom," he said with a cleaning cart in tow. "Do you need to use this restroom right now? I'm about to start cleaning."

Henley froze. He noticed the gap under the stall but could not bring himself to crouch down and check. Although uneasy, Henley decided to leave.

The janitor began cleaning, and the sound of the vacuum cleaner and mop filled the room.

Raegan loosened up and exhaled a sigh of relief. Not wanting to cling to Mitchel any longer, she tried to step down, but he pressed her hips against the door.

In the dim light, Mitchel's eyes grew cold, and he scoffed, "You're just gonna walk away after using me?" "Use you? It was the janitor who walked in, not..."

Bang! Mitchel hit the door with his fist, and the sound echoed inside the bathroom.

Raegan flinched, and her eyes widened in shock.

The janitor was right outside the cubicle, wasn't he?

Had Mitchell lost his mind?

For some reason, the cleaner outside seemed oblivious as if he had not heard a thing.

And then it hit her. Mitchel must have prearranged this with the janitor.

This also meant that he had planned to drag her into the men's restroom to embarrass her.

Anger welled up within Raegan. She gritted her teeth and protested, "Put me down. | need to go back!" "Go back?" Mitchel echoed, his eyes narrowed dangerously.

"Like this?"

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His disdainful look made Raegan's heart sink. She realized she could not return to the chamber in her current state. But right now, she had to go back first and think of an explanation later.

She was in a disarray state. Mitchel, on the other hand, seemed unnaturally normal. He remained neatly dressed and composed. Every expression he wore radiated a disconnect from the world around him.

It was as if he had no part in her current state.

"That's none of your concern," Raegan huffed.

"Haha. Do you honestly | can't do anything to you?"

Raegan's frown deepened. She opened her mouth, ready to argue about who was truly at fault. But Mitchel cut her off.

"When will you ever learn?"

Suddenly, the room went dark. Mitchel leaned in and kissed her. His lips were cold, and his kiss was forceful. As he sucked on her lips, she felt an inexplicable sensation that made her hair stand on end.

Flabbergasted, Raegan tried to turn her head away, but he firmly held her face. He even bit down on her lips as though he was teaching her a lesson.

Raegan winced at the sharp pain and let out a soft whimper. But Mitchel was not done yet. His fingers gripped her possessively, leaving her cheeks flushed.

Raegan's mind teetered on the brink. She tried, with all her strength, to push his hands away, but he did not even budge in the slightest.

Though Mitchel wanted more, he restrained himself and only intended to tease her. He could not accept the fact that she no longer responded to him as she once had.

Their fierce struggle resembled a lopsided boxing match, with Raegan clearly outmatched. She eventually stopped resisting and just let him bite and nibble at her lips.

Her thoughts became hazy and her awareness faded, save for the sensation of his tongue.

Barely holding onto consciousness, she uttered weakly, "You're shameless, Mitchel. What are you trying to prove?"

Of course, Mitchel intended to make a point as evident in his actions.

"What do you think I'm trying to prove?" He stood there, his breathing slightly labored. He pressed a fingertip against her Lips. The air was thick with an intoxicating scent.

"Don't deny it. You still have feelings for me, don't you?"

Not wanting to see his smug expression, Raegan averted her gaze. But Mitchel grasped her chin, forcing her to look into his intense eyes.

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Mitchel's handsome face, sharp-featured, was dotted with sweat beads.

His shirt, drenched with perspiration, gave off the impression of self-restraint.

He raised an eyebrow and pushed her for an answer.

"You're with Henley just to make me jealous, aren't you?"

Although her words about being with Henley were nothing but to provoke Mitchel, Raegan refused to admit it. She had made the mistake of falling in love with him before, and she wouldn't compound it with another one.

With a faint smile playing on her lips, Raegan looked him in the eye and asked back, "Mr. Dixon, what are you to me now? Do you think I'd risk my reputation just to upset you?"

For a moment, Mitchel's face lost color. Then, with his brows creased into a frown, he snarled, "Raegan, your body doesn't lie." Raegan tilted her head, pursed her lips, and nodded in agreement.

"I won't deny it. I did feel something just now."

Mitchel's expression shifted slightly, and his mood was lifted.

But then, Raegan smirked and added, "But let's be clear, Mr. Dixon.

It was your kissing skills. Nothing more."

She bent down to retrieve her purse, pulled out two bills, and tucked them into Mitchel's collar.

"Is two hundred dollars enough for your services?"

Mitchel's attractive features immediately took on a shadowed cast.

Raegan scoffed.

"I refuse to order any dish that costs more than two hundred dollars."

This was a first for her to voice such words, yet it was Mitchel who had shown her disrespect first.

Despite knowing the significance of the occasion, he had ripped her dress and demeaned her in the men's restroom. Did he ever pause to consider her emotions?

Hence, Raegan resolved to not just retaliate but to shame him even greater than the slight he dealt her. "Raegan!" Enraged, Mitchel's expression turned thunderous as he bellowed. "What? Does it anger you? Mr. Dixon, is this the extent of your control?"

Clutching her chest, Raegan laughed lightly.

Chapter 626

"Here's a piece of advice. No amount of good looks will pave your way to business success. Better check that temper, or you'll frighten everyone off."

Mitchel's visage was frosty as snow, his gaze piercing her as though he might snap her neck at any moment. Undaunted, Raegan tilted her chin up defiantly, meeting his stare.

It was a remarkable triumph for her to leave him at a loss for words, a feeling too grand for mere language. Their eyes locked in a silent confrontation.

Then, after what felt like an eternity, he offered a smile, opened the door, and left without a word.

Raegan exhaled in relief, sinking onto the toilet seat, her heart pounding wildly.

She had to admit, Mitchel still had an effect on her... It was all too close to a breakdown.

He was right. Her body didn't lie.

The fact that she was stirred by Mitchel yet again, barely a month after their split, was mortifying.

Could anyone else ever influence her this way?

It wasn't something she welcomed.

Though she might appear in control for the moment, infuriating Mitchel further could prove risky.

After a moment's reflection, she shook off these tumultuous thoughts.

Right now, her focus was to work diligently and earn more in the days ahead to settle her debts. Then, she would save money to study abroad.

That way, she'd distance herself from Mitchel for good. As she rose, pondering her exit, Mitchel's suit jacket on the hook caught her eye.

It would serve well to cover her.

Disregarding her annoyance with him, she donned the jacket and exited the hall to hail a taxi. Only when safely inside the vehicle did she call Henley, explaining she had to return early due to unforeseen circumstances. Henley's tone, soft and gentle over the phone, invited Raegan to reach out if she ever needed help.

Feeling a wave of guilt wash over her, Raegan found Henley's kindness a stark contrast to Mitchel's demeanor, Like comparing an angel's grace to a mere mortal's.

An apology slipped from her lips to Henley once more, unbeknownst to her that Henley stood at the hotel's entrance, eyes tracking the taxi that took her away.

Achill flickered in his gaze, belied by the silky smoothness of his voice that said, "Rest well, Raegan."

Chapter 627

Then he ended the call. The warmth in Henley's smile faltered for a heartbeat.

He had entertained thoughts of treating Raegan with tenderness, yet Mitchel had once again outmaneuvered him, prompting Henley to quicken his pace.

Meanwhile, Mitchel had made his way to a bar after leaving the hotel. Luis was there, becoming slightly drunk after a few drinks with Mitchel.

Holding a cigarette between his fingers, Luis commented, "It looks like your father keeps close tabs on you. He arranged a blind date the moment he learned about your divorce."

Mitchel, his face expressionless, inquired, "Have you located that woman?" Luis, shaking his head, responded, "She's vanished without a trace. Could she be dead?"

Mitchel remained silent for a moment, then added, "Even if she's gone, the child might still be alive. Now, Alexis is hell-bent on amassing wealth, probably for that bastard."

"Your father's been covering that child's tracks well. You'll need to play along for now and wait for his slip-up."

With a subdued tone, Luis added, "I'm not entirely convinced that they never make contact with each other."

Mitchel stayed silent, continuing to drown himself in drink.

As Mitchel downed his drinks, Luis teased, "What's wrong? Things didn't go well with your ex-wife?"

The mention of Raegan caused a visible shift in Mitchel's expression, a blend of indifference and a deeper, darker brooding. Observing this, Luis's curiosity piqued.

"Raegan really got under your skin, huh? Need any advice?"

Luis knew Mitchel all too well.

Given Mitchel's history of arrogance and never bowing to any woman, he would undoubtedly maintain his pride, even in pursuit of a woman.

Mitchel glanced upwards, his reply icy.

“Do you even have a wife?”

The question left Luis at a loss for words.

“Mitchel had the audacity to mock me for not having a wife? Whatever!

This bastard had it coming!” Luis muttered to himself.

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Having satisfied his thirst, Mitchel got up to leave.

Luis, considering Mitchel’s generous spending at the bar, offered a piece of advice despite everything.
“Mr. Dixon, when pursuing a woman, maintain a positive attitude and be thick-skinned.”

Luis had said his piece, indifferent to whether Mitchel grasped the full intent or not.

Departing the bar, Mitchel returned to the company and stayed overnight.

Since his divorce, he had rarely visited Serenity Villas.

The memories of Raegan there only fueled his resolve to win her back, yet he feared resorting to forceful methods, something he didn’t wish to do.

The following morning, Alexis and Eloise came calling for Mitchel.

Eloise’s eyes brimmed with tears upon seeing him.

She had chased after Mitchel's car for two miles the day before, to no avail.

On her very first blind date, how could she endure being treated like this?

Distraught, she sought Alexis' support.

Alexis, having shown support for Eloise in front of Eloise's father, brought Eloise straight to Mitchel for a proper explanation. Mitchel's frown deepened at their arrival, querying, "Who's this?"

At his words, Eloise's tears broke forth.

She was hurt that Mitchel, her blind date from just yesterday, failed to recognize her.

Alexis, having vowed to Eloise's father to seek redress, now found himself in an awkward spot.

In a hushed tone, he chided, "This is Eloise. Remember her from yesterday?"

Only then did Mitchel recall his preoccupation with Raegan, having barely noticed Eloise.

Alexis then gently suggested to Eloise, "Why don't you wait in the lounge? I'll have my secretary whip up something tasty. I need to speak with Mitchel, and I'll ensure he takes you out later to make amends, okay?"

Eloise, casting a glance at Mitchel, left with flushed cheeks and quiet sobs. Once alone, Mitchel expressed his disinterest, "I can't entertain her. If you're so fond of her, be my guest."

Alexis, met with Mitchel's obstinacy, challenged him, "You're still hung up on your ex-wife, aren't you?"

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Mitchel's gaze snapped to Alexis, ice in his stare.

As Alexis plotted, he pressed on, "I'm doing this for the company's future. Don't make me intervene with your ex, Mitchel." Mitchel's grip on the pen tightened suddenly as he said in an icy tone, "Try it and you'll face the consequences."

The sheer menace in his gaze sent shivers through Alexis.

This wasn't his first encounter with Mitchel's cruelty.

Previously, only Kyler and Luciana had been shielded by Mitchel, but now, another woman had captured his concern. Yet, Alexis knew he held no value to Mitchel.

The more Alexis pondered, the stronger his resolve grew. Despite previous defeats by Mitchel, leading to his exile, he was determined to stand his ground for his another son.

"Don't push me, Mitchel, and we can coexist peacefully," Alexis offered. Mitchel looked up, his voice devoid of warmth. "Done with your nonsense? Leave, immediately!"

"How dare you!" Alexis, seething with rage yet controlling his fury, suggested, "Perhaps try to tolerate Eloise. I'm not insisting on you marrying her. But if we ally with the Benton Group for the energy project, it benefits us all, doesn't it?"

His implication was clear. Mitchel could feign a relationship with Eloise until securing the project, then cite any trivial reason for a breakup.

Unfazed, Mitchel hit the No. 1 button on his desk phone and commanded, "Matteo, escort the guest out."

After being shown to the door, Alexis, fuming, managed to compose himself upon seeing Eloise, assuring her with a forced smile, "Mitchel is a bit aloof and detached sometimes. He needs your warmth and charm to thaw his frostiness, understand?"

Eloise's face lit up with understanding. "Yes, | got it. Thank you, Alexis."

Pleased by her adoring gaze, Alexis started to strategize.

He seized the opportunity, knowing Mitchel's looks were a magnet for young women. "You're the only one | see as my daughter-in-law, Eloise.

Make me proud," he encouraged.

Eloise's nod carried the weight of her growing hopes.

After Alexis' departure, Eloise headed straight for Mitchel's office but was halted by Matteo.

Matteo offered a gentle refusal, "Apologies, Miss Benton. Mr. Dixon is occupied with a conference call."

Chapter 630

Eloise insisted, "I'll wait here for him."

Matteo, reluctant to send her away due to the Benton family's newfound prominence, allowed her to wait, offering snacks and drinks.

Meanwhile, Raegan had sold her apartment. After clearing her housing loan, she amassed \$2.7 million, still short for her debt. Left with no choice, she borrowed an additional \$300,000 from Nicole, totaling \$3 million.

She preferred owing Nicole to being indebted to Mitchel.

After consolidating the funds into one account, Raegan proceeded to Mitchel's company to clear the debt with him.

She had notified Matteo of her visit beforehand, which allowed her to enter the CEO's office without any complications.

Approaching the door, she mentally rehearsed her approach, pondering the right words to address Mitchel after their recent fallout.

Recently, Raegan had caused Mitchel considerable embarrassment, and she doubted he'd be eager to see her now.

Turning a corner, Raegan's gaze landed on a familiar figure beside the window blinds, whose eyes were fixated on the office interior.

At first sight, Raegan recognized the woman as Mitchel's companion from the cafe encounter.

Pausing, Raegan guessed she might be Mitchel's blind date. As she deliberated her next move, Matteo's voice reached her ears. "Miss Hayes, your early arrival is quite unexpected," Matteo greeted.

At the sound of Matteo's voice, Eloise turned around, catching sight of Raegan, which left her momentarily taken aback. A moment later, Eloise connected the dots, recognizing Raegan from the cafe.

Eloise approached Raegan with a confrontational air, demanding, "Who the hell are you? What brings you here?"

The tension escalated quickly.

Eloise's guard was up instantly upon seeing Raegan, whose striking presence sparked a hint of envy.

Sensing the brewing conflict, Matteo interjected, "Miss Benton, may I offer you some juice? I'll have a glass brought to you." He was hoping to defuse the situation.

"Sure, thanks," Eloise replied, acknowledging her thirst after a long wait.

Undeterred, Eloise pressed Raegan further, "Anyway, what the hell are you doing here?"

Matteo felt a headache coming on, not anticipating Eloise's persistent inquiries. Just as he was about to intervene, Raegan declared her intention.

"I've come for Matteo."

"Is that so?" Eloise inquired, skeptical.