

Unbreakable 381

Chapter 381

“Mitchel, who’s really pushing it here? Why not go comfort your damsel in distress who fell down the stairs? It takes two to tango, you know. | never asked you to stay.”

“So you've been biting your tongue to seek justice for Henley, right?”

Mitchel sneered.

“Think what you want. | don’t care,” Raegan retorted without offering any explanation.

Livid, blue veins stood out on his temples, and Mitchel stared at her with his bloodshot eyes. Just then, his phone buzzed. He glanced at the screen and found it was Lauren calling again. Annoyed as hell, he took the call right in front of Raegan.

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“What's up, Lauren?”

Lauren's voice, which was choked with sobs, came through. She complained about feeling terrible and begged him to come see her.

As he talked on the phone, Mitchel’s eyes met Raegan’s. Her indifference stung him more than he would like to admit. He ended the call and, without a word, turned and walked away.

As his car sped off, the phone he had intended to give Raegan slipped from his pocket. In a fit of anger, Mitchel rolled down the window and chucked the phone into the river.

Why should he give the phone to her? So she could use it to call another man?

Once Mitchel had left, Raegan felt like a weight was lifted off her shoulders. She rolled up her sleeves and started cleaning the floor.

Then, she took the quilt out to the balcony to air out its musty smell.

The moment the house hit the market, Raegan rented it for three years and hoped to save money to buy it back.

Because of this, the interiors had not changed a bit from when she and her grandmother lived here.

Although the place had seen better days, it felt warm and familiar.

About an hour or so, Raegan cooked noodles for dinner. After eating, she lay on her bed and stared at the ceiling for what felt like forever. She mentally kicked herself for forgetting to buy a new phone.

Living without a phone felt like living without an arm.

As she began to drift off, the lights suddenly cut out.

Raegan jumped. Thinking it was just a general power outage, she groped around for her flashlight.

Once she found it, she peered out of her window and saw lights twinkling in the distance. From the looks of it, her house was the only one that had a power failure.

Just then, she heard a rustling sound coming from outside.

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Assuming it might just be her imagination playing tricks on her, she held her breath and listened.

A second later, the noise grew louder and louder. It sounded like someone was trying to pick the lock.

Regan broke out in a cold sweat, and she felt the hair on her arms stand on end.

Raegan's legs turned to jelly. Her knees began to ache. The only thing she could use as a weapon was the flashlight in her hand. With a creak, a door was pushed open.

Raegan looked around the room. It was empty. There wasn't even a place for her to hide.

In the end, she had to go behind the bedroom door and stand against the wall with the flashlight raised.

The sound of approaching footsteps was very light, but it was loud enough in the quiet night. With every step the man took, Raegan's heart trembled. Her hands began to shake.

She said a silent prayer, hoping that the man who broke in only wanted some money and that he would leave once he saw that the place was deserted.

Angela's Library But it seemed her prayer didn't get anywhere. She continued to hear the doors being opened one by one. The frightening footsteps continued, sounding closer and closer to her bedroom.

A shadow was soon cast through the space under the door. Raegan saw the doorknob move gently. Her heart began to pound so hard that she clenched the flashlight nervously.

Raegan knew she had only one shot. If she missed it, she would be damned. Creak! The old wooden door was opened bit by bit.

A man with a beard suddenly appeared in front of Raegan.

Bang! Raegan hit his face hard.

The flashlight fell to the ground with a clang.

The man stumbled backward, holding his face as he groaned.

Raegan seized the opportunity to slam the door wide open. But before she could make a run for it, a hand grasped her ankle. "Ha-ha... You beauty... You smell so good..."

It was crystal clear that the man was sick in the head and also very strong. With one pull, Raegan lost her balance.

She supported herself with her elbows, so she didn't slam her face on the floor.

The crazy man stood up and dragged her toward the bed.

Raegan was scared to death. She kicked so hard that the shoes at her feet fell to the floor. When she pulled back, all that was left in the man's hand was a sock

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She shot to her feet and ran out of the room for her dear life. She also screamed for help. Unwilling to let her go, the man ran after her.

Raegan looked back in fear. Suddenly, she ran into a wall and almost lost her balance. She was trying to steady herself when another hand grabbed her.

Shit! There were two men?

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At this time, there was only one thought on Raegan's mind... It wasn't just one man, but two! "Ah! Let go of me!"

Raegan opened her mouth wide and bit the arm that held her. Her teeth sank into the flesh, and soon, her mouth was filled with the metallic taste of blood.

The man being bit hissed and pinched her jaw with his hand, forcing her to let go of his arm. "What's wrong with you?" An impatient voice was heard at the same time.

Raegan looked up and saw Mitchel's handsome face under the moonlight.

She stared at him blankly. Was this an illusion? Did her brain start malfunctioning after the hitting? At the sight of the tears on her delicate face, Mitchel's hard face softened instantly.

"Are you okay?"

The familiar voice rang in Raegan's ears, jarring her back to her senses. She instantly grabbed his collar and said in a trembling voice, "Oh, thank goodness you are back..."

She burst into tears with her face on his chest.

What did she mean by that? Had she been waiting for him? Her words sent Mitchel's heart skipping a beat.

He had planned to leave for Ardlens this afternoon. But he changed his mind last minute.

There was a bad feeling that he couldn't shake off. He didn't think it was a good idea to leave Raegan all alone in this remote place.

So, he made a U-turn and parked not too far away. He waited for the lights to go out.

It didn't take long before he noticed that the front door was open.

That was strange, so he came over to check it.

He couldn't have come at a better time.

Mitchel stroked Reagan's head. He soon noticed something. His expression changed instantly.

He took off his suit jacket, put it on her, and then said, "Wait here."

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Raegan, who was sitting wrapped up in Mitchel's jacket, heard the muffled sound of fists come from a distance. It was followed by the screams of a man.

Her body no longer trembled. She felt safe now.

Shortly after, sirens and the flashing of lights came from outside. Some of the neighbors that heard Raegan's cry had called 911. The cops slammed the man to the ground and put him in handcuffs. Then, an officer came to them.

"The man has a criminal record. He pretends to be homeless so he can stalk beautiful young ladies before taking advantage of them."

Bloody hell! He must have seen Raegan cleaning the house this afternoon.

The officer's words reminded Raegan of the man's terrible face. She shivered in fear. As the bad guy was dragged away, his face was swollen and bloodied.

He licked his lips at Raegan and sniffed.

"Hmm... Beautiful... You smell good..."

Goosebumps prickled Raegan's skin as she felt sick in her stomach.

Mitchel picked Raegan up and walked directly to his car. After strapping her in, he wanted to turn around to slip into the driver's seat, but she grabbed his wrist and said pitifully, "I left something in the house."

"Don't worry. We will come back for it tomorrow," he said, patting her hand gently. ANGELA'S LIBRARY

Hearing these assuring words, Raegan didn't say anything more. She just leaned back and closed her eyes. Her heart was still beating hard though.

Mitchel wanted to drive back to Ardlens. But now that Raegan was clearly not feeling well, he changed his mind.

He found a hotel nearby.

As soon as he walked into the room, Mitchel frowned. The interior was worse than any hotel room he had stayed in his entire life. However, he could only make do with it because this was considered the best in town.

He asked the staff to change the toiletries and all the beddings into disposable ones.

Then, he ran Raegan a hot bath and told her to take a good soak.

Raegan stood at the threshold of the bathroom door. She didn't want to be alone in the bathroom. The lingering fear made it impossible for her to think straight.

With her shaky fingers, she tugged at Mitchel's shirt and asked something she would never have in the past.

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"Mitchel... Can you bathe with me?"

The fear in her eyes was evident.

Mitchel squinted and asked, "Are you sure?"

Raegan was in a daze. She neither nodded nor shook her head. But right now, no one else could comfort her like Mitchel. She remembered when he held her in his arms and his chest felt warm against her face.

It was the sort of feeling that she longed for.

A hint of ambiguity quietly grew in the air. Raegan was scalded by Mitchel's intense gaze. It was now too late to withdraw her hand.

Mitchel held her and then reached behind her to unzip her dress.

After stripping her naked, he picked her up and took her into the bathtub.

As she got soaked in the warm and soapy water, Raegan held his hand and said with a flushed face, "I can do it myself." Mitchel gently pushed her hand away and insisted in a hoarse voice, "Relax, I won't step out of line."

To prove that he had no ill intentions, he kept a straight face the whole time.

This made him look more like a gentleman.

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But every time his hand touched her skin, it felt so caressing and a little hard at the same time.

Raegan's head was drawn back as she sat in the tub. She didn't even look at him. After bearing it for a while, she couldn't take it anymore.

"Well, that's enough."

Mitchel raised his eyebrows. When he saw that she was serious, he helped her out and dried her body with a clean towel before putting a night robe on her.

After taking her to the bedroom, he went to take a shower.

By the time he emerged from the bathroom, Raegan was already lying on the bed peacefully.

It was hard to tell whether she was pretending or not.

Mitchel gently lifted the blanket and got into bed. He pulled her into his arms and rested his chin on the crown of her head. When he felt her shudder a little, he raised a corner of his lips and uttered softly, "Raegan, the baby is mine, right?"

There was a conspicuous level of certainty in Mitchel's tone.

Luis had told him there could be miscalculations in the conception dates of some women.

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Although the test result wasn't out yet, he could feel it in his guts that the child was his. He firmly believed that Raegan would never cheat on him, let alone conceive a child for another man.

In the past few years, he knew everything about her. Raegan not only followed the rules but also cared about his feelings. He was aware that she loved him.

He rubbed his chin against her head and said in a magnetic voice, ""Raegan, I was such a fool in the past. I'm sorry for not treating you right. Let's start all over and live a good life together, okay?"

These were the most affectionate words Raegan had ever heard from him.

ANGELA'S LIBRARY

Her heart began to race.

At this moment, her mind was in a mess.

He had just touched a soft spot.

Although she was deeply hurt by his nonchalance toward her, she couldn't stop loving him no matter how hard she tried. After all, this was the man she had loved for ten years.

He was her source of joy and sadness.

Her love for him was so deep that it hurt a lot.

At this moment, she curled up slowly like a pangolin, not knowing how to respond.

Two voices were arguing in her head. One was saying that a child needed to be raised by a father and a mother.

The other one told her to be sensible, "Wake up, Raegan! Don't fall for those cheap sweet words. He's not into you. This man is just possessive. Do you want to be dumped again? Say no!"

Despite the war going on in her head, Raegan began to feel sleepy for real. Yet, Mitchel was not sleepy at all. His affectionate eyes were still open.

In the middle of the night, Raegan screamed and woke up sweating all over.

She had been having a lot of bad dreams lately. Perhaps it was due to the pregnancy.

This time, she dreamed of that scary pervert chasing after her while saying, "Come, beauty. You smell good!" "What's wrong?" Mitchel turned on the bedside lamp and turned her face to him.

Raegan bit her lower lip with tears at the corners of her eyes.

Since she was holding back her wail, she couldn't help but whimper every few seconds.

Her pitiful look made Mitchel sad. He pulled a piece of tissue and wiped her tears gently.

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"Do you feel sad?" he asked.

"Yes..." Raegan sobbed again.

Raegan covered her mouth in a hurry. Her ears turned red instantly and her eyes glistened.

It was embarrassing to cry like a child. But she couldn't help it.

Mitchel looked at her affectionately and asked in a soft voice, "Can I help with that?"

By help, Raegan thought he meant patting her back to comfort her so she nodded and whimpered again.

Under the warm light, Raegan looked so angelic and innocent. Her earlobes looked so pink and tender as if they were screaming to be nibbled on.

Lust gleamed in Mitchel's dark eyes. He held the back of her head and kissed her softly. Raegan's eyes widened in an instant. She froze like a scared deer.

She wanted to resist him and push him away.

However, his long legs wrapped her knees together, keeping her captive.

He lifted her chin and kissed her on the lips gently. His actions weren't rough like they were when he was just horny. It seemed like he was really comforting her.

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Seconds later, Mitchel broke the kiss. He looked down at her flushed face and wiped the moisture at the corners of her mouth with his thumb.

“Feeling better now?”

Raegan was still in a daze. She was unblinking, but her sobbing had stopped. She frowned.

“You lied to me.”

“How? The kiss worked, didn’t it?” Mitchel pinched her lip and smiled at her.

In terms of argument, Raegan couldn’t win.

With a pout, Raegan turned over and accidentally rubbed against his groin. Her face instantly flushed as she gasped, “You!” How foolish of her! Here she was thinking that he only kissed her to comfort her. This man already had a boner!

With a mischievous smirk, Mitchel asked, “What?”

Her eyes narrowed as she struggled to speak. After a while, she pointed at the sofa and ordered, “Go sleep on the sofa!”

Left to her, she wouldn’t have slept on the same bed with him in the first place. She was just scared. But men were built different. Now, she feared what might come next...

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Mitchel understood that she was still in a state of shock, so he stopped teasing her and got out of bed.

“I need to take another shower.”

He ran his fingers through his hair as he walked into the bathroom for a cold shower.

When he returned, Raegan had resumed her sleep pretense once again.

It was not that she didn't want to sleep. She just had a lot on her mind, so it was hard to fall asleep.

One thing she didn't realize was that her breathing was different whenever she was asleep for real.

The corners of Mitchel's mouth twitched. He knew she must be having a hard time sleeping because she was scared. If she was tired and sweaty, she would fall asleep faster, wouldn't she? At this thought, he leaned over and bit her earlobe. The pain sent Raegan's eyes open. She asked curtly, "Are you a rabid dog?"

He was fond of biting her!

With a smirk, Mitchel stretched out his arm and said, "I guess | got it from you."

When Raegan saw the red bite mark on his arm, she realized that her bite had been worse than his nibble just now. Angela's Library

Seeing that she didn't say a word, Mitchel added, "Friendly advice, you should get those teeth insured."

It was her most-priced self-defense tool, after all.

Raegan scowled at him. Couldn't this man just go to sleep and stop teasing her?

With a snort, she shut her eyes again and ignored him.

"You can't sleep yet," Mitchel said, approaching her and holding her waist.

“You haven't paid your debt.”

Raegan was stunned.

“What debt?”

Did he want to... No way!

“You bit me four times. | have to bite you one more time.” Raegan was speechless. Ugh! He was so narrow-minded!

“Fine!”

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She stretched out her arm bravely after eyeing him. Under the warm light, the veins in her arm could be seen faintly.

Her arm looked like a fresh piece of cheese.

Raegan had her eyes closed, anticipating a pain in her arm. But Mitchel suddenly pulled her toward him by holding the back of

her head. He then lowered his head and barred his teeth close to her neck.

His mouth closed in on her skin.

Raegan's eyes widened in shock. For a second there, she felt he wanted to suck her blood like a vampire. She hissed and hit his back.

Before she could deal another blow, her hand was grabbed.

Raegan suddenly stiffened.

Mitchel didn't bite her. He began to lick her! The wet tip of his tongue hooked the red mark, licking it over and over again.

An electrifying sensation traveled to Raegan's entire body. It felt so strange.

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She had never bitten him like this...

After a while, he let go of her neck.

Noticing that she was staring into space, he frowned slightly, reached underneath her cloth and pinched her. "Hmm..." Raegan grabbed his hand and looked at him warily.

"What are you doing?"

"Nothing," he replied simply, looking down at her.

Raegan smelled something fishy, but she couldn't put her finger on it.

There was no trusting this man. He lay down and held her in his arms. He said clearly, "Go to sleep."

Now that he had stressed her out, she began to feel sleepy. She soon dozed off for real this time.

Mitchel looked down at the red mark on her neck. It would be noticeably red by tomorrow if he didn't apply something on it now.

But he let it be. He smiled, feeling satisfied for leaving his mark on her.

The next day, Raegan didn't wake up until it was almost noon.

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She was still yawning when she heard Mitchel's low voice. "Stop it, Lauren!"

In an instant, she was wide awake. She imagined the worst almost immediately. Did that troublesome woman follow them all the way here?

The door was ajar, so Raegan heard Mitchel's low and deep voice. "Sorry, | can't go there now. I'll visit you when | get back."

Then Mitchel fell silent. It seemed he was only listening to the person he was talking with. But Raegan couldn't hear what the other person was saying.

It was only then that she realized he was talking with someone on the phone. Raegan didn't think much about it. She stood up and went to the bathroom to take a shower.

After taking a shower, she was wrapping herself in a bath towel when she realized that she had nothing to wear. Her clothes were touched and ripped by that pervert. She didn't want to wear them anymore.

Raegan was in a dilemma when the door suddenly opened, and Mitchel came in. He saw her putting on his shirt clumsily.

His shirt was so big for her that the hem reached her knees. She rolled the sleeves because they were longer than her arms. She was like a child stealing an adult's clothes.

When Mitchel approached Raegan, he found that her face was as red as cherries. She said, "I have nothing to wear."

If they were in Ardlens, Mitchel would have asked someone to prepare clothes for her. But they were in a different place, which was not very convenient. There was no suitable place to buy clothes here.

ANGELA'S LIBRARY

"Take me back to my grandma's place. I have clothes there," Raegan added.

She brought some clothes with her there.

Mitchel looked her up and down and asked in a deep voice, "Are you going out like this?"

"Why not?"

There was a full-length mirror in the bathroom, and Raegan could see her reflection. Mitchel's shirt was knee-length for her, so she thought there was nothing wrong with it. And it wouldn't be cold in the car anyway.

When she noticed Mitchel's silence, she couldn't help asking, "Is there any problem?"

At this time, Raegan noticed that there were hickeys on her neck, which had already turned purplish. Mitchel did it on purpose. He left marks on her.

Raegan was annoyed. She covered her neck with her hair.

Mitchel hugged her from behind and asked hoarsely, "Why did you cover it?"