

Unbreakable 291

Chapter 291

But the appetizing aroma of the soup filled the office and reached Mitchel's nose, making him raise his head. Then he saw Raegan walking out.

A happy smile immediately appeared on his indifferent face. He called out aloud, "Honey, wait!"

Raegan stopped when she heard this.

Mitchel stood up and said to Lauren, "I have already underlined the key points on the document.

Matteo will take you to the head of the Operations Department. He will help you with the rest."

Lauren wanted to say something. However, Mitchel had already walked to Raegan and wrapped his arm around her waist naturally.

"Honey, why are you here?"

Lauren froze in place. Her hand holding the document stiffened for a moment.

Raegan's face flushed upon hearing Mitchel's endearment. Besides, she was not used to being intimate with Mitchel in front of others. She wanted to break free from his arm. But out of the corner of her eye, she saw the undisguised anger on Lauren's face. An idea occurred to her. She raised her head, looked at Mitchel with her round eyes, and said softly, "I just want to see you."

Raegan's innocent face had always been her advantage. Any man who looked at her could hardly refuse her.

And Mitchel was not an exception. When he looked at her angelic face, he couldn't help leaning over and planting a kiss on her delicate lips.

Upon seeing this scene, Lauren subconsciously clenched her fists so tightly that her fingernails dug into the palms of her hands. A malicious light flashed across her eyes. It took her some moments to calm herself down and conceal the resentment in her eyes. Then she said softly, "Mitchel, I'm leaving then."

Mitchel nodded. Before Lauren walked out of the office, he said, "Don't worry. No one will make things difficult for you anymore.

Matteo will make arrangements for you to make sure that everything goes well."

Somehow, Lauren's mood was lightened up by his words. She smiled and said in a sweet voice,

"Thank you, Mitchel."

Then she walked out of the office with her head held high. It was as if she was showing her

complacency to Raegan.

As soon as the door closed, Raegan broke free from Mitchel's embrace.

She walked to the coffee table and opened the thermos lid. Then she turned to Mitchel and said in a calm and cold voice, "Drink the soup while it's still hot."

Of course, Mitchel immediately felt her alienation. He squinted and asked, "Are you mad at me?"

Raegan didn't answer his question. They hadn't contacted each other for the past three days, and she had no idea that Lauren had already entered the Dixon Group. Lauren must have come up with a new strategy to get close to Mitchel.

At the thought of the scene when Lauren and Mitchel were in the same office and discussing work, she felt Lauren's purpose was very obvious.

Raegan felt like a fishbone was stuck in her throat. And every time she breathed, it hurt. She was very uncomfortable.

However, she couldn't find an outlet to vent out. And she also knew that Mitchel didn't like others to interfere with his work. So, if she made a fuss about it, they would only argue..

Raegan suppressed the anger and jealousy in her heart and replied indifferently, "No, of course not.

Drink the soup now.”

Mitchel didn't seem satisfied with Raegan's answer. The expression on his face changed. But he didn't say anything more. He just picked up the soup and drank it up.

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As soon as he put down the empty thermos, Raegan stood up, cleaned the coffee table, and said,

“Alright. Go ahead with your work. I'll take my leave.”

But when she turned around, Mitchel suddenly grabbed her wrist. She was unprepared, so she lost her balance and fell on his lap.

Much to her surprise, Mitchel lowered his head and bit her Lips gently. He said in a low voice, “Bad liar.”

He must have seen through her mind because he started explaining, “Lauren's condition is getting much better now, so her father let her take over the family business in ArdLens. But she can't handle everything on her own at the moment. It happens that they have a project related to our company, so her father asked me to help her.

That's all.”

He paused before he added expressionlessly, "If you are not happy with it, I won't help her personally from now on. I will ask someone to take care of her."

"It's okay. You don't have to do that," Raegan refused at once.

Since Mitchel took the initiative to explain it to her, it only meant there was really nothing between him and Lauren. She should trust him.

Besides, Raegan was not an unreasonable person. She could understand such a thing.

And she was aware that when it came to love, things like jealousy and misunderstandings couldn't be avoided.

These things were so unpredictable that no one could stop them from coming.

While Raegan sat in Mitchel's arms, she felt his body seemed on fire.

Her cheeks began to burn. She didn't need to look in the mirror to know she was blushing.

But it was too late for her to realize it.

Before she could react, Mitchel had already lifted her on the broad office desk and pressed a button.

Then, all the blinds shut.

"Raegan..." Mitchel looked at Raegan's face affectionately. His eyes were full of lust. With his long

legs against her knees, he said softly, "Let me have a taste of you, okay?"

Raegan was startled. She panicked at once.

"Mitchel, we're in the company."

Suddenly, she felt a chill on her chest. It turned out that Mitchel had already pulled down her off-shoulder blouse..

He bent down, kissed her delicate collarbone, and coaxed her in a low voice, "Don't worry. I'll make it quick."

Mitchel's gentle and dense kisses moved from her neck down to the other parts of her body. Every touch of his lips made Raegan uncontrollably shiver. It was as if she was electrocuted.

Raegan bit her lips hard to suppress the urge to moan.

She was so nervous that she held the edge of the table with her slender hands. She was so afraid of making a sound.

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At this moment, there was a knock on the door. Then Matteo's voice sounded.

"Mr. Dixon, the car is ready."

Raegan was so shocked that her body instantly froze. She stared at Mitchel and said, "Mitchel, let go of me. You should be leaving now."

Mitchel raised his head, looked at her solemnly, and said in a hoarse voice, "I will go after I finish my business here."

He had restrained himself for the past few days. He could no longer endure it. Raegan was here, and he didn't want to let go of this opportunity to satisfy his desire.

Although he couldn't get inside her today, he must let off his desire.

Matteo's constant knocking on the door made Raegan even more nervous.

She reached out and hit Mitchel. However, he was unstoppable now. He only suppressed her.

Her beautiful eyes turned red with tears, making her look like an innocent rabbit.

When Mitchel saw her like this, there was only one thought in his mind. She looked so tempting when she cried.

Then, a wicked idea was formed in his mind. He wanted to see her in a more vulnerable state. He thought of making her cry harder.

While Raegan was still struggling, Mitchel suddenly grabbed her wrists tightly, leaned forward, and

kissed her fiercely.

Finally, Matteo stopped knocking. He must have realized what was going on in the office, so he retreated silently.

At last, Mitchel's rapid breathing gradually subsided.

He leaned closer to Raegan's ear and said hoarsely, "Honey, I will die on you sooner or later."

After a while, he stood up. Raegan was still panting faintly. Her hair was wet, and her cheeks were crimson. She looked pitiful and lovely..

Mitchel took a wet tissue and cleaned Raegan up. While he was doing this, his eyes caught sight of the bruises between her Legs.

His eyes darkened. He felt sorry for Raegan. And he couldn't help blaming himself for Losing control of his strength just now.

He quickly opened the drawer and took out an ointment. Then he asked her to lie down so he could apply it to her bruises.

When his slender fingers touched her skin, Raegan felt they were cold.

She was so embarrassed that her face flushed at once.

Fortunately, she wore a pair of soft and loose square pants today.

The ointment wouldn't stain on her.

But she thought it was still too embarrassing.

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Raegan was angry and embarrassed at the same time. She asked abruptly, "Why do you have this in your office?"

Mitchel grinned wickedly.

"I have a flight at three this afternoon, and I will be on a business trip for four days. If you don't show up today, I'll call you over anyway. So I prepared this in advance."

Raegan was rendered speechless.

She was so exhausted right now that she couldn't help regretting coming to his office. She decided she would never bring soup to his office again.

Knowing that Raegan was going to the nursing house to see her grandmother, Mitchel insisted on sending her there first.

On their way, he rested his chin on her head and played with her earlobe.

Then he said, "When I come back from the business trip, I will go with you to see your grandma."

Raegan remained expressionless. She knew that the greater the expectation was, the greater the disappointment would be. After all, it happened to her last time.

Seeing that she was unresponsive, Mitchel lowered his head, bit her earlobe gently, and said in a husky voice, "I know it was my fault last time. I'll make it right this time."

Raegan was a little moved. It turned out he remembered what he did last time. This time, she couldn't help smiling.

"Okay."

Her docile look only aroused Mitchel again. He lowered his head and began to suck her lips passionately.

Raegan struggled.

"Mitchel, someone else is in the car."

Of course, her voice reached Matteo's ears. He was sensible enough to immediately raise the partition..

He told himself that he could pretend to be invisible as long as Mitchel and Raegan were happy and satisfied.

Now that they had privacy, Mitchel pulled down Raegan's blouse without hesitation. He sucked hard the skin on her collarbone to leave a hickey.

Before Raegan could return to her senses, she heard Mitchel order overbearingly, "Call me honey."

Mitchel had been bullying Raegan with his thin lips for a long time, forcing her to affectionately address him as honey multiple times.

Before exiting the car, Mitchel straightened Raegan's attire, his gaze fixed on her. He said in a hoarse voice, "Take good care of yourself. I'll be back in a few days and we can pick up where we left off."

A blush crept over Raegan's face upon hearing him.

Mitchel was still recovering from injuries, with doctors advising against strenuous activities for at least a week.

Yet he made demands almost daily. To help him with his recovery, Raegan promised to fulfill his desires so long as he complied with medical advice.

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She'd even consulted it with the doctor. It would be fine for them to make out as long as the

movements were not too violent during these two months.

If he was insistent, she'd plead with Mitchel to take it easy and gentle.

Upon reaching the nursing house, Raegan noticed the disheveled nurse, Kendra, sitting outside the

ward, her face half-swollen. When Kendra saw her, tears sprang to her eyes.

"Ms. Hayes, I was about to call you. A man claiming to be a relative tried to feed the patient cake.

When I objected, he grabbed my head and slapped me in the face..

Raegan's expression shifted dramatically.

She handed Kendra some money, reassuring her, "I'm really sorry for that, Kendra. Why don't you go

see a doctor while I handle the rest?"

Accepting the cash, Kendra broke down, too timid to make a scene.

"I'm not sure I can continue caring for your grandmother."

Desperate, Raegan negotiated, "Kendra, you've done a great job taking care of my grandma. I trust

your capabilities. And I'm truly sorry for the harm you received when you fulfilled your job. I promise

you that I'll solve the problem as soon as possible. In addition, I'll even boost your salary by three

thousand a month. Are you okay with it?"

Pondering for a bit, Kendra felt a sense of conviction. Raegan's grandmother, despite her illness, was easy to get along with.

Moreover, quitting could mean losing an employer as understanding as Raegan.

She paused before declaring, "Ms. Hayes, the extra money isn't necessary. I'll stay and continue caring for your grandma."

After saying that, she headed to the pharmacy for medication.

Upon opening the door, Raegan found her grandmother's room in disarray. Shattered glass and crumpled bed sheets littered the floor.

Her uncle, Brent Hayes, stood by the bed, aggressively smearing cake on her grandmother's face.

"Damn it! Eat this! You have to eat all of it!" he shouted.

Raegan's grandmother whimpered in pain due to her frail condition.

Infuriated, Raegan couldn't believe Brent would treat his own mother this way.

Without a second thought, she grabbed a cup from the bedside table and hurled it at Brent's head.

Bang!

Brent let out a scream as the cup hit his head.

“Fuck! Who do you think you are, hitting me?” Clutching his head, Brent roared.

Wiping blood from the corner of his eye, he spotted Raegan glaring at him.

“Brent, get out of my face right now. Or I’ll call the police.”

Chapter 296

Raegan warned..

“Call them, I dare you!” Brent retorted, his eyes defiant.

“You’re the one who assaulted me, and I’m here visiting my mother. Who do you think you are?”

Just then, Kendra rushed in. Seeing Raegan’s grandma’s face covered in cake, she quickly began

cleaning it with tissues.

Meanwhile, Raegan’s grandmother weakly admonished, “You bastard! Don’t bully Raegan.”

Brent touched his head, then chuckled menacingly.

“Mom, you’re clearly not seeing things right. Who’s bullying whom? I won’t go anywhere until she

compensates me!”

At this, Raegan’s grandmother nearly fainted from anger.

Feeling for her grandmother, Raegan interjected, "Brent, let's take this outside."

Brent, figuring that Raegan would pay him a hefty sum, promptly followed her out. They exited the room and paused in the corridor.

"What the hell are you thinking?" Raegan cut to the chase.

Grinning insolently, Brent answered, "Look, Raegan. All I'm after is some compensation. Once that's settled, I won't place blame on you for the injury."

Raegan arched an eyebrow.

"You sold my grandma's house for one million dollars. What about that large amount of money?"

"I've spent it all. You know, I got a business to run. Just fork over five hundred thousand. Once I turn a profit, you'll get double back."

Scoffing, Raegan retorted, "A business? You mean gambling?"

Brent's expression shifted.

"What are you even talking about?"

"I had to change my grandma's number because your creditors wouldn't stop bothering her."

Caught in his lie, Brent gave a shameless grin.

“Alright, I gamble now and then. But I’m really in business now. Hand over the money, and you’ll never hear from me again, I promise.”

But Raegan was far from convinced. Brent had a track record of deceit and recklessness. He had been a troublemaker since he was young, causing troubles here and there.

He had become a middle-aged gambling addict, having sold her grandmother’s house without notifying her grandmother, rendering the latter homeless.

Worse yet, he had blown through a million dollars in a mere month.

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The driver brought the car to an immediate stop. Hector exited and strolled unhurriedly toward the unfolding scene.

Raegan appeared notably fragile, her hair a tangled mess.

Enraged, Brent grasped Raegan’s hair once more. Lifting his hand, he yelled, “I’ll discipline you on your

mother's behalf today. Cross me again, and I'll sell you for money!"

However, before Brent could slap Raegan again, his hand was firmly held by Hector.

Hector was tall, his stature shielding against the glaring sunlight, and his eyes met Raegan's as he thwarted Brent.

"Miss, do you need any help?"

Hector was in good condition. He clenched his fist so hard that Brent almost cried out in pain..

Brent struggled to break free from Hector's grip, his voice trembling with anger.

"Who do you think you are? Why don't you mind your own business..."

Before Brent could finish his sentence, Hector snapped Brent's wrist, the sharp crack causing Brent to yelp in pain.

"Ah! Are you out of your mind?"

It took Brent a moment to understand what had just happened. Then, he crumpled to the ground, writhing in pain and letting out piercing screams.

After releasing his grip, Hector calmly reached for a tissue offered by his assistant. He wiped his hands with an air of indifference, his eyes locked onto Raegan throughout, paying no attention to Brent.

But somehow, Brent couldn't help but feel oppressed by the aura exuded by Hector.

Though Brent had never met Mitchel in person, judging from Hector's handsome appearance and the luxurious car he had arrived in, Brent assumed he must be Raegan's man. Clutching his injured hand, he decided to exploit the situation.

"Are you the man with Raegan? I'm her uncle. If you want to save her today, you must pay me a million dollars for my injuries and the nursing fee."

Clearly, he intended to blackmail them.

Raegan, who was still in a daze, nearly burst into tears when she mistook Hector for Mitchel.

But upon closer inspection, she realized they merely shared a passing resemblance.

Hector's eyes were gentle, a stark contrast to his cold and handsome temperament.

Perhaps because he was slightly older than Mitchel, his eyes bore the weight of a life filled with experiences.

Undeterred, Brent persisted, "You two might not tie the knot yet, but I'm her uncle. How dare you lay a hand on me!"

Raegan hadn't expected Brent to be so shameless and even blackmail them. She couldn't help but scold him, "Shut up! Stop bothering this gentleman. I don't know him."

However, how could Brent believe it? After all, this was a rare opportunity for him to make a fortune out of it. He wasn't about to let it slip away so easily.

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He added, "Dude, look at her. She has been with you for a while.

Don't you think it's time for you to shower me with some money? I'm being generous by asking for just one million dollars."

Hector turned his sharp gaze onto Brent.

Brent shuddered in fear under Hector's unwavering stare.

Instinctively, Brent understood it would be unwise to provoke someone of Hector's stature.

Yet, when he thought about the money, a glimmer of encouragement washed over him, but he still couldn't muster the courage to raise his voice.

"You are lucky, you know. My niece used to be courted by an ocean of men. Her looks are top-notch, and so is her figure. Don't be so tight-fisted. Otherwise, I might as well trade her for money myself."

Brent's words were vile and indecent, nothing like how an uncle should talk about his niece.

Raegan seethed with anger, a strong urge to put him in his place brewing within her.

But someone else beat her to it. Hector elegantly slipped off his leather gloves and used them to deliver a resounding slap on Brent's face..

Smack! The sound echoed loudly.

Brent spewed a mouthful of blood, his nose and mouth bleeding profusely. He howled in pain.

Hector tossed his gloves onto the floor, stomping on them with his boots.

His gentle demeanor had given way to an icy, unwavering gaze as he spoke.

"If you don't know how to speak, let me teach you."

Brent wailed pitifully.

"Raegan, I'm your uncle. You can't just stand by and watch me get humiliated Like this."

However, Raegan responded coldly, "I don't have an uncle like you."

Suddenly, the shrill sound of a police whistle pierced the air.

Brent's face changed dramatically. He hadn't expected Raegan to have called the police. He attempted to run away.

But he was caught red-handed and escorted to the police station.

Raegan also headed to the station to recount the whole ordeal, with Hector standing as her witness.

The officer assured Raegan that Brent would be detained for at least fifteen days.

Raegan didn't want to make things too difficult for him. She merely aimed to teach Brent a lesson and make him think twice before bullying her and her grandmother again.

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Yet, she couldn't shake the feeling that Brent's sudden appearance was rather strange.

She had brought her grandmother to Ardlens without informing anyone.

How on earth had Brent pinpointed the nursing house and her grandmother's ward so precisely?

The question nagged at her, but there was no way Brent would answer her.

In the midst of her pondering, a young policeman approached her, asking, "Excuse me, are you

Raegan Hayes?"

Raegan gazed up at the police officer, and he continued, "Do you remember me? I used to work at the

Tenassie station. I'm Eric Happer."

The mention of his name triggered a recollection. Raegan had spent years searching for the hit-and-run suspect responsible for her father's death.

Even after relocating to Ardlens, she returned annually to pursue the case, yet there had been no progress.

Eric, who had been newly transferred to the Tenassie station, had met Raegan a year earlier. Raegan's father's accident had been particularly tragic, and Raegan's striking appearance had left an impression on him.

Eric continued, "A few days ago, I heard from a former colleague that a recently captured fugitive confessed to the police. The crime scene wasn't far from the site of your father's accident. The fugitive mentioned seeing a suspicious vehicle. The details are still being investigated."

Raegan was taken aback by the revelation. Even though she had rarely spoken about the incident in recent years, it had never slipped her mind.

She immediately exchanged contact information with Eric, asking him to keep her informed of any updates.

After taking care of everything, Raegan was about to return to the nursing house when Hector's car pulled up right in front of her.

Raegan stood by the roadside and expressed her heartfelt thanks.

“Don’t mention it,” Hector replied, his voice gentle and devoid of the cruelty she had witnessed when he

ruthlessly broke Brent’s wrist.

He seemed like a completely different person.

“Where are you headed? Let me give you a lift,” Hector offered..

“That’s very kind of you, but I don’t want to trouble you further.

I will hail a taxi.”

Hector glanced at her and casually said, “It’s not a big deal. Get in the car.”

His tone was easygoing, yet there was an undeniable charm in his voice.

Grateful for his earlier help, Raegan didn’t protest and obediently got into the car.

The moment she settled in, Hector handed her a handkerchief and motioned toward her right cheek.

Raegan examined herself through the car window and saw some bloodstains on her face. The

handkerchief had a faint scent of sandalwood and felt exceptionally soft.