

## Unbreakable 1111

### Chapter 1111

Raegan was surprised to find that Mitchel was also dining at the restaurant. She couldn't help but wonder about his intentions behind sending her a bottle of fine vintage wine. Was he trying to cause trouble for her?

Stefan noticed Mitchel whose piercing gaze was directed at their table. Concerned for Raegan, he called out softly, "Raegan?"

Startled, Raegan snapped back to reality and looked at Stefan. "What is it?"

"Is everything okay?" Stefan asked with concern.

Raegan shook her head and assured him, "Everything's fine. Don't worry. Let's just enjoy our meal."

Stefan wasn't one to press for answers if Raegan didn't want to discuss it further.

The waiter remained nearby and asked, "Miss, would you like me to open the wine for you?"

Raegan took a sip from her glass and casually responded, "No, thanks.

Just throw it away."

The waiter misunderstood Raegan's request, thinking she wanted him to pour the wine into a glass. So, he began to open the bottle.

Raegan raised her gaze and reiterated, "I mean, throw it away."

Seeing that the waiter still didn't get it, she clarified, "Throw the bottle in the trash can."

Shocked, the waiter stammered, "Throw... Throw it in the trash can?"

"You heard me."

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Raegan meant it. Wasn't Mitchel watching her? If so, she would make some scenes for him to see.

The waiter, however, struggled to bring himself to throw away a valuable bottle of fine vintage wine, given its worth. How could someone just dump it in the trash can?

"I'll do it." Raegan decided to take matters into her own hands. She snatched the bottle and tossed it into the trash can.

From his vantage point upstairs, Mitchel witnessed the entire scene, his expression growing colder by the moment. Raegan had told him she was busy with work, yet here she was, dating another man. Not only that, but she also threw his wine in such a manner. She even wiped her hands with a disgusted expression afterward. Holy shit!

"Raegan seems to be doing this on purpose. You poor thing!" Luis commented with a grin. "The guy over there looks handsome. It seems Raegan could have a fantastic life without you!"

Mitchel's handsome face darkened even more, and he fired back, "Why don't you just shut up, or I'll kick you out myself."

Luis seemed unfazed by Mitchel's threat. He was used to Mitchel's temper and even felt sorry for him. Despite his good looks, Mitchel had never been good at chasing after girls, and that was why he always pissed Raegan off while trying to win her back.

At this moment, Luis cleared his throat, glanced at Raegan's table, and offered some advice, "You know, Mitchel, you need to learn how to win over your girl. Show Raegan how much you care about her.

Don't always be so domineering. That way, people will only be scared away by you."

Luis seemed to have forgotten that he was single. Not wanting to hear any of Luis' bullshit, Mitchel abruptly stood up and made his way downstairs.

Chapter 1112

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"Hey, bro, where are you going? If you don't heed my advice, you'll regret it!" Luis called out, but Mitchel continued going down the stairs with a somber expression.

Meanwhile, Raegan and Stefan were almost done eating. Stefan was carefully peeling a crab for Raegan.

Feeling a little embarrassed, Raegan spoke up. "Stefan, it's all my bad today. I said I'd introduce a girl to you, but she couldn't make it."

After the phone call, Elin sent a message to Raegan, saying that she didn't want to be in any relationship at the moment.

It puzzled Raegan since Elin hadn't objected when they had discussed the topic earlier. Why had Elin suddenly changed her mind?

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Raegan resolved to have a heart-to-heart conversation with Elin when she returned.

Stefan, in a gentle tone, began, "Raegan, actually, I don't want a girlfriend."

Hearing this, Raegan looked at him in bewilderment. She couldn't understand why both Elin and Stefan were rejecting the idea of being in a relationship.

With a faint smile on his face, Stefan continued, "I'm looking for someone who's ready to take that walk down the aisle with me."

"Are you saying you want to start a family?" Raegan asked.

"Well, I'm getting on in years, you know."

"Don't be absurd. You're not that old. I'd say you're quite young and handsome."

"Really? You think so?" Stefan beamed.

"Absolutely. I swear I'm telling the truth." Seeing that Stefan didn't seem to believe her words, Raegan said earnestly, "You look like a college student."

Raegan decided to be candid since she considered Stefan as an older brother figure. She often used this kind of flattery with Erick, so she thought it might work similarly with Stefan.

"Well, what kind of man do you like then?" Stefan casually asked.

"My type?" Raegan pondered over the question.

"If you were looking for a stepfather for Janey, what type of person would you prefer?" Stefan urged.

Raegan's mind raced. A stepfather for Janey... The image of Mitchel popped into Raegan's mind, but she quickly shook her head to dismiss the thought.

"I have only one requirement: he must be kind to Janey," Raegan finally replied.

“And what about you?”

“Me?” Raegan asked with confusion written all over her face.

Stefan nodded. “Don’t you have any expectations for your man?”

Raegan pondered for a moment and answered, “Well, he should be easygoing, responsible, and honest with me.”

Chapter 1113

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Stefan refilled their drinks and dropped a bomb. “Do you think I meet your criteria?”

“Ahem...” Raegan nearly choked on a drink upon hearing his question.

Seeing that Stefan was about to rush to her aid, Raegan waved her hand to signal to him not to worry.

While Raegan drank, Stefan asked straightforwardly, “Erick told me that you’re looking for someone to be Janey’s stepfather. Would you consider me?”

Raegan took a deep breath, surprised by his words. “Stefan, you..

“Raegan, I have no romantic aspirations, and I believe I’m at the right age to start a family. We complement each other in many ways, and Janey likes me. I think I’m a suitable candidate for the role,”

Stefan said seriously.

Raegan agreed with him. He was indeed a good fit to be Janey’s stepfather.

As a scholar, Stefan had little interest in romantic matters and approached things rationally. He believed that he was at an age where starting a family was appropriate, and he was willing to accept Raegan as his wife.

Raegan understood Stefan’s practical approach. It was obvious he wasn’t seeking a passionate romance but rather a compatible partner to be his spouse.

For a moment, Raegan was silent, lost in thought. After a short while, she concluded that Stefan was indeed the most suitable man for her. She knew him well and was confident he would be good to Janey.

Still, the suddenness of it all took Raegan by surprise. She had planned to set up Stefan with Elin. But now, their paths seemed to be diverging.

But then again, there was something more pressing on her mind.

“Actually, right now, .” Raegan began.

Just as Raegan was about to express her thoughts to Stefan, her words were abruptly cut off by a cold and stern voice. “Are you finished with dinner?”

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Mitchel appeared out of nowhere, pulled a chair between Raegan and Stefan, and took a seat. He noticed the crab meat on Raegan’s plate, personally peeled by Stefan, and his expression darkened, though he said nothing for the moment.

Raegan found herself in a rather awkward situation as Mitchel abruptly interrupted their conversation.

Realizing that Mitchel was the one who had sent the wine, Stefan narrowed his eyes and asked, “Raegan, who’s this?”

“He’s my ex-husband,” Raegan replied.

“Her current husband,” Mitchel corrected her.

Then, a silence engulfed them.

Upon hearing Raegan’s words, Mitchel’s face grew even darker.

Noticing the tension between Raegan and Mitchel, Stefan chose not to say anything.

Raegan remembered the last time Mitchel had shown her their wedding photo seemingly out of nowhere. She didn’t want to escalate the situation in public. She composed herself and reluctantly clarified, “He’ll soon be my ex.”

Mitchel felt frustrated by her remark. What was the point of her explaining their status?

Chapter 1114

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Meanwhile, Stefan remained composed and level-headed. Despite having questions, he knew better than to put Raegan in a predicament.

“Shall we go now?” Stefan suggested to Raegan, who nodded in response.

Stefan stood up. With that, he and Raegan left the table without so much as a glance at Mitchel.

Mitchel’s expression darkened. Raegan acted like it was as if he were invisible to her.

Mitchel couldn’t bear it any longer. He loosened the button on his collar, strode forward, grabbed Raegan’s wrist from behind, and pulled her into his arms.

Raegan struggled, but her efforts were in vain.

“If you keep resisting me, I won’t hesitate to remind you of that ki\*s. And this time, I won’t be lenient with you,” Mitchel warned sternly in a low voice.

Raegan thought Mitchel was capable of such actions, so she stopped resisting.

Stefan glanced back at their interlocked hands and inquired, “Raegan?”

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Mitchel’s eyes had the ferocity of a wild animal on the verge of attack.

Raegan worried that Stefan and Mitchel might clash. Stefan, being more delicate, would be no match for Mitchel’s brute strength and would surely get hurt.

“Stefan, go ahead to the car and wait for me. I need to have a word with him,” Raegan responded.

Stefan looked concerned and questioned, “Are you sure you can handle it?”

At Stefan’s words, Mitchel tightened his grip on Raegan’s wrist, looking like he might lash out at Stefan any moment.

Raegan swiftly moved between them, shielding Stefan.

This gesture seemed to pierce Mitchel’s heart, leaving him feeling choked up.

Raegan reassured Stefan, “Don’t worry. I’ll come to you later.”

Interpreting Mitchel’s look, Stefan trusted Mitchel wouldn’t harm Raegan. Convinced she could manage, he nodded and left.

Once Stefan walked away, Raegan, annoyed, shook her hand. “Can you let go of me?”

Mitchel only slightly eased his hold but didn't release her. He questioned, "Is this what you call being busy? Seeing another man?"

His tone was unmistakably jealous. Had Erick not informed her of Mitchel's madness for his first love, Raegan might have thought Mitchel's jealousy was due to his feelings for her. With a smile, she chose not to clarify, instead asking, "Mr. Dixon, are you jealous?"

Mitchel's Lips thinned as he prepared to speak, but Raegan cut in, "Feeling jealous? Feel free to date other women. It doesn't bother me."

Raegan wasn't just okay with it. She actually welcomed the idea. That way, she could use his unfaithfulness as leverage in their divorce proceedings. It would hasten her escape from this uncomfortable marriage.

Mitchel's eyes turned stormy. Clenching his teeth, he declared, "There's no other woman for me but you!"

Chapter 1115

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Raegan couldn't suppress a sneer. He was really laying on the charm thick. With a small curl of her lips, she replied, "Sadly, I don't share your sentiment. I'll date whoever I choose."

Mitchel's eyes narrowed, a glint of threat in them. "Raegan, do you understand what you're saying?"

"Isn't it obvious? I'm free to date any man I wish. Mr. Dixon, if this upsets you, divorce is an option," Raegan challenged Mitchel.

Mitchel's voice turned icy. "Raegan, did you forget our agreement?"

"I remember it perfectly. I agreed not to shun you, to get along with you for a month, and then part ways amicably. But..." Raegan paused, then added nonchalantly, "Our agreement doesn't restrict me from seeing other men, does it?"

At her words, Mitchel's expression grew even darker.

Raegan felt a surge of satisfaction. She sneered quietly, "You thought you could use the agreement to control me, but now the tables have turned! You idiot!"

Mitchel, displaying a domineering presence, said with a chilly voice, "Do you still think about where you stand? Need me to jog your memory? Mrs. Dixon!"

"Are we talking about cheating in marriage?" Raegan said nonchalantly, "I'm not bothered. And didn't you get involved with your first love before? One should not be so hypocritical!"

Raegan brought up these topics with ease, wanting to provoke Mitchel.

She doubted he could keep his cool after hearing her words.

Suddenly, Mitchel's expression darkened like he was on the verge of losing it but trying hard to control himself. "I never cheated on you. I've been with no one else but you."

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His confession didn't impress Raegan in the slightest. She even let out a small laugh. "Big deal. Am I supposed to commend you for your loyalty? Since you're so devoted, tell me, how did we lose our first baby?"

Bringing up the loss of the child caused Mitchel's authoritative air to falter slightly. He said in a raspy tone, "It was an accident."

If he could turn back time, he'd never repeat that mistake. The loss of their first child hurt him as much as it did Raegan.

“Mr. Dixon, you just happened to save your ex and just happened to put me at risk?” Raegan’s lips twisted into a light sneer. “So, it’s just a coincidence that I have an appointment with a man and things get a bit intimate. It was an accident. Mr. Dixon, don’t read too much into it.”

The more Raegan spoke, the darker the expression on the Mitchel’s face grew, until it was as black as ink.

“Are you really picking a fight with me over that man?” Mitchel’s voice was icy cold. “You don’t want to see that man end up ruined because of his involvement with you, right?”

Mitchel’s threat was unmistakable. He almost reached his breaking point, unable to bear any other men around Raegan’s side. He wanted Stefan out of the picture this instant, away from Raegan.

Yet, Raegan remained unfazed, her voice indifferent. “Are you threatening me again, Mr. Dixon?”

The word “again” caused a subtle shift in Mitchel’s expression, but he didn’t deny it. Instead, he simply said, “Yes.”

For Mitchel, being hated by Raegan was a small price to pay to avoid seeing her with other men.

The mere thought of Raegan being with other men killed him.

Mitchel held a slight bitterness within his heart. Did Raegan not hate him enough? He was prepared to make her hate him even more as long as he was the only man by her side.

“Mr. Dixon, do you have any idea how many men there are in the world?”

Mitchel frowned, puzzled by her question.

“There are 3.5 billion men,” Raegan said with a faint smile. “Tell me, how many of them can you really drive them away?”

Instantly, Mitchel’s face darkened, a mix of disbelief and coldness washing over him as he heard Raegan’s words.

His eyes, dark as the night, flared with a startling crimson hue, sharp and piercing. His voice edged with coldness as he said, “Raegan, you can’t be serious with this joke.”

“It’s no joke, Mr. Dixon. If you think it is, just wait and see.

We’ll find out whether you can stop me faster or I can find someone new quicker!” Raegan declared.

Mitchel’s expression turned icy. With a bitter tone, he implored, “Raegan, stop talking nonsense.”

“Mr. Dixon, if you want to keep fooling yourself, sure, call it nonsense.” Raegan dismissed his words and walked away without a second glance at his face.

For the first time, Mitchel realized how difficult it was to persuade Raegan. She seemed immune to every tactic, not even threats could deter her. He had to face the fact. Raegan had changed. She was no longer someone he could control.

His eyes reddened, a sense of desperation creeping in. He quickly followed her, grabbing her arm.

“What do you really want?”

“What I want is very simple!” With brightness in her eyes and a sweet smile, Raegan said,

“Divorce.”

Chapter 1116

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In an instant, the images suddenly overlapped.

Mitchel swallowed hard as past memories flashed through his mind.

Just like those days five years past, Mitchel and Raegan's dynamic mirrored that last rendezvous.

One yearned for a divorce while the other clung to the marriage.

At that precise moment, a waiter strolled past, balancing a tray of dishes in hand.

Mitchel swiftly extended his arm, fearing the waiter might accidentally collide with Raegan.

But Raegan, on pure instinct, evaded his grasp, stepping back abruptly. Her slender waist met the table's corner, drawing a furrowed brow and a muffled groan from her.

Mitchel's breath hitched, his hand suspended in the air. Withdrawing his hand, he concealed the ache in his heart and inquired, "Is your aversion for me that intense?"

Her disdain for him ran so deep that she'd rather hurt herself than let him touch her.

Mitchel's attractive eyes reddened slightly, his wounded expression holding a strangely captivating allure.

Raegan lifted her eyes, a sharp edge in her words. "Certainly, Mr. Dixon! My loathing against you surpasses your wildest imagination."

Coupled with the disdain in her gaze, Raegan's words were like an unforgiving sword mercilessly piercing Mitchel.

Emotions be damned. Raegan disregarded his feelings and spoke up.

"Since you have nothing of substance to contribute, kindly step aside.

I want to go."

Mitchel's gaze darkened as he stood his ground, a formidable mountain barring her path.

"Mr. Dixon?" Raegan exclaimed annoyingly.

"Why?" Mitchel's voice carried an enduring chill.

"What?" Raegan inquired.

"Why harbor such an intense hatred toward me?" Mitchel's countenance turned icy as he meticulously recollected. Since Raegan's return, their encounters had been fleeting, happening only two or three times.

Raegan possessed no recollection of him due to the car incident.

Hence, Mitchel couldn't fathom the depth of her loathing. For a moment, a peculiar notion crept in. He wondered if Raegan feigned amnesia to evade him.

Raegan perceived Mitchel's thought process as a deviation from the norm. She articulated, "I detest being coerced against my will. And it's not just because of that. My disdain for you began from the very first moment we crossed paths."

Raegan assumed her memory loss played a role. Moreover, her repulsion and instinctive resistance toward Mitchel remained steadfast.

Erick had provided scant details regarding events preceding her amnesia. Raegan held a vague awareness of the turbulent life she once led, with much suffering inflicted by Mitchel.

Chapter 1117

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Mitchel's gaze held a profound, suppressed sorrow, and the veins on his hand bulged as he clenched his fist. In a measured tone, he declared, "I am your husband."

His implication rested on the premise that he possessed the right to draw near her. She was his wife, and in his eyes, his actions didn't constitute coercion.

"Mr. Dixon, are you not aware that I've lost my memory about you?"

Raegan inquired.

Raegan gestured toward the bustling servers, adding, "To me, you're no different from the strangers passing by."

At those words, Mitchel pressed his lips tightly. Abruptly, he reached out, gripping her wrist and forcefully guiding her aside.

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"You!" Raegan didn't have time to resist and found herself ushered into a chamber.

With a bang, the door slammed shut with force, the echo of the lock reverberating through the room.

Mitchel pressed Raegan against the wall, his touch unyielding. His hand enveloped her waist while the other was propped near her ear.

In an instant, the confined space was awash with the inviting fragrance of Mitchel's cologne, permeating every breath Raegan took.

Their closeness was evident, causing a sensation of suffocation to engulf Raegan.

Raegan abruptly snapped back to reality, her breath quickening. She exerted herself to push him away, demanding, "Mitchel! What are you up to now?"

Mitchel possessed exceptional strength. His hold on her waist remained unyielding, impervious to her most ardent efforts.

That left Raegan feeling trapped, unable to free herself from his control. In a fit of anger and frustration, she glared at him. "Let me go!" Raegan yelled, her voice edged with frustration.

Mitchel dipped his head, his gaze carrying a dangerous intensity. "Am I nothing more than a stranger to you?" he inquired.

Raegan remained utterly speechless, opting to ignore him. However, she found herself ensnared, unable to break free. His grip on her waist tightened as if he intended to coerce her into speaking.

A pained wince escaped Raegan, and her brow furrowed. "Mitchel, have you lost your mind?"

Raegan's anger had permeated deep into her heart, fueling an urge to vent her frustration even if it meant biting Mitchel a few times.

Mitchel gazed at her in silence for an extended moment, his voice eventually descending into a hushed whisper. "Do I really mean nothing to you?" He spoke in a low, wounded tone.

Trapped within his grasp, Raegan's anger smoldered, and she responded sternly, "Even if you ask a hundred times, the answer is still yes."

A heavy silence settled in the room.

Mitchel's eyes narrowed slightly, giving him an intimidating aura.

"Please release me," Raegan requested calmly, having taken a deep breath to steady herself, her tone displaying indifference. She was aware that the angrier she became, the more control he held over her.

"You're not considering another ki\*s, are you?" Raegan posed her question with a mocking smile.



“Mr. Dixon, is your desire that insatiable? If you’re truly that horny, I can find you some prostitutes.”

Chapter 1118

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Raegan intentionally belittled Mitchel, anticipating that someone as haughty as he might explode and lose interest in her after hearing such words.

As she had expected, Mitchel’s gaze turned even colder, and he released his hold on her. “Do you believe I’m horny for women?”

His voice grew icy, concealed anger simmering beneath.

Raegan’s racing heart gradually settled. Her little tricks had evidently worked. She pressed on, her tone nonchalant, “You’re reading too much into it. I don’t even know you. I merely inferred from your actions that you might be missing a woman in your Life.”

In her eyes, he held no significance. “Mr. Dixon, could you please step aside?” Raegan rubbed her sore wrist, her patience wearing thin.

Mitchel’s eyes bore into her, an inscrutable blend of emotions lurking beneath the surface.

Raegan cared little for his thoughts and began to move past him, intending to leave.

But in an unexpected twist, her shoulder grew heavy, and her body found itself pressed against the wall once more. His slender Lips promptly met hers.

Mitchel’s eyes shut, kissing her with a fervor that bordered on madness. He persisted as if trying to reclaim something lost, unwilling to relent.

Raegan’s eyes widened, confronted by his handsome face in such close proximity.

As the realization dawned upon her, her anger flared. She couldn’t fathom his audacity. He was behaving like a rogue once more.

Mitchel had thrust his tongue into Raegan’s mouth, prompting her to shut her eyes and fiercely clamp down on his intruding tongue.

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An instant later, the unmistakable taste of blood spread in their mouths.

A resounding smack followed promptly. The sound of Raegan’s palm striking Mitchel’s cheek was crisp and reverberated in the room.

It felt as though everything around them had frozen at that moment.

Bearing her simmering anger, Raegan stomped forcefully on Mitchel’s leather-clad foot.

Unfortunately, it seemed to have little impact, as he displayed no signs of discomfort on his face.

Raegan regretted opting for flats today. Heels might have been more effective. “Mr. Dixon, if your desires are so insatiable, go find your beloved Lauren. Must you persist in pestering me?”

Mitchel sported a crimson mark on his otherwise handsome visage, a faint hint of blood lingering on his tongue. His dark eyes narrowed, his voice carrying both anger and restraint. “I want no one but you.”

“But I want nothing to do with you. I don’t like you. I don’t know you. I despise you. Is that clear enough for you? Can you understand it now?” Raegan’s eyes revealed nothing but disgust and irritation, devoid of any emotion whatsoever. Not even a glimmer.

Observing this shattered Mitchel's heart into pieces. The once-joyful gaze she used to cast upon him had metamorphosed into pure loathing.

Nonetheless, Mitchel clung steadfastly to Raegan's hand.

Raegan issued a stern ultimatum, "Are you releasing me, or shall I summon the authorities?"

A searing ache persisted in Mitchel's chest, and he chuckled bitterly with brooding anger. "Go ahead and summon the authorities."

Chapter 1119

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Raegan stood there, momentarily at a loss for words. Her words were nothing but an oral threat.

Without concrete proof, she knew it was pointless to involve the police.

Raegan turned her gaze to Mitchel, her voice cold. "Mr. Dixon, do you have feelings for me?" she asked abruptly, changing the subject.

Mitchel was caught off guard, his Adam's apple moving noticeably as he replied, "Yes, of course. Why else would I do all these things?"

His mind traced back to the efforts he'd made to orchestrate their encounters, making them seem accidental. If he didn't care about Raegan, why would he go to such lengths?

Raegan's response was a scornful laugh. "But to me, it seems like your interest in me is only because I resemble your former wife.

After all, you two haven't seen each other in five years. What if one day you lose your interest, Mr. Dixon? Will you discard me like trash or keep me locked away at home?"

Mitchel felt a heavy ache in his chest at her words. His voice, strained and rough, broke the silence. "Raegan, that's not how it is.

I would never treat you like that. You're my wife, and no one can take your place..."

Hearing this, Raegan felt a stabbing pain in her head. She took a deep breath to steady herself and responded, "In your memories, I'm your wife. But I don't remember anything about you. To me, you're a stranger. And I hate how you force things on me, justifying it by saying we're a couple. Do you really think this is fair to me?"

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Raegan's voice was cold and unwavering, causing Mitchel's heart to break into pieces. His eyes lost focus and he couldn't utter a word for a long time.

"Is this your way of caring, Mr. Dixon?" Raegan's eyes sparkled with scorn as she added, "So, your love is nothing but selfish demands, ignoring others' feelings."

Overwhelmed by the intense pain, Mitchel's grip on Raegan loosened.

His heart felt so heavy that he struggled to breathe.

"Raegan..." He tried to explain, to say something. His mind was flooded with thoughts. But these words were meaningless to Raegan.

After all, she had lost her memory of their shared past. She couldn't grasp his words, and, more to the point, she was done listening to him.

Meanwhile, Raegan couldn't stand the unexplainable pain in her head any longer. "Mr. Dixon, to me, you're just a stranger. I don't feel anything for you. Regardless of our past, I know nothing about you.

Please, don't force me into anything, or I might start to hate your gut."

With those words, Raegan turned and walked away, not once glancing back. She moved swiftly,

eager not to show any awkwardness in front of Mitchel.

But as soon as Raegan left the room, her consciousness began to fade.

It felt as if a wild creature was tearing through her head. The blow left her head spinning and her vision blurry.

Mitchel's words echoed in her mind, mixing with her own thoughts. For a moment, she almost remembered something, but then it slipped away.

She was intermittently tormented by a deep sense of frustration.

The chaos in her head drove Raegan to the brink of madness. She shook uncontrollably and then started to collapse.

Just as she was about to hit the floor, a strong, warm hand caught her. Then, she faintly heard Stefan's voice. "Raegan, are you okay?"

Chapter 1120

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Stefan shielded Raegan from the wind, holding her close against his chest in a protective embrace. Under the streetlight, Raegan's face glowed, giving her an angelic appearance.

"Stefan... Raegan whispered weakly as if those words took all her strength.

With a soothing and steady voice, Stefan reassured her, "Don't worry, Raegan. Just relax. I'll help you into the car."

His calm voice and comforting presence, combined with his intellectual aura, helped Raegan to calm down. Stefan gently took her hand, his tall figure shielding her like a protective barrier.

All the surrounding noise seemed to fade away, blocked by his presence. This gave Raegan a sense of security and inner strength.

She fell silent, allowing Stefan to assist her into the car.

Mitchel, hurrying after Raegan, caught sight of this touching moment.

Suddenly, it felt as if an unseen force was squeezing his heart. He staggered back for a few steps until there was nowhere left to go.

The night was dark and still.

Outside Raegan's house, Mitchel sat in his car. He had followed Raegan and Stefan all the way here, every passing moment a torment.

He suppressed his anger, holding back from any reckless actions.

Finally, Mitchel felt a wave of relief seeing Stefan leave Raegan's place.

Yet, that didn't ease his distress.

Mitchel's heart ached as though it was bound by a slender rope.

The night was deepening.

Seated in his car, he silently smoked, filling the ashtray with cigarette stubs.

His face was devoid of any expression, a stark contrast to the confident, dominant Mitchel of before. Now, he appeared utterly disheartened.

Events had unfolded in a way he never anticipated. He had believed that by holding on, Raegan would eventually change her mind and fall for him.

But he hadn't considered how Raegan actually felt about him. To her, he was a stranger. With the look in her eyes and her way of treating him, it was clear to Mitchel that Raegan had no recollection of him.

His actions only seemed to push her further away.

Sitting in the car, Mitchel pondered whether this was what they called karma for his lack of timely protection and explanation.

Mitchel had spent the entire night in the car, waiting outside Raegan's place, doing nothing but sitting in silence until the break of dawn.

At eight in the morning, Raegan stepped out and immediately noticed the black luxury car.