

Unbreakable 1301

Chapter 1301

She closed her eyes, steeling herself for any reaction, expecting Roscoe to leave any moment. Knowing Roscoe for his talent and independence, she was sure he wouldn't linger after her rejection.

At last, the door shut.

When Nicole opened her eyes again, she was alone in the room.

Suddenly, Nicole felt drained of all strength. Her heart felt empty as if it had been scooped out, leaving her feeling cold and hollow.

She had deliberately said those words, making Roscoe think she was belittling his background. In truth, she felt she was unworthy of him...

Roscoe moving on would mean a better life for him, full of brighter possibilities. He shouldn't be confined to this city, bearing hatred not his to bear.

With Jarrod's maniacal nature, knowing her intentions might lead to a relentless vendetta... Nicole decided not to drag anyone else into her problems.

Everything seemed all too familiar. She believed she was destined to be alone... To face her challenges by herself, to live and die alone...

Nicole tried to comfort herself, but the pain kept washing over her, unrelieved by her efforts to calm it.

Then, all of a sudden, the door swung open once more.

Nicole looked up to see Roscoe with a kettle in his hands.

Roscoe walked over to Nicole's bed smoothly, poured some water, and gave it to her, saying, "I let it cool off a bit. It's nice and warm,"

Nicole glanced at the cup, her eyes suddenly filling with tears. Just when she was convinced she'd be forever alone, here was Roscoe, back again.

Fighting the urge to cry, she took the cup and drank quickly.

However, Nicole coughed violently after drinking too quickly and started to choke. Nicole could use this to help explain her sudden surge of tears.

However, the tears seemed too excessive for a simple choke. Tears dropped onto the blanket, creating patterns.

Roscoe felt an emptiness inside him. Quickly grabbing the cup, he gently patted her back and asked, "Is it too hot?"

It didn't make sense to him. He had made sure the drink was only warm, worried she might burn her mouth during the night.

Nicole shook her head, attempted to speak, but only managed to hiccup.

The hiccups kept coming, one after another, uncontrollably.

As she became anxious, Roscoe's calm face suddenly came into view.

Dangerously close.

That was when Nicole noticed how appealing Roscoe's Lips were, looking soft and slightly red... Roscoe leaned in even closer.

Chapter 1302

Nicole's heart raced, as if he were about to kiss her. She started to panic, but then felt a cool breeze on her cheek.

Roscoe was blowing on her eyes, gently and with care...

He whispered, "Just blow on it, and it won't hurt."

Hearing those words, Nicole felt an urge to cry even more. Her dad used to say the same thing when she was little. "Sweetheart, just blow on it, and it won't hurt..."

Now, she realized the person who used to say that with such kindness would never say it again. A wave of sadness washed over her, and tears streamed down her face.

Roscoe suddenly tightened his hold on Nicole's arm and wrapped his arms around her tightly.

Nicole instinctively tried to pull away, only to freeze when he whispered, "No."

Trembling, Nicole asked, "What?"

Roscoe replied firmly, "I'm not giving up that easily. I know I Like you. If you're not ready now, I can wait as long as it takes. But don't ask me to leave you. That I cannot do."

If Nicole hadn't subconsciously tried to hide the hickeys, Roscoe might have walked away, heartbroken.

Yet, subconscious actions revealed the truth, and Roscoe noted her struggles.

At that moment, Nicole felt truly afraid. His intense declaration sparked a fear in her like never before. She felt she didn't deserve the adoration in Roscoe's gaze.

In a voice devoid of emotion, Nicole stated, "I don't like you. I've made that clear."

Roscoe, undeterred, said gently, "It's fine. My love for you is enough."

Tears started streaming down Nicole's face, unstoppable. Her heart, scarred from past hurts, found the depth of his love too much to handle. Through her tears, she said, "Roscoe, why can't you see? You shouldn't love me."

Nicole wanted to say more, but as she looked into Roscoe's sincere and warm eyes, she found herself at a loss for words. She couldn't bear to cause him any more pain with words.

Late at night. In the hospital corridor.

Roscoe was by the window, gazing into the darkness of the night, his expression turnin

g cold. After a moment of silence, he finally said into the phone, "I'm coming back."

Once the call ended, Roscoe went back to Nicole's ward and sat next to the bed, watching Nicole closely.

Nicole's eyelashes were damp, and she shed two tears while she dreamed.

He gently held her hand, tucked her in, and said so softly it was almost hard to hear, "Nicole, you won't be alone."

The moonlight cast a gentle glow on Roscoe's calm and clear face.

Roscoe watched Nicole with an affectionate look. He grasped that having met someone so dazzling

as Nicole from his younger years meant his irresistible love for her right after the spark of love at first sight.

On the quiet corridor. Bang! Suddenly, a thermos was thrown into the trash can.

Chapter 1303

Milky fish soup spilled out, its steam rising in the air.

With his back to Nicole's ward, Jarrod's gaze deepened, his eyes burning with a wild, untamed fierceness...

After leaving the hospital, Raegan threw herself into her work, trying to distract herself from the whirlwind of thoughts swirling in her head. She wanted to avoid making any mistakes while her memories were fuzzy.

Raegan picked up every call from Mitchel, but her replies were brief and to the point. Swamped with work, tied down, hanging out with friends... She caught herself using these insincere excuses for two days straight.

Raegan began to feel like she was betraying him. A wave of guilt washed over her...

On the third day, Mitchel stopped calling, simmering with irritation.

But by the afternoon, his patience ran thin, and he sent her a text.

"WiLL you come today?"

After sending the message, Mitchel remembered an article Luis had shared with him the day before. It suggested that women appreciated sweet words and advised men not to shy away from showing affection for the desired one.

Pausing briefly, Mitchel sent another message, just three words this time. After hitting send, Mitchel's heart raced. He felt like a lovesick teenager, eagerly waiting for a message back from the one he adored.

Mitchel kept his eyes glued to his phone for a long while, but a reply from Raegan never arrived.

Mitchel felt a growing sense of disappointment and irritation. For three days straight, his expectations had been let down. It was becoming clear that Raegan's promises were empty.

He regretted believing her, letting her walk away without a second thought the other day. Once she was gone, she didn't come back.

The more Mitchel dwelled on it, the angrier he got, until he couldn't resist calling Raegan.

Raegan picked up quickly this time.

With bitterness in his voice, Mitchel asked, "Are you really that tied up with th

ings?"

"Hello?" The cheerful male voice on the other end was not who Mitchel expected.

"Who's this?" Mitchel's annoyance was evident in his voice.

"I'm Judd, Miss Foster's assistant."

Raegan had hired a man as her assistant? Trying to keep his cool, Mitchel said, "Let me talk to her."

"Do you want to leave a message? I'll make sure she gets it."

Judd's hesitation only made Mitchel more frustrated. Mitchel's face turned sour. "Tell her to answer

the call. I need to talk to her.”

Judd refused, “Sorry, she’s tied up right now.”

Mitchel was at a loss for words. Fuming, he wondered how Raegan managed to hire such a stubborn assistant. Was the assistant’s only purpose to irritate him?

Chapter 1304

“Need anything else?” Judd sounded indifferent as if he was hinting at Mitchel to wrap it up and go.

Mitchel had never been brushed off by an assistant like this. He inhaled sharply, gritted his teeth, and muttered, “No.”

With a “click,” the conversation was over.

Judd looked at Raegan’s phone, his brow furrowing slightly.

Right then, Raegan came over and asked, “Was that Elin on the phone?

Did the backup dress arrive?”

Truly, Raegan was buried in work today. After the deal with Sino Entertainment didn’t go through, another company, Arthen Entertainment, had come knocking to talk about the makeup for their mid-year gala.

Elin was the one who negotiated the deal, and surprisingly, after just a single meeting, they sealed the deal swiftly. It was worth noting that Arthen Entertainment was leagues ahead of Sino Entertainment.

Sino Entertainment’s stars mostly didn’t have notable works, boasting only one top celebrity as their standout. On the other hand, Arthen Entertainment was home to six Best Actor and Actress winners, and even their less celebrated actors had won newcomer awards in cinema, establishing it as a powerhouse for movie stars. In essence, Sino Entertainment was no match for Arthen Entertainment.

As a result, for any single gala, numerous studios competed fiercely for a chance. Yet, Arthen Entertainment traditionally partnered with upscale studios from overseas, marking this the first time they had opted for a domestic collaborator.

EagleNovels

Interestingly, instead of choosing the well-known Alpire Studio, Arthen Entertainment went for Crescent, a newcomer that had only been around for a month, sparking curiosity.

All eyes were now on Crescent. And there was keen anticipation for the makeup looks Crescent would deliver for the event.

Raegan understood the importance of this chance, realizing that handling this event well could nearly clinch victory for Crescent in Ardlens.

With the gala nearing, Raegan was all the more diligent. Thus, she spent her whole day backstage at Arthen Entertainment, handling final fittings for several big names.

Since she had to stay in touch with Elin, Raegan gave her phone to Judd to take care of calls.

Right then, Judd reported, “Raegan, a man called a moment ago. You didn’t have his number saved, so I picked up.”

A man? Raegan immediately thought of Mitchel. Except for Mitchel, she had tagged names for her brother and father.

“What was his message?” Raegan asked.

Judd replied, “He didn’t mention anything specific. He just wanted me to pass the phone to you. I let him know you were tied up.”

“Got it, thanks.”

At that moment, the director approached Raegan to go over some details.

Raegan found herself too preoccupied to glance at her phone. She figured Mitchel was in good hands regardless and didn’t worry too much. After all, she hadn’t been able to visit him but made sure nutritious soups and fruits were sent his way daily. She saw no issue with this arrangement.

Raegan’s day was packed until the evening. Just as she was wrapping up, the CEO of Arthen Entertainment dropped by for an informal conversation with Raegan.

Raegan was taken aback, having never met the CEO of Arthen Entertainment before.

Chapter 1305

Introducing himself, Devonte said, “Miss Foster, I’m Devonte Frazier.”

“Nice to meet you, Mr. Frazier.”

“I caught a glimpse of your makeup work earlier. It truly stands out and has made a lasting impression on me.”

Raegan replied, “Crescent mainly offers traditional style series, which you don’t see much around here. If you have any ideas or feedback, I’m all ears. I’ll do my best to adjust without losing our unique style.”

Most celebrities preferred wearing gowns from international designers, and embracing a traditional style could be a new concept for some.

Nevertheless, Raegan was open to feedback but intended to keep the traditional essence intact. If pushed to adopt a completely foreign style, Raegan would opt out of the project.

“Crescent” was born from Raegan’s mother’s dream to spread traditional culture. She didn’t want to compromise its uniqueness merely for profit.

Devonte clarified, shaking his head, “Oh, you’ve got me wrong. I actually find your work very appealing. I’m quite pleased.”

Raegan was surprised to hear Devonte’s candid praise. She felt joy for his appreciation for Crescent’s dedication to traditional style.

“Thank you for choosing Crescent.”

“There’s no need for thanks. I’m the lucky one here. Had it not been for Mr. Dixon’s recommendation, I’d have lost the chance of seeing such a fabulous gala to come.”

Raegan, caught off guard, asked, “Which Mr. Dixon might you be talking about?”

Devonte raised an eyebrow, never expecting Raegan’s Lack of knowledge of Mitchel’s

involvement.

Devonte shared, “Mitchel Dixon, the CEO of Dixon Group and my former classmate.”

Raegan was initially taken aback that a significant entity like Arthen Entertainment would take note of their startup studio.

Suddenly, it all clicked.

Devonte reassured her, “But please don’t read too much into it. Our selection process is rigorous. It wasn’t just a favor. Your studio’s makeup won our committee’s approval with a 7 to 3 vote.”

Raegan was at a loss for words.

On her way back, Raegan checked her phone in the car. She then saw unread messages waiting for her.

She had muted Mitchel’s messages and, because she was part of many work groups, Mitchel’s messages got lost in the shuffle.

The first message from Mitchel was a simple query. “Will you come today?”

Quickly after, another one came through. “I miss you.”

Raegan paused, a warm feeling spreading across her face. She reflected on the quiet ways Mitchel had supported her, recognizing he had plenty of chances to boast in her presence but chose not to. In light of this, she thought she might have been too tough on him.

After giving it some thought and considering what he was going through, she decided to give Mitchel a call to see how he was.

Chapter 1306

The phone just rang without an answer. Raegan felt a knot in her stomach. Maybe he was hurt and that was why he wasn’t picking up her calls.

Right at that moment, Raegan’s phone rang with a call from Matteo.

Answering it, she could hear the worry in Matteo’s voice. “Raegan, can you come to the hospital?”

That Mitchel hadn’t responded to her call made Raegan wonder if he truly wanted to see her.

While she hesitated, Matteo’s next words caught her off guard. “Mr. Dixon is coughing up blood.”

Raegan’s voice shook as she asked, “How could this happen?”

“You’ve been away for three days. Mr. Dixon hasn’t been eating well, just sipping the soup you had delivered each day. Today, he wouldn’t even touch the soup and then he started coughing up blood out of nowhere. The doctor says it’s acute gastric bleeding...” Matteo urgently replied. “Miss Foster, could you please come over now, if that’s okay?”

After ending the call, Raegan felt a storm brewing inside her, her hands and feet icy cold. Why did Mitchel have to be so stubborn? If she didn’t show up, he refused to eat. Couldn’t he know how to take care of himself? Plus, he was sick. Why was he punishing himself?

But then, Raegan guessed she was also to blame. She did say she would take care of him.

Torn and worried, Raegan told the driver, “Let’s head to the hospital.”

Upon her arrival at the hospital, Raegan spotted Matteo standing at the ward door. He handed over a thermos, suggesting, “Miss Foster, Mr. Dixon just had an IV and is resting now. He can try some

porridge when he wakes. Please, make sure he eats.”

Raegan nodded, walked in, and quietly placed the porridge near Mitchel’s bed.

Mitchel’s eyes were shut, making it hard to tell if he was asleep.

His once striking face now looked deathly pale, even more so than three days before.

A pang of worry hit Raegan. Why did he look even worse now? She took a seat next to the

bed, and after a moment, noticing he wasn’t upset, she couldn’t help but reach out to check his breathing.

Thankfully, his breathing was steady. Raegan finally let out a sigh of relief.

But just as she started to pull her hand back, Mitchel grabbed it.

Mitchel cracked open his eyes, his voice a bit deep. “I’m not dead yet.”

Raegan found herself at a loss for words.

Suddenly, the mood turned awkward.

Raegan slipped her finger away, lowered her head a bit, and tried to change the subject. “Now that you’re up, you should eat some porridge.”

After serving the porridge, she adjusted Mitchel’s bed to a sitting position, placed the tray down, and set the porridge on it.

With everything set, she found herself without anything else to say and simply sat there quietly.

Five minutes passed by. Mitchel didn’t touch the porridge. Instead, he pulled out a business magazine and started reading with keen interest.

Chapter 1307

The tension in the room thickened.

Before, Raegan wouldn’t have bothered if he didn’t eat.

However, knowing that Mitchel got hurt because of her and that he had been quietly helping her with projects without asking for any recognition, Raegan couldn’t bring herself to be indifferent.

Remembering Matteo’s advice, she said, “Your stomach is weak. You need to eat the porridge first.”

Mitchel didn’t respond, his attention fixed on the magazine.

Raegan felt at a loss. It was obvious he was upset.

With the porridge getting cold, she softened her voice. “It wasn’t on purpose that I missed your calls today. I was really swamped.”

Mitchel finally turned to face her and said coldly, “Busy the day before yesterday, busy yesterday and busy today?”

Raegan’s heart raced under his intense look. “Yes, really...”

Before she could finish, Mitchel interrupted, “Well, keep being busy then.”

His attractive features seemed to darken, a hint of hurt in his voice.

Raegan found herself unable to stay seated, her feet itching to walk away right then.

But then Mitchel’s chilly voice stopped her in her tracks. “Anyway, throwing up blood isn’t deadly.”

At his words, Raegan, who was about to get up, sat back down.

Mitchel's tense expression eased a bit. He silently mocked, thinking how

inconsistent she was. She could dish out cutting remarks, and he'd hold his tongue, but the moment he retorted, she thought of leaving. Furthermore, her face showed no guilt for having misled him the past couple of days.

Feeling another twinge of discomfort, Mitchel couldn't help but grimace.

Raegan saw his face turn even paler and realized it wasn't right to be mad at someone who was sick. She decided to let him express his feelings if it made him feel any better. After all, it did not harm her.

In a softer tone, she offered, "Can you at least eat something if I feed you?"

Mitchel didn't respond, pushing Raegan to impatience. "Then what do you want? If nothing seems right..."

"Fine," Mitchel abruptly conceded. "When did I ever say it wasn't okay?"

"Then why stay silent?" With that, Raegan took some porridge and gently brought it to his mouth.

Mitchel grimaced as he ate and sneered, "Men never say they can't."

Understanding the double meaning, Raegan blushed. "You have no shame."

"How am I shameless? What I'm saying is true, right?" His eyes twinkled. "Give it another try with me. You've never told me I couldn't before..."

Chapter 1308

Suddenly, Raegan's cheeks turned even redder. He was being so forward!

Mitchel went on, "Had you ever used that word with me before, you wouldn't have managed to leave the bed for a week."

Fuming yet embarrassed, Raegan threatened, "Keep it up, and I'm out of here..."

As she tried to put the bowl down, Mitchel quickly caught her wrist.

"I want more."

Then he took another spoonful from her hand, a gesture that felt both casual and close.

Raegan pulled her hand back, feeling awkward. "This isn't working for me."

"Whatever works for you." Mitchel's mood lightened all of a sudden.

His voice, no longer cold but deep and enticing.

Raegan, feeling her cheeks heat up, finished feeding him the whole bowl and then suggested, "Try to eat less. Your stomach isn't completely healed yet."

Her words brought a smile to Mitchel's face. She was caring for him!

ALL of his irritation disappeared in an instant. He grinned happily and said, "Seeing how you're worried about me, I'll let it go."

Raegan was at a loss for words. She hadn't even brought up that it was all on Matteo's instructions. And Mitchel had already shifted from frustration to light-hearted.

Raegan corrected him, "Who said I was worried about you? Matteo told me to do so."

Mitchel chuckled. "Sure, Matteo told you, but you could've stayed silent. Just like when I was really sick, you could've made up excuses not to show up, but here you are, speaking out and being here."

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Mitchel’s good looks naturally drew people in. Now that he was in a better moo

d, his allure seemed even stronger.

He playfully challenged, “Doesn’t that show you care for me?”

His reasoning was straightforward and convincing. Raegan couldn’t come up with a rebuttal.

Thinking it over, she wondered whether she began to care for him.

Raegan wrestled with her thoughts, feeling an inner turmoil. She questioned her own resolve, puzzled over her lingering affection for Mitchel despite her lost memories. Her frustration with herself was palpable.

Angrily, Raegan asserted, “I’m not just making excuses. I’ve been genuinely swamped.”

Mitchel’s gaze pierced her as he inquired, “And what about the day before yesterday? Were you swamped then too?”

Caught off guard, Raegan felt exposed, as if her privacy had been breached. She wondered if his words hinted at a knowledge of her actions, a suggestion that he knew she had been free yet chose to stay away.

With a tone of displeasure, Raegan queried, “Have you been spying on me?”

Mitchel openly admitted, “I wanted to understand what you were up to, so I had Matteo look into it.”

Chapter 1309

Mitchel did not hide the fact that he had Matteo check on Raegan.

Discovering that she preferred the company of her dog over a visit to him left him disheartened, to the point where he lost his appetite and suffered from acute gastric issues due to the distress.

In a soft voice, Mitchel shared, “Whenever I’m not working at the hospital, my thoughts are filled with you.”

Raegan’s cheeks turned a warm shade of red. Mitchel’s ability to weave flattering words with such ease left her both flustered and charmed.

In a heartfelt moment, Mitchel took Raegan’s hand and placed it over his heart, professing, “In here, it’s always been only you.”

Raegan’s cheeks deepened to the color of a ripe peach at his sudden declaration. She looked down, attempting to pull her hand back, but he held on firmly, his eyes alight with genuine affection.

“Raegan, let’s give it another try, shall we?”

The intensity of the moment left Raegan’s heart racing. After a brief pause, she stammered, “No... No.”

His persistence was clear. “If you still have feelings for me, why resist?”

Raegan’s mind went blank for a moment, and she blurted out, “My brother would never approve...”

Mitchel’s gaze intensified as he spoke. “If you’re on board, convincing your brother will be a piece of cake for me.”

Raegan knew Erick’s stubbornness all too well, a trait Mitchel seemed to underestimate. Once Erick

set his mind on something, he was Like a tree deeply rooted, unmovable.
Her curiosity piqued, Raegan questioned, "And how do you plan to convince my brother?"
Mitchel reassured her with a wave of his hand, "Leave that to me.
The moment he gives his nod, nothing will keep us apart."
Caught off guard by his assurance, Raegan protested, "Wait, 'us being together? I haven't said yes to anything yet."
Mitchel's confidence didn't waver. "I don't care. I'll make sure your brother sees thi

ngs our way," he declared.

As the night crept upon them, Raegan attempted to retrieve her hand, saying, "It's getting late. I should head home."

But Mitchel's grip remained firm, his voice dropping to a whisper.

"Please, don't go tonight. Stay with me?"

The memory of Mitchel's allure that night flashed through Raegan's mind, his striking figure etched in her memory, stirring a blush on her cheeks at the thought. The possibility of repeating that night if she stayed crossed her mind. Absolutely not!

Firmly, Raegan refused, "I can't stay. My brother will start looking for me soon."

Raegan remembered how her previous lie to Victor had easily unraveled, prompting Erick to tighten his watch over her. He had taken to video calling her at night, making unexpected checks.

Mitchel, noticing her embarrassment, realized she was recalling their intimate moment the other night. His resolve to negotiate with Erick grew stronger, understanding that only with Erick's blessing could they truly be together.

Mitchel hesitated but didn't want to press Raegan into a corner. He let out a sigh, a mix of resignation and mischief coloring his tone.

Chapter 1310

"Alright, you can leave. But as a small penalty for having avoided me for the previous two days, how about a ki*s?"

Raegan's cheeks warmed at his request, her voice tinged with disbelief. "What are you saying?"

He looked at her, his expression grave. "My stomach's been acting up.

I could use a bit of comfort."

With no real escape, Raegan leaned in, her lips brushing his in the faintest of touches. She felt her face heat up. This was new territory for her, initiating such an intimate gesture.

"I'll be off then," she managed to say, lifting her gaze to meet his.

The twinkle in his eyes sent her heart racing, and she turned away, trying to pull free from his grasp.

Mitchel teased, "Looks like you still need some guidance. Guess I'll have to be the teacher."

"What?" Raegan asked. The next moment, Mitchel drew her closer, her back against his chest.

Before Raegan could process his intentions, Mitchel lowered his head, his ki*s far more deliberate than hers. His hands cradled her face, deepening the ki*s, leaving her breathless and unable to form coherent thoughts.

The warmth of his embrace enveloped her, her heart pounding against her chest.

After what felt like an eternity, Mitchel finally released her, his voice rough with emotion. "That's how a ki*s ought to be."

Raegan, her face aflame, attempted to rise, but his arms held her firmly.

"Stay just a moment longer," he whispered, his voice husky. "It's been two days too long. I've missed you."

His words flowed easily, sweetened by genuine affection.

Mitchel seemed ready to bare his soul to her and weave words of love he had never before uttered.

"I've missed you so much. You haunt my dreams, yet you stay just out of reach..."

There was a softness in his voice, a vulnerability that seemed at odds with the man of confidence she knew.

Hearing this side of him left Raegan speechless, caught off guard by the depth of his feelings, his pride momentarily set aside.

Mitchel released her before making a request. "Tomorrow, I want to savor the porridge you make."

He cherished the flavor of her porridge, unparalleled in taste over the last five years.

Porridge, of all things? Raegan was baffled. With countless staff at her beck and call, Raegan hadn't touched a pot in ages, yet the task seemed trivial.

She nodded. "Alright, but you must let me go now. I need to head back."

With one last ki*s, Mitchel let her slip away from his grasp.