

Unbreakable 1621

Chapter 1621

Erick's expression turned thoughtful. "I'm willing to lend a hand."

He had already mulled over Mitchel's predicament and found it suspicious. Mitchel's stature in the business realm was well-known.

Was it plausible for him to be undermined by a few past associates and newcomers? That concern lay outside Erick's immediate purview.

Nonetheless, wishing to alleviate Raegan's worries, Erick offered, "I'll have a talk with him to understand the situation better."

Curiosity also played a part in his decision. Erick was keen on observing Mitchel's countermeasures, possibly gleaning insights for his own knowledge.

"Thank you, Erick," Raegan responded, her smile lighting up the screen between them.

Erick, charmed by her expression, remarked, "You always look your best when you're smiling."

With the conversation concluded, Raegan turned her attention back to the kitchen, busying herself with the dishes.

Unnoticed by her, Mitchel had been quietly observing for a while. The warm glow of the kitchen light, Raegan's graceful figure moving about, and the inviting aroma of the porridge painted a serene picture. It was a welcome respite from the day's treacheries, so much so that Mitchel hesitated to disturb the calm, cherishing the silent, peaceful moment.

The day had unraveled with Alexis revealing his true nature, after years of scheming against Mitchel.

In a charged confrontation at the office this afternoon, where false paternal affections were brandished, Mitchel mockingly said to Alexis, "You can drop the act now."

Alexis, smug in his supposed ascendancy, didn't bother to mask his scorn, declaring, "My biggest regret is having you."

Each word from Alexis pierced Mitchel deeply.

Despite his stoic exterior, Mitchel had once harbored hopes for familial warmth and unity. Yet, the aspiration had been shattered time and again, culminating in the day's revelations.

Even his mother, for whom Mitchel had always stood up, sided against him when it mattered most.

The longing for parental love, once a beacon of hope, had been utterly extinguished, leaving Mitchel to confront the reality that his expectations were perhaps too lofty.

"Ah!" Suddenly, Raegan's cry of pain snapped Mitchel out of his reverie, prompting him to approach her quickly.

"What happened? Are you okay?" he asked, concern lacing his voice.

Raegan jumped, not expecting to see Mitchel awake. "Oh, you're awake?"

Raegan had accidentally burned herself a little when the clay pot boiled over as she was adjusting it. Noticing her burned fingers, Mitchel quickly turned off the stove and led her to the sink to cool the burn with running water.

Then, he easily found some ointment for burns and began applying it to her hand.

Raegan tried to wave him off. "It's fine. A bit of ice is all I need."

Mitchel fetched some ice, carefully pressing it against her fingers, offering relief from the burn.

"Silly girl, why are you cooking at this hour?" he teased.

Chapter 1622

"I thought you'd like something warm to eat when you woke up,"

Raegan explained.

Mitchel froze, his features softening as he looked at Raegan with bubbling affection. When

Raegan was hurt, she was truly heartbroken, but when she loved, she held nothing back.

The warmth in Mitchel's gaze grew. The simple dreams he once had seemed to come alive at that moment.

He moved closer, his voice low and warm. "But right now, I'd rather 'devour' you first."

Before Raegan could fully grasp his words, she felt his lips on hers once more.

Cold... That was the ice cube! Mitchel popped an ice cube into his mouth before ki*sing her.

The cold touch against Raegan's tongue sparked a wave of sensations, making her body surrender to the intense feeling.

Mitchel held her head gently with one hand while the other slowly ventured under her clothes.

Overflowing with warmth and tenderness, Mitchel longed to fuse Raegan into himself, out of reach from anyone else's touch.

Raegan let out a soft, kitten-like moan.

Mitchel's eyes grew intense as he softly bit her tongue, blending warmth and chill. This slight pain spread a unique sweetness.

Raegan looped her arms around his neck, her dazed reaction even more captivating.

Mitchel swallowed hard, feeling the heat build between them as they dived into a sea of passion together.

Later, Raegan lay with her cheeks against Mitchel's chest, listening to his steady heartbeat and deep breaths.

She had changed into a long nightgown, her beautiful bare feet visible.

Raegan had intended to be there for Mitchel today, but it turned out he was the one taking care of her. From bathing her to changing her clothes, she felt pampered like a princess, her feet never touching the ground.

Eventually, Mitchel stood up to prepare some food. After setting it down, he lifted Raegan onto his lap, feeding her the warm food spoon by spoon.

Raegan felt a blush creeping up her cheeks. "I can handle it myself. Just go ahead and eat yourself."

Yet, Mitchel persisted, gently feeding Raegan with patience.

After obediently finishing the food, Raegan felt too exhausted to even move.

Mitchel chuckled, setting her down before he ate the food himself.

After cleaning up the table, they went to brush their teeth together.

Back in the bedroom, Mitchel carried Raegan into bed. “Do you want me to stay here with you?” he inquired.

Chapter 1623

Raegan’s cheeks flushed deeper, convinced she wouldn’t be able to fall asleep with him so close. “I don’t think I can handle more,” she confessed shyly, which only made Mitchel chuckle as he settled beside her. “You just need a bit more exercise. You’re not strong enough yet.”

Raegan retorted, “Hey, that’s not on me. You’re just too much to keep up with.”

She then gave him a curious look. “Mitchel, how did you get so good at all that?” Using ice... He was just way too skilled!

Mitchel rolled onto his side, resting his head on his hand as he gazed at her. “Guys usually pick up these skills on their own.”

Raegan was skeptical. “You’re just making that up.”

Mitchel took her hand, softly tracing her pulse with his fingers, his voice low and seductive.

““Overthinking only leads to...”

Wearing simple cotton pajamas, Mitchel’s understated design somehow made him look both elegant and irresistibly tempting.

His voice, with a power to make one shiver slightly, carefully articulated certain feelings.

Raegan couldn’t stand it any longer and kicked him. “Mitchel, cut it out!”

Mitchel caught her kicking foot between his legs, ki*sing her wrist softly. “This is all for you. If you enjoy it, then that’s all that counts.”

Raegan tried to act uninterested. “Enjoy it? Who would...”

Mitchel laughed lightly. “Who was it then, begging her brother today on my behalf?”

Raegan blushed deeply. “You heard that?”

Mitchel quirked an eyebrow. “Yes, I heard Miss Foster calling for backup, ‘

saving her husband.”

Raegan’s ears burned. “I never said ‘saving my husband.”

“Then what was it?” Mitchel teased, winking. “Saving Miss Foster’s lover?”

“What lover? Enough with the nonsense!” Raegan gave Mitchel a sharp look, clearly irritated.

Mitchel pressed his lips together and said, “Really, who would choose to be a ‘lover’ unless they had to?”

Mitchel looked at Raegan earnestly. “So, Miss Foster, when are you planning to make our relationship official?”

Raegan was at a loss for words. Observing him, he didn’t seem Like someone upset about losing his position. She couldn’t resist asking, “Are you actually in trouble this time?”

“I’m here seeking your help. What does that tell you?”

Raegan pressed on, “So, you’re saying your CEO title is in jeopardy?”

Mitchel’s Lashes drooped slightly, a touch of melancholy in his voice.

“It’s possible.”

Chapter 1624

Raegan bit her lip and ventured, "Mitchel, I have fifty billion. My dad told me it's the money my mom left for me. Maybe you could use \$5."

Mitchel caught onto her suggestion, a small smile appearing on his face. "So, you're offering me your money, yet you still deny 'saving your husband'?"

He gently pinched her chin, teasing, "You're not being honest."

Raegan's expression turned serious. "I'm totally serious."

Knowing how proud Mitchel was, she quickly added, "Think of it as a loan from me."

Mitchel struggled to hold back a laugh. He said jokingly, "This is quite the favor. Looks like I have to work hard to ensure you have an orgasm every time we get intimate, huh?"

Raegan felt her cheeks warm up. "No one's asking you for anything in return!"

Mitchel's expression softened, and he looked at her intently. "Is it because you were quite satisfied with me just now?"

"Oh, why can't you ever be serious?" Raegan complained, hiding her face in the pillow.

Mitchel felt his heart fill with warmth. He leaned closer and wrapped his arms around her slim waist. "Can't you just have a little faith in me?"

Raegan turned around abruptly. "Did you play along just to turn the table at a certain time?"

Mitchel ki*sed her on the forehead, his voice calm. "Just trust me, okay?"

Raegan did trust Mitchel. After all, his competence was well beyond anyone at the Dixon Group. The idea of impeaching Mitchel today had seemed as absurd as side dishes trying to replace the main course.

It was completely ridiculous. Without Mitchel, the Dixon Group would definitely be in trouble. After some more chatting, Raegan curled up in Mitchel's arms and drifted off to sleep.

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Late into the night, Mitchel watched Raegan's peaceful face with a loving gaze for a long time.

Then, he silently got out of bed and left the bedroom.

He took out his phone and made a call.

Whatever the response from the other end, Mitchel replied in a deep voice, "Not everyone's fallen for it yet. Keep baiting them!"

For five straight days, Mitchel chose not to go to work, preferring to stay at the villa with Raegan.

While Mitchel had the luxury of free time, Raegan still needed to attend her studio.

In her absence, Mitchel was left to his own devices at home. He picked up cooking tips from Annis, managing to serve Raegan delicious dinners each night, even boasting a soup that surpassed Annis' years of expertise.

Intrigued, Raegan asked, "How did you get so skilled at cooking?"

Back in their married days five years ago, Mitchel had never ventured into cooking, nor did anyone know he had the knack for it. Yet, his cooking skills hardly seemed amateur.

Mitchel, with a quirked eyebrow, casually replied, "Learning isn't tough if you're interested. Soup making is all about the timing and balance. Overcook it, and you lose the flavor. Undercook it, and it lacks depth. Nail the timing and pick the right ingredients, and you end up with something that's both tasty and healthy..."

Raegan was impressed by his methodical approach to cooking, seeing it as something a perfectionist would do, applying precision even in the kitchen.

After savoring a large bowl of soup, Raegan remarked, "You've lured me for another bowl of soup."

Mitchel, cleaning her face with a wet wipe, saying teasingly, "Thank you, Miss Foster, for taking me in. Caring for you is the least I can do."

Raegan found herself at a loss for words.

After tossing the wipe away, Mitchel casually inquired, "Which soup did you like more, the one from lunch or tonight's?"

Once again, Raegan was lost for words. She thought back to the lunchtime call when Mitchel had offered to make and bring her a meal, only to find she was already dining with a business partner. The business partner cheerfully handed her a bowl of soup and said, "Miss Foster, give this a try. It's supposed to make your skin softer and more dazzling."

Little did Raegan expect the words of a business partner, a man, would stick with Mitchel.

Raegan quipped, "The one I had at lunch was pretty good, made by a real chef."

"How good?" As Mitchel lifted Raegan up to head for a wash, he asked, "Better than what I make?"

Lately, Mitchel had been carrying Raegan around every evening, so she barely had to use her feet.

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Mitchel enjoyed holding Raegan so much that he couldn't resist doing so every chance he go

t.

"The soup tonight was a bit on the sour side." Raegan laughed, looping her arms around Mitchel's neck.

Catching her drift, Mitchel responded with a smirk, "Staying at home waiting for you to come back makes me overthink."

Raegan hummed in mock agreement. "Now you understand how I feel when waiting for you in the past."

Mitchel went quiet, wondering if that was how Raegan felt waiting for him. It had to be tough.

Noticing his silence, Raegan cheekily lifted his chin, saying, "Look after me well, and I'll make sure to come home early when I have social commitments."

Mitchel looked at her, his voice hoarse. "I'll do my best to take care of you."

After getting washed up, Raegan got ready for a bath, something she did unless she returned too late.

Meanwhile, Mitchel started washing up.

Raegan waited for him to step out.

After washing up, Mitchel unexpectedly didn't leave. Instead, he carried her into the bathtub and

turned on the shower.

“Splash.” The sound of water echoed as it hit them, soaking their clothes.

Chapter 1626

The water wasn't cold, but the sudden soaking caught Raegan off guard.

“Mitchel... We're getting soaked...” she pointed out.

“Soaked? Then let's take them off,” he casually suggested.

Raegan was at a loss for words. It seemed so obvious, yet his suggestion threw her. After all, one typically undressed to bathe.

As the water poured over them, both got completely drenched.

Raegan wore a knee-length professional dress, which was quite modest.

But when it got wet, it clung to her figure, becoming unexpectedly seductive.

Mitchel's clothes didn't fare any better. His white shirt turned transparent, hinting at the contours of his body beneath.

Raegan, her face and ears flushing, pushed him slightly. “Let me stand up first.”

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“But isn't it my responsibility to take care of you?” Mitchel replied, his voice low and enticing.

“Let me help you with your clothes.”

As he slowly unzipped her dress, the warm water cascading down felt soothing.

The bathroom was filled with their moans.

“Mmm... Don't touch there...” Raegan managed to say.

Mitchel stopped and gazed at her, a victorious chuckle escaping him as he caught his breath. “Are you satisfied now?”

Raegan blushed deeply, finding it hard to quiet the moans that slipped out. She felt like she was losing her mind! Mitchel was brimming with energy, not having work to tie him down, and brought something new to each day.

The following morning, Mitchel got up early and got everything ready.

Raegan, hearing the alarm, reached out to turn it off, wanting to catch a few more moments of sleep, but then she bolted upright. She suddenly remembered she had a crucial client meeting she couldn't miss.

Luckily, she hadn't slept in too long and still had time to get ready.

Walking to the bathroom in her slippers, Raegan was barely awake as she started brushing her teeth.

Mitchel came in, saw Raegan zoning out with her toothbrush still in her mouth, and laughed.

He moved closer, held her steady, helped her brush her teeth, and then gently washed her face for her.

Noticing Raegan's sleepiness, he whispered, “Maybe you should get some more sleep?”

Leaning against him, feeling worn out, Raegan murmured, “I can't. There's a client meeting. This is all on you...”

Their night had been a whirlwind, from the bathroom to in front of the mirror, and then back to bed, leaving Raegan completely drained.

Raegan's resting on him made Mitchel content.

Mitchel smiled warmly, his eyes twinkling with amusement. "Sure, blame it on me. I just wanted to make sure I did a good job."

Raegan, her cheeks a warm shade of pink, playfully swatted his chest.

It was only then she noticed he was wearing a suit and tie. With a look of surprise, she asked, "Heading out?"

Mitchel nodded. "Yeah, I'm off to the company."

Now more attentive, Raegan inquired, "Has the investigation wrapped up?"

"It has." Mitchel nodded.

Raegan, concerned yet not wanting to seem unsupportive, embraced him, saying, "I'll be here waiting for you."

For Mitchel, nothing was more comforting than hearing his beloved say so. A smile broke across his face as he gently ki*sed her forehead.

"Alright, wait for me."

Once Raegan got to her studio, a sense of unease followed her throughout the day, the fear of bad news lurking in her mind. She found herself constantly checking news sites, hoping to not come across anything worrisome.

But as the day went by without any drama from the Dixon Group, Raegan's anxiety slowly subsided, leading her to decide against reaching out to Mitchel.

That afternoon, even though there were no updates from the Dixon Group, Raegan got a surprise. A client had made a special request to work with her on a dress worth over a million dollars.

It wasn't out of the ordinary for clients to ask specifically for Raegan, especially those who admired her embroidery skills.

Upon entering the VIP reception room, Raegan noticed a woman in a red dress seated with her back turned to her.

Walking up to the woman, Raegan greeted with a friendly tone, "Hi there, I'm Raegan Foster, the general manager of Crescent."

To her astonishment, the woman turned around to reveal herself as Katie.

"You?" Raegan's eyebrows knitted together in a slight frown.

Katie let out a soft scoff. "Wow, quite the welcome. So, this is the kind of reception your esteemed clients get. It's no surprise your studio's struggling!"

It was clear to Raegan that Katie was looking to stir trouble.

Keeping her cool, she replied, "Miss Glyn, did you come to place an order or just to chat? Because if it's the latter, please excuse me."

Katie's expression turned icy. "I came here to place the order, of course."

"Good, then. Oaklyn, could you please take Miss Glyn's measurements?"

Raegan called out.

“Why the hurry?” Katie eased into a seat. “I haven’t even shared what I’m looking for yet.” Professionally, Raegan asked, “And what exactly are you looking for, Miss Glyn?” “I’m here for a customized engagement dress.” Noticing Raegan’s reaction, Katie seemed to perk up. With a smug look, she rubbed her stomach. “And if I like how it turns out, I might just get my wedding dress from this studio as well!”

After Katie finished her piece, she stood there full of pride, clearly expecting Raegan to inquire about her engagement.

But Raegan’s reaction was anything but curious. She said, “Alright, Miss Glyn, feel free to let me know what you need.”

Katie was surprised by Raegan’s disinterest. How could Raegan not want to know more? This indifference made it tough for Katie to segue into the decision the board made about Mitchel.

Irritated, Katie challenged Raegan, “Why the hurry? Do you think I can’t cover the cost?” ‘s

Raegan offered a smile. “I have other clients waiting. We’re in the business of tailoring dresses, not small talk. If you are looking for a chat, maybe a café would be better.”

Usually, Raegan wasn’t this blunt with her clients, but Katie had cornered her more than once, which made pleasantries unnecessary.

Katie, truth be told, wasn’t here to place an order. The thought of wearing something customized by Raegan was unbearable.

“I said I’m here to place an order!” Katie announced.

Raegan quirked an eyebrow. “Custom orders do start with a deposit.”

“How much does it cost?” Katie inquired.

“Ten percent.”

Without hesitation, Katie paid with her card and stated, “Please deliver the dress to the Dixon Group for signing once it’s ready. The remaining payment will come from the Dixon Group’s accounts.”

She doubted Raegan could keep her composure upon hearing this.

However, Raegan responded with a smile, “Of course, Miss Glyn.” She showed no sign of displeasure.

Katie couldn’t hold back any longer and steered the conversation.

“Miss Foster, were you aware the Dixon Group went through a significant staff change today?”

Looking up, Raegan asked, “Miss Glyn, do you have a preference for white or red?”

Katie was visibly upset, her teeth gritted. That Little bitch didn’t give an answer! “It doesn’t

matter. Prepare both. I've already paid, so I'll decide later."

Raegan collected all the necessary details and stood up, saying slowly, "I'll get the design sketches over to you in a week or so. Just a heads-up, we're open to making changes to the designs, but we can't take them back once they're done, and the deposit won't be returned."

It was a fair policy. After all, sometimes the sketches alone were worth more than the dress itself. Plus, as long as everyone agreed to it upfront, there wouldn't be any issues.

Chapter 1629

When Raegan started to walk away, Katie suddenly got up and exclaimed, "Wait, don't leave!" Raegan stopped and turned around, confused. "Is there anything else you need, Miss Glyn?" Katie stood tall and announced proudly, "I get it. You're trying to play it cool. I'm getting married to Mitchel!"

Raegan asked, "Ever hear about 'the boy who cried wolf'?"™

This comment made Katie scowl. Raegan was mocking her for lying!

Katie pressed her lips together, slightly irritated. "'Mitchel's been kicked out. He won't remain as the CEO of the Dixon Group. Did you catch that?'"

Raegan didn't say a word.

"The investigation revealed he acted against the Dixon Group's interests, and his decision to drop the Eastern Garden project was all because of personal issues. The board was unanimous in firing him."

Katie looked straight at Raegan, determination in her eyes. "This time, I'm the only one who can save him."

Katie was assertive. Even though Henley often played fast and loose with the truth, this time he hadn't lied to her. Plus, Luciana had promised to convince Mitchel to marry her. Luciana was determined not to stand idly by while Mitchel was defeated and taken down by Henley, that illegitimate son.

"Miss Glyn, I once thought you were quite intelligent." Raegan laughed softly. "Did Henley suggest the only way out for Mitchel is to marry you, making the whole Eastern Garden issue seem like a big misunderstanding?"

"How did you know that?" Katie eyed Raegan with suspicion.

Raegan, with her arms folded, leaned back casually and said, "And did he mention that you should then invest in the Dixon Group stocks? That way, there'd be no conflicts of interest in your relationship, and Mitchel's problem would just sort itself out."

"You've been spying on me, haven't you?" Katie's expression turned serious, wondering if Raegan had bugged her. The message wasn't the same word for word, but it meant pretty much the same thing.

Raegan found it pointless to explain herself and laughed softly, shaking her head. "Miss Glyn, you might as well give up. Mitchel will never go for your plan."

Katie looked visibly upset, retorting, "You're just envious. He and I will make an unbeatable team, a powerhouse couple. My support will be invaluable to his career. Why on earth will Mitchel refuse?"

Raegan twirled a strand of her hair, replying with ease, "Because Mitchel isn't foolish enough to walk into such an obvious trap."

Over the years, Raegan gained a wealth of knowledge while her father dealt in international trade, aiming to shield her from being exploited due to her naivety.

The international trade world, with its involvement of numerous countries, turned out to be far more cutthroat and deceitful than its domestic counterpart.

Henley's suggestion wasn't meant to benefit Katie. By proposing this idea, it was clear that Henley lacked the ability to take over the Dixon Group on his own. If Mitchel agreed to marry Katie, it would essentially validate the accusations, giving Henley the perfect opportunity to take advantage when the moment was right and take over in one clean sweep.

Katie was being manipulated, totally oblivious to it. It seems that obsession could blind even the most detail-oriented person like Katie.

Katie's frustration was palpable, her fingers pressing into her palm and her teeth gritted as she demanded, "What exactly are you trying to say? Make it clear!"

Raegan just smirked. "Some dreams remain dreams. But if there's ever a wedding, do send an invite to flaunt it."

Raegan didn't want to alert Henley with what she had figured out from Katie's reaction.

Chapter 1630

"Miss Glyn, take care. I won't walk you out." Raegan smiled before turning around.

Katie looked at Raegan sharply. "Why do you think Mitchel won't marry me? What makes you so sure?"

From Katie's perspective, Mitchel had no other choice.

Raegan, on her way to the door, stopped and offered a chuckle. "My confidence comes from him. He told me to trust him."

Mitchel had asked Raegan to have confidence in him.

Raegan, who wasn't well-versed in business matters, could see through Henley's schemes. Surely, Mitchel had known about it and made preparations beforehand. All Raegan had to do was trust his judgment.

Watching Raegan leave, Katie stamped her foot in frustration and called Luciana to vent. Luciana comforted her, "Katie, in my eyes, you're already my daughter-in-law. Don't worry. I'll talk to Mitchel."

Feeling a bit better, Katie said, "Thanks, Luciana."

"Why thank me? You're carrying Mitchel's baby. If Mitchel dares to deny you, he'll have me to answer to!" Luciana said, seemingly on Katie's side.

Katie felt reassured by Luciana's growing support, hanging on to every word, and silently thanked the fortune-teller she had arranged for this turnaround.

Luciana went on, "But Katie, Mitchel has always denied being the father of your baby.

When did you two become involved? Can you tell me about it?"

Katie was taken aback for a moment, lapsing into silence.

Luciana said earnestly, "Katie, I do trust you without any doubts, but Mitchel is adamant that nothing happened between you two. He insists he's not involved with you at all. It's quite perplexing. I'm struggling to understand who's mistaken here..."

"Luciana, I swear I haven't lied to you!" Katie added emphatically, "This child is Mitchel's, without a doubt!"

The conversation reached an impasse as Luciana pondered aloud, "With both of you so firm in your stances, I want to support you, but I'm at a loss without even knowing how far along you are..."

"I'm three and a half months pregnant!" Katie let slip before she could stop herself and instantly regretted revealing this so soon.

She had intended to keep this under wraps a bit longer.

To Katie's relief, Luciana reacted positively. "Katie, I knew you wouldn't deceive me. You've always been trustworthy. You have my full backing!"

Feeling a wave of relief, Katie voiced a plea, "Luciana, please keep the month of my pregnancy between us for now. I'm concerned Mitchel might press for drastic measures if he finds out too soon."

"You have my word. I won't bring it up," Luciana reassured Katie, her voice firm with conviction. "Mitchel wouldn't dare. If he tries anything, I'll stand against him!"

Katie responded with a thankful smile, "Thank you, Luciana."

Katie then switched topics, showing concern for Luciana's wellbeing.

"How's your migraine been? You might be running low on medication. Shall I bring you some more?"