

## **Unbreakable 361**

### Chapter 361

After all, the Dixon family would never allow the existence of a bastard. So, Mitchel made up his mind. He shook off Raegan's hand ruthlessly and said coldly, "You can't keep this child."

Raegan was desperate and flustered at the same time. Everything that was happening now was beyond her expectations. Yes, she wanted a divorce. But she couldn't trade her baby for it.

"Mitchel, it's not what you think it is. | only said those words to piss you off."

She didn't want to risk her baby. So, she pulled him to explain. She had no choice but to tell him the truth now. "Raegan..."

But before Raegan could start to explain, a figure rushed over and interrupted her.

Raegan raised her head, only to be stunned.

Angela's Library

The person who came was Henley. What was he doing here?

Henley pulled Raegan behind him as if wanting to protect her.

Henley had been worrying about Raegan for two days because he couldn't contact her. Even Nicole didn't know what had happened to her. He went to Serenity Villas and pretended to be taking a walk, hoping he could meet Raegan by chance like he did last time.

And luck was on his side because he happened to see Mitchel carrying Raegan into the car. As soon as Mitchel drove away, he hurried to his car and followed them.

Just now, he saw them pulling each other from a distance. Judging from the scene, it seemed they were arguing about something, and Mitchel seemed to be about to hit Raegan. So, he rushed over on impulse.

Henley looked at Mitchel and said sternly, "Mitchel, a man can't hit a woman under any circumstances." Raegan broke out in a cold sweat upon hearing this. She immediately explained, "No, Henley. You misunderstand..."

But before she could finish her words, a loud bang sounded. Henley staggered a few steps back, his face distorted from Mitchel's punch.

Henley steadied himself, wiped the blood off the corner of his mouth, and punched Mitchel back. He couldn't show any weakness in front of Raegan. But unfortunately, Mitchel dodged his attack.

Mitchel had learned professional fighting skills. So, although Henley was strong due to years of exercise, his strength was still no match for Mitchel. At this moment, Mitchel was like a furious beast. He directly grabbed Henley's collar and punched him hard to the floor.

Blood instantly gushed out of the corners of Henley's mouth. But it didn't make him give up. He struggled to get up, wanting to continue the fight.

Raegan hurried forward and positioned herself between Henley and Mitchel, stretching out her arms and shouting, "Stop it!"

Mitchel's fist that was about to hit Henley froze right in front of Raegan's face. He looked at Raegan with eyes full of malice and shouted, "Get out of the way!"

"Mitchel, stop beating Henley. He has nothing to do with this."

"Nothing?" Mitchel sneered coldly.

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"Then what is he doing here? It seems he is very worried about you. What do you want me to do?"

Mitchel pulled Raegan into his arms tightly, and said firmly, "You are my wife. No other man can take you from me." Mitchel held Raegan so tightly that her face turned pale at once.

She wanted to explain. But Mitchel was very angry right now, and she knew he wouldn't listen to any explanation.

As soon as Henley got up, Mitchel kicked him. Then he stared at Henley's hand that had touched Raegan and ordered coldly, "Break one of his hands."

The two bodyguards immediately came forward from behind and held Henley. And without hesitation, they raised his right hand and twisted it, creating a crack sound. Henley could not help groaning in pain.

Raegan was too shocked to move. She felt like an invisible hand was clutching her heart tightly. It was so painful that she could hardly breathe.

"Where else did he touch you?" Mitchel approached Raegan's ear and asked. His voice was bone-chilling, and he was like a devil from hell.

"I'll break every part of his body today."

Raegan's face turned extremely pale. Her teeth chattered while her tears kept falling uncontrollably. "Mitchel, believe me. He has nothing to do with this. Please let him go. | beg you..."

Mitchel looked down at her and asked flatly, "What's wrong? Do you feel sorry for him?"

As he spoke, his tone was indifferent. It was hard to tell if he was really angry, but it didn't sound like he was saying anything good.

Angela's Library

Raegan forced herself to calm down. Then, she said in a trembling voice, "Mitchel, let him go. Let's have a talk. It's really not what you think it is."

Suddenly, Henley, who was suppressed on the floor, fought back. Even if he only had one hand, he still knocked over the bodyguard beside him.

But one hand was no match for four. In the end, he was once again pressed hard on the floor.

Raegan was frightened by this scene. She pulled Mitchel's sleeve and kept begging, "Mitchel, please stop them. This is only between us.

Please don't get others involved. This child is not his."

But her pleading was futile. It infuriated Mitchel even more. He sneered, "Raegan, you know that I don't want you to defend other

men. There was a cold and cruel look in his eyes.

"Break his other hand."

The two bodyguards promptly followed. They lifted Henley's left hand and were about to break it. "Ah!" Raegan suddenly shouted in pain. She shook her head desperately.

"Mitchel, this is your baby. It's yours!"

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Mitchel's heart skipped a beat upon hearing this. In the quiet of the night, Mitchel's gaze darkened with uncertainty.

He desperately wanted to believe Raegan's words, but the doctor's words, that damning report, and Henley now lying on the ground made her statement seem increasingly implausible.

As his hesitation grew, Raegan's heart felt as if a heavy stone had settled within it.

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It was clear that, even with the truth on her lips, Mitchel remained skeptical, unwilling to trust her words.

Nevertheless, she had to make it unequivocally clear that she couldn't allow Henley to get entangled in this mess.

Tears welled in her eyes as she explained, "I was only so angry that you didn't believe me, so I lied to you. The child is yours."

Raegan cast a sorrowful glance at Henley, who was bravely enduring the pain on the ground. In a choked voice, she added, "Can you please let Henley tend to his wounds first?"

Henley had come to her aid in moments of despair countless times, and now, he lay battered because of her. The overwhelming guilt kept her tears flowing. Mitchel looked at the scene with a cold, unyielding gaze, his throbbing headache adding to his agony.

He grasped Raegan's chin and forcefully turned her to face him. He asked coldly, "Raegan, are you lying to me again just to protect this man?"

Mitchell's vice-like grip caused Raegan to cry out in pain. She managed to push him away and stammered, "I didn't... I didn't lie to you..."

Seeing the pain etched across Raegan's face, Henley couldn't remain silent any longer. He exclaimed, "Stop! What kind of man are you?"

"Alright, alright, alright," Mitchel repeated with a sinister smile, raising his eyebrows. He then ordered his black-clad bodyguards, "Beat him! Beat him to death!"

The bodyguards, obedient to Mitchel's command, began to mercilessly rain blows and kicks upon Henley.

The sounds of fists connecting with flesh were a haunting symphony, sending shivers down the spine of anyone who heard. However, Henley remained silent, knowing that any groans of pain would only deepen Raegan's guilt.

"No! Stop it!" Raegan's eyes were red, and her voice broke as she cried out. But how could the relentless bodyguards listen to her?

In desperation, she turned to Mitchel, her tears now flowing freely, and begged, "Please, tell them to stop beating Henley. I'll do anything you ask. Just spare him, okay?"

Why did life burden her with so much? Why did he force her into such a sinful predicament?

Mitchel's indifference drove her to the brink, forcing her to rush forward and shield Henley, standing bravely against the bodyguards to halt their brutal assault.

The bodyguards didn't dare lay a hand on Raegan. Instead, they looked at Mitchel, waiting for his instructions.

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Mitchel's anger boiled over when he saw her actions.

He bellowed, "Get over here!"

But Raegan shook her head defiantly, her resolve unyielding.

"Mitchel, can't you do something for the sake of your child? Please, just let him go!" Mitchel's eyes welled up with frustration.

“Let him go? So you two can be together?”

At that moment, Raegan’s heart clenched with pain. Her tearful face was marred with disappointment and despair. Angela’s Library

She shook her head, a sense of helplessness in her voice.

“Why won't you believe me?”

Why was it so hard for him to trust her, just once?

Mitchel retorted icily, “If you want me to believe you, then answer me this. Did the doctor make a mistake when he said you and Henley are a couple?”

“It was all just a misunderstanding. You saw it when you came to the hospital later. Henley took me there because of my injuries. He found out about my pregnancy from the doctor.”

Raegan knew she had to tread carefully, for the doctor’s sake. She had to tell the truth.

But where was Mitchel when she needed him?

Should she have declined Henley’s help and braved the heavy rain on her own?

“Are you telling me that it was a misunderstanding that he knew you are pregnant and pretended to be your husband?” Mitchel’s eyes dripped with sarcasm.

Raegan knew that he didn’t believe her.

“Mitchel, it really was just a misunderstanding. Henley had nothing to do with it. It’s just that you never trust me.”

She forced a bitter smile and added, "If those words came from Lauren, would you believe them without a second thought?" The mention of Lauren made Mitchel frown, and he asked, "Why bring her into this?"

The night was dark, the wind fierce.

Raegan stood amidst it all, trembling like a withered leaf on the brink of being blown away.

She murmured, "I'm just curious why you have so much faith in her but doubt everything I say. It's been two years, and you still don't know me? Am I really that dirty in your eyes?"

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Hearing the profound disappointment in her voice, Mitchel felt a pang of sadness.

He couldn't understand why he treated her this way. If it were Lauren, he would readily set her up with another man. But when it came to Raegan, the mere thought of another man showing interest in her sent him into a fit of jealousy. At this moment, he questioned whether it was love that he was feeling.

He thought he would never experience such emotions in his lifetime.

Mitchel's silence only deepened Raegan's sense of hopelessness and resignation.

Wasn't the past evidence enough to show her how little she meant to him?

The reason he was so furious was that he believed she had had an affair and embarrassed him.

She considered herself a failure.

She had loved him for a decade, but she couldn't earn an ounce of trust.



"It's all my fault. I shouldn't have overestimated myself. It's my fault. I shouldn't have been so naive. I deserve this," she said tearfully and forced a smile.

Her grandmother had passed away, and if she lost the baby too, life would hold no meaning. "Mitchel, it seems you will never believe me, no matter what I say.

Why don't you just divorce me? We'll part ways then."

"Don't even think about it!"

Angela's Library

Divorce was a thought that should never cross her mind!

Mitchel's face was dark as a storm cloud, and his eyes burned with a furious intensity. He strode forward and scooped Raegan up into his arms.

"I strongly suggest you give up that stupid idea. You are not getting away from me, ever."

"You..."

Raegan's eyes flashed with anger, unable to contain herself any longer. She bit his arm with all her might. Mitchel winced as pain shot through his arm through the fabric of his clothes.

"Let me go!"

Mitchel clenched his teeth, wondering why she always bit like a rabid dog.

Before long, the metallic scent of blood mingled with the air, the warm liquid seeping from beneath his clothes, yet Raegan clung on tenaciously.

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Mitchel's first instinct was to toss her away, but he hesitated when he felt her trembling shoulder, knowing her anger was at a boiling point.

In a raspy voice, he asked, "What else are you willing to do to save him?" Just as he was about to pry her jaw apart with his fingers, Raegan suddenly went limp and fainted. Mitchel held her tightly and shouted, "Raegan!"

Cradled in Mitchel's arms was Raegan's frail figure. Raegan's complexion matched the pallor of a blank sheet, and her brow glistened with a sheen of cold sweat.

#### Angela's Library

Panicked, Mitchel tightened his embrace and blurted out nervously, "What's going on?"

Clutching his wrist feebly, Raegan implored, "My baby... It hurts..."

Please, save our baby..."

After saying this, Raegan fainted away.

Mitchel's pupils suddenly shrank. Without a second thought, he scooped Raegan up and strode into the hospital. "Mr. Dixon." Henley rose to his feet, concern marring his face.

"Please, look after her well."

Halting mid-step, Mitchel turned around and icily retorted, "Mind your own business. If you dare to touch her again, you won't get away with it so easily."

A trace of menace tinged Mitchel's voice, sending shivers down the spines of those who heard him. Mitchel then resumed his course into the hospital.

The bodyguards glanced discreetly at Henley, who was now standing battered. After all, they had struck him viciously just moments ago.

With one of his arms dislocated, Henley could still stand up as if nothing had happened despite his other injuries. The bodyguards found themselves questioning the true extent of Henley's capabilities.

Yet, Henley didn't seem to care about his injuries at all as he walked steadily toward his car.

Settling into the backseat, he dialed a number, his voice devoid of emotion.

"Arrange a pickup. Also, let him know | accept his offer."

After hanging up the phone, Henley stretched his legs, leaned against the seat with his eyes closed. He exclaimed in his mind that a man with a weak spot was so easy to handle.

Would Mitchel go nuts if there was really something between him and Raegan?

A sly grin emerged on Henley's face in the darkness, amused by the mere thought. ....

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In the hospital.

Gazing down at Raegan, now in the emergency room, the doctor queried, "Mr. Dixon, are you certain you want to induce a miscarriage? Saving the mother takes precedence. Beyond that..."

Mitchel hesitated, clearly torn. To be honest, it was the best time to get rid of this kid. After all, he still assumed it wasn't his kid.

Yet, recalling Raegan's fierce resolve to keep the baby, he knew she'd despise him if he caused the loss of her baby, and undoubtedly leave him.

Weighing between Raegan and the kid, he realized he couldn't bear to lose her.

Grimacing, Mitchel spat out while clenching his fists, "Try your best to keep the baby!"

Hearing Mitchel's response, the medical team took Raegan into the operating room for further evaluation.

Waiting outside the emergency room, Mitchel recalled what Raegan had just said, and a thought crossed his mind. [ninjanovel.com](http://ninjanovel.com)

Could this baby, perhaps, be his?

By the time Raegan regained consciousness, it was nearly noon.

She felt a minor itch at the back of her hand and stared vacantly at the see-through IV tube, watching the fluid slowly drip. A sense of unease gripped her heart as she noticed a suited man beside her bed.

"Feeling better?" Mitchel inquired, devoid of emotion, as he picked up a cushion and tried to put it behind her back. Before he could get close to Raegan, Raegan flapped the cushion to the ground.

She glared at him, her eyes icy, and snapped, "What have you done to my baby?"

Mitchel's lips tightened, his face taking on a somber hue.

Raegan's eyes seethed with such loathing that she saw nothing else.

Her voice quivered as she yelled, "Mitchel, you're a monster!"

"Do you still want to argue with me after all this?" Mitchel retorted, a frown etching his features.

Seeing his lack of concern, Raegan disregarded the IV needle in her hand and waved it angrily, saying, "Give my baby back!" Her sudden motion caused the needle to yank at her skin, and blood oozed out instantly.

"Are you out of your mind, Raegan?" Mitchel exclaimed, his face contorted at the sight of this, grasping her hand tightly as his veins bulged in distress.

The back of her delicate hand was swollen, and the needle flew out after the violent pull. The wound was bleeding, but Raegan didn't care about it at all.

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She questioned Mitchel hysterically, "How can you be so cold-blooded and ruthless? It was a piece of life! It was my baby!" Mitchel blanched, gripping Raegan tightly and murmuring, "I did nothing."

Confused, Raegan asked, "What do you mean?"

Just then, a knock resounded at the door.

"Time to change the IV for Bed No. 34," announced the head nurse, entering with a medical cart. She paused, taken aback by the scene before her.

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Rushing over, she scolded Mitchel, "What's happening here? The patient is in a fragile condition. How could you agitate her? You might look refined, but your actions are barbaric. If this continues, I'll call the authorities."

Upon uttering those words, the head nurse felt a twinge of apprehension. Mitchel's imposing demeanor suggested he \_ held considerable sway.

Still, how could he intervene in the medical treatment, especially one as vulnerable as Raegan right now? It wasn't hard to surmise that Mitchel might have a volatile temperament behind closed doors.

Raegan seemed to be the same age as her daughter, and this thought spurred the head nurse to overcome her initial hesitation. Steeling herself, she continued, "I suggest you leave now, sir. Your stay could negatively affect the patient's emotional state."

Mitchel's face paled, his jaw clenched. Clearly, the nurse's audacity had pissed him off. Nevertheless, he departed without a word.

The room's stifling atmosphere lifted as soon as Mitchel exited.

Exhaling in relief, the head nurse attended to the wound on Raegan's hand.

After some hesitation, Raegan inquired, "Excuse me, may I know about my baby..."

Concentrating on disinfecting Raegan's wound, the head nurse replied, "Don't worry. You need additional nourishment. The baby's growth is a bit behind schedule, so the doctor has ordered a \_ special nutritional supplement for you."

Seizing the nurse's arm, Raegan questioned eagerly, "Does this mean my baby is still alive?"

The nurse gave her an odd look and replied, "Absolutely."

For a moment, Raegan was in disbelief, gazing at the nurse in astonishment.

The head nurse went on, "Your husband is really something. The younger nurses were singing his praises this morning, talking about how good-looking and attentive he is to you. I never thought he'd act like this toward you!"

Embarrassed, Raegan clarified, “He’s not to blame. | got so emotional that | yanked the IV out myself.”

The head nurse’s eyes widened.

“So, he didn’t do it?”

Raegan shook her head.

Grinning sheepishly, the head nurse remarked, “Seems like | misjudged him. He has been by your side the entire night.”

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However, Raegan couldn't help but speculate whether Mitchel had stayed to seize an opportunity to harm her when she was awake.

Changing the IV bag, the head nurse left without another word.

Soon after, the measured sound of footsteps resonated from the corridor.

Feeling unsettled, Raegan instinctively didn’t want to see Mitchel.

So she closed her eyes, feigning sleep.

ANGELA’S LIBRARY

Mitchel entered the room, noticing the anxious quiver of Raegan’s eyelashes.

He internally scoffed, thinking she was quite the poor actress.

Expressionless, he opened the lunchbox, releasing the savory scent of porridge into the room.

Having spent a restless night, Raegan felt her stomach suddenly rouse.

She loved this particular type of porridge.

“Time to eat,” Mitchel stated tersely.

Determined to avoid facing him, Raegan kept her eyes closed. But her stomach betrayed her with a loud rumble. Mitchel’s derisive snort gave away her charade. Reluctantly, Raegan sat up, readying the foldable table for her meal. She might not be hungry, but she couldn’t let her baby starve.

But the problem was that she couldn't have the porridge by herself, since her hands were injured.

Seeing this, Mitchel put the porridge into a small bowl and fed her with a spoon.

Observing his stern countenance, Raegan hesitated before suggesting, “Perhaps you could ask a nurse to feed me?”

Mitchel fixed her with a piercing, infuriated gaze.

“So, do you want this food or not?”

Helpless, Raegan accepted the spoonful of porridge without further complaint.

It was uncharacteristic for Mitchel to take care of someone. To his surprise, Raegan was rather cooperative.



Mitchel couldn't help but imagine if they had a daughter, would she be as adorable and well-behaved as Raegan during meals? After only managing a small bowl, Raegan couldn't take any more.

Mitchel set the bowl aside and rang the service bell. Someone arrived to clear the table.

## Chapter 370

Once they were alone, Raegan cleared her throat and queried, "Mitchel, what will it take for you to agree to a divorce?" The atmosphere around Mitchel and Raegan changed in an instant.

Just now, Raegan ate obediently. Mitchel didn't expect that she would suddenly bring up the topic of their divorce.

He glanced at her and sneered, "Are you full now? It seemed you have the energy to quarrel again.

Raegan countered, "Of course not. What's the point of arguing now?"

So many things had happened between them. She thought they couldn't possibly go back to the way they used to be.

Raegan pursed her lips and continued, "Instead of fighting and suspecting each other, it's better for us to solve this matter peacefully. I suppose you also want us to maintain a good relationship after we part ways, right?"

Mitchel chuckled.

"Maintain a good relationship?"

Raegan seemed to see hope. She quickly said, "As long as you agree to divorce, you can put forward any condition." The baby was her only comfort and hope now. If she also lost it, her life would be meaningless.

If Mitchel really wanted it, he could just order the legal department of the Dixon Group to do something against her and make her lose custody of her baby.

Mitchel's eyes turned gloomy for a moment. "Raegan, do you want to dump me, so you can be with Henley?" Angela's Library

Raegan didn't say anything. She just pursed her lips and lowered her head. She was tired of saying again and again that Henley had nothing to do with this matter.

If it was what Mitchel really thought, she would let it be.

Raegan's silence annoyed Mitchel. He grabbed her chin and said coldly, ""Raegan, you are too naive. Do you really expect me to make your wish come true?"

Tears welled up in Raegan's eyes. She said in a choked voice, "Mitchel, what on earth do you want?"

Mitchel snorted coldly. "What do I want?" He said ruthlessly, "I want you to stay with me. Even if it's torture, you have to endure it."

Raegan's heart ached. The pain was greater than the pain in her chin being pinched hard by Mitchel. She bit her lower lip and said weakly, "What's the point for two people to be together even though they don't love each other?"

Mitchel stood up and looked at Raegan condescendingly.

"It's up to me whether it's meaningful or not."