

Unbreakable 451

Chapter 451

Wearing a smile of triumph, Nicole added, "I have one more condition."

"Test your Limits cautiously, Nicole, Jarrod warned, his expression fierce.

Nicole chuckled even more, seemingly amused by his scowl.

"For the next three years, you can't tie the knot. While I may not be noble, I refuse to be anyone's mistress." Jamie aimed to be Jarrod's wife just to humiliate her.

But Nicole had no intention of playing along. She wouldn't become the woman everyone despised.

Jarrold lost his cool.

"And who exactly do you think you are? Whether I marry or not, you're still obligated to entertain me."

"Jarrod, this isn't up for debate. You won't let the Lawrence family go, and if we can't find a middle ground. Angela's Library

Nicole's voice grew soft but unwavering.

"Let's fight to the death!"

Alaugh erupted from Jarrod, unsettling even from a distance.

He relished her words.

Deliberately, he said, "You have my word."

After saying that, he stepped closer and extended his hand.

Without a second thought, Nicole seized it and leapt from the window, landing securely in his embrace.

He walked a few paces before tossing her onto the bed. Pinning her down, he sneered, "You're asking for trouble. Brace yourself for a wretched life."

He vowed to make her endure the hell he had known.

Any trace of warmth vanished from Jarrod's voice, leaving it icy cold. He leaned in, whispering deliberately, "Welcome to my hell, Miss Lawrence."

Although only one of her eyes was visible, her allure remained unbroken. Nicole wrapped her arms around Jarrod's neck, nibbling on his ear, and purred, "Jarrod, I'm already in the hell."

Since the moment Jarrod ceased to love her. Since the moment Jarrod loved another. Since the moment Jarrod allowed others to belittle her.

Every second was a living nightmare for her.

The hospital bed creaked rhythmically.

Chapter 452

In a haze of pleasure and agony, Nicole felt as if she were on the brink of death.

Yet, she realized she was still alive.

Jarrodd gripped her chin, forcing her eyes to meet his.

His shirt was immaculate, his forehead scar making him look menacing, almost villainous.

"Concentrate on your task," he commanded.

He then bit into her neck, his breath reeking of iron. A trace of insanity tinged his voice.

Nicole grinned.

“Jarrod, you're falling short... It's painful.”

With a scoff, Jarrod wasn't buying her act. He extended a hand to hit the call button beside the bed, laughing like a madman. “Enjoy a thrill, do you? Let's summon some people and see whether I'm doing well.”

To his surprise, Nicole wasn't backing down. She latched onto his arm and countered, “Sure, why don't you invite your fiancée over?”

His forehead veins bulging, Jarrod was visibly annoyed. He harshly clamped a hand over her mouth, swearing, “You're out of your mind, aren't you?”

Bang! Someone knocked on the door.

Anurse's voice came from the other side of the door.

Angela's Library

“Patient in bed 212, how may I assist you?”

She repeated her call three times, but received no reply, only indistinct romantic noises. The nurse's cheeks turned a shade of pink before she retreated.

Nicole chuckled and said, “Jarrod, you're such a scaredy-cat. You even bolted the door.”

Although her mocking demeanor infuriated him, Jarrod couldn't deny the pleasure of their sexual intercourse. He conceded that Nicole had a certain allure when she behaved this way.

"I won't be beaten," Nicole announced with confidence.

Arching an eyebrow, Jarrod scoffed.

"I'll look forward to seeing you groveling."

What he didn't expect was that he would never witness Nicole begging for compassion.

Chapter 453

He had assumed that three years would suffice to break her, but they didn't even last half that time.

As Nicole lay limp in his embrace that day, he found himself willing to trade his own life for hers.

Love, once profound, now masked by pointless animosity, fueled his destructive tendencies.

In the CEO Office of the Dixon Group.

Matteo relayed his hospital chat with Raegan.

Mitchel's gaze grew intense.

"Dig into every detail."

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As Matteo prepared to leave, Mitchel interjected, "Retract all the fabricated stories about that birthday celebration." Upon exiting, Matteo bumped into Kyle and pulled him aside.

“Kyle, fetch the security footage from both sides of the president's office door on the day of the conference.” Kyle’s expression remained stoic despite a moment of inner turmoil.

“Sure, Matteo.”

Soon after, Kyle sent a copy of the security footage to Matteo.

Matteo posed another question, “Has it been challenging attending to Miss Murray lately?”

Kyle dismissed the concern.

“No, it’s nothing major. I’m here to lighten the load for the CEO.”

Matteo gave a nod.

“Mr. Dixon instructed that you’re no longer bound by Miss Murray’s commands. You can continue working at the company.

“Why’s that?” Kyle inquired immediately.

“Have you changed your mind about returning to the company?” Matteo’s eyebrows knitted together. “Absolutely not,” Kyle hastily reassured.

“It just took me by surprise. That's all.”

“I just thought you had some sort of attachment to Miss Murray,”

Matteo hinted slyly.

Chapter 454

“Attachment? To her? Not even likely. She’s got a terrible temper. I can’t wait to get back to the company and escape her wrath,” Kyle retorted.

Matteo continued, “Well, anyway, Miss Murray is no longer our concern.

Mr. Dixon has made that clear.”

“Understood, Matteo.”

After Kyle took his leave, Matteo glanced at Kyle’s meticulously styled hair, paused briefly, and then headed to his office. At the hospital, later in the day, Raegan took a ten-minute stroll, courtesy of the nurse’s approval. She unexpectedly bumped into Henley.

Wearing a black sweater and khaki slacks, his good looks resembled those of a college student. Their eyes met. Henley said, “What brings you back to the hospital?”

His voice tinged with worry.

“Fertility treatments,” Raegan pointed to her stomach and explained.

“And you?”

Henley gestured toward his arm and playfully said, “Physical rehab.”

Upon hearing this, Raegan’s face turned somber.

“I’m sorry, Henley,” she offered, feeling guilt-ridden over his injuries.

Henley shrugged it off and comforted her, “No need to be concerned.

| made this decision willingly. Nobody pushed me into it.”

Yet, Raegan grew more melancholic.

“Henley, can | treat you to coffee?”

For some reason, this made Henley slightly uneasy, but he consented with a cheerful nod.

After sitting down, Raegan opted for juice while Henley sipped on coffee.

He found himself distracted by the sight of Raegan’s slender, beautiful fingers.

Avivid dream flashed in his mind. It was an implausible dream where Raegan’s fingers had rendered him on cloud nine.

How could it be? His pursuit of her was purely strategic.

Chapter 455

He despised women. How could he be charmed by one so quickly?

Disturbed, Henley shifted the subject.

“Raegan, rumor has it that Miss Murray and your husband will be sharing some good news soon.

What's that about?”

Indeed, Raegan had intentionally diverted her focus, striving to put the issue out of her mind.

Yet, the day following Lauren's birthday party, the media was flooded with news about Mitchel and Lauren.

Several guests at the party had informed reporters that Mitchel and Lauren were deeply in love, and whispers about their upcoming wedding were verified by a source close to them.

Given that this information had gone public on social media platforms, it was evident that Mitchel had given his silent approval. With his influence, quashing such rumors would have been effortless for him.

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Consequently, the subject Raegan had fought so hard to ignore resurfaced, making denial futile.

Raegan felt a pang of sadness but concealed it skillfully.

Dropping her gaze, she nibbled on her straw.

"Henley, | apologize, but discussing this isn't something | can do right now."

Henley responded with a kind smile, "That's alright, Raegan. My primary concern is your happiness." However, Raegan said earnestly, "Henley, | believe it's best if we maintain some distance going forward." Caught off guard, Henley nearly fumbled his coffee cup.

Collecting himself, he asked softly, "Did he intimidate you again?"

Raegan simply shook her head.

"No, it's just that helping me always seems to hurt you, and | can't bear that guilt. We should stop meeting each other."

Raegan's reasoning was straightforward. She no longer wanted to inflict pain on those who showed her kindness. Henley sensed her intentions clearly from her earnest expression.

Yet, the more she pushed him away, the more he yearned to be near her.

Unfazed, he told her, "I'm not afraid of whatever he might do, Raegan."

Still, Raegan was unyielding.

"I appreciate that, Henley, but my mind is made up. I can't bring myself to harm you further."

Chapter 456

Observing Raegan's unwavering determination, Henley's expression turned somewhat gloomy.

He ceased bothering Raegan but locked eyes with her, saying, "If that's what you truly want, Raegan, I'll honor your wishes." "Thank you for understanding, Henley. I hope life treats you well,"

Raegan responded sincerely.

"As a final gesture, may I at least treat you to dessert?" Henley offered.

Touched by his sincerity, Raegan agreed with a nod.

This hospital featured a buffet bar, so Henley instructed Raegan to remain seated while he went to fetch the dessert. ninjanovel.com

Turning around, Henley's gaze shifted to one of cool detachment.

Silently, he headed to the dessert counter to place his order. Once he had his treat in hand, he returned by a different path.

When he encountered Mitchel, he was entirely unfazed. He greeted Mitchel in a tone tinged with sarcasm, "Ah, Mr. Dixon, you've come for some coffee as well?"

The irony was not lost on either man, considering the woman Mitchel was married to awaited Henley in the dining room.

Mitchel stood upright, his legs appearing even more slender encased in his tailored pants, and responded, "I warned you to keep your distance from my wife. Did you forget?"

Henley grinned, replying, "Oh, your warning? Yes, I remember it quite well." Mitchel fixed him with an icy stare.

The mere thought of Henley and Raegan whispering sweet nothings to each other filled him with a violent rage he had to suppress for Raegan's sake.

Mitchel said in a frigid tone, "If you remember, then why are you still here?" "Mr. Dixon, I choose to stay, because Henley hesitated deliberately, his intentions evident in his expression.

"Raegan is a good girl and I like her very much."

Mitchel's eyes narrowed at this, his tongue pressing against the back of his teeth.

"You like her very much? How dare you!"

Unfazed, Henley got right to the point.

"The sad truth is, you've lost Raegan's affection for good. You can't even win her heart." Mitchel felt his head spin and struggled to maintain his composure.

So Raegan had been sharing their marital issues to Henley?

His fists clenched in preparation for pummeling Henley, but he caught himself just in time.

He knew Henley was baiting him.

Mitchel tilted his head upward and sneered, "No matter what you think, she's still my wife."

Observing the rage flash across Mitchel's face, Henley decided to pour more gasoline on the fire.

"Mr. Dixon, wouldn't it be thrilling to make this a true competition?"

Bang! Mitchel's fist came flying, colliding with Henley's face.

Henley's nose started to bleed. Holding a hand to his face, he tried to maintain some semblance of dignity. Mitchel was now a live wire, eyes ablaze. He raised his foot, preparing for the next strike.

"Enough!" Raegan appeared, stepping between them.

"What's gotten into you, Mitchel?"

Noticing her defensive stance over Henley, Mitchel's eyes squinted, his heart wrenching.

He scoffed.

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"I see. I've arrived at an inconvenient moment, haven't I?"

"What nonsense are you talking about?" Raegan shot back, a bitter taste forming in her heart.

Mitchel's face twisted in anger as he saw her come to another man's defense. His words turned caustic. "If you dare to cheat on me, why couldn't | talk about it, huh? "

Apaleness washed over Raegan's face, and it felt as if a weight was compressing her chest, suffocating her.

A mixture of exhaustion, numbness, and disillusionment whirled in her head, plunging her into a deeper state of despair.

Hadn't she already given up hope on her relationship with Mitchel?

What could be more disheartening? Clearly, nothing.

Turning her attention to Henley, she offered, "Henley, let's get you to a doctor." "You dare to leave with him? Stay!"

Mitchel's fury boiled over. He tried to grab Raegan but was thwarted by Henley.

Blood smeared on his face, Henley confronted Mitchel, "Mr. Dixon, planning to strike a woman now?"

Chapter 458

Glasses knocked off, Henley's usually calm demeanor vanished, replaced by a fierce gaze. His slender yet powerful arm acted as a barrier between Mitchel and Raegan.

He was unquestionably provoking Mitchel. Silent, Mitchel's fist flew, landing squarely on Henley and sending him tumbling to the ground.

But one punch wasn't enough to quell Mitchel's fury. Veins pulsed visibly on the back of his clenched hand as he lunged to strike Henley again.

"Stop it, Mitchel!" Raegan cried out, rushing forward to shield Henley.

Seeing that the fist was about to hit her, Raegan clenched her eyes shut.

Yet, the anticipated blow never landed.

When she opened her eyes, Mitchel's fist hovered mere inches from her face, halted by his own willpower. Mitchel's demeanor turned icy. How could he have the heart to raise a hand against Raegan?

His gaze remained locked onto Raegan's face as he yelled with frustration, "Are you taking his side?" "Mitchel, stop using your authority to intimidate people."

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Raegan felt Mitchel had crossed a line.

She'd already told Henley to stay away from her, not wanting any harm to come to him again. Yet, he'd unduly suffered again because of her.

How could she just stand idle and see Mitchel continue to harm Henley?

Mitchel's gaze turned icy as he sneered, "Am I the bully, or is he just weak?"

He didn't understand why Raegan defended a man who couldn't even take a hit. Was she blind? "Come on, Henley."

Kneeling down, Raegan helped Henley to his feet. She had no desire to engage with Mitchel.

She was all too familiar with his irrational logic. Reasoning was futile. "Stay!" Mitchel seized her forcefully. "Raegan, don't you see your own audacity? I'm standing right here, and you're leaving with another guy?"

Mitchel's face was indescribable. Watching them laugh and protect each other earlier, he wanted nothing more than to chain her down and keep her by his side.

Pulling her closer, his voice tinged with loathing.

"What? You can't exist without a man by your side?"

Chapter 459

His derisive words stabbed Raegan like needles.

She tried to speak but found herself choking on air.

He had an uncanny ability to wound her deeply.

Fuming with anger, Raegan struggled to pull away, but his grip was too strong.

Her eyes red, she glared at Mitchel.

"Let go of me!"

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At that moment, jealousy clouded Mitchel's judgment, making it impossible for him to gauge the impact of his words. "Let you go? So that you can chase after another man? Not a chance!"

Summoning all her strength, Raegan slapped Mitchel with her free hand.

That resounding slap silenced the onlookers instantly.

Tears trickled down Raegan's cheeks.

“Why bother with me, Mr. Dixon, when you think I’m so worthless and despicable? Why not divorce me and let me go?” Mitchel felt a sharp sting in his heart, sparking his anger.

Yet, seeing Raegan’s tear-streaked face, a flicker of remorse crossed his mind.

Had his words been too harsh?

He extended a hand to wipe her tears, intending to clarify himself, when Henley intervened, “Mr. Dixon, if Raegan wants to go, don’t hold her back.”

Henley’s words evaporated Mitchel’s momentary regret, leaving him disheartened.

Scoffing, Mitchel retorted, “Eager for a relationship with her, are you?”

Raegan heard him but remained silent. What difference did it make, being hurt once or a hundred times over?

Henley replied softly with a slight smile, “You misunderstand, Mr. Dixon. Raegan and I are merely friends. You should not dictate her choices. Give her the freedom to decide.

“Fine, Raegan, think about it!” Mitchel said, finally releasing her, his voice icy. His proud demeanor showed no signs of yielding. He got his pride.

Raegan glanced his way, her tears now dry. She turned and walked away without a second thought.

Mitchel’s expression grew somber.

Chapter 460

He had a feeling of being betrayed. His heart ached, which could not be restrained in any way. Fury coiling into a sneer, he clenched his fists.

“Fine, leave! But know this, you'll never return to me!”

Remaining stoic, Raegan continued her exit without looking back.

Just as she made her first few steps, a pair of strong arms gripped her.

“Mitchel! Let go of me!”

Hadn't he just told her to leave? What was he doing now?

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“Mitchel!” Raegan's eyes reddened with rage.

Carrying her in his arms, Mitchel stalked toward her ward.

“As long as we're married, you're not going anywhere, he declared, his voice icy and authoritative, brooking no debate. In her fury, Raegan bit down on his shoulder. But Mitchel was unfazed.

Grimacing, he warned, “You'll find | have numerous ways to make you regret that bite.”

Before long, Raegan grasped his intention.

He secured the ward door. A distinctly loud noise echoed.

Raegan gave him a wary look and inquired, “Why do you lock the door?”

“Do something to make yourself more submissive.”

After he finished his words, Mitchel placed her onto the bed, loosened his tie, and firmly secured her wrists to the headboard railing.

Before Raegan could respond, Mitchel swiftly leaned in, pinned her to the bed, and kissed her passionately.

Raegan's expression turned stormy in an instant. She attempted to turn her face away, but Mitchel forced her to see him.

Holding her jaw in his grip, his face marred by the red marks caused by Raegan's slap, he issued a chilling warning, "Cooperate if you care about the baby."

Fury turned Raegan's eyes a fiery red. "Mitchel, what kind of man are you? Bullying a woman is your way?" At her words, Mitchel paused in the act of unfastening her shirt, and his lips curled into a smirk.

"What does it take for you to recognize my manhood, Raegan?"