

Unbreakable 541

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Lauren's face contorted with agony. She tried to wriggle free, but her other hand was pinned under Mitchel's foot, rendering it immovable.

With a quivering voice, she reminded him, "Mitchel, you're hurting me..."

Mitchel, however, merely ignored her words, moved the hilt of the knife up, and said with ease, "You weren't aiming for the artery. You should cut here, see?"

Lauren's entire body shook at his words.

Fear gripped her for the first time, and she worried Mitchel might actually end her life right there and then.

Mitchel's dark side appeared. It was chilling and made him appear demonic.

"What are you waiting for? Do it," he urged, his face void of emotion and voice deep and ominous.

"Do you want me to help you?"

Without waiting for her reply, he directed her hand to a lethal spot on her artery and forcefully pressed down.

Lauren shook, terrified out of her wits.

"No, please don't... Don't do this, Mitchel..."

Mitchel narrowed his eyes but did not loosen his grip. What he said next sent shivers through her.

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“Weren't you just about to kill yourself?”

As the blade cut through her skin, blood began to trail down to her fingernails and along her arm.

“Please, stop... Don't...” Lauren mumbled. Her body was shaking like a lamb, and she was scared shitless.

“Help! Help me! Matteo, help me...”

Moments ago, Lauren was resisting being taken away by Matteo. But now, she found herself wishing he would whisk her away immediately.

At least in an asylum, she could survive and cling to the hope of eventual freedom. If she stayed here, she feared she might bleed out.

Matteo hurried over to Mitchel and said, “Mr. Dixon, please leave it to me.”

With that, Mitchel released Lauren's hand, and she collapsed to the ground in a heap. She shook uncontrollably and was seemingly drained of her strength. Those who could see her right now would think she was some catastrophe's lone survivor.

Mitchel took a wet wipe and leisurely wiped his hands of Lauren's blood. He gazed coldly at Lauren, who looked pitiful like an abandoned dog, and declared, “If Tessa gets caught and I learn you two are accomplices, I'll make sure you're confined to a psychiatric ward for good.”

With those words, he turned around and walked off with determined strides.

It took a while before Lauren realized the gravity of the situation.

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She let out a piercing scream, and her eyes burned with fury.

How could Mitchel do this to her for Raegan! Did he think he could lock her away forever?

Once she got out, she swore to herself she would get even.

Lauren's gaze blazed with hatred, like a scorpion poised to unleash its venomous sting at any moment. "Mitchel Dixon! You would regret this. Just wait and see! | swear to God, | will never forgive you!"

In Raegan's ward.

Raegan gazed silently at her right hand. She tried, with all her strength, to make a fist, but to no avail.
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The nurse saw what Raegan was trying to do and felt a lump in her throat. Feeling sorry, she reassured Raegan, "You may not be able to exert much force, but you can still write. Just try not to stay in one position too long, or you might..."

She trailed midsentence upon realizing the significance of Raegan's right hand to her. Her voice faded to a whisper with every word. On second thought, she figured it would be best to give a piece of advice that could help Raegan in the long run.

"It might be better to use your left hand during the rehabilitation. That way, you won't strain your right hand." Even after the nurse stepped out, Raegan continued to fix her gaze on her right hand without blinking.

The tendons had been severed by shards of glass that day, robbing her of the ability to grip a pen. That explained the tremor in her hand whenever she held something.

Sadly for Raegan, she could no longer draw or create art. She tried to tell herself everything would be okay since her right hand was not entirely out of commission.

But every time she looked at her trembling hand, she could not help but burst into tears, quickly dampening the white quilt beneath her.

What had she possibly done in her past life that God punished her like this? The loss of her grandmother, the miscarriage of her beloved child, and now her hand was rendered useless... When Mitchel entered the room, the sight of her crying gripped his heart with pain as if it were pierced by countless needles.

Though usually decisive, Mitchel found himself at a loss and unsure how to approach her.

He did not know how to comfort the woman he loved.

For the first time, he deeply despised himself. Raegan was correct.

He had been so negligent, allowing Lauren to inflict pain on her time and again.

Now that he had finally realized how stupid he was, he refused to waste another moment slip. Mitchel stepped forward and opened her mouth to speak.

However, Raegan would not even glance his way. She treated him as if he was invisible.

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She paid no attention to Mitchel whatsoever. After several days of rest, Raegan had not put on any weight and had become frail and as delicate as paper. And she looked nothing like a girl of her age, who was supposed to be full of vigor and vitality.

Regret surged in Mitchel's heart at the sight of her. He extended his hand to catch a falling tear from her cheek. But at that moment, her expression shifted.

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Raegan recoiled and asked warily, "What are you doing?"

The wariness in Raegan's gaze deepened the ache in Mitchel's chest.

Nonetheless, he tried his best to maintain calm and composed and asked in a hoarse voice, "Have you eaten anything tonight?" Raegan smiled sarcastically.

"Mitchel, this isn't exactly the time for small talk, is it?"

Mitchel swallowed hard. After a tense moment, he informed her, "Lauren's been sent to a psychiatric facility."

It would have been good news if it was in the past. But now, Raegan was unmoved. Where Lauren ended up meant nothing to her now. After all, Lauren was only significant to her when she still had feelings for Mitchel.

But those days were over. She was now done with Mitchel, so she did not care about Lauren anymore.

Raegan's indifference stung Mitchel. Laden with remorse, he reached for her hand and said, "I won't let her bother us again." Raegan's hand tensed, and she withdrew it like she had touched a flame.

Her revulsion was unmistakable.

"Mitchel, your promises mean nothing to me now," she snarled.

He had broken his promises too often that she no longer had faith to give.

Despondent, Raegan looked away and dismissed him.

"Please leave.

Don't come back unless you're ready to discuss divorce.

The mention of divorce made Mitchel's heart lurch.

Without thinking, he protested, "I won't agree to a divorce."

But Raegan did not flare up in anger. Instead, she curled her lips and murmured, "You'll change your mind eventually."

Mitchel's expression turned stormy. He was puzzled as to why she was so certain about it.

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Agreeing to the divorce had never crossed his mind. How could she possibly get a divorce? At the thought of this, he resolutely vowed, "Raegan, I will never sign those papers."

Mitchel wrapped her in his embrace and ignored her struggles. He had kept his distance recently for fear she was too fragile to be handled.

The familiar, sweet scent of her filled his senses, bringing a moment of peace amidst the chaos. Angela's Library How he wished he could freeze time right there.

Even though Raegan did not push him away, Mitchel did not hold her too long as he could sense her coldness and repulsiveness to him.

He shifted to hold her arms and gazed at her.

"Honey, it's all my fault. Please... Just give one more chance."

Without any emotion on her face, Raegan slowly said, "Listen, this is the end for us. My decision about our divorce is final." Palpable tension hung in the air, thick and suffocating.

At her words, a shadow crossed Mitchel's face, and he retorted, "And if I refuse to divorce, what will you do?" Raegan just gave Mitchel a sarcastic smile.

Suddenly, the door was kicked open with a loud bang.

Mitchel frowned. He was about to ask who it was when something suddenly flew over.

It was a black leather bag, and it hit Mitchel's body hard.

Luciana, wearing a white blouse and black pants, rushed in ferociously. She pounded on Mitchel again and again. Mitchel didn't dodge. He just stood still and let her hit him all she wanted.

Luciana only stopped beating Mitchel when she finally felt tired.

While panting, she snapped, "I asked you to take good care of Raegan. Is this how you take care of her, huh?"

Luciana's heart ached every time she thought of the loss of Raegan's baby. This made her want to scold Mitchel again and again.

Actually, she had already bought a lot of baby stuff. But now that the baby was gone, they were all useless.

She had planned to ask Raegan's permission to tell Kyler about the baby as soon as Raegan's condition became stable. But how could she do this now that the baby was gone?

Fortunately, she had not mentioned anything to Kyler yet. Otherwise, it would be a huge blow to Kyler. His health condition, which had just improved recently, would definitely be affected.

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This time, Luciana ignored Mitchel. She turned around, walked to Raegan's bed, and sat on the edge. She held Raegan in her arms and cried, "Raegan, I feel so sorry for you. You have suffered a lot."

On the other hand, Raegan couldn't shed any more tears. She had been crying for so long that her tears had dried up. She looked at Luciana with cold and empty eyes and said calmly, "Luciana, I want a divorce."

Mitchel's tall and straight figure subconsciously trembled upon hearing this. He suddenly understood why Luciana was here.

He didn't tell Luciana about Raegan's kidnapping because he feared Raegan would request a divorce from him with the intervention of Luciana.

Luciana looked at Raegan's scrawny face, feeling more distressed. "Raegan, you get some rest first, okay? When you recover, I will help you settle it." "No, I won't agree to it!" Mitchel suddenly shouted. His voice sounded cold.

It was only then that Luciana remembered Mitchel was still here. She was so engrossed in talking with Raegan that she had even forgotten his existence in the ward.

Mitchel's interruption angered Luciana even more. She scolded, "You, bastard! Get out of here!"

However, Mitchel suddenly picked Luciana up and carried her to the door forcefully.

Then, he ordered Matteo coldly before she could say anything, "Send her back."

Luciana snarled at Mitchel through clenched teeth, "You little bastard! I am your mother. How dare you drive me away!"

"Mom, I don't want you to get involved in this matter. This is between Raegan and me. And I won't divorce her."

After saying this, Mitchel closed the door and locked it to prevent Luciana from entering again.

Luciana kept banging on the door and nagging, but he turned a deaf ear to her. Instead, he approached Raegan step by step. He asked, "Is this how you fight for a divorce?"

Raegan remained silent. Mitchel smiled coldly and added, "Do you think asking my mother to come here will make me change my mind?"

Honey, you're so naive. | won't compromise even in front of her. As | have said, | won't divorce you."

Raegan thought for a while. Then she asked seriously, "If Luciana couldn't change your mind, what about Kyler?"

Her words exhausted the last bit of Mitchel's patience.

Was Raegan really willing to ignore Kyler's health condition as long as she could divorce him?

At the thought of this, he said in a domineering manner, "Raegan, do you think you can get a chance to see my grandpa now' At this moment, the noise outside the door stopped. Mitchel thought Luciana must have been forcibly sent away by Matteo.

Raegan replied indifferently, "As long as | am still alive, | can always find a way to see Kyler, right?"

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She knew that fighting for the divorce wouldn't go smoothly. The process was likely to be a long haul, so she had already prepared for it.

Mitchel looked at Raegan expressionlessly. His eyes turned red, and he sneered, "Do you really think you can threaten me?" Raegan didn't answer it. Instead, she said coldly, "You can leave now.

I'm tired, and | want to sleep."

She looked at Mitchel as if he was a stranger. And the way she treated him hurt Mitchel deeply.

Mitchel knew Raegan was determined to get a divorce. Yet, the thought of seeing her run into another man's arms drove him nuts, let alone letting it come true.

There was no way he would agree to it.

Raegan wanted to sleep to recuperate before she came up with another solution for the divorce.

But Mitchel suddenly leaned over and pulled her in front of him.

Then he lowered his head and kissed her fiercely.

Raegan didn't struggle. She acted like an inanimate object, allowing Mitchel to do whatever he wanted.

Mitchel's tongue moved, trying to pry Raegan's mouth open. But she was like a hard and cold statue. He looked at her, and he froze when he saw her emotionless face.

He let go of her. It was only then that Raegan said indifferently, "Mr. Dixon, it seems you are still obsessed with my body. As long as you agree to divorce, I can cooperate with you for once. You can take it as a divorce gift."

Mitchel felt humiliated. He didn't expect that Raegan would regard what he had done as a bargaining chip for divorce. His handsome face tensed, and his patience seemed to run out.

"Raegan..."

He tried hard to suppress his anger and asked word by word, "What can I do for you to forgive me?"

Raegan didn't want to mention the divorce anymore, so she just said lazily, "You know exactly what I want."

Mitchel said firmly, "I can do anything for you except the divorce."

"Then, I will never forgive you for the rest of my life," Raegan replied resolutely. If he could disappear from her world, she might gradually forget about him.

As what they said, out of sight, out of mind. For a moment, Mitchel felt like an invisible hand was clenching his heart so tightly that he could hardly breathe. His face turned cold. He paused and said slowly, "In that case, just hold a grudge against me."

After saying this, he strode away as if he was afraid of hearing more harsh words from Raegan.

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Mitchel thought that if he kept a distance from Raegan, she might gradually give up the idea of divorcing him.

But that night, something unexpected happened.

At two in the morning, while Mitchel was still keeping himself busy with work, the nurse from the hospital called him. "Mr. Dixon, Miss Hayes is missing."

After hanging up the phone, Mitchel rushed to the hospital with Matteo. And the first thing Matteo did when they arrived was check the surveillance video.

They saw in the video that Raegan came out of her ward at half past one in the morning when the nurse was taking a nap. Wearing a white dress, Raegan entered the elevator barefoot. But the surveillance camera showed she didn't leave the hospital. The elevator stopped on the eighteenth floor.

Matteo suddenly said with a solemn expression, "Mr. Dixon, it's the top floor."

Mitchel's eyes narrowed upon hearing this. He strode out of the monitoring room without saying anything.

It was a cold, dark night. On the top floor, Raegan sat on a concrete pier.

Her seaweed hair hung loosely on her shoulders, and her white dress swayed in the wind, making her look even thinner. She looked as fragile as a crystal that could break at any moment.

When Mitchel saw this scene, his face turned pale. Panic immediately surged in his heart.

“Raegan...” he called out cautiously. It was as if he was afraid his voice would break her.

Raegan didn't move. It seemed she didn't hear anything. She raised her head and stared at the dark night sky. “What are you looking at?” Mitchel asked in a low voice, staring at her and approaching her slowly.

Raegan didn't seem to notice what he was doing. But she answered, “My baby...”

Mitchel stopped in his tracks. Then, he saw Raegan raise her arm, point at the sky, and say, “My baby just came to say goodbye to me and went there.”

Suddenly, Mitchel felt like a giant hammer fell from the sky and hit his heart hard.

The color drained from his face when he heard this. His hands unconsciously trembled.

After a long time, he finally said with difficulty, “Can you get down first?”

Still, Raegan didn't move. She asked slightly, “Mitchel, can you let me go?”

Mitchel's palms were sweating profusely. He was so nervous now. He said in a forbearing tone, “Let's talk about it after you go down, okay?”

When Raegan looked at his face, she knew she was halfway to success.

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Actually, she wanted to make him believe that she would commit suicide. Then, he would agree to the divorce.

Of course, she wouldn't risk her life. After all, she promised her grandmother that she would live a good life. She would never break her promise.

And the first step to living a good life was to leave Mitchel. She must never let hatred take control of her life.

Though Raegan said to Mitchel that she would ask Kyler for help on their divorce, she didn't want Kyler to know her baby was gone.

Kyler cherished her. He was the one who gave her warmth. She didn't have the heart to make him sad. "Mitchel, let's break up peacefully," Raegan said, staring at Mitchel.

At this moment, she only had one thing on her mind. And that was, loving him for ten years was one of the worst things she had ever done.

She wasted ten years of her life, and she regretted it very much. The entire rooftop was pitch-black under the moonless sky. Only Raegan's small face shone.

Mitchel was reminded of the first time he saw her. At that time, he thought her eyes were very beautiful. They were as bright as the newborn baby, without any impurities.

Now, her beautiful eyes were still bright. However, they were emotionless.

Why did this happen?

Why did she have to suffer like this?

Heartache, panic, regret, and all kinds of emotions instantly filled Mitchel's chest.

He could hardly breathe. It was as if a giant boulder pressed his heart.

Could he really let her go?

This time, he heard himself begging in a low voice, "Raegan, | assure you that Lauren won't disturb us again. She is totally out of our lives. Please give me a chance. | will treat you well. | will do everything to bring back the way we used to be..." Before he could finish his words, Raegan interrupted, "Can you bring my baby back?"

Mitchel was at a loss for words, not knowing what to say.

No matter how rich and powerful he was, he was not omnipotent. There were things he couldn't do.

He couldn't bring their baby back, just as they couldn't go back to the past.

Suddenly, Raegan broke down and cried hard. Every time she recalled her baby, she felt heartbroken.

She hoped she didn't lie to Mitchel when she said her baby visited her in her dream and said it had gone to a wonderful paradise.

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But unfortunately, it was not true. Her baby never visited her in her dream.

She missed her baby so much.

When Raegan's grandmother died, the baby in her belly was her only comfort.

But why should she be deprived of her only comfort? Why did they take it away from her? At this moment, Raegan wanted to pour out all her emotions.

Her body trembled as she cried hysterically.

“Mitchel, I begged you at that time...”

When she was kidnapped and called Mitchell in despair, she didn’t expect him to come to her rescue right away. But she hoped he didn’t hang up on her and at least checked her location.

However, he hung up the phone without believing even a single word she said.

When those hooligans beat her up, she did her best to protect her belly. Her baby had accompanied her for a long time. But in the end, her baby couldn’t survive.

Mitchel’s face turned as pale as a sheet, and his heart hurt as if it was being crushed.

That phone call was the most regrettable moment of his life.

“Raegan, I’m sorry. I’m really, really sorry.”

He knew she wouldn’t accept his apology. But he didn’t know what else to say except sorry. He felt so helpless at the moment. For the first time, he knew what it meant to be helpless. If he could, he would sacrifice his life to bear the pain for her.

His heart was also crushed when their baby was gone.

Every time he thought of their baby, he felt like his heart was pricked by countless thorns.

But he knew that his pain was far less than one-tenth of Raegan’s.

After all, she suffered too much.

Raegan's long eyelashes flickered slightly, and pearl-like teardrops fell along her pale face one after another. "Mitchel, I'm begging you again now. Please let me go. Don't make me hate you more."

The word "beg" was like a knife, cutting every inch of Mitchel's body. The pain seemed unbearable.

He could no longer stand it. He staggered back, feeling the fresh smell of blood in his throat.

It had only been a few minutes, but he felt like they had been there for a very long time.

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He felt the cold wind blow on his face. He looked at her and said in a hoarse voice, "Okay." Mitchel could no longer bear to see Raegan this miserable, so he finally agreed.

The next day, Mitchel returned to the hospital in the afternoon.

He helped Raegan complete the discharge formalities, then they drove to the court.

On their way, there was pin-drop silence in the car. It was as if silence was the last harmony between them.

Normally, it should only be a forty-minute journey. But Mitchel drove so slow that it took them an hour and a half.

Raegan didn't make a fuss about it. She thought they had enough time, anyway. So, she just sat in the passenger seat calmly. Finally, they arrived at their destination. Raegan got out of the car without waiting for Mitchel to open the door for her.

When they walked in, the staff said apologetically, "I'm sorry. We are currently having problems with the system. It won't be fixed soon.

Will it be okay if you come back tomorrow?"

The hope in Mitchel's reignited upon hearing these words.

But the next second, it was shattered.

Raegan said firmly, "It's okay. We will wait."

She didn't want to wait all night. For her, a long delay meant trouble. So, she was willing to wait until they fixed the problem. Bitterness surged up in Mitchel's heart. But he could only purse his lips.

It was almost time for the staff to get off work, but the system problem had not been resolved yet.

The people waiting in line behind Mitchel and Raegan had all left.

Only the two of them stayed in the line.

When Mitchel saw this, he lowered his head and murmured, "How about we go home? Let's come here tomorrow."

Raegan raised her head and looked at the clock on the wall. "There are still ten minutes left." Mitchel's face turned pale.

Why was she so eager to divorce him? Did she hate him so much that she didn't want to have anything to do with him for even a second?

A trace of disappointment flashed in his eyes.

“You can wait here, then. I have to go back to deal with some business matters.”