

## **Unbreakable 581**

### Chapter 581

Her smile pierced his heart like a sharp knife. It didn't hurt, but the taste was as bitter as gall.

Suddenly, he pulled her into his arms with some strength. His voice trembled when he said domineeringly, "You're not allowed to leave me."

Raegan struggled, but she couldn't break free. She was about to kick him when a gentle man's voice sounded behind her. "Raegan..."

The voice distracted Mitchel. Raegan took advantage of this opportunity and broke free from his embrace. The person who came. was Henley. Henley pulled Raegan behind him as if to protect her.

Mitchel's expression darkened in an instant.

Yet, Henley remained indifferent to Mitchel's growing anger. He scrutinized Raegan, asking with evident concern, "Are you okay?"

Raegan simply nodded.

Fury built up inside Mitchel to the brink of eruption, his longstanding resentment toward Henley mounting. Angela's Library

With his tongue pressed to his teeth, Mitchel hissed, "I've truly had it with you, Henley Brooks!"

Their eyes locked in a silent standoff, neither willing to back down.

"Mr. Dixon, you must be kidding."

While Mitchel seethed, Henley maintained his calm.

In an unaffected tone, Henley stated, "As adults, it's perfectly normal for Raegan and me to spend time together. Perhaps it's your conduct that requires scrutiny, Mr. Dixon. After all, it's clear Raegan doesn't enjoy your company."

Mitchel glossed over Henley's final remark, fixating instead on the implication that he and Raegan were a couple.

What did Henley mean by them spending time together?

Abruptly, Mitchel seized Henley's collar, teeth clenched, and spat out, "You think you're worthy?"

Raegan's expression shifted. Fearing Mitchel might strike Henley again, she reached out to intervene, snapping, "Mitchel, let him go."

Initially, Mitchel resisted releasing Henley, but the wariness in Raegan's gaze wounded him.

He relaxed his hold, retorting icily, "I've warned you. He's no good.

And you should cease all contact with him."

Raegan bristled at Mitchel's authoritarian stance. To him, anyone he disliked was deemed no good.

She sneered, "Well, isn't that just perfect? You're the only virtuous soul on this planet, and the rest of us can't match."

Her sarcasm implied allegiance with Henley, casting Mitchel as the enemy.

Chapter 582

Uncomfortably, Mitchel conceded, "Anyway, steer clear from this man.

Raegan, incensed, shot back, "Mr. Dixon, by what right do you dictate my life?"

"I'm Looking out for your own good," Mitchel insisted.

Her patience worn thin, Raegan countered, "How gracious. But perhaps, Mr. Dixon, you should tend to your own affairs?" Their bickering escalated. To onlookers, they resembled a quarreling couple rather than two who had parted ways. Achill flickered in Henley's gaze as he seized Raegan's wrist, stating firmly, "We're leaving, Raegan."

"Stay, Raegan," Mitchel intervened, clutching her other hand with an icy tone.

"Let me take you home. Ignore him."

Raegan decisively freed herself from Mitchel's grasp, replying simply, "No, thank you."

Mitchel's expression darkened at her swift rejection.

"Do you actually believe he's decent? Are you aware of his vileness?"

Before Raegan could respond, Henley interjected, "Mr. Dixon, any misunderstandings aside, | refrained from disclosing my feelings to Raegan while she was married. Now that she's single, | intend to pursue her."

Raegan stood, astounded by the revelation. Henley wanted to pursue her? Mitchel's temper flared instantly.

"You want to pursue her? How dare you!"

Yet Henley remained unflustered, a smile playing on his lips “Pursuing someone as stunning and capable as Raegan is daunting, but.

His gaze locked with Mitchel’s, a smirk evident.

“For your part in freeing her, Mr. Dixon, my thanks.”

His words taunted Mitchel, sparking Mitchel’s fury that resulted in a punch that sent Henley sprawling, blood trickling from his mouth.

Henley, unyielding as never before, countered with a swift punch to Mitchel’s jaw.

They scuffled, each refusing to yield.

In healthier days, Mitchel would’ve easily subdued Henley, but his recent illness left him winded after a few strikes. Raegan cried out, desperate, “Enough! Stop it, Mitchel!”

Mitchel hesitated, his fist midair, which Henley used to taunt further, “I plan to court and marry Raegan.”

Chapter 583

That provoked Mitchel to another assault, only halting when Raegan rushed in, pushing him back. She then turned to Henley, concern etched on her face.

“Are you hurt, Henley?”

Despite his worse condition, Henley had ceased his attack when he heard Raegan’s words, unlike Mitchel, who seemed reluctant to stop.

“I’m alright,” Henley assured Raegan gently.

The sight pained Mitchel.

Mitchel grasped Raegan's arm, his eyes bloodshot with emotion.

"Is he truly who you want?"

Raegan was just irritated. Was that even a choice? Mitchel's absurdity was laughable.

The notion of being in anyone's debt irked her. Now, with Henley injured on her account, her stress multiplied. With distinct irritation, she retorted, "Mitchel, I believed it was clear we're done. Why continue hurting my friend?" Having said that, she assisted Henley to his feet, preparing to head to the car.

Mitchel momentarily saw himself as a clown, the butt of his own joke.

He balled his hands into fists, noticing the reopening of his wound, now bleeding again.

However, Raegan couldn't see this, or she just turned a blind eye to it.

His emotional turmoil and fury no longer held her gaze.

Overwhelmed by frustration, weariness, and a sense of defeat, he felt crushed by their weight.

Watching Raegan's departing figure, Mitchel declared icily, "Raegan, leave with him and we're over for good."

He recognized the folly in his threat but couldn't bear her departure with Henley. Raegan hesitated only a moment before resuming her exit without a backward glance. For her, their relationship had ended with the loss of their baby and their subsequent divorce.

Mitchel's laughter broke through the tension as he mocked, "Raegan, have you longed for this? Were you two involved even before our divorce, eager to be together?"

His voice carried a bitterness tinged with envy he didn't acknowledge.

He spat out spitefully, "You're simply a woman I've left behind. If you choose to be with him, you have nothing to do with me from now on."

Mitchel was clearly enraged.

Chapter 584

His thoughts were chaotic, blurring right from wrong, as he lashed out in anger.

He desperately wanted Raegan to turn back and look at him.

How could she discard him this desperately?

Abruptly, Raegan halted, pressing Henley's arm to silence him, whispering, "Just a second." She turned around to confront Mitchel.

His eyes locked on hers, Mitchel challenged, "Raegan, you think I can't go on without you." Smack! Raegan's slap echoed, her hand throbbing with the impact.

Glaring at him, fury in her gaze, Raegan enunciated fiercely, "This slap is for our baby."

Mitchel's face bore the mark of a slap. In that instant, as if an explosion had occurred in his mind, a surge of fuel welled up inside him.

"Raegan, what the hell?" he exclaimed in complete disbelief. Raegan dared to slap him again. Perhaps he had been too lenient with her. To his surprise, Raegan raised her hand again, ready to deliver another slap.

But this time, as she swung, Mitchel intercepted her. Her hand landed on the back of his, emitting a loud, crisp sound. It could be seen she had used all her strength for that blow.

Angela's Library "Are you out of your mind? What the hell is wrong with you?"

Mitchel seized Raegan's wrist, intending to show her the consequences of her actions. As he spoke, his veins throbbed and stood on his forehead.

However, as he was about to make a move, he felt her wrist trembling in his grasp.

How could it be...

Puzzled, he looked up at her and questioned, "Your hand..." He could not finish his sentence. The sight of tears on Raegan's face blanked out his thoughts, leaving his questions unasked.

Raegan slowly withdrew her hand. She clasped both hands tightly and pinched her palms to still the trembling. Her eyes, burning with hatred, met Mitchel's.

"Mitchel, I've never done anything wrong in our marriage. Don't tarnish me with your vile thoughts."

Raegan had hoped that even if their relationship had ended, they could avoid hostility. Even if they met, they could at least maintain their dignity.

But now, she realized she would never find peace with such a man.

At this moment, Raegan pinched her palm and continued, "I've always known I'm not the one you love. There's no need to remind me. I never believed you couldn't live without me. I'm well aware of who I am."

Chapter 585

The self-deprecation in her tone left Mitchel speechless. He wanted to object and assure her it was not what he meant. But Raegan did not give him the chance.

“Mr. Dixon, I hope you don’t forget what you said. From now on, we're nothing to each other. If we meet again, please pretend you don’t know me. I don’t want to see you anymore.”

With those final words, she turned and slowly walked away. It did not take long before she disappeared from his view. Caught off guard, Mitchel struggled to breathe. It was as if a sharp awl had stabbed through his chest, piercing his heart.

As Raegan climbed into her car, Mitchel stepped forward to catch after her. But his legs trembled and were barely able to support him.

“Mr. Dixon...” Matteo called with a faltering voice. Thankfully, he was there to steady Mitchel in time.

As the wind whipped around them, Mitchel whispered, “I just... I just want her to come back...”

But hearing Raegan defend another man had provoked him. Angered, he unconsciously raised his voice and spoke harshly. He had hurt her again.

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ALL he wanted was for her to return and give him another chance.

Matteo figured that if Mitchel went to see Raegan now, it would only deepen their misunderstanding. With this in mind, he suggested, “Mr. Dixon, let’s head back.”

Meanwhile, Raegan sat silently in her car. The window was cracked open just enough to let the wind in. It stirred her hair and brought tears to her eyes.

The pain of the past haunted her still and was impossible to forget.

Over the past two years, Raegan had shared countless precious moments with Mitchel. Those memories were cherished and etched in her mind.



How did things turn sour after they separated?

What Mitchel said just now was like a splash of cold water. It shattered her heart but, at the same time, dispelled any lingering hopes.

Raegan promised to protect herself from pain and vowed never to let another man into her heart. Never again.

When arriving in Ardlens, Raegan accompanied Henley to the hospital for a check-up. It was almost midnight when they stepped out.

“Are you hungry?” “Do you wanna eat?” The two of them asked each other simultaneously and then chuckled at the coincidence.

“Let me treat you tonight,” Raegan quickly added. She had often failed to keep this promise. But tonight, she was determined to treat Henley a meal, even if he objected.

Henley smiled and nodded in agreement.

Chapter 586

“Okay.”

With that, they headed to a restaurant known for its casserole porridge.

After saying their orders, Raegan and Henley sat across each other.

As they waited for the dishes to be served, an awkward silence filled the air. It was Henley who broke it. “I was a bit rude this afternoon,” he began.

Taken aback, Raegan looked at Henley as if wondering if he was telling the truth.

“I assumed you didn’t want to talk to Mr. Dixon, so I intervened.

Tell me if you want to clarify things with him, I'll do it," Henley continued. It seemed he genuinely wanted to help her with those words at that time.

Raegan breathed a sigh of relief. She did not know how to bring up the matter, so she was glad he brought it up himself. The thing was, she was not ready to start a new relationship, not even with someone as close as Henley. Accepting him as an admirer felt too soon.

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Raegan smiled genuinely for the first time that day.

"You don't need to explain anything to him, she assured him. "Thanks for your help, Henley."

She decided to let Mitchel misunderstand. Given his pride and arrogance, he probably despised her now and did not want to see her again. This thought brought her a sense of relief. She had no desire to see him again. Their interactions only led to mutual pain.

As Henley observed her expression, he realized he had made the right choice. Confessing his feelings now would be imprudent. Raegan would likely reject him, perhaps even distancing herself from him.

With this realization, he offered her a reassuring smile and said, "I'm glad you didn't misunderstand me. And remember, if you need anything in the future, just tell me."

This atmosphere lightened considerably. After a long day, they both felt starving.

The meal was delicious and comforting. Raegan found herself eating more and enjoying the evening.

After dinner, Henley drove Raegan home. When they reached her building, Raegan bade farewell to him, and Henley responded with a warm smile.

But just as Raegan was about to step out of the car, Henley broke into a cold sweat, clutched his stomach, and was in apparent pain.

Raegan turned to him with concern etched on her face. “| think the food didn’t sit well with my stomach. Could | use your bathroom?” Henley asked, looking rather embarrassed. Raegan was surprised but did not deny his request given his obvious discomfort. She nodded in response.

Once inside the house, she directed him to the bathroom, and he hurried off without delay.

Chapter 587

When Henley returned, his face was still pale.

Raegan suggested he take a moment to rest on the sofa. She handed him a glass of warm water and asked, “Do you need me to call an ambulance?”

Henley shook his head.

“It’s just a stomach ache. It’s nothing new to me. | don’t want to trouble you, especially since it’s late. I’ll go back to my car and stay there for a while.”

As soon as he said these words, he stood up but staggered.

Raegan strode over to support Henley. She felt a twinge of guilt when she saw his pale face and evident discomfort. [ninjanovel.com](http://ninjanovel.com)

It was her idea to dine out together. Therefore, she felt a sense of responsibility for his well-being, especially since he was ill.

After a brief hesitation, she suggested, “Why don’t you rest on the sofa for a little while? If you’re still feeling unwell, I’ll call an ambulance. I’m not sleepy yet, anyway.”

Touched, Henley gazed at her and asked, “Would that be okay with you?”

Having affirmed her point, Raegan agreed with a nod, "It's alright."

She assisted Henley in settling onto the couch. As Raegan was about to step away, Henley caught her hand from behind. Turning, Raegan gave Henley a puzzled gaze.

The room's warm glow highlighted the soft wisps of hair around her face, and her bare complexion was soft and inviting. Raegan embodied a blend of naivety and sophistication, a combination that could easily entice a man.

Henley, noticing this, scrunched his brow and felt warmth surge through him.

He cleared his throat before requesting, "Could you fetch me another glass of water, please?"

Raegan complied, bringing him the water and draping a blanket over him as he lay on the sofa.

She then proceeded to her desk, activating the computer to review some documents.

Henley's presence in her space made her uneasy. She decided to immerse herself in work instead.

More than twenty minutes passed before Henley rose to leave.

Raegan, concerned, insisted on accompanying him downstairs and didn't return until she watched him drive off. Henley, driving unhurriedly, spotted a black car lurking in the shadows.

He intentionally stopped, lowered the window, and offered Mitchel a slight smile.

"What a coincidence, Mr. Dixon."

Chapter 588

Mitchel's eyes turned icy, detecting Henley's challenge.

With a chilling grin, Mitchel retorted, “Henley, are you asking for trouble by provoking me repeatedly?”

“Joking, Mr. Dixon? With the might of the Dixon family, would I dare?”

Henley replied, his tone mocking as he removed his glasses, revealing his true, icy demeanor beneath the facade. Mitchel’s smile remained frosty as he warned, “Keep your distance from Raegan if you’re not looking for trouble.” Unfazed, Henley retorted, “Bossy, aren’t you, Mr. Dixon? If Raegan chooses my company, why should I reject her? Besides...” He paused, a sly glint in his eye.

“I understand why you can’t let her go. I empathize with that sentiment.”

With that, he drove off, leaving Mitchel with a thunderous scowl.

The night air was cool, yet Henley’s spirits were high.

Originally, his aim was to usurp everything from Mitchel, and with Raegan’s divorce, he had seemingly succeeded.

Yet, it became clear Mitchel hadn’t relinquished his hold on Raegan, which piqued Henley’s interest anew. His mind turned to darker thoughts of conquest.

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Raegan, for her part, remained cautious, her guard steadfast unless something significant demanded her attention. Henley realized he needed a well-crafted plan.

His handsome features were shrouded in darkness. After a moment, he dialed a number.

“Is there any news of the person whose surname is Lloyd?”

A voice on the other end responded, “Words has it that she was seen in the Sandy recently.”

Henley's tone turned icy.

"Locate her quickly. Don't let anyone beat you to it."

Tessa, like a stray dog, could serve his purposes well.

With one hand on the steering wheel, he idly loosened his tie, his thoughts drifting with desire. He recalled Raegan's pale hand and swore silently to himself.

Back in college, he didn't have much contact with Raegan.

At that time, his heart was filled with hatred, and he didn't notice her at all.

Chapter 589

By day, he played the model upperclassman. By night, he harbored darker secrets.

Only after returning recently did he learn of Raegan's marriage to Mitchel and considered getting close to her. But as days passed, his longing grew.

He convinced himself he needed Raegan until she was his.

Once he had her, he believed he would be unaffected.

Meanwhile, Raegan, emerging from the shower, noticed Henley's watch on the basin.

As she reached to place it aside, the doorbell echoed.

Assuming Henley had returned for his watch, Raegan slipped into a modest nightgown and opened the door. "Henley, did you come back for..."

Her words faltered at the sight of Mitchel, whom she never expected after their last words.

Defenseless, she blanked out, her instinct to slam the door.

Bang! She put all her might into slamming the door, yet the door wouldn't budge.

Fear washed over Raegan's face, draining it of color.

With a mad grip, Mitchel kept the door from closing. His hand bore the brunt, the impact leaving bruises behind, stark against the delicate skin, appearing alarmingly vivid.

Angela's Library "Have you lost your mind?" Lifting her gaze, Raegan collided with a set of dark, brooding eyes filled with bitterness.

Mitchel's expression was accusing, as if he'd caught her in an act of betrayal.

His look was so intense that Raegan became wary. "What are you..." The door swung open again.

Without a word, Mitchel barged in, pinning her against the door, his face wild, like a predator poised to strike. Gripping her chin harshly, he demanded, "Did you sleep with him?"

Raegan, taken aback, had a flash of realization. "Have you been following me?"

Anger flashed in Mitchel's reddening eyes as he forced out each word, "Answer me."

Chapter 590

Her patience fraying, Raegan lashed out, "Have you lost your senses?"

Haven't | made myself clear today? We're divorced. My life is no longer your concern. You are nothing but my ex-husband!" "It's none of my concern?"

Mitchel's mind was in a mess.

He had been in the car downstairs, staring at the light in her room, telling himself that Henley was just paying a brief visit and that he would leave shortly.

Mitchel knew he shouldn't act rashly, or Raegan would scorn him.

He consoled himself for an agonizing half-hour, each moment stretching on like an eternity. But Henley's casual remark shattered his fragile calm.

In a flash, his heart splintered.

He still saw Raegan as his, off-limits to any other man.

The mere idea of her with someone else in the intimate moments...

Mitchel felt his sanity fray at the edges.

Swallowed by jealousy, he craved the truth.

Angela's Library

Mitchel's grip tightened on Raegan's chin.

"Raegan, I will ask you one last time. Did you sleep with him?"

The pain brought tears to Raegan's eyes, her rage fueling a defiant resolve. She straightened her neck, her voice firm.

"That's not your concern."



“Is that so?”

Mitchel’s scoff was a dark omen as he hoisted her up and flung her onto the bed. “Since you won't confess, I'll find out myself.”

A wave of dread washed over Raegan’s features, a foreboding chill settling in. After taking a shower, Raegan put on a conservative ankle-length nightgown.

But since Mitchel threw her onto the bed unceremoniously, her nightgown was lifted up more than half, revealing her straight, long legs.

The soft moonlight shone on her delicate skin, making her look extra charming.