

Unbreakable 591

Chapter 591

Mitchel's eyes darkened. As he knelt on the bed and stared at Raegan, his tailored suit pants instantly tightened.

Raegan felt her heart sank to the bottom. She reached out, pushed him away, and said in a trembling voice, "Mitchel, what are you doing? Are you out of your mind? We are divorced. | can sue you for rape..."

Before she could finish her words, her wrists were restrained by Mitchel, and he raised her hands above her head. "Yes, | must be crazy."

Indeed, when his manic depression attacked, he was almost no different from a madman.

In the past two years, he had a satisfying life and a good career.

There was no trigger, so he got his illness under control.

But recently, there were so many trigger factors that made his condition worse. And in most cases, the medicine couldn't immediately suppress it.

Mitchel continued in a voice as cold as ice, "Raegan, you know what | care about the most. Don't drive me crazy." ninjanovel.com

Suddenly, Raegan's mind went blank. She didn't want to anger him, so she tried to explain in a trembling voice, "Mitchel, no... Henley and voice, | didn't do it... Don't touch me."

When she finally decided to tell him the truth, it was already too late.

The seed of suspicion was already planted in his heart, and it was growing bigger and stronger. It was difficult to convince him to believe unless that seed was dug out.

Mitchel knew in his heart that he should stop. But he couldn't control himself. He stretched out his hand and said, "Raegan, just let me have a look. | won't touch you."

Raegan's heart sank.

She didn't say anything. Her hands were restrained by him, and she could not struggle. So, she tilted her head and bit his arm hard until the taste of blood filled her mouth. However, it still didn't help.

Mitchel was so strong that he could deal with ten of her.

Raegan's eyes suddenly turned red.

She frowned and said through clenched teeth, "I hate you."

Her face flushed, and tears streamed down her face.

Now that Mitchel got the answer he wanted, his anger dissipated a lot, and his expression became relaxed.

He held her cheeks as if it was a treasure and kissed her tears.

"Raegan, I'm sorry. I'm really crazy."

Raegan was tall and lean. At this moment, her body shrank, revealing only a pair of feet. It made her look like a small child.

For some reason, her wrinkled nightgown made her look even more charming.

Chapter 592

While looking at her like this, Mitchel felt aroused. His Adam's apple bobbed up and down. He hadn't had sex with her for a long time, and he badly wanted to do it now.

He almost lost control of himself.

Mitchel did his best to restrain himself. He couldn't do what he wanted since it would only disgust Raegan even more. So, he just held her gently and said, "Does it hurt? Do you want to go to the hospital?"

Raegan curled up in bed. She was trembling not only with pain but also with anger.

He said he wouldn't touch her. But what he did to her was even more humiliating and painful.

She did her best to remain calm and said in a trembling voice, "Get out."

"Raegan, I'm so sorry. It's all my fault. I shouldn't have let myself be provoked by Henley."

"Mitchel, didn't you hear me? I said get out of here!"

At this moment, she was still trembling, and her voice sounded weak.

But there was an apparent trace of disgust in her words.

Even her body in Mitchel's arms was stiff.

Mitchel thought for a while. Then he let go of her and said, "I'm leaving now. But if you feel uncomfortable, let me know."

But Raegan just ignored him. She buried her face in the quilt, not wanting to look at him.

Mitchel seemed to have said something about coming back tomorrow, but Raegan didn't hear it clearly. And she was not in the mood to listen.

After the door was closed, she slowly got up from the bed and tried to walk. It was painful for her to walk a few steps.

Mitchel was so rude just now that she felt the same pain as their first time.

She called Nicole. As soon as her call was connected, she said weakly, "Nicole, can I stay at your house for a few days?" "Yes, of course! You don't even need to ask," Nicole readily agreed. But she sensed that something was off with Raegan's voice. She couldn't help asking, "'Raegan, what's wrong with you?"

"Nothing. Don't worry about me. By the way, can you help me contact a reliable agency to sell my apartment? The sooner, the better. I need money."

Nicole knew there must be something wrong with Raegan. But she couldn't find it out on the phone, so she could only wait and ask Raegan later.

After hanging up, Raegan started packing up.

While packing, her heart felt heavy.

Chapter 593

She thought she could live a peaceful life after the divorce. However, Mitchel didn't want to let her go.

Raegan didn't believe Mitchel loved her. He was just obsessed with her body.

He even treated herself as his own possession. And he didn't allow others to touch her.

But losing their baby was such a huge blow to her.

She swore to herself she would never make the same mistake of falling in love with Mitchel again.

Angela's Library

If she wanted to break up with Mitchel, she had to totally cut him off. She didn't want to have anything to do with him. Raegan's mind was in a mess, and she couldn't think of a good solution. In the end, she decided to stop thinking about it. She would still cut their connections off, anyway.

The next day, Raegan got up early, prepared herself, and moved to Nicole's apartment.

Nicole's apartment was not far from where she worked.

As for selling her apartment, Raegan told Nicole everything that had happened. She only didn't tell Nicole that she owed Mitchel three million dollars.

If Raegan had said that to Nicole, she knew Nicole would have found a way to help her. But she didn't want to bother Nicole, knowing that the Lawrence family was having a hard time now. Even Nicole herself was looking for investments. Nicole was no better off than her.

Raegan collected herself and went to Bright Minds Academy to work. Bright Minds Academy was a tutoring center owned by Vernon. He was a kind and gentle man in his forties.

Raegan valued the flexibility of her new job. After all, she didn't need to stay in the office all day long. She only needed to prepare the necessary materials for the next lesson, and she could work at home.

She went to the team leader's office and handed over the work documents she made.

Then, the team leader told her to go back to her desk and wait. She was just a new employee, so she was not qualified to choose students yet. Only parents could find a partner they wanted.

In the afternoon, the team leader gave Raegan an address, telling her that the parents were happy with the materials she had submitted. She had to go there for a final interview.

Upon hearing this, she turned around and was about to leave. But the team leader suddenly stopped her and said, "Raegan, that child is a little special. His parents won't only interview you, but they also want to see how you will communicate with their kid. If you don't think this job is right for you, I can rearrange a new student for you."

On her way, Raegan looked through the information given to her. She felt the parents of this child were quite generous. They gave her fifty thousand dollars for four short and one long sessions a week.

If she passed the interview and started earning, she could add some money to the amount she got from selling the house. Then she didn't need to wait for half a year to pay off her debt to Mitchel.

This thought gave Raegan some hope. Maybe her plan to study abroad could be prepared in advance.

Back in school days, her instructor appreciated her and persuaded her to study further at a famous university abroad. But unfortunately, she was blinded by love and rejected the proposal.

After the divorce, she realized the importance of academic background and self-improvement.

Chapter 594

Soon, Raegan arrived at the address her team leader gave her. It turned out to be a very luxurious villa near the river.

When she rang the doorbell, a housekeeper received her, brought her a cup of coffee, and said, "Sir is still in a meeting. Please wait a moment, and don't go around."

Raegan nodded. It was an unspoken rule not to wander around other people's houses. Of course, she knew this.

Raegan didn't expect the meeting to last for a long time. Before she knew it, she had already fallen asleep leaning against the sofa.

Angela's Library

When she opened her eyes again and looked outside, she found the sky was already dark. Who would have thought she would sleep this long?

She sat upright in panic, not knowing what to do.

She raised her head, only to be met by a pair of blue eyes.

“Miss Hayes...” The man sat opposite Raegan and asked slightly, “Are you awake?”

Clients’ information was always kept strictly confidential.

This was what made Hector’s appearance all the more surprising to Raegan.

Hector, on the other hand, appeared unfazed. It was standard for clients to receive the tutor’s information beforehand. Right now, he was impeccably dressed as though he had just finished a video meeting.

Once Raegan recovered from the shock, she stood up and bowed slightly.

“| apologize, Mr. Dixon. | didn’t mean to doze off.”

“What do you mean? Did you plan to fall asleep?” Hector retorted with a straight face.

His comment left Raegan momentarily speechless.

Seeing her slightly dazed expression, Hector rubbed his eyebrows and explained, “I’m just joking.”

Raegan managed an awkward smile in response. She wished she could tell Hector to refrain from telling such a joke in the future since it made her feel like she was being reprimanded by a supervisor.

“Please, take a seat,” Hector offered.

Raegan sat down as instructed.

“Have you gone through Bryce’s profile?” he asked.

Raegan shook her head. Access to a student's information was granted only to selected teachers. This meant she would only learn about the student, Bryce, if Hector approved of her.

Hector went straight to the point.

“I made a mistake by spoiling Bryce. He’s temperamental and fond of playing pranks. You're his ninth teacher this year. As long as you can manage him, I have no issue with hiring you.”

Chapter 595

The way Hector spoke of Bryce and the team leader’s hesitation when assigning this task to her painted a clear picture for Raegan of the child’s challenging behavior.

After a moment's thought, Raegan asked, “Does he get violent?”

Hector raised an eyebrow, mildly surprised by the question, and replied, “Well, I know for a fact he has never harmed a woman.” Raegan breathed a sigh of relief.

“That's all I need to know.”

“Would you like to meet him?” Hector then turned to the servant and instructed, “Ask Bryce to come down immediately.”

The servant went upstairs but returned shortly, looking uneasy.

“He wants Miss Hayes to come upstairs.”

Hector frowned.

“Tell him to come down right now.”

The servant left again but returned alone.

“Miss Hayes, please wait here,” Hector said, visibly annoyed. He turned around and prepared to go upstairs.

But before he could take a step, Raegan interjected, “May I come with you?”

As the evening wore on, she needed to meet Bryce as soon as possible and then head home.

Upon reaching Bryce’s room, they found the door ajar. Hector knocked and pushed it open, revealing Bryce in a disheveled state. In a stern voice, Hector commanded, “Get dressed. Your new teacher is here.”

Bryce gave Hector a cursory glance and lazily pulled on a red sleeveless T-shirt.

Hector then gestured for Raegan to enter. The room was a riot of punk aesthetics, with Bryce, sporting blue hair, at its center.

Bryce’s demeanor belied his youth. He carried an air of arrogance, and his eyes looked like Raegan’s. However, Raegan’s eyes looked rather innocent, while Bryce’s eyes projected malice and mischief. Furthermore, Bryce was around 5.9 feet tall, so he did not look like a kid at all.

Typically, students in their final year of high school were around seventeen or eighteen. Being a returning student, Bryce was already of adult age.

Raegan offered a smile and introduced herself. “Hello, my name is Raegan Hayes. You can call me...”

“Raegan, right?” Bryce interrupted with a yawn. His gaze shifted to Hector, and he sardonically asked, “Are you searching for a teacher or a stepmother for me? This one’s less prettier than the previous ones. | didn’t know you had a taste for this type now.”

Chapter 596

Bryce’s words were sharp and intended to embarrass Raegan in front of Hector. “What are you talking about? Say hello to your teacher,” Hector reprimanded. “Fine. Nice to meet you, Raegan...” Bryce drawled.

Raegan did not mind and respectfully replied, “Nice to meet you, Bryce.”

Seeing that Raegan looked unfazed, Bryce sneered, “So, Raegan, did you apply for this job because you’re interested in my dad? I’ll tell you what, don’t bother. | can give you his schedule. He’s at the bars every Saturday. You’d have better luck there than trying to handle me.”

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“Bryce Dixon, that’s enough!” Hector said in a dead serious tone. He seldom showed emotion, but today was an exception. He was fuming right now.

Bryce, intimidated by his father, took a seat and said nothing more.

Meanwhile, Raegan just silently observed the scene.

With a frown, Hector turned to Raegan and said, “Miss Hayes, let’s go downstairs.” “Mr. Dixon, may | have a word with Bryce alone?” Raegan requested.

After a moment’s consideration, Hector nodded.

Once Hector left, Bryce sneered.

“Don't flatter yourself into thinking you can outsmart me. You should find out how my previous tutors quit. One even swore never to teach again.”

“Why do you reject them anyway?” Raegan calmly asked. “You're not here to help me. You're all after my father,” Bryce retorted. “I have no interest in your father.”

“I don't believe you.”

“I don't care if you believe me or not. I'm here to be your tutor,”

Raegan stated firmly.

“If you disagree, I'm willing to meet a challenge on your term. If I succeed, you'll cooperate.”

“You're bold, Raegan,” Bryce said with a smirk. He then stood up and approached Raegan with a smile. “Let's start with a glass of juice.”

With that, he grabbed a glass of juice from a servant. Taking advantage of his height, he tilted his hand and spilled the red juice all over Raegan's coat.

“Oops, my bad,” Bryce said with feigned innocence.

Chapter 597

“My hand slipped.”

Raegan remained calm and composed. She pulled a piece of tissue to wipe off the juice and said, “It's fine. Your father can afford the cleaning.”

Before exiting his room, she added, “You have three days to think about it. If you don't cooperate, I'll ask Mr. Dixon to make you attend classes. I don't care if you like me. My job here is to teach.”

Infuriated by her words, Bryce stormed out and yelled for his father to hear, "I don't like her. I don't want her as my teacher!" Bryce's anger was evident, a far cry from Raegan's composure.

Meanwhile, Hector was taken aback. This was the first time Bryce had shown such frustration. Usually, it was the tutors who left the room in tears.

He noticed Raegan's stained overcoat and apologized, "I'm sorry about that. Bryce is a spoiled kid." "Mr. Dixon, can I ask you something?"

"Sure. Go ahead."

"What's Bryce's current academic ranking?"

"He's about 235th in his school."

Raegan paused and pondered Bryce's academic potential.

"And how many students are at the school?"

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"There are exactly two hundred thirty-five students," Hector replied nonchalantly.

Raegan was momentarily speechless.

Bryce was enrolled at an international school with a strict quota on student admissions each semester. Bryce's enrollment was likely because of Hector's generous donation of a building.

Raegan regained her composure and said, "I've reviewed your request."

You want to improve his grades before he studies abroad, right? I'm confident | can raise his scores by fifty percent in three months.

However..."

"However?" Hector urged.

"You'll have to pay me more," Raegan replied straightforwardly.

"Are you out of your mind?" Bryce shouted from upstairs.

Raegan merely ignored him and maintained a stoic expression.

"Sure, no problem," Hector, amused by her bluntness, replied without hesitation. He agreed to her terms of 10 grand per week for the lessons with extended class durations. With that settled, he arranged for a car to take her home.

Chapter 598

Given Bryce's weak academic foundation, increasing the study time was essential to achieve the course's objectives. Upon arriving at Nicole's residence, Raegan exited the car, thanked the driver, and watched him drive away. As Raegan turned to enter the community, the bright headlights of another vehicle shone on her, causing discomfort to her eyes.

She shielded her eyes with her hand. Then, as the headlights dimmed, a figure emerged from the vehicle and began approaching her, step by step.

When Raegan saw who was standing in front of her, her expression changed abruptly. She chose to act like she hadn't noticed Mitchel and headed upstairs.

Mitchel blocked her path, his hands tucked casually into his pockets, unmoving as if he were a statue. "Who sent you back just now?" Mitchel asked with a gloomy expression.

"That's none of your business," Raegan responded coldly.

Sensing her anger, Mitchel decided to change the subject, asking, "Why did you move out?"

Raegan was momentarily at a loss for words when she heard his question. However, she decided to sidestep him in an attempt to head upstairs.

But then, Mitchel grabbed her wrist, his tone unfriendly as he said, "We need to talk."

His touch reminded Raegan of the memories of the previous night, making her stiffen.

She pulled her hand away and demanded, "Let go of me."

Angela's Library

Although Mitchel's heart ached, he complied. However, he stepped in front of the door and blocked her path. He asked in a low voice, "Raegan, can't you at least tell me why you moved?"

"Why should I tell you?" Raegan asked, her confusion mingled with annoyance. She couldn't fathom how he always managed to locate her, no matter where she went.

She pulled out her phone and displayed a picture, her voice laced with sarcasm as she said to Mitchel, "Mr. Dixon, are you familiar with this divorce certificate?"

Unexpectedly, Mitchel's face darkened at the sight of the photo.

He never thought she would keep a photo of their divorce certificate on her phone to wield against him at any moment.

It was a ruthless move that cut deep.

Mitchel felt heartbroken. He looked at her and said, "Raegan, don't do this to me."

"The same to you." Raegan's use of the word only seemed to create a greater distance between them.

"We are already divorced. Mr. Dixon, I don't understand why you're still acting this way. Is it for fun? Is the Dixon Group about to go bankrupt? Why are you so idle?"

Mitchel was speechless with anger.

Chapter 599

Raegan turned away and headed upstairs, with Mitchel following closely behind. She stopped, looked at him, and said, "Stop following me." But Mitchel remained resolute, meeting her eyes with determination.

When the elevator doors opened, Raegan stepped inside. She stared into Mitchel's eyes and warned him, "If you keep following me, I'll have no choice but to call the police."

Without hesitation, she pressed the elevator button. ninjanovel.com As the doors were about to close, a hand pushed through, forcing them to reopen.

Mitchel's handsome face exuded cold determination. He wasted no time, pressing Raegan against the elevator wall and kissing her passionately.

Her lips were delicate, and her waist was far too slender. Mitchel held her and stood a safe distance from the elevator walls, afraid that the cold might hurt her.

He held her close, and she had no choice but to tilt her head to allow their kiss to deepen. Raegan was powerless to resist his kiss and trembled. Suddenly, the elevator chimed and opened.

Outside, an elderly woman caught sight of the two and quickly turned away. She muttered, "Young man, can't you do that at home? There is a CCTV camera in the elevator."

Raegan snapped back to reality and shoved Mitchel away. It was a swift and effective way to end the passionate kiss.

As their eyes locked, a faint smile graced Mitchel's lips. However, an unsatisfied longing tugged at his heart, urging him to hold her close, pressing her against his chest.

"Your Lips and your body still remember me," he said confidently. "What does that prove?" Raegan asked angrily.

Mitchel's strength left her with no choice but to rest her hand on his chest as she attempted to keep calm.

"You still love me," Mitchel declared firmly.

"I don't love you anymore, Mitchel."

"But I love you. Let me love you," he said as he held her tightly and nuzzled his head against her neck. "Give me another chance, Raegan. Don't be so heartless to me,"

Mitchel pleaded.

Despite his arrogance, he humbled himself amid this unending pain of living without Raegan.

Tears welled up in Raegan's eyes, not out of sentiment but because she realized she had lost too much.

Chapter 600

She had been waiting for his confession of his feelings for her for so long. They were already divorced, yet he finally said he loved her. This wasn't the worst thing. What hurt her the most was the loss of her unborn baby.

Heavens knew how much she longed to see that baby grow and hear it speak. However, it could never be.

“It's too late to say you love me.”

She wouldn't love him anymore, and she wouldn't give him another chance. ninjanovel.com

Moreover, she questioned whether he had ever truly loved her.

Mitchel had been born with a silver spoon in his mouth. Did he know what love was?

In her opinion, his affection had been more of possessiveness and reluctance since she had schemed to end their marriage and chose not to love him anymore.

“It's not too late, Raegan. As long as you give me a chance, it will never be too late,” Mitchel insisted.

But Raegan, unimpressed by his words, responded calmly, “Mitchel, do you enjoy being disliked by others? | won't love you again, and | won't give you another chance. I've told you the umpteenth time.”

Only a fool would repeat the same mistake, and she was determined not to fall into that trap again.

Why would she give him another chance to hurt her again?

She had endured enough pain once, and she had no intention of reliving it.

Mitchel's heart ached at her indifference. He firmly held her shoulder and looked at her intently.

“Raegan, | won't allow it,” he declared, refusing to accept her decision not to love him.

Raegan was exhausted by his persistence and loosened her posture.

“Why are you so persistent, Mr. Dixon? A divorce is meant to free us from each other’s lives and allow us to move on. You are a rich man and have no shortage of women around you. Why are you doing this?”

“I don’t want anyone else.”

Veins bulged on the back of Mitchel’s hands as he stared at Raegan, desperately searching for a trace of love in her eyes. But Raegan’s eyes remained cold and unyielding.

The pain in his heart deepened as if a cold dagger was piercing his chest.

He felt as if he was on the verge of losing his sanity. If not for the tiniest shred of reason remaining, he might have locked her away and kept her by his side.

In a final attempt, he firmly said, “I only want you.”

Raegan looked at him and responded with a cold sneer, “But I don’t want you anymore.”