

Unbreakable 661

Chapter 661

“What do you think I’m implying?” Raegan met his gaze, tears welling up. “Don't you just want me for sex?”

“yihat?”

“Can you promise to leave me alone after? If so, 1.”

Mitchel sneered and cut her off, “You want to give yourself to me for free?” The humiliation in his words wasn't lost on her.

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His words cut deep, and Raegan clenched her fists, trembling with sadness. However, she managed to pull herself together for the sake of getting away from his pestering.

“You have to give me a guarantee...”

Before she could finish, Mitchel abruptly held her in his embrace, his chin against her soft hair. In a low voice, he said, “Can't you just be obedient to me? I'm a little upset.”

The sudden shift in his demeanor caught Raegan off guard.

She couldn't help but wonder why he was upset.

He ought to know there was nothing between her and Hector if he knew her current occupation as a tutor.

He didn't have to get upset just because Hector had driven her here.

Moreover, they had divorced and she was no longer his wife.

But Mitchel was unreasonable. Raegan didn't want to talk to him anymore. She tried to push him away repeatedly. "Let go of me. I'm going home."

Mitchel's expression froze. He had already sensed her rejection.

But he released her obediently and allowed her to get out of the car.

"I'll accompany you back."

Raegan was about to speak when someone called her name.

"Raegan."

Henley appeared out of nowhere, holding a bouquet of roses. There were at least ninety-nine roses. The tension in the air surrounding them increased instantly.

Though Raegan couldn't understand why Henley was standing there with flowers in his hand, it was a welcome excuse to get away from Mitchel. Therefore, she walked toward Henley without hesitation.

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However, Mitchel suddenly grabbed her hand firmly, a frown etched on his face. He remained silent, but his firm grip on her wrist and the complicated expression spoke volumes.

Raegan broke his hand little by little, just like he once did, and asserted, "Mr. Dixon, since we are divorced, we are strangers. Please stop doing this."

Two steps away, Henley unexpectedly grabbed her hand.

Raegan stiffened and instinctively attempted to pull away.

However, Henley held her hand tightly, his fingers intertwining with hers. Leaning in, he whispered, "Don't you want to get rid of him? Let me help you."

Raegan's heart raced. A cold, intense gaze bore into her from behind, a sensation akin to flesh being sliced. The look pierced her heart, causing a subtle tremor throughout her body.

Henley took Raegan's hand, ignoring the intense glare from Mitchel.

With a subtle nod at Mitchel, Henley led her away.

Raegan couldn't recollect how she made it home. Her mind was a blank canvas.

Henley handed her the bouquet of roses and said, "Get some rest.

Call me if you need anything."

Raegan barely registered Henley's words. She just nodded as he turned around and left. She didn't even know when she took the flowers from Henley.

She hadn't been physically close to anyone other than Mitchel for ages.

Even holding hands with Henley in front of Mitchel made her feel guilty.

However, after taking that first step today, it didn't seem that hard, even though the piercing look Mitchel shot them scared her a little.

Back in her room, Raegan stared at the flowers and didn't know what to do.

Why did Henley give her flowers?

The bouquet was large and undeniably attractive.

Every girl loved flowers.

Although Raegan couldn't stand the strong scent of flowers, she put them on a table in the living room because they looked pretty.

Just then, Nicole sent her a message, saying she would be staying over for the night.

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Raegan agreed and went to take a shower.

After showering, she started drying her hair. The doorbell rang when she was halfway through.

Raegan proceeded to open the door without hesitation. She said as she opened the door, "Have you left the key?" To her surprise, it wasn't Nicole but Mitchel standing outside.

Raegan's mind went blank for a split second. When she regained her senses, she immediately tried to close the door. Mitchel casually blocked it with his foot, his gaze sharp and penetrating.

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"Do you want the whole world to find out I'm at your door?"

Upon hearing that, Raegan didn't dare to close the door.

Anyway, Mitchel had a trick up his sleeve to gain entry.

Once Mitchel stepped inside, he immediately closed the door with a resounding “Bang.”

Ashiver ran down Raegan’s spine.

Instead of advancing to Raegan, Mitchel merely gazed at her with profound eyes. Raegan’s breath caught in her throat. His eyes bore into hers, causing Raegan’s heart to skip a beat. She cautiously said, “Let’s talk tomorrow.”

In a low voice, Mitchel replied, “I can’t sleep until | say what | wanted to say in the car.”

Raegan was taken aback. Weren’t they talking about sex in the car moments ago, and he wasn’t interested then? Was he having second thoughts now?

Raegan’s courage had waned after she asserted that. She didn’t want to delve into the topic of intimacy with him. Feigning innocence, she said, “Didn’t we already finish our conversation?”

Suddenly, Mitchel pulled her closer, pressing her against the wall.

His slender fingers gripped her jaw, preventing her from dodging.

Raegan uncontrollably stiffened. Her nerves were on edge.

His deep eyes conveyed suppressed anger, and his voice was eerily calm. “It’s not over. | haven’t given you my answer yet.”

“Well, | don’t...”

Before she could finish, he silenced her with a forceful kiss.

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Raegan's eyes widened, but Mitchel didn't allow her a moment to react.

His kiss was aggressive, a relentless invasion that left her breathless.

This kiss wasn't like the ones before.

It felt Like a conquest.

He wanted all of her.

Raegan felt as though she might be kissed to death. She couldn't breathe properly.

Her eyes reddened from the intensity of the kiss, and her body turned as pliant as water. Weakness overcame her, inviting more of his kisses.

Amidst the chaotic whirlwind in her mind and her labored breathing, she managed to ask, "Are you serious?"

Without a word, he scooped her up and carried her into the room, his expression dark and brooding.

"Yes. Give it to me."

Before entering the room, Mitchel stopped and cast a cold glance at the roses on the tea table.

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"Do you like those flowers?"

Raegan recalled that Mitchel had never sent flowers to anyone. Not even once.

Unsure of what to say, Raegan murmured, "It depends."

As soon as she said those words, she wished she could take them back.

Just as she had expected, Mitchel's expression darkened. Raegan had not intended to annoy him, but she did so mindlessly.

In college, a young man followed her wherever she went and secretly slipped red roses into her books or school bag. For a while, the roses unnerved her and stirred unpleasant memories.

That was the reason why she said that. She did not mean she liked the flowers because they were from Henley, but Mitchel seemed to get the wrong idea.

In the blink of an eye, Mitchel's mood shifted. Instead of entering the room, he placed Raegan on the tea table and pressed her on the roses.

The cold dew from the petals soaked through her back, making her tremble.

Raegan clutched at his shirt, trying her best not to crush the delicate roses under her weight, but it was futile.

Why here? There was plenty of space in the room.

"Don't do it here," Raegan pleaded.

Tears brimmed in her eyes. She was uncomfortable as her back was crushing the bouquet, but her discomfort only fueled Mitchel's desire.

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Mitchel lowered his eyes at her and firmly declared, "I want to do it right here."

The crinkling sound of packing paper filled the air. Mitchel stretched out and, suddenly, unwrapped the bouquet of roses under her back.

The bouquet burst open. Some flowers landed on the table, while others scattered across the floor.

Raegan doubted that the tea table would be able to support their weight. Anxious, her heart pounded, threatening to leap out of her chest.

She pushed Mitchel away and asserted, "I don't want to do it here..."

Let's not... Let's not do it then."

Mitchel's piercing gaze met hers, and he questioned, "Well, do you really want me to stop?" As soon as he said these words, he released her and stood up.

For a brief moment, Raegan almost believed him.

But at the same time, she did not want to lose the chance to sever ties with Mitchel completely. His offer was like a tempting, sweet red apple.

Angela's Library

Raegan was desperate to escape her current situation. She understood that only Mitchel's agreement to end their relationship could truly free her from their entangled lives.

As Mitchel had said, no one else could change his decision but him. After a pause, Raegan asked, "You really mean that, don't you?" Mitchel glanced at her with eyes cold and devoid of desire.

"Isn't that what you want?"

Raegan stared at him and tightened her grip on his collar.

“Write it down. Promise you won't pester me again.”

Mitchel's gaze was profound, framed by long eyelashes. His emotionless stare made it difficult to decipher his thoughts.

“Of course, I can put it in writing. But what if I change my mind someday? What would you do then?” Raegan was at a loss for words.

This promise held no legal weight. As Mitchel pointed out, if he changed his mind, she was powerless to do anything, let alone seek justice.

Deep down, she clung to this promise to comfort herself. Perhaps driven by fear of his interference in her life, she was willing to take the risk.

“You know the outcome is unpredictable, right? Are you sure you want to bet on it Mitchel calmly asked.

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Raegan did not dwell on it for too long. Having been intimate with Mitchel before, she believed it would not be too difficult to do it again.

If he broke his word, she could dismiss it as a one-night stand. But if he honored his promise, she would be free of him for good.

With this thought, Raegan's hesitation vanished. She pursed her lips and declared, “I believe you because you once promised not to lie to me again.”

In her mind, this trick might stop Mitchel from breaking his promise yet again.

If he ever thought of going back on his word, he would remember the very promise he had made to her. Although unsure if it was her imagination, Raegan sensed Mitchel's dismay at her decision, perhaps even anger. This intuition was later proved correct.

Before kissing her, Mitchel stated, "It's too late for regrets now."

His wet lips pried open her mouth and captured her soft tongue.

Their tongues entwined in what looked like a fiery dance.

It was as if Mitchel wanted to devour her.

Raegan's tongue grew numb, and her hand trembled involuntarily.

The rose petals beneath her were flattened on Raegan's back, releasing an intoxicating scent.

At this moment, Mitchel's hot breath enveloped her, and his actions seemed deliberate, almost torturous.

He kissed her lips, and then trailed down...

His lips grazed her chin, lingered on her collarbone, and finally settled on the sensitive spot of her neck.

Raegan trembled and felt a little regret for her inability to stop him. After this, she did not want to go through this again.

But her resolve wavered as Mitchel's lips moved, leaving her breathless.

Suddenly, a noise came at the door, startling Raegan.

Mitchel frowned, not at the noise but at Raegan's reaction, which nearly made him relent.

It was not until then that Raegan remembered Nicole's plan to come over tonight.

Yet they there were, entwined on the tea table in the living room, with no chance to hide themselves. Raegan froze on the spot. She silently heard the key turn in the lock.

Judging from the sound, it seemed to be the wrong key. Raegan relaxed a bit. But then, she heard another key turn in the lock.

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But still, the door didn't open since it was the wrong key.

With her patience getting thinner, Nicole began knocking on the door.

"Raegan, it's me. Open up. I can't tell the keys apart..."

Her slurred speech suggested she was drunk. Otherwise, she would have remembered the whereabouts of the spare key. Raegan tried to get up, but Mitchel's grip was unyielding. His dark eyes seemed to consume her.

"What's wrong she asked while looking into his eyes.

"One second."

His breathing became heavier and uneven, and beads of sweat trickled down his forehead.

Raegan's eyes widened in astonishment. She shook her head and struggled.

"Have you lost your mind?"

The outside world faded away, leaving only the frantic pounding of her heart.

Raegan felt like she was on a roller coaster, and her adrenaline peaking...

The moment felt like an eternity.

Outside the door, Nicole accidentally located the right key to the door as she fumbled around in her purse. Beep! The door was thrown open.

When the door was pushed open, the lights instantly went off.

Nicole was so drunk that she didn't notice she hit the switch when she entered the house.

Now, it was pitch dark, and she couldn't see a thing.

At this time, the orgasm was over.

However, Mitchel didn't get up. His clean and cold hand grabbed Raegan's chin tightly and kissed her hard. Such a kiss almost drove Raegan crazy. She felt dizzy.

Nicole staggered into the house while mumbling, "Raegan... Raegan..."

What the hell! Am I in a whale's stomach? Why is it so dark? Oh my!

I'm so scared. Raegan, where are you?"

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Although Raegan couldn't see Nicole, she could feel Nicole getting closer to them. She could only bite Mitchel's tongue to stop him from kissing her. When he groaned in pain, she took advantage of this opportunity to push him over and jumped up from the coffee table.

At this moment, Nicole's legs went weak, and she collapsed.

Fortunately, she fell into Raegan's arms. In her blurred vision, she saw the white rose petals on the floor. She murmured foolishly, "Oh, the snow falls so early this year."

Raegan, come on, let's build a snowman together... Men are all unreliable. You ought to meet more guys to know how to discern a good man. I'll introduce a bunch of cute guys to you. What kind of men do you like? A young and handsome boy? A mature one? A captain...

"What do you want, huh?"

Nicole was so drunk that she was not quite herself. The more she talked, the more ridiculous she became.

Raegan quickly reached out and covered Nicole's mouth.

"Nicole, that's enough. Stop it."

"Hmm... I want to tell you something. Actually, Henley is a good choice. He is a boyfriend material. You two don't need to..."

Before Nicole could finish her words, Raegan dragged her to the bathroom and slammed the door shut, fearing that Mitchel would hear something he shouldn't.

It was not easy for Raegan to make Mitchel believe she and Henley were in a relationship. She couldn't let anything or anyone ruin her plan this time.

Since Nicole had drunk a lot, her entire face flushed.

Raegan helped Nicole remove her clothes and put her in the bathtub.

It was only then that Raegan saw the bruises all over Nicole's body.

From Nicole's neck to her toes, there were red and green marks.

Obviously, they were hickeys and bites. Some of them had already scabbed.

Raegan carefully checked Nicole's back and buttocks. They were also full of red marks. It was as if Nicole had been slapped by someone.

Raegan was not an inexperienced little girl. Naturally, she knew what these marks meant.

Mitchel was sometimes rough on her amid their intimate moments. But she never ended up as miserable as Nicole. At most, she would feel sore and uncomfortable for a few days before the bruises healed.

Judging from these marks, Raegan could say that Nicole was being abused by someone.

At the thought of this, Raegan felt so sorry for Nicole. She gently wiped Nicole's face and body with warm water, not daring to use too much force. But Nicole still cried out in pain.

Raegan felt a Lump in her throat, and tears welled up in her eyes. She asked, "Nicole, who did this to you?"

Since Nicole was drunk, she became talkative. She unconsciously spilled the beans between sobs, "It's Jarrod... He is a jerk! He is worse than a dog. He bit and tortured me. It hurts so much..."

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When Raegan heard this, her hand trembled. Why did Nicole and Jarrod get involved with each other again? "Nicole, you... Why are you with him again?"

"It's not that | want to be with him. He won't let me go. No matter how hard | cry and beg him, he doesn't want to set me free. If | resist, he will take revenge on my parents. The Lawrence family is in his hands, so | can't escape from him.

Raegan was utterly shocked. She thought Nicole and Jarrod had let go of the past. She didn't expect them to be in this situation. Her heart ached for Nicole.

She and Nicole were pretty much the same. They both fell in love with a man when they were young and innocent. And they stupidly loved those men for years.

Therefore, she completely understood Nicole's pain and struggles.

They were both trapped in a dark abyss of love. Nicole's Love was ruined by a family feud, while hers was ended by a miscarriage. But they were still in love with their men, no matter how much they wanted to hate them.

They were both wounded and were sorry for each other.

But Nicole's situation was worse. Raegan knew that Jamie was more precious in Jarrod's eyes than Lauren in Mitchel's eyes. Moreover, Jarrod and Jamie were already engaged and were getting married soon.

Under such a circumstance, even though Nicole was only forced to be with Jarrod, she would have a hard time. Raegan was restless. She always felt something would happen to Nicole.

Raegan was still stunned when Nicole suddenly reached out her hand and pinched Raegan's face. She then put a finger on her lips and said in a low voice, "This secret is only between you and me. Don't tell Raegan, okay? I'm afraid she... She will look down upon me if she knows about it."

These words were like a sharp knife that pierced Raegan's heart. She held Nicole in her arms and burst into tears.

Raegan said between sobs, "You, silly girl, I will never look down upon you. Nicole, if anything happens to you, you must tell me. I have your back."

Although Nicole was intoxicated, she seemed to sense something. She cried bitterly in Raegan's arms.

After giving Nicole a bath, Raegan also got wet. She dried herself first before dragging Nicole out of the bathtub. Then, Raegan wiped Nicole dry and helped her put on her pajamas before carrying Nicole to her room.

Nicole was so tired that she fell into a deep slumber as soon as her head hit the pillow.

Raegan was so exhausted that she didn't want to move a muscle. She wanted to go back to her room and lay flat on the bed. When she walked out of Nicole's room, she saw Mitchel leaning against the balustrade and smoking.

She was stunned for a moment.

Mitchel must have felt her presence. He turned around and looked at her. He was so casual, feeling like he was in his own house. He finished his cigarette unhurriedly.

He wore nothing but a bath towel wrapped around his waist, but it didn't make him look indecent at all. Instead, he looked extremely handsome and sexy.

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It seemed he didn't need any clothes to look attractive. His appearance and perfect figure were enough to make him eye-catching.

Raegan couldn't help blushing when she looked at his half-naked body. Her mind uncontrollably went to their recent intimate moments. She blushed even more. How could he go out of the room wearing only a bath towel?

Afraid of waking Nicole up, Raegan gently closed the door. Then she walked to Mitchel and asked coldly, "Why are you still here?"

"There's still some time left." Raegan blinked a few times and looked at Mitchel in confusion. "What are you talking about?"

Mitchel approached her and explained patiently, "Didn't I promise that I would leave you alone after tonight? There's still some time left before midnight."

He looked at the clock on the wall and added, "You've wasted thirty -five minutes taking care of Nicole. It's ten o'clock now." Raegan was rendered speechless.

At first, she didn't know what was going on.

But soon, she understood what he meant.

Mitchel pulled her over and pressed her against the railing. He traced her red eyes with his fingers and asked in a low voice, "Do you two like crying while taking a bath?"

Caught off guard by his question, Raegan was so stunned that she seemed to have forgotten she was held in his embrace. She secretly blamed their crying on him and Jarrod.

Mitchel raised two fingers and waved them in front of Raegan's eyes to catch her attention.

His slender fingers were well-proportioned. They were more beautiful than hers. Under the pale moonlight, they were as delicate as jade.

At this moment, Raegan was already a little flustered. She asked, "What on earth do you want? Didn't you already agree that

we...

She was too embarrassed to say those words, so she stopped halfway. In the end, she just bit her lower lip and stared at Mitchel questioningly. It was as if she was asking if he was going back on his word again.

Before Raegan could react, Mitchel leaned over and whispered in her ear, "I promised that | wouldn't pester you starting tomorrow. But | didn't say I'm satisfied with what we did just now."

Raegan's eyes widened, and her mouth gaped open. She couldn't believe Mitchel could be so shameless.

She couldn't help blaming herself for not elaborating her terms.