

Unbreakable 961

Chapter 961

Raegan, intimidated by his demeanor, attempted to stay composed. "He's the father of my child. He'll definitely come looking for

me.

Henley's face grew icy. He grasped her chin abruptly, his tone bitter, "He caused you so much pain, and you lost a child. Have you forgotten?"

His grip tightened menacingly. "I overlooked your pregnancy, thinking it was unplanned. But to remarry him?"

Tears sprung from Raegan's eyes, pain evident in her expression.

Henley's grasp was unyielding, his words sharp, "Do all women relish in being so demeaned?"

At that moment, Henley saw in Raegan a reflection of his crazy mother, one who, like Raegan, failed to value his affection. He had intended to treat them kindly.

Why? Why did they push him to such extremes?

Henley's expression momentarily faltered, twisting into something grotesque, reminiscent of a creature emerging from a grave. It was as if he mistook Raegan for someone else.

His hands tightened around her neck, the pressure increasing.

Raegan began shaking violently, her face turning ghostly white. She clawed at Henley's arm, leaving a bloody mark, and cried out, "Henley! Snap out of it!"

Henley's eyes locked onto Raegan's reddening face, her breaths becoming faint.

He felt a horrifying rush as Raegan's life seemed to slip away under his grip.

When his gaze met Raegan's misty eyes, he saw nothing but fear.

Those eyes that had once smiled, cared, and thanked him now reflected nothing but deep fear. As he leaned in, her familiar scent filled his nostrils.

Abruptly, as though jolted, Henley released her.

Raegan had narrowly escaped death. She slumped in the seat, gasping for air like a fish out of water.

Henley, momentarily lucid, looked

down at Raegan and MUNA Raegan me. You mistake... | won't let this child survive."

He had once thought that if she chose to be with him, the after Raegan gave birth to it.

But now, resentment filled his heart. This child could not be allowed to live. 2 Raegan stared at him, incredulous. He had coldly decreed the fate of her child. She protested desperately, "Are you insane? This is my child. You have no right!"

"| do have the right because | love you," Henley decision is for our best interests."

Chapter 962

Raegan's eyes widened in terror. Henley was a madman! Truly deranged!

Protectively, she held her abdomen, firmly stating, "Henley, you can't harm my child. The child stays with me."

Henley replied in a chilling tone, "You'll agree. I don't want you to remember it, and I'll ensure you forget."

Raegan's complexion turned ghostly. She feared he might actually follow through. No way! She couldn't let him take her! As Henley restarted the car, Raegan suddenly clutched her stomach, crying out in pain, "Ah! My stomach! Stop the car!" Henley glanced at her, assessing the sincerity of her plea.

"Henley, it hurts... Am I dying?" Raegan contorted with pain on the seat.

Reaching out, she weakly clung to his sleeve, her voice soft and pleading, "Please..."

Henley hesitated at her fragile tone, asking, "Is it really that painful?"

Raegan nodded vigorously.

He leaned in, concerned, and asked, "Let me check?"

As those words escaped Henley's lips, Raegan grabbed the perfume bottle from the dashboard and smashed it at him. Thud! A dull impact sounded.

Blood trickled down Henley's forehead.

Raegan frantically unlocked her seatbelt and struggled to open the car door.

Suddenly, her hair was yanked back fiercely.

"Ah!" Raegan screamed in agony.

Henley, bloodied, resembled a hellish demon. "Raegan, how you've let me down!"

He pressed her back on the seat, directly broke

Raegan, immobilized, defiantly declared, "Henley, I won't go with you. You'll only get my lifeless body!"

"Really?" Henley abruptly leaned forward, pressing her the farthest back.

Raegan was uncertain of his intentions.

"I've heard that the heart of a woman can be won by sexual intercourse, Are you doing him"? because you've been intimate with him?" he queried, climbing over the seat imposingly.

Chapter 963

"You don't know if I'm better unless you try."

Raegan's complexion blanched. "Don't touch me!"

Henley gazed at Raegan intensely, wanting to kiss her. His lips brushed her hair as she dodged his cold kiss.

Undeterred, he shifted to nibble at her earlobe.

Tears escaped Raegan's eyes.

"Henley, stop. This makes me sick."

The revulsion in Raegan's eyes halted Henley's breath. The darkness in his eyes seemed to engulf him.

"Raegan, can't you see my heart? Can you consider being with me?"

His voice was laced with bitterness, humility, almost a plea.

“What can I do to win your heart?”

Henley, his voice low and rough, buried his face in her neck, seeking the warmth she once offered.

“Is it that if I listen to you, you will start to consider being with me?”

The suddenness of Henley’s change caught Raegan off guard.

She opened her mouth to speak, but was blinded by a bright light in the rearview mirror.

A dark blue luxury car had silently parked behind them.

As she prepared to call for help, the sound of an engine grew louder.

The next second. Bang! A loud sound was heard.

Their car was hit mercilessly from behind!

The car was pushed forward for hundreds of meters.

Raegan briefly thought the driver of the blue car intended to kill them both!

Thump! With a crash, Henley was flung against the windshield.

Fortunately, Henley had tied Raegan up on the seat, and he was shielding her, so Raegan was not harmed.

Otherwise, the consequences would be unimaginable if Raegan faced forward.

After a short pause, the car behind them geared up again. Buzz! The sound of the engine made Raegan shiver.

Chapter 964

Raegan, terrified, felt her heart pounding in her throat.

The blue luxury vehicle didn't hit Henley's car again, but its engine kept roaring, like a sort of warning. Henley, his expression darkening, moved back to the driver's seat and prepared to drive off.

The next second, Henley floored the accelerator, his car shooting forward.

The blue luxury vehicle pursued relentlessly, its driver skillfully overtaking Henley's and forcing Henley to brake sharply to avoid a collision.

However, Henley didn't stop the car. On the contrary, he followed suit and sped up to catch up with the blue luxury vehicle. It seemed that the driver of the blue luxury vehicle had prepared for this.

He hit the brake hard but kept the engine running.

The two vehicles raced on the road and neither of them was willing to give in.

Raegan, terrified, pleaded, "Henley, stop! Please! Stop the car! Let's get out of here!"

At this moment, Henley exuded an uncontrollable sense of danger.

His face twisted as he growled, "Raegan, I won't let anyone have you, not even in death." They both knew Mitchel was in the blue luxury vehicle.

Raegan couldn't help but wonder whether Mitchel intended to kill her just now.

She tried to deny it, but the fear made her body shake uncontrollably.

The two cars continued their dangerous dance, the roaring engines terrifying Raegan. She felt on the brink of losing her sanity, her face ashen.

In a flash, the blue luxury vehicle yielded, moving ahead.

Then, Henley accelerated through the opening.

Raegan, nauseated, screamed, "Henley, stop! Stop the car now!"

Henley's gaze hardened as he watched the blue is ace a mask of cold ruthlessness.

"If I can't best him this time, we'll die together!" Henley declared chillingly.

"What the hell! Do you lose it?" Raegan was you lost your Mind? I don't want to die with you!"

What did he mean by that? Why would she succumb to such a fate?

Yet, Henley turned to her, his smile grim.

Chapter 966

ALL of a sudden, Henley chuckled weakly. "See? Raegan... She cried for me...

She cares about me..."

Even though he spoke in broken phrases, it was a tremendous struggle for Henley to articulate his words.

After saying that, he spat out a mouthful of blood.

Henley looked at Mitchel, a weak smile on his lips, whispering something inaudible to others.

Then, Mitchel's expression turned cold, his aura intimidating.

Mitchel glared at Henley and hissed, "You brought this on yourself."

Mitchel then spun around, his intense gaze locking onto Raegan.

Caught off guard by his stare, Raegan stood rooted to the spot.

He strode toward Raegan, gripping her shoulder firmly, and swiftly led her to his car.

"Ouch..." Raegan winced in pain. "Mitchel, where are we going?"

Mitchel's hold softened, but he firmly grasped her hand, his voice stern, "Get in the car."

His expression was stern and unyielding as he addressed her.

Raegan, concerned for Henley, resisted, "We can't leave Henley like this.

Please, Mitchel, help him..."

She looked at Mitchel's unyielding face, pleading for Henley's life. "Please...

I'm begging you... We have to save him."

Even though Henley had brought this upon himself, Raegan couldn't help but think, if she abandoned him on the road, how would she be any different from Henley? 2

“Begging me?” Mitchel, lighting a cigarette, inhaled deeply, his features obscured by the smoke.

After a pause, he scoffed, “Raegan, do you think I’m an idiot? You expect me to save him after everything?”

Raegan froze at Mitchel’s icy demeanor.

Hesitating momentarily, Raegan reached for the door, intent on leaving. But Mitchel halted her escape.

Mitchel’s gaze, icy and penetrating, unnerved her. “Do you really find it so hard to leave him?” he asked, a sharp edge in his voice.

“No, it’s not that,” Raegan replied, shaking her head. “I just can’t abandon him like this.”

Chapter 967

“People die all the time,” Mitchel’s voice was low, questioning. “Would you care as much if he were a stranger?” He then questioned her, “Isn’t it because he’s...”

Mitchel paused, the words hanging in the air, unfinished.

The tension between them was palpable, both seeming distant despite sitting face to face. Their expressions were troubled.

As Raegan opened the door again, determined to leave, Mitchel acted impulsively. He reached out, beginning to remove her coat, then her sweater...

“Stop it!” Raegan’s cry was sharp, her grip on her clothes desperate. But Mitchel was stronger.

Her sweater was gone, leaving her in a thin underdress.

Raegan, now covering herself, looked at Mitchel, fear evident in her eyes.

“Have you lost your mind, Mitchel?”

Despite her objections, Mitchel continued, tearing her underdress.

Raegan was left exposed, her upper body bare.

Tears filled her eyes as Raegan covered herself with trembling arms.

“Mitchel... Please, give me my clothes back...”

Mitchel’s gaze, cold and calculating, swept over her, lingering on her slightly swollen belly.

The look in his eyes was unnerving, almost cruel.

Raegan felt vulnerable, exposed under his intense scrutiny as if every part of her was laid bare. She was lost, unsure how to shield herself from his piercing gaze.

In a voice choked with tears, Raegan pleaded, “Please, give me my clothes back...”

Instead of complying, Mitchel abruptly lowered the car window and threw her clothes outside.

The lingering scent of Henley’s blood on her clothes seemed to unhinge Mitchel further.

“Aren’t you planning to get off the car?” His voice was deliberately low and tense as he fought back the sorrow in his heart.

“Go get your clothes yourself!” Mitchel burst out, unable to contain his frustration any longer.

Raegan stared at him, disbelief etched on her face.

Mitchel now seemed like a stranger to Raegan, his actions mirroring the craziness she'd seen in Henley.

Emotions swirled within her. The despair, grief, and acute humiliation.

Suddenly, Raegan's resolve faltered, and she found herself vulnerable before Mitchel's gaze.

Chapter 968

Tears streaming down her face, she reached for the door, intending to leave.

Mitchel's heart twisted at the sight of her pale skin, but his inner turmoil was dwarfed by a deep-seated hatred.

Click! Then, he locked the door.

Raegan, trapped, chose not to face him, sitting with her back to him, blood and tears marking her once serene face.

Yet, she clung to the remnants of her dignity.

Then, Raegan heard Mitchel's voice, tense with frustration, from behind her, "Why are you so determined to save Henley? Don't you remember who you are?

You're a married woman now."

Upon his words, Raegan trembled and burst into tears.

At that moment, she felt reduced to nothing more than an object at Mitchel's disposal, valued only for her utility.

Mitchel, relenting, turned her around and dressed her in a black shirt, meticulously fastening each button.

As Mitchel fastened the last few buttons, his grip suddenly tightened. He spoke coldly. "Have I been too lenient with you, or do you prefer being treated this way?"

Raegan's face was a mask of indifference at his words.

The man before her felt like a stranger, and her heart sank in disappointment.

In the distance, the sound of sirens filled the air as fire trucks and ambulances rushed to the scene.

Raegan felt a wave of relief at the sight.

She responded with a detached tone, "If that's how you see me, perhaps it's time to end our agreement prematurely."

Their mutual disdain seemed reason enough to sever ties.

"End our agreement?" Mitchel's voice was laced with a dark tone.

The scene of Henley and Raegan together in the car moments earlier flashed through Mitchel's mind. Gripping her chin forcefully, he spat out, "Who do you think you are to speak to me like that?"

His face and tone dripped with arrogance and disdain.

Raegan, struggling to breathe, clutched the hem of the shirt.

Pain overwhelmed her, a deep, pervasive ache that felt unbearable.

The hurt was so intense she could hardly breathe.

Luciana's past remarks about their mismatch hadn't stung this much.

Chapter 969

Raegan was speechless, suppressing her urge to cry.

She refused to let tears fall in front of Mitchel.

Meanwhile, Mitchel glanced outside, watching Henley being loaded into an ambulance.

Then, he started the car, driving off swiftly into the night until it was just a speck in the darkness.

Soon, they arrived at Serenity Villas.

Raegan, looking at the once familiar place, nervously uttered, "I want to go home."

Mitchel turned to her, his voice devoid of emotion. "You are at home," he stated flatly, his piercing gaze intimidating her.

Raegan tried again, "Mitchel, may I please go back on my own?"

Mitchel remained silent, his eyes icy and unyielding.

Mitchel led Raegan upstairs and gently guided her into the bathtub.

He turned on the faucet, carefully removing her clothes. His actions were focused on washing away the blood and any traces of Henley.

Raegan remained motionless, her body rigid with tension. She didn't resist, fearful of Mitchel's unpredictable reactions.

Mitchel drained the bathtub, having washed away the bloodstains from Raegan.

Then, he turned the tap on again to refill the tub.

The water rose slowly as Mitchel's gaze met Raegan's.

"Do you have anything to tell me, Raegan?"

Raegan, startled by his question, struggled to comprehend what he was probing for.

She doubted he knew about her pregnancy, yet at this thought, she simply shook her head. "No," she said.

Mitchel's eyes grew darker. "Are you certain there's nothing you're hiding from me?"

Raegan remained silent, her lips pressed tightly together.

Mitchel's fists clenched, visibly trying to control his emotions.

Henley's last words to him echoed in his mind. "If I die, please look after Raegan and the baby in her belly."

The baby? Raegan was pregnant with Henley's baby? Henley pleaded with him to look after his baby?

Mitchel's heart hardened as he looked at Raegan, who was feigning calmness.

Chapter 970

He had given her a chance to speak up.

After a pause, Mitchel began to unbutton his shirt, his movements smooth and graceful.

Raegan, sitting in the bathtub, hugged her knees, her complexion turning pale.

She trembled slightly, asking, "Mitchel, what are you doing?"

With a cold smile, Mitchel replied, "What do you think?"

Raegan's expression shifted rapidly to disbelief.

"Mitchel, remember, we're not actually a couple. It is just an agreement..."

In a sudden move, Mitchel leaned in and bit her shoulder.

The sight of Raegan's trembling, the evident fear in her eyes, stirred something in Mitchel.

"Did I ever promise not to touch you during our agreement?"

Raegan was stunned. She had thought Mitchel and she shared an unspoken understanding about this.

Moreover, Mitchel's expression back then had made her feel that mentioning it would be mocked by him. He would surely laugh at her for being narcissistic.

At this moment, Mitchel fixed her hair and tucked it behind her ear. Then, with a sneer, he explained, "I remarried you so I can have sex with you without breaking the law."

He stepped into the bathtub, and water sloshed over the edge of the bathtub.

Then, he looked her in the eye and coldly asked, "Which position do you prefer, front or back?"

Raegan's heart raced with fear at his words. She tried to flee, but Mitchel caught her ankle.

"Don't!" she cried out, feeling utterly helpless.

Trying not to fall, she placed her hands on the edge of the bathtub. Her delicate skin seemed to arouse Mitchel further.

No man could restrain himself with this position.

Their height difference only added to the tension.

Mitchel's eyes darkened with desire. He held her waist with one hand and said in a hoarse voice, "If you don't want to get hurt, just cooperate."

Raegan's face turned ghostly pale. She wanted to turn around, but his firm grip on her ankle rendered her immobile.

With her body slightly shaking from fear, she pleaded, "Mitchel, I'm not comfortable with this. You're scaring me... Why are you doing this to me?"

She was on the verge of tears but fought to hold them back.