

Unbreakable 991

Chapter 991

Jarrood, aware that Nicole wouldn't apologize to Jamie, suggested Jamie abandon the idea.

Eventually, Jarrood managed to calm Jamie and guide her back to her car.

When the police arrived, Nicole claimed she had accidentally called the police during an argument with her boyfriend.

The officers questioned her further about the incident and inspected the villa but found nothing. Before leaving, one officer lectured Nicole.

Then, Nicole left in Alec's car.

As Alec's car and Jarrood's car passed, Jarrood's meaningful glance unsettled Nicole.

In that instant, Nicole felt a chill run through her.

Uncertain and anxious, she pondered Jarrood's next move.

Had it not for the medical experts Jarrood had introduced to her father, Nicole would have left this instant.

Taking out her phone, she texted someone, "I'll be ready in ten days. Is everything set?"

"Everything's arranged," the receiver replied.

Relieved, Nicole deleted the messages.

She resolved not to engage in Jarrood's games, and planned to leave Ardlens with her parents.

Raegan had been grounded by Mitchel. She had been at home alone for five days, and Mitchel didn't show up since they met last time.

The maid, a familiar face, diligently brought meals to her room but was forbidden from engaging in conversation with Raegan.

Once, Raegan attempted to borrow a cell phone from the maid, but to her disappointment, the maid didn't possess one.

Raegan's days consisted of eating, sleeping, and watching TV, doing good for her condition.

During her confinement, Raegan scrutinized the windows, searching for an escape route, but the villa's design thwarted her plans.

On the evening of the fifth day, Mitchel returned.

Hearing the door, a flicker of excitement passed through Raegan and was quickly suppressed. The solitude had begun to affect her.

Mitchel entered with a calm demeanor.

Raegan yearned to speak but found herself at a loss for words.

Mitchel merely glanced at her before heading to the bathroom for a shower, leaving Raegan alone with the sound of running water.

The sound brought back unsettling memories of a crazy night.

Chapter 992

A night when, after pleading, Mitchel had shown her a bit of mercy, yet the duration had been unbearable for Raegan.

She pondered what had driven Mitchel to such extremes.

Determined to initiate a calm conversation that night, Raegan waited for Mitchel.

Mitchel emerged from the shower, less intimidating in navy blue pajamas, his hair damp.

Seeking to ease the tension, Raegan asked casually, "Have you eaten dinner?"

"Yes," Mitchel responded succinctly.

"Are you thirsty?" she continued, intent on breaking the ice.

Mitchel held her gaze for a moment, then nodded.

Raegan hesitantly poured a glass of water for Mitchel, who was casually leaning against the bed, absorbed in the latest magazine.

As she hesitated to hand him the glass, Mitchel swiftly grasped her wrist.

He set the glass on the bedside table and, with a gentle pull, Raegan found herself unexpectedly seated across his lap, her cheeks flushing with surprise.

"Ah!" Startled, Raegan let out a cry. She attempted to rise, but Mitchel firmly held her ankle.

He rubbed the protruding bones of her ankle casually as he asked with an icy tone, "Do you have something to tell me?"

Trying to remain calm, Raegan replied, "I've work to attend to. May I go to the company tomorrow?"

“You needn’t bother with that anymore.”

Confused and alarmed, Raegan responded, “What do you mean?”

Mitchel revealed, “I’ve arranged your resignation with your manager. You’re free from work now. Aren’t you pleased?”

This news infuriated Raegan. She had intended for a civil conversation, but anger got the better part of her.

“Mitchel, you had no right to decide that for me! It was my job, my decision.

Why would you do this without asking me?”

His overbearing nature was unmistakable. This time, her frustration reached new heights.

“Do you need to ask why?” Mitchel retorted, his hand moving to her chin, his sneer chilling. “Because I’m your husband.”

His smile was cold, sending a shiver down Raegan’s spine.

Fear gripped Raegan, reminding her of that harrowing night. She worried that any further provocation might lead to a repeat of that dreadful experience.

Chapter 993

At the thought of this, Raegan said softly, “Mitchel, I’m telling the truth.

There’s nothing between Henley and me. Please don’t let your suspicions lead to false accusations.”

“Suspicions?” Mitchel echoed, his tone laced with ambiguity.

Raegan nodded, her words tumbling out in haste, "It's true. I really have nothing to do with Henley. Why can't you believe that?"

After speaking, Raegan instantly regretted her anxious tone.

She glanced at Mitchel, fearing his reaction.

Mitchel's demeanor turned frosty. "You work for Henley's company, yet you claim there's no connection?"

Raegan's confusion was evident. What did Mitchel imply by saying she worked for Henley's company? She had never been aware of any connection between the company she worked for and Henley.

Mitchel showed Raegan a document on his laptop, revealing that the company she worked for was acquired by Henley the day after she joined.

The manager she knew was merely a figurehead.

Rushing to clarify, Raegan insisted, "I had no idea about this. I swear."

Mitchel's eyes, however, remained skeptical, not convinced by her words.

Raegan's panic surged. The thought of prolonged confinement was unbearable.

"He threatened me. If you doubt me, let me confront him directly!"

"Confront him?" Mitchel sneered, "What would you expect from a man who's now a vegetable?"

"What?" Stunned, Raegan stared at Mitchel. "Henley... He's in a vegetative state?"

Raegan's shock was palpable.

The idea of Henley being reduced to a vegetative state was beyond her wildest expectations.

The look of disbelief on Raegan's face morphed into sorrow, a sight that seemed strikingly out of place to Mitchel.

His eyes narrowed with suspicion. "Are you saddened by this?"

Raegan, caught off guard by his query, shook her head quickly. "No, it's just hard to comprehend..."

Henley and Raegan had known each other for a long time. Raegan wasn't one to be callous or unfeeling.

Moreover, despite what Henley had done, he had never truly harmed her. At that critical moment, he had made a concerted effort to shield her.

Raegan's absent-minded look only fueled Mitchel's growing ire.

Chapter 994

Mitchel had stayed away for five days, struggling with the fear of losing control and harming Raegan again. He had tried to suppress his thoughts, but each new revelation only stoked the flames of his anger. Suddenly, his expression darkened. He pushed Raegan onto the bed, his hand moving under her dress.

Raegan, terrified, stammered out an explanation, "I wasn't aware of any link between Henley and the company | worked for. His threat was real. Why can't you trust me, Mitchel?"

Mitchel's piercing gaze bore into her. "Then explain why Henley would leave all his wealth and assets to you?" When Henley's assistant announced his vegetative state in the hospital, Gerda was so distraught she nearly fainted.

Raegan was equally stunned. Why would Henley have left his entire fortune to her? Such a turn of events seemed incomprehensible.

Mitchel, with darkened eyes, questioned, "Can you explain this?" Raegan opened her mouth but remained silent, at a loss for words.

Mitchel's gaze grew colder, still wrongly thinking Raegan was pregnant with Henley's child. Despite what Henley had done, he must admit Henley was quite considerate in offering financial support for the unborn child in Raegan's belly.

At the thought of that, Mitchel's heart seemed to be torn apart by some invisible stager.

He pinched Raegan's chin, his tone icy. "Say something!" His anger intensified, his grip tightening.

Raegan, on the verge of tears, stammered, "What do you expect me to say?"

"Didn't you try to explain it to me just then? Go on."

Raegan felt utterly confused. Without understanding the situation herself, how could she clarify it?

Mitchel, growing more agitated by her silence, lost the composure he had intended to maintain.

Mitchel's words dripped with sarcasm, "Raegan, do you enjoy flirting with others while making a pass on me?"

Tears brimming in her eyes, Raegan retorted, "When did | ever make a pass on you?"

Mitchel sneered, "Why did you kiss me when visiting Tg esrahesea pe sad \itn'Twant to see you?"

|..." Raegan opened her mouth to respond but found no words. Mitchel continued bitterly, "Can't defend yourself? Let me answer for you."

Mitchel's anger, fueled by past grievances involving "Do you just enjoy hooking up and being a bitch?"

"You!" Raegan was livid at his insulting words. absolute asshole!

His harsh words cut deep. Raegan felt a surge of injustice, struggling to maintain her composure.

Chapter 995

She had never expected that her attempt to make peace would be misread by Mitchel, even going so far as calling her a bitch... His words stung, branding her with humiliation. How could anyone be so unjustly harsh?

Turning her face away, a heavy weight seemed to press on her chest, making it hard to breathe. She had no desire to speak to Mitchel.

But Mitchel didn't intend to let her go. He turned her face toward him, insisting, "Answer me one last time. Do you have anything else to tell me?"

Raegan was confused. Mitchel kept questioning her whether she was hiding something from him. But the only secret she had was their unborn child in her belly.

Fear crept in at the possibility of his knowing her pregnancy. Was he asking about it?

No, she couldn't tell him she was pregnant with his child. Mitchell's current state of rage made her worry he might demand something drastic, like an abortion.

She was alone in the world, and this baby represented her only hope, especially after losing a child once before. She couldn't risk her unborn child on Mitchel's volatile emotions.

As long as she kept the pregnancy to herself, Mitchel couldn't have forced her to have an abortion.

As Raegan pondered, her fear and determination were evident in her eyes.

Frightened, she bit her lip stubbornly, holding back her words. Tears welled up in her eyes, but she remained silent, determined not to speak.

Her silence only fueled Mitchel's frustration further.

His expression darkened as he moved closer, his kiss forceful and overwhelming.

Raegan fought back with all her might, but Mitchel's grip was unyielding.

His kiss was intense, his tongue invading her mouth, leaving her feeling overwhelmed and suffocated.

Flashes of that night haunted Raegan's thoughts.

When Mitchel finally broke the kiss, she gasped for air,
please, balm own."

But Mitchel held Raegan tightly, his sneer cutting
med quite enjoy yourself last time."

Raegan's heart sank at his words. They were like a slap across her face, humiliating and sharp. She had yielded to him before out of fear, to avoid worse treatment.

Lost in these thoughts, she flinched as Mitchel began to trail kisses down her neck. He the thin belt\an with his teeth, biting her collarbone sharply as he moved downward...

Pain surged through Raegan, her fear palpable.

Chapter 996

She couldn't push him away, haunted by the memory of their last encounter and the fragile safety of her unborn child in her belly.

“Stop, please, Mitchel. It still hurts...”

Her voice broke, filled with sobs.

For a moment, her soft tone seemed to reach Mitchel.

He paused, questioning, “Still hurts after five days?”

Seizing the opportunity, Raegan let her tears flow more freely, reinforcing her plea. “Yes, it’s still painful.”

She exaggerated slightly, but it wasn’t entirely a lie. Her skin was sensitive, and some swelling still lingered.

Mitchel looked at her, his expression unreadable. “Let me see for myself.”

“No, please don’t touch me!” Raegan cried out, gripping his hand firmly.

For a moment, they were locked in a standoff.

Then, in an abrupt move, her underwear was torn in two.

Embarrassment flooded Raegan, especially with the lights still on.

Thankfully, the swelling was visibly evident.

Mitchel, ignoring her protests, fetched ointment from the medical kit and applied it to the affected area.

His touch, though clinical, sent a cool relief through Raegan, leaving her momentarily dazed.

Regaining her senses, Raegan felt a surge of humiliation. Tears streamed down her face. Mitchel's actions had reduced her to an object, devoid of respect.

He then insisted she remain still, legs apart, to prevent the ointment from being wiped off.

Raegan's face flared in anger.

"Why don't you apply it yourself?" Mitchel asked, puzzled.

Raegan was at a loss for words. She wanted to explain the inconvenience of self-application and that natural healing would suffice.

But in actuality, she didn't want to use the ointment so that she'd have an excuse to stop Mitchel.

Mitchel then asked suddenly, "Did you avoid treating it as an excuse to avoid having sex me?"

The room was dead silent.

Raegan panicked, feeling as if he had read her thoughts.

Chapter 997

Mitchel, still bearing traces of her on his fingertips, approached with a hoarse voice, "That won't work!"

His arousal was evident, not driven by punishment but by desire. Clearly, he was determined to have sex with her.

Yet, he seemed more controlled than before, considering her condition and contemplating a different approach.

Frightened, Raegan pushed him away, pleading, "Don't, please... I can't..."

Not right now..."

Mitchel's expression shifted instantly. "What did you just say?"

Raegan was on the verge of tears. "It's not about you... It's me..."

Mitchel's touch was gentle as he acknowledged the soreness. "I know it's still swollen and painful, but we can find a way..."

He whispered something in her ear, his voice hoarse.

Raegan's face turned a deep red at his words, shaking her head in reluctance.

"We're married, so it's only natural for us to do this," Mitchel reasoned, pulling her closer.

Overwhelmed with humiliation, Raegan felt helpless to resist. She feared provoking another change in his mood and felt compelled to comply.

In a sudden move, Mitchel gripped her hair, his breath quickening. "Call me."

Barely able to speak, Raegan murmured, "Mitchel..."

"That's not it," he corrected in a low tone.

What else could it be? Confused and exhausted, Raegan fell silent.

"If you don't cooperate, this will last all night," Mitchel warned.

Her expression shifting, Raegan forced out a reluctant, "Honey..."

Mitchel's response was immediate. His breathing grew heavier, his gaze more intense.

"Keep calling me this way."

Raegan's humiliation deepened, feeling reduced to a prostitute.

"If you don't do as I say, it'll take me longer to finish," he said indifferently.

With great reluctance, Raegan repeated, "Honey... Honey..."

Finally, Mitchel released a sigh, drawing her up into his arms and kissing her forehead.

Chapter 998

The ordeal, though shorter than usual, lasted nearly two hours.

Exhausted, Raegan lay motionless.

Eventually, Mitchel escorted her to the bathroom. She wanted to refuse but didn't dare provoke him further.

Fortunately, he seemed to recognize her fatigue and simply shared a shower with her.

Then, utterly spent, Raegan fell asleep in Mitchel's embrace.

Gazing at Raegan's serene, sleeping face, Mitchel's demeanor softened, and he whispered, "If you're honest with me, I can accept it."

In the past, he wouldn't have taken it seriously, merely seeing it as a joke.

But now, things were unclear, and he knew that if compromise was necessary, he would be the first to attempt it.

He just wanted Raegan to be by his side, willingly.

If that was what it took, he was willing to give it a try.

Not hearing his words, Raegan, deep in slumber, instinctively snuggled closer to his warmth.

Mitchel's expression shifted, his grip loosening slightly to hold her more gently, ensuring her comfort.

That night, Mitchel slept peacefully.

Raegan, however, was tormented by a nightmare. In it, Mitchel was merciless, forcing her to terminate her pregnancy.

This fear haunted her until the early hours of the morning.

Before dawn fully broke, Raegan lay awake, Mitchel sleeping soundly beside her, his breaths even and calm.

Raegan sat up quietly, reaching for Mitchel's phone on the bedside table.

She used Mitchel's face to unlock it, but dared not head outside the room.

Instead, she tiptoed into the bathroom to send a message.

As she prepared to send the text, she realized she needed a password.

Mitchel's phone was customized for high security, useless to anyone who found it without the correct code.

Raegan tried Mitchel's birthday and the villa's password, but neither worked.

Just as she was about to abandon her attempt, a familiar voice startled her.

"Do you need me to unlock it for you?"

Chapter 999

Raegan's heart raced when she heard Mitchell's words.

Mitchel's phone slipped from her grasp, clattering to the floor.

Mitchel entered, his bare feet silent. His long legs were strong, his upper body sculpted with defined muscles.

He stooped to retrieve the phone, offering it to Raegan. "Try 822822," he suggested.

Raegan was taken aback. August 22nd. It was the date they first received their marriage certificate.

She stood frozen, the phone burning in her hand, especially with the text glaring from the screen.

Mitchel read her message aloud. "Mr. Hector Dixon, I'm trapped by Mitchel.

Can you help me out? Sent by Raegan Hayes."

Mitchel's voice was icy. "Seeking help from my uncle?"

His exterior was calm, but inside, turmoil raged. Sure enough, Raegan still wanted to run away. This irked Mitchel increasingly.

Mitchel's eyes narrowed. He grasped her chin and pressed her against the wall, his tone fierce. "Do you enjoy flirting with the men around me? How do you plan to repay Hector if he helps you out?"

Raegan paled, her restraint gone. "You can't imprison me like this. Though we're a couple, you have no right to confine me."

At her words, Mitchel's expression grew colder.

He scoffed. "Is that your argument, Raegan? That I can't do that?"

Holding her close, his composure slipped. "Then, shouldn't we consider starting a family after being married for so long?"

Raegan was speechless, shocked by his words.

Memories of their lost child haunted her, a painful thorn in her heart, continually reviving past anguish.

Raegan's voice was heavy with bitterness. "Don't even dream about it!"

The pain of the loss of her first child was too much to bear again. She was afraid of losing her child again because of those crazy women around Mitchel.

With resolve, she declared, "I will never have a child with you."

She couldn't bring herself to the possibility of losing her child again.

This was her baby!

But Mitchel replied sternly, "That's not for you to decide."

His expression dark, he took a tie from the dresser and restrained her hands to the towel rack.

Chapter 1000

Confused and fearful, Raegan asked in a trembling voice, "Mitchel, what are you doing?"

Mitchel, holding her head gently, offered a faint smile. "Practicing how to make a baby."

"Hmm..." Before she could protest, Mitchel silenced her with a kiss, his approach dominating yet tender.

Humiliated and angry, Raegan felt herself nearing a breaking point.

After finishing his business, Mitchel didn't even untie her. Instead, he just let her hanging on the towel rack helplessly.

It was only when the maid arrived that Raegan was freed.

Crumbled on the bathroom floor, knees to her chest, Raegan trembled uncontrollably.

The maid, sympathetic yet helpless, tried to console Raegan, "I can see Mr Dixon and you are deeply in love with each other. Yet, you two seemed to argue a lot. Perhaps talking it through will help. Why must you hurt each other so?"

In love with each other? Raegan could only shake her head in sorrow.

If this was Mitchel's version of love, she wanted no part of it.

The maid continued, "Actually, Mr. Dixon truly cares for you. I've seen him alone in your room, clutching the pillow you used to sleep on. He constantly buys new clothes for you, and the food stocked here is always to your taste, refreshed daily even when you're away..."

Raegan felt numb to the maid's words. Terms like love and care seemed unfit to describe her bond with Mitchel.

In her eyes, Mitchel viewed her as nothing more than an object. He never imagined that one day she would defy his commands.

His ego bruised when he sensed losing control. That was why he became fixated on regaining it.

His obsession filled Raegan with dread. Her fear overshadowed any love she once felt, leaving her desperate to run away from Mitchel.

The idea of fleeing consumed Raegan's thoughts, solidifying into a firm resolve to break free from Mitchell's side.

Meanwhile, it was the night before Jarrod's wedding.

On the phone, Jamie's voice was tender with affection. "Jarrod, I feel like I am the happiest woman in this world. Let's have two children in the future!"

Jarrod's expression turned somber. Jamie's words echoed his past promises to Nicole.

Jarrod hesitated, his silence lingering until Jamie prompted him. "Jarrod, are you there?"

Regaining composure, Jarrod replied evasively, "It's late, Jamie. Get some rest." He skillfully dodged the subject.

After a sweet goodbye, Jamie quickly made another call, her voice now stern.

“Keep an eye on Jarrod tonight. Report anything unusual.”

After the call, Jarrod stood before a large French window, smoking. He was still hanging on those words, “Let’s have two children...”