

## **Unbreakable 141**

### Chapter 141

Divorce After hanging up the phone, Mitchel rushed to the hospital with Matteo.

And the first thing Matteo did when they arrived was check the surveillance video.

They saw in the video that Raegan came out of her ward at half past one in the morning when the nurse was taking a nap.

Wearing a white dress, Raegan entered the elevator barefoot.

But the surveillance camera showed she didn't leave the hospital.

The elevator stopped on the eighteenth floor.

Matteo suddenly said with a solemn expression, "Mr. Dixon, it's the top floor." Mitchel's eyes narrowed upon hearing this.

He strode out of the monitoring room without saying anything.

It was a cold, dark night.

On the top floor, Raegan sat on a concrete pier.

Her seaweed hair hung loosely on her shoulders, and her white dress swayed in the wind, making her look even thinner.

She looked as fragile as a crystal that could break at any moment.

When Mitchel saw this scene, his face turned pale.

Panic immediately surged in his heart.

"Raegan..." he called out cautiously.

It was as if he was afraid his voice would break her.

Raegan didn't move.

It seemed she didn't hear anything.

She raised her head and stared at the dark night sky.

"What are you looking at?" Mitchel asked in a low voice, staring at her and approaching her slowly.

Raegan didn't seem to notice what he was doing.

But she answered, "My baby..." Mitchel stopped in his tracks.

Then, he saw Raegan raise her arm, point at the sky, and say, "My baby just came to say goodbye to me and went there." Suddenly, Mitchel felt like a giant hammer fell from the sky and hit his heart hard.

The color drained from his face when he heard this.

His hands unconsciously trembled.

After a long time, he finally said with difficulty, "Can you get down first?" Still, Raegan didn't move.

She asked slightly, "Mitchel, can you let me go?" Mitchel's palms were sweating profusely.

He was so nervous now.

He said in a forbearing tone, "Let's talk about it after you go down, okay?" When Raegan looked at his face, she knew she was halfway to success.

Actually, she wanted to make him believe that she would commit suicide.

Then, he would agree to the divorce.

Of course, she wouldn't risk her life.

After all, she promised her grandmother that she would live a good life.

She would never break her promise.

And the first step to living a good life was to leave Mitchel.

She must never let hatred take control of her life.

Though Raegan said to Mitchel that she would ask Kyler for help on their divorce, she didn't want Kyler to know her baby was gone.

Kyler cherished her.

He was the one who gave her warmth.

She didn't have the heart to make him sad.

"Mitchel, let's break up peacefully," Raegan said, staring at Mitchel.

At this moment, she only had one thing on her mind.

And that was, loving him for ten years was one of the worst things she had ever done.

She wasted ten years of her life, and she regretted it very much.

The entire rooftop was pitch-black under the moonless sky.

Only Raegan's small face shone.

Mitchel was reminded of the first time he saw her.

At that time, he thought her eyes were very beautiful.

They were as bright as the newborn baby, without any impurities.

Now, her beautiful eyes were still bright.

However, they were emotionless.

Why did this happen? Why did she have to suffer like this? Heartache, panic, regret, and all kinds of emotions instantly filled Mitchel's chest.

He could hardly breathe.

It was as if a giant boulder pressed his heart.

Could he really let her go? This time, he heard himself begging in a low voice, "Raegan, I assure you that Lauren won't disturb us again.

She is totally out of our lives.

Please give me a chance.

I will treat you well.

I will do everything to bring back the way we used to be..." Before he could finish his words, Raegan interrupted, "Can you bring my baby back?" Mitchel was at a loss for words, not knowing what to say.

No matter how rich and powerful he was, he was not omnipotent.

There were things he couldn't do.

He couldn't bring their baby back, just as they couldn't go back to the past.

Suddenly, Raegan broke down and cried hard.

Every time she recalled her baby, she felt heartbroken.

She hoped she didn't lie to Mitchel when she said her baby visited her in her dream and said it had gone to a wonderful paradise.

But unfortunately, it was not true.

Her baby never visited her in her dream.

She missed her baby so much.

When Raegan's grandmother died, the baby in her belly was her only comfort.

But why should she be deprived of her only comfort? Why did they take it away from her? At this moment, Raegan wanted to pour out all her emotions.

Her body trembled as she cried hysterically.

"Mitchel, I begged you at that time..." When she was kidnapped and called Mitchell in despair, she didn't expect him to come to her rescue right away.

But she hoped he didn't hang up on her and at least checked her location.

However, he hung up the phone without believing even a single word she said.

When those hooligans beat her up, she did her best to protect her belly.

Her baby had accompanied her for a long time.

But in the end, her baby couldn't survive.

Mitchel's face turned as pale as a sheet, and his heart hurt as if it was being crushed.

That phone call was the most regrettable moment of his life.

"Raegan, I'm sorry.

I'm really, really sorry." He knew she wouldn't accept his apology.

But he didn't know what else to say except sorry.

He felt so helpless at the moment.

For the first time, he knew what it meant to be helpless.

If he could, he would sacrifice his life to bear the pain for her.

His heart was also crushed when their baby was gone.

Every time he thought of their baby, he felt like his heart was pricked by countless thorns.

But he knew that his pain was far less than one-tenth of Raegan's.

After all, she suffered too much.

Raegan's long eyelashes flickered slightly, and pearl-like teardrops fell along her pale face one after another.

"Mitchel, I'm begging you again now.

Please let me go.

Don't make me hate you more." The word "beg" was like a knife, cutting every inch of Mitchel's body.

The pain seemed unbearable.

He could no longer stand it.

He staggered back, feeling the fresh smell of blood in his throat.

It had only been a few minutes, but he felt like they had been there for a very long time.

He felt the cold wind blow on his face.

He looked at her and said in a hoarse voice, "Okay." Mitchel could no longer bear to see Raegan this miserable, so he finally agreed.

The next day, Mitchel returned to the hospital in the afternoon.

He helped Raegan complete the discharge formalities, then they drove to the court.

On their way, there was pin-drop silence in the car.

It was as if silence was the last harmony between them.

Normally, it should only be a forty-minute journey.

But Mitchel drove so slow that it took them an hour and a half.

Raegan didn't make a fuss about it.

She thought they had enough time, anyway.

So, she just sat in the passenger seat calmly.

Finally, they arrived at their destination.



Raegan got out of the car without waiting for Mitchel to open the door for her.

When they walked in, the staff said apologetically, "I'm sorry.

We are currently having problems with the system.

It won't be fixed soon.

Will it be okay if you come back tomorrow?" The hope in Mitchel's reignited upon hearing these words.

But the next second, it was shattered.

Raegan said firmly, "It's okay.

We will wait." She didn't want to wait all night.

For her, a long delay meant trouble.

So, she was willing to wait until they fixed the problem.

Bitterness surged up in Mitchel's heart.

But he could only purse his lips.

It was almost time for the staff to get off work, but the system problem had not been resolved yet.

The people waiting in line behind Mitchel and Raegan had all left.

Only the two of them stayed in the line.

When Mitchel saw this, he lowered his head and murmured, "How about we go home? Let's come here tomorrow." Raegan raised her head and looked at the clock on the wall.

"There are still ten minutes left." Mitchel's face turned pale.

Why was she so eager to divorce him? Did she hate him so much that she didn't want to have anything to do with him for even a second? A trace of disappointment flashed in his eyes.

"You can wait here, then.

I have to go back to deal with some business matters." "No.

We will both wait here." Raegan was not a fool.

How could she get a divorce alone? "There's an important contract waiting for me to sign.

Can you compensate me for my loss?" Mitchel said with a frown.

"You..." Raegan glared at Mitchel.

She knew he did it on purpose.

Any contracts of the Dixon Group were worth hundreds of millions.

Of course, she couldn't afford to compensate him.

When Mitchel saw Raegan's reaction, he felt much better.

He said in a clear voice, "If you can't afford it, I'll leave now." Who wouldn't know he was evading? Mitchel clearly knew that Raegan would disappear from his life as soon as she got the divorce certificate.

If she hadn't threatened him with her life, he would never let her go.

At this moment, the staff suddenly shouted, "The system problem has been fixed.

No.

24, are you still here?"

Chapter 142

Never See Her Again Raegan's heart skipped a beat at what she perceived as the most beautiful sound on Earth.

She snatched the ID card from Mitchel's grasp and slapped it down on the table.

"We're here!" In that instant, Mitchel's towering figure seemed to crumble.

Shortly after, the divorce certificates were placed before them.

Raegan calmly slid hers into her handbag.

Mitchel, on the other hand, stood as if lost in a fog.

His face turned a shade paler at the sight of the official document.

For the first time, he despised the walls that surrounded them.

Raegan took the divorce certificate for Mitchel and shoved it into his arms.

"Don't hold up the line." The paper felt like fire against Mitchel's chest, burning far deeper than the skin.

He remained rooted to the spot.

By the time he returned to his senses, Raegan had already gone out.

Mitchel hurried after her.

When he saw her getting into a taxi, he, in desperation, grabbed her hand.

Raegan jerked and tried to shake off his grip.

As it turned out, he had seized her injured right hand.

"Ouch! Let me go!" Raegan cried while glaring at him.

Pained by the coldness in her stare, Mitchel held her hand tighter and offered, "Let me drive you home."  
"No, thank you," Raegan refused without a second thought.

When the taxi driver saw the standoff, he picked up another passenger and drove off.

Raegan was fuming.

Sadly, she was unable to break free from Mitchel's grasp, so she eventually stopped struggling.

Mitchel mistook her calm for a sign of hope.

Though a glimmer of hope rose in his heart, he acted tough.

"Do you want me to carry you in my arms, or will you come along without a fuss?" Raegan was too mad to say a word.

Before she could react, Mitchel had swept her up into his car and buckled her in.

However, she, quick as a flash, unbuckled the seat belt and lunged for the door.

Mitchel had seen through her and immediately locked the door from his side.

Seething, Raegan turned to him and demanded through gritted teeth, "Unlock the door." "I'll drive you home," Mitchel insisted.

"Didn't you hear me? I said, unlock the door!" Raegan, with her patience wearing thin, took out her phone and dialed the police right there.

"Raegan!" Mitchel reached out to stop her.

He never expected she would actually call the police on him.

With his face drained of color and his voice laced with sorrow, he relented.

"Fine.

But there's something I want to say to you first.

After that, you can do as you please." Raegan just stared at him in response.

"Raegan, I only saved Lauren that day to pay off my debt.

She once saved my life, after all.

I had no idea you'd get hurt.

If I had known, I never would have gone after her," Mitchel explained in a hoarse voice.

Raegan remained expressionless.

She was neither sad, touched, nor angry.

"Are you done? Can I go now?" Her words struck Mitchel like a thunderbolt, and pain radiated through his chest.

"Do you really despise me so much you can't stand seeing me?" "What do you think, Mitchel?" Raegan scoffed.

"Every time I see you, I'm reminded of how you left me in the parking lot to save another woman and how you ignored me when I begged you to save my baby." Raegan tried, with all her might, to keep her emotions in check.

She was through with him.

She felt neither love nor resentment toward him.

Just nothing.

Mitchel's face went as white as a sheet at her every word.

Moreover, he felt as if a sharp blade was lodged in his chest, rendering him breathless.

Though he had agreed to get a divorce because she threatened him with her life, he did not know how to face her for now.

As she prepared to exit the car, Raegan looked at his pale face and said with a faint smile, "Take care.

Let this be our last goodbye." Her smile was sincere and not forced.

It was as if a weight had been lifted from her shoulders.

She felt no need for drawn-out goodbyes.

After all, she wanted nothing but for their paths never to cross again.

To her disappointment, she might see Mitchel again.

The terms of their divorce required discretion to keep it from Kyler.

As long as Kyler wanted to see her, she would pay him a visit.

It was inevitable for her and Mitchel to see each other, even if she tried her best to avoid him.

Meanwhile, Mitchel was left grappling with his emotions.

The smile Raegan wore was unbearable to him.

It was a silent reminder of all he had lost.

As he watched her receding figure, a bitter taste filled his mouth.

But then, slowly, darkness overtook his sight.

Before he knew it, he slumped over in the car, unconscious.

But before he lost consciousness, he saw Raegan look back at him.

Mitchel was somehow relieved.

At last, she had cast a glance his way.

But the truth was, Raegan did not turn around.

It was just his imagination.

When Mitchel's eyes fluttered open, he found himself staring at the white ceiling of a hospital room.

Matteo had brought him here.

Mitchel had not slept for days.

With exhaustion taking its toll on him and his surge of anger, he vomited blood and passed out.

"Has she come by?" Mitchel asked.

The first thing he thought of when he woke up was Raegan.

Of course, Matteo knew very well who Mitchel was talking about.



He could not help but be flustered as Mitchel stared at him expectantly.

Regardless, he had no choice but to speak the truth.

"No, Mr.

Dixon." "But did you tell her I'm here?" Mitchel queried with a flicker of hope in his eyes.

"Yes, I've called her." "And what did she say?" Matteo recalled what Raegan had said and recounted it to Mitchel verbatim.

"She said, 'Isn't he in the hospital? Why call me? I'm not a doctor.

You'd be better off calling Luis.

And, Mitchel and I are divorced.

There's no need to update me on his condition." Matteo reported everything to Mitchel without sparing any details.

After a long, deafening silence, Mitchel bellowed, "Leave!" The door clicked shut behind Matteo, but the sounds of distress from within the room reached him nonetheless.

He sighed deeply and mused on the perils of love.

From what he had witnessed, he vowed to avoid marriage himself.

Meanwhile, after returning to her house in Crystal Bay, Raegan did not go out for a whole week.

The hospital had not been a place of rest for her.

But now that the divorce was over and she was in her own space, she surrendered to sleep.

She indulged in a carefree lifestyle, eating just once a day, and spent most of the past three days sleeping.

As the days slipped by, Raegan turned her attention to unresolved matters.

She reached out to Cara and informed the latter she could no longer work for her studio.

Cara tried to persuade Raegan to reconsider.

Raegan, however, remained steadfast.

It was not that she did not want to, but because she figured it was impractical for her to work, given her injured right hand.

Her hand's recovery remained a question mark.

A designer was supposed to pour time and energy into her crafts.

Sadly, her right hand might just fall short of what the job demanded.

Upon learning of Raegan's injured hand, Cara expressed her understanding and assured Raegan that the door would always remain open for her.

In the following days, Raegan, unwilling to be idle, began searching for jobs online.

She narrowed her options to two potential paths: a translation service and a renowned educational institution.

Both fields seemed accessible to her in her current condition.

Upon hearing of Raegan's divorce, Nicole reached out.

Nicole expressed her frustration of being previously barred from visiting Raegan by Mitchel's overzealous bodyguards.

Once Nicole learned from a doctor acquainted with her that Raegan had been discharged, she called Raegan at once.

Raegan said she wanted to just stay home and take a rest.

Nevertheless, a week later, Nicole arrived at her doorstep, determined to whisk Raegan away to celebrate.

The celebration venue was, of course, in the bar.

Nicole indulged in her usual fare.

Raegan, feeling more like herself again, joined in with a selection of cocktails.

Several drinks deep, Nicole's emotions spilled over.

She clung to Raegan and cried, "How could you even think of jumping off a building for that jerk? He's not worth your life!" When Nicole recalled the doctor's alarming update, she felt her heart lurch with fear.

To ease Nicole's distress, Raegan shared the truth.

"I didn't intend to jump.

It was just the quickest route to divorce I could think of.

I figured if Mitchel didn't relent, I'd find another way.

Thankfully, he gave in to the divorce without it coming to that." "Really?" Nicole, with her eyes wide open, continued to complain, "Do you realize how terrified I was when the doctor told me you were about to jump? You scared the shit out of me." "Don't worry.

I won't do anything stupid.

He's not worth it," Raegan assured her.

Nicole's response was a mix of relief and admiration.

She wrapped Raegan in a warm embrace and said, "I've always known you're strong.

You're not the type to let a man like that drag you down." "Of course not.

I made a promise to my grandma to live well, and I won't let myself suffer for someone else's mistakes.

So you don't need to worry.

I'll look after myself.

I won't give a damn about him from now on." Their moment of solidarity was broken by a sneering voice from behind.

"Oh, the tales women spin." Upon hearing the voice, Nicole's face turned as white as a sheet.

She turned around and saw Jarrod.

Next to Jarrod was Mitchel.

Jarroed smirked and said with scorn, "Well, here's the woman you've been brooding over.

It seems she's so indifferent to you."

Chapter 143

Pretend Not To Know Each Other Overheard Raegan's words, Mitchel's face turned gloomy.

On the other hand, Raegan's face turned pale.

After being with Mitchel for two years, she already knew him weil.

He hated people who lied to him.

But she also thought she wouldn't have much chance to get in touch with this superior CEO of the Dixon Group in the future, anyway.

So, it didn't matter if he hated her.

In fact, it would be best if he hated her so much that he wouldn't want to see her.

By then, she could have a peaceful life.

Nicole stepped forward, directly blocking Raegan behind her.

Then she looked at Mitchel and warned, "You have caused Raegan so much misery.

So, what's wrong with her wanting a divorce? If someone makes my life miserable, I will kill him with my own hands." Raegan was Nicole's best friend, so Nicole would naturally defend Raegan.

Besides, Raegan was innocent.

It was Mitchel who had done wrong to Raegan.

Mitchel's face was still cold, but he didn't say anything.

Raegan had not seen him for a week.

She noticed that he'd lost a lot of weight, and his face looked a little sickly.

She remembered the day when Matteo told her that Mitchel vomited blood and fainted.

She thought it was Mitchel's trick.

But now that he was in front of her, it seemed to be true.

This was the first time she had seen his frail side.

She admitted that she felt sorry for him.

After all, she had loved him for ten years, and she still loved him until now.

It was difficult for her to be totally indifferent to him.

Raegan knew herself.

Her problem was that she was too easy to be softhearted.

She could not be too ruthless to others.

Even if Mitchel looked sick, it didn't affect his noble temperament at all.

He was still very handsome despite his sickly appearance.

Raegan thought he would at least ask her some questions, so she had prepared herself to answer them.

However, it didn't happen.

Instead, he just glanced at her with a little fierceness, and then he completely ignored her.

He strode away from her as if he didn't know her.

Back then, after they got their divorce certificate, Raegan said to Mitchel that they should never see each other again.

Was this his response to her words? But this was what she wanted, right? Why did she still feel sad when she saw his indifference? Time was really a terrible thing.

Many emotions that had been kept for a long time came out naturally.

Raegan took a deep breath and blinked a few times.

She convinced herself that it was a good thing.

If they didn't have any contacts, they would forget each other sooner.

Jarrood glanced at Mitchel and saw his cold look.

Then he stood by Nicole's side and whispered, "I still have something to settle with you later." Nicole froze, and her face turned pale upon hearing this.

Since Nicole and Raegan were both drunk, Nicole called a designated driver to take them home.

She let the driver send Raegan home first, then asked the driver to send her to Jarrod's apartment.

When she was already in front of the door, she felt very uneasy.

She had no idea what awaited her inside, but she knew that Jarrod had too many ways to torture people.

She closed her eyes and took a deep breath to calm herself down.

Then she reached out and pressed the doorbell.

The door opened automatically.

As she walked into the apartment, she kept reminding herself to be good.

She had to be obedient so that things would end quickly.

Then she could leave.



Jarrood was still in his suit.

He stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling window with his back to her.

When he heard her come in, he turned around and looked at her with cold eyes, making her feel like he had just crawled out of hell.

"Well, I must say that you've done a good job with your little tricks." Jarrood's tone was flat.

But for some reason, it made Nicole feel even more scared.

Nicole couldn't guess what he knew, so she had to play dumb.

"What do you mean?" Jarrood took out a stack of photos and threw them on her face.

The sharp corner of one of the photos even cut her ear.

"The night before yesterday, it was Korbin from the Capital Company.

Yesterday afternoon, it was Mr.

Freeman.

And this noon, it was Jerry.

What a tight schedule." He paused.

But without waiting for her answer, he disdainfully asked in a low voice, "Nicole, are you sure you have entertained all of them?" Nicole felt like she was struck by lightning.

Her mind went blank, and she couldn't think of a word to retort.

It turned out that Jarrod knew all about her making allies.

She panicked, thinking she was doomed this time.

Nicole was so scared that she turned around and was about to run out.

She didn't have time to think about anything.

But before she could take a step, Jarrod quickly grabbed her neck and pressed her face hard against the French window.

He pressed his thin lips against her ear from behind and asked coldly, "Where did they touch you?" Nicole was terrified.

Her face was pressed hard against the thick glass, making her feel like it was about to deform.

And she felt that Jarrod was tying up her hands behind with a chain.

He must be going crazy again.

What if he would kill her this time? At the thought of this, Nicole trembled all over.

She struggled while explaining, "No, they didn't touch me." Would Jarrod believe Nicole? He hated people who resisted his control, so he was blinded by anger now.

"Do you know what I hate the most? It's when other people touch my toys." Jarrod looked at Nicole with gloom in his eyes.

He stretched out his long arm and took a bottle of champagne from the wine rack.

His handsome face was filled with cruelty.

"Since you are dirty, I must disinfect you." Suddenly, Nicole's mind went blank again.

When she came back to her senses, she roared angrily, "Jarrod, are you crazy? Let go of me!" Jarrod sneered, pressed his long legs against hers, and said coldly, "What do you think?" While still pressing Nicole's head against the glass, Jarrod's slender fingers pressed the champagne's cork down and shook it vigorously, waiting for the fine bubbles to rise.

Nicole's eyes widened.

Fear surged up in her heart.

She cursed, "Jarrod, you are a fucking crazy dog!" He was actually worse than a crazy dog.

How could she be obedient to him if he was like this? Suddenly, there was a plop.

The champagne lid had already popped out.

The pungent alcohol spurted out and sprayed onto Nicole's head, face, and body.

Her eyes were hit by the liquid, making her feel like she was going blind.

Every hair on her body was stimulated to stand up.

Behind her, Jarrod smiled sinisterly.

He looked like the devil from hell.

He was happy to see her pale expression.

Seeing her look miserable, all the malice was revealed in his eyes.

“We are just getting started.

Please bear with me.”

Chapter 144

I Look Down Upon You Nicole tried her best not to cry.

But at this moment, tears streamed down her pale face uncontrollably.

She just couldn't stop them from falling.

Her legs went so weak that she knelt in front of the French window and leaned against the transparent glass for support.

Jarrod's apartment was on the eighth floor, which was not very high.

When she looked down, she saw the security guards patrolling the alleys.

She wished they would raise their heads and look up.

Then, they would see what crazy things were happening beside the window.

Nicole thought Jarrod was done.

But to her surprise, he took a goblet, shook the remaining champagne, slowly poured it into the goblet, and handed it to her.

He looked at her and smiled.

"This champagne is very expensive.

You shouldn't waste it." Nicole glared at him and cursed, "Jarrod, you are a fucking dog!" As soon as she said this, Jarrod grabbed and pinched her jaw hard to open her mouth forcibly and directly poured the champagne into her mouth.

Nicole choked on a mouthful of champagne and coughed violently.

Since she couldn't stop coughing, she couldn't swallow it.

The liquid oozed out from the corners of her mouth.

She was overwhelmed by the smell of alcohol.

And she was helpless in the face of his anger.

Jarrod smashed the empty goblet against the window.

Shards of glass flew in all directions, and some hit Nicole, cutting the skin on her arms.

He squatted down, held her chin, and turned her face to him.

"If I'm a fucking dog..." After being choked by alcohol, Nicole still coughed and even gasped for breath.

She couldn't answer him.

Jarrold stretched out his hand and patted her face.

"How about you? What are you?" His tone was full of contempt and disgust.

There was pain in Nicole's eyes.

It felt terrible to be tortured by Jarrod.

And he had been doing this to her for a long time.

At this moment, she decided to throw caution to the wind.

She cursed directly, "Jarrod, you are nothing but an animal!" Jarrod instantly flared up.

He pinched her chin hard and snapped, "I dare you to say that again!" Nicole looked at him and added coldly, "Jarrod, you are only capable of bullying women.

I look down upon you." Jarrod's dark eyes turned cold.

He grabbed her neck, pinched it hard, and slammed her against the glass.

"It seems you haven't learned enough lessons." It took a long while for Jarrod to quench his desire.

Then he got up and went to the bathroom to take a shower.

After coming out of the bathroom, he leaned against the headboard lazily, reached for the cigarette box on the bedside table, and took one cigarette.

He put it in his mouth, lit it, and took a deep drag.

He blew a mouthful of smoke, shrouding his handsome face.

His eyes were fixed on the motionless figure on the floor.

He said lightly, "Miss Lawrence, that's all you've got?" Since Nicole lay on the floor naked, she felt so cold that she trembled all over.

Her body was covered with red and purple marks.

She knew she had no way out, so she let it be.

Three years? No, it wouldn't last that long.

If Jarrod continued to torture her like this, it would only take at most three months for her to be killed by him.

Especially now that he found she had come in contact with the former partners of the Lawrence family.

Her road ahead would only become more difficult.

If she wanted to pull off a success, she must first make him let down his guard.

But what should she do? He was stubborn, and he didn't believe anyone that easily.

What if she used a combination of hard and soft methods? Nicole was still lost in thought, pondering what to do next, when her face was suddenly pinched up.

The tears that were about to fall hung up on the corners of her eyes.

At this moment, she looked aggrieved and fragile.

She seemed to lose all her strength.

Jarrood stared at her.

This time, the sternness in his eyes faded slightly.

He said in a casual tone, "Do you think you're wronged?" Nicole noticed the change in his emotions and decided to take advantage of this opportunity.

She squeezed out more tears and said angrily, "Jarrod, do you only know how to make a woman suffer? Shame on you! A real man should be able to satisfy a woman in bed, not the other way around." Jarrod sneered coldly, "And do you think you deserve it?" His words annoyed Nicole even more.

She retorted, "Why don't you untie me? So I can let you know whether I deserve it or not?" Jarrod raised his eyebrows, looking a bit surprised.

"Are you sure?" Nicole retorted impatiently, "You keep talking so much nonsense.

Why don't you dare? Are you scared?" "Ha-ha!" Jarrod laughed sinisterly.

He squatted down and untied the chain on her hands.

"Let's see..." Before he could finish his words, Nicole pushed him to the floor.

Anger immediately rose in his eyes.



He was about to get up when she suddenly pounced on him and covered his lips with hers.

She even stuck her tongue out and pried his mouth open, wanting to give him a passionate French kiss.

Nicole was not that good at kissing.

Jarrood didn't know this because although they had had sex many times, they seldom kissed.

After all, kissing was for couples who loved each other.

There was no love between them, so it was not appropriate for them.

But Nicole had no idea that her unfamiliarity with it would arouse Jarrod even more.

Jarrood's eyes darkened.

Soon, he responded to her kisses and even deepened their entanglement.

Of course, his kissing skills were much better than Nicole's.

But Nicole didn't like it at all.

In the eyes of the outside world, Jarrod was a handsome and successful businessman.

But for her, he was a disgusting animal.

He was the devil who ruined her and her family.

He was not satisfied with destroying her fantasies and shattering her peaceful life.

He also drove her family into a corner.

She had no choice but to save herself first.

Jarrold was about to move his hand down when Nicole suddenly stopped him.

She gave him her most charming smile and said, "Let me do it for you this time.

What do you think?" She only repeated what he had said to her.

But Jarrod's eyes instantly lit up.

Sure enough, men are all the same.

They all liked excitement.

Nicole deliberately used her fingers to rub his earlobe, watching him squint with satisfaction.

"Mr.

Schultz, I am telling the truth.

They never touched me.

I only made an introduction to them about the new technology of the Lawrence family.

You really want to drive the Lawrence family to do a desperate act, right?" Jarrod grabbed her restless hand and said sharply, "I don't care whether the Lawrence family prospers.

It has nothing to do with me." What he wanted the most was to see the Lawrence family doomed.

But he didn't want the Lawrence family to go down at once.

He wanted to watch them going down the drain little by little.

For him, it was more fun.

In fact, he was planning something big.

And when the right time came, the Lawrence family would suffer the most.

At the thought of this, cruelty surged in Jarrod's heart again.

He couldn't wait to see Nicole's expression when the truth was revealed before her.

After all, it felt good to manipulate people, especially their feelings.

But Jarrod had no idea that Nicole shared the same thought.

Wasn't it that great minds thought alike? Nicole lowered her head, gently bit his earlobe, and asked in a soft voice, "What if I can satisfy you?" Suddenly, lust filled Jarrod's eyes.

Since he returned from abroad, Nicole always acted like a dead body whenever they had sex.

This was the first time she had proactively seduced him.

Jarrod froze like a statue.

He just stared at Nicole unblinkingly.

Nicole picked up his tie from the floor and started blindfolding him.

He frowned and reached out to stop her.

She leaned closer to his ear and whispered with a hint of mockery, "Mr.

Schultz, you've been through a lot, right? Can't you even stand this small trick?" Her words worked.

Jarrold just sneered and let her do what she wanted.

Actually, his curiosity was piqued.

He wanted to know what Nicole was capable of.

After covering Jarrod's eyes, Nicole lowered her head and kissed his Adam's apple, nibbling it gently from time to time.

Jarrold's arousal intensified, and his breath became heavier.

Then he felt that Nicole's lips from his neck kept going down.

He realized it was more exciting being blindfolded.

He couldn't see what she would do next, and he could only anticipate.

But later, Jarrod realized something was wrong.

When he was so immersed in that pleasurable feeling, he didn't notice that his hands had already been tied with the cold iron chain.

His eyes suddenly turned cold.

"Nicole, what the hell are you doing?" Jarrod shook his hands and tried to stand up.

It was only then that he found Nicole fixed the chain to the bed.

He couldn't move at all.

If the situation was different, he would have already flared up in anger.

But at this moment, he tried hard to suppress his anger and said calmly, "Let go of me before I lose my temper." "Mr, Schultz, are you angry? Haven't you had this kind of fun with other women?" Nicole asked with a smile.

"You...

What do you want to do? Let go of me!" Nicole knew Jarrod was fuming with anger.

She could even hear him grinding his teeth.

An idea suddenly occurred to her.

She picked up Jarrod's phone, clung to him intimately, and took pictures.

She even bit his Adam's apple and ensured to take a picture of it in the best angle.

This time, Jarrod could no longer suppress his anger.

He shouted furiously, "What the hell are you doing?"

#### Chapter 145

Win Or Lose Instead of answering Jarrod's question, Nicole asked slowly, "Do you think Jamie will cry if she sees these photos?" Jarrod's hostility immediately showed.

"How dare you even mention her!" Nicole smiled with a touch of irony in her eyes.

"It turns out that someone as powerful as you is also afraid of something.

Since you don't want your woman to know, why do you still sleep with another woman? By the way, last time, when you hid me in your closet, I heard her moan promiscuously.

Is it because you can't satisfy her or the other way around?" Nicole paused before she continued, "Or...

You only prefer someone like me?" Her words were bold and dripping with disdain for Jamie.

Jarrod's face turned cold.

"You are not worthy of mentioning her name.

You can't even hold a candle to her.

She is not despicable like you." Nicole was no longer affected by his words.

She had heard these insulting words from him so many times that she had already become numb.

"How about you? Are you not as despicable as me? You sleep with so many women in a day.

Don't you think it's bad for your health?" At the thought of the scene when Jamie and Jarrod were together, Nicole felt so nauseous that she wanted to vomit.

She was disgusted with Jarrod, Jamie, and herself.

And this was all because of Jarrod, the man in front of her.

She swore she would do everything to get away from him.

She didn't even want to lay eyes on him again.

At this moment, Nicole pulled Jarrod up.

Then she asked, "Do you really love Jamie?" Kneeling on the bed, Jarrod looked like a sinner awaiting judgment.

He disliked this posture to the core.

When he had just arrived abroad back then, he got involved in a vicious fight and suffered losses.

In the end, he was forced to kneel on the ground like this.

But because of his unwillingness to submit, his spine was kicked hard with a spiky sole, which pierced his skin.

Being reminded of such a humiliating memory, Jarrod's face turned extremely gloomy.

"Nicole, shut your mouth if you still love your life." "Answer my question," Nicole insisted.

"Of course, I love her," Jarrod answered without hesitation.

Nicole sneered at his answer.

She said sarcastically, "If you really love her, why do you still sleep with me? It only means that your love for her doesn't hold any value." Jarrod sneered coldly, "Sleeping with you is no different from sleeping with an escort." Jarrod was blindfolded, so he couldn't see the expression on Nicole's face.

But he thought she was likely gloating over her self-destruction.

How bold she was today! Didn't she think about the consequences of what she was doing now? Didn't she know what he could do to her after he was released from this chain? Jarrod's anger flared up.

He said derisively, "Don't you know what kind of a creature you are? Have I ever treated you like a human being? You are nothing but a tool I can use to satisfy my desires." As soon as he said this, a slap sound echoed in the room.

Nicole slapped Jarrod so hard that his face tilted to the side.

And for her, the crisp sound was satisfying.

Jarrod's face was burning hot.

When he was abroad, he experienced unbearable agony.

But he had never been slapped by a woman.

He couldn't help cursing Nicole inwardly, thinking she was such a bold bitch.



Although he was blindfolded, he couldn't conceal the overflowing hostility in his eyes.

He said through clenched teeth, "Nicole, it seems you are really courting death." But what happened next was something he did not expect.

Nicole suddenly buried her face against Jarrod's chest.

Warm teardrops fell on his cold, hardened chest, making him feel like they penetrated his heart.

Then she said between sobs, "Jarrod, I love you so much.

Why are you treating me like this? I love you! I love you! Don't you know, you bastard?" Jarrod froze.

He felt like his entire being stiffened.

He couldn't believe his ears.

How could she say she loved him? Was she out of her mind? Or was she mocking him? Jarrod had the urge to tell Nicole to get lost.

But for some reason, his lips seemed glued together.

He tried several times, but he couldn't open them.

Nicole cupped his face and kissed his lips boldly and passionately.

Then she confessed in her most affectionate tone, "Jarrod, I love you.

I hate myself for still loving you despite the fact that you love someone else.

I can't make you love me.

I feel so useless." Her tears dropped onto his face and slid down to his lips.

He didn't know why, but he felt the desire to taste her tears.

Suddenly, Jarrod was filled with regrets.

He shouldn't have given Nicole the chance to contro] him.

If only he knew it would be too difficult to resist her.

Things shouldn't be like this.

He should never let her control him.

In Jarrod's eyes, Nicole was that despicable plaything.

She was a filthy hooker.

And no matter what, his impression of her would never change.

He had no reason to change his mind.

Jarrod did his best to convince himself that Nicole was only putting on an act.

He should not be moved.

His mind was in turmoil.

Still blindfolded, he didn't know the expression on Nicole's face as she hugged him and cried.

If his eyes weren't covered at this moment, he would be able to see the complete absence of any emotions in Nicole's eyes, her indifference to the extreme.

In fact, every word she said sounded rehearsed.

It was as if she had silently memorized them in advance.

At this moment, Nicole's words changed.

She said, "I hate you, Jarrod! I hate that you don't love me anymore." After saying this, she slammed the key to the chain on the floor and ran out of the apartment.

As soon as she got downstairs, she turned off her phone and hailed a taxi.

While still trembling, she asked the driver, "Mister, can you give me a Cigarette?" The driver was a little taken aback, but he handed her a stick.

Nicole took it, but she didn't light it.

She just put it near her mouth, inhaling the scent of the tobacco.

Through this scent, she felt like her father was by her side, giving her strength.

Her father still lay in the hospital bed, unconscious.

It had been half a month, and she didn't have much time left.

She was not even sure if her acting just now would have any impact on Jarrod.

Nicole would only know whether she had won or lost after seeing his next reaction.

If she won, she and her family could live a stable and peaceful life.

If she lost, she would go down.

But she would drag Jarrod with her.

Time passed by quickly, and Thursday came.

Raegan received a reply to the resume she had sent out, inviting her for an interview.

Her excellent grades in the university and the various certificates she had obtained were all counted as her strengths.

They gave her an advantage.

Her interviews went smoothly, and two companies wanted to hire her.

In the end, she chose Bright Minds Academy because it was a national chain and had greater growth potential.

She was immediately taken to the HR Department to sign the employment contract.

Then, she was told to start working on Monday.

Raegan took out her phone, wanting to share this good news with Nicole and celebrate with a dinner together.

But before she could make a phone call, her phone rang.

It was Mrs.

Barton, her neighbor in Tenassie, calling.

Raegan asked a favor from Mrs.

Barton to look after her house there, so they exchanged phone numbers.

"Hello, Mrs.

Barton! What's going on?" Mrs.

Barton's panicky voice came on the other end of the line.

"Raegan, you need to come back.

Someone has splashed some red paint on your grandmother's grave." Raegan's face instantly turned pale upon hearing this.

Mrs.

Barton couldn't explain the situation clearly on the phone, so she just urged Raegan to immediately come back.

Raegan panicked.

At the thought that her grandmother's grave was ruined, she trembled all over.

She rushed to the train station.

But when she bought a ticket, she found all the tickets for that day had been sold out.

She tried to book a taxi using her phone.

But since it was a long-distance ride, no one accepted her booking immediately.

While she was still at a loss, a black Bentley stopped steadily in front of her.

When the car window was rolled down, Raegan was stunned.

Chapter 146

Will You Wait For Me Raegan was surprised when she recognized the driver of the car.

It turned out to be Matteo.

Matteo looked at Raegan and asked respectfully, "Mrs. Dixon, where are you going?" Raegan was slightly stunned when she heard Matteo's address to her.

But suddenly, Mitchel's cold face when she saw him a few days ago flashed through her mind.

It took a while before she answered, "Matteo, I am no longer Mitchel's wife, so please don't call me Mrs. Dixon anymore.

I am Miss Hayes." She guessed Mitchel wouldn't be happy to hear Matteo call her Mrs. Dixon.

Matteo looked a little embarrassed.

He replied, "Alright, Miss Hayes.

So, where are you going? Can I give you a ride?" Raegan looked at her phone.

No one had accepted her booking yet.

She hesitated, considering whether to accept Matteo's offer.

Maybe she could ask him to take her to the station where she could take a taxi.

"Well..." "Matteo, why do you always meddle in other people's business?" Before Raegan could say anything, a deep and displeased male voice interrupted her.

She was a little surprised, not expecting that Mitchel was also in the car.

The windows were opaque, so she couldn't see inside.

Her face flushed for a moment, then it turned pale.

She felt incredibly awkward.

Mitchel continued to address Matteo, "Since you have so much free time, go to the construction site in Ardrens and keep an eye on things for me." Matteo was rendered speechless.

Actually, Mitchel was the one who noticed Raegan on the roadside and asked him to stop the car.

Matteo understood that assistants like him must have the ability to read the situation and recognize things that didn't need to be explicitly spoken by their bosses.

When Mitchel spoke, his tone sounded mechanical and cold.

Raegan didn't need to see his face to know how impatient he was now.

Raegan knew Mitchel had gotten impatient because of her.

Matteo was only implicated.

At the thought of this, she felt like crying.

She must admit she was hurt.

But Raegan forced herself to smile.

She didn't want to be with Mitchel in the same car, so she had to le to Matteo.

"Thank you, but it's okay.

Someone is coming to pick me up.

You go ahead." Matteo was a little hesitant.

He glanced at the rearview mirror nervously.

Sure enough, Mitchel's face looked very gloomy.



Mitchel noticed the kind of look Matteo gave him.

His brows furrowed tightly as he yelled, "Are we not leaving yet?" "Miss Hayes, we'll go ahead," Matteo said, nodding at Raegan.

Then he rolled up the car window, stepped on the accelerator, and drove away.

Before Raegan could react, the black luxury car disappeared from her sight.

The rims of her eyes were still red.

She was hurt, but she also knew Mitchel had every reason to ignore her.

After all, they were strangers to each other now.

Obviously, Mitchel had moved on.

But how about Raegan? Why did his coldness still make her feel sad? Maybe because she had loved him for ten years.

So, when they suddenly became strangers to each other, it was inevitable that she felt a bit aggrieved.

She remembered not only the good times they had but also the pain he had caused her.

Raegan knew all wounds took time to heal.

For now, she had a more important matter to deal with.

So, she put aside her other thoughts and focus on her current predicament.

Until now, no taxi had accepted her online booking.

Maybe because Tenassie was too remote.

No driver would want such a long-distance drive.

With every tick of the clock, Raegan's anxiety grew.

Suddenly, a car honked, interrupting her thoughts.

Then, a black Mercedes-Benz stopped in front of Raegan.

The window rolled down, revealing the face she hadn't seen for a long time.

It was Henley.

"Hi, Raegan! What a coincidence! I didn't expect to see you here." Henley was pleasantly surprised to see Raegan.

"Where are you going? I'll give you a ride." Raegan looked at her phone again.

No one took her orders yet, so she decided to tell Henley the truth.

She got in the car and said, "Can you please take me to the station?" "The station? Why? Are you going somewhere?" Henley glanced at his watch.

"It's rush hour.

At this time, it's difficult to get tickets.

You may not even buy one." "I'm going to Tenassie.

] have something important to deal with there." "Really? Another coincidence, then.

I'm actually on my way to Cedarcrest.

It's next to Tenassie, so I can drop you there." Such a fortunate turn of events eased Raegan's nervousness a lot.

She felt like Henley was her savior, and she was very grateful.

"That's great! Thank you, Henley.

Sorry for troubling you." "Don't mention it.

It's no trouble at all." Henley smiled, and his eyes twinkled.

"I'm actually lucky." Raegan was confused.

"What do you mean?" Henley looked at her and smiled playfully.

"I thought it would be a lonely journey.

I didn't expect God to send me a beautiful travel companion." Although Raegan knew Henley was joking, she still couldn't help blushing.

She lowered her head to hide her flushed face and said politely, "Thank you, Henley.

You're such a big help." Henley said with a smile, "Hey, it's okay.

How many times do I have to tell you that you don't have to be so polite to me? We are friends, aren't we?" When Henley said this, he spoke naturally and without a hint of flirtation.

He really had a great sense of boundaries.

Raegan nodded.

"All right, I get it.

But still, thank you." Henley smiled with satisfaction.

He then started the car and drove away.

When he turned a corner, his sharp eyes caught sight of a black Bentley parked on the side of the road.

If Raegan looked up, she would definitely see it.

Henley suddenly called out, "Raegan!" Raegan turned her head and gave Henley a questioning gaze.

"What's wrong?" While Raegan was looking at Henley, their car had already passed the Bentley.

Henley felt relieved.

He relaxed his posture and looked straight ahead.

"I heard you divorced." Raegan nodded and hummed in response.

She actually didn't want to talk about it, thinking it was inappropriate to discuss it with Henley.

It was a good thing that Henley wasn't someone who pried into other people's business.

He didn't ask about the divorce anymore.

Instead, he smiled gently and said, "You are Just lost now.

But I'm sure that life will treat you better and better." Raegan felt Henley was a smart man because he was good at using metaphors.

But she must admit that he was right.

She was indeed lost while chasing after Mitchel, not only in direction but also in her heart.

She ended up being scarred all over.

But now, she had found her way back.

And she was determined to make herself better.

Inside the black Bentley, the atmosphere drastically dropped to a freezing point.

Matteo covertly glanced at the rearview mirror.

Mitchel's handsome eyebrows furrowed tightly, and he exuded a repressive aura.

Matteo now regretted his words earlier.

He wanted to slap himself for being too talkative.

It was all his fault.

He was Mitchel's personal assistant, so he knew Mitchel well.

Mitchel must have been angered by Raegan's refusal to be called Mrs.

Dixon.

It was very apparent that Raegan wanted to distance herself from Mitchel.

Of course, this had hurt Mitchel's ego.

But despite the anger, Mitchel still couldn't leave Raegan standing alone on the side of the road.

Matteo felt it was his cue to intervene and offer some advice.

So, he immediately suggested they go back to pick Raegan up because she didn't seem like she was waiting for someone.

Instead, she looked anxious.

But when he made a U-turn, they found that she was indeed waiting for someone.

Moreover, she deliberately turned her head away when their car passed by the car she was in.

Did she really hate Mitchel that much? Matteo sighed regretfully.

He promised himself not to try to be clever again and give suggestions.

Otherwise, he would definitely be the next person to lose a job.

They were still parked on the side of the road.

Matteo asked nervously, "Mr.

Dixon, what should we do now?" Mitchel closed his eyes and pressed his thin lips together.

"Just drive." By the time Henley and Raegan arrived in Tenassie, it was already afternoon.

Since Henley still had to go somewhere else, Raegan didn't want to trouble him more.

She insisted on getting off in town.

Henley had to let her be.

Before she got out of the car, he said, "I'll pick you up after I finish my work.

Let's go back together." Raegan nodded.

But she inwardly thought that she didn't want to trouble Henley again.

Although Cedarcrest was close to Tenassie, he still needed to take a detour.

Henley reached out and ruffled her hair.

"Hey, don't just nod.

"Will you wait for me?" His question sounded casual, but Raegan felt it was somewhat probing.

Raegan hesitated for a moment.

Then she replied honestly, "I don't know how long it will take me to finish here.

If it's too late..." "It won't be too late," Henley interrupted.

The sporadic light shone on his handsome face, making him look even gentler.

He obviously didn't want to give Raegan a chance to refuse.

"It will be too boring to go back alone.

I won't have anyone to talk to, and I may get sleepy while driving.

So, will you wait for me?"

## Chapter 147

I Don't Know Him Raegan couldn't bring herself to turn Henley down, so with a hint of reluctance, she agreed to call him later.

Once Henley departed, Raegan called for a taxi and set off directly for the cemetery.

This rural cemetery, unlike the orderly urban ones, was a patchwork of simple dirt graves.

Nonetheless, Raegan had ensured her grandmother's resting place was marked with a tombstone.



Upon discovering the tombstone smeared with red paint, rage surged through Raegan, shaking her to the core, She paid a visit to a nearby family, residing close to the cemetery, and inquired about the incident.

The family, unfamiliar with Raegan, remembered her grandmother well.

Learning Raegan was her descendant, they revealed a villager was responsible, claiming an unsettled debt.

This villager, they said, had faced their attempts to mediate, but his troublesome reputation prevented further confrontation.

Raegan, unaware of any debts her grandmother might have had, was filled with increasing exasperation.

Yet, cleaning the defiled tombstone took precedence.

She borrowed cleaning tools from the family and set to work on the grave, tears accompanying her efforts.

With resolve hardening amidst her grief, she silently pledged to seek justice for her grandmother.

After restoring the grave's dignity, Raegan entrusted the family with two thousand dollars, assigning them the care of the site and requesting updates on any troubles.

The family accepted, their own financial straits binding them to this place.

Raegan then obtained the address of the villager and began her search in town.

But before she could locate him, a call from Mrs.

Barton, her neighbor, interrupted, informing her of a mob intent on demolishing her house, with even the property's owner on site.

Rushing to the scene, Raegan arrived to find a throng of people and the police already engaged.

The property's owner, spotting Raegan, sourly declared, "Raegan, we are neighbors.

We bought this house from your uncle.

You wanted to rent it and we've agreed.

But your collusion with your uncle has led to deception.

We don't want to rent to you now.

Make it clear to everyone that you and your uncle have no claims here." Confusion gripped Raegan.

Since Brent's detainment after the hospital incident, she had no contact with him.

Before Raegan could seek clarification, she was yanked to the ground by her hair.

"Enough! Pay back the money now!" A young police officer present at the scene stepped in and attempted to keep things calm.

"Let's find a peaceful solution.

There's no need for violence," he urged.

The property's owner had summoned the police against these troublemakers who refused to vacate the property she had legally acquired, despite her having all the necessary documentation.

Raegan's gaze lifted, and she found herself face-to-face with the very image of that notorious villager, the one who disrespected her grandma's grave.

Rage boiled within her as she demanded, "Did you desecrate my grandmother's grave?" This very troublemaker's face remained unrepentant as he scoffed, "What if I did? Would you have bothered to return otherwise? You little bitch, conspiring with Brent to swindle us, the hardworking folk.

"That was our life's savings for retirement!" Beside Raegan, a young police officer filled her in.

Not too long before, Brent had rolled into town in a lavish car, boasting of fortunes made elsewhere.

He had persuaded the villagers to invest, promising returns, and put this house up as collateral.

Unbeknownst to the folks, he had already sold the house out, which was ironic considering Raegan was now its tenant.

Brent had vanished into thin air.

The air was thick with accusations, painting Raegan as Brent's accomplice in the deception of the villagers.

Recognizing the dispute at hand, and the fact that the money was given willingly to Brent, the police officer admitted the need to locate Brent was paramount.

But Brent was a ghost, and wrath turned toward Raegan.

The police officer tried to mediate, to calm the flames of blame directed at Raegan, stressing Raegan's innocence regarding Brent's scheme.

Confusion reigned among some villagers, who questioned if their investments would return with Brent's capture.

The police officer's face clouded with sorrow as he explained the grim possibilities, "If Brent had funds to return, there was hope.

Otherwise, imprisonment awaited him, and those money was as good as gone." Despair then seized the scene.

Many villagers, advanced in years and limited in their ability to work, faced the stark reality of being penniless, lacking even for potential medical needs, their futures bleak.

A woman's sorrow erupted, her savings eroded in her tears on the ground.

Even as Brent got away with the money, a train of mix -ups occurred as a result of Raegan's decision to rent the house.

As Raegan absorbed the depth of the disaster, she implored the crowd, "How much did Brent take from you?" This simple question sparked a flicker of hope.

Raegan, known for her job at Ardlens and her university education, was assumed to be their beacon of success.

They presented Brent's promissory notes, and Raegan's quick tally estimated a staggering three million dollars lost by over twenty households.

Due to leaving here at a young age to pursue her education, Raegan didn't know many of her rural neighbors.

Yet their simple attire and sincere expressions spoke volumes of their lifelong toil.

Years of labor had yielded them a nest egg, now plundered by Brent.

Raegan's lips formed a tight line as she declared, "Listen up, everyone.

I'll contribute to settling Brent's debt this time, but should he swindle you again, I'll just stand by since I have no part in his dealings all the time." The young police officer offered reassurance, "Fear not, Brent's misdeed has been spotlighted and circulated in town.

He won't fool anyone again." The villagers, filled with hope, said in unison, "Fine.

Give back our money, then." Raegan faltered momentarily, confessing, "The funds aren't on hand at this moment.

To amass your dues, I must sell my apartment in Ardlens." Her apartment, burdened by a mortgage, would net her approximately 1.8 million after the sale.

The surplus would need to be gradually earned from her earnings over time.

This revelation soured the crowd's mood.

"You vow repayment, yet now speak of asset sales.

Is this another ruse?" The troublemaker chimed in loudly, "Family ties run deep.

She's likely a con artist, same as Brent." The crowd's restlessness surged, their advance unchecked by the young police officer.

In the midst of the turmoil, Raegan climbed atop a chair, commanding, "Stop arguing." Silence fell, all eyes on Raegan.

"Do your arguments solve your money problem?" Raegan continued, firm and clear, "I've given my word to resolve Brent's debt and I intend to keep it." Raegan's striking presence, at odds with the local rusticity, lent her words a persuasive gravity.

An elderly woman pressed, "We demand a timeline.

When shall the money be ours?" Raegan expressed regret, "I can't give you a date, yet I assure you, I'll hasten the process." Privately, she knew the flat's sale wouldn't be swift, and a shortfall loomed large.

Her job's salary would have to suffice for the incremental repayments.

The troublemaker couldn't resist saying, "See? She's fooling you.

Don't be fooled by a pretty face.

She'll vanish once she hits the city." The calm was shattered once again by the rising clamor.

Raegan, however, realized this troublemaker hadn't yet presented Brent's promissory note.

So she confronted him, "Has Brent indeed borrowed from you?" He asserted confidently, "Certainly." "How much?" Under her scrutiny, the troublemaker wavered.

"Eight hundred thousand." Raegan's skepticism was palpable.

The cemetery's whisperings had painted this troublemaker as lazy.

He was unlikely to amass such wealth.

It smacked of opportunistic deceit.

"And the promissory note?" Raegan pressed.

Caught without one, the troublemaker bluffed, "No note.

I claim eight hundred thousand, so it is." Raegan retorted, "Do we just trust your words?" Raegan faced the police officer, her voice steady, "Someone flung red paint over my grandmother's tombstone.

I've captured the mess in photographs and can bring forth witnesses.

I'm filing a police report this instant.

Moreover, I doubt Brent ever borrowed money from this man.

He's clearly seizing the chance to bully me for cash." Caught off guard, the troublemaker was left reeling.

The notion of him possessing eight hundred thousand seemed ludicrous.

He was merely scouring for a chance at easy money.

His anger surged, oblivious to the young police officer's presence.

He lashed out at Raegan, yanking her hair and hurling her toward the wall.

The sudden violence left everyone frozen, too shocked to intervene.

Raegan's head throbbed from the rough pull, and as the wall loomed closer, she braced for the blow, squeezing her eyes shut.

Then, a loud thud echoed, but the pain wasn't as searing as she feared.

Raegan felt a familiar warmth envelop her and peered open her eyes to Mitchell's stern profile.

Disoriented, she gazed into his dark, piercing eyes, half-believing it to be an illusion.

Mitchell's presence was unexpected and bewildering.

She recoiled on instinct, but his firm grasp steadied her, and she found support against him.

Meanwhile, the troublemaker was restrained by the police officer, his form pressed to the ground.

"Do you require medical help?" the police officer inquired.

Raegan shook her head, feeling a slight spin, but declined any medical aid.

As the authorities began escorting the troublemaker to the station, their attention drifted to Mitchell.

The officer, uncertain, turned to Raegan.

"Are you acquainted with this man?" "Yes." "No." Their conflicting answers slipped out in unison.

A shadow crossed Mitchell's features, his hand balling into a fist, knuckles bleaching with tension.

He felt he was an idiot who came here to offer help to her.

Chapter 148

Have You Forgotten You Lied To Me Mitchel was frustrated.

He already knew Raegan didn't want to see him, but he still chased after her.

And what did he get in return? First, Raegan told Matteo straightforwardly not to call her Mrs.

Dixon anymore.



Then, she refused Matteo's offer to give her a ride and got into Henley's car instead.

And now, she denied that she knew him.

Did she really hate him that much? The police officer looked at Raegan, then at Mitchel.

He asked, "Do you know each other or not?" Mitchel was so angry that he wanted to give Raegan a piece of his mind now.

But he restrained himself.

His eyes turned dark.

He tightly wrapped his arm around Raegan's waist and said through clenched teeth, "She's my wife." Raegan was dumbfounded when she heard his words.

She didn't react for a while.

When she came back to her senses, she tried to push him away.

But he held her even tighter.

So, she had no choice but to ask in a low voice, "What nonsense are you talking about?" The police officer pondered for a few seconds.

Then he asked Raegan, "Is this man your husband?" Raegan glared at Mitchel, thinking he must be out of his mind.

During their previous encounters, he had been indifferent to her.

He was as arrogant as a peacock.

How could he declare now that she was his wife? She didn't want to delay the police officer from working further, so she hurriedly explained, "He is my ex-husband." Mitchel's handsome face turned gloomy.

But he still held back his temper and said to the police officer, "It's okay, officer.

I'll take care of the rest." The police officer hesitated for a moment.

When Mitchel noticed this, he directly told the police officer his ID number and said coldly, "If she goes missing, come find me." What Mitchel did finally convinced the police officer, and he escorted the troublemaker away.

As soon as the police officer left, all the villagers surrounded Mitchel, refusing to let him go.

After all, they had just heard that he was Raegan's husband.

And judging from his outfit, he didn't seem like a poor man.

However, Mitchel just ignored the villagers who blocked his way.

He picked Raegan up and walked outside.

But would these villagers, who had finally seen a glimmer of hope, let them go? At this moment, Matteo stepped in.

He already knew the situation beforehand, so he went to withdraw some cash.

He announced in a loud voice, "Everyone, come here and register." The stack of cash in Matteo's hands was like a magnet that pulled the villagers to him.

In the blink of an eye, they were already around Matteo.

While watching this series of events, Raegan was too stunned to react.

She even forgot that she was still in Mitchel's arms.

She only came back to her senses when Mitchel put her down in the back seat.

It turned out that he had taken her to the car without her realizing it.

Raegan tried to get out of the car, but Mitchel forcibly pressed her down with his hands on both sides of her waist.

She couldn't escape him now, and she felt uncomfortable all over.

"Mitchel, what are you doing? Let me out!" "No," Mitchel stubbornly refused.

When he saw her continuously struggling, he pulled her up and firmly pressed her on his lap.

From afar, anyone who saw them would think they were hugging each other at this moment.

But in fact, it was more like he was imprisoning her.

Raegan didn't want to get entangled with Mitchel anymore, so she said tremblingly, "Mitchel, let me go." Mitchel stared at her, raised his eyebrows, and asked interrogatively, "Don't you have anything to say to me?" Raegan knew what he meant, but she didn't want to say anything to him.

She shook her head and said, "Nothing." "First, you lied to me.

Then, you divorced me and blocked my number.

I must say that you're really bold." Mitchel's voice became hoarse, and it was mostly out of anger.

He never wanted a divorce.

But he feared Raegan would hurt herself because of sorrow, so he was forced to agree.

He only wanted to follow her wishes and start anew.

On the day they divorced, he was so depressed that he fell ill and was hospitalized.

But she never visited him even once.

At that time, he wondered how she could be so heartless.

He was still recovering when he heard from Jarrod that Raegan was in a bar.

He immediately pulled out his IV line and rushed to the bar.

And there, he heard something.

He heard Raegan telling Nicole that she faked a suicide attempt to deceive him into granting the divorce.

She even said she didn't care about him.

The thing Mitchel despised the most in his life was deception, and Raegan knew this well.

At that moment, he felt all his blood rushed to his throat, and he almost fainted.

Fortunately, he managed to hold on until Jarrod took him out of the bar and drove him back to the hospital.

Such discovery disturbed Mitchel even in his sleep.

When he was awakened in the middle of the night, he could no longer bear it.

He sent Raegan a text message, saying, "Why did you lie to me?" But the only response he got was a red exclamation mark. He tried calling her, only to find she had already blocked his number.

Raegan felt trapped in his firm grasp, unable to take in a breath.

She said with difficulty, "Mitchel, our divorce means it's all over between us.

What is wrong with my deleting your contact information? Isn't it just a normal thing to do?" Mitchel's eyes instantly turned cold.

"Who are you to say it's over? You lied to me.

You deceived me into ending our marriage." His words made Raegan furious.

"We are already divorced.

What else do you want?" "Marry me again." "That's impossible!" Of course, Raegan firmly refused.

She made it clear that remarrying him was out of the question.

Mitchel was so driven by anger that he yelled, "Have you forgotten that you lied to me? Do you expect me to just let it go?" "Why not? Isn't divorce the best option for both of us?" Raegan retorted.

She thought Mitchel was being unreasonable.

Their relationship had been so severely damaged that it could no longer be fixed, no matter how hard they tried.

So, she believed that divorce was their best option.

She thought for a moment.

She felt the need to clarify things, so she continued, "Mitchel, I repeat, we are already divorced.

You don't need to worry about my affairs and even my financial situation.

I will figure out a way to make money on my own.

I don't need your help.

"Can you please get out of my way now?" Mitchel stared at Raegan without saying anything.

Then he suddenly reached out, pushed her back to the seat, and pressed his body against hers forcefully.

Before she could react, he fiercely bit her lips.

He was enraged, and he could only vent his anger by kissing her.

She Wants Nothing To Do With Him At first, Mitchel kissed Raegan because he wanted to punish her for her infuriating words.

He wanted to stop her from uttering harsh words.

But when his lips touched her soft lips, he suddenly changed his mind.

He could no longer deny it.

His heart, body, and soul told him how much he missed her.

His desire for her was overwhelming.

He longed for her kiss so much that he wished to swallow her sweet lips that tasted like honey.

Raegan struggled with all her strength, but her hand was completely restrained by Mitchel.

She could not move at all.

All she could do was turn her head to avoid Mitchel's scorching lips.

But he used his other hand to pinch her chin.

Then, he continued kissing her ruthlessly from her lips down to her chin and even lower.

Finally, they both fell into the backseat of the car.

"Mitchel, stop it!" Raegan's expression was already extremely unpleasant.

But Mitchel turned a deaf ear to her.

He became even more aggressive.

While his hand roved around her body, he pulled off her coat that was obstructing him.

At this moment, Raegan took advantage of the opportunity that her hand was freed.

She reached out and slapped him hard in the face.

The loud and crisp slap sound echoed in the cramped space.

Raegan had expected Mitchel to get angry.

She dared to hit him, after all.

But to her surprise, Mitchel didn't show any signs of anger.

He just stared at her and asked, "Is one slap enough for you? For me, it's not.

A scumbag like me deserves more than a slap in the face." "Mitchel, are you crazy? We're legally divorced.

Practically, we don't have anything to do with each other anymore.

We are strangers." Raegan was really furious now.

They were not in a relationship.



How dare Mitchel kiss her at will! She looked at him and warned sternly, "You can no longer Kiss me.

You cannot touch me or do anything to me.

Do you understand?" After saying this, Raegan immediately moved to the side.

Since she could not get out of the car, she wanted to be as far away from him as possible.

His touch, let alone his presence, easily reminded her of the memories of their past.

And she hated it.

"Okay," Mitchel readily agreed.

Raegan was stunned for a moment.

She did not expect Mitchel to agree without making a fuss, so she doubted his sincerity.

Sure enough, the next second, he said, "Since we are divorced, then it's time for me to collect my divorce gift from you." Raegan was too stunned to react for a while.

She looked at him in confusion, not understanding what he meant.

She thought for a while.

Then, she realized he was referring to the harsh words she had said that day in the hospital when she forced him to divorce her.

"Mitchel, you are insane," Raegan countered.

Of course, she wouldn't agree to any of Mitchel's requests.

They were already divorced.

How could he bring it up now? Mitchel looked at Raegan for a while and said in a cold voice, "You deceived me into divorcing you against my will.

And you said you'd give me a divorce gift.

You are playing with my feelings.

Do you think I will end up being the loser twice without doing anything?" Raegan's eyes widened in shock.

She didn't expect him to be so unreasonable.

Since she was speechless, Mitchel continued, "If you do it with me this time, I won't bother you anymore." His voice deliberately slowed down, with a hint of enticement in it.

Raegan was rendered speechless.

Didn't he realize how ridiculous his offer was? Of course, she didn't trust his words.

She knew Mitchel.

Once was far from enough for him.

He was only making excuses.

When Mitchel saw the hesitation in Raegan's eyes, he said coldly, "Otherwise, I won't let go of your deception that easily." Raegan finally figured out what he was up to.

He was deliberately playing tricks on her.

She was so angry that she exclaimed, "You bastard!" Mitchel didn't even try to negotiate with her.

He wasn't giving her any choice.

He was clearly threatening her.

If she didn't agree, he would continue pestering her.

She would definitely not have a peaceful life.

But even if she agreed, she knew he would still not let her go.

He was not serious with his words at all.

Besides, she said those words when they were not yet divorced.

Those words were to anger him.

Now that they had divorced and he brought that up, he sounded derogatory and demeaning.

At the thought of this, Raegan's eyes turned red and wet.

She said in a trembling voice, "Mitchel, do you really look down on me? Is it because I willingly gave myself to you when I got drunk at that time? It only happened once, and I was not sober.

How can you disrespect me because of it?" When Mitchel saw the tears welling up in her eyes, a trace of panic surged in his heart.

Did he disrespect her? No! In fact, he had always treated her with respect.

Everything he said and did was just his attempt to win her back.

Besides, he still had an unresolved anger from their last encounter at the bar.

And then, now, she attempted to distance herself from him.

He was hurt and furious.

That was why he would do everything just to keep her by his side.

But she was shedding tears in front of him, and when he saw the pain in her eyes, he couldn't bear it.

When Mitchel spoke again, his voice softened.

"That's not what I mean..." "Then, what do you mean?" The more Raegan thought about it, the angrier she became.

She cried harder, and tears streamed down her face uncontrollably.

Mitchel always did things against her will.

And now, he even wanted to sleep with her against her will after their divorce.

How could she not feel disrespected? This time, she decided to disregard any pretenses and said firmly, "Enough with your words, Mitchel.

Just do whatever you want.

I actually want to see how you plan to seek revenge on me." The expression on Mitchel's face drastically changed upon hearing this.

Raegan reached for the car door.

But before she opened it, she threatened him fiercely, "Mitchel, if you have what it takes, make me respect you.

Otherwise, I'll look down upon you forever." When Mitchel saw that she was about to get out of the car, he grabbed her.

However, she slapped his hand away.

"Mr.

Dixon, if you desperately need a woman, why don't you announce it? Many women in this city are more than willing to climb into your bed.

It won't be difficult for you to find one.

Or do you just enjoy going back to old flames?" Her words infuriated Mitchel.

His handsome face flushed with anger.

Was he really that horny in her eyes? Mitchel remained silent, so Raegan sneered unceremoniously, "It's a pity that I don't have the hobby of going back to my ex.

Why don't you go to Lauren? You've known her longer than you've known me.

You have a close relationship.

She must be more enticing to you, right?" Raegan's words were uttered out of anger.

Mitchel's gloomy face indicated her words hurt him.

And she was pleased to know this.

Raegan then turned around and opened the door, only to find Matteo standing outside the car, holding a stack of 10Us.

Raegan's expression softened slightly.

She asked Matteo, "Do you have a pen and paper?" Matteo nodded, opened his briefcase, and took a pen and paper.

He handed it to her without saying anything.

Raegan took them and placed them on the car's body.

Then, she started writing with a vibrant expression.

After a while, she stopped writing and looked at it.

The expression on Matteo's face drastically changed when he read the letters I-O-U clearly written on the paper.

This was supposed to be an excellent opportunity for Raegan and Mitchel to reconcile.

Why did they suddenly turn into a debtor-creditor relationship? When Mitchel knew this, his face immediately turned sour.

Raegan even bit her thumb for a bloody fingerprint, causing her to wince in pain.

She left a bloody thumbprint on the signature area and handed it to Mitchel.

"Mr.

Dixon, I will repay this as soon as possible." When Mitchel looked at the flimsy piece of paper, his face burned up.

He felt this was even more painful than the slap earlier.

Of course, he knew what this piece of paper meant.

She really didn't want to have anything to do with him anymore.

Did she really hate him so much that she was eager to totally erase him from her life? Raegan was not interested in appreciating Mitchel's expression at this moment.

He was right.

She really didn't want to have any connection with him.

She would rather owe money to those villagers than to him.

But now that the money was in the hands of the villagers, she couldn't retrieve it anymore.

In fact, her lack of confidence in herself was the root cause.

Despite her resolute words, deep down, she was afraid of not being firm enough to resist his advances.

She didn't want to suffer again because of falling for him.

Raegan turned around and was about to leave.

However, Mitchel grabbed her wrist.

He said hoarsely, "You know that's not what I want..." Raegan smiled lightly.

"But what can I do? Besides that, there's nothing I can give you." 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.

Chapter 150

I Am Not Only Pursuing Her, But Also marryin...

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.

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.

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.

A chill 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, I refrained from disclosing my feelings to Raegan while she was married.

Now that she's single, I 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." 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.

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."