

Unbreakable 191

Chapter 191

I Will Never Marry Another Woman In My Life A self-deprecating smile appeared on Raegan's face.

She could consider Polly's words just now as an awakening.

What reason did Polly have to lie? Now, Raegan had no reason to stay anymore.

So, she turned around and walked toward the elevator.

Polly was stunned when she saw Raegan.

She asked Alexis, "Who is she?" Eloise also saw Raegan.

She was about to approach and greet Raegan when Alexis suddenly said, "I don't know her." Alexis looked at Raegan's back and explained to Polly scornfully, "She should be a hospital cleaner." Of course, Raegan heard this.

She stopped in her tracks.

Indeed, Alexis would never miss a chance to belittle her.

But his words were no longer a blow to her.

No matter who was with Mitchel, it was true that he had saved her life.

In fact, not only once.

Since she had promised to forgive him when they were in the mountains, she would, of course, keep her word.

She would even bless him from the bottom of her heart.

Besides, Mitchel was getting better.

His life was no longer in danger.

This was the only thing that mattered to her.

Since she was Mitchel's ex-wife and they didn't welcome her presence here, she should refrain from showing up in front of him.

At the thought of this, Raegan straightened her back and continued to walk away calmly.

Eloise watched Raegan pass by her.

She wanted to say something but stopped on a second thought.

She didn't expect Alexis to dislike Raegan so much that he called Raegan a hospital cleaner.

Eloise's mind was a mess.

She always knew Mitchel didn't like her and this was the very fact she refused to accept before.

However, upon learning Mitchel risked his life to save Raegan, she came to terms with it and moved on.

She realized Mitchel must have loved Raegan very much to have risen to the occasion to save Raegan.

Actually, Eloise envied Raegan.

She felt Raegan was too lucky to be loved by Mitchel like this.

She didn't want to be the villain who took away other people's love.

After all, Mitchel never gave her his attention.

He always ignored her.

But after Eloise had decided to move on, her mother suddenly told her this morning that the Dixon family came to discuss the engagement last night.

This news had really shocked her.

Before she could think about it, she was already taken to the hospital.

She was still confused until now.

At this moment, Alexis turned around.

When he saw Eloise didn't follow him, he quickly said, "Eloise, come here.

Mitchel must be very eager to see you." Eloise was stunned for a moment.

Then she walked over in a daze.

When Alexis was at the door, he ordered the bodyguards, "You can leave now." He knew if Mitchel found that he was the one who had arranged for the bodyguards to keep people from visiting him, Mitchel would probably be angry.

Anyway, Raegan wouldn't come here anymore.

There was no need for the bodyguards to watch here.

Mitchel was already awake in the ward.

He leaned against the headboard.

Although his face was morbidly pale, it did not affect his temperament at all.

He looked fragile but still handsome.

When he opened his eyes, he thought the very first person he would see was Raegan.

But much to his dismay, she was not here.

He waited for a long time, but she didn't come.

She didn't even call him.

He couldn't help smiling bitterly.

She was really heartless.

He didn't expect that saving her once would make her forgive him.

But still, her indifference broke his heart.

At this moment, he heard a sound from the door.

Mitchel turned his head and looked at the door expectantly.

But when he saw the three people coming in, the light in his eyes dimmed.

Alexis walked to the bed and said, "Mitchel, Polly heard about your injury, so she brought Eloise to see you." Mitchel nodded and greeted Polly out of politeness.

The more Polly looked at Mitchel, the more she liked him.

She stepped forward and greeted Mitchel happily.

In an instant, the atmosphere in the ward became lively.

Mitchel wanted to drink water, so he was about to reach for the glass.

Alexis thought Mitchel would have a hard time doing it, so he quickly hinted at Eloise and said, "Eloise, go give Mitchel water." Eloise walked to the bedside table obediently, wanting to get the cup and fill it with water for Mitchel.

But before she could pick it up, Mitchel had already taken it.

But his quick movement affected his wound.

Mitchel grimaced in pain, but he said coldly, "No, it's okay.

I can do it myself." Suddenly, the atmosphere in the ward became awkward.

Obviously, Mitchel didn't want Eloise to touch him.

Polly's face darkened upon seeing this.

On the other hand, Alexis wanted to lighten the atmosphere.

"Mitchel didn't want Eloise to do such things, fearing she might spill some warm water and hurt herself.

Eloise is such a lovely creature.

Don't worry.

She doesn't need to do anything once they get married.

She will only enjoy her life with Mitchel." When Polly heard this, her expression softened.

Finally, she smiled and said, "We have spoiled Eloise since she was a child.

So, Mitchel, please be more considerate of her in the future." "Of course, Mitchel will do that," Alexis chimed in.

"Polly, don't worry.

Our Dixon family will treat Eloise well." The more Mitchel listened to them, the more he felt something was wrong.

At this time, he could no longer maintain his politeness.

Mitchel looked at Polly and said coldly, "Mrs.

Benton, I have no intention of getting married for the time being.

And I don't like your daughter as ever, let alone marry her." Mrs.

Benton...

Your daughter...

Such words were a slap in Polly's face.

Polly pulled a long face and said with a frown, "Mitchel, what do you mean by that? Your father came to my home last night to propose a marriage and promised you would marry Eloise." Polly was telling the truth.

She wouldn't have said it if Alexis hadn't come to her house last night.

Polly believed Alexis' words.

She thought Mitchel had changed his mind because he had seen Eloise's kindness.

After all, Eloise had always been kind, although she was a little arrogant and willful.

What was more, Mitchel was such an excellent man, and Eloise liked him.

It was the best of both worlds.

That was why she brought Eloise to the hospital today to visit Mitchel.

Alexis' expression changed.

He glared at Mitchel and said to Polly comfortingly, "Polly, don't be angry.

Mitchel is sick, and his mind is a bit muddled." After saying this, Alexis looked at Mitchel again and scolded, "You brat! Apologize to Polly.

You are disgracing me.

Do you really want to piss me off?" Everything was clear to Mitchel now.

Alexis must be behind all this.

After all, Mitchel had already made his stance to Polly a few days ago.

So, Polly had no reason to come here today and say those words.

He didn't expect that Alexis would propose to Eloise on his behalf.

Alexis must be crazy.

Mitchel said in an indifferent but firm tone, "Mrs.

Benton, I'm sorry.

Eloise is a good woman.

Any man is lucky to marry her.

But that man is definitely not me.

I already have someone else in my heart.

I will never marry another woman in my life except her." These words made Polly's and Alexis' expressions look terrible.

But Mitchel just turned a blind eye to them.

He continued, "So, I think it's better to make it clear to you." Polly's face twisted in anger.

She finally understood.

Everything that Alexis said last night was only his wishful thinking.

She turned to Alexis and snapped, "Mr.

Dixon, did you come to my home and propose a marriage without discussing it with your son? How dare you fool us!" Alexis hurriedly explained, "Oh, no, no, no.

Polly, don't say that.

I like Eloise very much.

How can I fool you?" But Polly didn't want to listen to any of his words at this moment.

For her, it was so embarrassing that her beloved daughter was driven away by others.

Polly looked at Mitchel and said arrogantly, "Yes, you are right.

Our daughter is a good woman.

Any man is lucky to marry her.

But we won't rush her into marrying someone." Then, she took Eloise's hand and stormed out of the ward without looking back.

Alexis ran after them, but Polly ignored him.

She and Eloise entered the elevator.

He felt so disgraced that he returned to the ward, fuming with rage.

"Mitchel, you bastard! Do you even realize that if that energy project is lost, a huge piece of the market will be lost? Just because of a woman, you humiliated the Benton family.

I think you have gone out of your mind," Alexis snapped angrily, clutching his chest.

The Benton family was a great backer.

This was Alexis' hope of regaining the management of the group.

Mitchel snorted coldly.

"I humiliated the Benton family? I am not the one who came to their house and made them get the wrong idea.

It was you who did it." Mitchel looked at Alexis and added coldly, "You should've thought of this when you went to propose without my knowledge."

Chapter 192

I Miss Her So Much "You!" Alexis, seething with anger, pointed a trembling finger at Mitchel.

Though Alexis could barely contain his rage, he knew he had to take advantage of Mitchel for his grand schemes first.

Trying to control his fury, Alexis adopted a gentler tone, "Marrying Eloise is merely a temporary thing.

You could part ways with her after the deal is done.

Besides, it's not your first divorce, and..." Alexis trailed off, swelling with a strange sense of pride, and boasted, "Women flock to us Dixons, especially those from affluent families." In Alexis' view, women were merely pawns in his strategic games, valued only for the alliances they brought.

Even Luciana had been his calculated choice, selected for her family's status.

Mitchel, on the other hand, held marriage in higher regard and had no desire to engage in a debate with Alexis.

"I will not marry Eloise.

I need to rest.

Please leave," Mitchel said wearily.

Alexis' irritation with Mitchel was palpable.

Yet, the sight of Mitchell's pale lips tempered his anger.

"Take your rest then.

But remember, back then, you married that woman without my consent.

Had it not been for the fact that Kyler backed you, I would have shown my objection.

This time, I won't stand by idly.

As a Dixon, your marriage isn't yours to decide.

If not the Benton family, I'd have chosen another for you.

Don't cross me again, or my response won't be kind." His words hung in the air, heavy with menace.

As Mitchel's father, Alexis would never hurt Mitchel directly.

But he knew precisely whom Mitchel sought to shield.

Suddenly, a frosty look overtook Mitchel's eyes.

With a mocking laugh, he shot back, "If you're so obsessed with using marriage as a tool, why not try it yourself? With all the women you entertain, why not marry them? That'd surely bolster your company abroad, wouldn't it?" Mitchel laid bare Alexis' schemes without hesitation.

Alexis' face twisted at once, a flicker of guilt quickly giving way to fury.

"You bastard! How dare you speak to me with such insolence!" Alexis roared.

But Mitchel's sneer remained as he retorted, "I'm merely suggesting you ponder over your company abroad before making rash decisions.

After all, you've worked hard for it, haven't you?" Fury scorched through Alexis' gaze.

Mitchel had thrown down a threat! A blatant threat! Mitchel had the audacity to menace him over a worthless woman! Outrageous! Just as Alexis was on the verge of speaking, the door flew open with a forceful kick.

Luciana burst in, her eyes landing on the bandage across Mitchel's chest, now stained with blood.

This sight pierced her heart, leaving her feeling as though it had been ripped in two.

Her gaze icy, Luciana yanked Alexis out of the ward.

Alexis protested, "Why are you dragging me out? That defiant fool threatened me, and I won't stand for it!" Luciana's fury bubbled into a = scoff.

"Mitchel threatened you?" "Yes!" Alexis, avoiding the full truth, added hastily, "Just look at your dear son, as merciless as his mother!" "Well, I believe Mitchel acted appropriately!" Confused, Alexis pressed, "What was that?" In a flash of rage, Luciana wielded the handbag in her hand.

Bang! She pummeled it against Alexis' forehead.

"I'll smash you old bastard to death! My son is hurt, and here you are aggravating him while he's bleeding!" Alexis, unprepared for the onslaught, was dazed, his vision clouded by blood.

He reached out to strike Luciana but, blinded, only managed to trip over his own feet.

Bang! Alexis toppled to the floor, his forehead swelling up, a ridiculous and pitiful sight.

Luciana looked down at him with disdain.

"Serves you right!" Throughout his life, Alexis had been adored by many women, all tender and gentle with him.

Never had he endured such treatment, especially not from a woman.

It was the ultimate disgrace! Regaining his footing, he lunged at Luciana with a sneer.

"You bitch! I'll make you pay!" But with his vision still impaired, Luciana slipped away with ease.

Thump! A dull thump echoed as he missed again.

Alexis stumbled once more, which left yet another lump on his forehead.

Luciana, catching sight of his ludicrous expression, couldn't help but feel amused.

She had always shown restraint toward Alexis for Mitchel's sake, not wishing to cause any trouble.

To Luciana, today seemed to be turning out rather well! She was aware, however, that Alexis would seek retribution, prompting her to snap a few shots of his current disheveled state.

Alexis inquired alertly, "What are you doing?" With a slight pout, Luciana retorted, "What do you think? I'm capturing the moment of the distinguished Mr.

Dixon, who seems quite distressed at the moment!" "How dare you! Stop that at once!" Alexis, who prized his reputation greatly, couldn't stand the thought of anyone seeing him in such a state! Luciana, her mind on Mitchel, had no desire to linger with Alexis.

"Scared, are you? Then get the fuck out now!" Enraged, Alexis' lips quivered as he spat, "A true gentleman doesn't quarrel with a lady like you.

You'll get yours next time!" With that, he clutched his forehead and hurried downstairs, seeking a doctor and hoping to avoid recognition.

Meanwhile, Luciana rushed to the ward.

Finding Mitchel still prostrate on the bed, his lips colorless and his chest adorned with blood-stained pink gauze, her heart wrenched.

Her voice quaking, she asked, "Mitchel, what happened? Are you in pain? Why not summon the doctor?" She quickly pressed the call button, urging the doctor to attend to the bleeding.

The doctor faced a challenge in redressing the reopened wound.

Once the gauze was replaced, Mitchel's complexion turned ghostly pale.

Witnessing this, Luciana felt as if her heart was being cleaved with a blade.

"Does it still hurt, Mitchel?" Mitchel lifted his gaze and spoke flatly.

"Don't worry.

I'm alright." Luciana's eyes brimmed with tears.

Alright? How could he be? The blade had come perilously close to his heart.

It was his heart! A mere shift could have spelled his end, beyond even God's intervention.

Luciana's heart was laden with anxiety over Mitchel's condition, yet Mitchel seemed to disregard his brush with death.

To him, he would risk it all again without a second thought.

He broke into a cough and inquired with a note of unease, "Mom, have you seen Raegan?" Tears shimmered in Luciana's eyes as she responded, "I noticed her as I hurried here, but I didn't see her later." Upon awakening, Luciana sought out Mitchel, oblivious to Raegan's whereabouts.

The notion that Mitchel's injuries stemmed from Raegan caused her affection for Raegan to waver slightly.

She attempted to divert the conversation, only to be halted by Mitchel's request.

"Mom, could you ask her to visit me?" Mitchel implored, his fists tightening around the quilt.

Mitchel thought Raegan had departed promptly upon Luciana's hospital arrival, clearly eager to distance herself from the situation.

Yet, Mitchel's desire to see Raegan persisted.

He missed her so much.

Chapter 193

As Long As It's You Mitchel had no desire to coerce Raegan to pay him a visit.

But if Luciana asked Raegan to visit him, it suggested a willingness on her part to meet him.

Mitchel's discomfort was palpable as he grappled with his own humility, deceiving even himself in his introspection.

Luciana, taken aback by Mitchel's words, felt a twinge of unease at his request a moment later.

Despite her fondness for Raegan, nobody could compare to Mitchel, especially when it involved life-and-death situations.

The news of Mitchel's injuries had once nearly caused her heart to stop.

The memory of that fear still sent her heart racing.

Despite knowing Mitchel was out of danger, the doctor's words could still make her quiver with fear.

Luciana believed that if Mitchel married a woman he wasn't particularly fond of, he might remain calmer and refrain from engaging in risky endeavors.

With solemn concern, Luciana advised Mitchel, "You once caused Raegan great loss, and now you've saved her life.

It's balanced.

You're divorced now.

Let the past stay in the past." Mitchel, taken aback that Raegan had disclosed their divorce to Luciana, felt a shadow pass over his face.

Facing his mother, Mitchel confessed, "I don't want a divorce.

I never want one.

My mind is stuck on Raegan.

I can't imagine a future where she's not around me." These words left Luciana unsure of how to respond.

"Why are you so stubborn..." "I'll see her myself if you won't do it for me," Mitchel declared, determined, and attempted to rise from his bed, only to be bathed in a cold sweat from the effort.

Luciana, alarmed and pale, urged him back to bed, relenting, "Alright, stay.

I'll have her come to you." Raegan was taken aback by Luciana's unexpected call.

After their last encounter, she hadn't anticipated any further communication, especially not kindness.

She suspected Mitchel's influence.

Yet, with Mitchel now engaged to Eloise, Raegan wished to sever all ties.

It was time to close the chapter between them.

Therefore, Raegan declined Luciana's request with politeness.

To her astonishment, Luciana insisted, "Regardless of your history with Mitchel, he's hurt because of you.

It's your responsibility to care for him.

We'll discuss everything else afterwards." Luciana's words bore the weight of an_ ethical obligation, yet they rang true.

Left without options, Raegan complied and hailed a taxi to the hospital.

In an unexpected twist at the hospital parking lot, she encountered Henley, who was there to pick up medication for his mother.

Henley had been concerned after days of failure to reach Raegan, and though they had finally spoken, her excuse of fever and phone neglect seemed dubious to him.

Encountering her at the hospital now only deepened his suspicions.

Yet, since Raegan withheld the truth, Henley chose not to pry further.

Upon entering the lobby, they parted ways, and Raegan ascended to the upper floors in the elevator.

In the VIP ward, Mitchell was seated in a wheelchair, gazing steadily out the window.

Since Luciana had mentioned Raegan's imminent arrival, he had maintained his vigil.

Yet, his current state really didn't allow for prolonged sitting.

Matteo, observing this, couldn't help but feel compassion for Mitchell, who remained silent, his eagerness to see Raegan apparent.

Yet, Matteo couldn't help but notice how Mitchell's usually calm face suddenly grew icy.

To Mitchell's dismay, after such a lengthy wait, the first sight he caught was Raegan at the parking lot with Henley, their seeming proximity suggesting an unmistakably intimate closeness.

This sight hit Mitchell like a blow.

He thought Raegan had been with Henley all this time, not coming to see him after his awakening.

Mitchell's complexion drained to a ghostly pallor, his heart felt as if it had been shredded and tossed aside, the agony so intense it stole his breath.

A few moments later, with his expression steeled, he wheeled himself back to his bed.

Matteo, puzzled by Mitchell's abrupt mood shift, held his questions.

The ward's door swung open shortly after, and Raegan walked in.

Matteo, sensing a shift in the atmosphere, greeted Raegan and discreetly exited, leaving the two in a silent standoff.

Raegan, however, remained silent.

Mitchel's striking features had lost their color, his usually vibrant and alluring lips now pale.

He resembled delicate porcelain, exquisite yet fragile.

Tears brimmed in Raegan's eyes unexpectedly.

She had overestimated herself.

Mitchel's frail appearance instinctively drew her compassion.

Approaching the bed, her voice barely a whisper, she inquired, "Are you feeling any better?" Her voice, heavy with emotion, betrayed her inner turmoil.

Mitchel, however, seemed to disregard her concern.

He scoffed.

"Why do you even care?" His words left Raegan speechless, sensing his resentment toward her.

But the reason for his anger eluded her, and she chose not to probe.

Raegan unscrewed the lid of her thermal pot, dishing out a bowl of porridge for Mitchel.

This porridge was tailored to aid Mitchel's recovery.

It had taken her some time to make it, which explained her late arrival at the hospital.

She offered the bowl to Mitchel, suggesting, "Try some porridge." But Mitchel, wearing a frosty look, remained silent.

He feigned interest in a financial magazine instead.

Raegan held out the bowl patiently, but Mitchel showed no intention of accepting it.

Feeling slightly awkward, she set the bowl on the bedside table.

A gloomy air filled the room.

Confused by Mitchel's coldness, Raegan simply sat down and began messaging Nicole.

Mitchel's irritation grew upon seeing Raegan texting so nonchalantly, thinking she was unwilling to pay him a visit.

He bit his lip, holding back his anger, fearing he'd lash out at Raegan once more.

Soon, Mitchel made a move to rise, his chest wound protesting the motion with a tight pull, casting a shadow over his expression.

Raegan, moved by pity, instinctively reached out to assist him.

Clap! Mitchel's hand came down sharply on hers.

His slap was forceful, loaded with aversion to her touch.

The sting left Raegan's hand red, her eyes welling up immediately.

Alexis had hurled insults at her, calling her derogatory names, yet none of that compared to the sorrow she felt now.

Mitchel's reluctance to see her was obvious, yet he didn't make it known to Luciana.

Had he done so, she wouldn't have come at all.

"Mitchel, if my presence bothers you that much, I'll just go.

There's no need for that." Reagan's eyes brimmed with tears, on the verge of spilling at any moment.

Mitchel let out a sneer, his patience worn thin.

"Oh, are you in a hurry? Eager to meet your boyfriend? Then, by all means, go!" Anger clenched Raegan's jaw tight.

First, it was Alexis' brazen insults, and now Mitchel's mocking laughter.

Why did she subject herself to such degradation? She had come of her own accord, only to be mocked and belittled! The tears that she had fought to hold back now traced paths down her face.

With a silent swipe of her hands over her cheeks, Raegan turned to leave.

Yet, the moment she reached the door, a startling thud echoed behind her.

She stiffened, turned, and found Mitchel collapsed on the floor, his face ashen.

Alarmed, she hurried back to his side.

There he was, lying motionless, pain etched across his features.

Raegan's heart raced, her eyes welling up with tears.

"What is the matter, Mitchel? You're frightening me.

Can you get up?" Mitchel lay motionless.

The freshly replaced gauze on his chest darkened with blood.

Fear seized Raegan, her thoughts scattering into oblivion.

Regaining her composure, she cried out, "Doctor! Someone, please, help!" Silence followed.

Frantically, she hit the bedside call button.

As she attempted to rise, a hand yanked her back...

A wave of terror washed over Raegan's face! She leaned with all her might, avoiding collapsing onto Mitchel.

Realizing it was Mitchel who had grabbed her, anger flared within her.

"Mitchel, have you lost your senses?" Yet, he clutched her wrist firmer, the scent of blood growing stronger.

Desperate, Raegan writhed to escape.

"Release me! I must get a doctor for you." Mitchel seemed not to hear, gazing at her with unfathomable depth.

"I don't need a doctor.

I need you," he murmured.

Ignoring his wound, Mitchel pulled Raegan close, pressing his lips against hers with intense passion.

Chapter 194

Are You Here To Cut Ties With Me Mitchel pressed his lips against Raegan's, and Raegan felt a chill enveloping her as his cold fragrance lingered on her lips and teeth.

At the same time, Mitchel's grip on her wrist tightened, showing no signs of easing up.

Raegan hesitated to resist too strongly, her heart ablaze with anxiety.

Her heart raced in her chest, forced to endure his aggressive kiss.

In her mind, a single thought echoed.

There was something wrong with Mitchel.

He disregarded his reopened wound and stopped her from calling for doctors for medical treatment.

Gradually, a faint scent of rust pierced through the cold air, signaling the presence of blood.

Raegan was losing her composure as she grappled with the chaos in her mind.

Mitchel's tongue still dominated hers, every move pulling her deeper into his embrace.

Their eyes met, and they continued kissing as they looked at each other.

One desperately wanted to escape to call for medical treatment for the reopened wound, while the other was determined to etch the moment into memory.

Finally, he loosened his grip for a moment, and Raegan seized the opportunity to bite his lower lip to stop him without hesitation.

Mitchel winced in pain and released her.

But he maintained his predatory gaze, looking at her like a fierce wolf eyeing its prey.

Ignoring his intense stare, Raegan pressed the call bell, her mind a whirlwind of emotions.

She half-squatted down to check Mitchel's reopened wound while waiting for the medical treatment.

However, she couldn't help but become furious and worried when she saw the severity of his wound.

The blood was seeping out even quicker now.

In a mix of frustration and concern, she shouted, "Mitchel! What's wrong with you?" It was as if he were playing with his own life.

Meanwhile, Mitchel lay on the floor, seemingly unconcerned about the blood on his chest.

However, he wore an indifferent expression on his handsome and charming face.

His thin lips had even turned red as if he had found a miraculous cure.

He chuckled hoarsely.

"Yes, you are right.

Something is wrong with me." Raegan's face reflected her worry, not intending to provoke him but infuriated that Mitchel didn't take his health seriously.

However, it seemed her concern was unnecessary.

Mitchel raised an eyebrow, chuckling.

"And you are my cure." "What? Mitchel Dixon! You!" Raegan was beyond exasperated by his words.

How could he make light of the situation? He really deserved it! Looking at Raegan's nervous expression, Mitchel couldn't help but smile.

At that moment, he sensed Raegan was still his and only his.

"I'm serious.

Your presence is my cure," he declared.

It seemed he was nursing a serious case of lovesickness.

His sweet and gentle voice made Raegan's heart skip a beat.

But Raegan wasn't a doctor.

How the heck was she supposed to cure him? Soon enough, a doctor strolled in, taking a deep breath at the sight of the wounded Mitchel.

While the doctor attended to Mitchel's wounds, Mitchel remained stoically silent, only occasionally furrowing his brow.

The doctor sighed and said, "Young man, please take your condition seriously.

Your wound has reopened twice today.

One more time, and you might find yourself in the ICU for an extended stay." The doctor meant well, but Mitchel offered no response.

Raegan, however, was taken aback when she heard that.

His wound had reopened two times today? What the hell did Mitchel want to do? After giving Mitchel a well-deserved scolding, the doctor turned to Raegan.

"Miss, I get that young people are full of energy, but you have to be careful.

If your boyfriend's chest opens one more time, the situation could get serious." TO" Blushing with embarrassment, Raegan was about to explain, but Mitchel beat her to it.

"Doctor, this is all my fault.

It has nothing to do with her." The doctor teased with a smile, "You were in pain earlier yet you kept silent.

How come you won't even let me scold your girlfriend now?" Raegan's face turned even redder at the doctor's playful words.

It wasn't the doctor's fault for having the wrong idea.

There were bite marks around Mitchel's lips.

It wasn't hard to imagine how intense things were earlier.

The doctor eyed the porridge on the bedside table and said, "That porridge looks delicious.

It must take a lot of time and effort to cook something like that.

However, don't take too much of it at the moment." The doctor left the ward after saying that.

Raegan stood by the bed, still embarrassed over what had just happened.

Without saying anything, she lowered her head to check her phone.

After listening to the voice message from Nicole, Raegan texted back.

Mitchel perked up when Raegan played the voice message.

He felt much better when he heard a female voice.

Clearing his throat, he winced since he _ had accidentally pulled at his wound.

Seeing this, Raegan hurriedly put down her phone, thinking he needed something.

She asked with concern, "What do you need? I'll get it for you." Mitchel smiled and said, "I feel like eating something." "What do you want? I'll ask Matteo to grab it for you." Mitchel turned his head and raised his chin as he asked, "Isn't there something already on the table?" He was gesturing toward the porridge cooked by Raegan.

Raegan glanced at the porridge.

Didn't he turn it down just a moment ago? But she refrained from probing and was about to swap the cold bowl of porridge for a warm one with a fresh set of tableware for Mitchel.

Yet, Mitchel stopped her and said, "It's still edible." Raegan hesitated for a while, then said, "But it's cold now." Considering Mitchel's current condition, warm food would serve him better.

She gently pushed his hand away.

Though subtle, Mitchel could still sense her resistance.

"IT made plenty of it." Raegan wasn't sure what was going on in Mitchel's head.

He just didn't want her taking away the cold porridge.

"It's okay.

I want to finish them all." He took the bowl and set it on the table.

Eating by himself, however, risked aggravating his wound.

It hurt, but Mitchel made no sound.

Instead, he just furrowed his brow and endured in silence.

Eventually, Raegan couldn't bear it any longer.

She grabbed the bowl, put away the table, and asked him to lie down.

Then she fed him with care.

Surprisingly, Mitchel was more agreeable than before, even compliant.

It felt inappropriate to describe someone like Mitchel, who was always domineering in front of other people like that.

Raegan sensed he was trying to please her.

After he finished a bowl of porridge, Raegan asked casually, "Do you want more?" Mitchel's dark eyes roamed over her swollen lips, and he murmured, "Yes, I want more." He then stared at her with an intense gaze.

Raegan immediately blushed, and her ears turned red.

"I'm asking if you want more porridge." With a sly smile, Mitchel replied, "I knew that.

That's exactly what I meant.

What were you thinking?" Raegan was rendered speechless.

She fell for his trick on words again.

Mitchel continued to eat until the thermal pot was empty.

He indeed finished it all.

Raegan was somewhat surprised.

Hadn't Mitchel eaten anything the entire day? Meanwhile, Mitchel just looked at her and smiled.

"It's delicious.

I like it." Considering Raegan had made the porridge personally, he didn't want to waste any of it.

It was well into the night when Mitchel finished off his porridge.

When he saw Raegan standing up, his expression immediately changed.

"Are you leaving?" he asked.

Raegan nodded, replying, "Yeah, it's pretty late." "Don't go..." As Mitchel held her hand, he struggled to find the words to convince her to stay.

Suddenly, he blurted out, "Who is going to look after me if you leave? I got hurt because of you." It was the same excuse Luciana had used on the phone.

Raegan's bright eyes dimmed.

To her, she still thought Mitchel and Eloise were engaged.

How could she stay the night and take care of him? Alexis' words were still echoing in her ears.

Those words were like a long iron nail in her heart, making her feel ashamed of herself.

She was determined not to let herself become embroiled in other people's relationships.

With that resolve in mind, Raegan pinched her thigh secretly, fighting the urge to succumb to the situation.

No one seemed to consider her feelings or reputation.

But she had to do it for herself.

Taking a deep breath, she asked, "How much does hiring a nursing worker cost? I can cover the expenses until you leave the hospital." Mitchel's eyes darkened when he heard her words.

He stared at her intently and asked with a frown, "You think I care about the money?" Raegan understood his frustration but needed to make her stance clear.

She said seriously, "We shouldn't complicate things further.

Keeping our distance is better for both of us." Mitchel's expression changed, anger evident in his eyes.

"So, you are here to cut ties with me?" When he spoke, he concentrated his gaze on her.

His gaze bore into her, hoping to hear her deny it.

He wanted her to say she came because she was worried about him and to explain her late arrival.

Mitchel's penetrating stare was especially stifling to Raegan.

She replied casually, "If that's what you want to believe." A heavy silence settled over the room.

After a prolonged pause, a bitter sneer escaped Mitchel's lips.

"If you are so keen on compensating me, why not factor in my life? I want to know how much it's worth in your eyes."

Chapter 195

Scumbag Raegan looked into Mitchel's deep-set eyes.

She clenched her fists tightly and said in a voice that was almost pleading, "Mitchel, do you really have to make things difficult for me? You know | don't have that much money." Between them, it was obviously easier for Mitchel to distance himself from her.

So, Raegan didn't understand why he had to do this to her.

Mitchel was angered by Raegan's words.

He was almost out of breath, and his wound seemed to be stimulated.

He was in pain.

He gritted his teeth and said coldly, "If you don't have that much money, why don't you sell yourself to me to pay off your debts?" The overflowing anger in his heart made him say such harsh words.

He thought they could get closer after everything that happened.

But he didn't expect them to get farther and farther apart.

From beginning to end, she spared no effort to show that she didn't want to have anything to do with him.

If it weren't for the fact that he was injured, he would have sex with her now.

She was only obedient when they were having sex.

Mitchel's ruthless words destroyed Raegan's last line of defense.

But she did her best to hold back her tears.

She gritted her teeth and snapped, "Mitchel, does looking down on me make you happy? Didn't you take a blade for me? I'll give it back to you, then." After saying this, Raegan grabbed the fruit knife on the bedside table and was about to stab her chest crazily.

"Stop!" Mitchel shouted.

His eyes narrowed.

He grabbed her wrist and swung it violently.

Raegan's grip on the fruit knife loosened.

The knife fell to the floor with a bang.

And before Raegan knew it, she was already dragged hard by him.

Her upper body fell on the bed and pressed on his legs.

Mitchel frowned and hissed in pain.

He said with difficulty, "You want to hurt me..." He pressed Raegan's back tightly, burying her face against the white quilt.

She didn't answer his question, but her shoulders shook violently.

Mitchel looked at her and said in a low and hoarse voice, "You hate me so much.

What about I give you my life..." What he wanted to say was that he would give his life to her in exchange for her forgiveness.

He wanted to spend the rest of his life with her.

But he couldn't say it directly at this moment.

After all, she didn't even want to look at him.

Raegan felt like she was going crazy.

Her head was about to explode.

She couldn't stand it anymore, so she thought there was no need to endure it anymore.

She raised her head, met his eyes, and said word by word, "You are already engaged, but you still let me stay here.

What will others think of me?" Mitchel was stunned.

His grip on Raegan's back loosened slightly.

Raegan stared at him and said loudly, "Mitchel, I am not ungrateful.

I came to see you yesterday, but the bodyguards at the door didn't let me in.

I waited almost the entire day.

But when your father came, he told me not to appear in front of you.

He said I was annoying.

He asked me if I wanted to be your mistress.

I wasn't given a chance to answer him yesterday.

But now I will tell you.

"I will never be your mistress." Raegan could no longer hold back her tears.

She cried so hard that tears streamed down her face uncontrollably.

She continued between sobs, "Mitchel, I will always be grateful to you for saving me.

But now that you are engaged, I have clearly expressed my stand.

"So, please let me go." The crystal teardrops falling from Raegan's bright eyes were like a sharp knife that pierced Mitchel's chest.

His heart trembled as if he had been severely wounded.

His heart shattered into pieces.

He pulled her to sit down and wiped her tears.

Then, he said seriously, "Raegan, | never think about it that way.

Never." Raegan struggled, but Mitchel gently held her hand to stop her from breaking away.

"I only said those words because I was so angry.

I thought you didn't care about me.

I am so sorry.

As for what my father said, I don't know about it.

But don't worry.

I won't let anyone call you like that again." Raegan couldn't stop herself from crying.

The tears that Mitchel had just wiped off streamed down again.

Her nose had already turned red.

The grievances had accumulated in her heart.

She didn't know how to voice them out.

However, keeping them to herself was about to drive her crazy.

She didn't want to cry too disgracefully in front of Mitchel.

She lowered her head and said, "Since you know it, just let me go.

I care about you, so I will always pray for you." Although Mitchel was distressed to see her crying, he couldn't help but be amused by her words.

He smiled and said, "I'm still alive.

You don't need to pray for me." Raegan suddenly raised her head and glared at him.

Her beautiful face was not only full of tears but also of anger.

"What nonsense are you talking about?" When Mitchel saw her nervousness, his eyes lit up.

"Well, yes, I'm talking nonsense." He held her hand tightly.

"If you really care about me, then stay with me.

It's not that I don't have anyone to take care of me.

But if you are here with me, I will recover faster." "No, I can't." Raegan turned her head away.

"If you understand my situation, you won't make such a request.

I don't want to be accused of being a mistress." "You are not a mistress.

You will never be." Mitchel reached out and turned Raegan to face him.

He said solemnly, "I am not engaged.

It's all my father's wishful thinking.

And I've already made it clear to the Benton family." Raegan's eyes widened in shock.

Mixed emotions surged in her heart.

Mitchel and Eloise were not engaged! It was just his father's wishful thinking.

His father lied to her.

But the next second, she remembered the moaning she heard in Eloise's tent.

She felt unhappy again.

She looked at him coldly and asked angrily, "Aren't you going to be responsible for Miss Benton?" Mitchel frowned in confusion.

"Why should I be?" His indifference toward the topic annoyed Raegan.

She shook off his hand, glared at him, and said fiercely, "Scumbag!"

Chapter 196

Explain To Me Raegan was in a sulk.

She was not defending Eloise.

She was angry at Mitchel for sleeping with Eloise even though he didn't intend to be with Eloise.

Wasn't he an irresponsible scumbag? At the thought of this, Raegan couldn't sit still.

She stood up in a fit, wanting to drink water to calm down.

But before she could stand firm, Mitchel stretched out his arms, wrapped them around her slim waist, and pulled her back.

Raegan fell and sat on the edge of the bed with Mitchel's strong arms around her waist.

From afar, one could say that her whole figure was trapped in his arms in an intimate posture.

"Mitchel!" Raegan shouted angrily.

She wanted to get up from the bed, but she didn't dare to act rashly because of his wound.

Afraid of hurting him, she could only turn her head and glare at him.

"Yes?" Mitchel looked at her.

His deep-set black eyes were smiling.

were smiling.

"Let go of me." Raegan tried to pry off his arms but to no avail.

Mitchel easily held her chin and pinched it.

"Explain to me what a scumbag means." Raegan bit her lower lip.

Then she said, "A scumbag is a man who doesn't want to be engaged to a woman but still..."

And that is you.

You are a scumbag." Raegan despised Mitchel for playing with women.

Mitchel frowned upon hearing her answer.

"What? I don't understand." Raegan said vaguely, "That's..." "That's what?" Raegan crossed her fingers and said fiercely, "You do this!" "Holding hands? No, I never held her hands," Mitchel explained, looking serious.

"No, I didn't mean holding hands." "Then what?" Mitchel deliberately squeezed his slender and beautiful fingers into hers and asked, "What is this?" Raegan's face flushed and turned even redder than a ripe tomato.

Knowing that she was blushing, she turned her face away to hide it.

She murmured through clenched teeth, "You are a rogue." Mitchel smiled and teased her for a moment.

Then he became serious and explained, "I have never done anything with her.

How did you come to such a conclusion?" Raegan blinked a few times.

She asked in astonishment, "You haven't?" Mitchel nodded.

"Never in my life." He led her hand to his crotch and said in a hoarse voice, "If you don't believe me, you can check..." Raegan's fingertips brushed his crotch lightly, and it seemed to harden.

Raegan jerked away as if she was burned and snapped, "Mitchel, what's wrong with you?" Mitchel raised his eyebrows.

"Be thankful that I am injured.

Otherwise, I won't be reasoning with you right now." He pointed at the snow-white bed sheet under him and said meaningfully, "Instead, I'm going to press you here." Raegan's ears turned hot and red.

Was this really the only thing in his mind every time they were together? Mitchel squeezed her palm and said, "Come on, tell me.

What made you think I did it?" Raegan didn't want to hide it from him.

"That night, I heard Eloise moaning outside the tent.

She called your name." Hearing this, Mitchel pinched the tip of her nose gently.

"And that's how you reach a conclusion? I wasn't in her tent that night.

I was in the tent next to yours." "Next to mine? How can that be?" Raegan frowned, dubious.

"That tent belonged to the worker Bryce hired, right?" "We swapped," Mitchel explained.

Raegan was even more confused.

If the person inside Eloise's tent wasn't Mitchel, who could it be? Aside from Mitchel, there was only Bryce.

Mitchel noticed the confusion on Raegan's face.

"Maybe they drank too much that night." Raegan was so shocked that she couldn't digest all the information.

Bryce was only a high school student, right? Although he was already an adult at his age, he was still a child in her eyes.

Besides, his childishness and impulsiveness prevented her from treating him as an adult.

"So, you're still in doubt?" Mitchel held her hand and gently touched the pulp of her fingers.

He smiled and said, "It seems that my kissing skills were no longer powerful.

You can't feel how much I want to do it with you..." Mitchel's words trailed off, not wanting to drive her away.

Yet, Raegan got nervous at his words.

She moved away, fearing he would really do something.

Mitchel's face turned gloomy.

He grabbed her waist and pulled her back.

"There should be no hiding from me." Mitchel held her face and stared at her.

His eyes were bright and charming at this moment.

He said, "I've told you everything.

Shouldn't it be your turn now?" "My..."

My turn? What do you mean?" Raegan felt like her heart was in her throat.

"I only want to ask you one question.

Be honest with me.

You and Henley..." Mitchel paused.

It was as if his mouth would taste bitter if he said those words.

After a while, he finally said it, although with difficulty, "Are you in a relationship?" Something flashed across Raegan's eyes.

She said without even looking at him, "It doesn't matter." Mitchel reached out, held her jaw, and raised her face.

He didn't allow her to lower her head and avoid his gaze.

Their eyes met.

He said, "Tell me.

It's very important to me." Although he looked calm, his mind had already been a mess for a long time.

It was important to him because it was related to how he would win her back.

He had investigated and found the two of them had never spent some hours together except that night.

For him, this was a big problem.

He knew Raegan's magic.

Any man who slept with her would want her over and over again.

He didn't believe any man could refuse her unless those preferred a man to an attractive woman.

Under the warm yellow light from the bedside table, Mitchel's facial features were well-craved.

His eyelashes were thick, adding to his allure when meeting his gaze.

Raegan swallowed hard.

She didn't want to be tempted by his handsomeness, so she changed the topic.

"It's a private matter.

I don't want to answer it." But she didn't know that her refusal to give Mitchel a direct answer made him ecstatic.

Mitchel knew Raegan too well.

When she wanted to lie about something, she would avert her gaze and change the topic.

"You didn't, right?" Mitchel touched her forehead and repeated, "You didn't." Raegan pushed his arm.

"It's none of your business." Mitchel was amused.

The more she behaved like this, the more she looked like a child who lied.

Mitchel frowned, afraid he could not hold back his laughter the next second.

He held her hand and put it on the wound of his chest.

Then he said with a trace of humbleness and begging in his tone, "Raegan, please don't lie to me.

It hurts so much here.

Don't you feel sorry for me?" Raegan put on a straight face and kept on her acting.

"I am not lying to you." "You little liar," Mitchel firmly remarked.

"I don't care whether you believe me or not," Raegan said calmly.

She brushed off his hand and said, "Let go of me first." "No, I won't," Mitchel refused stubbornly.

Raegan was annoyed.

She pushed him and stood up.

But she was surprised when she heard a loud thump.

It turned out that Mitchel bumped into the bedside table.

He groaned in pain.

Raegan was stunned.

She didn't use much strength.

How did he fall like that? But when she saw the cold sweat on his forehead and his pale face, she realized something was really wrong with him.

She panicked at once.

Mitchel was injured.

Even if Raegan didn't use much strength, he might still not stand it.

When Raegan saw the beads of sweat on Mitchel's forehead, her heart skipped a beat.

She quickly reached out to ring the bell.

But suddenly, Mitchel grabbed her hand and said, "You haven't answered my question yet."

Chapter 197

She Only Has Three Months Left Raegan was a little annoyed.

Mitchel was already sweating profusely in pain.

How could he still care about her answer? "Raegan..." Mitchel murmured, holding her hand, unwilling to let her go.

His face turned pale.

When Raegan saw his face, bitterness surged in her heart.

Did it really matter whether she was lying to him or not? They were divorced.

They had nothing to do with each other anymore, right? They were supposed to be strangers now.

But in the end, Raegan could no longer bear seeing Mitchel like this.

She said slowly, "No, I didn't sleep with Henley.

He and I are not in a relationship..." Before she could finish her words, Mitchel pulled her into his arms.

"Hmm..." She was about to say something, but her lips were suddenly sealed by his.

Mitchel reached out, raised Raegan's chin with his beautiful and slender fingers, and kissed her with his thin and sexy lips.

The kiss started light, but it went deeper and deeper.

Raegan's body trembled uncontrollably.

She felt her limbs got weaker and weaker.

He still had this kind of impact on her, and she was ashamed.

She was still worried about Mitchel's injury.

So, she put her hands on his shoulder, trying not to touch his wound.

The sudden kiss brought them closer together.

Mitchel didn't lose control.

Before Raegan couldn't take it anymore, he quickly let her go.

Raegan was so mad at him that she wanted to slap him in the face.

If only he wasn't injured.

She tried hard to break free from his grip, but he held her even tighter.

"Mitchel, what are you doing? Stop it!" Raegan felt like she had fallen into his trap.

"Do you want to go back on what you have promised me that night?" They shouldn't have anything to do with each other anymore after their divorce, right? But why did he always get close to her? Worse was he still hugged and kissed her at will.

"Yes, I regret it," Mitchel replied without hesitation.

It was as if Raegan was the one who broke the agreement.

"You..." Raegan got even angrier.

Mitchel's deep-set eyes were fixed on Raegan.

"If you are not pleased with it, you can get even with me by getting laid with me." Raegan was so dumbfounded that her jaw almost dropped.

Mitchel continued in a deep voice, "That night, we made love three times.

To compensate you, I will double it for you.

What do you think?" Raegan remained silent, so Mitchel went on seriously, "From a businessman's point of view, you've gained a lot of profits in this deal." Raegan was even more at a loss for words.

She never knew anyone else as shameless as Mitchel.

He said those words in such a manner as if he was not ashamed of what he said, not even the slightest bit.

And he didn't blush at all when uttering those words.

Raegan was speechless for a while.

Then, she frowned and asked, "What the hell do you want?" "I want to start anew with you." As he spoke, Mitchel stared at Raegan solemnly.

His charming eyes shone brightly.

It was as if the stars came down and moved in his eyes.

Raegan's heart skipped a beat.

Mitchel's smile deepened.

"I hope you can give me another chance to get to know you." He didn't say he wanted to reconcile with her.

Instead, he said he wanted to know her.

It meant he wished to be with the current Raegan.

Indeed, they could only be together without estrangements if they both left those bad memories behind.

Mixed feelings filled Raegan.

Some harm had already been done.

Ignoring them didn't necessarily do her any good.

This was the obstacle she couldn't get over with for now.

So, she shook her head.

"I think we are better this way." Obviously, Raegan meant she couldn't accept Mitchel now.

She didn't want to experience those unnecessary sufferings again.

Mitchel understood Raegan's hesitation.

He knew after everything that happened, it was not easy for her to accept him again.

So, he didn't press her.

"I won't force you to accept me right now.

I know it will take some time, and I am willing to wait.

But I have a request." Raegan raised her head and looked at him.

He continued, "Don't keep avoiding me anymore." Raegan found it hard to resist being gazed at by his deep and charming eyes, so she lowered her head again and said, "If you don't want me to avoid you, don't force me to do something against my will." "Okay," Mitchel agreed without hesitation.

He could force her to stay by his side with tons of approaches.

But he no longer wanted to hurt her even a bit.

Mitchel didn't want to make things difficult for Raegan anymore, so he patted the bed and said, "It's late.

Come and sleep now." Raegan shook her head.

"I'll just sit here.

I'm not sleepy yet.

I'll just lie down later if I feel tired." Actually, she only didn't want to be on the same bed with Mitchel.

She silently complained about the lack of an extra bed for the family in the VIP ward which cost thousands of dollars every day.

Just now, she went to the nurse station and asked whether she could rent a folding bed like other hospitals had equipped.

However, this hospital didn't provide such a service.

Raegan quietly cursed this hospital for its so-so service at a staggering price.

Seeing that Raegan remained in her seat, Mitchel also sat on his bed and didn't sleep.

Actually, it helped with the recovery of his wound if he lay still.

But he refused to lie down without Raegan lying by his side.

Raegan tried to coax Mitchel to sleep but in vain.

Mitchel just took his laptop and started working on some business matters.

Raegan could only sigh helplessly, knowing he wouldn't sleep if she didn't go to bed and lie beside him.

Not wanting to give in yet, she played dumb by lowering her head and scrolling some feeds on her phone.

After almost half an hour, Raegan raised her head and glanced at Mitchel.

She saw the beads of sweat on his forehead.

Apparently, it was because he had been sitting for too long.

Before she knew it, her heart had already softened.

Sometimes, Raegan hated herself for being too softhearted.

She sighed.

"Will you sleep if I go to bed with you?" "Of course.

We will sleep together," Mitchel replied with a charming smile.

Raegan stood up, took out a quilt from the closet, and laid it on the bed.

"I will share the bed with you, but let's have an agreement first.

We will be in our own quilts.

Don't cross the line." Suddenly, Mitchel regretted not asking the nurse to take the quilt away.

But it was already too late to regret it.

So, he had no choice but to agree with Raegan.

When Nicole walked out of the hospital, she felt like her whole body had been drained of strength.

Her test results were already in her hands.

The painful truth was revealed in front of her.

She had stomach cancer.

Her cancer was in the mid-advanced stage, and she needed to undergo an operation as soon as possible.

Otherwise, she would only have three months to live.

She held the examination report in her hand tightly.

It was a clear proof that her stomach was badly damaged.

But this news was not the most heartbreaking for her.

Another blood test result in her hand showed she was pregnant.

She was two months pregnant.

These past months, Jarrod was violent and ruthless every time they had sex.

She bled several times, but she thought it was only her normal menstruation.

She never thought she was pregnant.

Jarrod didn't like to use condoms, so Nicole took contraceptive pills every time.

How could she get pregnant? The doctor's words were still vivid in her mind.

"You must have an abortion first before we can arrange the gastric cancer surgery." Nicole bit her dry lips hard.

Soon, she made up her mind.

The abortion must be done as soon as possible, but she had to delay the gastric cancer surgery.

The Lawrence Group was now in a life-and-death situation, and all the deals she had earned went smoothly.

She was on the right track of saving the company.

It was not easy for the company to reach such an improvement, so she couldn't slack off.

She couldn't be hospitalized for now.

Besides, her parents were still in bad condition.

She was the only one to manage the Lawrence family now.

At the thought of this, she tore up the test results, threw them into the trash can, and got in the car without looking back.

Nicole rested her hands on the steering wheel.

Her hands couldn't stop trembling, which meant she couldn't possibly drive at this moment.

So she took out her phone to call her assistant to pick her up.

But before she could do anything, her assistant's call came in first.

When she pressed the answer button, her assistant's flustered voice came through.

"Miss Lawrence, bad news! There is something wrong with the deals that you have brought for the company!" "What? What do you mean?" The assistant replied between sobs, "They said that our finished products didn't meet their standards, so they refused the deliveries." Nicole was so shocked that she held her breath.

"How can that be possible?" She personally checked the samples to ensure their quality.

She even watched every step of the procedure herself.

Those deals were the hope for the Lawrence family to be on the right track.

How could such an error happen? Nicole didn't think about anything else anymore.

She got out of her car, hailed a taxi, and rushed back to the company.

Then, she saw the products piled up in the lobby of the company.

Nicole went to her office and called those companies to convince them to receive the products.

But they all asserted that they couldn't accept the products without telling her the real reason.

Only Korbin, the last company on the list, reminded her kindly, "Miss Lawrence, did you offend anyone recently?" Nicole was stunned.

Did she offend anyone? She thought for a while, but only Jarrod came to her mind, Her hands trembled, but she managed to take her phone and call Jarrod.

"Mr.

Schultz, where are you?" It was noisy and lively on the other end of the line.

Jarrold's cold and ruthless voice came through, "I'm not available today." Then, he hung up the phone.

All she could hear was a beeping sound.

Nicole immediately contacted one of Jarrod's friends and asked where he was.

It was only then that she found out that today was Jamie's birthday.

Jarrold held a party for Jamie on a private yacht.

Nicole hung up and rushed to the dock.

She had to pay a loan amounting to eighty million dollars tomorrow.

If she couldn't pay it in time, the Lawrence family would be doomed.

Thus, she couldn't waste time.

Chapter 198

Don't Let Me See You The Valiant Voyager, Jarrold's private yacht, docked at the seaside harbor.

It was a three-hour drive from the city center.

It was already afternoon when Nicole arrived there.

She didn't have anything this morning because she had to fast for her laboratory tests.

Later, when she rushed to the company, she was swamped with those issues with the deals.

For a whole long day, she didn't have time to eat anything.

Until now, her stomach was empty.

It felt like her stomach was burning, not from hunger but from some sort of internal heat.

A miserable smile slowly crept across Nicole's face.

She often felt this way since the beginning of the year.

Now that she was diagnosed with stomach cancer, she knew it was a sign of her stomach suffering and warned her to pay attention to her health.

But unfortunately, she hadn't paid much attention to her condition since Jarrod's return.

After all, handling him had taken her most of the time and effort.

If she hadn't missed the best time for treatment, her condition wouldn't have worsened like this.

Now, it was too late for anything.

When Nicole stepped out of the car, the cold late December wind blew on her face.

She felt like it was a blade that cut her skin.

She wrapped her coat tightly around her body and walked toward the dock which led to the prominent ultra-luxury yacht.

Two bodyguards in black stood there, checking the guests' invitations before they could get on board.

Nicole called Jarrod, and he answered quickly.

She hurriedly said, "Jarrod, I'm outside the Valiant Voyager.

Can you come down to see me? Or can I go up?" "I told you I'm busy today, and I don't want to see you.

Get out of here!" Jarrod replied impatiently.

"Jarrod, please.

It will only take five minutes," Nicole pleaded.

She didn't intend to give up.

"Not even five seconds.

All my time today is only for Jamie," Jarrod refused coldly.

"So, get lost! Don't let me see your disgusting face!" Nicole then heard the beeping sound.

Jarrod hung up without even giving her a chance to explain.

Nicole dialed Jarrod's number again.

But this time, all she got was a busy tone.

It seemed he had blocked her.

She stood in the cold wind for almost two hours, wrapping her coat tightly around her body.

Her assistant called again, informing her that one of their partners, who wasn't dissatisfied with their products, had called and asked about their products being returned.

This was not a good sign.

It seemed this partner was thinking about terminating their cooperation.

Nicole clenched her fists tightly.

She walked forward, pulled out some cash from her wallet, and stuffed the money into the bodyguards' hands, attempting to bribe them to let her in.

But the bodyguards shook their heads and waved their hands, refusing her money.

She understood what they were worried about.

So, she hastened to explain, "Please, take it.

I won't make things difficult for you.

Just do me a favor.

Tell Jamie that Nicole is here and wants to talk to her.

If she doesn't want to see me, I'll immediately leave.

I won't cause you any trouble." Nicole was betting on whether Jamie's hatred toward her was enough to let her in.

Once she got in, she would stand a chance of seeing Jarrod.

In that case, she could manage to talk with him, thus saving her company from going bankrupt.

She must see Jarrod tonight, no matter what.

These bodyguards were surely high-paid, so it was useless for Nicole to bribe them into letting her on board.

But they could relay her message to Jamie.

Sure enough, one of the bodyguards took the money and went up to ask.

After a few minutes, the bodyguard returned with good news.

"Miss Powell is willing to let you on board." Nicole knew she had won.

She clenched her fists tightly and stepped onto the yacht.

When Nicole reached the deck, she saw how grand Jamie's birthday party was.

The entire yacht was adorned with exquisite flowers.

Sparkling crystal lanterns hung everywhere.

The floor was covered with expensive Persian carpets.

In front of the captain's room, a five-star chef was preparing an unlimited buffet of meticulously prepared and mouthwatering dishes that made Nicole's stomach ache even more.

A waiter approached Nicole and guided her through the crowd.

She soon found Jamie, who was surrounded by many celebrities.

Beside Jamie stood Jarrod, who looked dashing and handsome in his tailored suit.

Jamie, in her cherry red dress and luxurious jewelry from head to toe, exuded the air of an heiress.

But, of course, everyone knew that the Powell family had long since fallen from grace.

Jamie had a reckless older brother who single-handedly bankrupted their company, leaving them with debts worth hundreds of millions.

If it weren't for Jarrod, the Powell family would no longer have a place in Ardlens.

Jarrod had lavishly spent money just for Jamie to maintain her status as a famous socialite.

While chatting with her friends around her, Jamie leaned against Jarrod's chest.

Nicole had been waiting there for almost half an hour, but Jamie didn't even spare a glance at her.

She had witnessed how Jarrod doted on Jamie.

He was so thoughtful that he stopped Jamie from drinking, took off his coat, and wrapped it around Jamie's shoulders.

He also showered Jamie with affectionate smiles.

While watching Jarrod smile charmingly, Nicole was stunned for a moment.

She could no longer remember the last time she saw Jarrod smile like this.

Jarrood had a dimple at the corner of his mouth.

When he smiled, his intimidating aura softened.

It seemed he had transformed into a sunny and dashing young man.

However, he rarely smiled.

It could be said that he hardly ever did, except when he was with Jamie.

After all, the business world was like a battlefield.

And a company needed a decisive and ruthless leader, not a gentleman.

Jarrood knew how to avoid showing his vulnerability very well.

He would only put away his arrogance when Jamie was around.

He became the thoughtful Jarrood that Nicole remembered.

Suddenly, the pungent smell of alcohol filled the air.

Then, there was a loud splash.

Before Nicole could react, red wine splattered onto her white coat.

After this, a voice with a strong smell of alcohol sounded.

"Oops! I'm sorry, sweetie.

My bad! My hand is slippery.

I didn't mean to spill wine all over you." Nicole looked up and saw Howe Powell, Jamie's elder brother.

She remembered him because she saw him in a video she had watched before.

Before Nicole could say anything, Howe remarked, "Let me dry those wine for you." As he spoke, he extended his hands to Nicole.

But he splashed his wine on Nicole's chest.

His lewd expression made it look like he wanted to take advantage of the situation to touch her.

Nicole stepped back coolly and said politely, "It's okay." She had heard about Howe before.

He was infamous in Ard lens for being a womanizer.

Moreover, his sexual preferences were particularly abnormal.

Rumors had it that he had played with some women to death in bed.

The Powell family had spent a significant amount of money to settle the matter.

Nicole once suspected that Jarrod might have learned some tactics from Howe.

But when she accidentally saw Howe's video that circulated through the Internet, she realized Howe's tactics were much worse than Jarrod's.

At most, when Jarrod was excited, he enjoyed seeing others beg for mercy.

Howe, on the other hand, liked harming women.

He used all sorts of twisted objects to stab them.

Seeing Howe's face now made Nicole feel so disgusted that she wanted to vomit.

But she knew she couldn't offend him, so she just took two steps back and lowered her gaze, trying not to provoke him.

However, Howe was not done yet.

The reason he came to Jamie's birthday party was to find a woman he could have a good time with.

How could he let go of a beauty like Nicole? Just looking at Nicole's amazing figure made his mouth water.

Besides, Nicole was not a fake socialite.

She was a true heiress of a wealthy family.

Her entire being exuded nobility and elegance.

So, Howe was very determined to sleep with her.

He stepped forward, grabbed Nicole's hand, and stuffed several banknotes in her chest forcefully.

Then, he said in a vulgar and despicable manner, "Beauty, that won't do.

I ruined your coat, so I must compensate for it.

Come with me downstairs, and I will give you something better.” When he said downstairs, he meant the luxurious lounge below the yacht, which was as opulent as a hotel suite.

Howe's grip on her hand made Nicole feel like a venomous snake was crawling across her back.

She couldn't help trembling.

She immediately struggled to break free.

But since Howe was fueled by alcohol, he felt empowered.

He ignored Nicole's resistance and forcefully dragged her down.

Howe thought that since Jarrod would be his future brother-in-law, the yacht Jarrod owned was also his.

And he knew that even if he slept with Nicole, Jarrod wouldn't stop him.

Jarrod would even clean up his mess.

Nicole was caught off guard.

She could only hold onto a pillar and call for help.

However, Howe quickly covered her mouth to make sure no one would hear her.

But Nicole was determined not to become one of Howe's helpless victims.

She reached out and scratched his face.

His face immediately bled.

Howe was in so much pain that he suddenly raised his hand.

A crisp slap sound echoed.

Howe slapped Nicole hard on the face.

"You bitch! Who do you think you are to hurt me? You must be courting death." Then, he grabbed Nicole's hair and slammed her head against the railing of the yacht forcefully, trying to knock her unconscious.

Nicole felt like her head buzzed.

Then, a burst of white light burst out from her head.

Nicole had not eaten anything the entire day, and she already felt very weak.

So, when she was slapped hard by Howe, she felt her soul had left her body.

She closed her eyes.

Suddenly, she felt a wine bottle underneath her.

She thought of smashing it on Howe's head.

But before Nicole could make a move, Howe noticed the bottle.

He leaned over, picked it up, and raised it, smiling sinisterly.

"Do you want me to use this to serve you better?"

Chapter 199

I Beg You Howe's words echoed in the air.

His eagerness to overpower Nicole and strip off her clothes was evident.

Nicole felt his hot breath on her face, causing her stomach to churn violently.

She fought the urge to vomit.

Her piercing scream finally caught the attention of bystanders, including Jamie and Jarrod.

Jarrod's expression darkened instantly when he realized Howe was about to assault Nicole.

Noticing Jarrod's troubled look, Jamie quickly grabbed his arm and turned to face Howe.

"Howe, why here of all places?" Without waiting for his response, Jamie looked at the security guard and commanded, "Help my brother up, will you? Just keep it cool.

What kind of woman is she even? How dare she behave so shamelessly here!" Jamie's accusatory words swiftly shifted public opinion against Nicole.

Whispers spread among the onlookers.

Despite Howe's notorious reputation, the crowd) still condemned Nicole.

It was not until Howe was forcibly removed from the scene and saw the crowd around him that he regained sobriety.

At this moment, he adjusted his belt and echoed Jamie's sentiment.

"Sorry, I got a bit carried away." His words insinuated a mutual consent that was not there.

Meanwhile, Jarrod's dark eyes reddened upon seeing Nicole's disheveled clothes and the bucks near her chest.

"Clear out the crowd first," Jarrod commanded the security in a low and firm voice.

The guards quickly redirected the bystanders to a nearby stage where a couple of C-list celebrities were performing.

The crowd gathered there, drawn by the entertainment.

Once the area was emptied, Jarrod confronted Nicole, who was half-naked.

"Nicole, how could you stoop so low?" His words stung Nicole more painfully than a physical slap.

Her face burned with humiliation.

However, the absurdity of the situation soon struck Nicole as ironic.

There stood the infamous Howe, yet Jarrod seemed to believe she was the one at fault.

She thought about her loyalty to Jarrod and the fact that she had never been with another man.

Nicole felt unjustly accused.

She was cleaner than anyone else there.

How could Jarrod say such a thing? Realizing Jarrod knew Nicole, Howe walked over with a fawning smile.

"Jarrod, you know her? Great.

"I'll take her away then." Howe reached for Nicole's arm, but she shook him off.

"Don't touch me! I don't know you!" Enraged by her rejection, Howe twisted the truth.

"You just agreed to sleep with me, and now you back out? I never let go of what I want.

"You're not leaving here without sleeping with me today!" With her face flushed with anger, Nicole shot back, "What kind of nonsense are you talking about!" "Watch your manners, Howe," Jamie chimed in.

"Miss Lawrence is from the prestigious Lawrence family.

She's not someone you can just touch whenever you want." Jamie casually explained Nicole's background to Howe.

She knew him too well.

If Howe set his sights on a woman, he would go to any lengths to have her.

The more challenging the pursuit, the harsher he would be once he succeeded.

The fate of the last woman was a grim reminder of this.

Realizing Jamie's warning implied he could not succeed today, Howe masked his intentions with a sly smile.

"Ah, it seems like I misunderstood.

My apologies, Miss Lawrence." Nicole eyed him warily.

"I'll make it up to you next time," Howe added with a wicked grin.

His gaze was terrifying like a nest of venomous snakes.

He swore to himself he would do whatever it took to get her.

With that, Harold stumbled toward the deck and searched for another temporary conquest.

Jarrold cast a cold glance at Nicole and issued an order, "Throw her out!" Two security guards moved to carry out the order without a second thought.

But Nicole, in a desperate bid, clung to Jarrold's trousers.

"Mr.

Schultz, please.

Just give me five minutes." However, Jarrold was not swayed.

He kicked her away and commanded, "Get her out of here now!" The security guards immediately seized Nicole's arms and prepared to escort her away.

"Miss Lawrence, perhaps it's time to demonstrate your sincerity," Jamie suggested with an enchanting tone.

Jamie's gaze drifted to the deck below Nicole, subtly hinting at something.

Nicole's eyelashes fluttered with distress, and her mind raced for a solution.

Plop! In a moment of desperation, Nicole knelt down.

i Apart from her parents, Nicole had never knelt before anyone but Jarrod.

At this moment, tears streamed down her face.

Nicole forced herself to calm down.

After a long while, she looked up at Jarrod and pleaded, "Mr.

Schultz, please, spare the Lawrence Group." Jarrod turned to see Nicole, who was once so proud and strong, now kneeling before him.

His eyebrows twitched.

He thought he would feel triumphant and vindicated.

After all, he thought she had deceived and wronged him.

He should be filled with resentment toward her.

But why did his heart ache as if wounded by a dull blade? His eyes ached at the sight of her bent knees.

Why? Well, maybe it was because he was not ruthless enough.

Maybe that was the reason he didn't draw pleasure from her miserable look.

After all, Nicole was good at playing the victim.

He shouldn't get soft-hearted at her.

He should put aside his strange feelings toward her.

Jarrod's eyes hardened and regained their usual coldness and ruthlessness.

Kneeling before him, Nicole bowed her head and said, "There is something wrong with the contract with Saatchi and the Roissy Group.

The Lawrence Group's very survival is at stake.

Please, show some mercy." Of course, Jarrod was well aware of it.

It was his doing, after all.

He had expected Nicole would come to beg him.

Therefore, he refused to see her.

"I heard you secured these deals after a wine-heavy meeting.

How come you encounter such problems so soon?" Jarrod asked, his eyes as cold as a glacier.

Upon hearing this, Nicole felt more certain the situation had something to do with him.

After all, she had obtained these deals without his knowledge.

"Mr.

Schultz, you can do what you want to me.

But please, spare the Lawrence Group.

Hundreds of employees depend on it.

I can't let them down." With a sneer tugging at the corners of his mouth, Jarrod replied, "That's none of my concern." Nicole's fingertips quivered subtly.

It was then that she realized he must have done it on purpose.

But even so, she had no other choice.

The only one who could save the Lawrence family was the same man who had brought it down.

With this thought in mind, she hit her head heavily on the ground.

Thud.

Again and again.

"Mr.

Schultz, please...

Please let go of the Lawrence Group..." Nicole said every time her head made contact with the ground.

She did not stop even until her forehead was stained with blood.

Chapter 200

But I Won't Love You "Nicole!" Jarrod bellowed with sudden fury.

In a swift motion, he grabbed Nicole's arm and lifted her effortlessly.

"Are you out of your mind? I told you to leave! Did you hear me? Leave this instant!" His grip was so strong.

It was excruciating, and Nicole felt the pressure would crush her bones.

But the pain in her heart was more unbearable.

Regret gnawed at Nicole.

She blamed herself for meeting Jarrod when she was young.

This mistake brought catastrophe upon her family and the entire Lawrence lineage.

Tears streamed down Nicole's face.

She wept silently, and her body shivered with each sob.

To Jarrod, her silent tears were like daggers piercing his heart.

Meanwhile, as Jamie observed them from the side, a surge of jealousy welled up within her.

She understood Jarrod more than anyone.

Jarrod's anger was a mask for his care.

The angrier he was, the more profound his feelings were.

And even now, she saw his hesitation.

They both agreed to take over the Lawrence Group.

Moreover, Jarrod had assured her that once he took control of the Lawrence family, he would sever ties with Nicole and marry her instead.

Jarrod had never intended to comply with that three- year agreement between Nicole and him.

It was a ploy to lull Nicole into a false sense of security and made her think she had plenty of time to deal with Jarrod.

All of these was Jamie's idea.

Crushing Nicole's hopes at the peak and turning her dreams to dust was the most satisfying thing ever.

But now, Jarrod seemed to waver.

Jamie realized Nicole's profound impact on Jarrod.

She had to do something.

With this realization, Jamie concealed her resentment and gently placed her hand on Jarrod's.

"Jarrod, please, let's not ruin the evening.

Remember, it's my birthday." Her words seemed to calm Jarrod instantly.

At last, he released Nicole, who stumbled back against the railing for support.

The wind on the deck whipped around them and snatched away the coat Jamie had just donned, now marked with a trace of blood.

Delicate as ever, Jamie refused to wear it again.

She looked at Jarrod and asked, "Could you get me another coat, Jarrod? It's so cold." With a stormy expression, Jarrod turned to face Nicole.

"I don't want to see you again when I return!" As Jarrod turned away, two bodyguards stepped forward, lifted Nicole by her arms, and poised to escort her out.

It was then that Nicole snapped back to reality.

She realized that Jarrod was determined to ruin the Lawrence family.

Begging for mercy would be futile.

She might as well try another method.

With newfound resolve, Nicole stood up, held her head high, and firmly said, "I'll walk by myself." "Miss Lawrence!" Jamie suddenly called out.

As Nicole turned, Jamie stepped forward and flashed a sweet yet sly smile.

"Why the rush?" "Miss Powell, please step aside," Nicole replied, her voice cold and guarded.

Nicole had been outwitted by Jamie more than once and knew all too well how treacherous this woman could be.

Having a further conflict with Jamie was the last thing on her mind.

She had more pressing matters to attend to.

"Miss Lawrence, why are you so nervous?" Jamie covered her mouth and lightly chuckled.

"Did you ever think about why all the Lawrence Group's deals went wrong all of a sudden?" "What do you mean?" Nicole asked with narrowed eyes.

"Come closer.

I'll tell you." Nicole sensed Jamie's words carried a hidden agenda, but they piqued her curiosity.

Without wasting any second, she stepped closer.

"Speak clearly!" Nicole demanded.

"Oh, I will." Jamie suddenly seized Nicole's wrist and continued, "Since you're already here, how about I present you with another surprise?" Nicole's eyes narrowed in suspicion.

But before she could react, she felt a sudden, strong tug on her arm.

Jamie's grip on Nicole's hand tightened.

In a shocking turn, Jamie leaned back, lost her balance, and tumbled over the railing! As Jamie fell, she cried out, "Jarrod, help! Nicole is..." Splash! Huge ripples spread across the river's surface.

Jamie had fallen into the water! Everything happened in an instant.

Nicole managed to cling to the railing, saving herself from being dragged into the river.

"Jamie!" Jarrod hurried to the scene.

He pushed Nicole away and shot her a piercing look.

Without another word, he dove into the water for Jamie.

Shortly after, he emerged from the river, cradling Jamie in his arms.

Crew members from the cruise quickly lowered a rope ladder and helped them back onto the deck.

The chilling river water had taken its toll on Jamie more than on Jarrod.

She trembled violently.

Her lips turned a shade of purple, and her face was pale and shaken.

Thankfully, Jamie was rescued in time and did not swallow any water.

She clung to Jarrod, her face stained with tears.

Her distressed state evoked pity from onlookers.

A bystander hurried over with a quilt and wrapped it around Jamie's shivering form.

"Take her inside to rest," Jarrod ordered.

Jamie held onto Jarrod's arm and looked up at him with tearful eyes.

"Jarrod..." Jarrod gently held her hand and comforted her, "It's alright.

I won't let anyone harm you." Upon hearing this, Jamie lowered her head, and a malicious smile played in her lips.

She mused that this was enough to send Nicole to the depths of hell.

Jarrod then turned around, his gaze icy and his expression stern.

His polished leather shoes glistened with each step, a symbol of the looming threat he posed, striking fear into Nicole's heart.

He stopped a few steps from Nicole, and his eyes narrowed with a dangerous glint.

"Explain yourself.

Why did you push Jamie?" His voice was eerily calm, a stark contrast to the brewing storm Nicole sensed.

This feeling was all too familiar to Nicole, having faced it before more than once.

It sent a shiver through her.

Her entire being dreaded the calm before the storm.

With quivering lips, Nicole stammered, "I...

I didn't push her." Jarrod nonchalantly brushed back his wet hair.

Despite being soaked, he remained unruffled and composed.

He accepted a lit cigar from a bystander and leaned back against the railing.

Then, he drew a light puff and casually asked, "Did Jamie just fall on her own?" "Well...

She grabbed my hand..." Nicole tried to explain.

Before she could finish, Jarrod flicked his cigar, and it fell dangerously close to her fingertips.

The glowing ember nearly scorched her skin.

Jarrood pressed the tip of his shoe under Nicole's chin, tilting her face up toward him.

When he spoke again, his voice was slow and deliberate.

"So, you're suggesting Jamie tried to set you up, but instead, she fell herself?" The hard leather of Jarrod's shoes _ pressed uncomfortably against her chin.

Nicole could only look up at him with a mix of bitterness and fear.

"I didn't push her, I swear..." Jarrod's sneer was cold and dismissive.

Standing at almost 5 feet and 11 inches, he loomed over Nicole, making her feel as insignificant as an ant.

"You refuse to admit it, don't you?" he taunted.

He gestured to a nearby bodyguard and ordered, "Tell me what you saw." The bodyguard, fully aware of his allegiance, bowed his head and replied without hesitation, "I saw her push Miss Powell!" His loyalty was clear.

Regardless of what he saw, the truth was secondary to serving his master.

Another bodyguard chimed in hastily, "I saw it too." Jarrod fixed his cold gaze at Nicole and enunciated each word, "Do you need to hear it again?" His tone was chilling, reminiscent of a judge asking a condemned prisoner for their last meal request.

Nicole felt as though an invisible hand was squeezing her throat, rendering her speechless.

She realized with a sinking heart that no one on this ship would take her side.

Nobody would come to her aid.

There was no point in defending herself.

They were not seeking the truth but rather a punishment.

This was the final act in their cruel carnival.

Jarrood looked into Nicolle's dim eyes and sneered, "What? Have you given up defending yourself?" "Even if I said it wasn't me, would you believe me? In your heart..." Nicole smiled bitterly and added, "You've already made up your mind, haven't you?" Jarrood stared at Nicole with burning eyes, "And what if you were to explain? How do you know I wouldn't believe you?" At that moment, his desire to hear her side of the story seemed more like a personal challenge.

Even he was unsure of what he wanted to hear, but he was driven by a need to hear her reasoning.

To him, this conflict appeared to stem from mere jealousy.

The thought that Nicole was jealous of Jamie brought him a twisted sense of satisfaction.

"What are you expecting to hear, Jarrood? That I pushed Jamie into the water out of jealousy?" Nicole asked, her sharp words cutting through the tension.

Suddenly, a fleeting, uncharacteristic expression crossed Jarrood's stoic face, but it vanished as quickly as it appeared.

Nicole caught a glimpse of it, though.

Now, a smile tugged at the corners of her mouth.

But it was not really a smile but more of a sneer.

Did he really think, after all the humiliation she endured because of him, she could still love him? Did she act too convincingly? Her plan had failed, and the downfall of her family's empire loomed over her.

What more was there for her to cling to? Nicole faced Jarrood and laughed with scorn.

"You and Jamie are indeed the perfect pair.

One heartless and deranged, the other deceitful and vicious.

| wish for nothing more than for the two of you to be together and leave me in peace.

Let me be clear, Jarrod.

"I despise you, I abhor you, and you repulse me! I will never love you!" Her smile was laced with bitterness.

In response, Jarrod's face contorted with rage, and he raised his hand...

Slap! The sound of his hand striking Nicole's face echoed in the air.