

Unbreakable 101

Chapter 101

Let The Baby Disappear The trace of desire on Mitchel's face instantly disappeared upon hearing Kyle's words.

Since Mitchel and Raegan were very close to each other at the moment, Raegan immediately noticed the change in his mood.

She removed her hands from his neck and tried to get away from his lap.

But he pressed her with one hand, and she couldn't move at all.

He said on the phone, "Kyle, if you can't take good care of her, give me your resignation letter.

I don't need an incompetent employee.

Are we clear?" After saying this, Mitchel hung up without waiting for Kyle to say anything more.

He wrapped his arm around Raegan's waist with a little strength, making her fall into his arms uncontrollably.

Since her body was pressed against his, she felt his hot skin.

Raegan subconsciously resisted.

But her strength was no match for Mitchel.

He put one hand on her back, turned her around, and pressed her onto the bed.

His warm palm went down from her calf to her ankle.

Then, he gently squeezed and rubbed it.

It was as if he was measuring the size of her leg.

Then he asked in a low voice, "Are you planning to run away again?" Mitchel's grip almost lifted Raegan's heart.

He could always find her sensitive spots accurately.

He really knew how to make her vulnerable in front of him.

She felt like she had lost all her strength.

She gasped and said in a soft voice, "I Just want to get off your lap." Mitchel approached Raegan slowly, staring at her rosy and swollen lips.

He said hoarsely, "You little liar." Before Raegan could react, he covered her lips with his, swallowing all her breaths.

His hand reached out the hem of her clothes, slid into her body, and touched her tender skin.

But suddenly, he thought of something.

He let go of her lips, stared at her eyes, and asked, "When can you..." Raegan's face and neck turned crimson at once.

She was so embarrassed that she tried to push his hand away.

However, she failed.

Mitchel asked again, "When?" Raegan blushed even more.

She also didn't know the answer, so she could only say, "After giving birth..." Mitchel nodded thoughtfully.

For some unknown reason, Raegan felt something wrong with his reaction.

She added in a hurry, "No way! Don't even think about it." Mitchel pinched her hard and said teasingly, "Don't think about what?" Raegan raised her head and gasped.

She bit her lower lip before she said in a trembling voice, "You know what I mean.

You can't." "What are you trying to say? Are you afraid that I will vie for your breasts with my child?" Mitchel leaned closer and added in a bewitching voice, "Don't worry.

I will wait until he is full before..." "Mitchel, stop it!" Raegan raised her hand, wanting to cover his mouth.

But Mitchel grabbed it.

So, she had no choice but to seal his mouth with a kiss.

Of course, Mitchel responded.

He bit her lips and moved his hand to another sensitive spot.

Raegan felt like her soul was about to leave her body.

She had no choice but to call his name desperately, "Mitchel..."

Stop it..." However, Mitchel didn't seem to hear her.

His hands kept roving her body wantonly.

Finally, Raegan gave in.

She felt so weak.

It was as if her spirit had been sucked out of her body.

She could only lie on the bed exhaustedly.

Mitchel's hands stopped wandering, but he didn't let go of her.

Instead, he turned her over.

When she was on top of him, he led her hand down between his thighs.

He said casually, "As a couple, we are supposed to help each other, right?" Raegan was still flushed, making her look like a dewy rose.

Her appearance aroused Mitchel even more.

He slightly leaned forward, bit her earlobe, and said hoarsely, "Raegan, please help me..."

Come on..." After some time, everything was over.

Raegan was still in a daze as she almost couldn't believe what had happened just now.

But when Mitchel carried her to the bathroom, she resisted.

She pushed him and said, "I'll take a shower myself." "You still have the strength to push me, huh?" Mitchel teased.

Raegan's ears immediately turned red.

She quickly said, "No, I can't do it anymore.

I am too exhausted now," Mitchel raised his eyebrows.

"Really? That's all you've got? You need more practice to improve your skills.

After all, there are still a few months left before we could have real sex again." Raegan panicked upon hearing this.

But she didn't show it.

Instead, she played dumb.

After Raegan finished freshening up, Mitchel said, "Change your clothes.

Let's visit my grandpa today.

He has been wanting to see us." On the other side, right after the phone was disconnected by Mitchel, Lauren slapped Kyle hard.

Blood immediately oozed out from the corner of Kyle's mouth.

He was too stunned to react for a long time.

Lauren scolded him furiously, "You are a piece of trash! How can you be so useless? You can't even pull this off?" After saying this, she raised her hand, wanting to slap Kyle again.

But to her surprise, he suddenly grabbed her hand tightly.

Then he raised his other hand and gave her a slap.

Lauren was stunned.

She didn't expect Kyle to fight back.

All the while, she thought he was easy to manipulate.

How dare he hit her! She pounced on him crazily and attempted to scratch him.

"You filthy lowlife! How dare you! I'll skin you alive!" However, Kyle dodged and didn't let her succeed.

He sneered, "Miss Murray, did you just call me a lowlife? Then, you have been fucked by a lowlife." Fury overwhelmed Lauren, and she was struggling to find the words to shoot back momentarily.

She gritted her teeth and scolded, "Are you out of your mind? Aren't you afraid of being locked up in the prison?" "Well, may I know what you want to do? Are you planning to sue me for raping you? Go ahead.

But I will tell Mr.

Dixon that you seduced me first.

Mr.

Dixon isn't interested in you when he still thinks you are a virgin.

What if he finds that you have slept with tons of men and that you're nothing less than a slut? To be honest, I'm quite curious about his reaction." "You!" Lauren wanted to curse Kyle again.

But when she thought of his words just now, she swallowed back what she wanted to say.

She didn't expect Kyle to be so difficult to manipulate.

Tessa, however, was much easier to manipulate than him.

Lauren changed her tactic.

She bit her lower lip and pretended to be weak.

"Kyle, I'm just too angry.

I didn't mean it, you know.

Please don't be mad at me." However, Kyle didn't buy it.

He had seen Lauren's true colors.

So, he didn't fall for her tricks.

Lauren felt the need to craft some schemes with Jocelyn.

But when she turned her head, she saw that Jocelyn was still slapping herself under Mitchel's order.

Lauren gently shook Kyle's arm and said, "Kyle, please tell Jocelyn to stop slapping herself first.

She is too old to endure such a punishment." Kyle's expression turned solemn.

"I'm sorry, I can't do that.

I have to follow Mr.

Dixon's orders." Lauren gritted her teeth with resentment.

How could Kyle be so stubborn? But she could no longer lose her temper.

So, she leaned forward and unbuttoned Kyle's shirt, asking sweetly, "Then, have you handled the report yet?" Kyle was distracted by Lauren's touch and had obviously softened a lot.

He replied, "Of course." Lauren's mood lightened up.

At the thought that she would watch a good show soon, she was thrilled.

She had been waiting for years for Mitchel to marry her.

But when Mitchel finally agreed to marry her, he suddenly married Raegan.

All her efforts were in vain.

This made her hate Raegan to the core.

How could Mitchel be interested in such a normal woman? It must be because of that fucking baby in Raegan's belly.

With this thought in mind, Lauren determined to get rid of that baby.

She was eager to see Mitchel's reaction once he saw the report.

Lauren threw herself into Kyle's arms, feeling complacent.

She said, "Kyle, we are in the same boat now.

Don't worry.

I will give you a big reward."

Chapter 102

Talk About Lauren Mitchel and Raegan arrived at Kyler's place.

Kyler had been waiting at the gate for a long time.

When he saw Raegan, he smiled right away, his eyes twinkling.

He held Raegan's hand and said, "I'm so happy you're here now.

Come in quickly.

I asked the cook to prepare a lot of delicious food for you." At this moment, Luciana brought the last dish to the table.

When she saw Raegan come in, her eyes lit up in excitement.

She quickly invited Raegan to take a seat.

Luciana had been coughing a lot recently, so she didn't visit Raegan for fear of infecting Raegan.

And now, she had not fully recovered yet, so she avoided getting too close to Raegan.

She chose to sit opposite Raegan.

Tessie, a maid here, eagerly placed a bowl of freshly boiled soup in front of Raegan, asking Raegan to moisten her throat first.

Everyone was delighted to see Raegan, showing her their enthusiasm.

Since Raegan's grandmother passed away, she had been suppressing her emotions.

She seemed to stop smiling.

But tonight, she genuinely felt happy.

But because of her presence, Mitchel seemed to be somewhat ignored.

Luciana only granted Mitchel a look when he took his seat.

But instead of greeting him, she immediately scolded him, "Didn't I ask you to take good care of Raegan? Why does she look even thinner now? Look at her cheekbones.

They became more pronounced.

If you let her..." Luciana's voice trailed off.

She suddenly remembered that Kyler didn't know about Raegan's pregnancy yet.

She didn't want to mention it without Raegan's consent.

So, she changed her words.

"If Raegan comes back next time and I find her thinner, I'll let her stay here so I can personally take care of her." Mitchel had no objections.

He nodded in agreement.

Raegan had already passed the inception of pregnancy, so she had a good appetite tonight.

As a result, she had eaten a lot.

Kyler was in high spirits, and he had a few sips of wine.

Mitchel also drank a few glasses with him.

After putting down his wine glass, Mitchel hardly touched his food.

Instead, he spent his entire time serving Raegan.

He even wore gloves and peeled some shrimp for her.

He piled them onto her plate like a hill and whispered, "Don't be picky."

Your body needs a balanced nutrition." Raegan's face suddenly felt hot.

She knew she was blushing.

But she said nothing and just ate all the shrimp he peeled for her.

This made Mitchel very satisfied, and the smile in his charming eyes was particularly obvious.

When they finished their meal, they stayed in the living room and chatted for a while.

Suddenly, it began to rain outside.

It was a bit heavy, so Luciana felt it was unsafe for Mitchel and Raegan to drive home.

After all, the road was slippery on a rainy night.

So, she arranged for them to stay here tonight.

Luciana took Raegan upstairs to the room where she used to stay.

When she saw Mitchel following behind them, she stopped him and said with a solemn face, "You drank tonight.

You can't sleep with Raegan in the same room." Mitchel frowned.

"I only had a few glasses.

I'm not drunk at all." "No," Luciana refused firmly.

"What if you lose control and accidentally hurt Raegan?" Raegan, standing at the side silently, felt a little embarrassed upon hearing these words.

Her face flushed.

"Luciana..." Mitchel knew he couldn't change Luciana's mind, so he had no choice but to reluctantly head toward the guest room across the hall.

It was only then that Luciana led Raegan into the room.

Luciana sat on the edge of the bed and motioned for Raegan to sit beside her.

Obviously, she intended to stay for a while.

She held Raegan's hand and started talking about their daily lives.

Then, she asked, "Raegan, have you and Mitchel reconciled?" Raegan was silent for a moment.

Actually, she was also uncertain about their current status.

She must admit that the changes in his attitude toward her and the care he showed her undeniably thawed the ice in her heart.

However, their relationship wasn't clear to her yet.

When Luciana saw Raegan's_ hesitation, she immediately understood that Raegan hadn't made up her mind yet.

However, the way they interacted tonight reignited the hope in her heart.

Actually, Luciana deliberately convinced Raegan to delay the divorce because she thought Mitchel might win Raegan's heart back.

Judging from what she had noticed tonight, it seemed that Mitchel had changed.

However, it wasn't enough yet.

He still needed to work hard to win Raegan's heart back.

At the thought of this, Luciana held Raegan's hand and said earnestly, "Raegan, I know the slim chance of people who love each other tying the knot.

So, if you both like each other, you should cherish this marriage, especially now that you are expecting a baby.

I hope you could give Mitchel a chance and see his love for you.

Don't hasten to get a divorce just because of some misunderstandings." Raegan pursed her lips.

There seemed to be too many misunderstandings between her and Mitchel.

And they couldn't even talk nicely about those things.

Would it be better if she told him everything? After Luciana left, Raegan took a quick shower and lay down.

But after a while, she just kept tossing and turning in bed.

She couldn't fall asleep.

Probably because she was in a strange room with an unfamiliar bed.

Outside, it started raining again.

While listening to the rain spattering down the roof, she lay in bed with eyes wide open and stared at the ceiling, feeling somewhat dazed.

Suddenly, she heard a slight noise from the balcony.

Raegan was so startled that she froze for a moment.

But when she heard the sound of the rain outside again, she thought maybe the balcony door was not closed properly.

She got up to check it.

But as soon as she walked to the balcony, she heard a squeak.

The glass door was pushed open.

Raegan's eyes widened.

She was so scared that she was about to scream.

But before she could make a sound, her mouth was covered by a big hand.

"Don't scream! It's me." Raegan regained her composure and was surprised to see Mitchel's face.

Mitchel let go of her mouth, and she immediately asked in a daze, "How...

How did you get here?" "I climbed the window," Mitchel replied succinctly.

He seemed to have just taken a shower.

The fragrance his body exuded was particularly refreshing.

His hair was disheveled.

Obviously, he didn't comb it neatly.

Some damp strands fell on his forehead.

He looked more relaxed now than during the day, yet he was exceptionally charming.

Raegan blinked a few times.

After staring at Mitchel for a long time, she finally found her voice.

"What are you doing here? Why don't you sleep yet?" Mitchel stepped forward, squinted at her, and asked, "What do you think I come here for?" Raegan's heart pounded violently.

It was as if something had exploded in her chest.

There was an awkward silence between them, and the atmosphere suddenly became strange.

Raegan pursed her lips.

She felt so uneasy that she stepped back a little.

But suddenly, Mitchel pulled her into his arms.

He wrapped his arms around her waist, making her feel his warm palms.

Then he lowered his head, found her lips, and kissed her.

The kiss was so deep that they both gasped for breath.

When he let go of her lips, they were already panting.

Raegan felt weightless when Mitchel carried her to the bed.

The soft silk bed sheet yielded beneath their weights, and she was pressed down by him.

Raegan reminded him in a trembling voice, "Luciana said you can't come here, right?" Mitchel lowered his head and kissed her neck.

He lifted the hem of her nightgown and said hoarsely, "Don't worry.

I know what to do.

I won't hurt you." "No.

Don't do it..." Before Raegan could finish her words, she was already stimulated by his actions.

She subconsciously clenched the bed sheet under her body tightly.

While Mitchel roved around her body, he found that she wore nothing except her thin silk nightgown.

He raised his eyebrows slightly, looked at her, and asked meaningfully, "Are you waiting for me?" Raegan quickly explained, "No, I'm not." Actually, she deliberately didn't wear underwear tonight because she felt restrained and uncomfortable.

After all, she was pregnant, and her breasts had gotten bigger.

Besides, she ate a lot tonight.

What was more, she was about to sleep.

She thought it wasn't necessary to wear underwear.

Mitchel smiled.

The curtains on the balcony were not drawn, and the pale moonlight sprinkled upon his handsome face.

The desire in his eyes was undisguised.

"All right.

If you say so." After saying this, he bent his long legs to hold her up, lowered his head, and bit her.

His slightly damp hair brushed against Raegan's neck.

Every stroke seemed deliberate, and it was neither too light nor too heavy.

It created a tantalizing sensation in her.

As he continued, Raegan felt she could no longer stand it, and she felt like crying.

She reached out, pushed him away, and said, "Mitchel, don't.

Yourmom said we can't do it." However, Mitchel became even more restless.

He couldn't suppress his desire anymore.

His arousal was very evident in his husky voice.

"Then, don't make any sound." "But I..." Raegan wanted to retort.

But Mitchel suddenly pressed his fingers against her lips, almost prying them apart.

Outside, the rain kept pouring relentlessly.

And the spatter of rain on the roof seemed to have added to Mitchel's eagerness.

Raegan gave in.

She helplessly raised her neck and closed her eyes, letting him do what he wanted.

It took Mitchel almost two hours to satisfy himself.

Then he looked at his watch and said, "It's time to go to bed." Raegan blushed.

She saw he was clearly aroused, but tried to hold back his own desire.

She glanced at him.

But Mitchel seemed to have seen through her.

He asked considerately, "Do you want more?" Raegan was rendered speechless.

Was he serious? She felt sleepy and exhausted now.

How could she want more? Raegan murmured softly, "It's you who still wants it, right?" Mitchel didn't deny it.

After all, his desire was very evident.

He bit her shoulder gently and answered, "Yes, I do.

But my mom said you can't be too tired.

Staying up late is not good for the baby." After saying this, he got up and carried her to the bathroom to clean up.

Then, they lay on the bed comfortably.

Mitchel gently rested his hand on her belly and asked, "Why doesn't it seem to be growing?" "I don't know either.

Maybe first pregnancies tend to be less noticeable." Outside, a flurry of rain pattered against the window.

They cuddled in bed.

But for some reason, Raegan felt somewhat strange.

She knew she shouldn't think about it, but she just couldn't stop herself.

Indeed, people always tended to remember what they gained and forgot the pains of the past.

And once they tasted something good, it pushed them to desire more.

Raegan could no longer endure it, so she poked Mitchel's chest and asked, "Mitchel, can we talk about Lauren?"

Chapter 103

To Bite Off More Than One Can Chew It took a lot of courage for Raegan to speak up.

During the past years when Lauren was with Mitchel, Raegan had hidden her feelings and only admired Mitchel in secret.

Time had etched these habits deep into her soul, and old habits died hard.

And now she was trying to bite off more than she could chew.

Sure, she was aware she was naive, but she wanted nothing more but to best Lauren.

The sense of helplessness she felt, knowing that Lauren was behind everything yet being unable to make Lauren pay, gnawed at her.

Lauren was an expert in pulling Mitchel's strings.

Why couldn't she do the same? Especially now, she had the upper hand.

She was, after all, carrying Mitchel's child.

But when Raegan finally spoke up, Mitchel met her words with a heavy silence.

Panicking, Raegan looked away, extricated herself from his arms, and added, "If you don't want to talk about it, that's fine." Mitchel knitted his eyebrows together and pulled her back into his arms.

"What do you want to talk about then?" His words implied that he was intrigued by the topic.

Raegan pursed her lips and said, "I know Lauren has helped you in the past.

But how long are you planning to return the favor? Is there an expiration date for your gratitude, or is this going to go on for the rest of your life?" If Mitchel intended to look after Lauren forever, she would

give up on him.

She was just too exhausted to go on this way.

Mitchel lowered his gaze and gently brushed her nose with his thumb.

"Why do you care about Lauren so much? Are you jealous?" Raegan gave a straightforward nod, which took Mitchel by surprise and made him smile.

With a pleased smile, he leaned down to find her lips and kissed her passionately.

"You should know I have no feelings for her beyond gratitude." However, Raegan was dissatisfied with his reassurance.

Mitchel had said this before, but he always ended up choosing Lauren over her.

"Every time I have a conflict with her, you side with her.

Just because I don't complain doesn't mean it doesn't get to me." She lifted her eyes to meet his, and her thick eyelashes seemed to graze his soul.

"I do mind, Mitchel.

I don't think anyone would want their husband to act that way toward another woman." As they lay there face-to-face and their gazes locked on each other, Mitchel was genuinely surprised by her candidness.

Moreover, an indescribable feeling of satisfaction rose from the bottom of his heart.

"I see.

I'll be more mindful in the future," Mitchel assured her.

Raegan was not expecting Mitchel to erase Lauren from his life altogether.

But at least he was willing to make a change.

Maybe it was something Luciana had said that had lit a fire under her and made her want to fight for her happiness.

Even if she failed, at least she had tried her best.

"This your last chance," Raegan stated firmly while staring into Mitchel's eyes.

Mitchel saw the resolution in Raegan's eyes, which made him inexplicably nervous.

Mitchel kissed her eyes and held her tightly in his arms.

"Raegan, I promise you, from now on, you'll be the only woman I keep close to my heart." Upon hearing this, Raegan looked up to gauge his expression.

God, this man was a work of art.

His face and features were as flawless as a sculpture, especially his piercing eyes.

At this moment, Raegan saw her own reflection in those charming eyes and felt a ripple of emotion wash over her.

Raegan withdrew her sight nervously, but then her eyes fell on Mitchel's throat.

He happened to swallow, and she seized the moment to plant a kiss there.

For a second, she felt him shudder.

"What are you doing?" Mitchel grabbed Raegan's wrist and stopped her with his sharp gaze.

Raegan said nothing and just ran her tongue over the bite mark she had just left on his neck.

She licked and sucked him, Just like what he had done earlier, which seemed to unsettle him.

"You don't want to sleep tonight, huh?" Mitchel loosened his grip, then changed his position to be on top of her.

"Keep your voice down.

My mom's a light sleeper." It didn't take long before Raegan realized that teasing a man, especially Mitchel, might not be a good idea.

He explored each of her erogenous zones with agonizing slowness.

Raegan was on the brink of losing it.

Her stifled murmurs were on the edge of her lips, but she did not dare let them escape.

Worried she was not enjoying the moment, Mitchel played with her lip using his index finger and said in a raspy voice, "I was just kidding just then.

My mom's a heavy sleeper." Still, Raegan tried her best not to make a sound.

They were not in their place, and she could not fully let her guard down to enjoy.

Under the muted lighting, she saw his tense face and a drop of sweat drip from his chin.

He was just as torn as she was.

The sensation was too inexplicable to put into words.

Once Mitchel had had a taste, it was hard for him to stop.

At last, with both of them drenched in sweat, Mitchel took her to the bathroom again.

Under the bathroom light, Raegan's legs looked red and swollen.

Mitchel took her back to the bed.

He applied some ointment to her bruises and then let her lie down on the bed.

Feeling sorry for her, he cautioned her in a hot and husky tone, "Don't try to turn me on like that next time.

Your skin's too delicate for that." Raegan was too tired to argue with him.

Moreover, her legs were so sore that she could not lift them at She rested her head on his arm and stared blankly at the ceiling.

Finally, she broke the silence.

"You probably think I'm just targeting Lauren for no reason.

I get that you don't like it.

But the thing is, even if she's not directly responsible for my grandma's death, she has something to do with it, at least.

I can't just get over that." Mitchel silently listened to her words.

"Look, you know what matters to me.

So don't provoke me again with Lauren's matters, okay?" Mitchel did not keep silent this time.

He rested his chin on her hair and swallowed hard his Adam's apple.

"You have my word." The next morning, Mitchel headed to the company for some business and instructed Tessie not to wake Raegan up until nine o'clock.

However, Raegan got up before Tessie could wake her up.

After breakfast, Raegan bid farewell to Kyler and Luciana and had the driver take her back to Serenity Villas.

In the afternoon, Raegan was wiped out from the previous night, so she decided to take a nap.

By the time she woke up, night had already fallen.

Somehow, she missed Mitchel.

She reached for her phone to give him a ring but got no answer.

Thinking he was just swamped with work, she shrugged it off.

Dinner time rolled around, and she still had not heard from him.

Now a little anxious, she tried calling him again.

Still, his phone remained unreachable.

Meanwhile, the tension was rather intense in the CEO's office at the Dixon Group.

It seemed that he was about to crush the report in his hand.

The report clearly stated that the similarities in the samples were strikingly low, which indicated no biological relationship between him and the baby.

Chapter 104

Come Home With Me Just as Raegan was about to call Mitchel for the third time, she hesitated and chose to send a text instead.

"Honey, are you free right now?" She rarely used that endearment, but Mitchel liked it whenever she called him that.

Feeling buoyed by their candid conversation last night, Raegan figured being a little sweet would not hurt.

She imagined Mitchel might be tied up with work but would smile when he saw her message.

Nearly half an hour had passed since she sent the text.

Still, no response came.

Raegan found herself glancing at her phone more often than she would like to admit.

It was like having a rock in her shoe, and her focus kept drifting back to her phone.

At last, her phone buzzed.

She eagerly checked, only to find a message from Nicole, asking if she wanted to hit the town for drinks.

Figuring a night out was better than stewing in her own thoughts, Raegan agreed.

Without further ado, she asked the driver to drive her to their agreed-upon destination.

Nicole and Raegan decided to meet up at South River Club, a swanky venue known for its blend of caffeine and nightlife.

Once inside, they opted for a small, private room.

While one sipped juice, the other indulged in wine.

Nicole had been having a relatively peaceful time for the past two weeks.

Because of the death of the grandfather of Jarrod's fiancée, Jarrod's wedding had to be postponed for three months.

Jarrod was wrapped up in comforting his grief-stricken fiancée, leaving him with no time to stir the pot with Nicole.

In the last two weeks, Nicole had other reasons to be happy as well.

Her dad was on the mend, and her family business had weathered its roughest patch.

Sure, they were still in debt, but things were looking up.

Although her life was getting better, Nicole was concerned about Raegan.

"So, how are you doing with Mitchel? I've heard you two are lovey-dovey these days.

Am I going to be a godmother soon or what?" Nicole had been keeping an ear to the ground.

She hadn't heard much about Mitchel and Lauren getting together lately, which led her to think that Lauren was not causing a ruckus anymore.

At the thought of this, Nicole felt like a weight had been lifted off her shoulders.

Her best friend had loved Mitchel for a whole decade, after all.

If things were going well for Raegan, Nicole would be over the moon.

After pondering for a moment, Raegan finally broke the news.

"You're gonna be a godmother soon." Nicole's eyes widened in shock.

"Wait, you're actually expecting? How far along are you?" "About three months." "And you kept this from me for that long? What, do you have a new BFF or something?" Nicole feigned indignation.

"No, it's not like that.

I wanted to make sure things were stable first," Raegan explained.

"And what about Mitchel? How's he taking the news?" Nicole curiously asked, keen to gauge his reaction.

"He..." Raegan recalled the scene last night when Mitchel had lovingly placed his hand on her stomach and asked why their little one had not started moving yet.

"He's ecstatic." Then, out of nowhere, Nicole burst into tears.

"Oh my..." "Hey, what's wrong?" Raegan coaxed Nicole.

Nicole enveloped Raegan in a hug and sobbed.

"I'm just so happy you found your happiness." Nicole believed that at least one of them should lead a happy life.

Tears welled up in Raegan's eyes.

She returned Nicole's tight hug and swore, "You're going to find your happiness, too.

No way you're missing out on that." "Okay..." Both women let the tears flow for a little while in each other's arms.

Eventually, Nicole stood up and said, "Listen, you're expecting now.

You're practically more precious than a national treasure.

Don't stay up late.

You should go home now." Just as Nicole ushered Raegan out of their chamber, they saw a familiar face in the corridor.

Raegan froze.

Her eyes landed on Matteo who was standing at the entrance of another chamber.

It seemed he was equally stunned when seeing her, but he quickly recovered.

He bowed his head and offered a greeting.

Raegan walked over and asked, "Is Mitchel in here?" Matteo paused for a second and nodded.

"Is he busy today?" Raegan pressed.

With Matteo's forehead glistening with sweat, he answered, "Yes, Mr.

Dixon is quite occupied." Just then, the door to that chamber swung open, and a waiter wheeled out a dining cart.

A woman's voice floated out.

Raegan's ears pricked up at once.

She knew the voice all too well.

It was Lauren's.

Before Matteo could intervene, Raegan pushed open the door and stepped inside.

The chamber she entered was the most luxurious one in South River Club.

It was awash in opulence, from the floor blooming with rare flowers to the SWAROVSKI crystal chandeliers that graced the ceiling.

Even the pillars were sheathed in gold leaf.

A large LCD screen blinked, "Celebrating the Little Princess Lauren's Birthday." Center stage was the birthday girl herself, bedecked in a diamond-studded gown.

Gone was yesterday's glum face, replaced by a smirk of sheer self-satisfaction.

As Raegan absorbed the scene, her complexion went ashen, as though her strength had been drained.

The chamber was so bustling that nobody noticed her existence.

Raegan's eyes landed on Lauren, who was arm-in-arm with Mitchel.

She watched as Lauren spooned up a piece of cake and guided it toward Mitchel's lips.

"Come on, just feeding him a cake like that is so boring," a man beside them suddenly hooted.

"Mitchel threw this grand birthday party for you.

Show some gratitude! Feed him mouth-to-mouth!" "Mouth-to-mouth! Mouth-to-mouth!" the guests echoed.

Lauren cast a coy glance at Mitchel.

As he was not objecting, she picked up a piece of cake between her teeth, clearly intending to transfer it to Mitchel's mouth.

The air was thick with cheers and whistles.

As that piece of cake inched ever closer to Mitchel's mouth, Nicole uttered in annoyance, "Seriously? She's the shameless home wrecker, and she's so proud of it? Ugh.

This is disgusting." Nicole grabbed Raegan's hand, urging her to leave.

But Raegan had other plans.

"Mitchel," Raegan called.

The room suddenly went eerily silent, and every head swiveled toward the intruder all at once.

Ignoring the sea of puzzled faces, Raegan took a few steps toward Mitchel and said, "Come home with me." Mitchel merely shot Raegan a fleeting glance and looked away as if the woman before him was a complete stranger.

Raegan's mind went blank.

She could not understand how the man who had held her so closely and called her honey could turn so icy overnight.

The room stayed silent.

All eyes were on Raegan, but she did not care.

"What's...

What's wrong?" Raegan whispered in disbelief.

She thought something must have happened, or he wouldn't be like this.

Their recent connection and lovemaking could not have been a charade.

For an unexplainable reason, Mitchel merely ignored her.

Suddenly, someone broke the awkward silence with a snicker.

"Who's this chick? You must've entered the wrong room." "Are you trying to land a sugar daddy at South River Club? You must've spent a lot to get in here." Today's party was a spur-of-the-moment affair.

Lauren organized it to make sure everyone knew she was still Mitchel's apple of the eye.

She had invited all the famous guys and trust fund babies from Ardlens.

Once the birthday party wrapped up and word got around, she would resume being the envy of Ardlens ' high society, the Murray family's prized daughter, and the girl protected by Mitchel.

Many of these wealthy partygoers had side flings, so they naturally lumped Raegan into that category.

And now, their comments grew increasingly derogatory.

Nicole had had enough.

She moved forward, took Raegan's hand, and urged, "Come on.

Let's get out of here." However, Raegan was not budging and just locked her misty eyes onto Mitchel.

The crowd grew more and more curious by Raegan's gaze on Mitchel.

"Look, sweetheart, this guy is way out of your league.

He's not someone you can hook up with.

Why don't you entertain me instead? I might just make it worth your while tonight," one partygoer sneered.

The room burst into laughter.

"Count me in," someone else chimed in.

Raegan had an undeniable allure.

Even without makeup, she outshone those who were dolled up.

Her eyes, a vibrant shade of blue, looked submissive when she made eye contact.

But the way she lifted her eyes was almost seductive.

What a stunner she was.

The cruel comments from the crowd stung.

However, Mitchel seemed deaf to them, and he did not even intervene when they belittled Raegan.

Furious, Nicole balled her hands into fists.

Just as she was about to douse the crowd with her wine, someone grabbed her wrist.

"Miss Lawrence, do you think this is a place where you can act like an uneducated woman?" The cold, familiar voice sent a chill down her spine.

Nicole turned her head and found Jarrod glaring at her, his eyes twinkling like the devil's.

Jarrold yanked Nicole away.

She struggled to get out of his grip but to no avail.

Some of the wealthy attendees recognized Jarrod and knew who his fiancée was.

As they watched Jarrod whisk Nicole away, they began to categorize Raegan as that sort of woman.

One guest suddenly grabbed Raegan's hand and smirked.

"Sweetheart, your friend chose a nice man.

Come with me, and you'll get everything you want." "Why should she go with you?" another man grumbled.

"Listen, darling, I can offer you twice what he can." Raegan yanked her hand back and commanded, "Get lost!" Mitchel gazed at the man who grabbed Raegan's hand earlier with piercing eyes.

Annoyed, the man lifted his hand to slap Raegan.

Just then, Lauren intervened with a smile.

"Mr.

Blair Acosta, please do me a favor.

This woman is an acquaintance of mine." At her words, Blair relented, although his eyes remained predatory as if he were sizing up his next meal, Of course, Lauren wanted Blair to slap Raegan.

But she was still not certain about Mitchel's feelings toward Raegan and did not want to make a fool out of herself.

It would be safer for her if she acted all high and mighty.

Raegan's gaze never left Mitchel.

With tears welling up in her eyes and her nose turning red, she choked.

"Did you forget what you promised me last night?" Mitchel finally met her gaze, and a sneer tugged at the corners of his mouth.

"You can't actually believe what a man says in the heat of the moment, can you?" All of a sudden, Raegan's face turned deathly pale.

She trembled like a leaf, and she looked fragile and lost among the crowd.

Mitchel had eyes not just distant but filled with revulsion as if she was something disgusting.

Worse still, the crowd cast a contemptuous glance at her, silently screaming how utterly ridiculous she was.

Raegan felt she was an ugly clown in a twisted carnival.

She was drowning in humiliation and anger.

With a shaky voice, she managed to say, "I understand.

I'll leave now." Her voice sounded dry and hoarse as if scorched by the harshness of the moment.

Mitchel seemed taken aback.

It seemed like something had clenched his heart, leaving him short of breath.

Although Raegan's face remained ghostly pale, she mustered a feeble smile.

"I'm sorry for the intrusion." And with that, she walked away.

Throughout the ordeal, her eyes had brimmed with unshed tears, which she refused to let fall in such a filthy place.

Everything about this place made her skin crawl.

Her departure left the room in a hushed state, the joy of the party clearly disrupted by the uncomfortable scene.

"Women like her often misunderstand things after a few nights together.

Don't worry, Mitchel.

Next time I'll introduce you to women who are gorgeous and less problematic," Blair said, trying to enliven the atmosphere.

"Though | have to admit, she was really something.

I've never seen anyone as pretty as her without makeup." Mitchel glanced at Blair and asked with disdain, "Your last name is Acosta, correct?" Everyone in the room was eager to cozy up to the Dixon family.

When Blair heard Mitchel ask his family name, he was so thrilled that he almost fell to his knees.

He thought he had flattered Mitchel just now.

At this moment, he bowed respectfully and introduced himself, "My surname is Acosta.

My full name is Blair Acosta.

My father is the chairman of Peace Pharmaceuticals." When he finished speaking, he extended his hand, wanting to shake Mitchel's to show some respect.

Mitchel reached out his hand and grasped Blair's wrist the next second.

Crack! The crisp sound of a bone getting broken echoed in the room.

To everyone's surprise, Blair collapsed, writhing and howling in pain.

Mitchel stepped forward, stepped on Blair's broken hand, and crushed it hard.

Blair's shrill scream made people's hair stand on end.

"Get him out of here.

I never want to see him again," Mitchel commanded.

Immediately, two bodyguards rushed forward and hauled Blair away as if he were a sack of trash.

The onlookers breathed a collective sigh of relief, thankful they had not crossed Mitchel.

However, they could not put their finger on what had offended Mitchel.

Lauren's face clouded over.

While the others had no idea, she knew exactly why Blair had met such a gruesome fate.

Blair had grabbed Raegan's wrist.

That was the sole reason Mitchel had turned his hand into a useless lump of flesh.

A wave of fury washed over Lauren.

She could not believe that messing with Raegan's paternity test was not enough to cast Raegan out of Mitchel's life for good.

What did this woman have that kept drawing Mitchel in? After exiting the club, Raegan felt like she was in a trance.

What had just happened was as unreal as a dream.

She found it hard to swallow.

Suddenly, her friend Nicole came to her mind, so she decided to give her a call.

When Nicole picked up, she guiltily explained that she had left first and reminded Raegan to take care on her way home.

Raegan was relieved to know that Nicole was alright.

After hanging up, Raegan absentmindedly roamed the streets like a walking dead.

The way Mitchel looked at her kept haunting her mind.

Why was he so cold and distant all of a sudden? Was it fun breaking her heart over and over again? Did seeing her hurt bring a sense of satisfaction to him? As Raegan drifted along the road, her thoughts were suddenly shattered by a "beep" behind her.

An electric scooter zoomed by.

When Raegan dodged it, she happened to trick, which sent her stumbling.

The scooter's rider did not even stop for a second and just muttering "bad luck" as he sped away Raegan looked at her scraped knees and elbows.

She felt no pain, but tears streamed down her face uncontrollably.

Out of the blue, a handkerchief appeared before her eyes.

Raegan was stunned for a second.

She looked up and saw a familiar face through her blurry eyes.

A cocktail of emotions flooded her.

In a fit of anger, she stood up and kicked the man in front of her.

"I hate you! I hate you! How could you do this to me? You promised to be good to me! You're a fucking har, you bastard!" In her emotional outburst, her cuts bled even more, staining the man's clothes.

"Hold still," the man commanded and scooped her up into his arms.

Raegan raised her head and focused her eyes on the man's face.

It took her a few seconds to realize she had mistaken him for Mitchel.

Chapter 105

I Am A Married Man After hitting Blair, Mitchel turned around and was about to leave.

But before he could take a step forward, Lauren quickly grabbed his arm with her mght hand and leaned against him weakly.

She said in a low voice, "Mitchel, I'm dizzy." After what happened to Blair just now, the atmosphere around them became embarrassing.

Someone noticed Lauren was leaning against Mitchel, shouting, "Kiss!" This sentence cheered up the crowd.

The atmosphere became lively again.

Everyone gathered around and chanted, "Kiss her! Kiss her!" Lauren was overjoyed at this.

She was very happy that her plans had come to fruition.

Actually, her original purpose was to make the public believe some rumors.

After all, she was the only one who had been deemed as Mitchel's girlfriend before.

And this had brought great benefits to the Murray family.

And now, the crowd was helping her.

She thought Mitchel didn't have the heart to embarrass her.

He needed to pretend so she wouldn't lose face.

So, she leaned her face closer to Mitchel.

But when she approached him, he frowned and turned his head away.

He said coldly in a firm tone, "Lauren, enough is enough." When Mitchel came here, he had no idea that Lauren had held a birthday party.

But he didn't want her to lose face, so he didn't expose her.

Lauren bit her lower lip and looked at Mitchel agrievedly.

It was as if she had been badly hurt.

She said pitifully, "Mitchel, aren't you even going to give me some face? So many people are watching us right now.

Can't you just pretend to kiss me?" Mitchel's handsome face turned cold.

"Lauren, don't forget that I am a married man." His words were like a sharp knife that pierced Lauren's heart.

No one saw that she clenched her left fist so tightly that her fingernails dug deep into her palm.

It was Raegan, that bitch again! Raegan was her major obstacle.

How could Mitchel still see Raegan as his wife after he thought the latter cuckolded him? She deserved to be Mitchel's wife more than Raegan.

No! She was the only one who deserved to be Mitchel's wife.

Unfortunately, the cheers and chants of the crowd didn't stop Mitchel from leaving.

The atmosphere became awkward again.

But, of course, Lauren couldn't let the crowd know the truth.

So, she forced a smile and explained, "Guys, Mitchel has something urgent to deal with in his company.

Let's continue the party." The crowd didn't make a fuss anymore.

The lively atmosphere of the party returned.

But when Lauren turned around in a corner where no one could see, a vicious expression appeared on her face.

She couldn't help cursing Raegan inwardly.

She wanted Raegan to die at this moment.

As soon as Mitchel came out, Matteo drove the car over, got out, and opened the door for Mitchel.

In the car, Mitchel took out the bottle of medicine and ate them without even counting.

When he saw that report, he felt like his head was about to explode from the pain.

It seemed a basin of cold water was poured on his head, completely destroying his sanity and calmness.

A violent emotion was boiling in Mitchel's heart.

Since he had become a bit short-tempered, he was afraid he might do something he would regret if he came into contact with Raegan at this moment.

So, he decided to sleep now.

And when he woke up and was sensible enough, he would figure out the right thing to do.

This was much better than making irrational decisions now.

The car had already driven a few hundred meters away when he suddenly said to Matteo in a cold voice, "Stop the car!" Matteo quickly stepped on the brakes and stopped the car steadily.

Then he followed Mitchel's shadowy gaze, only to see two people hugging each other on the other side of the road.

But when he looked carefully, he realized they didn't look like they were hugging each other.

It was more like they were fighting.

The yellow streetlight shone on Mitchel's handsome face, making it look even colder.

The corners of his mouth curved into a sarcastic smile.

He punched the LCD monitor on the back of the chair.

His knuckles began to bleed.

But he didn't seem to feel any pain.

The drug could no longer suppress the violence in his heart.

He was about to explode.

But he tried his best to control himself.

He said with difficulty, "Let's go." The two people standing on the side of the road were Raegan and Hector.

Hector's eyes were deep, and the rimless glasses he was wearing gave him an ascetic aura.

This made people feel he was alienated.

After apologizing to him, Raegan took a half step back and left his arms.

But to her surprise, Hector held her wrist.

Then, he suddenly picked her up before she could react.

Raegan was so startled that she struggled hard.

"Hector, put me down." "You are injured.

How can I let you walk? Let me take you to the car first." Hector didn't allow Raegan to refuse.

He carried her into the car, took a clean suit from the back seat, and put it on her.

Raegan smelled a fresh, minty fragrance on his clothes.

It was a kind of scent that could calm people down.

She pursed her lips and thanked him.

Hector didn't say anything.

He only nodded slightly in response.

Raegan also smelled a faint smell of alcohol in the car.

Obviously, Hector had just drunk.

At this moment, Raegan's phone vibrated.

It was a message from Nicole, asking if she was home.

Raegan didn't want Nicole to worry about her, so she replied with a yes.

Then, Nicole forwarded Raegan a short video.

When Raegan clicked it, it showed Mitchel being teased to kiss Lauren after they left.

It was a short video.

It stopped abruptly when Mitchel's and Lauren's faces were very close.

Then Nicole sent another message.

"Raegan, did you lie to me when you said you two have a good relationship? You are his legitimate wife.

How can he do this?" Raegan looked at the cover of the video.

A handsome man and a beautiful woman stood together.

They looked like a perfect match.

Suddenly, a teardrop fell on the screen of her phone.

She reached out and wiped it.

But the next drop fell again.

Soon, the phone's screen was covered in tears.

Raegan felt a sharp pain in her heart.

It was as if a knife was cutting it into pieces.

How could she be so naive? She was really stupid.

Every time she told herself to stop loving Mitchel, she always softened just because of the little bits of good he did.

Then, she would once again make herself a Joke.

She swore she would never believe his words again.

Never.

At this moment, a handkerchief appeared in front of Raegan.

Hector gave it to her without saying anything.

Raegan took it and randomly wiped her face.

Her delicate face was covered with tears.

There was toughness in her eyes, but it only made her look somewhat pitiful.

She only realized it was a handkerchief when she was done wiping her tears.

She couldn't return a dirty handkerchief, so she put it in her pocket.

Soon, Hector pulled over in front of a private residence.

He got out of the car and turned to the passenger seat.

Then he opened the door and stretched out his hand.

But when he glanced at Raegan, he withdrew it.

After they entered the house, a woman in her forties came over.

She looked Hector up and down and asked, "Have you gotten yourself a girlfriend?" Before Raegan could say anything, Hector answered, "No.

Help her treat her injuries." When the woman turned to Raegan, her eyes widened, and her mouth gaped open.

She was stunned for a moment.

Then she exclaimed, "Ella?" Raegan was also stunned.

At this moment, the woman suddenly shook her head and said, "There must be a problem with my eyes.

I think it's time for me to get a pair of glasses." Then she took Raegan's hand and led her to sit down.

She took out the medicine box and gently cleaned Raegan's bruises.

While doing it, she couldn't help looking at Raegan and saying, "You look so much like a friend of mine." Raegan was taken aback.

Hector had also said those words to her.

It seemed he was not accosting her last time.

He was telling the truth.

With this realization, she felt a little embarrassed.

After treating Raegan's bruises, the woman asked Raegan to sit there and wait for a while.

Then, the woman started to prepare some medicine for Raegan to take back home.

Hector was on the balcony, smoking.

Hearing the noise, he turned around and asked, "Is she okay?" "It's nothing serious.

They're just bruises." The woman hesitated for a moment before she continued, "But I checked her pulse.

She seems pregnant." Hector was taken aback.

When the woman saw his expression, she joked, "Hector, she's a good catch, although she is too young.

If I'm not mistaken, she's about twelve years younger than you." Hector fell into deep thought for a while.

However, he didn't explain.

So, the woman continued, "I'm glad you could move on.

After all, it's been so many years since Ella passed away.

If she is still alive, she must also want you to be with someone." Hector and the woman returned to the living room where Raegan was waiting.

The woman handed the medicine to Raegan.

Then, Raegan got in the car with Hector and left.

While driving, Hector remained calm and said nothing.

The atmosphere in the car was favorable to Raegan.

After all, she was not in the mood to talk.

When they arrived at Serenity Villas, Raegan thanked Hector.

He only nodded at her.

She was about to get out of the car when Hector suddenly held her wrist.

The palm of Hector's hand pressed against the skin of Raegan's wrist.

There was no barrier.

So she could feel the high temperature of his palm.

Hector looked at her through the thin lenses of his glasses.

He said, "I've already given you my phone number.

Call me if you need anything." Back then, when Raegan paid Hector back the money, the two of them had met once, but only once.

On that day, she said, "Thank you for your help.

I've transferred the money.

Please check the amount." Hector just replied, "Okay." After saying that, he loosened his grip very quickly.

When Raegan opened the door, she heard him say behind her, "Don't be so embarrassed next time." Hector had a very good sense of proportion.

When he spoke, he sounded like an elder caring for a junior.

Raegan didn't think much about it.

She got out of the car and watched him drive away.

She had no idea that a pair of cold eyes had been watching her from the windowsill.

Chapter 106

Humiliation A deafening silence filled the villa.

Raegan noticed that the maid was nowhere in sight.

The maid usually still had not gone to bed at this time.

She shrugged it off and made her way upstairs to look for her suitcase.

Moonlight spilled into the room through open curtains, so she did not need to turn on the light.

She opened the cabinet door and was surprised to see that her suitcase, the one she had stowed away before, missing, Click.

The light flicked on, illuminating the room.

Mitchel slowly approached her, his handsome face shadowed by a gloomy expression.

"What are you looking for?" Raegan was startled.

She wondered how long he had been standing here, like a ghost lurking in the shadows.

Wasn't he supposed to be at Lauren's birthday party? But that didn't matter now.

"Where's the maid?" Raegan questioned.

Mitchel ignored her query and repeated, "What are you looking for?" "My luggage." "Do you plan on leaving?" His voice was calm yet unsettling.

He sounded as though he was teetering on the brink of fury.

Raegan retreated a step and responded with a question, "Haven't you made up your mind?" What he said at Lauren's party was a punch in the gut.

There was no need to do that.

She was no fool.

At this moment, Mitchel just silently watched her.

Raegan's emotional storm had passed by now.

She had already cried her eyes out earlier.

Besides, getting emotional right now would get her nowhere.

In the past, the idea of stopping loving Mitchel was nearly impossible.

But not anymore.

His sweetness, followed by emotional slaps, had worn her down to the bone.

As Mitchel said nothing, Raegan continued, "Since you've made up your mind, let's handle this amicably.

My conditions haven't changed.

I don't want anything from you except that you won't get custody of our child." Mitchel pursed his lips.

In an instant, the indifference in his eyes vanished, replaced by a flinty glare.

He closed the gap between them, seized her wrist, and pinned her against the door.

"You've found a new man, huh? Tell me.

Who's the father? Hector?" Raegan was puzzled.

Why bring Hector into this? She hardly even knew him.

Besides, she had not done anything wrong.

Did Mitchel had schizophrenia or something? Hurt by his force, she managed to push him away and retorted, "Are you out of your mind, Mitchel? This child is yours.

Haven't the test results confirmed it?" Mitchel merely stared at her with an icy gaze and said nothing.

And then it clicked.

No wonder his behavior was bizarre.

There must have been some kind of anomaly in the result.

"Where's the report?" Raegan demanded.

She would not back down until she saw it with her own eyes.

"Do you really need to see it?" Mitchel responded with a wry smile.

"Don't you already know what you've done? You hooked up with your stupid senior and even my uncle, and then acted as if you're Miss Goody Two-Shoes? You weren't a virgin when we got married, were you? You make me sick!" Every word he spat out was insulting, and he grimaced due to the sharp pain in his head.

Hearing this, a myriad of emotions washed over Raegan, and her eyes welled up with tears.

For a brief moment, her hurt expression seemed to hurt Mitchel.

Slap! Raegan raised her hand and slapped Mitchel across the face.

An imprint of her hand could be seen on his face, indicating how forceful the slap was.

"Mitchel, you bastard!" Raegan spat, her eyes filled with hatred and disgust.

Livid, Mitchel's face turned red, and he bellowed while grabbing her chin, "Do you want me to disable your hand?" The instant he raised his hand, Raegan's tears streamed like hot pearls, burning the back of his hand.

Mitchel froze and felt a pang of pain in his chest.

He looked at Raegan's small face beneath his hand.

An outrageous thought suddenly crossed his mind.

He wanted to kiss away her tears.

But almost as quickly as the thought arrived, he dismissed it.

Without a word, he dragged her into the bathroom, pressed her into the bathtub, and turned on the shower head.

Cold water rained down, drenching Raegan from head to toe.

With her eyes tightly shut, she fought against his grip.

"What are you do..." Before she could finish her words, Mitchel tore her clothes, making the buttons fly everywhere.

Then, without warning, he stripped her of her clothing.

The bathroom had no heater, and the shower's cold water chilled Raegan to the bone.

Her teeth clattered, but it was humiliation, more than cold, that she felt.

She covered her chest with her hands and shivered uncontrollably.

Her face was wet, but it was impossible to tell whether from the water or her tears.

"Mitchel, I hate you!" Raegan spat while quivering like a leaf.

At last, she opened her eyes and tiredly said, "Let's get a divorce." She couldn't stand it anymore.

Maybe this marriage had been doomed from the start.

Now was the time to correct this mistake.

Raegan lifted her head to fight back tears.

Her once- sparkling eyes were now clouded with gray mist.

For a fleeting moment, Mitchel caught a glimpse of desperation in her eyes.

Why was she looking at him like that? How could she wear such an expression if she was the one who had cheated on him? "Divorce?" Mitchel lifted her chin and sneered, "I'm the only one who can decide when and how this relationship ends.

If you want out, you'll have to wait until I'm done playing this game." As soon as he said these words, he yanked off his tie with a forceful tug, tided up her hands that were covering her chest, and raised them above her head.

And lastly, he tied them on the shower rack overhead.

But he was not done yet.

He pressed her legs down, forcing her into a humiliating posture.

Raegan's mind went blank.

Her hands were tied up over her head, and her legs, which had been pinned down, hurt.

"You pervert, let me go! Let..." Mitchel lowered his head and locked Raegan in a fervent kiss.

Helpless, Raegan could only let him kiss her.

Mitchel was not satisfied until Raegan's lips were red and swollen.

Without a word, he stood up and unbuckled his belt.

Without further ado, he took off his soaking wet trousers and stared at her with narrowed eyes.

"Don't say I didn't give you a choice.

Up or down?"

Chapter 107

You Don't Deserve It Before Raegan could respond, Mitchel sneered, "Never mind.

No need to decide.

It's been used by others.

I think it's dirty." It took her a moment to grasp his intention.

Mitchel stood before her, his long legs in trousers spreading out on either side.

He bent down a little, gently lifted her chin, and coaxed her to open her mouth.

A quick glimpse and Raegan got it, her face going ashen.

Unable to shake him off, she shut her eyes firmly, her voice quivering.

"You! You're out of your mind..."

Stay away from me!" He adjusted her position, seeking the right angle.

With gentle fingertips, he held her delicate chin and drew her closer.

"The decision isn't in your hands." Abruptly, Raegan's eyes snapped open, her cheeks flushed, and she shot him an enraged glare.

"If you dare to be reckless, I'll bite hard on your dick!" They were so close to each other, the tension between them palpable.

Mitchel chuckled playfully.

"If you don't want your baby, just go ahead." A single sentence from him had the power to control her.

For the sake of her baby in her belly, Raegan wouldn't take any chances.

She gasped.

"Will you do this to Lauren?" Mitchel's handsome face was marred by a cruel and ruthless expression.

"I only keep you around because we have good sex.

You should be aware of that." When a man grew irritated, he often acted rashly, uttering foolish words.

Mitchel bumped into her with a frigid demeanor and rasped, "Don't even think about comparing yourself to others.

You're not worthy." Raegan let out a scream, her face turning a deep shade of red.

"Hmm...

ahem..." Noticing her anguished expression, Mitchel scoffed.

"Is this the first time you've been treated this way? Good.

You've fooled me long enough.

I'll claim your first time regardless." In that instant, Raegan's thoughts evaporated.

She felt powerless to think or resist.

Mitchel was in a similar state, consumed by a rush of adrenaline that surged throughout his body, giving him a near-death sensation.

His fingers dug painfully into the soft skin of her cheeks, but he felt as if he was already a shell of himself.

Tears streamed down Raegan's face.

All the cherished memories they once shared were shattered by his words, "You're not worthy." To him, she was simply a means to satisfy his sexual cravings.

A sudden, piercing pain surged through her, and it felt as though it had taken over every inch of her body.

Raegan's face flushed a deep shade of crimson, her eyes sealed shut.

Unable to make much sound due to her obstructed mouth, she felt frail.

Soon, her vision blurred, enveloping her world in a radiant white haze.

The only figure that remained clear was the man before her, impeccably dressed in a white shirt and smirking as he was doing something crazy to her.

Finally, sensing something amiss, Mitchel stepped back, pinched her cheek, and inquired icily, "What's the matter?" Unable to speak, Raegan felt nauseous and drained.

The pain was so intense she thought she might pass out.

Mitchel's eyes narrowed instantly.

Grabbing a towel, he dried her off, helped her get dressed, and swiftly carried her downstairs.

In the car, Mitchel commanded, "Drive to the New North Hospital." Huddled in a ball, beads of sweat dotted Raegan's forehead, her face contorted with agony.

With his palm supporting her back and her face pressed against his chest, Mitchel leaned down and questioned, "What's going on?" Raegan could only shut her eyes tightly, appearing visibly distressed.

Glancing at her, Mitchel ordered, "Hurry up." The car came to a halt in the underground parking lot.

Mitchel carried Raegan straight to the gynecology consultation room where a doctor awaited.

During the waiting, Luis came over.

Noticing Mitchel's expression, he questioned, "Did you take your meds?" Mitchel gave a nod, followed by a shake of his head.

"Where are they?" "You treat it like it's food, huh? You're popping them that much?" Mitchel just scowled, offering no reply.

Clearly displeased, Luis produced a tiny vial containing a scant amount of medicine.

"You get this much for a week.

Don't ask for more until then." Accepting it, Mitchel swallowed a few pills with a swig of mineral water handed to him by Matteo.

Luis shook his head, noting Mitchel's fixed gaze on the ward.

"When you have an episode, stay away from Raegan.

Do you think she can handle you? You should seriously consider ongoing treatment.

You don't want to lose control and regret it later, right?" Luis chose his words carefully, suggesting that bipolar disorder could have varying impacts, and accidents could occur despite his self-control.

Usually, when something happened to the things or persons he deeply valued, he would completely lose control.

Mitchel pressed his lips together, responding simply, "Understood." Luis went on, "I saw online you were celebrating Lauren's birthday.

What's that about?" Mitchel lifted his gaze and retorted flatly, "Nonsense." "You're not concerned that Raegan will be hurt?" Hurt? Mitchel's demeanor was icy.

That woman wouldn't be hurt.

She was the one who shattered his heart, and that was the real tragedy.

Soon, the diagnosis arrived.

Raegan had a _ potential risk of miscarriage.

Hospitalization was necessary to protect the unborn baby.

Stunned, Luis blurted out, "Raegan's pregnant? Why didn't you inform us?" Mitchel turned around and entered Raegan's ward, his face devoid of cheer.

Raegan was hooked to an IV that had alleviated her pain.

She was more tranquil now and had drifted off to sleep.

Without a word, Mitchel took a spot on the adjacent cot to catch some rest.

The night passed by silently.

At daybreak, Raegan's eyes fluttered open to find Mitchel slumbering beside her.

He lay there, dressed in a suit, his trousers highlighting his long, well-formed legs.

Recalling the events of the previous night, a wave of paleness washed over Raegan's face.

She attempted to rise, gripping the bed rail for support, but misjudged her own stamina.

Her legs wobbled, nearly giving out.

At this time, strong hands slid under her arms and hoisted her upright.

Once steady, Raegan took a step back, gripping the footboard of the bed.

The rejection of her actions was palpable.

Mitchel's gaze grew somber.

"Think you can make it to the bathroom alone?" Avoiding eye contact, Raegan retorted, "No need to concern yourself." Her raspy voice made her words all the more cutting.

With arms crossed, Mitchel watched her cautiously make her way to the bathroom, steadying herself with the bed rail.

Inside, she shut the door, ran the water, freshened up, and reemerged.

The moment she opened the door, she saw Mitchel there.

Startled, she recoiled, but he quickly pulled her toward him.

"Keep your hands off me!" Raegan's voice spiked, causing a sharp pain in her throat.

The strain in her voice made her despise him even more.

She lashed out, hitting him.

Undeterred, he led her back to the bed, pinning her arms, and admonished, "Calm down." A bitter laugh escaped Raegan's lips.

Who had driven her to this point? She sneered, "Spare me your feigned concern."

It's nauseating." His brow furrowed, Mitchel muttered, "Don't be so ungrateful." Grimacing due to her sore throat, Raegan shot back, "Yes, I'm ungrateful.

If you can't stand me, then leave." The room tensed.

The door swung open.

It was Matteo, bearing breakfast.

The tension in the room nearly froze him in his tracks.

Matteo quickly set down the tray, mumbling, "Please eat something." Matteo exited hastily.

Mitchel, however, remained.

He unpacked the breakfast, setting a small table before saying, "Have some." Raegan remained unmoved as if she hadn't heard him.

She turned her face away and didn't look at him.

Spoon in hand, Mitchel scooped up some porridge and fed it to her lips.

He commanded, "Eat it." But Raegan kept her mouth shut, her eyes even closing.

Mitchel scoffed.

"Is there another way you'd like to be fed?"

Chapter 108

Starting To Fight Back Raegan was bewildered.

Why did it matter to Mitchel whether she ate or not? It wasn't that she refused to eat.

His presence was what made her lose the mood to eat.

"You..." Before she could even utter the word "leave," her words were stifled by his lips.

"Mmm..." Mitchel kissed her softly as if taking into account the discomfort in her mouth.

He was gentle this time.

Nevertheless, this action brought back memories of their earlier activities in the bathroom, filling Raegan with revulsion.

Reacting on impulse, she flung the hot porridge at him.

Mitchel grimaced as the scalding porridge hit him and quickly detached his lips from hers.

Just when Raegan assumed he'd explode with anger, he restrained himself, opened another carton of porridge, and said icily, "Eat.

Otherwise, I'll feed you the way I just did." Raegan was at a loss.

His current behavior seemed absolutely irrational to her.

Fine.

She would eat.

If it meant he would leave, she'd gladly consume the porridge.

Head bowed, she ate slowly, every spoonful a reminder of her sore, wounded mouth.

She felt like crying from the pain.

But not in Mitchel's presence.

Never in front of him.

Tears would only earn disdain from someone who didn't love you.

Why volunteer for more humiliation? Mitchel retreated to the bathroom and changed his clothes.

When Raegan noticed him retrieving a fresh set of clothes, she was taken aback.

Had he planned to stay at the hospital for an extended period? A caretaker appeared to clear the table after her meal.

Raegan was just about to lie down and rest when Mitchel reached for her mouth again.

With swift reflexes, Raegan smacked his hand away.

Mitchel's expression turned stormy.

Gazing at him warily, Raegan said, "Mr.

Dixon, even a tool needs a break." Had her health been compromised, she was convinced she wouldn't have survived the previous night.

Mitchel's expression shifted as he pulled out a tissue, handing it over to signal her to let her wipe her mouth.

But Raegan didn't take it.

She took another one, wiped her mouth, and threw it away.

Mitchel's arm remained hanging in the air awkwardly, and he struggled to contain his frustration.

"Raegan, enough is enough." Raegan chuckled and retorted, "So, you want to do it here? Fine, I can accommodate you.

Just not with my mouth.

It's sore." "You! Unbelievable!" Mitchel's face flushed a deep shade of blue.

Angrily, he tossed the tissue aside and stormed out of the room.

By noon, Matteo arrived with a lunchbox.

As he was leaving, Raegan halted him.

"Did you personally hand the paternity test report to Mr.

Dixon?" Caught off guard, Matteo nodded.

Mr.

Dixon's behavior had revealed the result of the test.

"You handed it to him directly?" Raegan pressed.

Matteo hesitated, then recalled that when he sent the documents to Mitchel's office, Mitchel was in a meeting, but it only took him about ten minutes to finish the meeting.

He shared this with Raegan.

"So, there was a ten-minute gap.

Go back and see if anyone entered his office during that time," Raegan urged.

She suspected a setup, and only Lauren came to mind as a likely saboteur.

She couldn't risk involving her child in Mitchel's unpredictable moods.

He wouldn't bring himself to allow her to have a child that he assumed wasn't his, no matter how generous he pretended to be.

Even if they divorced, she needed to clear her unborn child's name.

In the afternoon, Luis paid her a visit.

Right after he stepped inside, Luis expressed his concern, saying, "Raegan, are you feeling better?" Raegan held no animosity toward Luis and nodded in acknowledgment.

Observing her frail look, Luis paused before advising, "Mitchel is unstable ght now.

Don't confront him directly.

It's wiser to be subtle to minimize your pain." Raegan remained silent.

Just as Luis was heading out, she asked in a hoarse voice, "Luis, could you help me with something?" She requested a retest, this time using her IV blood and a strand of Mitchel's hair that had been collected this morning.

Luis hadn't seen this coming.

No wonder when the topic of the baby had come up, Mitchel's face had darkened.

He understood now.

Mitchel's keeping this to himself was understandable.

What man would readily admit to his closest friend that his wife was carrying another man's child? However, since Raegan had openly sought his help, Luis was inclined to believe the child was actually Mitchel's.

Luis gave a nod, affirming, "You'll have the result in twenty-four hours." After Luis exited, Raegan attempted to relax, her eyes closed but sleep eluded her.

She kept mulling over Mitchel's harsh words.

He said he had stayed in their marriage only for physical intimacy and had declared she wasn't even worthy of being compared to Lauren.

The idea of her surpassing Lauren in Mitchel's heart now seemed laughable to her.

Mitchel's feelings for Lauren ran deep.

Eliminating Lauren from his life would only be possible if Mitchel himself was gone.

Therefore, Raegan resolved never to overestimate herself again.

She must get a divorce, even if it meant pleading with Mitchel's grandfather.

Divorce was the only path left.

Meanwhile, Nicole stirred awake in the dim hotelroom, curtains drawn tight, the air heavy with the scent of intimacy.

As she tried to sit up, a dull ache washed over her body.

Glancing down, she noticed her naked form, marred with hickeys.

Jarrold had been rude to her, gnawing and pinching her, acting less like a man and more like a savage animal.

And now, he was nowhere to be found.

He had probably left.

Nicole stood to dress herself.

Bang.

Just then, a sudden noise echoed through the room.

The hotel door burst open.

Before Nicole could react, she was yanked by her hair and tossed from the bed.

A woman stood on her back, venom in her voice, declaring, "Finish off this deceitful bitch!"

Chapter 109

A Moment Of Panic Nicole curled up and covered her head with both hands to protect herself from the crowd's kicks and punches.

The crowd hit her everywhere.

At this moment, she already had bruises all over her body.

Suddenly, someone pulled Nicole's hair and pushed her hard to the floor.

She struggled, but she could not get up.

Her mouth was full of fresh rust smell, and she spat out a mouthful of blood.

The pain was too much for her to bear.

She felt like she was about to lose consciousness.

However, those people didn't care.

They were like bloodthirsty beasts that had gotten even more excited when they saw blood.

They hit her more fiercely, even though she was already motionless.

Nicole curled up on the floor and gritted her teeth, holding back the tears that were about to fall.

She was reminded of the incident the other day at the party.

At that time, she mocked someone for being an arrogant mistress.

But right now, she was the mistress being laughed at and beaten by everyone.

And she was the worst of that kind.

So, it was not surprising that they all despised and looked down upon her.

She couldn't get rid of Jarrod, so she had no choice but to suffer all the humiliations he brought to her.

For a moment, she wished to die.

If she was dead, she would never experience being tortured anymore.

Perhaps she would be happier in the netherworld than in this world.

At this moment, someone pulled her arms away from her head, exposing her face to the light.

Then, everyone aimed their phones at her and started taking photos and videos of her bruised body.

Finally, Nicole saw the hateful eyes of those people.

She spotted Jamie standing behind the crowd, waving a room card in her hand.

Her face instantly drained of color, and her heart seemed to have fallen into the depths of an ice cave.

Everything was clear to her now.

It must be Jarrod who gave Jamie the room card to let the latter vent her anger.

This was his way of humiliating her.

Suddenly, there was a loud bang.

It turned out that someone threw a vase at Nicole.

It hit the wall and shattered on the floor.

Some fragments splashed on Nicole, instantly scratching her beautiful face, neck, shoulders, and back.

Blood seeped out from her wounds.

The scene was so shocking that everyone was stunned.

They all fixed their eyes on the person who smashed the vase.

The woman was also shocked.

She stammered, "I...

I didn't..." She didn't even know who handed the vase to her.

The intense pain slowed down Nicole's reaction.

She sat up in a daze, reached out, and touched her face.

Her hand was instantly covered with fresh and warm blood.

Her whole body hurt.

It hurt like hell.

Suddenly, someone shouted, "Fuck off!" Then, that person pushed the woman who smashed the vase and asked, "Do you want to kill her?" At this moment, the crowd split up.

In the middle, a tall and straight figure strode over to Nicole.

Nicole raised her head in a daze and saw his deep eyes and pursed lips.

Half of her face was covered with blood, but she still forced a smile.

However, it only pulled the torn wounds on her face, making her grimace in pain.

But she didn't mind it.

She said word by word with difficulty, "Jarrod, why are you doing this to me?" Nicole had never done anything wrong to Jarrod.

But why was he treating her like this? He was too cruel.

The sharp pain all over her body exhausted the last bit of her consciousness.

Nicole was so tired that she closed her eyes and collapsed.

Fortunately, Jarrod caught her in his arms in time.

The room was filled with a strong smell of blood, and her entire body was also soaked in blood.

In an instant, the bright red color dyed his suit.

Jarrod's back, which had never been bent, suddenly felt weak.

It was as if his hands were weighed down by a thousand pounds, making him unable to stand up.

He took off his suit, wrapped it around Nicole's body, and picked her up.

Then, he stood up and kicked away the woman in his way.

The woman was kicked so hard that she spat out a mouthful of blood.

She was about to cry when she met Jarrod's sharp gaze.

She was so scared that she didn't dare to say a word.

Jamie, on the other hand, walked over to Jarrod and said anxiously, "Jarrod, this has nothing to do with me.

I didn't know they would do this.

"I'm so scared..." Jarrod snarled, "Get out of my way!" Jamie's face turned deathly pale upon hearing this.

Jarrold held Nicole in his arms tightly and rushed to the basement parking.

He put her in the passenger seat and fastened the seat belt for her.

When he saw her lifeless face, he pinched her and said anxiously, "Nicole, stay with me.

Hold on, okay? I'll take you to the hospital." However, Nicole was unresponsive.

She lay motionless on the seat.

Jarrold's eyes shrank, and he panicked for a moment.

Then, he drove to the hospital as fast as he could.

As soon as they arrived at the hospital, Nicole was rushed to the operating room.

While lying on the cold operating table, Nicole finally regained consciousness.

The anesthetic had not taken effect yet, so she could clearly feel it when the doctor pulled out the broken porcelain pieces from her wounds with the tweezers.

Every time each fragment was pulled out, the piercing pain was so unbearable.

Nicole could only gnash her teeth.

One second, she felt cold.

But the next moment, she seemed to be burning.

Cold sweat broke out on her forehead and dripped down her wounds.

The salty liquid gave her so much pain that she clenched her hands tightly.

Her smooth back was covered by countless wounds.

Even the doctor, who was also a woman, couldn't help feeling sorry for her.

The worst thing was that the cut on her face was from her cheekbone to her temple.

Even if the wound healed, it would still leave a scar.

Finally, the anesthetic was slowly taking effect.

Nicole was in a trance.

And in her semi-consciousness, she seemed to travel back to that midsummer.

At that time, she was still the apple of her parents' eye.

She hung out with her best friends and had fun.

What was more, she was in love with Jarrod.

Back then, Jarrod was shy when he took one more glance at her.

He blushed when he kissed her.

But all of these no longer existed.

When Nicole was wheeled out of the operating room, her entire face was covered with thick gauze.

She was no different from a mummy.

The anesthetic had fully taken effect, so she was in a deep sleep.

Since her face was very small, she looked miserable with the gauze wrapped around it.

Jarrold looked at Nicole's bandaged face and asked the doctor, "Will there be any scars on her face?"
When the female doctor heard his question, she looked at him disdainfully.

Sure enough, men only cared about women's appearance.

Actually, the wounds on Nicole's back and arms were much more serious than those on her face.

But Jarrod only cared about the scar on Nicole's face.

"Based on the current situation, yes, it is very likely to leave scars.

Also, the patient needs psychological guidance.

This is a very traumatic experience for her, so it can't be ignored," the female doctor reminded.

She felt so sorry for Nicole that she wanted to punish those who did this to her.

If her supervisor hadn't told her to treat Nicole carefully, she would have called the police already.

Although she didn't know what had really happened, she firmly believed that Nicole's injuries were not caused by an accident.

Nicole must have been bullied.

In the middle of the night, the effect of the anesthetic started to wear off.

However, Nicole was still in a trance.

She groaned, "Mom...

It hurts...

It hurts..." Jarrod was awakened by her cry.

He stood up and walked over to check on her.

Nicole curled up in bed.

She had her eyes closed, and tears streamed down her face.

She frowned and kept murmuring.

Jarrod was so anxious that he called the doctor over.

Upon checking Nicole, the doctor shook her head and said there was nothing she could do except prescribe painkillers.

But she didn't recommend it because it was harmful to the patient's body.

After the doctor left, Jarrod lay beside Nicole on the bed and gently stroked Nicole's hair.

He wanted to say something to comfort her, but he didn't know how to start.

The truth was he hadn't coaxed anyone over these years.

When he and Nicole were still together back then, she was not a sentimental woman.

That was why he had never coaxed her.

Later, his life turned upside down.

All women avoided him, and he also lost interest in coaxing any woman.

But at this moment, Nicole no longer had the strength to fight with him.

Instead, she lay on the hospital bed, weak and pitiful.

Jarrold's heart seemed to soften again.

He held her in his arms and recalled the time when they first met.

At that time, Nicole was different.

She had a plump and sexy figure.

She was perfect in his eyes.

But now, she was very skinny.

She was so thin that he could even feel her bones.

When did she start to become like this? Jarrod was so lost in thought that he didn't notice he had fallen asleep, too.

It was the first time they slept in the same bed without doing anything.

They just slept quietly.

At dawn, Jarrod was suddenly awakened.

When he found that Nicole was in his arms, a rare look of panic and confusion appeared in his eyes.

He got out of bed, feeling like he was not sober enough.

Otherwise, how could he do something like this? He hated Nicole, and he shouldn't feel pity for her.

He went to the bathroom and washed his face with a handful of cold water.

Then, he stood in the smoking area and smoked alone.

"Jarrod..." A sweet voice sounded behind him.

Chapter 110

Are Handsome Guys All Blind Now Jarrod spun around to find Jamie standing behind him.

Thinking she might not appreciate the smell of his cigarette, he snuffed it out and tossed it.

A wave of relief washed over Jamie when she saw what he had just done.

She was confident that Jarrod would not blame her for anything, even if she had done something as extreme as killing Nicole.

"Why are you here?" Jarrod asked with a puzzled look on his face.

Jamie lifted the thermal pot in her hand.

"I made you some breakfast.

It's your favorite seafood soup." Jarrod's eyes twinkled.

During his challenging times abroad, Jamie's homemade soup had been his sole comfort.

They moved to the dining area of the VIP ward and took seats at a table.

Jamie lifted the lid off the pot, filled a bowl, and passed it to him.

Jarrod accepted the bowl and downed the soup in just a few hearty gulps.

"How does it taste? Does it taste the same as the old days?" Jamie asked while staring at him with anticipation.

"It's delicious," Jarrod replied.

As Jamie refilled his bowl, her hand trembled, and she ended up spilling the soup, scalding the back of her hand.

"Ah!" she cried out in pain.

Quick as a flash, Jarrod scooped her up and made a beeline for the sink.

He then called a nurse over to apply some ointment to the burn.

While the ointment was being applied, Jamie clung to Jarrod's shirt.

Her face was wet with tears and contorted in pain.

"What are you doing? Can't you see she's in pain?" Jarrod snapped at the nurse.

Startled and terrified, the nurse began applying the medicine with extreme caution.

Jarrod's concern melted Jamie's heart.

She pretended to be magnanimous and said, "I'm okay, Jarrod.

Don't be so hard on her." Jarrod eventually calmed down.

After the nurse had applied the ointment on Jamie's hand, Jarrod headed to the bathroom to clean the soup stains off his clothes.

As he walked by the nursing station, he overheard two nurses gossiping.

"Did you see that woman who came into the VIP ward with the handsome man yesterday?" "Which guy are we talking about here?" "The one with a scar on his forehead.

He looks rough around the edges but undeniably handsome." "Oh, that handsome guy.

What's going on with him?" "Well, he just brought another woman into the VIP section and asked me to treat her burn.

You wouldn't believe how much she was hamming it up.

She'd spilled soup on her hand, but it wasn't even that hot.

The way she was wincing and groaning in the guy's arms, you'd think she was on her deathbed.

I swear, if we let that 'wound' be, it would've healed on its own." "Ugh.

There are so many women like her nowadays.

They really do prove that the squeaky wheel gets the oil.

Look at the woman in that ward.

She was beaten so badly that her face became disfigured.

She doesn't stand a chance against these drama queens." "Are these guys blind or something? So much for dreaming of the rich and handsome ones." Those nurses walked off.

Meanwhile, Jarrod stood still as a statue, his fists clenched tight.

The haunting image of Nicole, with her body covered in blood, invaded his mind once again.

Thinking about it sent a mysterious wave of discomfort radiating from his heart, filling him with pain.

He had done his best to avoid even thinking of Nicole's face.

In the end, he could not help it.

After what felt like an eternity, he returned to the lounge.

Jamie was still there, waiting for him.

As he entered, she raised her bandaged hand as if asking him to pick her up.

Jarrold thought of the earlier conversation between the two nurses and felt mixed feelings.

Jamie tugged at his arm and asked in a voice akin to a spoiled child's, "Jarrod, can I ask you something?" Just the day before, her family members had been detained by Jarrod for beating Nicole.

If it wasn't for the vase, teaching Nicole a lesson should not have escalated to this.

Truth be told, it was Jamie who had handed that vase to the woman.

She was that eager to seal Nicole's fate.

"What is it?" Jarrod asked absentmindedly.

"It's about my family.

They only reacted the way they did because they heard what Nicole did to me.

Can you forgive them?" Jarrod looked at her.

His gaze was sharp enough to cut glass, which made Jamie flustered.

He pursed his lips together and, after a long moment's silence, finally said, "Jamie, I believe I've told you that you are not allowed to lay a hand on Nicole's face." Jamie's face drained of color.

"Leave it alone.

I'll handle them," Jarrod declared.

This meant that he was not going to let those people off the hook.

Jamie ground her teeth in frustration.

She realized Jarrod's decision would obliterate any prestige she had in her family.

After all, she was the one who instigated those people to harm Nicole.

In desperation, she feigned grievance and reasoned, "What happened yesterday was my fault.

I shouldn't have let Nicole get under my skin and should've stopped everyone right away." "What did she say to you?" Jarrod curiously asked.

Jamie was hesitant at first but then continued, "Promise me you won't get angry when I tell you." "You have my word." "Nicole said she only sleeps with you for the sake of the Lawrence family.

In truth, she's repulsed by you, especially by the scars on your back.

She said they look like centipedes and give her nightmares." As she spoke, she noticed Jarrod's expression turn increasingly icy.

Jamie seized the opportunity and feigned indignation.

"It infuriated me.

I don't care if you're involved with other women, but I can't bear anyone talking about you like that." All the while, Jarrod's fists clenched tighter, and his veins stood out on his skin.

He remembered Nicole's lack of enthusiasm whenever they had sex.

Jamie's revelation seemed to align with Nicole's arrogant and snobbish personality.

It turned out Nicole despised him to this extent, and could not wait to distance herself from him.

However, she was not much more noble than him.

If it weren't for the betrayal of the Lawrence family, the Schultz family wouldn't have suffered that heavy blow and completely backed out of the market of Ard lens.

"Don't take it to heart, Jarrod.

In my eyes, you're the best man out there." Jamie leaned into Jarrod's arms and rubbed her head against him while her eyes flashed a hidden, malicious glint.

Jealousy had clawed at her when she opened that hotel door and saw Nicole who just had sex with Jarrod.

That fucking bitch! If she could not lay a finger on Nicole, she would craft a scheme and make sure Jarrod himself took Nicole down! Jarrod masked his emotions and stood up.

"I'll have the driver take you home." Upon hearing this, Jamie frowned and tugged at the hem of his shirt.

"Aren't you leaving with me?" Jarrod planted a soft kiss on her forehead.

"I've got other matters to attend to.

I'll see you tonight." "Alright." Jamie forced a smile and continued, "What about my relatives? What will happen to them?" Jarrod said nothing.

"It's fine, Jarrod.

I won't hold it against you.

At worst, I'll only catch some flak from my uncles." Jarrod ran his fingers through her hair and assured her, "Don't worry.

I'll have them released." "Really? That's so kind of you, Jarrod." Jamie wrapped her arms around him and added in a sweet voice, "I can't wait to be your wife." Jarrod held her hand and caressed it.

"I promise you'll be the happiest woman in the world." Once Jamie was gone, Jarrod returned to Nicole's ward and found her awake.

He walked up to her expressionlessly and moved a stray strand of hair away from her face.

"How are you feeling?" Nicole looked at him.

The sight of him reminded her of the humiliation she had suffered at his hands, and her eyes clouded with disdain.

"Don't touch me.

You're disgusting." The word "disgusting" ignited a fury in Jarrod, and his face twisted in an instant.

His hand shot out to clutch her throat.

He tightened his grip until her face started turning purple and her breathing grew ragged.

His eyes narrowed and brimmed with cruelty as if he were a demon straight from the depths.

He stared daggers at her and bellowed, "Say that again!"