

Unbreakable 111

Chapter 111

I'll Let You Get What You Want "Jarrod Schultz!" Nicole's voice rasped, sounding like rotten wood as she enunciated each syllable.

The atmosphere grew increasingly stifling, making her feel as though her life was slipping away.

A memory of her mother holding a birthday cake flashed before her eyes.

"Make a wish, Nicole!" Her mother gazed at her as if she were the most precious gem.

Would her mother ever come to terms with her death? The thought prompted large tears to spill from Nicole's swollen eyes.

What had she done to deserve this? Jarrod's eyes blazed, unhinged.

His grip tightened around Nicole's fragile neck, almost snapping it.

He chastised himself internally.

He'd felt compassion for this woman, even pitied her last night.

When his father passed away in jail and his mother took her own life, he'd been left with nothing.

She had mocked him back then, and he'd shrugged it off only yesterday.

But what about her? She found him repulsive.

Her words echoed those in some damning video, belittling him and declaring that he deserved to be deceived.

His loathing for her intensified.

With a scornful smirk, Jarrod made a chilling vow.

He had no more sympathy for her.

Her actions had proven she was undeserving of it.

She would remain ensnared by him for the rest of her days, as long as she lived.

His intent was clear.

It was to make her suffer indefinitely.

Jarrod closed in on Nicole with malevolent eyes, whispering a sinister vow into her ear, "You'll be in agony for the rest of your days, Nicole." Nicole remained silent.

Her glazed eyes and bruised face made Jarrod abruptly loosen his grip, as if snapping back to reality.

Once she could breathe, Nicole inhaled deeply, like a dry fish finding water.

Her complexion matched the whiteness of the bed sheet.

She recalled her bizarre dream.

In her sleep, Jarrod had held her tenderly, caressing her hair as though they were newfound lovers.

That compassionate Jarrod only existed in her fantasies.

Divine mercy would never touch her again.

Staring at the woman he deemed deceitfully pathetic, Jarrod's mood darkened.

He issued a brief command, "Consider it an accident.

Be cautious with your words." A flush of rage colored Nicole's face.

She felt utterly humiliated.

Were he and Jamie both plotting against her? She questioned, "Jarrod, where's my phone?" With a derisive laugh, Jarrod tossed her the phone.

Wasting no time, Nicole pressed the emergency numbers.

She might not be able to confront Jamie and the monster before her, but someone had to answer for her abuse and disfigurement.

Unfazed, Jarrod inquired, "So, you've made your choice? Will you really jeopardize the Lawrence family over such a minor matter?" "What are you implying, Jarrod?" Nicole shot back.

Minor? The pain on her face was unbearable, and she'd heard the nurse mention her disfigurement.

Was that insignificant to them? "As I've stated, it was an accident," Jarrod coldly retorted.

Shaking with indignation, Nicole spat out, "Jarrod, are you suggesting I should just tolerate this?" "Indeed." A look of despair clouded Nicole's eyes.

"Jarrod, my face is ruined.

A vase shattered against it.

Had my arm not shielded me, my face would be entirely mutilated.

I might have died." The word "died" made Jarrod's heart miss a beat.

Quickly recovering, he responded icily, "Yet here you are, still breathing." Nicole let out a hollow laugh, her face ashen and her hair disarrayed like a deranged woman.

"Jarrod, you're well aware why I was assaulted.

You're not just trash.

You're a monster.

Want me dead? I'll give you what you desire," she articulated each word, choked with sorrow.

Abruptly, she threw back the blanket, leapt off the bed, and dashed toward the window.

Before Jarrod could react, Nicole had already climbed up.

Staring down at the ground far below, she said bitterly, "Jarrod, this is the tenth floor.

Think I'll look worse if I take the plunge?" "Nicole, get back here!" Jarrod bellowed, his eyes widening in panic.

"But my beauty is already ruined.

A hideous scar mars my face.

No amount of dressing up will change that," Nicole mumbled, deep in reflection.

A wave of desolation swept through her.

What was the point of living anymore? Why had her life capsized so catastrophically upon Jarrod's return? He had shattered every illusion she had of him.

He had wounded her to the core! Nicole said, her voice tinged with sorrow, "Jarrod, I've always told you that I don't owe you anything.

You've never believed me.

Think of it as a lie, then.

I once loved you." If she could, she would live Jarrod's life, enduring all his hardships, just so they could be even.

She'd admitted she once loved him.

Jarrod laughed bitterly.

She was lying to him, even now.

He wouldn't be taken in.

He could never be deceived! A woman as deceptive and fickle as her didn't deserve love! His tongue pressing against the back of his teeth, he uttered icily, "Jump, and I'll erase the Lawrence Group from Ardlens.

Your family will wish they'd joined you, and the ones you care for will live in the shadow of your choice." His eyes flamed with an intensity that could consume anyone.

Without his say-so, Nicole had no right to die.

He loathed her so much, how could she depart this world before experiencing something worse than death? Despite the swelling that distorted half her face, her lips formed a graceful curve.

She gazed at him and declared, "Jarrod, three years! Your three years abroad were a living hell.

I'll give you my next three.

If I survive them, you let the Lawrence family go and let me go." Jarrod scoffed.

"Who do you think you are to negotiate with me?" "Because it's you.

You can't let go of me, and you can use me to satisfy your twisted desires.

I'm willing to put it in writing, but you have to offer me some hope, right?" Her face concealed by bandages, her smile was odd yet oddly captivating.

From the moment she ceased to love him and torment herself, she'd become unbeatable.

She aimed to strike a deal with this demon, to sever ties once and for all.

Jarrod looked at her, her face swollen yet still alluring, a dark glint flickering in his eyes.

She was practically begging for her own humiliation.

Well, he would gladly oblige! Three years would suffice to break this woman, to purge her from his system completely.

He smirked and said, "Fine, you have a deal." Wearing a smile of triumph, Nicole added, "I have one more condition."

Chapter 112

Welcome To My Hell "Test your limits cautiously, Nicole," Jarrod warned, his expression fierce.

Nicole chuckled even more, seemingly amused by his scowl.

"For the next three years, you can't tie the knot.

While I may not be noble, I refuse to be anyone's mistress." Jamie aimed to be Jarrod's wife just to humiliate her.

But Nicole had no intention of playing along.

She wouldn't become the woman everyone despised.

Jarrood lost his cool.

"And who exactly do you think you are? Whether I marry or not, you're still obligated to entertain me."

"Jarrod, this isn't up for debate.

You won't let the Lawrence family go, and if we can't find a middle ground..." Nicole's voice grew soft but unwavering.

"Let's fight to the death!" A laugh erupted from Jarrod, unsettling even from a distance.

He relished her words.

Deliberately, he said, "You have my word." After saying that, he stepped closer and extended his hand.

Without a second thought, Nicole seized it and leapt from the window, landing securely in his embrace.

He walked a few paces before tossing her onto the bed.

Pinning her down, he sneered, "You're asking for trouble.

Brace yourself for a wretched life." He vowed to make her endure the hell he had known.

Any trace of warmth vanished from Jarrod's voice, leaving it icy cold.

He leaned in, whispering deliberately, "Welcome to my hell, Miss Lawrence." Although only one of her eyes was visible, her allure remained unbroken.

Nicole wrapped her arms around Jarrod's neck, nibbling on his ear, and purred, "Jarrod, I'm already in the hell." Since the moment Jarrod ceased to love her.

Since the moment Jarrod loved another.

Since the moment Jarrod allowed others to belittle her.

Every second was a living nightmare for her.

The hospital bed creaked rhythmically.

In a haze of pleasure and agony, Nicole felt as if she were on the brink of death.

Yet, she realized she was still alive.

Jarrold gripped her chin, forcing her eyes to meet his.

His shirt was immaculate, his forehead scar making him look menacing, almost villainous.

"Concentrate on your task," he commanded.

He then bit into her neck, his breath reeking of iron.

A trace of insanity tinged his voice.

Nicole grinned.

"Jarrod, you're falling short..."

It's painful." With a scoff, Jarrod wasn't buying her act.

He extended a hand to hit the call button beside the bed, laughing like a madman.

"Enjoy a thrill, do you? Let's summon some people and see whether I'm doing well." To his surprise, Nicole wasn't backing down.

She latched onto his arm and countered, "Sure, why don't you invite your fiancée over?" His forehead veins bulging, Jarrod was visibly annoyed.

He harshly clamped a hand over her mouth, swearing, "You're out of your mind, aren't you?" Bang! Someone knocked on the door.

A nurse's voice came from the other side of the door.

"Patient in bed 212, how may I assist you?" She repeated her call three times, but received no reply, only indistinct romantic noises.

The nurse's cheeks turned a shade of pink before she retreated.

Nicole chuckled and said, "Jarrod, you're such a scaredy-cat.

You even bolted the door." Although her mocking demeanor infuriated him, Jarrod couldn't deny the pleasure of their sexual intercourse.

He conceded that Nicole had a certain allure when she behaved this way.

"I won't be beaten," Nicole announced with confidence.

Arching an eyebrow, Jarrod scoffed.

"I'll look forward to seeing you groveling." What he didn't expect was that he would never witness Nicole begging for compassion.

He had assumed that three years would suffice to break her, but they didn't even last half that time.

As Nicole lay limp in his embrace that day, he found himself willing to trade his own life for hers.

Love, once profound, now masked by pointless animosity, fueled his destructive tendencies.

In the CEO Office of the Dixon Group.

Matteo relayed his hospital chat with Raegan.

Mitchel's gaze grew intense.

"Dig into every detail." As Matteo prepared to leave, Mitchel interjected, "Retract all the fabricated stories about that birthday celebration." Upon exiting, Matteo bumped into Kyle and pulled him aside.

"Kyle, fetch the security footage from both sides of the president's office door on the day of the conference." Kyle's expression remained stoic despite a moment of inner turmoil.

"Sure, Matteo." Soon after, Kyle sent a copy of the security footage to Matteo.

Matteo posed another question, "Has it been challenging attending to Miss Murray lately?" Kyle dismissed the concern.

"No, it's nothing major.

I'm here to lighten the load for the CEO." Matteo gave a nod.

"Mr.

Dixon instructed that you're no longer bound by Miss Murray's commands.

You can continue working at the company." "Why's that?" Kyle inquired immediately.

"Have you changed your mind about returning to the company?" Matteo's eyebrows knitted together.

"Absolutely not," Kyle hastily reassured.

"It just took me by surprise.

That's all." "I just thought you had some sort of attachment to Miss Murray," Matteo hinted slyly.

"Attachment? To her? Not even likely.

She's got a terrible temper.

I can't wait to get back to the company and escape her wrath," Kyle retorted.

Matteo continued, "Well, anyway, Miss Murray is no longer our concern.

Mr.

Dixon has made that clear." "Understood, Matteo." After Kyle took his leave, Matteo glanced at Kyle's meticulously styled hair, paused briefly, and then headed to his office.

At the hospital, later in the day, Raegan took a ten- minute stroll, courtesy of the nurse's approval.

She unexpectedly bumped into Henley.

Wearing a black sweater and khaki slacks, his good looks resembled those of a college student.

Their eyes met.

Henley said, "What brings you back to the hospital?" His voice tinged with worry.

"Fertility treatments," Raegan pointed to her stomach and explained.

"And you?" Henley gestured toward his arm and playfully said, "Physical rehab." Upon hearing this, Raegan's face turned somber.

"I'm sorry, Henley," she offered, feeling guilt-ridden over his injuries.

Henley shrugged it off and comforted her, "No need to be concerned.

I made this decision willingly.

Nobody pushed me into it." Yet, Raegan grew more melancholic.

"Henley, can I treat you to coffee?" For some reason, this made Henley slightly uneasy, but he consented with a cheerful nod.

After sitting down, Raegan opted for juice while Henley sipped on coffee.

He found himself distracted by the sight of Raegan's slender, beautiful fingers.

A vivid dream flashed in his mind.

It was an implausible dream where Raegan's fingers had rendered him on cloud nine.

How could it be? His pursuit of her was purely strategic.

He despised women.

How could he be charmed by one so quickly? Disturbed, Henley shifted the subject.

"Raegan, rumor has it that Miss Murray and your husband will be sharing some good news soon.

What's that about?"

Chapter 113

Are You Defending Him Indeed, Raegan had intentionally diverted her focus, striving to put the issue out of her mind.

Yet, the day following Lauren's birthday party, the media was flooded with news about Mitchel and Lauren.

Several guests at the party had informed reporters that Mitchel and Lauren were deeply in love, and whispers about their upcoming wedding were verified by a source close to them.

Given that this information had gone public on social media platforms, it was evident that Mitchel had given his silent approval.

With his influence, quashing such rumors would have been effortless for him.

Consequently, the subject Raegan had fought so hard to ignore resurfaced, making denial futile.

Raegan felt a pang of sadness but concealed it skillfully.

Dropping her gaze, she nibbled on her straw.

"Henley, I apologize, but discussing this isn't something I can do right now." Henley responded with a kind smile, "That's alright, Raegan.

My primary concern is your happiness." However, Raegan said earnestly, "Henley, I believe it's best if we maintain some distance going forward." Caught off guard, Henley nearly fumbled his coffee cup.

Collecting himself, he asked softly, "Did he intimidate you again?" Raegan simply shook her head.

"No, it's just that helping me always seems to hurt you, and I can't bear that guilt.

We should stop meeting each other." Raegan's reasoning was straightforward.

She no longer wanted to inflict pain on those who showed her kindness.

Henley sensed her intentions clearly from her earnest expression.

Yet, the more she pushed him away, the more he yearned to be near her.

Unfazed, he told her, "I'm not afraid of whatever he might do, Raegan." Still, Raegan was unyielding.

"I appreciate that, Henley, but my mind is made up.

I can't bring myself to harm you further." Observing Raegan's unwavering determination, Henley's expression turned somewhat gloomy.

He ceased bothering Raegan but locked eyes with her, saying, "If that's what you truly want, Raegan, I'll honor your wishes." "Thank you for understanding, Henley.

I hope life treats you well," Raegan responded sincerely.

"As a final gesture, may I at least treat you to dessert?" Henley offered.

Touched by his sincerity, Raegan agreed with a nod.

This hospital featured a buffet bar, so Henley instructed Raegan to remain seated while he went to fetch the dessert.

Turning around, Henley's gaze shifted to one of cool detachment.

Silently, he headed to the dessert counter to place his order.

Once he had his treat in hand, he returned by a different path.

When he encountered Mitchel, he was entirely unfazed.

He greeted Mitchel in a tone tinged with sarcasm, "Ah, Mr.

Dixon, you've come for some coffee as well?" The irony was not lost on either man, considering the woman Mitchel was married to awaited Henley in the dining room.

Mitchel stood upright, his legs appearing even more slender encased in his tailored pants, and responded, "I warned you to keep your distance from my wife.

Did you forget?" Henley grinned, replying, "Oh, your warning? Yes, I remember it quite well." Mitchel fixed him with an icy stare.

The mere thought of Henley and Raegan whispering sweet nothings to each other filled him with a violent rage he had to suppress for Raegan's sake.

Mitchel said in a frigid tone, "If you remember, then why are you still here?" "Mr.

Dixon, I choose to stay, because..." Henley hesitated deliberately, his intentions evident in his expression.

"Raegan is a good girl and I like her very much." Mitchel's eyes narrowed at this, his tongue pressing against the back of his teeth.

"You like her very much? How dare you!" Unfazed, Henley got right to the point.

"The sad truth is, you've lost Raegan's affection for good.

You can't even win her heart." Mitchel felt his head spin and struggled to maintain his composure.

So Raegan had been sharing their marital issues to Henley? His fists clenched in preparation for pummeling Henley, but he caught himself just in time.

He knew Henley was baiting him.

Mitchel tilted his head upward and sneered, "No matter what you think, she's still my wife." Observing the rage flash across Mitchel's face, Henley decided to pour more gasoline on the fire.

"Mr.

Dixon, wouldn't it be thrilling to make this a true competition?" Bang! Mitchel's fist came flying, colliding with Henley's face.

Henley's nose started to bleed.

Holding a hand to his face, he tried to maintain some semblance of dignity.

Mitchel was now a live wire, eyes ablaze.

He raised his foot, preparing for the next strike.

"Enough!" Raegan appeared, stepping between them.

"What's gotten into you, Mitchel?" Noticing her defensive stance over Henley, Mitchel's eyes squinted, his heart wrenching.

He scoffed.

"I see.

I've arrived at an inconvenient moment, haven't I?" "What nonsense are you talking about?" Raegan shot back, a bitter taste forming in her heart.

Mitchel's face twisted in anger as he saw her come to another man's defense.

His words turned caustic.

"If you dare to cheat on me, why couldn't! talk about it, huh? " A paleness washed over Raegan's face, and it felt as if a weight was compressing her chest, suffocating her.

A mixture of exhaustion, numbness, = and disillusionment whirled in her head, plunging her into a deeper state of despair.

Hadn't she already given up hope on her relationship with Mitchel? What could be more disheartening? Clearly, nothing.

Turning her attention to Henley, she offered, "Henley, let's get you to a doctor." "You dare to leave with him? Stay!" Mitchel's fury boiled over.

He tried to grab Raegan but was thwarted by Henley.

Blood smeared on his face, Henley confronted Mitchel, "Mr.

Dixon, planning to strike a woman now?" Glasses knocked off, Henley's usually calm demeanor vanished, replaced by a fierce gaze.

His slender yet powerful arm acted as a barrier between Mitchel and Raegan.

He was unquestionably provoking Mitchel.

Silent, Mitchel's fist flew, landing squarely on Henley and sending him tumbling to the ground.

But one punch wasn't enough to quell Mitchel's fury.

Veins pulsed visibly on the back of his clenched hand as he lunged to strike Henley again.

"Stop it, Mitchel!" Raegan cried out, rushing forward to shield Henley.

Seeing that the fist was about to hit her, Raegan clenched her eyes shut.

Yet, the anticipated blow never landed.

When she opened her eyes, Mitchel's fist hovered mere inches from her face, halted by his own willpower.

Mitchel's demeanor turned icy.

How could he have the heart to raise a hand against Raegan? His gaze remained locked onto Raegan's face as he yelled with frustration, "Are you taking his side?"

Chapter 114

Go With Another Man "Mitchel, stop using your authority to intimidate people." Raegan felt Mitchel had crossed a line.

She'd already told Henley to stay away from her, not wanting any harm to come to him again.

Yet, he'd unduly suffered again because of her.

How could she just stand idle and see Mitchel continue to harm Henley? Mitchel's gaze turned icy as he sneered, "Am I the bully, or is he just weak?" He didn't understand why Raegan defended a man who couldn't even take a hit.

Was she blind? "Come on, Henley." Kneeling down, Raegan helped Henley to his feet.

She had no desire to engage with Mitchel.

She was all too familiar with his irrational logic.

Reasoning was futile.

"Stay!" Mitchel seized her forcefully.

"Raegan, don't you see your own audacity? I'm standing right here, and you're leaving with another guy?" Mitchel's face was indescribable.

Watching them laugh and protect each other earlier, he wanted nothing more than to chain her down and keep her by his side.

Pulling her closer, his voice tinged with loathing.

"What? You can't exist without a man by your side?" His derisive words stabbed Raegan like needles.

She tried to speak but found herself choking on air.

He had an uncanny ability to wound her deeply.

Fuming with anger, Raegan struggled to pull away, but his grip was too strong.

Her eyes red, she glared at Mitchel.

"Let go of me!" At that moment, jealousy clouded Mitchel's judgment, making it impossible for him to gauge the impact of his words.

"Let you go? So that you can chase after another man? Not a chance!" Summoning all her strength, Raegan slapped Mitchel with her free hand.

That resounding slap silenced the onlookers instantly.

Tears trickled down Raegan's cheeks.

"Why bother with me, Mr.

Dixon, when you think I'm so worthless and despicable? Why not divorce me and let me go?" Mitchel felt a sharp sting in his heart, sparking his anger.

Yet, seeing Raegan's tear-streaked face, a flicker of remorse crossed his mind.

Had his words been too harsh? He extended a hand to wipe her tears, intending to clarify himself, when Henley intervened, "Mr.

Dixon, if Raegan wants to go, don't hold her back." Henley's words evaporated Mitchel's momentary regret, leaving him disheartened.

Scoffing, Mitchel retorted, "Eager for a relationship with her, are you?" Raegan heard him but remained silent.

What difference did it make, being hurt once or a hundred times over? Henley replied softly with a slight smile, "You misunderstand, Mr.

Dixon.

Raegan and I are merely friends.

You should not dictate her choices.

Give her the freedom to decide." "Fine, Raegan, think about it!" Mitchel said, finally releasing her, his voice icy.

His proud demeanor showed no signs of yielding.

He got his pride.

Raegan glanced his way, her tears now dry.

She turned and walked away without a second thought.

Mitchel's expression grew somber.

He had a feeling of being betrayed.

His heart ached, which could not be restrained in any way.

Fury coiling into a sneer, he clenched his fists.

"Fine, leave! But know this, you'll never return to me!" Remaining stoic, Raegan continued her exit without looking back.

Just as she made her first few steps, a pair of strong arms gripped her.

"Mitchel! Let go of me!" Hadn't he just told her to leave? What was he doing now? "Mitchel!" Raegan's eyes reddened with rage.

Carrying her in his arms, Mitchel stalked toward her ward.

"As long as we're married, you're not going anywhere," he declared, his voice icy and authoritative, brooking no debate.

In her fury, Raegan bit down on his shoulder.

But Mitchel was unfazed.

Grimacing, he warned, "You'll find I have numerous ways to make you regret that bite." Before long, Raegan grasped his intention.

He secured the ward door.

A distinctly loud noise echoed.

Raegan gave him a wary look and inquired, "Why do you lock the door?" "Do something to make yourself more submissive." After he finished his words, Mitchel placed her onto the bed, loosened his tie, and firmly secured her wrists to the headboard railing.

Before Raegan could respond, Mitchel swiftly leaned in, pinned her to the bed, and kissed her passionately.

Raegan's expression turned stormy in an instant.

She attempted to turn her face away, but Mitchel forced her to see him.

Holding her jaw in his grip, his face marred by the red marks caused by Raegan's slap, he issued a chilling warning, "Cooperate if you care about the baby." Fury turned Raegan's eyes a fiery red.

"Mitchel, what kind of man are you? Bullying a woman is your way?" At her words, Mitchel paused in the act of unfastening her shirt, and his lips curled into a smirk.

"What does it take for you to recognize my manhood, Raegan?" Raegan felt both humiliated and enraged.

She couldn't be as brazen as he was.

With a forceful kick, her lips quivering with emotion, she spat out, "You're despicable, Mitchel!" Unfazed, Mitchel used his long legs to pin the restless woman beneath him, replying with a sardonic grin, "Why don't you take a closer look, then?" The room was filled with tension and noise, unbeknownst to them, clearly audible to the man lurking just outside.

Henley stood just outside the ward, his face suggesting he could almost visualize what was happening inside.

His mind painted a vivid picture.

It was a man's hands caressing a woman's slender, pale waist, doing something.

Unable to contain his disgust any longer, Henley scoffed and walked away.

Two hours had elapsed.

Flushed and disheveled, Raegan found herself paralyzed despite her hands being free.

Mitchel's shirt was far from its usual crisp appearance.

Seeing Raegan's clothes in tatters, he tossed a spare shirt from the closet her way.

"Put this on for now.

"I'll have Matteo bring you something more suitable later." Defiant, Raegan hurled the shirt back at him.

Her cheeks flushed as she seethed, "Bastard!" She blamed him for her lack of clothing.

Mitchel's anger seemed to subside.

His eyes narrowed into icy slits as he inquired, "You're using such strong words?" Raegan fixed her glare on him, lacking further words to convey her anger.

The only curses she knew were already spent on this bastard.

Mitchel adjusted his disheveled attire and suggested, "Perhaps you should expand your vocabulary.

It might make for more interesting conversation during sex." Enraged to the point of tears, Raegan retorted, "Who says there will be more sex between us?" Mitchel's eyes twinkled mischievously as he leaned in, pinching her cheek softly.

"Then with whom do you plan to have sex?"

Chapter 115

We Have Nothing To Talk About "It's none of your business," Raegan snapped, still fuming over Mitchel's earlier comments at the café.

Those words had left her feeling humiliated.

She attempted to free her hand from his grasp, but he tightened his hold on her.

Mitchel's eyes narrowed, emanating a dangerous glint.

"Aren't you satisfied?" Before Raegan could muster a response, he seized her chin and kissed her on her lips.

Gripping her restless hand, he kissed her passionately, their lips and teeth clashing as though he intended to consume her very essence.

Raegan struggled involuntarily but realized she was drained of energy.

Fearing for the baby's well-being, she ceased her resistance.

After what seemed like an eternity, when Raegan felt her tongue go numb, Mitchel finally released her.

Catching her breath, she finally mustered the energy to reprimand him, "Mitchel, have you lost your mind?" His kisses were always so ferocious, as if driven by primal desire.

Mitchel squinted at her.

"I'm teaching you how to speak." In other words, he was cautioning Raegan that loose words came at a price.

The thought that she had dared to leave with another man infuriated him again.

Grasping her tightly, he issued a chilling warning, "If you ever dare to be with another man, I'll chain you up like a dog.

Stop flirting with other men." Raegan was perplexed.

When had she ever flirted? It wasn't entirely Mitchel's fault for thinking so.

Raegan's eyes were captivating and innocent, but they possessed a mischievous twinkle, as if beckoning someone closer.

Annoyed by his embrace, Raegan felt increasingly uncomfortable.

She scowled and said, "Let go of me." Mitchel remained unyielding.

Leaning in, he kissed her again.

"Not a chance." Doubts about the paternity test nagged at him.

After his flare-up, he began to sense that something was off.

Although the conclusive results were still pending, he knew that whoever was pulling the strings would soon be exposed.

He had initially come to apologize to her, but events had spiraled out of control.

He claimed to be disciplining her, yet not once had he harmed her.

Rather, he went out of his way to ensure her comfort.

Lowering his voice, tinged with a hint of charm, he said, "I was the one doing all the work just now.

Weren't you the one enjoying it?" Mortified, Raegan shoved him away.

"How dare you!" But Mitchel only tightened his grip on her.

He kissed her hair, caressed her cheek, and murmured, "I'm sorry.

Can you stop pissing me off and confronting me?" Raegan paused, bewildered by his sudden change of tone.

He seemed to have sensed something off about that test.

Raegan assumed he was trying to placate her, solely for the sake of the baby.

"I'm not pissing you off.

I know my worth.

I won't overstep," she replied.

It had been too long since she truly understood him.

He was soothing her, not out of love, but out of possessiveness.

Should she even slightly cross his boundaries, he'd withdraw his affection, making her pay for her supposed transgression.

Hope had long since left her heart for him.

No longer could she endure the indignities stemming from his distrust.

She longed for only one thing.

It was divorce.

Mitchel sensed the hint of sarcasm in her words.

He didn't anticipate immediate forgiveness in the first place.

He'd angered her, so he had to win her back, however difficult.

He kissed her forehead, declaring, "It's on me.

I'll settle it for you in two days." Once he uncovered the culprit, that person would not go unpunished.

But Raegan was indifferent.

Whatever the outcome, she just wanted to affirm the legitimacy of their baby.

Her baby deserved to come into this world with dignity.

She said, her voice tinged with apathy, "Once we resolve this, we should discuss divorce." Mitchel was shocked.

Moments earlier, they were locked in intimacy.

The next second, she was coldly talking about ending their marriage.

His fury reignited.

Clenching his teeth, he seethed.

"Do you not feel anything, Raegan? Didn't you just sense my restraint, all for you? And now you want to leave?" "Mr.

Dixon, when did I ask for your service? You're imposing this on me.

Are you not content?" Raegan was now fully alert, impervious to his manipulative words.

With a squint of his magnetic eyes, Mitchel dipped his head and nipped at her neck as if dispelling his frustration.

Yet, he did it gently, desiring closeness rather than harm.

He declared defiantly, "I won't divorce you, and I don't want to hear you utter that word again!" Raegan shoved him back, declaring flatly, "If that's the case, there's nothing left to discuss.

I'll clarify things with your grandpa tomorrow." "Have you lost your mind?" Mitchel's voice seethed with anger, his eyes flashing dangerously.

"I won't irritate him.

I'll just let him know I want a divorce.

That's it, nothing complicated." Raegan's resolve to get a divorce further vexed Mitchel.

"Do you always have to be this defiant, Raegan?" Feeling that arguing further would be futile, Raegan decided it was better to speak directly with his grandfather.

Seeing that she had made up her mind, Mitchel sneered.

All right.

Fine.

A frosty smile crossed his lips.

"Then you're grounded.

You're not leaving this place." Raegan's expression altered instantly.

"You plan on locking me up again?" The word "again" made Mitchel wince.

He had made similar threats in the past but never followed through.

But right now, he couldn't think of anything better.

He'd have to wait until he'd taken care of things and could muster the energy to tangle with her before he could set her free.

But he didn't say these words.

She'd defied him too often, and he had to rein her in.

Regaining his composure, he flatly stated, "It's not about you.

I simply want my family to be safe." Hearing his twisted logic, Raegan's eyes reddened.

"Mitchel, even if we are a couple, you have no right to confine me to this ward!" "Remember this, Raegan, we are married.

And Henley isn't someone you should associate with." Just then, Mitchel's phone buzzed.

He glanced at it but didn't pick up.

Raegan knew it was a call from Lauren.

"Why don't you distance yourself from Lauren? She's no better," she shot back.

Mitchel furrowed his brow.

"That's a different story." Raegan nearly chuckled.

Didn't Mitchel have a closer relationship with Lauren than she ever had with Henley? At least Henley had never overstepped his bounds, nor shown any particular interest in her.

But Mitchel had always treated Henley poorly.

And he asserted that it was different.

"Alright, if you're so adamant about not divorcing and it's not the same thing, then you're staying here with me in the hospital today."

Chapter 116

Did You Get Involved In This Matter Aware that Mitchel was likely headed to see Lauren after leaving the ward, Raegan felt a surge of frustration.

Since Mitchel didn't want to get a divorce, he should at least do something to show that he meant it.

He was well aware of her disdain for Lauren, yet he continued to hurt her by seeing Lauren over and over again.

Why, then, wouldn't he just end their marriage? "Don't make a fuss, Raegan.

] have important matters to attend to," Mitchel said evasively.

"So are you telling me that I shouldn't make a fuss when knowing you're going to see Lauren?" Mitchel fell silent.

He did intend to see Lauren, but not without a reason.

He was to demand answers from her.

"Mitchel, don't treat me like a fool.

She's in love with you and wants to marry you.

You know it very well.

You don't grant me a divorce, yet you still keep seeing her.

Do you think it's fair for me?" "I've already told you I don't have any feelings for Lauren.

I visit her out of a sense of guilt, nothing more," Mitchel retorted, lips tightly pressed.

"But do you realize the innocent girl you're so worried about isn't as virtuous as you think? She told me that I was nothing but a plaything to you, a means to satisfy your lust.

That you didn't want to father my child, only hers.

My presence was just to keep your grandfather happy!" Raegan spat out.

Mitchel's face tightened, but he said nothing as if pondering whether Raegan was telling the truth.

Seeing his expression, Raegan's heart sank further into despair.

Mitchel would never believe her.

Lauren's audacity stemmed from the unwavering support she received from Mitchel.

After a heavy pause, Mitchel finally said, "Raegan, I know you've had issues with Lauren since what happened with your grandmother, but I've interrogated Tessa.

She confirmed that Lauren wasn't involved." "Stop it!" Raegan cut him off, fury nearly bubbling over, Mitchel should conclude that she spoke ill of Lauren out of resentment.

Ridiculous! Raegan had hoped that laying it all out might make Mitchel harbor a bit of suspicion of Lauren's involvement and offer her some semblance of justice.

It turned out that they were all her wishful thinking.

She had only embarrassed herself once more.

"Alright, it's all on me then.

How could I forget Lauren is as pure as an angel in your heart? How could she possibly do anything wrong? Clearly, I'm the one always at fault here!" "Raegan!" Mitchel rarely found Raegan so irrational.

His expression shifted.

"Lauren is just like a younger sister to me.

If it bothers you, I'll reduce my interactions with her in the future." "Mr.

Dixon, forget about the future.

Let's focus on the present.

Can you stop seeing her now?" Without a second thought, Mitchel retorted, "Not today.

I have to meet her today.

I've got something crucial to ask her." Though Raegan had braced herself for this, she still felt her heart constricted, almost leaving her breathless.

She slumped onto the bed, drained of the strength to utter another word.

She had no desire to continue this meaningless argument with Mitchel.

The feeling was mutual for Mitchel.

Their quarrels always left a bitter aftertaste.

"Just rest up here at the hospital, okay? Clear your mind.

I'll bring you home when you're better." With those parting words, Mitchel exited the ward, positioning two bodyguards at the doorway.

Raegan lay exhausted on the bed, her energy seemingly drained away.

Mitchel was ever the authoritative, self-absorbed man.

Mitchel headed directly to Lauren's place after leaving the hospital.

The center of the Murray family business wasn't at home, and Lauren lived alone.

Mitchel was Lauren's only brother-like member here.

After a previous altercation with Jocelyn vexing Raegan, Lauren had pleaded with Mitchel to let Jocelyn stay.

He'd agreed then, but his patience was running thin now.

Mitchel entered Lauren's place with a steely countenance.

Lauren greeted him, her face bright but her body seemingly frail as she coughed from time to time.

"I've cooked some dishes for you, Mitchel.

Have a seat and try them." Standing his ground, Mitchel responded, "No need.

I'll be leaving shortly." Lauren's smile faded into disappointment.

"It won't take long to have a bite, Mitchel.

Can't you sit and eat with me?" Mitchel stared at her contemplatively before relenting.

"I'll pass.

I had already grabbed something to eat at the hospital.

You eat.

I'll sit with you." Internally, Lauren rejoiced.

As she had anticipated, showing vulnerability melted Mitchel's resolve.

She knew Mitchel had a soft spot.

Whenever she cried, he'd never hold her responsible for anything.

After their meal, she signaled for the maid to bring tea, but Mitchel declined.

Clapping his hands, Matteo appeared, escorting a tied -up figure who was tossed onto the courtyard ground.

Mitchel fixed his gaze on Lauren, his eyes filled with inquiry.

"Is there something you'd like to clarify, Lauren?" Lauren's mind whirred, momentarily paralyzed with confusion.

She wasn't sure what Mitchel was getting at.

She faltered, "Mitchel, why is Kyle here? Did he do anything wrong?" Mitchel arched an eyebrow and responded, "Kyle doctored the confidential documents of the company and attempted to flee after being exposed.

Additionally, we found a substantial deposit in his bank account, which was transferred from your account." "I...

L.." Lauren stammered, unable to find her words.

With a tap on the table from his slender fingers, Mitchel asked impassively, "So, are you in on this or not?" Panic flooded Lauren.

Hadn't she asked Kyle to leave the country? How was he captured so quickly? Had he betrayed her? Just then, Jocelyn rushed out of nowhere, throwing herself at Mitchel's feet and begging for mercy.

Tears streaming, she asserted, "Mr.

Dixon, my lady had nothing to do with this.

I'm the one who's responsible." As she said this, she covertly winked at Lauren.

Lauren caught on.

If Mitchel had been sure of her involvement, he wouldn't be asking her about it.

In other words, he was still uncertain about it.

Feigning shock, she queried, "Jocelyn, what on earth have you donee" "I paid off Mr.

Palmer to alter the paternity test results for Raegan's child.

I just couldn't bear to see my lady suffer.

Mr.

Dixon, she had no part in this.

You can verify with Mr.

Palmer if you'd like." Mitchel's brow furrowed.

There was no need to question Kyle again.

He'd already tried, and Kyle had remained tight-lipped.

That's why he brought Kyle here.

It was to see if Lauren was involved in this.

Lauren glanced at Jocelyn with a mournful expression, saying, "Jocelyn, how could you do such a thing? You'd better apologize to Mitchel right away and beg for leniency..." Jocelyn obediently began to kowtow, her forehead bleeding, her appearance pitiable.

Mitchel intervened, "Enough.

This is a matter of corporate espionage." Lauren's expression darkened at his words.

How could this matter be regarded as corporate espionage? It was merely about falsifying a paternity test.

Mitchel was just using this as a pretext.

He intended to put Jocelyn behind bars!

Chapter 117

Lauren Broke Down With eyes wide open in shock and tears streaming down her face, Lauren reasoned, "Mitchel, Jocelyn just wasn't thinking straight.

Besides, she's old.

How could she survive in jail?" Mitchel's eyes met hers, and his following words sent a chill down her spine.

"Jocelyn gave Kyle two million dollars.

Where would she get that much money? I need an explanation." Two million was not a small amount.

For a maid like Jocelyn, it could be her life's savings.

Who would spend all they had just to set someone up? Mitchel suspected the money had come from Lauren.

In other words, he did not buy their story one bit.

In a heartbeat, fear washed over Lauren.

Tears streamed down her face uncontrollably, her make-up smeared.

In desperation, she clutched at Mitchel's trousers and pleaded, "Mitchel, I swear I don't know anything about this.

I'm weak.

How could I scheme against anyone?" At this moment, Jocelyn fell to her knees and shuffled forward alongside Lauren.

"My lady, I'm really sorry.

I sold your jewelry to get the money.

I acted on my own, thinking I was protecting you.

This is all my fault." "Is that how it is, Lauren?" Mitchel questioned while staring at Lauren with narrowed eyes.

Before Lauren could muster a reply, he added, "Think twice before you answer.

This might be your last shot at earning my trust." Lauren felt as if she had been struck by lightning.

She was petrified and at a loss for words.

Just yesterday, Kyle revealed that Matteo was investigating him.

Upon learning this, Lauren bribed him with two million dollars and promised him the cash if he took the fall.

On no account could he tell the truth.

Earlier, before Mitchel showed up, Jocelyn had given Lauren an emergency escape plan.

If things went south, shift the blame onto Jocelyn.

Lauren had brushed it off at that time.

She assumed Mitchel was just suspicious of a fake paternity test.

How bad could the situation be? Previously, a few tears and Mitchel would surely forgive her.

But now, it was a different case.

Mitchel was deadly serious.

Left with no choice but to follow the plan, Lauren masked her nervous voice with sobs and pretended to reprimand Jocelyn, "Jocelyn, how could you be so vicious? Mitchel has always treated me well.

He wouldn't abandon me..." "My lady, I was out of mind back then.

Please, take good care of yourself from now on..." Their collective misery tugged at the heartstrings of anyone listening.

With teary eyes, Lauren turned to Mitchel and pleaded, "Mitchel, Jocelyn's been with me for years and has always been diligent.

Could you find it in your heart to forgive her just this once?" Mitchel shifted his gaze back to Lauren and asked back, "Is there anything else you're hiding from me?" Lauren was caught off guard.

She was unsure what Mitchel already knew, so she could only feign innocence.

"Mitchel, I've never hidden anything from you.

Don't you know me inside and out?" "If you say so." Mitchel withdrew his gaze and turned to Matteo.

"Matteo, leave the rest to the police." With anxiety written all over her face, Lauren blurted out, "Mitchel, wait..." Mitchel cut her off with an icy stare.

"Lauren, people should pay for their mistakes." Lauren was stunned and silenced by his cold gaze.

At this moment, she was brimming with hatred.

Raegan was unscathed despite all her schemes, while she was losing a trusted servant.

Jocelyn's loyalty to her was beyond doubt.

Jocelyn's family were puppets of the Murray family.

Without such a loyal servant, it would be hard to carry out her schemes in the future.

Once Matteo took Kyle and Jocelyn away and the tension deflated, Lauren felt herself on the verge of breaking down.

She lunged forward and wrapped her arms around Mitchel, wetting his shirt with her tears.

"Jocelyn's gone.

Mitchel, you're the only one I have." Mitchel's frigid eyes met hers as he gently pushed her away.

"Lauren, I've arranged for you to see a specialist in Swynborough.

He can provide a complete cure for what ails you." A wave of panic washed over Lauren.

The truth was, she had recovered a long time ago.

She was injected with a new type of medicine in Swynborough to make her look sick and win Mitchel's trust.

If he sent her to another doctor in Swynborough, her secret would be revealed.

"Mitchel, the healthcare here in Ardlens has been gentle and effective.

I'm not in pain anymore.

Can't I just continue my treatment here?" "I want you to recover fully as soon as possible.

This isn't up for discussion," Mitchel firmly said.

Lauren froze.

She sensed the unyielding steel in his voice and knew better than to argue.

She would have to play her cards carefully from here on out.

It was not entirely a bad thing, though.

Going abroad with Mitchel for treatment could provide an excellent opportunity to deal with Raegan.

At this realization, she looked up at him and weakly said, "I'll do as you say, Mitchel.

Once I'm better, we can start a family.

Maybe then, your mother won't be so hard on me." Truth be told, Lauren had zero desire to have kids.

Besides, she never liked children.

But if having a child was the golden ticket to earning a man's affection, then so be it.

And didn't Raegan's pregnancy earn Mitchel's attention? Well, she didn't mind that if it worked.

Mitchel was silent.

A few moments later, he just frowned and said, "Once you're cured, you should focus on living well." Lauren assumed he meant living a good life with him.

"When do we leave?" Lauren asked, elated.

"The day after tomorrow.

I've already spoken with your father to arrange for someone to pick you up and look after you for the surgery." Lauren's heart skipped a beat and she panicked.

"What do you mean, Mitchel? Aren't you going to be there with me?" "You'll be staying in Swynborough from now on, and your family will accompany you there," Mitchel explained, his voice devoid of emotion.

It was like a bolt from the blue.

Lauren was utterly stunned.

It took her a moment to grasp the weight of Mitchel's words.

Her face drained of color, and she felt like she had been slapped across the face.

"Mitchel, are you...

Are you sending me away?" she stammered.

"Lauren, the arrangement of this surgery is the last thing I'll ever do to take care of you," Mitchel stated flatly.

While Lauren looked like she had seen a ghost, Mitchel was nonchalant.

It was obvious that this was not a spur-of-the- moment decision.

Mitchel had been contemplating this for a while.

Lauren broke into tears.

She felt she was plummeting into an abyss.

"No, Mitchel! I can't live without you!" she shouted hysterically with tears all over her face.

"This isn't up for debate, Lauren." Mitchel lowered his head and added, "If you agree to live in Swynborough, the business cooperation with the Murray Group will continue.

But if you insist on staying in Ardlens, I'll sever all business ties." Lauren felt trapped in a corner.

The choice was a no-brainer.

Her family would force her to abide by Mitchel's terms.

"Why, Mitchel? Why are you doing this to me?" Lauren wailed.

"I asked you earlier if there's anything else you're not telling me," Mitchel said while looking straight into her eyes.

"Do you really think I haven't found out anything?"

Chapter 118

Teaching Raegan A Lesson Lauren's heart raced in sheer panic.

Mitchel found out what she had done? No, no fucking way! She had been so careful.

Mitchel couldn't have found out.

He must only be fishing for information right now.

At this moment, Lauren managed to cool herself down, shaking her head vehemently, and cried, "Mitchel, I never hide anything from you.

You know me well.

How could I ever lie to you? Why can't you trust me?" As she remained in denial, Mitchel coldly retorted, "That time I came back from Tenassie, the director of the hospital that examined Raegan is an old friend of your father.

And those anonymous photos I received...

Want to know who sent those to me? Need I say more?" Lauren went as white as a sheet.

She never expected Mitchel would dig so deep.

However, she could never admit it.

If she did, that would be the end of everything.

With tears streaming down her face, she clung to Mitchel's arm and feigned innocence.

"I have no idea what you're talking about.

None of this is my doing.

You've got to trust me.

I would never lie to you." Mitchel pulled his arm back and backed away from her.

As he listened to Matteo report all of this, Mitchel felt his own disbelief was in no way less than Lauren's current expression.

Was this the same girl who had fought to save him years ago, lifted his spirits when they were stranded in the water, and urged him to keep going because the world was beautiful? Luis was right.

Mitchel understood he had underestimated how far a woman could go for love.

If he did not love her, she might have lost it.

Lauren panicked when she saw the icy look on his face.

"It was Jocelyn's fault, not mine.

I had no idea what she did..." Lauren tried to defend herself.

Mitchel narrowed his eyes and said in a chilly tone, "Just because I dealt with Jocelyn today doesn't mean I believe you, Lauren.

I'm leaving you some wiggle room." Lauren had ruined every ounce of trust he placed in her.

The once innocent and pure girl he knew was now gone.

Mitchel looked down at her and queried, "Do you want me to Keep digging?" The warmth once present in his eyes was replaced by an arctic chill.

Flustered, Lauren clenched her fists so tightly that her nails dug into her palms.

"Mitchel, you're misunderstanding.

I..." "Enough," Mitchel interjected, his patience wearing thin.

"Your surgery is set for next week.

You'll be flying out in three days." "Mitchel, how can you be so cruel to me? Is it all because of Raegan? She's fine, and Jocelyn's already paid the price." Lauren dropped to the floor, clung to Mitchel's trousers, and weakly implored, "You can't do this to me, Mitchel..." With a flick of his leg, Mitchel shook her off and warned, "Raegan is my bottom line." His words crashed over Lauren like a tidal wave.

For a moment, she was stunned.

Bottom line? These two serious words...

Did Raegan really mean this much to Mitchel? Raegan was just a bitch! Why her? Not wanting to linger another second, Mitchel advised, "You should start packing." Without waiting for her response, he turned to leave.

"Mitchel..." Lauren, in a last-ditch effort, charged forward to grab his hand and, with her face awash in tears, asked, "Are you punishing me for Jocelyn's mistakes? I know I was wrong.

Please don't leave me...

Without you, I would rather die than live on." Before she could touch his hand, Mitchel recoiled in disgust and strode away.

On the edge of total collapse, Lauren played her final card.

"Mitchel, if you walk out that door, I won't have the surgery.

I swear to God! I'd rather die than go through with it." Arrogant as she ever was, she firmly supposed Mitchel would give in when she threatened him with her life.

After all, he still thought she was the one who had saved him years ago.

Mitchel wouldn't just stand there and watch if she refused to have the surgery, right? But the next second, she knew she was wrong.

Mitchel stopped in his tracks and turned to face her.

"You only live once, Lauren.

I won't force you to do what you don't want.

But just so you know, with this surgery, my responsibility of taking care of you ends." In other words, whether she had the surgery or not, his decision would not change.

"What?" Lauren uttered in shock, her face ghastly pale.

She gazed up at him and stared at the man bathed in moonlight.

His good looks were the same, but the warmth she had come to expect was gone.

He was a stranger to her now.

Without another word, Mitchel turned and strode away.

"No...

No!" Lauren cried hysterically.

Unhinged and bordering on madness, she muttered to herself, "This can't be.

Mitchel won't do this to me.

He loves me.

It's all because of that wretched Raegan and the baby in her belly!" With this thought in mind, her eyes darkened with malice, and she clenched her fingers so tightly they drew blood.

It must be that Raegan and her baby! How Lauren wished she could skin them all! Beep.

Suddenly, her phone on the table buzzed to life.

Lauren crawled over and picked it up.

She did not even wait for the person on the other end to speak and went straight to the point.

"Change of plan.

Show no mercy." After disconnecting the call, a malicious grin stretched across her face.

Lauren swore to herself that Mitchel could only be hers and hers alone.

That bitch Raegan...

Her days were numbered! Meanwhile, in the hospital, Raegan found herself confined to her ward, trailed by attendants wherever she went.

The constant supervision made her lose interest in leaving her room, so she went to bed early.

She usually shut off the air conditioner before bed.

However, the room seemed colder than usual, so she opted not to.

In the dead of night, she sensed what felt like a warm "furnace" next to her.

It was warm and comfortable.

In addition, it even had a pleasant scent.

She turned over, snuggled close to this furnace, and fell into a deep sleep.

Meanwhile, Mitchel froze and tried his best not to move a muscle.

But Raegan was restless.

Her hands roved here and there, igniting a fire within him.

There was nothing he could do but grasp her wandering hand to keep her from touching him in places she should not.

But the next moment, she accidentally nuzzled her lips against his Adam's apple.

Her soft lips brushed against his most sensitive area, and he tensed up almost instantly.

That was the last place that she should touch because it made him turn on immediately.

A cold sweat broke out on Mitchel's forehead, and he almost lost control.

The temptation to give in to desire was overwhelming.

Thankfully, he still had some self-restraint left.

Well, Raegan was pregnant and could not have sex very often.

If he woke her now, who knows how long she would be up? He could not let her lose sleep.

Although begrudgingly, he waited out the temptation and did not succumb to slumber until the first rays of dawn crept through the window.

As the room brightened, Raegan stretched lazily and enjoyed the feel of the “furnace” beside her.

But the next second, she realized that something was wrong.

She sensed muscles.

She jolted awake, turned around, and found herself enveloped in Mitchel’s arms.

What on earth? Raegan jumped up and kicked Mitchel, who was asleep, right off the bed.

Mitchel landed on the floor with a heavy thud.

A man's morning mood was particularly erratic, especially after being touched all night long by the woman he was attracted to.

Needless to say, he had not slept well.

Mitchel sprang back onto the bed in a flash, pinning her arms down, and smiled slyly.

"Raegan, I think you need to be taught a lesson."

Chapter 119

Revenge Vow Raegan was pinned down by Mitchel, unable to move.

Anger welled up inside Raegan when she realized that he’d gone to see Lauren.

Again! To vent her anger, she suddenly lifted her head and bit him just as his lips touched hers.

The bite was so hard that his lip bled within seconds.

Mitchel froze.

After staring at her for a second, he let out a subtle laugh.

Raegan drew her brows together in confusion.

Was he mad or amused? At this moment, Mitchel's eyebrows arched.

The soft light cast a hazy glow on his exquisitely refined face.

With the streaks of blood on his lips, he exuded a mesmerizing and seductive charm that she had only seen in movies.

Realizing that he was slowly pulling her in, Raegan instinctively turned her head away.

Raegan yelled to herself silently, "Don't let that face fool you, Raegan! This man surely uses his face to bewitch you before you realize it!" "Why are you upset?" Mitchel asked out of the blue.

"Who says I'm upset? I am not!" Raegan was irritated by his presence.

Mitchel gently bumped his nose against hers.

Although it didn't hurt, it was incredibly suggestive.

"Bear with me.

I'll send Lauren away in three days," he said.

"Whatever." Raegan rolled her eyes, showing no signs of happiness.

She took his words with a pinch of salt.

All she had in her mind to say to him was, "Do you even believe a word that comes out of your own mouth? Why do you think I would?" Her nonchalance made Mitchel feel a dull pain in his heart.

He had come here purposely to please her, but she didn't even notice his efforts, let alone appreciate them.

"I'm dead serious this time.

As soon as she leaves, we can live happily just like newlyweds." Raegan's eyelashes quivered slightly.

She had heard this line numerous times before.

This wasn't the first time he had made this promise.

And each time, he broke it and caused her more pain.

She was sick and tired of it.

This man couldn't be trusted.

Oblivious to her thoughts, Mitchel lowered his head and gently kissed her eyes, but she turned away before he could go further.

He didn't force her.

With his hand on her waist, he said softly, "Stay a little longer with me." Action spoke louder than words.

He assumed all he had to do now was to walk the talk to show that he meant business.

Raegan refused, "No.

Go sleep somewhere else." He lowered his head, lightly nibbled on her earlobe, and whispered, "But I want to sleep with you, honey." These ambiguous words made Raegan feel more trapped than she already was.

She shot him a resentful glare.

"What?" Mitchel chuckled, raising a brow.

"Do you want to gobble me up so bad?" "In your dreams.

Let me go!" Raegan tried to move, feeling uncomfortable in his embrace.

Mitchel suddenly let out a muffled grunt, followed by a low warning through clenched teeth.

"If you don't want to sleep with me, don't arouse me." Raegan lay still right away, fearing what he would do if she continued moving.

Mitchel seemed genuinely tired.

Within minutes, he was snoring softly beside her.

On the other hand, Raegan had so much on her mind that she couldn't sleep.

Ten years was a long time, but it had passed in a flash.

It was a decade ago when she fell head over heels in love with this man without thinking twice.

At the time, she believed that this love would last forever.

Little did she know that within months her love would be threatened and diminished by Lauren who had Mitchel wrapped around her little finger.

Although she hated playing second fiddle, it would take a great deal of effort for her to stop loving Mitchel.

A hint of bitterness flickered in Raegan's eyes.

She knew she would only learn from her failures.

It was drizzling.

Tessa, wearing a hat on top of her coat, was still drenched and disheveled in the old alleyway.

Her job hunt had ended in fruitlessly once again.

The scandalous photos had gotten everywhere.

The money Lauren paid her had only been enough for two weeks.

Now, she was broke and helpless.

Neither the Lloyd family's residence nor Jacob's place let her in.

She was like a pest to them now.

Life was hell for her in recent times.

Tessa considered taking out her anger on Raegan.

But since she had no one to protect her or even knew of Reagan's whereabouts, she had to give up on the idea for now.

Annoyed, she pushed open the door to her rented apartment.

The sight that greeted her made her jump.

On the bed, a naked man and woman were touching each other.

They looked over when they heard the door open.

"Ah! It's you..."

Tessa, come on in." Kenia's voice shook, but she had the decency to cover up with the bed sheet at least.

After getting kicked out, Kenia had taken to sleeping around just to pay her bills.

There were no high-paying or comfortable men in the ghetto, only rude lowlifes who could barely hold their own.

Kenia enjoyed being the center of all attention even though it came from lowlifes.

She lived for it.

Ever since she realized that she wasn't getting any younger, she decided to have fun before she became too old and wrinkly.

Tessa's lips were upturned in disgust as she glanced at them.

The next second, she ran out without closing the door.

The naked man licked his lips and said, "Your daughter is pretty.

When can I have a taste of her?" Kenia smacked him hard and warned, "Don't even dare! My daughter is reserved for someone important." Tessa held the same view.

As far as she was concerned, if Raegan hadn't been so despicable, she would have married a wealthy man by now.

That wretched woman was to be blamed for all her misfortunes! Tessa vowed that as soon as she got herself sorted out, the first thing she would do was get revenge on Raegan who landed her in this mess.

That bitch must be brought down! As Tessa pictured bringing Raegan down and stepping on her, she was in a much better mood.

It was short-lived, unfortunately.

Two sleazy men showed up out of nowhere, approaching Tessa with tattered hats covering half of their faces.

As they walked past her, one of them slapped her butt.

"Nice ass, baby!" They fist-bumped each other while describing her butt lewdly.

Tessa erupted.

"Are you blind? How dare you touch my butt and then comment on it! You little shits! Apologize to me right now!" She hated uncouth poor people to the bone, all of them.

Back when she was still wealthy and carefree, she never held back on abusing all those servants mentally and physically every day.

There was even a time she injured the old butler, who ended up dying two days later.

Her family covered it up, stating the cause of death was a brief illness.

The truth was easily buried after money was paid to the right people.

In Tessa's opinion, those in the lower class didn't deserve any respect, let alone touch her.

They belonged under her feet.

Folks like them were ass-lickers who would do anything just to get the crumbs from the rich's table.

Even though she had fallen from grace, she still considered herself superior to them.

Tessa continued to growl when she saw that they didn't do as she said, "Fuck you two! If you love your life, you better kneel down and apologize to me.

For your information, I can crush you like ants." Having used this same arrogance on many people in the past, Tessa had reason to believe that it would work now.

Ordinary people always cowered before her the second she raised her voice.

But these two men were different.

They smirked while approaching her slowly.

A loud slap suddenly reverberated in the air.

In a flash, the skinny man out of the two gave Tessa a smack on the face.

After this, the chubby man followed suit, dishing out three resounding slaps.

Blood instantly filled Tessa's mouth.

Her muscles tensed up as the urge to curse them out grew money was paid to the right people.

In Tessa's opinion, those in the lower class didn't deserve any respect, let alone touch her.

They belonged under her feet.

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Her muscles tensed up as the urge to curse them out grew stronger.

But before she could spew the curses, the men grabbed her and dragged her toward the heap of garbage in the nearby alley.

Chapter 120

Planning A dirty, stinky dress enveloped Tessa's head and was firmly tied.

Tessa's agonizing cries were hidden within the fabric.

Her hands were tied up, and she knelt by the trash can on the wet ground, resembling a low-cost human-like figurine.

Those two wicked men raped her.

The noise of the belt striking intertwined with the woman's muted screams echoed through the trash cans in the damp, filthy alley.

Finally, the two men spat on her and cursed, "You're no virgin, bitch.

Why do you act so innocent?" As the two men walked away, Tessa faintly caught one of them speaking on his phone.

"Mr.Jenkins, mission accomplished.

Even the neighborhood dogs don't want to go near her now." Once the call ended, they burst into crude laughter and one remarked, "Who would've thought? I get to bed a woman and make money at the same time.

What a deal!" "You know, it's uncommon these days to find men who go to such lengths to please women..." Tessa quivered next to a garbage can, her body smeared with blood and her clothes in disarray.

She looked like she was on the brink of death.

These two men were merciless.

They aimed to break her.

Just then, a luxury vehicle sped down the alley, only to make a sudden U-turn.

The woman who stepped out was poised and striking, clearly a high-society figure.

Much like Tessa once was.

She removed her coat and draped it over Tessa, holding her close and inquiring with a mix of disbelief and caution, "Tessa, what on earth happened to you?" Regaining hersenses, Tessaweaklymuttered, "Lauren..." And then she lost consciousness.

Lauren promptly let go of Tessa and looked down at her crumpled form with disgust.

Tessa was miserable.

Lauren had only ordered them to be harsh.

But these two men had taken it to an extreme.

Tessa was almost gone.

But it served a purpose.

This would make Tessa her most effective assistant.

Tessa later awoke in a hospital bed, feeling as though she had been trampled by a vehicle.

The pain was unbearable.

Especially in her lower body, which felt as if it had been ripped open.

The door swung open and upon seeing Tessa stir, Lauren rushed in and gently cautioned, "Tessa, you're badly hurt.

Stay still." Upon hearing Lauren's unsettling words, Tessa's eyes filled with tears, making it impossible for her to form a coherent sentence.

Lauren observed Tessa and said, "Tessa, try to stay calm.

You've got stitches down there, and your body is covered in bruises.

I fear these marks will leave scars." Rather than offering solace, Lauren's words only intensified Tessa's agony, underscoring her current pitiable state.

"No!" Tessa screamed, overcome by emotion.

Her fantasies of a wealthy matrimonial life were now in ruins.

Even if she settled for an older man, who would willingly take her in this condition? Gripping Lauren's hand tightly, Tessa's voice broke as she said, "Lauren, I don't know how to go on.

I've been raped like this.

How can I live..." Tessa's despair pleased Lauren.

It was precisely the reaction she had hoped for.

"Tessa, have you crossed someone recently? This wasn't just an assault.

They aimed to break you.

They must really have it out for you." Lauren's words struck a chord in Tessa.

Tessa remembered a muffled phone conversation she had overheard.

Mr.

Jenkins...

The only Mr.

Jenkins she knew was Matteo Jenkins! Alerting the authorities would be futile if Matteo was involved.

Matteo wouldn't dare act without orders from Mitchel.

The phrase "please women." It clicked.

Who else could it be but that bitch Raegan? How dare Raegan want her gone! Noticing the shift in Tessa's expression, Lauren realized her point had hit home.

All she needed to do now was fan the flames.

Lauren advised softly, "Tessa, you have to stay in for the next couple of days." "Why?" "Raegan is also admitted in this hospital.

Running into her could be disastrous, especially if she talks to Mitchel." "What? That bitch is in this hospital?" Tessa seethed, grinding her teeth in fury.

Lauren nodded, her eyes welling up with tears.

"I might not be able to look out for you much longer.

Raegan despises me, and Mitchel plans to send me overseas.

So you'll need to be extra cautious and avoid Raegan at all costs." Tessa felt a surge of shock, morphing quickly into seething rage.

Mitchel treated Lauren so well, yet he would send Lauren away overseas for the sake of Raegan.

Undoubtedly, Mitchel wouldn't let her off the hook easily since Raegan harbored a grudge against her.

What had that bitch done to deserve such favor? This thought only heightened her animosity.

Tessa blamed Raegan for everything that had befallen her.

Her eyes narrowed, teeth clenched, Tessa hissed, "She's as good as dead." "Tessa, what's your plan?" Lauren's face showed a mix of concern and confusion.

"Don't play the fool.

Mitchel's fond of Raegan now.

If you cross her, you're the one who'll pay the price." Lauren's words only fanned the flames of Tessa's anger.

If not for Raegan, why would her life be in ruins? Why would her body be battered, her dreams of a prosperous marriage shattered? Raegan was nobody.

She was a powerless orphan.

Yet, she had won over everyone, Mitchel's grandfather, Mitchel's mother, and Mitchel.

Enough was enough.

Tessa's expression hardened.

"Rest easy, Lauren.

That bitch will pay for this, dearly." At that moment, Tessa's thoughts darkened with murderous intent toward Raegan.

If not for Raegan, her family wouldn't have cast her aside, her wedding wouldn't have been called off, and she wouldn't be raped.

Tessa wrongly blamed Raegan for all her suffering.

She vowed to have Raegan endure every pain she had suffered and then die.

Catching Tessa's resolute demeanor, a near-imperceptible smile flickered in Lauren's eyes.

Lauren lowered her gaze to conceal her glee, cautioning, "Tessa, let it go.

Bodyguards are everywhere around Raegan.

You can't even get near her." Seemingly advising against it, Lauren then slyly added, "I'll be flying out the day after tomorrow.

Mitchel will send me to the airport." A glint of malice flashed in Tessa's eyes.

Lauren's words resonated with her own thoughts.

That would be a perfect opportunity.

Without another word, Lauren stood, pulling a stack of cash from her bag and setting it next to Tessa's pillow.

"Take this, it's not much.

Use it as you will." Lauren displayed her generosity by gifting Tessa a hundred thousand dollars.

After all, Tessa needed the money to carry out her schemes, didn't she? As Lauren closed the door behind her, she spared Tessa a final glance.

"Don't fail me again," she muttered to herself.

Tessa better not force her to resort to a Plan B.

Lauren intended to keep her hands clean while marrying Mitchel.