

Unbreakable 121

Chapter 121

Can She Still Trust Him In the next two days, Mitchel stayed in the hospital with Raegan.

He worked in Raegan's ward so he could personally take care of her.

The VIP ward was no different from a hotel room.

It was equipped with everything, so he had no problem handling official matters.

Raegan was not used to it, but she found it difficult to refuse.

After all, Mitchel didn't complain about anything.

She feared it would make her seem overly presumptuous.

At noon, Raegan had no appetite, so she didn't eat much.

The rain was still a steady downpour outside, and her mood had already been affected.

In times like this, she would usually feel a little depressed.

She put down her spoon and fork and picked up her phone.

She logged in to her social media account and checked some posts.

Then she came across a post that said, "Missing the five-dollar pizza in the alley near the international school." That pizza was part of Raegan's student life.

Since it was very affordable, Raegan used to go to that pizza store every morning and afternoon to eat.

The old lady who ran the place liked Raegan very much, so she was especially kind to Raegan.

Every time, she would add free eggs or chicken to Raegan's pizza.

Raegan was very grateful to that old lady.

She even thought that if it weren't for those eggs and chicken the old lady gave her, she probably wouldn't have grown to her current height of 5.5 feet.

Perhaps pregnant women were really finicky eaters.

Suddenly, she had an intense craving for that pizza.

But unfortunately, that old lady had retired due to her age.

She was no longer making and selling that pizza.

Since Raegan graduated from university, she never had that pizza again.

She liked this post so much that she gave it a thumbs up.

After browsing for a while, she raised her eyes and looked at Mitchel, who was busy working at the side.

The sleeves of his shirt were rolled up, revealing his firm and muscular arms.

His elbow rested on the armrest, and he propped his chin against his long and slender fingers while his eyes were fixed on the laptop screen.

Such a scene was very eye-catching.

It was said that men radiated a special charm when they were working.

While looking at Mitchel right now, Raegan could agree to it.

At this moment, Mitchel picked up his phone and browsed through it.

Raegan withdrew her gaze, lowered her head, and continued browsing her phone.

Suddenly, Mitchel came over and took her phone.

He put it aside and gently touched her head.

"Pregnant women should not use phones so much." Then he took his coat from the back of the chair and put it on.

"Get some sleep first.

I'll just go out for a while." Raegan didn't say anything.

When Mitchel went out, she listened to the spatter of rain on the windowsill and gradually fell asleep.

Suddenly, there was a crash of thunder.

The rumbling sound woke Raegan up.

When she looked out of the window, she found that it was already dark.

She didn't expect that the rain wouldn't stop.

Instead, the lightning and thunder had become more intense.

She looked in the direction of the desk out of habit.

Mitchel wasn't there.

Raegan subconsciously reproached herself.

It had only been two days.

Had her decision to stop loving him already been swayed by him? Mitchel might have gone to see Lauren.

When he said that he would send Lauren abroad, he probably just lied to coax her to give birth to the baby.

Perhaps in his eyes, she was really that naive and gullible.

Suddenly, the door was pushed open from the outside.

Then, a tall and straight figure walked in and turned on the lights.

The sudden brightness made Raegan squint.

Mitchel put something on the table, loosened his tie, and said, "Come here." Raegan was stunned.

Mitchel knocked on the table to catch her attention.

"What are you thinking? Come here.

Let's have dinner." Actually, she really had no appetite yet.

But when she thought that he came here so late just to bring her dinner, she reluctantly got up and moved to the table.

She opened the food box, only to be stunned again.

Inside the food box were pizzas.

On top of them were eggs and chicken.

They looked very familiar to her.

They were exactly the same pizzas, eggs, and chicken she used to eat in that pizza store near her school.

How could this be? Was it just a coincidence? How did he know she craved pizza? Raegan raised her head and looked at Mitchel.

It was only then that she noticed that his suit was soaking wet.

There were even droplets of water at the tip of his hair.

His current disheveled look was the total opposite of his usual elegant and well-groomed appearance.

Mitchel took off his coat and tossed it into the laundry basket.

Then he started unbuttoning his.

shirt.

Suddenly, he looked at Raegan and raised an eyebrow.

"Do I look good?" Raegan's face flushed at once.

She snapped, "Who's looking at you?" Mitchel didn't retort.

He threw his shirt into the laundry basket and said, "You can admire my looks all you want later.

For now, let's fill our empty stomachs first." Raegan was rendered speechless.

She didn't expect him to be so narcissistic.

She lowered her head and cautiously took a bite of the pizza.

Tears welled up in her eyes.

The taste was exactly the same.

It was still as delicious as before.

She couldn't help raising her head.

"Did you..." Her voice trailed off.

Raegan's eyes widened in disbelief.

She didn't expect Mitchel to take off even his pants, leaving only a pair of boxer shorts on his body.

Mitchel heard that she seemed to be saying something, so he turned around.

His chiseled handsome face was clearly visible.

"What?" Raegan was at a loss for words.

She felt so embarrassed that she wished she could find a hole and hide.

Seeing Raegan kept silent, Mitchel walked closer to her and asked seriously, "What did you say just now?" At this moment, Raegan's eyes traveled from his defined abdominal muscles down to his strong thigh muscles and that unique part of him.

Suddenly, she felt her ears burning.

It took her a while to regain her composure.

Finally, she found her voice.

She stammered, "You..."

"Can't you undress yourself in the bathroom?" "Okay," Mitchel agreed without hesitation.

He was not displeased at all.

He went to the bathroom to take a shower.

When he came out of the bathroom, he was only in his bathrobe.

Raegan had already cleaned up the table.

When she looked at him and saw the open neckline of his bathrobe, her face felt hot.

She felt so flustered that she avoided his questioning eyes and went to the bathroom to wash up.

When she came out, Mitchel was already lying on the bed, reading a financial magazine.

These past two nights, they went to bed at the designated time and slept peacefully.

He had not made any advances.

But tonight, Raegan didn't want to go to bed with him.

She had a feeling that something was about to happen.

"What's wrong? Why are you hesitating?" Mitchel asked, putting down the magazine and looking at her.

"Nothing..." Raegan had no choice.

She walked to the bed and lay beside him reluctantly.

However, Mitchel pulled her closer to him and wrapped his arms around her.

In an instant, she was enveloped in his overpowering hormonal aura.

Raegan's heart tightened, and her body stiffened.

She refused, "Mitchel..." Mitchel read her mind and said bluntly, "If you don't want to, it's okay.

I won't force you." His words made her face even redder.

Finally, she voiced the question she longed to ask, "How did you know about that pizza?" With half-closed eyes, Mitchel replied, "A little bird told me." But he was actually lying.

The truth was he saw the post she liked on social media.

And since he noticed she didn't have the appetite, he went to find her favorite pizza store, without knowing it had been closed down already.

The alleys in that area were very narrow, so cars couldn't get in.

He couldn't even open an umbrella.

So, in the end, he searched for three hours in the pouring rain and howling wind.

Fortunately, he saw the old woman, and she granted his request to make him a pizza.

On his way back, he kept asking himself why he did such a thing.

He was sure he did it not because he wanted to make it up to Raegan or because he was guilty.

It was simply because he wanted to make her happy.

He missed her happy face.

It had been a long time since he last saw it.

At this moment, the lights were off, and the ward became pitch dark.

Mitchel's soft lips pressed against Raegan's earlobe.

He whispered tenderly, "Sleep early.

We'll go home together tomorrow." Raegan felt her heart lost its rhythm.

She thought it was probably because the pizzas tonight were too heart-warming.

However, there was one question in her mind.

Could she still trust him? The next day, they woke up early and had breakfast together.

Then, Mitchel went to the company to deal with some business matters.

The doctor agreed to discharge Raegan after lunch.

Raegan hadn't put much faith in his promise that they would go home together.

But when she finished packing, the door opened, and Mitchel came in.

He took her bag from her without saying a word and carried her in his arms effortlessly.

"Mitchel, what are you doing?" Raegan felt so uneasy that she struggled hard.

"The doctor said you shouldn't walk too much," Mitchel said naturally, locking his arms around her waist.

He looked at her, hinting at her to hold onto him.

Too many people were coming and going to the hospital.

Raegan was so shy that she buried her head against his chest.

She had no choice but to hug him tightly.

Suddenly, an idea crossed her mind.

She said nervously, "Wait! Since the doctor said that, does it mean something is wrong with the baby?" Mitchel hesitated for a moment.

Then he finally confessed, "Actually, the doctor didn't say it.

I only want to hug you." Raegan raised her head and looked at him in astonishment.

She found his words hard to believe because Mitchel wasn't known for being romantic.

Sure enough, she noticed a hint of uneasiness on his handsome face.

At this moment, it was like her heart melted in honey.

She felt sweet and warm.

She suddenly buried her head against his chest again, not wanting him to see the silly expression on her face.

Mitchel only put Raegan down when they were already in front of the car.

He opened the passenger seat door, picked her up again, and let her sit.

When he reached out to fasten the seat belt for her, her sweet fragrance penetrated his nostrils.

Suddenly, Mitchel reached out, held her chin, and kissed her gently.

It was indeed sweet and fragrant.

The kiss lasted for a few minutes.

But it seemed that Mitchel couldn't be satisfied.

He leaned over and continued kissing her.

When their lips finally parted, they were both out of breath.

Raegan's face was red as cherries.

She didn't dare to look into his eyes.

Mitchel was about to say something when his phone suddenly rang.

He quickly pressed the answer button, and Lauren's heart-wrenching cry came from the other end of the line.

"Mitchel, I was kidnapped!"

Chapter 122

Villain On the video call, three burly figures appeared, their faces shrouded in hoods.

Lauren was kneeling on the ground, and her face was shoved toward the phone by one of the men.

Her face, neck, and body were covered in blood.

Moreover, her lips were cracked, and her eyes were so swollen she could hardly keep them open.

She looked utterly defeated.

In a hoarse and feeble voice, Lauren sobbed.

"Mitchel...

Help me...

Please...

Remember that time I saved you? Help me now..." Bringing up old scores was the most effective way to change one's mind.

Sure enough, Mitchel's expression shifted in an instant.

Smack! One of the hooded men slapped Lauren across the face and snarled, "Enough of your nonsense." It was clear Lauren had been suffering for a while.

The slap forced a mouthful of blood out of her, making her look even more miserable.

Mitchel's expression flipped like a switch.

With his eyes turned as cold as a glacier, he bellowed, "How dare you!" The hooded man chuckled as if he had heard a joke.

His laughter was distorted by a voice changer, which made it sound even more unsettling.

"This woman says you're her husband and that you're loaded.

Is that right?" An unsettling silence fell over both parties.

Raegan impulsively grabbed Mitchel's arm.

She was not quite sure what she was thinking, but something deep down told her he should not admit it.

Mitchel's face turned grim, and he focused on the screen.

Seeing his hesitation, the hooded leader delivered a brutal kick to Lauren's stomach.

Blood splattered from Lauren's mouth, and her face went ghostly white.

"Bitch, how dare you lie to me! You're dead meat!" The hooded man lifted his foot, ready to strike Lauren again.

But at that critical moment, Mitchel finally spoke.

"She's telling the truth." Raegan felt like she had been slapped.

She quietly loosened her grip on Mitchel's arm, but he did not seem to notice.

His attention was completely on the phone.

Upon hearing Mitchel's admission, the hooded man stopped what he was doing and grinned.

"In that case, prepare ten million dollars in cash and bring it to the ferry bridge.

Or else..." He grabbed a dagger and carefully nicked Lauren's wrist, enough for blood to start trickling down.

She would not die on the spot, but her time was running out.

"It's a race against the clock now," the hooded guy sneered and, without waiting for Mitchel's response, ended the video call.

Silence enveloped the car.

Mitchel turned to Raegan with a serious expression.

"Raegan, I need to..." Maybe it was because Mitchel had been so kind to Raegan recently that he thought she could understand him if he left now.

However, Raegan cut him off flatly.

"Don't go." It was not that Raegan was heartless.

It was that she thought it would be better to send a professional to handle this dire situation.

Moreover, her intuition told her there was more than meets the eye.

"We can call the police and have them sort this out," Raegan reasoned.

Mitchel frowned and shot down the idea immediately.

"We can't involve the police.

Lauren's safety is at stake." Those outlaws had no conscience.

Mitchel assumed he could not gamble with Lauren's life.

Besides, he would pay off his debt, as long as Lauren arrived in Swynborough safely.

Seeing Mitchel still siding with Lauren, a bitter taste filled Raegan's mouth.

"Mitchel, have you considered that this whole thing might be staged?" Raegan voiced her suspicions.

Mitchel's expression turned even grimmer, and he asked, "What are you getting at?" Raegan laid out her observations.

"In the video, Lauren's shoes were spotless.

If she was beaten up and held in some rundown warehouse, how could her shoes be so clean?" Unlike Mitchel, she had paid close attention to the details and noticed something was amiss.

The amount of blood Lauren spat out seemed off.

"And why would a kidnapper care whether the guy paying the ransom was her husband or not?" There could be only one answer to these questions.

Lauren was orchestrating the whole thing.

Lauren was aware that she was listening, thus using those words as a way to provoke her.

The pieces of the puzzle were falling into place.

For some reason, Raegan could not shake the feeling that the kidnapping was Lauren's ploy.

The more she thought about it, the more she felt something was amiss.

As her worries for Mitchel were mounting, she pressed on, "The timing is odd, don't you think? You finally decide to let Lauren leave the country today, and then she gets kidnapped? It sounds like a ploy

to make you change your mind." "Enough, Raegan!" Mitchel cut her off, seemingly exasperated.

"Are you suggesting that Lauren would risk her own life just to convince me to let her stay?" Mitchel's defense left Raegan momentarily speechless.

But he was not done yet, and he continued, "Sure, Lauren has made mistakes.

But risking her life in a scheme under the guise of kidnapping is far-fetched." Raegan tried to reason with him again.

"Mitchel, your judgment is clouded right now.

Think about what I've said." "I said enough!" Mitchel raised his voice and emphasized each word, "Raegan, stop being so cynical.

It's bad for the baby." Mitchel's accusation cut Raegan deep.

So, in his eyes, she was some sort of villain who was eager to get rid of Lauren.

Well, if he already thought she was wicked, maybe it was time she learned from Lauren and played the villain for real.

"Listen, Mitchel, I'm telling you, you're not going to save Lauren all by yourself," Raegan firmly said, giving no room for a discussion.

But her plea merely fell on Mitchel's deaf ear, and he coldly responded, "Get out of the car.

I'll have Matteo come pick you up." His dismissive tone felt like a punch to her gut, and a sharp pain radiated from her abdomen.

Raegan clutched her abdomen and cried, "Mitchel, my stomach..." Before she could complete her sentence, Mitchel had already lifted her from the seat, leaving her suspended in mid-air for a moment.

Feeling him hold her eased the pain a little, but her heart was still heavy.

"My stomach hurts," she uttered in a quivering voice.

And then, as if dropping a bag of groceries, he set her down on the cold, unforgiving asphalt.

"Raegan, quit with the childish games.

I have to go." With that, he climbed back into the car and sped off.

Raegan crouched on the road and watched in disbelief as the car disappeared into the distance.

So he thought she was just putting on some sort of childish act? In that instant, it felt like her heart had turned to stone, and she became numb to the world around her.

Well, she had it coming, didn't she? How could she be so naive? How could she fall into the trap again after some sweet talk? The pain in her abdomen intensified until it became unbearable, and a cold sweat broke out on her forehead.

Using one hand for support, Raegan struggled to her feet and began to stagger toward the hospital.

Out of nowhere, a silver-gray minivan roared up to her.

And before she knew it, two hooded men had yanked her into the vehicle.

Chapter 123

Falling Into Abyss In a desolate warehouse on the outskirts of town, a man, holding a syringe in hand, looked at Lauren and asked with doubts, "Are you sure about this?" Lauren gritted her teeth and confirmed, "Yes." With that, the needle was then inserted into Lauren's vein.

Not long after, she transformed into someone who looked like they would drop dead anytime soon.

Even doctors would be fooled by her appearance.

Lauren glanced at her reflection in the mirror and decided she still did not look pitiful enough.

She gestured to a muscular man and ordered, "You, get over here.

I want you to slap me.

Hard." It was not every day that someone asked for a beating, but he was not about to question the person signing his checks.

The man raised his hand and repeatedly slapped Lauren across the face until it was red and swollen.

The pain was so intense it made her gum bleed, but a look in the mirror told her it was worth it.

Everything had to be flawless.

One tiny mistake and Mitchel might see through her act.

Seeing how badly her face was beaten, Lauren was pissed.

She faced the man and retaliated with a slap and a kick of her own "Did you enjoy that, you lowlife?"
The man clutched his face and hit the floor.

Although he felt wronged, he dared not fight back, especially since he had not been paid yet.

Lauren settled into a rickety chair, crossed her legs, and laid down the law.

"Leave the country the instant you get the money.

Understand? I've already set up fake IDs and passports for you." The men nodded obediently.

Ten million dollars in total for three of them! They would each walk away with more than three million.

Not a bad day's work.

A manic gleam shone in Lauren's eyes as she reveled in her act.

She had just called Tessa with an untraceable number.

While she had not specifically mentioned Raegan, she could tell from Tessa's tone that her plan was going smoothly.

It felt so good to kill two birds with one stone.

Lauren felt she had endured enough degradation and humiliation to last a lifetime, but it would all be worth it when she saw herself walking down the aisle with Mitchel.

Ice-cold water splashed over Raegan's head.

Raegan blinked through the discomfort and struggled to focus her vision.

A headache made it even harder.

It took some time before she could finally make out the face in front of her.

It was Tessa.

It had been quite a while since she last saw Tessa.

Panicked, Raegan tried to get up but found her limbs bound to the chair.

She was not going anywhere.

She glared at Tessa and snapped, "Kidnapping's a crime.

Have you lost it?" Without a word, Tessa walked over and landed a series of slaps across Raegan's face.

The corner of Raegan's lips split open, and blood trickled down to her neck.

Tessa, whose eyes were brimming with madness, grinned and taunted, "Consider this your appetizer.

The main course is yet to come." Raegan's heart raced, but she forced herself to maintain her composure.

"I've never wronged you, Tessa.

Is ruining your own future worth it just to get back at me?" "Are you implying it's not?" Tessa, riled up by Raegan's words, lifted her blouse to reveal a tapestry of scars across her back.

"Look at this! Thanks to you and Mitchel, my reputation and body are ruined! My life is in tatters! What more do I have to lose?" Raegan caught a crucial detail in Tessa's tirade and quickly interjected, "That's not true.

I have nothing to do with your injuries." "What? Interesting!" Tessa erupted in laughter, clearly not buying a word Raegan said.

She gestured to the two men behind her, and they got the message without her having to say anything.

As they moved toward Raegan with a predatory gaze, it was obvious they were keen on having a taste of her.

Just as they were about to lay a hand on her shoulder, Raegan bellowed, "Back off!" Startled, they froze in place.

Raegan scanned the men's clothes.

They were dirty, unkempt, splattered with oil.

They likely were not professional criminals, just low-level thugs recruited by Tessa.

That made things simpler for her.

"Do you even know what you're getting yourselves into? Kidnapping and sexual assault are serious crimes.

How much is Tessa paying you? I'll double it if you let me go." The two men exchanged glances and hesitated.

Tessa's offer had not been all that generous.

They were each getting only fifty grand.

Even though it was the largest sum they had ever seen in their lives, it was not that much.

They had no intention of crossing any serious lines, so Raegan's offer made them stop and think.

"You, bitch!" Tessa lunged forward and kicked the chair Raegan was tied to, toppling it over.

Raegan hit the floor with a thud.

Luckily, since she was bound to the chair, her abdomen did not take the brunt of the fall.

However, she felt her shoulder take a bad hit, accompanied by a chilling sound that seemed like her bones were cracking.

She was convinced her bones were broken.

The intense pain shot through her body, making her face ghostly white.

Fighting the urge to black out, Raegan balled her hands into fists.

Tessa seized another opportunity to inflict pain and stomped down hard on Raegan's feet.

The agony from the crushing force turned Raegan's already pale face even paler.

Tessa had meant to kick Raegan's abdomen, but she suddenly realized that doing so might cause a miscarriage.

And if that happened, things could get messy.

The thugs might lose their nerve and abandon the mission.

So, she opted for Raegan's feet instead.

Tessa relished the thought of Raegan suffering as she had.

"The nerve of you to try to turn my people against me.

Your words may be silver, but they won't save you today! I can't wait to watch you be a whore." Blood spattered Raegan's mouth, and her forehead was slick with cold sweat.

Her head was spinning, but she understood what Tessa meant.

"I'll give you chance.

Call Mitchel.

Tell him you've been kidnapped and he needs to bring money to get you back.

If he actually shows up, you're free to go.

What say you?" Grasping at straws, Raegan nodded repeatedly.

"He'll definitely pay, no question about it." "We'll see about that," Tessa retorted with a cynical laugh.

She grabbed a pointed wooden stick and aimed it at Raegan's abdomen.

"Make sure he brings the money.

If you even hint at me being involved, this stick is going right through you.

Are we clear?" "Understood," Raegan assured her, doing her best to keep Tessa from losing her temper.

If this was only about money, then things might not be as bad as they seemed.

Mitchel's number was dialed.

It took him a while before he answered the call.

"Hello, who's this?" he asked in a deep and resonant voice.

At that moment, grief, fear, and panic threatened to overtake Raegan.

"Mitchel, help me," she sobbed with a trembling voice.

"What's going on, Raegan?" Genuine concerns could be heard in Mitchel's voice, and it almost broke Raegan right there and then.

But this was not the time for tears.

Pain surged all over her body, particularly in her abdomen.

She had a foreboding feeling as if something would happen to her baby.

Raegan had to act fast for her sake and the unborn child's.

"I've been kidnapped.

They're demanding money.

Can you bring the ransom right away..." "Raegan," Mitchel cut her off, his voice tinged with irritation.

"Enough with these childish games.

I'm done playing along." His words felt like a freefall into an abyss from which there was no return.

Chapter 124

Despair Raegan didn't expect that Mitchel's first reaction was to think that she was making a fuss.

She felt her heart was being stabbed by countless daggers.

It was so painful that she could hardly breathe.

But she had no time to pity herself at this moment.

Her priority was the safety of her baby.

The stick Tessa was holding was still pressed against her belly.

She must make Mitchel believe her.

Tears streamed down her face and mixed with the blood at the corners of her lips.

She said hoarsely, "Mitchel, I am not lying to you.

I was really kidnapped." Perhaps the sadness in Raegan's voice moved Mitchel.

He glanced at the bag of money sent in by the remote -controlled car and said in a gentle tone, "Be good.

Don't make such a joke, okay? I will be back soon..." "Mitchel!" Raegan shouted, interrupting him.

Her voice was full of despair.

"I really don't understand.

Why do you always believe whatever Lauren says, but assuming me to be the one who messes around all the time, huh?" Raegan's choked voice sounded very angry.

But for Mitchel, it was more like she was having an emotional outburst.

The situation on Mitchel's side was urgent.

He could still hear Lauren's miserable cry from time to time.

So, when he spoke again, his voice became cold.

"Raegan, can you stop please being unreasonable?" Unreasonable? She was crying for help desperately.

Was it just being unreasonable in his eyes? Raegan couldn't help laughing at herself bitterly.

She thought Mitchel was her last hope.

But she was too stupid to think that he would rescue her.

She said again, "Mitchel, I am pregnant with your child.

But in your heart, Lauren is still more important than us.

Her life matters more than ours, right?" At this moment, Mitchel's patience wore thin.

He said coldly, "We'll talk about it when I return.

I'm hanging up." Suddenly, Tessa stabbed Raegan's tummy with a sharp stick.

Thinking of her baby, Raegan was so desperate that she roared madly, "No, don't hang up! Mitchel, don't hang up the phone! Please...

I'm begging you.

At least save your..." But before she could finish her words, she was interrupted by the beeping sound from the other end of the line.

Mitchel had hung up.

She was about to say "child," but Mitchel didn't give her a chance.

Raegan felt like the blood all over her body froze.

She suddenly felt very cold.

Her heart sank to the bottom.

At this moment, her ten years of love for Mitchel completely disappeared.

Raegan sneered at herself.

She had never been this regretful.

Mitchel was her world for the past ten years.

She had admired him.

But what did he do in return? He just pushed her to hell.

When Tessa saw the pain on Raegan's face, she was overjoyed.

She thought it was more awesome than beating Raegan.

"You see, bitch? You are nothing in Mitchel's eyes.

You are just a joke.

Ha-ha!" The tears in Raegan's eyes almost dried up.

Indeed, she was ridiculous.

Instead of being Mitchel's wife, she was just a joke.

At this moment, something warm surged from her lower abdomen.

She felt she was bleeding.

The panic in her heart brought her back to her senses.

Raegan looked at Tessa with pleading eyes.

"Tessa, please let me go.

If you want money, I can give it to you.

Just tell me how much you need.

I can give it to you.

Just please let me go." However, Tessa just raised her head and giggled.

After a while, she said, "Do you really think I want your money? No! What I want is to make you scared and desperate.

I want you to know how it feels to be abandoned and ruined." She pointed at the camera set up in the shabby room and mocked, "Do you have any idea how pitiful you looked just now? It turned out this is how you look after being abandoned by the person you love." When Raegan saw the madness in Tessa's eyes, she realized that Tessa didn't want money.

Tessa wanted her life.

Now that Raegan knew what she was about to face, she stopped begging.

Tessa would definitely not let her go.

The more pitiful she was, the less chance she had to survive.

So, she asked calmly, "Tessa, do you really think no one will know about this? Have you thought about the consequences? You'd better give it careful thought now." Tessa bent down and patted Raegan's cheek.

She sneered, "Don't worry about me.

Focus on the next exciting part because you are the star of it.

Enjoy yourself." After saying this, she stood up, looked at the two hooligans, and said, "This woman is very cunning.

You see? She just claimed that her husband would definitely pay the ransom.

But what happened? She lied.

Her husband abandoned her, so she has no values at all.

Don't be fooled by her.

Just do your job, and don't believe any of her nonsense.

Do you understand?" The two hooligans nodded obediently.

Then, one of them quickly unbuckled his belt.

A trace of disgust flashed through Tessa's eyes.

She really wanted to watch Raegan being bullied by these hooligans.

But she had enough of it.

Every time she saw the bodies of naked men, she couldn't help feeling sick.

"You guys have fun.

But do as I told you and make it quick." After saying this, Tessa pushed the door open to wait outside.

She didn't go far.

Instead, she stood by the door and listened carefully.

The tall and thin hooligan threw the belt he took off at Raegan.

This was part of Tessa's instruction.

She told them to beat Raegan hard with the belt first before they raped her.

Fortunately, Raegan was tied to a chair.

So, most of the whips hit the chair.

But her arms were still hit by the belt.

She endured the sharp pain and bit her lips hard to keep herself sober while racking her brain.

She had to think of a way to save herself.

The other hooligan thought the process was too lengthy.

He got so impatient that he pushed the tall and thin hooligan away and said, "Hurry! I can't wait anymore." Although Raegan was beaten, and her face was covered with blood, she still looked tender and fresh in the hooligan's eyes.

Soon, the two hooligans had a tacit understanding.

They decided to fuck her first.

As the two hooligans approached Raegan step by step, Raegan was uneasy to see their obscene and twisted faces.

Her hands and feet were tied, so she had no way to avoid them.

For the first time in her life, she felt so desperate.

But she forced herself to calm down.

At this moment, no one else could protect her baby but herself.

She couldn't give up.

The next second, Raegan said gently, "Guys, don't you think it's a little convenient for you that I am tied up? Why don't you untie me? Then, I can serve you better." The two hooligans paused and thought for a while.

They realized she was right.

Indeed, it was inconvenient for them to fuck her when her legs were tightly tied to the chair.

The tall and thin hooligan quickly untied the rope around Raegan's hands and feet.

He warned, "Don't play tricks with us.

Otherwise, we will kill you." "Yes...

I will be good..." Raegan put on a frightened look and nodded timidly.

After untying the rope, the tall and thin hooligan pulled Raegan's hair, pointed at the stack of messy straws in the corner, and ordered, "Go and lie there." Raegan cried out in pain and said fearfully, "Please, be gentle with me.

I will do whatever you want." The two hooligans had never been treated like this, especially by a woman.

Their vanity instantly rose.

They let go of her hands and threw her at the stack of straws.

Raegan's head hit the floor heavily.

She felt like her brain buzzed because of so much pain.

She got up awkwardly, knelt on the floor, lowered her head, and fumbled in the stack.

Finally, she found the stick dropped by Tessa just now.

The laughter of the two hooligans got louder and louder in her ears.

At this moment, Raegan raised the stick and hit the tall and thin hooligan with all her strength.

A loud thud sounded in the room.

The tall and thin hooligan's head was broken, and blood oozed out of the wound.

Since her body was weak, she also fell to the floor due to inertia.

The other hooligan jumped over and kicked Raegan so hard that she immediately spat out a mouthful of blood.

The pain penetrated Raegan's body, eroding even her internal organs.

But she curled up to protect the baby in her belly.

The tall and thin hooligan also reacted.

He pulled Raegan's hair angrily and slammed her against the wall.

"You bitch! How dare you play tricks on me! I must teach you a lesson today."

Raegan's End The tall and thin hooligan yanked Raegan by the hair and hit her head to the wall again and again.

For a moment, Raegan felt that the world was spinning around her and that her soul was getting detached from her body.

Blood oozed from her head.

Raegan could not tell if it was just blood.

She feared that her skull had cracked open and it was her brain splattering everywhere.

At last, the other hooligan stopped the tall and thin hooligan, leaving Raegan to fall to the ground almost unconsciously.

"Are you out of your mind? We're only here to fuck her, not to kill her! Murder is a felony.

Don't do anything stupid!" The tall, thin man finally returned to his senses.

He wiped the sweat off his forehead and exclaimed, "Damn! This woman really got under my skin!" "Enough of that.

Let's get down to business." The other hooligan cast a glance at Raegan, who lay bloodied on the ground, and muttered, "Look, lady.

Don't hate us for being brutal.

We're just here for the money.

The real villain here is your good-for-nothing husband who left you high and dry.

If he had been there for you, we wouldn't even have this opportunity.

Isn't that right?" Raegan was at a loss for words, unable to counter their twisted justification.

They were right, though.

The person she had held dearest had left her all alone.

Who else could she possibly blame? She only wished she had not fallen so blindly in love with Mitchel when she was still young and ignorant about love.

She had loved him so much that she sacrificed even her dignity.

A single sweet gesture from him, and she would forgive him every single time.

Maybe she deserved this.

In a way, she brought this on herself anyway.

It was not anyone else's fault.

It was hers alone.

In this world, there are no do-overs and no second chances to set things right.

At this moment, the two men clasped their hands, eager to tear Raegan's clothes apart.

"Fuck off!" Raegan shook off their hands with apparent disgust.

However, she was so weak that her action only annoyed the hooligans.

The tall and thin hooligan slapped her across the face and pinned her to the ground.

"How dare you fight back! I'm going to fucking kill you!" As soon as he said these words, he landed a hard kick on her chest.

Raegan writhed as excruciating pain emanated from the site of the kick.

For a moment, she felt as if her body was no longer hers.

The pain was so unbearable she could not even move her fingers.

The tall and thin hooligan lifted his foot to kick her again, but the other hooligan stopped him.

"You idiot! If you keep kicking her, how are we supposed to have fun?" Raegan lay curled up on the ground and watched as the two approached and squatted in front of her.

Despair enveloped her like seaweed stretching from the dark, boundless sea as it wrapped around her tightly, making her unable to breathe.

Her once sparkling eyes now looked vacant.

Was she prepared to meet her end like this? Then, all of a sudden, she felt something move in her belly.

Was it her imagination playing tricks on her? No, she was sure of it.

The baby had just moved.

It was as if her unborn child was sending her a message, urging her not to give up.

Raegan jolted back to reality and bit down hard on her tongue.

The taste of her own blood, rich and metallic, coupled with the sharp pain, brought her back to her senses.

Once again, she could feel her fingers.

She seized a shard of broken glass from the ground and slashed the tall and thin hooligan's hand.

In the next instant, blood spurted from it.

"Damn it! You'll pay for this, you witch!" he roared and lunged at her like a wild animal.

But Raegan, with fierce determination in her eyes, pressed the glass to her own neck and warned, "Stay back, I mean it." The tall and thin hooligan froze for a second.

Raegan used this moment to her advantage and shouted with a voice roughened by desperation, "If you come any closer, I swear, I'll do it.

I'll kill myself right here!" "Oh, you want to die? Be my guest!" Raegan had made up her mind.

Without hesitation, she drove the shard into her neck, and suddenly, blood was everywhere.

The sight was so shocking that even the hooligans stood there, suddenly questioning her sanity.

Raegan could sense the life force draining out of her as the blood rushed from her body.

Struggling for breath and strength, she spoke with great effort.

"I'm pregnant! If I die, you'll have taken two lives, not just one.

When they catch you, and they will, you'll be sentenced to death!" "Damn it! That woman never mentioned this!" The thought that Raegan might lose her baby and her life along with it flooded the hooligans' minds.

They had not signed up for this level of brutality, all for a mere fifty thousand dollars, orchestrated by Tessa.

The graveness of the situation dawned on them.

If they were caught, they would pay with their lives.

The gravity of Raegan's words hung in the air, causing the two men to waver.

The money suddenly lost its allure when stacked against the weight of their lives.

Seeing their hesitation, Raegan seized the moment and added, "If you want to make up for your sins, this is your chance.

Give me your phone!" "Why should we give you the phone?" Without a word, Raegan pressed the glass deeper into her flesh, causing more blood to flow.

Seeing this, the thin and tall hooligan gave in and handed over his phone.

With one hand clutching the glass and the other trembling, Raegan dialed a number.

"Hello, I've been kidnapped, but I don't know where I am.

Can you trace this call? Please...

You have to hurry.

I'm pregnant, and my baby..." Raegan choked with sobs, and tears streamed down her face.

After a long pause, she continued, "Something's wrong with my baby.

Please, you have to save my child..." Her vision started to get fuzzy, with white haziness clouding her sight.

The figures of the two hooligans became distorted and blurred in front of her.

However, she fought to keep her calm and even pressed the shard of glass firmly against her neck.

Only in this way could she make sure she was conscious.

Her hand was so numb that she could not feel the pain, no matter how deeply she cut.

She was painfully aware that if she passed out, it would be the end for her.

She needed to stay awake at all costs...

Soon enough, a voice from the other end of the line responded, "Miss, we've pinpointed your location.

Please ensure your phone stays on.

Help will be there shortly..." Raegan breathed a sigh of relief and continued, "Please, hurry.

I need to make another call..." She then mustered all the energy she had left to dial another number.

But to her disappointment, the call went unanswered.

"Sorry, the subscriber you've dialed is currently unavailable.

Please leave a message after the beep," the automated response said.

A bitter smile crossed Raegan's face.

By now, Mitchel had probably saved Lauren.

He was likely comforting his scared sweetheart, leaving no time to answer her call.

With all her remaining strength, Raegan uttered a message in a hoarse and shaky voice, "Mitchel, if my baby and I don't make it out of this, please bury us next to my grandma's grave.

And don't worry about us crossing paths in the next life.

I'll pray to God that our paths never cross again..." Tears streamed down her face, which blended with her blood in a shocking display.

Suddenly, Raegan's body convulsed.

She doubled over and spewed a large mouthful of blood.

Terrified by the sight, the two hooligans lost all interest in raping her.

The tall and thin hooligan turned to the other hooligan and stammered, "Is she..."

Is she going to die?" "I think she might.

What a stroke of bad luck! Let's get out of here!" With that, they bolted for the door, shoved aside Tessa, who was about to come in, and made their desperate escape.

Tessa stumbled and fell.

She was perplexed by the hooligans' behavior and tried to make sense of what had just happened.

"Why are you running? Have you finished the job?" she shouted after them.

"You deal with it yourself.

We don't need your dirty money.

That woman is dying!" one of the hooligans hollered back.

Tessa furrowed her brows.

As she rushed in, her heart sank when she saw Raegan, who was still clutching the glass and whose eyelids were barely open.

Tessa's eyes then landed on the phone on the ground, and everything clicked into place.

Those two idiots must have smuggled the phone in with them.

Furious, Tessa grabbed a chair and raised it above her head.

"You bitch! You think you can outsmart me?" Bang! A resounding crash filled the room.

The stool made brutal contact with Raegan's head.

Raegan saw it coming, but she was too weak to dodge.

In an instant, half of her face was smeared with blood.

Tessa was furiously shouting curses, but Raegan could not make out a word.

Her head was filled with a relentless buzzing noise.

And, little by little, she felt her soul slipping away.

She watched, as if from afar, her body collapsing to the ground, devoid of life, and drenched in her own blood.

Was this the end? "My poor baby, don't be scared.

Mommy's coming with you..." she whispered faintly.

Chapter 126

She Was Really Kidnapped Outside the warehouse, Mitchel was waiting in the car.

Two bodyguards in black approached him and reported, "Mr.

Dixon, we have already blocked the other possible exits." "Okay, good." Mitchel nodded.

They were now waiting for the kidnappers to come out.

Mitchel looked at the dilapidated door, feeling a little uneasy.

He took out his phone, looked at the anonymous number that had called just now, and dialed Matteo's number.

As soon as Matteo answered, he asked, "Have you picked up Raegan?" "No, Mr.

Dixon, She wasn't there anymore.

J asked the cleaner in that place, and she said she saw Mrs.

Dixon leave in a taxi." For some reason, the uneasiness in Mitchel's heart grew stronger upon hearing this.

He pinched his glabella and said wearily, "Go to Serenity Villas and check if Raegan is already there." "Okay, Mr.

Dixon." "Also, an anonymous number called me five minutes ago.

Check the IP address." After hanging up the phone, Mitchel called Raegan.

However, he couldn't get through.

Her phone was turned off.

He thought for a moment and sent her a message, saying, "It was my fault just now.

Tell me when you're home." After five minutes, his message was still unread.

He called her again.

But still, he couldn't get through.

Suddenly, the sense of uneasiness in his heart intensified.

But he comforted himself that she must have gone somewhere out of anger, or she went to her best friend.

At the thought of this, Mitchel decided to call Jarrod.

But before he could dial Jarrod's number, he heard a loud bang ahead.

A black MPV crashed the door and sped away.

One bodyguard in black stepped forward and said, "Mr.

Dixon, they ran away.

Do you want us to chase after them?" Mitchel's eyes turned cold.

He nodded.

"Yes." Then, he opened the door, got out of the car, and walked toward the warehouse.

Since the door of the warehouse was knocked down by the black MPV, only half of it was left hanging there.

Mitchel kicked it open, causing dust to spread everywhere.

Lauren lay on the floor like a dead fish.

There were traces of abuse all over her body, and blood still oozed out of her wrist.

Mitchel strode over, tore off a corner of his shirt, and tied up her wound.

Then he held her in his arms, stood up, and carried her to the car.

Lauren curled up in his arms.

He felt her body was burning.

She murmured, "Mitchel, you're finally here..." Mitchel looked down at her.

"Yes, I'm here.

Don't say anything.

"I'll take you to the hospital." Lauren burst into tears.

"Mitchel, I'm so scared.

| thought I wouldn't see you again...

It hurts so much...

Am I going to die?" "Don't talk nonsense.

You will be fine," Mitchel comforted her.

Lauren grabbed Mitchel's collar and pleaded, "Mitchel, please don't drive me away.

I will listen to everything you say.

I will be obedient to you.

Just please don't drive me away." Lauren's face was swollen beyond recognition.

When Mitchel looked at her, his cold face softened.

He comforted her again, "Stop thinking about anything else.

AS soon as we get to the hospital, you will be fine." Since Lauren's wounds were all fresh, she shivered in pain.

The drug she took was taking effect, so her eyelids felt heavy.

She forced herself not to fall asleep.

She hated that Mitchel didn't respond to her words.

She wanted to cry.

"Mitchel, can you not drive me away?" Still, Mitchel didn't answer her.

Lauren closed her eyes to hide her resentment.

After a while, she said, "Mitchel, can you lend me your phone? I want to tell my father that I'm safe." Mitchel nodded.

"Okay." He turned on his phone, called Lauren's father, and put the phone near her ear.

"Ahhh!" Lauren suddenly screamed madly and smashed Mitchel's phone against the car window.

It was too late for Mitchel to stop her.

The phone fell to the car floor with a broken screen.

Then, he saw her holding her head.

Her body trembled uncontrollably.

"No...

Don't touch me...

Don't hit me...

Don't..." Mitchel thought it was a stress reaction.

He held her hands to restrain her and said to the driver in a low voice, "Drive faster." Soon, they arrived at the hospital.

The doctors in the emergency room were ready.

As soon as Lauren was wheeled in, they immediately took care of her.

Yet, Lauren grabbed Mitchel's hand tightly, with tears streaming down her face.

"Mitchel, I'm so scared.

Please don't leave me.

Please stay." Mitchel's brows furrowed tightly.

But he followed.

From the emergency room, Lauren was moved to the operating room.

Mitchel could no longer accompany her inside, so he waited outside, pacing back and forth.

He couldn't calm down at all.

At this moment, two nurses chatting passed by.

He overheard their conversation.

"Today seems like a very unlucky day.

Many people brought into our hospital today were involved in accidents.

Another seriously injured person was sent here by the police car just now." "Oh, that young woman? Her condition is actually the worst.

She is pregnant, but she was beaten so hard that she bled profusely.

I don't know if she can survive." "We women should protect ourselves.

That woman must have fought hard.

But maybe the people who beat her were stronger than her.

I don't understand what kind of hatred can push someone to beat a woman like that." "I feel so sorry for her.

I heard she has no family.

Only her best friend has come." "Oh, speaking of her best friend.

She actually looks familiar.

She resembles the daughter of the family that went bankrupt.

If I remember it correctly, it's the Lawrence family." Mitchel's tall body suddenly froze.

He turned his head and stared at the nurse.

The nurse didn't seem to notice him.

She took out her phone and browsed for a while.

Then she exclaimed excitedly, "I found it! I actually followed her because of the scandals involving her recently.

She has more than one hundred thousand followers already.

Her name is Nicole Lawrence." Mitchel's eyes widened in shock.

Suddenly, he felt like his heartbeat and breathing stopped.

The blood all over his body froze.

When he came back to his senses, he strode forward and grabbed the nurse's arm.

He looked at her with cold eyes and asked, "What is the name of the patient they just brought in?" The nurse was shocked by the sharp pain Mitchel inflicted on her arm.

When she met Mitchel's gaze, she was frightened by the look in his eyes.

She said in a trembling voice, "Sir, you're hurting me.

Please let me go." However, Mitchel turned a deaf ear to her.

His eyes turned red as he roared, "Tell me her name!" The nurse was so scared that she burst into tears.

The other nurse was also frightened.

She picked up the walkie-talkie and shouted, "Security, come up quickly!" At this moment, a man in suit rushed over and stopped the nurse in time.

He explained something, and then the two nurses left timidly.

Mitchel still stood straight and tall.

But his trembling hands betrayed him.

He looked at Matteo and asked slowly and stiffly, "Raegan is in Serenity Villas, right?" Matteo shook his head speechlessly.

"Then...

Where did she go?" Mitchel asked cautiously.

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

He even held his breath, waiting for Matteo's answer.

This was the first time Matteo had seen Mitchel like this.

He didn't dare to meet Mitchel's eyes.

He braced himself and said, "Mrs.

Dixon was kidnapped.

She was severely injured, and the doctors are trying to save her now." These words instantly shattered the fluke in Mitchel's heart.

He staggered and almost fell to the floor.

Fortunately, he leaned his hands against the wall for support.

Suddenly, he seemed to have gone deaf.

He couldn't hear anything.

Chapter 127

The Worst Result Is She Can't Wake Up Mitchel's hands went numb.

A cold air rushed up from the soles of his feet and spread all over his body.

His back was instantly drenched in cold sweat.

"Mr. Dixon..." Matteo called out worriedly.

He had been working for Mitchel for a long time, but he had never seen Mitchel like this.

Even when the Dixon Group suffered two huge crises before, and the company would go bankrupt with the slightest carelessness, Mitchel didn't panic.

He didn't even frown.

But now, the panic on his face was so evident that even a three-year-old child could see it.

Matteo hurriedly stepped forward to support Mitchel.

But when he saw Mitchel's eyes dim, he called Mitchel again, "Mr. Dixon? Mr. Dixon..." When Matteo held Mitchel, he was shocked for a moment.

He didn't expect that a giant crocodile in the business world like Mitchel was trembling.

Or maybe he was just mistaken because Mitchel immediately pushed him away.

Mitchel ordered coldly, "You stay here and look after Lauren." Then, he walked away unsteadily.

He went to the operating room where Raegan was.

In the long corridor, Nicole sat alone on a bench with her eyes closed and hands clasped, praying for Raegan's life.

When she heard the footsteps, she opened her eyes and raised her head to see who had come.

The moment she saw Mitchel, her eyes suddenly became sharp.

They were like blades ready to cut Mitchel's body in half.

"Sir, did you come to the wrong place?" Nicole mocked through clenched teeth.

But Mitchel ignored her sarcasm.

He asked in a low voice, "How is Raegan?" Nicole sneered, "Mr.

Dixon, do you really care about her?" At this moment, Mitchel felt like his head buzzed from severe pain.

He could no longer suppress his irritability and impatience.

His eyes narrowed as he asked again, "How is she?" When he finally cooled down, his face was expressionless.

The look in his eyes made people feel intimidated and oppressed.

But at this moment, Nicole was no longer afraid of him.

Instead, she wanted to kill him.

Raegan was severely injured when she was sent to the hospital.

Fortunately, she was able to tell the doctor to inform Nicole about it before she lost her last bit of consciousness.

This made Nicole hate Mitchel to the core.

Where was Mitchel when Raegan needed him the most? And her anger intensified when she learned from Jarrod that Mitchel was with Lauren, who was also injured.

She wanted to skin Mitchel alive.

Nicole couldn't accept what had happened to Raegan.

Raegan was a kind-hearted and innocent woman.

She didn't harm other people.

Why did she have to be treated like this by this? Nicole laughed and blurted out, "Mr.

Dixon, drop the act! No one will believe you anymore.

Do you think I don't know you left Raegan to save Lauren? Well, Lauren is your first, after all.

But is she dead? If she is, let me know.

I will wait no time to congratulate her for finally passing away.

She did tell you she was on the verge of death multiple times, didn't she?" Mitchel grabbed her arm, looked at her fiercely, and said coldly, "Enough! Just answer me.

I'm asking you how she is." Blue veins popped out on his forehead.

Nicole was a little stunned to see his gloomy and appalling expression.

But the next second, she shook him off and sneered, "Can't you see she is inside that operating room? She is in the operation now." Mitchel was so anxious that he picked up the wrong one to question about Raegan's condition.

Raegan was still in the operating room.

Mitchel took a step back and said hoarsely, "I didn't know...

I didn't know Raegan was telling the truth when she said she was kidnapped." Nicole sneered, "Mr.

Dixon, I understand you.

You're never at fault.

How could her injuries have anything to do with you? But let me ask you one thing.

Has Raegan ever made such a joke with you before? Did she ever use any illnesses as an excuse to summon you up as Lauren did?" Judging from Mitchel's expression, Nicole knew she hit the nail on the head.

"So, why didn't you believe Raegan? Let me help you decipher it.

You don't care about Raegan at all, and you don't take her seriously.

In your heart, there is only Lauren, your first love." "No...

It's not like that..." Mitchel clenched his fists tightly, and his face turned pale.

How could he not care about Raegan? Nicole was wrong.

He cared about Raegan very much.

It was just that he assumed he could cease taking care of Lauren after sending her abroad for the surgery.

Although he knew Lauren once saved him, he thought he could return the favor by helping her recover from the illness.

He didn't want to be at Lauren's beck and call any more after learning what she had done.

More importantly, he decided to spend the rest of his life with Raegan peacefully.

Unexpectedly, on the day he sent Lauren away, Lauren was kidnapped and called him for help.

Nicole somehow found pleasure upon seeing the regret on Mitchel's face.

She still got some more to say.

"Mitchel, do you know the distinct difference between humans and beasts? People have brains to think so they won't fall for the same trick repeatedly.

Yet, you kept falling for Lauren's trick blindly without even thinking or investigating.

Meanwhile, you've harmed Raegan a lot.

How could you still claim you love her? Is that the way you love her? When two people are together, how can there be room for the third person?" Her situation was the best example.

Jarrold and Jamie were together, so there was no place for her.

But her situation was different from Raegan's.

That bastard Jarrod just wanted to torture her.

Moreover, Raegan and Mitchel were a legal couple.

In any case, Raegan shouldn't have been treated like this.

"If you really can't leave Lauren, please let go of Raegan.

It will be good for everyone.

Raegan doesn't deserve all the torture you've inflicted on her.

Look at her now.

Let her go if you don't love her.

Is it difficult for you to do that?" Mitchel's lips turned pale, and his charming eyes narrowed.

"Stop it!" However, Nicole ignored him.

She continued stabbing his heart with her sharp words.

"This time, Raegan won't forgive you.

She will never forgive you." The baby in Raegan's belly was gone.

The only bond between Raegan and Mitchel was gone.

Nicole knew Raegan well.

What happened this time was irreversible.

At this moment, Mitchel was so furious that his face turned gloomy.

He was about to completely lose his temper when the door of the operating room suddenly opened.

Nicole and Mitchel turned around at the same time.

Then, they saw the doctor pushing Raegan out urgently while using the walkie-talkie to communicate with the ICU staff.

Raegan lay on the bed.

Her hair was covered with blood, and her face under the oxygen mask was black and blue.

A tube was inserted in her mouth, and various kinds of wires were attached to her body.

She was motionless.

It was as if she was sleeping soundly.

This scene made Mitchel's heart ache.

It was as if thousands of knives stabbed his chest.

He was so heartbroken that he felt dizzy.

Suddenly, he felt weak.

His legs were heavy.

It was as if they were filled with lead and iron.

He couldn't move even a little.

A nurse pulled Mitchel and said, "Excuse me, sir." The nurse just pulled him gently.

But he was as weak as a piece of paper at this moment, so his body shook uncontrollably.

His face was unprecedentedly pale.

The nurse was startled.

"Sir, are you okay? Do you need to see a doctor?" Mitchel shook his head.

He stepped forward, grabbed the doctor, and asked something stupid, "Why is my wife not awake yet?" He couldn't think of anything else to ask.

Since Mitchel used the word wife, the doctor regarded him as Raegan's family member.

The doctor explained, "The patient is in a coma because of miscarriage, spleen rupture, and brain damage.

We have finished the operation, and she needs to be transferred to the ICU for further observation." Mitchel seemed confused when he heard those words.

For the first time, he experienced how it felt to be at a loss.

His mind went blank, making him unable to think.

He grabbed the doctor's white coat tightly.

"Doctor, save her no matter how much it will cost." The doctor frowned.

"I understand how you feel.

But I can only do my best.

It still depends on whether she can wake up within twenty-four hours.

Then, we can do something.

Please be patient." "Doctor, please...

Save her." There was no trace of arrogance in Mitchel anymore.

At this moment, he threw away his pride and self- esteem.

For the first time, he begged someone.

He sought help from someone he didn't know.

His lips, which were always red, turned pale.

He held the doctor's arm tightly and said, "Save her..." The doctor looked at his pale face and sighed.

"We have done everything.

As a family member, you have to have a stable mind no matter what the result will be.

You have to always prepare yourself for the worst." "What can be the worst result?" Mitchel subconsciously asked.

"The worst result is that she will no longer wake up.

She'll be brain-dead, a vegetable."

Chapter 128

You Won't Get Another Chance Upon hearing the news, Mitchel felt as if a sledgehammer had struck his chest, each blow heavier than the last.

A relentless ache radiated through his insides, making every fiber of his being throb with pain.

Observing his distress, the doctor reassured him, "Don't lose hope.

There's still a chance.

For now, rest up and gather your strength for her sake." Once the doctor had departed, an assistant brought over his repaired phone.

Mitchel grabbed it and dialed Luis.

"Luis, I need your help..." The call disconnected.

An unread voice message was displayed on the screen.

Upon playing it, Mitchel heard Raegan's feeble, raspy voice, Raegan spelled out her despair, each word cutting into him like a blade.

It nearly broke him.

For years, he'd thought nothing could move him to tears.

Yet now, his eyes reddened, and tears streamed down his face and cheeks.

Hearing Raegan say she'd rather not see him in another life and would forget him entirely was the last straw.

A piercing pain erupted in his chest, his vision darkened, and a gush of blood erupted from his mouth.

Nicole, witnessing Mitchel's disarray, felt no pity.

She lunged at him, clutching his collar and shaking him violently.

"Where were you when Raegan needed you the most? She was carrying your child! How could you let her suffer?" Finding Mitchel mute, Nicole hissed, "If she doesn't wake up, I'll kill you!" Mitchel's face turned icy.

He clenched his fists, suppressing the urge to toss Nicole aside.

He kept reminding himself Nicole was Raegan's closest friend, and Raegan would never forgive him if he dared to mistreat Nicole.

Nicole's rage escalated as she spat out, "Raegan loves you deeply for years, and this is how you love her back? You're no better than a monster! What on earth did she do to make her meet you and then suffer?" At her words, Mitchel grabbed her wrist and demanded, "What did you just say?" "Mitchel!" Just then, Jarrod and Luis entered the room, catching Nicole's heated tirade against Mitchel.

Jarrod and Luis knew how ruthless Mitchel could be.

Mitchel had constrained in recent years for the sake of the company's reputation.

Jarrod clenched his jaw and eyed Nicole, sensing her desperation.

Nicole, oblivious to Mitchel's cruel side, seemed bent on not just crossing him, but incensing Mitchel as well.

Swiftly stepping beside Nicole, Jarrod seized her arm and admonished, "Get a grip." To his surprise, Nicole wrenched free and yelled, "Hands off! You're no different from him.

Both of you are terrible." In her eyes, Jarrod was even worse than Mitchel.

He feigned kindness but was truly more monstrous than any beast.

Jarrood, fuming, loosened his tongue from the inside of his cheek and stood aside, glaring at Nicole as if she were digging her own pit.

Mitchel snapped, "What did you just say?" For Nicole, fear had left her.

Her only goal was justice for Raegan, so she retorted, her chin lifted defiantly, "I said you're a monster! You don't deserve Raegan's love!" Gripping her arm tightly, Mitchel inquired, "You're saying Raegan loves me?" With a derisive grin, Nicole retorted, "Aren't you aware?" Nicole felt sorry for Raegan, thinking Mitchel was utterly unworthy of Raegan's love.

Mitchel must be heartless, or why else he didn't know Raegan loved him deeply? Raegan's love for him was so palpable that it was almost tangible.

"Why do you think Raegan abandoned her career to serve you? Had she ever taken advantage of your wealth or status in the past two years? She could have thrived on her own.

Instead, she gave up her ambition of chasing after her career just to be your little assistant at your company," she stated.

Mitchel was stunned.

He'd always assumed Raegan had married him for his grandfather's sake.

But now, even her best friend Nicole claimed otherwise.

Could it be that Raegan did love him? It was as if a bud had sprouted in barren soil.

He felt a newfound glimmer of hope, dissipating his lingering bitterness.

Struggling to articulate, he asked, "When did Raegan..." Was it earlier than he thought? "Save it," Nicole interrupted, her voice laced with irritation.

"Even if she revealed her true feelings, you've blown your chance.

No point in discussing what's long gone." Nicole wasn't sure when Raegan had fallen for Mitchel.

All she knew was Raegan had loved him for quite some time.

She said it just to make Mitchel regret it.

Mitchel stared at Nicole intently, gripping her arm.

"Spill it!" "Talk to Raegan.

She's the one married to you.

Well, for now anyway," Nicole retorted with a sarcastic edge.

Surveying Mitchel's grim expression, Nicole continued boldly, "Do you honestly think Raegan will still have feelings for you when she comes to her senses? You...

You're about to become history in her life!" Her words were like daggers, making Mitchel's blood boil with the urge to silence her.

Unperturbed, Nicole opened her mouth to add more fuel to the fire but was abruptly muzzled by Jarrod, who hoisted her up in his arms.

"I'll teach my woman a lesson," Jarrod interjected.

Enraged, Nicole thumped Jarrod's arm while leaning against his shoulder.

"Put me down, Jarrod! Who are you calling 'your woman'? I have to protect Raegan from this jerk."
Jarrod felt as though his head might burst.

It dawned on him that Nicole's ultimate loyalties lay with her closest friend and her family.

Cross that line, and she'd unleash hell.

Losing patience, Jarrod warned, "Act out one more time and forget about seeing your best friend ever again." Nicole finally fell silent.

Jarrod felt his shoulder damp from her tears.

Setting her down next to the elevator, Jarrod pinned her against the wall and snapped, "Are you crazy?"
"You're crazy!" Nicole shot back, unyielding.

She rarely showed vulnerability in front of him.

Even when mistreated, she refused to cry.

But, it should be noted, tears were her secret weapon.

At least for now, Jarrod felt disarmed.

Visibly frustrated, Jarrod said, "I never stop you from seeing Raegan.

Given Mitchel's volatile temper, you're lucky to walk away unscathed.

You should be thanking me, got it?" "He's a bastard, Jarrod! Why can't I tell the truth? You're no good either.

You're just as bad as he is!" "You!" Jarrod clenched his jaw, enraged.

Just as he was about to give Nicole a piece of his mind, a figure caught his eye, casting a shadow over his expression for a fleeting moment.

Quickly, he positioned Nicole behind him, near the emergency exit.

Chapter 129

She Woke Up Caught off guard, Nicole stumbled backward when Jarrod shoved her.

Her heel got stuck in the emergency exit door, causing her to fall hard onto the concrete.

The sound of her falling was a muffled thud, making it clear she'd taken a heavy fall.

Just as Nicole was gearing up to unleash a string of curses, a soft feminine voice wafted in from the outside.

"Jarrod, what brings you here?" It was unmistakably Jamie's voice.

Switching his attention from the door to Jamie, Jarrod answered softly, "I'm visiting a friend.

What's got you in the hospital?" Jamie caught a faint whiff of shower gel, and for a fleeting moment, her eyes flashed with barely noticeable malice.

"I'm a bit lightheaded, so I came to get checked out." Jamie leaned against Jarrod's chest.

Jarrod gave her a quick look and asked, "Feeling worn out?" Without waiting for her response, he scooped her up into his arms.

"Hey, there are so many people coming and going here..." Jarrod's eyes settled on the now-shut emergency exit door, and a dark feeling began to stir within him.

"What's there to be scared of? I'm just holding my girl.

"Who's going to object?" Blushing, Jamie wrapped her arms around his neck.

"You have no shame, do you?" With a grin, Jarrod patted her rear.

"I've seen you unfazed in far more brazen scenarios." Their conversation dwindled as they walked away, leaving Nicole alone, curled up behind the exit passage.

The back of her head and her elbow bore the brunt of her fall, both now pulsating with pain, making standing up a real struggle.

Only a few days had elapsed in their supposed three- year arrangement, and Nicole had already found it hard to endure.

Though Jarrod had vowed not to marry within their agreement, she still couldn't hold her head high.

She knew that, especially in front of Jamie, she could be cast aside at any moment.

Suddenly, the exit door swung open.

Nicole thought it was Jarrod and blurted out, "Aren't you supposed to be with her?" It fell quiet on the other end.

Lifting her gaze, she found not Jarrod, but a young doctor in a white coat, holding a cigarette and regarding her with a perplexed look.

Nicole hastily apologized.

"I'm sorry." "It's fine." The doctor glanced at his cigarette and then back at her, putting it out without a word.

Hearing footsteps approaching, Nicole knew she couldn't remain seated.

Leaning on the rail, she mustered the strength to stand and limped toward the door to leave.

Just a few paces away, she tripped.

The young doctor steadied her, releasing her hand once she was balanced.

Noticing her scrapes and cuts, likely from her fall, he offered, "Would you like me to fetch a wheelchair for you?" Nicole waved her hand dismissively, remarking, "I can manage on my own, but thanks." "Don't mention it." A stone's throw away, Jarrod stood against a wall, eyeing the duo before him, his face a mask of disdain.

How audacious! She's flirting with another man not long after he left.

A gentle arm looped through his, as Jamie cooed, "We can leave now, Jarrod." Breaking his stare, Jarrod turned around and exited the scene with Jamie.

Raegan found herself trapped in an endless dream.

In this dream, a small silhouette stood with its back to her amid a seemingly endless snowfield.

As if by some psychic connection, Raegan knew it was her child.

Though she strained to close the gap, her feet felt as though they were cemented to the ground.

She attempted to call out, but her vocal cords were as if sealed shut.

A wave of absolute despair washed over her as she collapsed to her knees, inching her way toward the child.

But the farther she reached, the more distant the child became.

Frozen in her spot, she beseechingly implored the child to stay.

The young figure paused in the limitless white, and through the infinity of snow, Raegan heard a youthful voice murmur, "Mom...

Mom..." Desperate to reply, Raegan found she still couldn't utter a word.

Her plea was only a silent scream.

"Please...

don't go..." She observed the small form recede further into the distance until it was swallowed by the snowy abyss.

Then the chilling clink of surgical instruments broke through, accompanied by distant conversations.

"We can't save the child.

We need to perform a hysterectomy, then deal with the other injuries..." Frantically, she shook her head, her silent pleas echoing, "No...

Don't take my baby away..." But her voice fell on deaf ears.

She felt the icy grip of forceps removing the child from her womb.

Her heart was as if cleaved open by a dull blade, as she was overcome by frigid tears.

The blanket of snow faded, replaced by a shroud of darkness consuming her awareness.

Raegan had been comatose for four days.

Within her dream, she would sometimes mutter incomprehensibly, at times feverish, and at others, in tears.

As Luis relayed the doctor's diagnosis to Mitchel, the latter's already fragile heart was freshly wounded.

Mitchel looked as though he had been dealt a crushing blow, his face marked by visible exhaustion.

Noticing his state, Luis hesitated briefly before passing Mitchel the paternity test Raegan had entrusted him to monitor the accessing process before the result came out.

Luis said, "Raegan went through another test.

I'm not sure what's gone wrong between you two, but I think you should trust her.

This isn't the sort of thing she would typically do." Mitchel stared at the test results, revealing a 99.99% genetic compatibility.

His once-steadfast heart felt like it had splintered into fragments in that single moment.

Learning later that the child was indeed his own didn't surprise him as much as those plain words on the paper had.

What had he been doing all this time! He had questioned her, lost faith in her, confined her, and demeaned her...

When she needed him most, he had cast her into a pit of despair.

His eyes tinged with a reddish hue, teetering on the edge of tears.

What a bastard he was! In the days that Raegan lay unconscious, Mitchel found himself sitting alone on a bench outside the ICU, consumed by guilt every ticking second.

Besides tending to her father, Nicole waited here for the rest of the time.

Observing Mitchel's depressed face, she couldn't help but sniff.

Now he wanted to play the loving partner? Where was he when he was needed the most? At this moment, Matteo approached to update Mitchel, "Mr.

Dixon, Miss Murray has developed an infected wound and a fever.

She's been asking to see you." Mitchel parted his lips to speak but was cut off by a snide comment.

Nicole, sitting across from Mitchel, remarked sarcastically, "Mr.

Dixon, you better hurry.

If you don't, your darling might be on the verge of death once again now." Mitchel's expression turned icy, deliberately overlooking Nicole.

He directed Matteo, "Send a doctor.

I'm not qualified to help.

And don't waste your time watching her.

Assign someone else for that.

Find out what's going on with Raegan and Lauren.

Report back with any updates." Matteo nodded, relieved to distance himself from that volatile Lauren.

Because Mitchel hadn't visited, Lauren's ward had been a cacophony of breaking objects and flying pillows.

Now freed from that duty, Matteo's spirits lifted.

On the afternoon of the fourth day after the operation, Raegan finally regained consciousness.

After a night of monitoring, she was moved to a general ward.

Hearing this, Mitchel's initial reaction wasn't to rush to her side.

Instead, he hesitated.

He feared he might not be able to mend what was broken.

Seeing Mitchel's plight, Luis tried to offer some comfort, "Maybe let someone Raegan is comfortable with visit her first.

Give her some time to recuperate before you go in.

She is..." Luis wanted to say Raegan was too fragile for more shocks right now, but the look in Mitchel's bloodshot eyes stopped him.

Luis patted Mitchel's hand.

"Trust me.

Give it a bit more time before you go see her."

Chapter 130

Divorce By All Means The first ones to walk into Raegan's ward were police officers.

Aware that Raegan had awakened, they posed some questions to her.

The day the rescue team had arrived, those criminals had fled away, abandoning Raegan in a pool of her own blood.

Recently roused, Raegan appeared sullen.

A tongue injury prevented her from speaking much.

Once the police officers exited, Nicole entered the room to visit Raegan.

Tears welled up in Nicole's eyes at the sight of Raegan's bruised face.

She yearned to embrace Raegan but feared exacerbating her injuries, so she clung to the bed's edge and wept briefly.

Regaining her composure, Nicole sought words of comfort for Raegan, yet none came to mind.

Redness tinged Raegan's eyes, a result of excessive crying over the previous disappointment over Mitchel.

Nicole was about to cry when she saw Raegan's red eyes, but she managed to choke back tears.

"If you're hurting, Raegan, let it out." Just like Raegan, Nicole harbored a great fondness and expectations for Raegan's unborn baby.

They had even agreed that Nicole would be the child's godmother.

But, the baby was gone...

The thought of the poor baby shattered Nicole's heart.

Perceptive as ever, Raegan noticed a scar on Nicole's face and lifted her hand to caress it, softly asking, "What's the matter?" Raegan's voice was raspy and dissonant, scarred as if by fire, and compounded by her injured tongue.

Nicole was stunned by Raegan's perceptiveness.

Even after using premium scar cream, a mark still marred Nicole's face.

Luckily, it was barely noticeable, extending from her cheekbone to her ear, concealed by her hair.

Raegan's genuine worries brought tears to Nicole's eyes.

"Is now really the time for you to worry about others?" Nicole said between her sobs.

Even though bruised and battered, Raegan remained silent about her own agony, focusing instead on the state of Nicole's face.

Nicole felt sorry for Raegan.

Why did kind-hearted Raegan deserve such hardship? Nicole lied to Raegan, saying it was a result of an accidental fall.

Hearing Nicole's explanation, Raegan soothingly patted the back of Nicole's hand.

Hoping to lighten Raegan's mood, Nicole told her some jokes.

To her surprise, Raegan smiled upon hearing her lame jokes.

Nicole sensed something amiss.

Raegan's demeanor was unsettlingly odd.

It was clear to Nicole that Raegan was upset, yet Raegan remained composed, avoiding any discussion about the loss of the baby.

Confused, Nicole hesitated before saying, "Mitchel..." Raegan swiftly turned her face away, refusing to listen.

Only then did Nicole breathe a sigh of relief.

Raegan's emotional response indicated that her mental state was intact.

After lingering in the room for some time, a nurse arrived to remind Nicole that Raegan needed more rest.

With no other option, Nicole informed Raegan she'd return the next day.

Once the door was closed, Raegan's soft facade melted away, and she let out a muted sob.

Clutching the blanket, her tears flowed uncontrollably.

Consumed by despair, her voice sounded especially grating.

Was this divine retribution? A penalty for her audacity to covet a joy that was never hers? She loathed her own greed for Mitchel's love.

Had she left sooner, perhaps her unborn baby would've been spared.

But it was too late...

At this moment, a delicate, pale hand hovered over Raegan's ward's doorknob.

Mitchel's fingers quivered.

The anguished cries from inside the ward were like daggers to his heart, robbing him of the courage to enter.

Mitchel turned away, his back against the wall, struggling for breath.

Much later, when he finally mustered the courage to enter, Raegan was feigning asleep, tended to by a nurse.

Mitchel gestured for the nurse to leave, his eyes fixed on Raegan's profile.

Raegan's cheekbones were more pronounced, her frame fragile under the covers.

Mitchel extended a hand to touch her hair, but Raegan stirred and avoided his touch.

She had been awake, unable to drift into slumber.

She yearned for sleep, for dreams where her baby was with her.

But she never dreamed of her baby again.

She only pretended to be asleep to give the tired nurse a break.

She sensed Mitchel's entrance, his scent unmistakable.

Choosing to remain silent, she kept up the pretense until his touch broke her resolve.

In a raspy voice, Mitchel said her name, "Raegan..." "Get out," Raegan replied, her voice devoid of emotion, unwilling to waste another word on him.

Mitchel felt a pang in his heart.

"I'm sorry, Raegan.

If I'd known, I would've never..." Raegan cut him off, her voice icy, "I guess you must be happy our child is gone." These words felt like venomous darts piercing Mitchel's heart, and his insides ached.

He wished she'd yell, even strike him.

That, he thought, would be less tormenting than her indifferent words.

The idea of wasting more time on Mitchel had never crossed Raegan's mind.

With her eyes closed, she declared, "Leave now.

We'll discuss the divorce tomorrow." Her voice was steady, but resolute.

Mitchel seized her hand, his face ashen and voice gruff.

"Raegan, I promise to trust you going forward.

We can have another child someday..." As he mentioned the child, Raegan's hand flew to his face in a stinging slap.

Consumed by both fury and agony, she retorted, "Mitchel, you're unworthy! You have no right to speak of our child!" Mitchel absorbed the blow, silently wishing she'd hit him again.

That way, there was a glimmer of hope.

With a raspy voice, he pleaded, "Raegan, I'm willing to do anything if it'll make things right." Coldly, Raegan replied, "I've already said it.

We're getting a divorce." Mitchel instinctively resisted, "I won't allow a divorce." Yet Raegan calmly stated, "You'll come around." For she was resolved to do whatever it took to sever their ties.

Sensing Raegan's unyielding stance, a wave of panic washed over Mitchel.

"Raegan, I can change.

I'll rectify whatever you dislike until you're content.

Can we start over?" Raegan broke into a bittersweet laugh.

"You wish to start over with me, even after you walked away to be with Lauren during my pregnancy, and despite disregarding my appeals to protect our baby, and after I lost our baby?" Was anything more ludicrous? Her demeanor remained poised, yet Mitchel felt her words were laced with a silent scream.

His eyes clouded with regret, his voice quivering.

"What would it take for you to forgive me?" Her gaze met his, unflinching.

"When you're gone."