

## **Unbreakable 131**

### Chapter 131

Mitchel, You Don't Deserve It Mitchel's towering frame suddenly faltered.

The notion that Raegan, ever so docile like a delicate white rabbit, could utter words that crushed his soul was beyond his imagination.

The light in Mitchel's eyes dimmed as he asked, his voice laden with sorrow, "Do you hate me that much?" Raegan's face was a mask of apathy.

"During my abduction, I hated you deeply.

All I could think was that if you hadn't left me in that hospital parking lot, perhaps I wouldn't have been kidnapped.

But there's no use in 'ifs.' I realize that given another chance, you'd still prioritize saving Lauren..."

"That's not true," Mitchel protested.

A sharp pang gripped his heart, and his throat seemed laced with broken glass, leaving a metallic taste in his mouth.

He reached out to caress Raegan's forehead, but she deftly avoided his touch.

She shook her head, her tone laced with self-derision.

"Don't fool yourself.

You can't let go of her." Mitchel's voice, raw and strained, tried to explain, "Raegan, you've got it all wrong.

I truly intended to send Lauren away, but I had promised to escort her abroad until her surgery was done, and then we would..." "Mitchel!" Raegan cut him off sharply, pain etched in her voice.

"You made promises to me, too! You had me believe we'd return home together.

What became of that promise?" Feeling as if a massive weight compressed his chest, Mitchel tried to speak, but words failed him, his voice lost.

"Have you ever imagined what it feels like to have your skull shattered against a wall, your insides crushed?" Mitchel's voice quivered, his pale face visibly shaken.

"Stop..."

Don't say any more..." But Raegan seemed lost in her torment, gesturing toward the bandage on her head, her lips quivering as she relived the terror.

"They bashed my head against the wall, trampled over me.

| felt my body breaking apart and felt my unborn child slipping away.

At that moment, my hatred for you was all-consuming.

It was you who made me believe in you.

But yet again, you abandoned me." As Raegan recounted the horror, the despair engulfed her again.

Enduring the loss of her child was like enduring ceaseless torment.

The anguish in her heart was akin to salt in an open wound, her body shaking uncontrollably.

Each word from Raegan struck Mitchel as if he were experiencing the pain firsthand.

When she spoke of "believe in you", those words pierced Mitchel's heart like icy daggers, bringing him unbearable agony.

It was his own actions that had shattered her trust...

The torment was evident on Mitchel's face, but to Raegan, it seemed insignificant compared to her own ordeal.

She continued, her gaze fixed on him, "That day, I wanted to trust you once more.

But that stupid thought cost me my child and threw me into hell.

You taught me that while one may have dreams, delusions are dangerous." Her belief in his promise to return home together had exacted a horrific toll.

Mitchel's strength ebbed away, his once erect stance collapsing.

His dark eyes brimmed with an agony beyond words.

"I'm sorry, Raegan..."

"I'm so sorry..." He knew his endless apologies could never mend the hurt he caused Raegan, yet sorry was all he could muster.

Had he foreseen such a tragic outcome, he would have never left her side, regardless of the circumstances.

"It's not necessary," Raegan coldly dismissed his late apology, finding it more repulsive than any insincere affection.

"Now, I can't even muster hatred for you.

If you bear any guilt, let's divorce.

From then on, we're nothing but strangers," she stated, her voice devoid of any emotional undertone.

Her indifference was so profound, it seemed devoid of love or hate.

A sudden panic gripped Mitchel, his heart lurching.

She wouldn't even harbor hatred toward him? Was she really intent on treating him like a stranger? No! It shouldn't be this way.

She had feelings for him.

Nicole had confirmed it.

Desperate, he grasped her arms, pleading, "Raegan, you care for me.

Nicole said you once did.

Please, don't abandon our relationship so easily." Raegan gazed at his haggard but still charming face, managing a weak smile.

"Once, I foolishly cared for you, only to realize my mistake.

I shouldn't have fought with Lauren for your affection.

My punishment came swiftly.

Losing my grandmother, then my baby.

If this continues, I'll lose my life next!" Her words struck Mitchel like a heavy blow, his body reeling with pain.

Ignoring her resistance, he enveloped her in a tight embrace, his voice rough with emotion.

"My feelings for Lauren are mere responsibility, nothing romantic.

You're the one I can't lose!" But his remorse was too late.

Raegan's heart had turned icy, beyond thawing.

She couldn't fight him off, so she demanded angrily, "Let me go!" "No! I won't release you!" Mitchel declared, his voice shaking.

Letting Raegan go meant possibly losing her forever.

"It's all my fault.

If you want a child, we'll have another, as many as you wish.

I'll take care of you all." Bowing her head, Raegan sank her teeth into his arm with a fierce tremor.

The audacity of his mentioning having another baby left her in disbelief.

With the metallic taste of blood in her mouth, she bit down harder, holding on until exhaustion overtook her determination, and finally, she released her bite.

Mitchel's shirt, once white, now bore the stark stain of blood, yet he seemed oblivious, his embrace unwavering.

In Raegan's eyes, a storm of resentment brewed.

"Mitchel, do you even deserve this?" she challenged.

Hatred laced every word she uttered.

Her accusations struck Mitchel, not with the sting of hatred, but with a deep ache for her suffering.

In a voice heavy with sorrow, he declared, "Raegan, do what you will, but leaving me is not an option." The mere thought of her absence constricted his heart like an unseen force, stealing his breath.

He resolved not to release her, ready to stoop to any low to keep her close.

Raegan, drained, didn't bother to use another bite to break free from his embrace.

She merely gazed blankly at his shoulder and firmly stated, "Mitchel, a divorce is inevitable." "No! We won't!" Mitchel retorted, his response instinctive, without a hint of doubt.

His embrace softened as she leaned against him.

Believing she had conceded, he whispered, "Raegan, please, stay by my side.

You can do anything.

Just don't leave..." Raegan remained silent, yet Mitchel's heart soared in hope, convinced time would sway her.

He couldn't let go of Raegan.

Never in this lifetime.

With this thought in mind, he tightened his hold, only to feel dampness seep through his shirt, tainted with the sharp smell of rust.

Releasing her, he was confronted by his once white shirt, now marred with the red of Raegan's reopened wound.

Time seemed to freeze.

His mind blanked, emptied of thought.

The next instant, panic overtook him.

"Doctor!" he cried, frantically pressing the call button, his voice edged with a loss of control.

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Mitchel's Wrath Mitchel pressed his hand against Raegan's bleeding wound, and, with a fury that seemed almost lethal, he snarled, "Why won't you tell me?" Despite his outburst, Raegan remained stoic and expressionless.

Then, she gave him a smile that held no warmth and sneered, "The pain is nothing compared to being with you." The hand Mitchel had on her wound shook with unrestrained emotion, and his complexion turned deathly pale.

It was as though he himself had been stabbed multiple times by a dagger.

He never expected Raegan would harm herself just to divorce him.

Mitchel lifted his eyes and fixed them on her.

"Raegan, are you forcing me to make a decision?" "It's only because you pushed me first," Raegan shot back, the corners of her mouth curled into a sneer.

Just then, the door burst open, and a flood of light spilled into the room.

A swarm of doctors and nurses rushed in for Raegan and began tending to her wound.

Raegan's spleen surgery was evident in the suture on her left upper abdomen.

Now, it had split open, revealing a mix of blood and flesh that was a gruesome sight.

Raegan, however, was uncooperative with the medical practitioners.

She extended her bloodstained hand toward Mitchel and commanded with a voice heavy with revulsion, "Get him out." The attending doctor, a woman in her middle years, looked at Raegan, who

reminded her of a shattered porcelain doll, and directed at Mitchel with urgency, "Sir, you need to leave now!" Her request was practical.

It was to clear the room for treatment.

However, her voice carried an edge of contempt.

Raegan's recent ordeal had been grueling: a miscarriage, a ruptured spleen, and head trauma.

It had been a battle for the rescue team to stabilize her.

The patient's recent altercation with this man must be the reason why her wound had reopened.



Despite Mitchel's good looks, he seemed to lack empathy.

As the doctor administered painkillers and began to stitch the wound, she could not help but advise Raegan, "Young lady, your body only belongs to yourself.

Don't hurt yourself for anything or anyone unworthy.

You'll only leave your family grieving..." Her family? Raegan was in excruciating pain right now.

But hearing the doctor's words, a deeper pain gripped her, and she burst into tears.

Her grandmother, her only family, had passed away.

The baby she had carried was supposed to be her new family, but that too was a dream now lost...

2 She no longer had a family in this world.

To help her rest, the doctor prescribed a sleeping pill.

Finally, after crying for a while, Raegan succumbed to sleep.

Mitchel, on the other hand, had been waiting outside the ward the whole time.

He was a neat freak to a fault, but he disregarded the blood staining his clothes.

His gaze stayed glued to the ward door, unblinking.

When the attending doctor emerged, Mitchel approached her and asked with apparent concern, "How is she?" "She's stable now," the doctor replied, her voice steady and professional.

"But the patient has been through a significant ordeal.

You must be more patient with her.

No more stimulation to her.

That case, her recovery will be smoother and easier." The doctor's advice seemed to sap the strength right out of Mitchel.

He understood that he was the very last person Raegan wanted to see at the moment.

In the next few days, Mitchel kept his distance from the ward.

Still, he ensured Raegan's care was constant.

He arranged for four nurses, who worked in shifts, to tend to her around the clock.

These nurses did more than just provide care.

They kept a close eye on Raegan and reported back to Mitchel on everything from her fluid intake to her dietary habits.

In his office, Mitchel stared at a photograph of Raegan's sleeping face, which was secretly captured by one of the nurses.

She looked so serene.

A pang of bitterness welled up in him as he realized she might never look that way with him.

When Matteo entered, he found Mitchel near the window.

Mitchel looked exhausted and lonely, and Matteo's heart sank at the sight of this.

Mitchel, without turning around, inquired, "How did the investigation go?" "The kidnapers' escape went awry," Matteo answered.

"Their vehicle went off a cliff, and then the car exploded.

There were no survivors.

We're still digging into whether the target was the Murray family or Miss Murray herself." With the kidnapers dead, the investigation had gone to an dead end.

"Anything else?" Mitchel queried with a cold and expressionless face.

"The whereabouts of Miss Lloyd are still unknown, but we've located two kidnapers who were related to your wife's kidnapping.

Do you want to see them?" A flicker of malice crossed Mitchel's expression, and he ordered, "Set it up right now." In the dim light of a suburban underground garage, the heavy iron door groaned open, releasing a wave of foul air.

Matteo coughed against the stench.

He walked forward and found the two vagrants, whose faces were covered with hoods, had soiled themselves due to the fright.

With a grimace, Matteo pulled the hoods down their heads even more, ensuring they didn't see anything.

The only sound for those two vagrants was the echo of approaching footsteps.

They bowed repeatedly and pleaded, "Sir, please let us go.

We're just poor and homeless.

Why are we here?" Bang! A sudden, violent crack cut the air.

The vagrants' knees were ruthlessly shattered by the bodyguards using baseball bats.

"Ah! Why would you do that!" The gruesome crunch of bone reverberated off the walls, along with screams of agony.

Mitchel stepped closer and coldly asked, "Now, do you understand why you two are here?" Gripped by terror and desperate to avoid another blow, the fat vagrant blurted out, "Is this about that job we took a few days ago?" Mitchel's silence confirmed his fears, prompting him to spill the truth.

"We kidnapped a young woman in the hospital's underground parking a few days ago." A dark cloud passed over Mitchel's face.

Then, with a low and dangerous voice, he demanded, "Tell me what happened that day.

Leave nothing out." "Okay, okay!" The fat vagrant vigorously nodded his head.

"Just don't hit me again.

I'll tell you everything!" "Me too! I'll tell you every last bit!" his thin companion echoed.

In their haste, they tripped over their words as they recounted what had happened.

"Some ruthless woman hired us for the job," the fat vagrant added.

"She wanted us to fuck the lady and even asked us to lash her.

But we didn't know the one we kidnapped was pregnant.

Had we known..." A sharp crack interrupted him.

This time, these two vagrants' arms bore the brunt.

"Ah! Stop it!" They screamed and writhed in agony.

Their arms were grotesquely deformed and dangling uselessly.

"I said, spare no details!" Mitchel bellowed.

His low voice sounded like the devil's from the depths of hell.

Panic-stricken, the fat vagrant stammered, "I hit her many times, tore her clothes..." "I used my belt to hit her, kicked her..." the thin vagrant admitted as well.

His voice wavered, each word weaker than the last.

The more he spoke, the less courageous he became.

Mitchel's expression chilled to an icy mask.

Then, he commanded, "Before you hand them over to the police, make sure they're no longer a threat to anyone." The vagrants' eyes widened in terror at his words.

Not long after, their cries and wails filled the air, reverberating off the cold walls as the bodyguards carried out Mitchel's grim directive.

Meanwhile, in the hospital, Nicole made it a habit to visit Raegan every day.

She would shoo the nurses away for some chit chat with Raegan.

The nurses did not complain.

After all, Mitchel had ordered them to take good care of Raegan.

Since Nicole was Raegan's good friend, they did not want to make things difficult for her.

Not too long after Nicole left, the door of the ward the door creaked open once again.

Lauren, in a wheelchair, approached Raegan's bed slowly.

Then, she flashed a smile and asked, "Raegan, how are you feeling?" Raegan frowned in disdain.

Not wanting to talk to her, she demanded, "Leave." However, Lauren seemed to thrive on the tension.

A triumphant smile crept across her face.

"Why are you so worked up? | heard the little bastard..." She paused for a beat and pretended to cough.

"I heard that you miscarried, so I came here to see if you're doing well." Raegan recoiled, and her eyes brimmed with hurt and fury.

### Chapter 133

Raegan Loses Her Temper When Lauren saw the hatred in Raegan's eyes, she felt much better.

Her only regret was that Tessa failed to kill Raegan this time.

But Tessa had successfully gotten rid of the baby in Raegan's belly.

This was still good news to Lauren.

Lauren believed Raegan's baby was the only connection between Mitchel and Raegan.

And now that the baby was gone, Mitchel would definitely divorce Raegan.

Since Lauren had rested for a few days, she looked radiant now.

It was totally different from her appearance in the video call.

Deep down, Raegan knew that Lauren's so-called kidnapping was just one of her schemes.

However, Raegan was not in the mood to play along with Lauren.

She said coldly, "Get out of my face.

Otherwise..." "Raegan, why are you so angry? I was not the one who killed your baby," Lauren interrupted, pretending to be aggrieved on the surface.

But actually, she was poking Raegan's sore point most painfully.

"But actually, it's all my fault.

If Mitchel didn't leave you to save me, your child might still be alive.

I heard you were beaten so hard that you bled profusely, and your spleen was broken.

It must hurt like hell, right? Is it enough to remind you that you are just a whore dumped by Mitchel?" Lauren depicted it so vividly that it seemed Raegan was brought back to that desperate moment.

Being reminded of the horrible incident, Raegan's face became paler and paler.

On the other hand, Lauren became even happier.

Lauren tucked a small strand of hair behind her ear and said softly, "Raegan, I've told you several times that Mitchel doesn't care about you and the little bastard inside you.

Why can't you get it? But you know what?" When Lauren saw the painful expression on Raegan's face, she was more determined not to let Raegan go that easily.

She smiled sinisterly and said word by word, "I am very happy that the little bastard in your belly is finally gone." Raegan was so angry that she trembled all over.

Her baby was everything to her, but they took it away.

"Hey, Raegan, what's wrong with you? Are you mad? I'm sorry.

I didn't mean to upset you.



I'm just being honest.

I think no one wants your baby.

So, why do you still have to bring it to this world? It's better for it to die early..." Lauren's voice was interrupted by the sudden crisp slap sound.

It turned out that Raegan raised her hand and hit Lauren hard in the face.

Blood instantly oozed out of the corner of Lauren's mouth.

"You, bitch! How dare you hit me! I must teach you a lesson..." Before Lauren could finish her sentence, Raegan's palm landed on her face again.

Another slap sound echoed in the ward.

The other side of Lauren's face was slapped so hard that even her teeth shook.

Lauren winced in pain.

Tears instantly streamed down her face.

Raegan sneered, mimicking her words, "It must hurt like hell, right? Are you mad? I didn't mean to upset you.

I just feel that your mouth is a little crooked and full of shit.

So I helped you to fix it." Sure enough, Raegan's words provoked Lauren.

She could no longer continue pretending.

Suddenly, she stood up from the wheelchair, grabbed Raegan's hair, and pulled Raegan out of bed.

Raegan attempted to get up.

But for some reason, her right hand was shaking so hard that she couldn't even lift it.

At this moment, Lauren looked at Raegan condescendingly, grabbed her tightly, and slammed her into the wheelchair hard, cursing viciously, "You, bitch! Do you really think you can keep Mitchel because you are pregnant with his child? Didn't he abandon you and choose to save me? You are nothing but some woman abandoned by Mitchel.

"Why don't you just go to hell?" After a while, Lauren finally felt tired.

She sat on the edge of the bed, panting.

She looked at Raegan on the floor complacently.

"Did you feel sad when Mitchel left you? There is actually one more thing that will break your heart.

Didn't Mitchel always suspect that you were pregnant with a bastard? Do you know why? That's because | had tampered with your paternity test results." The expression on Raegan's face suddenly changed.

This matter did not only affect her but also Henley and others.

It was because of the unnecessary misunderstandings that stemmed from the test that she suffered even more.

She was so furious that she gritted her teeth.

“That bastard you are talking about is also Mitchel's child.

Aren't you afraid that he will find out about it one day?” A strange smile suddenly appeared on Lauren's face.

It was as if what Raegan said was a joke.

“You think Mitchel doesn't know about it?” Raegan's body stiffened.

She mumbled, "What do you mean?" Judging from Raegan's reaction, Lauren could tell Raegan didn't know about the matter.

But it made sense.

Why would Mitchel tell her? Lauren smiled complacently and continued, “Mitchel has already known the truth for a long time.

But he didn't want to hold me responsible, so he didn't tell you.

That's how much he cares for me.” Raegan's mind went blank for a moment.

Suddenly, she wanted to laugh out loud.

She wanted to laugh at her previous innocence, delusion, and stupidity.

She even made herself believe that even if she couldn't compete with Lauren, at least Mitchel cared about her.

But she forgot that there was only one woman in Mitchel's heart, and it was not her.

For him, she was just a nobody.

So, it was useless to let Mitchel know Lauren was a vicious woman.

It wouldn't change anything.

Even if Lauren had murdered his own flesh and blood, he didn't even care.

When it came to the person he wanted to protect in his heart, Mitchel would tolerate anything.

He could forget his principles and bottom line.

At the thought of this, Raegan couldn't even smile.

In the end, her eyes turned red and wet.

She felt her heart was being grilled on a blazing flame.

The pain penetrated her heart.

How ridiculous.

No matter how much she fought, she lost.

She lost so miserably.

Lauren could clearly see that Raegan was in pain.

She became even more complacent.

"Look at you.

You are like a stray dog that no one wants.

You are abandoned.

If you had only listened to me and left Mitchel earlier, your child wouldn't have died in vain, right?" These words made Raegan suddenly raise her head and glare at Lauren with bloodshot eyes, "What did you say? Do you have anything to do with my kidnapping?" "What nonsense are you talking about?" Of course, Lauren wouldn't admit it.

She looked at Raegan, smiled, and added, "I just think it's a good ending for that little bastard." Raegan's hands were still shaking.

She was confused, not knowing what was wrong with her.

Her heart twitched in pain when she heard Lauren curse her baby.

But there was nothing she could do.

Hatred filled her eyes as she looked at Lauren and said word by word, "Lauren, aren't you afraid of retribution?" "Ha-ha! Retribution?" Lauren felt like she had heard the funniest joke.

"Are you really talking about retribution? Look at yourself.

First, your grandmother passed away.

Then, the little bastard in your belly died.

And the death of your father.

Your loved ones all died because of you.

So, tell me.

Who is suffering from retribution?" Raegan clenched her fists so tightly that her knuckles turned pale.

All the color also drained from her face.

Lauren was right.

Maybe all the bad things that happened to her were hex retribution.

She shouldn't have fallen in love with the wrong person.

She shouldn't have coveted the man who didn't belong to her.

It was all her fault.

But no matter how miserable she was now, she would never allow anyone to slander her family.

At this moment, Raegan felt she could move her hands again.

Suddenly, she grabbed the kettle on the bedside table and smashed it at Lauren without hesitation.

"Ah! No!" Lauren screamed in pain.

The lid of the kettle popped out, and the hot water spilled all over Lauren's body.

She screamed in agony and hid under the bed.

But Raegan was not done yet.

Although her hands didn't have much strength, she used her legs.

She seized the opportunity and kicked Lauren hard on the knee.

"Ah! Help! Somebody help me!" Lauren cried miserably.

She was in so much pain.

Raegan stepped hard on Lauren's neck and said coldly, "Don't you like pretending to be in a wheelchair? I'll help you make it happen for real.

But remember..." Raegan's eyes became cold and sharp, and her body was filled with murderous intent.

"If you dare to curse my family again, I will make sure you are stuck in the wheelchair for the rest of your life.

Do you hear me?" Lauren was too stunned to react.

She didn't expect that Raegan, who was weak and gentle, would be so tough all of a sudden.

Raegan was obviously out of her mind.

Lauren was about to get up and fight back when her eyes caught a glimpse of a pair of shiny leather shoes outside the door.

She trembled and immediately changed her tone, "No, please.

Don't hit me."

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Get Out Raegan looked at Lauren with disdain and said, "Let me be clear, Lauren.

I have no interest in Mitchel.

He's nothing but garbage to me.

Why are you acting so proud?" Lauren, far from being upset, felt a sense of satisfaction.

"Just go ahead.

Lash out at me!" she muttered to herself.

She was convinced Mitchel wouldn't want to stay with someone like Raegan after hearing these words.

Perhaps a divorce was imminent.

Continuing her tirade, Raegan sneered, "If you're so keen on picking up my leftovers, be my guest.

By the way, I hope you two, a bitch and a bastard, find happiness together." At these words, Mitchel standing behind them stopped in his tracks, his expression turning dark.

Bastard? Since when had Raegan become so sharp-tongued? Lauren, now genuinely furious, retorted, "Who are you calling a bitch?" "Oh, how could I forget? You're the mistress here," Raegan quipped, leaving Lauren both mortified and irate.



Raegan, with a mocking smile, added, "Don't delude yourself.

Even if you succeed, you'll always be the mistress.

That label will haunt you forever, so you better stay in line and not cross me again." Lauren's face clouded over upon hearing these words.

While Mitchel seemed calm, she was pissed off first.

But she suppressed her fury, thinking that tolerating this would help her marry Mitchel.

Faced with Raegan's menacing tone, Lauren played the victim.

"What are you implying? Is this a threat?" "Yes, I am threatening you," Raegan admitted unapologetically.

"I've lost everything.

You think I'm afraid of you now?" Lauren inwardly rejoiced.

This was exactly what she wanted, for Mitchel to witness Raegan's malicious nature.

It was perfect timing for Mitchel to step in.

Pretending to notice Mitchel just then, Lauren burst into tears and, with a quivering voice, implored, "Mitchel, please help me..." Raegan's smirk widened upon seeing Lauren's facade change.

Did Lauren think she hadn't noticed Mitchel's arrival? She was fully aware.

Her words were deliberate.

If those words could hasten their divorce, she was willing to say even more.

If once wasn't enough, then she'd do it five times over.

Without hesitation, she grabbed Lauren's hair and slapped her, fueling the drama.

Raegan knew Lauren's plan was to have Mitchel witness her seeming madness.

So be it.

She would fully embrace the role.

Raegan stooped to gather the shattered fragments of a cup from the floor, pressing them menacingly against Lauren's cheek.

With a sneer, she taunted, "Who do you think will come to your rescue? How would you feel if I slashed your face?" Fear gripped Lauren instantly.

She couldn't fathom Raegan's sudden madness.

Why did Raegan remain enraged even after knowing Mitchel's arrival? Terrified of her face being marred, Lauren broke down, sobbing, "Mitchel...

Help me...

Help..." Suddenly, a figure dashed from behind, seizing the broken glass from Raegan's grip, yanking her away.

Unexpectedly, Raegan's body was alarmingly light, like a sheet of paper, causing her to crash to the bedside table.

Instantly, her delicate face throbbed with pain, her face beading with cold sweat.

Mitchel's expression shifted to concern.

Squatting beside Raegan, he anxiously offered his hand, asking, "Are you hurt?" The next moment, his hand was abruptly swatted away.

"Fuck off!" Raegan's pale face contorted with evident disgust.

Mitchel's hand hovered, suspended in mid-air, his expression turning somber.

Suddenly, he felt arms encircle him from behind.

Lauren, finding her savior, clung to Mitchel, quivering.

Her fear rendered her speech disjointed.

"Mitchel, Raegan has lost her mind.

She crushed my knees...

The pain is unbearable.

Please, help me.

She's deranged.

She might kill me..." A nurse entered, visibly shocked at the room's chaos.

She quickly helped Raegan onto the bed.

The wound on Raegan's ear, aggravated by Lauren's earlier assault, started bleeding anew, but Raegan seemed detached, her gaze icy as she observed their interaction, her eyes brimming with scorn.

Mitchel assisted a still-crying, trembling Lauren into a wheelchair.

Lauren's hands clung to his as if anchored by sheer terror.

Her ability to feign distress was remarkable.

Previously, Raegan would have frantically offered explanations, fearing misinterpretation.

But now, Raegan was devoid of emotion.

Her only desire was a swift divorce, to distance herself from this disgusting man and woman and never encounter them again.

Though held by Lauren, Mitchel's gaze lingered on Raegan, his concerns evident.

He instructed the nurse, "Get the doctor, quickly!" Lauren, mistaking his concerns for her injuries, clutched his hands tighter, her voice shaking.

"I don't want to stay here, Mitchel.

Raegan is unhinged.

I'm terrified.

Please, take me away..." With a sneer, Raegan warned, "Yeah, Mr.

Dixon, escort your beloved to the doctor, or else I fear I may end up taking her life.

Imagine the anguish you'll feel then." Mitchel's brow furrowed.

He gently pushed Lauren aside and stepped toward Raegan, hand outstretched in an attempt to clarify, "Raegan, you've got it all wrong, I didn't..." "Mitchel!" Suddenly, Lauren clutched at his sleeve, her voice laced with panic.

"Be careful.

Raegan has lost her mind.

She blames us for her miscarriage and wants us dead because you saved me.

Please, don't approach her..." Mentioning the miscarriage was like poking a bear for Raegan, yet Lauren deliberately did so, prodding at her sorest spot.

Mitchel couldn't silence Lauren in time.

"Fuck off! Get lost!" Raegan's cry was a blend of cold fury and deep sorrow, her eyes, glistening with unshed tears, bore into them with intense hatred.

Seeing that Mitchel stood still, Raegan seized a crystal decoration from the bedside table and hurled it at him.

Boom! It collided with Mitchel's chest with a dull thud, leaving his complexion ashen.

"Help! Someone, help!" Lauren's scream was frantic, echoing her fear of Raegan.

As the doctor rushed in, a still-shaking Lauren shouted, "Doctor, look at her.

Isn't she insane? Shouldn't she be in a psychiatric ward? She's trying to kill us..." "Shut up!" Mitchel's interruption was icy and abrupt.

He then ushered Lauren out of the room, showing a semblance of care.

Once back to Lauren's ward, Mitchel, with hands in his pockets, turned to Lauren and inquired, "What exactly did you say to Raegan?"

#### Chapter 135

Can't Tell The Good Guys From The Bad Guys Lauren's heart fluttered when she heard this.

In her wretched condition, she was dismayed that Mitchel's concerns lay elsewhere, not with her immediate medical care.

The pain in her knee was relentless, and she suspected Raegan might have broken it.

Anger simmered within Lauren, yet her face remained composed.

Tears brimmed in her eyes as she said, "I had just gone to check on Raegan.

But before I could utter a few words, she lunged at me like a madwoman.

It terrified me." "And what did you say to her?" Mitchel inquired, his gaze intense.

Lauren hadn't anticipated Mitchel's persistent questioning.

Being stared at by such a handsome man, no matter how many times, invariably sent her into a slight panic.

With a flicker of her eyelids and a voice choked with sobs, she replied, "All I asked was, 'Raegan, what's the matter? You look so pale.' Then, out of nowhere, she attacked me." Mitchel, observing Lauren's bruised face, asked sharply, "Are you sure you didn't provoke Raegan in any way?" Lauren shook her head vehemently.

"Not at all.

She kept accusing us of killing her unborn child." Wheeling closer to Mitchel, Lauren clutched at his clothes, her voice laden with fear, "Mitchel, it was terrifying.

You can't imagine.

She hurled a kettle at me and stomped on me.

Look at the injuries on my arms and knees." She then lifted her clothing to reveal the wounds.

The marks on her face and limbs were undeniably real.

Mitchel's brow furrowed slightly, a reaction that secretly delighted Lauren.

She believed Mitchel felt sympathy for her.

Concealing her glee, she ventured cautiously, "Mitchel, shouldn't we commit Raegan to a psychiatric facility? There's something seriously wrong with her..." "That's not for you to worry about," Mitchel responded impassively, his striking features softening, appearing less stern.

He began, "Regarding the men who abducted you recently..." Lauren, anxious, cut him off, "Mitchel, have they been apprehended? They must be severely punished!" Her tone was laced with deep hatred.

"No.

They all fell off a cliff and perished," Mitchel stated, his gaze drifting toward Lauren.

With a sense of justice, Lauren declared, "They had it coming! Their end won't be pleasant." She had anticipated this outcome.

After all, she had orchestrated a sabotage to their vehicle's brake, ensuring they wouldn't be able to speed through the city.

Their only option would be the nearest mountain road, flanked by cliffs.

A single drive up there meant certain death for them.

A wave of satisfaction washed over Lauren.

After enduring days of frustration, she felt triumphant at last.

Her actions had served a dual purpose.

It was releasing her pent-up anger and eliminating her worries.

With this, she assumed Mitchel was bound to grow disdainful of that insane Raegan.

Lauren believed it was time for her to act more prudently.

"Mitchel, thank you for rescuing me again." At the mention of "again", Mitchel's brow furrowed.



Recalling the sight of Raegan lying helplessly in bed, his heart felt scorched by pain.

Unexpectedly, Lauren reached out, enveloping him in a hug.

Burying her face in his arms, she sobbed.

"If not for you, who knows what my fate would be? I might have ended up as deranged as Raegan..." As Mitchel was about to gently push her away, the door burst open with a loud crash.

Nicole entered.

Observing the scene, Nicole remarked sarcastically, "It seems I've interrupted at an inopportune moment." Mitchel's expression turned into a frown.

Startled, Lauren scurried behind Mitchel, questioning, "Why would you barge into someone else's hospital room?" Lauren knew Nicole was Raegan's close friend.

Their paths had crossed at a social gathering, though they weren't well acquainted.

"Don't worry, I won't take long.

You two can resume after I've left," Nicole responded casually, her lips painted a bold red.

At that moment, her smile radiated confidence.

Lauren suspected Nicole's presence was linked to Raegan and Mitchel, sparking a flicker of malice in her eyes.

She retorted with clear disdain, "Miss Lawrence, this is my ward.

| insist you leave." A year ago, Lauren might have shown more courtesy toward Nicole, considering the Lawrence family's standing comparable to the Murray family.

However, with Jarrod now dominating the Lawrence family, which reportedly survived on Nicole's compromises, Lauren felt no need for politeness.

In her eyes, Nicole was beneath her, unworthy even of carrying her shoes.

Nicole's sneer grew sharper.

"How can I witness you clinging to another woman's husband if I leave?" "What do you mean by that?" Lauren fixed Nicole with an angry glare, the conviction that Mitchel was her rightful husband firm in her heart.

She believed it was only a matter of time before Mitchel became hers officially.

"Am I mistaken?" Nicole challenged, her eyes piercing Lauren as she sneered with disdain.

"You parade around as a mistress, flaunting yourself before Mitchel's legitimate wife, even framing her.

How disgraceful!" Lauren's face drained of color as she retorted loudly, "Who are you referring to? Who's the mistress here?" "And who were you clinging to? In a hospital, no less! The audacity to hold

Raegan's husband here.

Your brazenness in private must be appalling," Nicole accused, her gaze raking over them, unable to hide her disgust.

She thought of them as an utterly shameless pair and was determined to unleash her frustration.

Hearing her words, Mitchel addressed Nicole in a frosty tone, "Mind your language, Nicole." The thought of Raegan's injuries reignited Nicole's anger.

"I'm not the one who should be behaving," she retorted.

With a click of her tongue, Nicole continued, "One might look human but acts worse than animals, blinded to distinguishing good from evil." Her insinuating words visibly darkened Mitchel's expression.

Undeterred, Nicole added, "Mr.

Dixon, I know an excellent Ophthalmologist.

Do you need me to introduce him to you?" Her implication was clear.

She was chastising Mitchel.

Mitchel's patience wore thin as he commanded coldly, "Leave!" Lauren was increasingly irritated because Nicole's intrusion had ruined her moment with Mitchel.

She seized the moment and stepped in, feigning a gentle tone, "Miss Lawrence, I understand you're here because of Raegan.

But she's not in her right mind, and her words aren't reliable..." Lauren's implication was clear.

She suggested Raegan was mentally unstable.

Nicole couldn't help but sneer at Lauren's attempts to besmirch Raegan.

"So, Lauren, you're proposing that Raegan prompted me to cause you trouble?" Lauren hastily clarified, "That wasn't my intention.

It's just...

She seemed so deranged earlier.

I just thought you should know..." Nicole laughed bitterly.

"It appears you won't accept the truth until it's staring you in the face."

Chapter 136

Hope You Two Assholes Stay Together Forever Before Lauren could react, Nicole asked, "Why did Raegan hit you if you claim she did?" Lauren's expression froze, a wave of discomfort washing over her.

In a flustered tone, she responded, "I already told you she's mentally unstable.

How could I possibly know what goes on in her mind..." Nicole's smile vanished, her voice dropping to a whisper.

"But you called her a stray dog left behind by Mr. Dixon.

You branded her child a bastard, deserving of death, and labeled her a curse on her entire family..." Nicole recounted each sentence with precision.

Hearing this, Lauren's face clouded over, and she burst out, "That's absurd!" She had once badmouthed Raegan, thinking it remained secret, never expecting her words to reach Nicole.

Unperturbed, she believed she was beyond reproach, especially in the absence of any proof.

Nicole scoffed.

"Don't rush.

I haven't finished.

You boasted about altering Raegan's paternity and pregnancy reports.

Mitchel knows, yet he turns a blind eye." Mitchel's expression remained stoic, yet there was an undeniable iciness in his demeanor.

"Is this true, Lauren?" Mitchel inquired.

"I never said such things," Lauren quickly denied it, tears brimming in her eyes.

She turned to Mitchel, her voice soaked in sorrow.

"Mitchel, I swear I didn't.

Nicole's slandering me." Facing Nicole, Lauren continued in a wounded tone, "I bear you no grudge, Nicole.

I know you're doing this for Raegan.

I could sue you for slander, but since you're her friend, I'll let it pass this time.

Just remember to stay in your lane and avoid framing others." Nicole felt a surge of revulsion.

Lauren's words, seemingly generous, cleverly painted Nicole as a slanderer acting on Raegan's behalf.

Refusing to entertain Lauren's tactics, Nicole said dismissively, "Lauren, your confidence stems from the lack of cameras in the ward." Nicole paused, producing a voice recorder from her pocket and brandishing it with a taunt.

"Let's see if this convinces you." Lauren's face contorted with panic at the sight of it.

The next instant, her voice resonated clearly from the recording.

Clear as day, it broadcast Lauren's voice, echoing Nicole's earlier words, and even more venomous remarks Nicole hadn't mentioned.

Suddenly, Lauren felt a jolt, as if struck by lightning.

Observing Lauren's ashen face, Nicole grinned and remarked, "What a twist of fate! I had just left when you arrived, only to realize my voice recorder was missing.

Returning to pick up the recorder, I overheard your delightful remarks in it." Nicole habitually carried a voice recorder, intending to extract some information from Jarrod.

Unexpectedly, during her visit to Raegan's ward, the recorder slipped under the bed as she reached for her phone, accidentally turning on.

Lauren entered Raegan's ward soon after her departure, which was fortunate as the recorder's battery life was limited.

"No! You faked all these!" Quivering, Lauren clutched at Mitchel's sleeve, imploring, "Mitchel, don't listen to her.

She's still slandering me.

These are fabrications, a result of Raegan's jealousy.

It's a plot to hurt me through Nicole, I'm sure of it!" Lauren vehemently denied her words and asserted she was being framed.

"Jealous of you?" Nicole responded with a smirk, "Don't you own a mirror? Is Raegan envious of your overdone hyaluronic acid treatments, your talent for enticing married men, or perhaps jealous that you were born to be a bitch?" Each of Nicole's words pierced Lauren's heart like a dagger.

Had Mitchel not been here, Lauren would have lunged at Nicole in fury.

At this moment, Mitchel disengaged his clothes from Lauren's grip and gazed down at Lauren.

"Lauren, do you recall my previous warning?" He was referring to the caution he had issued the night when he handed Jocelyn over to the police.

A wave of coldness swept over Lauren, sending shivers down her spine.

Pinching herself, tears began to flow freely.

"Mitchel, it's not true.

Don't trust her.

She's siding with Raegan...

She must be helping Raegan frame me..." "Ha-ha!" Nicole scoffed.

"Should there be any doubts, I wouldn't hesitate to have an expert verify the recording." "Shut up!" Lauren snapped in anger.

"You're best friends, right? Obviously, you'd collaborate to set me up!" Lauren steadfastly refused to confess.

In her mind, if she didn't acknowledge it, it had nothing to do with her.

Nicole, unwilling to waste more time, pocketed her recorder, giving Lauren a pointed look.

"I'm not here to argue, but consider this a warning.

If you torment my friend again, I'll ensure your spiteful words go viral.

Everyone in Ardlens will hear this recording and know you as the shameless mistress.

Prepare to be despised by everyone!" "How dare you!" Lauren fumed.

With tears in her eyes, she turned to Mitchel and pleaded, "Mitchel, she's defaming me.

I can't let her take this recording away." "Just admit you're scared.

Stop playing the victim," Nicole retorted with a look of contempt.

"Stay away from Raegan and this recording won't see the light of day." Nicole realized that, with the Dixon Group's influence, the recording might never go public even if she spent a fortune.

But just possessing it could serve as a deterrent, keeping Lauren from harassing Raegan.

"Don't worry.

Raegan has no interest in Mitchel," Nicole added, her lips curling into a smile.



"A man who lets his wife lose their child to save his ex- girlfriend? Raegan will never want him back." These words visibly unsettled Mitchel's previously indifferent demeanor.

Nicole felt a surge of satisfaction.

"You two go on. I hope you two assholes stay together forever." With that, Nicole turned to leave.

Whether or not Mitchel believed her words was irrelevant.

She had little expectation for a blind man to suddenly see the truth.

It was better if Lauren stuck to Mitchel, leaving Raegan in peace.

Before Nicole had taken more than a few steps, a chilling voice called out from behind her.

"Miss Lawrence." Mitchel's icy words followed.

"I expect you to act appropriately around Raegan.

If not, I'll have Jarrod spend more time dealing with you." Fury ignited within Nicole.

Mitchel, so cunning, had pinpointed her vulnerability.

No wonder Mitchel and Jarrod were friends.

They were all bastards.

Her face contorted with anger, Nicole shot back, "You're threatening me!"

## Chapter 137

The True Colors Of Lauren Were Exposed Mitchel's gaze deepened as he warned, "Be careful with your words.

Avoid saying things you shouldn't." Nicole seemed to sense something.

"Mr. Dixon, do you believe Raegan will forgive you one day?" she asked.

Observing Mitchel's reaction confirmed Nicole's suspicion.

It appeared the descriptions of the heroes in the romantic novels she had read were spot on.

Mitchel was a wealthy, handsome man, brimming with confidence in his love life.

Why pass up the chance to avenge Raegan? Nicole wouldn't let such a golden opportunity slide.

"Don't worry, Mr. Dixon.

My lips are sealed, but..." Nicole hesitated, then added, "Raegan's resolve might be stronger than you anticipate once she's made up her mind." Mitchel's hands balled into fists.

He lingered for a moment before heading back to Lauren's ward.

Upon seeing him, Lauren inquired anxiously, "Mitchel, did you manage to retrieve the recorder?" She had assumed Mitchel chased after Nicole to help her reclaim the voice recorder.

In her view, despite everything, Mitchel still showed concerns for her.

After all, he hadn't punished her for tampering with Raegan's pregnancy test previously, right? And now, battered by Raegan, Lauren was convinced Mitchel wouldn't blame her.

However, her plans to be Mitchel's wife had to be delayed.

It was all Nicole's fault, the woman who had set her up.

Once she married into the Dixon family, Lauren vowed to ruin the Lawrence family and humiliate Nicole.

Lost in her vindictive thoughts, Lauren didn't even notice Mitchel was already standing beside her and gazing down at her.

"Lauren," he called out in a low voice.

Lifting her eyes, Lauren saw Mitchel bathed in the glow of the bright light, looking strikingly handsome.

Her heart raced, as always, at the sight of him.

Affection filled her eyes as she softly asked, "What's the matter, Mitchel?" Mitchel's voice was icy as he declared, "You won't need to travel to Swynborough for the surgery." Lauren's joy was overwhelming, as if a diamond had fallen from the sky and struck her.

She asked with a bright smile, "Really? You wouldn't deceive me, would you?" "I've never lied to you," Mitchel replied.

This sudden surge of happiness reignited her dream of marrying Mitchel once more.

As she reached out to embrace Mitchel, he unexpectedly stepped back.

Bang! In her attempt, Lauren failed to hold onto Mitchel and, driven by momentum, tumbled from her wheelchair to the floor.

"Ouch!" She let out a pained cry, tears welling up in her eyes.

Lying there, Lauren gazed up with tear-filled eyes and whined childishly, "Mitchel, it hurts so much..."  
"Can't you stand up?" Mitchel inquired, his voice cold.

His magnetic tone momentarily distracted Lauren.

She almost knelt before him, captivated by the enticing presence of his suit-clad legs.

Feeling a rush of warmth, her voice turned more pleading and seductive.

"It hurts..."

"Lift me up..." Anticipating a romantic turn, Lauren hoped Mitchel would carry her to bed.

Instead, his response was blunt.

"Then stay down." Lauren stared at him, shocked and disbelieving.

"What did you say, Mitchel?" she asked.

With a cold smirk, Mitchel declared, "Lauren, I've given you plenty of chances." Stunned, Lauren felt a sense of dread wash over her.

Desperate, she reached out to grasp his leg, tears streaming down her face.

"Mitchel..." she pleaded.

But it was too late.

Her hand barely grazed his trouser hem when she saw him lift his polished leather shoes and bring them down mercilessly.

The hard soles crushed her hand, and Lauren's fingers felt like they were being shattered.

The intense pain whitened her face as she screamed in terror.

"Mitchel...

What's happening? I...

I'm Lauren..." she cried.

But Mitchel's sympathy for Lauren had evaporated, his protection for her squandered.

Crack! The cruel crunching of her fingers under his feet echoed ominously, a sound as chilling as the approach of death itself.

Mitchel's expression was icy, his eyes glinting with a malice reminiscent of the devil.

He declared, "I've made it clear that Raegan is my bottom line, yet you persist in crossing it." Lauren's agony triggered a flood of tears.

Desperately, she cried out, "It's not as you think..."

Don't listen to Nicole...

I didn't do it..." Her words quivered, lacking conviction.

Mitchel crouched before her, forcefully turning her face toward him.

His tone was icy as he asked, "You think I'd trust Nicole?" This question sparked a glimmer of hope in Lauren.

Tears the size of beans streamed down her cheeks as she pleaded mournfully, "Mitchel, if you don't believe her, why are you doing this to me? I never said those things.

It's your child.

How could I call it a bastard?" Suddenly, Lauren froze in place.

Mitchel had clicked on a video and played it in front of her.

"You and that little bastard...

It's better that it's gone..." Her harsh speech and brutal expression were captured clearly.

Mitchel had set up a camera to protect Raegan, a feed only he could access.

After Nicole's departure, he activated the surveillance footage but found himself unable to watch more than a brief segment.

This was Lauren, the one he had always thought nothing more than a kind and naive girl.

He had been treating her well for years.

How could she be so vicious? Lauren was terrified, feeling as though she had plunged into a freezing dungeon, her body shaking uncontrollably.

"Lauren." Mitchel articulated each word with a chilling tone, "Do you believe you're clever enough to fool me?" "No, it's not true..."

It's all fake..." Lauren stuttered, her complexion paler than a sheet of paper.

She raised her eyes to Mitchel's flawless visage.

He seemed unchanged, yet to Lauren, he appeared foreign and frightening.

"Fake?" His lips curled into a semblance of a smile, but his grip on her jaw was unyielding.

"Are you claiming your illness is a fake, or perhaps this entire abduction as well?"

#### Chapter 138

Send Her To The Mental Hospital Lauren's eyes widened at Mitchel's words, and her mouth gaped open.

She was in utter disbelief.

All the while, she firmly believed that her plan was foolproof.

Whether it was her fake illness or the kidnapping scheme, she ensured there were no loopholes.

So, she thought Mitchel must be lying to her, trying to fish something out of her.

She convinced herself that it must be the case.

Lauren endured the excruciating pain and continued to play dumb.

Tears streamed down her face like a waterfall.

"Mitchel, what are you talking about? I don't understand..." "Oh, really? Then, I will make you understand.

The drug you took in was delivered to you from Swynborough.

Also, in the area where your kidnappers' car crashed and exploded off the cliff, Matteo found a car passing by at that time.

The dash cam footage clearly showed that the car lost control because the brakes malfunctioned.

Well, several people risked their lives to demand ten million dollars, yet the car they drove away was with faulty brakes." Mitchel paused.

Then, he asked calmly, "Lauren, do you really think you can treat me like a fool and lie to me just because those men are dead?" As he spoke, he sounded calm and indifferent.

It was as if he was only talking about what to eat for dinner.

But every word he said sent a chill down Lauren's spine.

The cold penetrated deep down her bones.

Lauren shook her head desperately and\_ said sorrowfully, "No, Mitchel.

It's not like that.

Please let me explain..." When a teardrop of Lauren's fell on Mitchel's wrist, he felt an inexplicable disgust surge in his heart.



He pushed Lauren away violently.

Caught off guard, Lauren was pushed back forcefully.

There was a loud thud.

It turned out that her back hit the corner of the cabinet heavily.

The pain was so intense that she felt her spine shattered.

“Ah! Mitchel, it hurts.

It hurts so much...” Lauren's face contorted in pain.

She was uglier than a monster.

But no matter how miserable she looked, she couldn't evoke an ounce of sympathy from Mitchel.

“Lauren, you know that I hated manipulative games the most.

I tolerated you before because I thought I owed you my life.

But now that I've paid off that debt, it's my turn to settle the score with you.” Actually, Mitchel had already suspected that Lauren had done something evil.

But every time, he deluded himself into believing that she was still the innocent and kind-hearted girl in his memory.

Because of this, he didn't want to think about it or investigate further.

But when the truth presented itself to him, his first thought was how he would face Raegan.

Raegan had told him countless times about Lauren's true color.

But he always refused to believe her.

When Mitchel thought of Raegan's sadness and despair, he felt his heart was clenched by an invisible giant hand.

It was too painful.

Raegan was hurt seriously because of him.

And it was his leaving her that caused her to lose their child.

That baby wasn't only Raegan's.

It was also his.

Mitchel stared at Lauren fiercely with eyes full of resentment.

It made Lauren feel she was a condemned sinner awaiting judgment.

Finally, Lauren felt fear surge in her heart.

She pleaded between sobs, "Mitchel, please don't do this to me.

I only did those things because I love you so much.

I don't want to lose you.

I said those words because I was jealous of Raegan.

Why can she have you? I've known you longer than her." Mitchel's eyes turned cold and weary upon hearing this.

"Lauren, I have nothing left for you apart from gratitude.

Don't you understand it?" These words made Lauren's heart fall from hell into an even deeper darkness.

"No, Mitchel! That's impossible! You are lying!" Tears streamed down her face uncontrollably.

She couldn't believe what Mitchel had just said.

"Mitchel, you are lying to me, right? How can you say you never love me? You've treated me well because you love me.

I know that.

I can't believe this!" Lauren was deeply in love with Mitchel's good looks and honorable status.

Just one look from him could stir her imagination, making her fantasize about countless scenes.

But she never thought that one day, her imagination would be shattered.

In front of Lauren, Mitchel took out his phone, called Matteo, and ordered, "Matteo, contact Triclinium Hospital.

Miss Murray is mentally unstable.

She needs urgent treatment." While listening to him, Lauren felt something was off.

She knew Triclinium Hospital.

It was a mental hospital in Ardlens.

Her mind instantly went blank, and her hands and feet trembled uncontrollably.

Her eyes widened in disbelief.

Mitchel was actually planning to send her to a mental hospital! She was not crazy.

Why would he send her there? Her lips incessantly trembled as she asked, "Mitchel, what are you talking about? Are you kidding me?" "You know what I'm talking about.

Don't you desperately want to send Raegan there?" These words were like a thorny whip that fiercely slapped Lauren's face.

The pain was excruciating.

She never expected that Mitchel would use the same trick she had adopted in dealing with Raegan.

A cold and mocking expression appeared on Mitchel's refined face.

The words that came out of his mouth were like countless knives piercing Lauren's heart.

"I'll send you there to let you experience it first." Lauren instantly trembled violently.

An endless fear filled her eyes.

She no longer cared about her dignity.

She knelt in front of him and wailed, "Mitchel, I'm sorry.

I know I was wrong.

I shouldn't have framed Raegan.

I won't do it again.

Please don't send me to the mental hospital..." However, Mitchel just curled his lips into a cold smile.

He turned around and was about to leave without even looking at Lauren.

Upon seeing this, despair overwhelmed Lauren's heart.

She knew that once he walked away, she would be sent to the mental hospital with no chance of turning back.

She cried out desperately, "Mitchel, how can you treat me like this? I still have a family.

Are you not afraid that my father will come after you if you send me to the mental hospital?" Mitchel turned around and mocked softly, "Ronan Murray must know you are pretending to be sick." Lauren was stunned when she heard him mention her father's full name.

Mitchel always called her father "Mr.

Murray." This was the first time he had called her father by his full name.

Lauren avoided his gaze and stammered, "No...

No.

My dad doesn't know." But her voice betrayed her.

She was obviously lying.

A trace of disgust flashed across Mitchel's face.

If he didn't know that the developer of the injection drug had a close relationship with Ronan, he might fall for Lauren's words.

But he knew everything now.

He looked at Lauren coldly and snapped, "You and your family colluded to lie to me.

Have you ever thought about the consequences? Do you really think you can fool me forever? Since Ronan wants me to take care of you so much, I will.

Sending you to the mental hospital is already a big help.

Will he come after me? Well..." Mitchel paused.

Then he asked, "Which do you think will Ronan choose, you or his career?" Lauren's body stiffened.

She felt like she was struck by lightning.

She knew her father would choose his career without hesitation.

Mitchel's words accurately capture the essence of her family's character.

As soon as Mitchel opened the door, Matteo was already standing outside with two strong bodyguards.

Mitchel said coldly without even looking back, "Take her away." Lauren looked at the two bodyguards in horror.

While they approached her, she screamed hysterically, "No! Don't come near me! I don't want to go! I won't go!" But everyone turned a deaf ear to her.

Mitchel ignored her and was about to walk out of the ward.

"I told you! Don't come any closer!" Lauren grabbed a fruit knife out of nowhere, pressed it against her neck, and shouted, "If you dare to take me away, I'll die right in front of you!"

## Chapter 139

Lauren's Punishment Matteo gestured for the bodyguards to stop and then turned to Mitchel, awaiting further instructions.

Lauren seized what she thought was her chance and, with eyes red and swollen, cried, "Mitchel, can you really be this heartless? Remember, I saved your life once!" The truth was, this was a gamble as she was unsure if Mitchel would really turn his back on her.

What did he mean he had returned the favor? No fucking way.

Lauren was set on banking on that past favor to chain Mitchel to her side forever and ensure he could never escape.

As expected, Mitchel paused, spun on his heel, and took slow and deliberate steps toward her.

When he was close, he crouched before her, took her trembling hand, and murmured, "Don't do this, Lauren." The next second, Lauren's eyes brimmed with tears.

She won! She got him again! She knew very well that behind Mitchel's frosty exterior was gentleness.

Otherwise, he would not have looked after her for years.

To her, it felt as if she had regained a long-lost precious gem.

"IT know...

I know you won't abandon me..." Lauren sobbed.

All she wanted now was to cast aside the knife from her hand and embrace Mitchel with all the warmth in her heart.

However, his grip on her hand was ironclad, and he seemed intent on crushing her wrist.

Lauren's face contorted with agony.

She tried to wriggle free, but her other hand was pinned under Mitchel's foot, rendering it immovable.

With a quivering voice, she reminded him, "Mitchel, you're hurting me..." Mitchel, however, merely ignored her words, moved the hilt of the knife up, and said with ease, "You weren't aliming for the artery.

You should cut here, see?" Lauren's entire body shook at his words.



Fear gripped her for the first time, and she worried Mitchel might actually end her life right there and then.

Mitchel's dark side appeared.

It was chilling and made him appear demonic.

"What are you waiting for? Do it," he urged, his face void of emotion and voice deep and ominous.

"Do you want me to help you?" Without waiting for her reply, he directed her hand to a lethal spot on her artery and forcefully pressed down.

Lauren shook, terrified out of her wits.

"No, please don't..."

"Don't do this, Mitchel..." Mitchel narrowed his eyes but did not loosen his grip.

What he said next sent shivers through her.

"Weren't you just about to kill yourself?" As the blade cut through her skin, blood began to trail down to her fingernails and along her arm.

"Please, stop..."

"Don't..." Lauren mumbled.

Her body was shaking like a lamb, and she was scared shitless.

"Help! Help me! Matteo, help me..." Moments ago, Lauren was resisting being taken away by Matteo.

But now, she found herself wishing he would whisk her away immediately.

At least in an asylum, she could survive and cling to the hope of eventual freedom.

If she stayed here, she feared she might bleed out.

Matteo hurried over to Mitchel and said, "Mr.

Dixon, please leave it to me." With that, Mitchel released Lauren's hand, and she collapsed to the ground in a heap.

She shook uncontrollably and was seemingly drained of her strength.

Those who could see her right now would think she was some catastrophe's lone survivor.

Mitchel took a wet wipe and leisurely wiped his hands of Lauren's blood.

He gazed coldly at Lauren, who looked pitiful like an abandoned dog, and declared, "If Tessa gets caught and I learn you two are accomplices, I'll make sure you're confined to a psychiatric ward for good." With those words, he turned around and walked off with determined strides.

It took a while before Lauren realized the gravity of the situation.

She let out a piercing scream, and her eyes burned with fury.

How could Mitchel do this to her for Raegan! Did he think he could lock her away forever? Once she got out, she swore to herself she would get even.

Lauren's gaze blazed with hatred, like a scorpion poised to unleash its venomous sting at any moment.

"Mitchel Dixon! You would regret this.

Just wait and see! I swear to God, I will never forgive you!" In Raegan's ward.

Raegan gazed silently at her right hand.

She tried, with all her strength, to make a fist, but to no avail.

The nurse saw what Raegan was trying to do and felt a lump in her throat.

Feeling sorry, she reassured Raegan, "You may not be able to exert much force, but you can still write.

Just try not to stay in one position too long, or you might..." She trailed midsentence upon realizing the significance of Raegan's right hand to her.

Her voice faded to a whisper with every word.

On second thought, she figured it would be best to give a piece of advice that could help Raegan in the long run.

"It might be better to use your left hand during the rehabilitation.

That way, you won't strain your right hand." Even after the nurse stepped out, Raegan continued to fix her gaze on her right hand without blinking.

The tendons had been severed by shards of glass that day, robbing her of the ability to grip a pen.

That explained the tremor in her hand whenever she held something.

Sadly for Raegan, she could no longer draw or create art.

She tried to tell herself everything would be okay since her right hand was not entirely out of commission.

But every time she looked at her trembling hand, she could not help but burst into tears, quickly dampening the white quilt beneath her.

What had she possibly done in her past life that God punished her like this? The loss of her grandmother, the miscarriage of her beloved child, and now her hand was rendered useless...

When Mitchel entered the room, the sight of her crying gripped his heart with pain as if it were pierced by countless needles.

Though usually decisive, Mitchel found himself at a loss and unsure how to approach her.

He did not know how to comfort the woman he loved.

For the first time, he deeply despised himself.

Raegan was correct.

He had been so negligent, allowing Lauren to inflict pain on her time and again.

Now that he had finally realized how stupid he was, he refused to waste another moment slip.

Mitchel stepped forward and opened her mouth to speak.

However, Raegan would not even glance his way.

She treated him as if he was invisible.

She paid no attention to Mitchel whatsoever.

After several days of rest, Raegan had not put on any weight and had become frail and as delicate as paper.

And she looked nothing like a girl of her age, who was supposed to be full of vigor and vitality.

Regret surged in Mitchel's heart at the sight of her.

He extended his hand to catch a falling tear from her cheek.

But at that moment, her expression shifted.

Raegan recoiled and asked warily, "What are you doing?" The wariness in Raegan's gaze deepened the ache in Mitchel's chest.

Nonetheless, he tried his best to maintain calm and composed and asked in a hoarse voice, "Have you eaten anything tonight?" Raegan smiled sarcastically.

"Mitchel, this isn't exactly the time for small talk, is it?" Mitchel swallowed hard.

After a tense moment, he informed her, "Lauren's been sent to a psychiatric facility." It would have been good news if it was in the past.

But now, Raegan was unmoved.

Where Lauren ended up meant nothing to her now.

After all, Lauren was only significant to her when she still had feelings for Mitchel.

But those days were over.

She was now done with Mitchel, so she did not care about Lauren anymore.

Raegan's indifference stung Mitchel.

Laden with remorse, he reached for her hand and said, "I won't let her bother us again." Raegan's hand tensed, and she withdrew it like she had touched a flame.

Her revulsion was unmistakable.

"Mitchel, your promises mean nothing to me now," she snarled.

He had broken his promises too often that she no longer had faith to give.

Despondent, Raegan looked away and dismissed him.

"Please leave.

Don't come back unless you're ready to discuss divorce." The mention of divorce made Mitchel's heart lurch.

Without thinking, he protested, "I won't agree to a divorce." But Raegan did not flare up in anger.

Instead, she curled her lips and murmured, "You'll change your mind eventually." Mitchel's expression turned stormy.

He was puzzled as to why she was so certain about it.

Agreeing to the divorce had never crossed his mind.

How could she possibly get a divorce? At the thought of this, he resolutely vowed, "Raegan, I will never sign those papers." Mitchel wrapped her in his embrace and ignored her struggles.

He had kept his distance recently for fear she was too fragile to be handled.

The familiar, sweet scent of her filled his senses, bringing a moment of peace amidst the chaos.

How he wished he could freeze time right there.

Even though Raegan did not push him away, Mitchel did not hold her too long as he could sense her coldness and repulsiveness to him.

He shifted to hold her arms and gazed at her.

"Honey, it's all my fault.

Please...

Just give one more chance." Without any emotion on her face, Raegan slowly said, "Listen, this is the end for us.

My decision about our divorce is final." Palpable tension hung in the air, thick and suffocating.

At her words, a shadow crossed Mitchel's face, and he retorted, "And if I refuse to divorce, what will you do?"

Chapter 140

Raegan Is Missing Raegan just gave Mitchel a sarcastic smile.

Suddenly, the door was kicked open with a loud bang.

Mitchel frowned.

He was about to ask who it was when something suddenly flew over.

It was a black leather bag, and it hit Mitchel's body hard.

Luciana, wearing a white blouse and black pants, rushed in ferociously.

She pounded on Mitchel again and again.

Mitchel didn't dodge.

He just stood still and let her hit him all she wanted.

Luciana only stopped beating Mitchel when she finally felt tired.

While panting, she snapped, "I asked you to take good care of Raegan.

Is this how you take care of her, huh?" Luciana's heart ached every time she thought of the loss of Raegan's baby.

This made her want to scold Mitchel again and again.

Actually, she had already bought a lot of baby stuff.



But now that the baby was gone, they were all useless.

She had planned to ask Raegan's permission to tell Kyler about the baby as soon as Raegan's condition became stable.

But how could she do this now that the baby was gone? Fortunately, she had not mentioned anything to Kyler yet.

Otherwise, it would be a huge blow to Kyler.

His health condition, which had just improved recently, would definitely be affected.

This time, Luciana ignored Mitchel.

She turned around, walked to Raegan's bed, and sat on the edge.

She held Raegan in her arms and cried, "Raegan, I feel so sorry for you.

You have suffered a lot." On the other hand, Raegan couldn't shed any more tears.

She had been crying for so long that her tears had dried up.

She looked at Luciana with cold and empty eyes and said calmly, "Luciana, I want a divorce." Mitchel's tall and straight figure subconsciously trembled upon hearing this.

He suddenly understood why Luciana was here.

He didn't tell Luciana about Raegan's kidnapping because he feared Raegan would request a divorce from him with the intervention of Luciana.

Luciana looked at Raegan's scrawny face, feeling more distressed.

"Raegan, you get some rest first, okay? When you recover, I will help you settle it." "No, I won't agree to it!" Mitchel suddenly shouted.

His voice sounded cold.

It was only then that Luciana remembered Mitchel was still here.

She was so engrossed in talking with Raegan that she had even forgotten his existence in the ward.

Mitchel's interruption angered Luciana even more.

She scolded, "You, bastard! Get out of here!" However, Mitchel suddenly picked Luciana up and carried her to the door forcefully.

Then, he ordered Matteo coldly before she could say anything, "Send her back." Luciana snarled at Mitchel through clenched teeth, "You little bastard! I am your mother.

How dare you drive me away!" "Mom, I don't want you to get involved in this matter.

This is between Raegan and me.

And I won't divorce her." After saying this, Mitchel closed the door and locked it to prevent Luciana from entering again.

Luciana kept banging on the door and nagging, but he turned a deaf ear to her.

Instead, he approached Raegan step by step.

He asked, "Is this how you fight for a divorce?" Raegan remained silent.

Mitchel smiled coldly and added, "Do you think asking my mother to come here will make me change my mind? Honey, you're so naive.

I won't compromise even in front of her.

As I have said, I won't divorce you." Raegan thought for a while.

Then she asked seriously, "If Luciana couldn't change your mind, what about Kyler?" Her words exhausted the last bit of Mitchel's patience.

Was Raegan really willing to ignore Kyler's health condition as long as she could divorce him? At the thought of this, he said in a domineering manner, "Raegan, do you think you can get a chance to see my grandpa now?" At this moment, the noise outside the door stopped.

Mitchel thought Luciana must have been forcibly sent away by Matteo.

Raegan replied indifferently, "As long as I am still alive, I can always find a way to see Kyler, right?" She knew that fighting for the divorce wouldn't go smoothly.

The process was likely to be a long haul, so she had already prepared for it.

Mitchel looked at Raegan expressionlessly.

His eyes turned red, and he sneered, "Do you really think you can threaten me?" Raegan didn't answer it.

Instead, she said coldly, "You can leave now.

I'm tired, and I want to sleep." She looked at Mitchel as if he was a stranger.

And the way she treated him hurt Mitchel deeply.

Mitchel knew Raegan was determined to get a divorce.

Yet, the thought of seeing her run into another man's arms drove him nuts, let alone letting it come true.

There was no way he would agree to it.

Raegan wanted to sleep to recuperate before she came up with another solution for the divorce.

But Mitchel suddenly leaned over and pulled her in front of him.

Then he lowered his head and kissed her fiercely.

Raegan didn't struggle.

She acted like an inanimate object, allowing Mitchel to do whatever he wanted.

Mitchel's tongue moved, trying to pry Raegan's mouth open.

But she was like a hard and cold statue.

He looked at her, and he froze when he saw her emotionless face.

He let go of her.

It was only then that Raegan said indifferently, "Mr.

Dixon, it seems you are still obsessed with my body.

As long as you agree to divorce, I can cooperate with you for once.

You can take it as a divorce gift." Mitchel felt humiliated.

He didn't expect that Raegan would regard what he had done as a bargaining chip for divorce.

His handsome face tensed, and his patience seemed to run out.

"Raegan..." He tried hard to suppress his anger and asked word by word, "What can I do for you to forgive me?" Raegan didn't want to mention the divorce anymore, so she just said lazily, "You know

exactly what I want." Mitchel said firmly, "I can do anything for you except the divorce." "Then, I will never forgive you for the rest of my life," Raegan replied resolutely.

If he could disappear from her world, she might gradually forget about him.

As what they said, out of sight, out of mind.

For a moment, Mitchel felt like an invisible hand was clenching his heart so tightly that he could hardly breathe.

His face turned cold.

He paused and said slowly, "In that case, just hold a grudge against me." After saying this, he strode away as if he was afraid of hearing more harsh words from Raegan.

Mitchel thought that if he kept a distance from Raegan, she might gradually give up the idea of divorcing him.

But that night, something unexpected happened.

At two in the morning, while Mitchel was still keeping himself busy with work, the nurse from the hospital called him.

"Mr.

Dixon, Miss Hayes is missing."