

## **Unbreakable 251**

### Chapter 251

In absolute disbelief, Raegan gasped.

"Henley, have you lost your damn mind?" With a serene smile, Henley replied, "Raegan, I want to keep you by my side all the time.

I seek nothing else here, only you." "No!" Raegan cried out, her voice tinged with urgency.

"Henley, Tam married!" These words subtly altered Henley's usually composed expression.

A faint twitch crossed his handsome face as he responded, "Raegan, your previous marriage doesn't concern me." "It's not a previous one," Raegan clarified.

"I've remarried Mitchel." Abruptly, Henley hit the brakes.

The sudden stop propelled Raegan forward, her head colliding with the passenger seat's shield.

With bloodshot eyes, Henley turned to Raegan, demanding, "What did you just say?" Raegan, clutching her throbbing head, revealed, "Henley, I remarried Mitchel yesterday.

He's bound to come looking for me." Silence engulfed the car.

The gentleness on Henley's face dissolved into a dark shadow.

He fixed his gaze on her, questioning, "Why?" Raegan, intimidated by his demeanor, attempted to stay composed.

"He's the father of my child.

He'll definitely come looking for me." Henley's face grew icy.

He grasped her chin abruptly, his tone bitter, "He caused you so much pain, and you lost a child.

Have you forgotten?" His grip tightened menacingly.

"I overlooked your pregnancy, thinking it was unplanned.

But to remarry him?" Tears sprung from Raegan's eyes, pain evident in her expression.

Henley's grasp was unyielding, his words sharp, "Do all women relish in being so demeaned?" At that moment, Henley saw in Raegan a reflection of his crazy mother, one who, like Raegan, failed to value his affection.

He had intended to treat them kindly.

Why? Why did they push him to such extremes? Henley's expression momentarily faltered, twisting into something grotesque, reminiscent of a creature emerging from a grave.

It was as if he mistook Raegan for someone else.

His hands tightened around her neck, the pressure increasing.

Raegan began shaking violently, her face turning ghostly white.

She clawed at Henley's arm, leaving a bloody mark, and cried out, "Henley! Snap out of it!" Henley's eyes locked onto Raegan's reddening face, her breaths becoming faint.

He felt a horrifying rush as Raegan's life seemed to slip away under his grip.

When his gaze met Raegan's misty eyes, he saw nothing but fear.

Those eyes that had once smiled, cared, and thanked him now reflected nothing but deep fear.

As he leaned in, her familiar scent filled his nostrils.

Abruptly, as though jolted, Henley released her.

Raegan had narrowly escaped death.

She slumped in the seat, gasping for air like a fish out of water.

Henley, momentarily lucid, looked down at Raegan and murmured, "Raegan, you've disappointed me.

Your mistake...

I won't let this child survive." He had once thought that if she chose to be with him, the baby in her belly could be left to others after Raegan gave birth to it.

But now, resentment filled his heart.

This child could not be allowed to live.

Raegan stared at him, incredulous.

He had coldly decreed the fate of her child.

She protested desperately, "Are you insane? This is my child.

You have no right!" "I do have the right because I love you," Henley declared emotionlessly.

"Every decision I make is for our best interests." Raegan's eyes widened in terror.

Henley was a madman! Truly deranged! Protectively, she held her abdomen, firmly stating, "Henley, you can't harm my child.

The child stays with me." Henley replied in a chilling tone, "You'll agree.

I don't want you to remember it, and I'll ensure you forget." Raegan's complexion turned ghostly.

She feared he might actually follow through.

No way! She couldn't let him take her! As Henley restarted the car, Raegan suddenly clutched her stomach, crying out in pain, "Ah! My stomach! Stop the car!" Henley glanced at her, assessing the sincerity of her plea.

"Henley, it hurts...

Am I dying?" Raegan contorted with pain on the seat.

Reaching out, she weakly clung to his sleeve, her voice soft and pleading, "Please..." Henley hesitated at her fragile tone, asking, "Is it really that painful?" Raegan nodded vigorously.

He leaned in, concerned, and asked, "Let me check?" As those words escaped Henley's lips, Raegan grabbed the perfume bottle from the dashboard and smashed it at him.

Thud! A dull impact sounded.

Blood trickled down Henley's forehead.

Raegan frantically unlocked her seatbelt and struggled to open the car door.

Suddenly, her hair was yanked back fiercely.

"Ah!" Raegan screamed in agony.

Henley, bloodied, resembled a hellish demon.

"Raegan, how you've let me down!" He pressed her back on the seat, directly broke the seat belt, and tied her up.

Raegan, immobilized, defiantly declared, "Henley, I won't go with you.

You'll only get my lifeless body!" "Really?" Henley abruptly leaned forward, pressing the button to recline her car seat to the farthest back.

Raegan was uncertain of his intentions.

"I've heard that the heart of a woman can be won by sexual intercourse.

Are you hesitant to leave him because you've been intimate with him?" he queried, climbing over the seat imposingly.

"You don't know if I'm better unless you try." Raegan's complexion blanched.

"Don't touch me!" Henley gazed at Raegan intensely, wanting to kiss her.

His lips brushed her hair as she dodged his cold kiss.

Undeterred, he shifted to nibble at her earlobe.

Tears escaped Raegan's eyes.

“Henley, stop.

This makes me sick.” The revulsion in Raegan's eyes halted Henley's breath.

The darkness in his eyes seemed to engulf him.

“Raegan, can't you see my heart? Can you consider being with me?” His voice was laced with bitterness, humility, almost a plea.

“What can I do to win your heart?” Henley, his voice low and rough, buried his face in her neck, seeking the warmth she once offered.

“Is it that if I listen to you, you will start to consider being with me?” The suddenness of Henley's change caught Raegan off guard.

She opened her mouth to speak, but was blinded by a bright light in the rearview mirror.

A dark blue luxury car had silently parked behind them.

As she prepared to call for help, the sound of an engine grew louder.

The next second.

Bang! A loud sound was heard.

Their car was hit mercilessly from behind!

## Chapter 252 You Brought This On Yourself

The car was pushed forward for hundreds of meters.

Raegan briefly thought the driver of the blue car intended to kill them both! Thump! With a crash, Henley was flung against the windshield.

Fortunately, Henley had tied Raegan up on the seat, and he was shielding her, so Raegan was not harmed.

Otherwise, the consequences would be unimaginable if Raegan faced forward.

After a short pause, the car behind them geared up again.

Buzz! The sound of the engine made Raegan shiver.

Raegan, terrified, felt her heart pounding in her throat.

The blue luxury vehicle didn't hit Henley's car again, but its engine kept roaring, like a sort of warning.

Henley, his expression darkening, moved back to the driver's seat and prepared to drive off.

The next second, Henley floored the accelerator, his car shooting forward.

The blue luxury vehicle pursued relentlessly, its driver skillfully overtaking Henley's and forcing Henley to brake sharply to avoid a collision. A 'al them both! Thump! With a crash, Henley was flung against the windshield.

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The next second, Henley floored the accelerator, his car shooting forward.

The blue luxury vehicle pursued relentlessly, its driver skillfully overtaking Henley's and forcing Henley to brake sharply to avoid a collision.

However, Henley didn't stop the car.

On the contrary, he followed suit and sped up to catch up with the blue luxury vehicle.

It seemed that the driver of the blue luxury vehicle had prepared for this.

He hit the brake hard but kept the engine running.

The two vehicles raced on the road and neither of them was willing to give in.

Raegan, terrified, pleaded, "Henley, stop! Please! Stop the car! Let's get out of here!"



At this moment, Henley exuded an uncontrollable sense of danger.

His face twisted as he growled, "Raegan, I won't let anyone have you, not even in death."

They both knew Mitchel was in the blue luxury vehicle.

Raegan couldn't help but wonder whether Mitchel intended to kill her just now.

She tried to deny it, but the fear made her body shake uncontrollably.

The two cars continued their dangerous dance, the roaring engines terrifying Raegan.

She felt on the brink of losing her sanity, her face ashen.

In a flash, the blue luxury vehicle yielded, moving ahead.

Then, Henley accelerated through the opening.

Raegan, nauseated, screamed, "Henley, stop! Stop the car now!"

Henley's gaze hardened as he watched the blue luxury vehicle in the rearview mirror, his face a mask of cold ruthlessness.

"If I can't best him this time, we'll die together!"

Henley declared chillingly.

"What the hell! Do you lose it?"

Raegan was absolutely dumbfounded.

"Henley, have you lost your mind? I don't want to die with you!"

What did he mean by that? Why would she succumb to such a fate? Yet, Henley turned to her, his smile grim.

"You're right. We'll survive this together."

Boom.

All of a sudden, he sped up the car at full speed.

Approaching a sharp U-turn, Henley abruptly changed lanes, attempting to overturn the blue luxury vehicle.

Mitchel reacted swiftly, steering sharply to avoid a collision, his car skidding to a halt.

Having given in because Raegan was still in Henley's car, Mitchel cursed himself for falling for Henley's ploy.

As Mitchel prepared to drive again, a loud crash echoed. Henley's car had collided with a pier at high speed.

Suddenly, Mitchel's complexion went ashen, a deep fear gripping him from within.

His hands, clutching the steering wheel, trembled uncontrollably.

He attempted to stand twice but couldn't find the strength to get to his feet.

Struggling to stand, he punched his leg to regain focus and bolted from his car.

Henley's car was wrecked, the front crumpled, airbags deployed, and fuel leaking.

The situation grew dangerous! Mitchel, frantic, wrenched the door open and froze at the sight.

Henley, bloodied, shielded Raegan with his body, impaled by the fence's reinforcements.

Raegan, in shock, was carefully extracted by Mitchel.

She seemed mostly unharmed, the blood on her clothes not her own.

A few moments later, it dawned on Raegan that Henley had saved her at the crucial moment.

As the car careened toward the pier, she had braced for the worst.

Unexpectedly, Henley suddenly pounced over and protected her.

His previous adjustment of the seat spared them from the worst of the impact.

Raegan was speechless.

Though Henley had wanted to take her away against her will, he sacrificed himself to save her. Her emotions were torn between resentment and gratitude.

Tears overcame Raegan.

She implored Mitchel breathlessly, "Please, save him..."

Despite her anger toward Henley, she couldn't bear to watch him die.

Henley, despite his actions, hadn't intended to harm her.

Mitchel's face darkened, haunted by the image of Raegan in Henley's embrace.

He moved to assess Henley whose face was deathly pale.

Mitchel had dialed 911, and help was on the way.

Knowing it was risky to move the injured, he cautiously checked Henley's breathing.

All of a sudden, Henley chuckled weakly.

"See? Raegan...She cried for me...She cares about me..."

Even though he spoke in broken phrases, it was a tremendous struggle for Henley to articulate his words.

After saying that, he spat out a mouthful of blood.

Henley looked at Mitchel, a weak smile on his lips, whispering something inaudible to others.

Then, Mitchel's expression turned cold, his aura intimidating.

Mitchel glared at Henley and hissed, "You brought this on yourself."

Mitchel then spun around, his intense gaze locking onto Raegan.

Caught off guard by his stare, Raegan stood rooted to the spot.

Chapter 253 Her Dignity

Raegan froze at Mitchel's icy demeanor.

Hesitating momentarily, Raegan reached for the door, intent on leaving.

But Mitchel halted her escape.

Mitchel's gaze, icy and penetrating, unnerved her.

"Do you really find it so hard to leave him?" he asked, a sharp edge in his voice.

"No, it's not that," Raegan replied, shaking her head.

"I just can't abandon him like this."

"People die all the time,"

Mitchel's voice was low, questioning.

"Would you care as much if he were a stranger?"

He then questioned her, "Isn't it because he's..."

Mitchel paused, the words hanging in the air, unfinished.

The tension between them was palpable, both seeming distant despite sitting face to face.

Their expressions were troubled.

As Raegan opened the door again, determined to leave, Mitchel acted impulsively. He reached out, beginning to remove her coat, then her sweater...

"Stop it!"

Raegan's cry was sharp, her grip on her clothes desperate.

But Mitchel was stronger.

Her sweater was gone, leaving her in a thin underdress.

Raegan, now covering herself, looked at Mitchel, fear evident in her eyes. "Have you lost your mind, Mitchel?"

Despite her objections, Mitchel continued, tearing her underdress.

Raegan was left exposed, her upper body bare.

Tears filled her eyes as Raegan covered herself with trembling arms.

"Mitchel...Please, give me my clothes back..."

Mitchel's gaze, cold and calculating, swept over her, lingering on her slightly swollen belly.

The look in his eyes was unnerving, almost cruel.

Raegan felt vulnerable, exposed under his intense scrutiny as if every part of her was laid bare.

She was lost, unsure how to shield herself from his piercing gaze.

In a voice choked with tears, Raegan pleaded, "Please, give me my clothes back..."

Instead of complying, Mitchel abruptly lowered the car window and threw her clothes outside.

The lingering scent of Henley's blood on her clothes seemed to unhinge Mitchel further.

"Aren't you planning to get off the car?"

His voice was deliberately low and tense as he fought back the sorrow in his heart.

"Go get your clothes yourself!"

Mitchel burst out, unable to contain his frustration any longer.

Raegan stared at him, disbelief etched on her face. Mitchel now seemed like a stranger to Raegan, his actions mirroring the craziness she'd seen in Henley.

Emotions swirled within her.

The despair, grief, and acute humiliation.

Suddenly, Raegan's resolve faltered, and she found herself vulnerable before Mitchel's gaze.

Tears streaming down her face, she reached for the door, intending to leave.

Mitchel's heart twisted at the sight of her pale skin, but his inner turmoil was dwarfed by a deep-seated hatred.

Click! Then, he locked the door.

Raegan, trapped, chose not to face him, sitting with her back to him, blood and tears marking her once serene face.

Yet, she clung to the remnants of her dignity.

Then, Raegan heard Mitchel's voice, tense with frustration, from behind her, "Why are you so determined to save Henley? Don't you remember who you are? You're a married woman now."

Upon his words, Raegan trembled and burst into tears.

At that moment, she felt reduced to nothing more than an object at Mitchel's disposal, valued only for her utility.

Mitchel, relenting, turned her around and dressed her in a black shirt, meticulously fastening each button.

As Mitchel fastened the last few buttons, his grip suddenly tightened.

He spoke coldly.

"Have I been too lenient with you, or do you prefer being treated this way?"

Raegan's face was a mask of indifference at his words.

The man before her felt like a stranger, and her heart sank in disappointment.

In the distance, the sound of sirens filled the air as fire trucks and ambulances rushed to the scene.



Raegan felt a wave of relief at the sight.

She responded with a detached tone, "If that's how you see me, perhaps it's time to end our agreement prematurely."

Their mutual disdain seemed reason enough to sever ties.

"End our agreement?"

Mitchel's voice was laced with a dark tone.

The scene of Henley and Raegan together in the car moments earlier flashed through Mitchel's mind.

Gripping her chin forcefully, he spat out, "Who do you think you are to speak to me like that?"

His face and tone dripped with arrogance and disdain.

Raegan, struggling to breathe, clutched the hem of the shirt.

Pain overwhelmed her, a deep, pervasive ache that felt unbearable.

The hurt was so intense she could hardly breathe.

Luciana's past remarks about their mismatch hadn't stung this much.

Raegan was speechless, suppressing her urge to cry.

She refused to let tears fall in front of Mitchel. Meanwhile, Mitchel glanced outside, watching Henley being loaded into an ambulance.

Then, he started the car, driving off swiftly into the night until it was just a speck in the darkness.

Soon, they arrived at Serenity Villas.

Raegan, looking at the once familiar place, nervously uttered, "I want to go home."

Mitchel turned to her, his voice devoid of emotion.

"You are at home," he stated flatly, his piercing gaze intimidating her.

Raegan tried again, "Mitchel, may I please go back on my own?"

Mitchel remained silent, his eyes icy and unyielding.

Mitchel led Raegan upstairs and gently guided her into the bathtub.

He turned on the faucet, carefully removing her clothes.

His actions were focused on washing away the blood and any traces of Henley.

Raegan remained motionless, her body rigid with tension.

She didn't resist, fearful of Mitchel's unpredictable reactions.

Mitchel drained the bathtub, having washed away the bloodstains from Raegan.

Then, he turned the tap on again to refill the tub.

The water rose slowly as Mitchel's gaze met Raegan's.

"Do you have anything to tell me, Raegan?"

Raegan, startled by his question, struggled to comprehend what he was probing for.

She doubted he knew about her pregnancy, yet at this thought, she simply shook her head.

"No," she said.

Mitchel's eyes grew darker.

"Are you certain there's nothing you're hiding from me?"

Raegan remained silent, her lips pressed tightly together.

Mitchel's fists clenched, visibly trying to control his emotions.

Henley's last words to him echoed in his mind.

"If I die, please look after Raegan and the baby in her belly."

The baby? Raegan was pregnant with Henley's baby? Henley pleaded with him to look after his baby? Mitchel's heart hardened as he looked at Raegan, who was feigning calmness.

He had given her a chance to speak up.

After a pause, Mitchel began to unbutton his shirt, his movements smooth and graceful.

Raegan, sitting in the bathtub, hugged her knees, her complexion turning pale.

She trembled slightly, asking, "Mitchel, what are you doing?"

With a cold smile, Mitchel replied, "What do you think?"

Raegan's expression shifted rapidly to disbelief.

"Mitchel, remember, we're not actually a couple. It is just an agreement..."

In a sudden move, Mitchel leaned in and bit her shoulder. The sight of Raegan's trembling, the evident fear in her eyes, stirred something in Mitchel.

"Did I ever promise not to touch you during our agreement?"

Chapter 254 Say You Love Me!

Raegan was stunned.

She had thought Mitchel and she shared an unspoken understanding about this.

Moreover, Mitchel's expression back then had made her feel that mentioning it would be mocked by him.

He would surely laugh at her for being narcissistic.

At this moment, Mitchel fixed her hair and tucked it behind her ear.

Then, with a sneer, he explained, "I remarried you so I can have sex with you without breaking the law."

He stepped into the bathtub, and water sloshed over the edge of the bathtub.

Then, he looked her in the eye and coldly asked, "Which position do you prefer, front or back?"

Raegan's heart raced with fear at his words.

She tried to flee, but Mitchel caught her ankle.

"Don't!" she cried out, feeling utterly helpless.

Trying not to fall, she placed her hands on the edge of the bathtub.

Her delicate skin seemed to arouse Mitchel further.

No man could restrain himself with this position.

Their height difference only added to the tension.

Mitchel's eyes darkened with desire.

He held her waist with one hand and said in a hoarse voice, "If you don't want to get hurt, just cooperate."

Raegan's face turned ghostly pale.

She wanted to turn around, but his firm grip on her ankle rendered her immobile.

With her body slightly shaking from fear, she pleaded, "Mitchel, I'm not comfortable with this. You're scaring me... Why are you doing this to me?"

She was on the verge of tears but fought to hold them back.

"Why did you run away with Henley then? Mitchel asked, his voice cold and unyielding. Raegan took a deep breath.

The next second, tears cascaded down her cheeks and mixed with the bathwater.

"No... I didn't..." she said, her voice breaking.

Mitchel's expression grew darker.

The CCTV footage showed Henley hugging Raegan from behind near the subway station, and Raegan didn't resist when she got into Henley's car.

Mitchel had used a satellite navigation system to locate Henley's car and eventually parked behind it.

From his car, Mitchel watched them get intimate for some time.

It seemed if he hadn't intervened, they might have gone further in the car.

And then there was the matter of Raegan's baby.

Could it be a result of their last encounter? Had Raegan become pregnant with Henley's baby before Henley left for treatment abroad? That would explain why Henley seemed to recover without any actual treatment. Mitchel assumed he had grasped the truth.

Raegan grasped the edge of the bathtub for support and breathlessly said, "Mitchel, can you let me explain myself? I didn't..."

She abruptly stopped midsentence.

Mitchel's eyes reddened, and his movements became more aggressive.

Raegan's attempts to explain quickly turned into desperate pleas for mercy.

At the thought of the baby in her belly, she didn't dare to provoke Mitchel.

However, Mitchel was wild with jealousy.

To Raegan, the night seemed endless.

When it was finally over, it was almost dawn.

Exhausted and drained, Raegan had to be carried to the bed.

She was breathless and weak in her knees.

In her desperation, she had told him every sweet word she knew in hopes of appeasing him...

Those words were too shameful to even remember.

She had hoped they would calm Mitchel down.

However, despite everything in the bathtub, Mitchel's desires remained unsated.

His demeanor shifted again when he joined Raegan on the bed.

The after-sex flush on Raegan's face added to her allure.

Mitchel's Adam's apple bobbed as his desire reignited once more.

It had been a long time since he got laid with Raegan, and the sex in the bathtub wasn't enough to satisfy him.

Seeing his gaze, Raegan's heart sank.

The pain she felt down there was a clear sign she couldn't endure another round.

"Mitchel, Henley kidnapped me. I didn't willingly go with him,"

Raegan clarified upon recalling his questions earlier.

She hoped her words would stir Mitchel's conscience and curb his urges.

"Why did it take you this long to answer?" Mitchel sneered.

Raegan's complexion turned ghostly.

He didn't believe her, did he? "I'm telling the truth. Why would I lie to you?"

Raegan implored, struggling to convince him.

Mitchel merely sneered in response.

If he hadn't seen the surveillance footage earlier, her words might have swayed him.



"Are you saying you voluntarily got into the car with your kidnapper?" Mitchel asked, his tone dripping with sarcasm.

He had watched the footage three times and was convinced that Raegan hadn't shown any sign of resistance or struggle then.

Even if Raegan swore she was telling the truth, he refused to fall for her words.

Raegan figured that Mitchel might have seen the surveillance footage showing her lack of resistance against Henley.

But the truth was, she had only acted that way to protect her unborn child.

She turned to Mitchel and explained, "Henley threatened me." "Really? With what?"

Mitchel pressed on.

"He threatened me with..."

Raegan abruptly stopped, overwhelmed by the memory of losing her first unborn child.

The pain was still vivid as if it just happened yesterday.

She had sworn to do everything to save this baby.

She had even arranged for care at an overseas maternity hospital in case Mitchel found out about her pregnancy.

After going through so many things, only pain and scars were left in her relationship with Mitchel, no love.

Raegan couldn't let Mitchel dictate the fate of her baby.

It was her child, and she was determined to protect it at all costs.

For a long while, Raegan was silent and lost in thought.

Just then, a sneer tugged at the corners of Mitchel's mouth.

"Is there anything else you want to say?"

He leisurely untied the bath towel and added, "Let's get down to business then."

Raegan couldn't find the strength within her to resist and once again became a tool for Mitchel to satisfy his desires.

From behind, Mitchel gripped her waist tightly and demanded, "Say you love me. Say it!"

Raegan bit her lower lip and refused to say those words as he demanded.

How could she love him now? The only thing that remained between them was nothing but deep-seated hatred.

Unable to contain her emotions any longer, she burst into tears and hurled curses at him, "Mitchel, you're a monster! I hate you...I hate everything about you..."

Not long after, the bed sheet bore the evidence of their intimacy.

Later, after Mitchel brought her to the bathroom to wash up, they stayed in the guestroom.

Raegan was completely drained.

She lay on the bed, panting heavily.

She felt dehumanized.

In his eyes, she was reduced to nothing more than an object.

Seeing Raegan's exhausted and pitiful state, Mitchel took a towel to wipe her sweat.

As he neared, Raegan flinched away and implored, "Don't touch me. Just leave me alone..."

Chapter 255 Not Allowed to Leave Serenity Villas

Raegan had no strength left, so her voice was weak.

It sounded so soft in Mitchel's ears.

To Mitchel, she was incredibly obedient.

Even when they took a shower earlier, she was very well-behaved.

She was also cooperative during their lovemaking.

Little by little, Mitchel was becoming rational again.

His tone was no longer cold.

He gently stroked her hair and reminded her, "There's something here."

Raegan immediately realized what he meant.

She looked at him, white as a sheet. She suddenly remembered how she had willingly offered to help him earlier to cool him down. She couldn't help feeling embarrassed.

When she thought of what they had just done, she was so ashamed of herself.

The more Raegan thought about it, the more upset she became.

What if Mitchel treated her like this again in the future? Would she still have to continue being compliant with him? Fortunately, her baby bump was not obvious yet.

And by the time their agreement ended, she would be four months pregnant. She knew it would be more troublesome if he found out she was pregnant.

Raegan knew Mitchel very well.

Whether she could keep the child was no longer a question.

She knew for sure that he wouldn't let her raise the child alone after she gave birth to the child.

How could she let it happen? She would carry this child in her belly for ten months.

For her, this child was her most precious treasure.

She couldn't let him take her child away.

He had no right to separate them.

Raegan was deeply wounded.

Mitchel's madness tonight reminded her once again of those times when he doubted and hurt her.

These thoughts only strengthened her determination to keep her pregnancy a secret.

Now, she felt regretful that she agreed to remarry him.

She blamed herself for being stupid.

Why didn't she just choose to have sex with him? It would have been better than being trapped in a marriage certificate.

Raegan's eyes were red and swollen from crying.

She closed them slightly, thinking about something sluggishly.

Mitchel's desire had already subsided, so he was more restrained now.

When he looked at the hickeys on her neck and back, the anger of jealousy in his heart seemed to have gradually dissipated.

It was replaced by a feeling of coldness and a hint of fear. The feeling of coldness was caused by the fact that she didn't tell him the truth.

The fear was caused by the thought that she might leave him at any moment.

Mitchel knew himself.

He was aware that he couldn't bear to see Raegan leave him.

And he could never accept that she got pregnant with someone else's child.

If he was asked to make a choice, he was even willing to compromise just to keep her by his side.

He lowered his head and silently looked at her lying next to him.

Her familiar scent gradually filled the gaping void in his heart.

At this moment, he was suddenly overwhelmed by the desire to hold her tightly in his arms.

But before he could make a move, Raegan suddenly sat up and said, "I want to go home."

Raegan was so scared that she didn't want to stay here with him anymore.

But when Mitchel heard her words, the anger he had suppressed in his heart surged again.

He asked emotionlessly, "You want to go home?"

"Our agreement doesn't say I can't go home, right?"

Raegan retorted, using his words against him.

Wasn't he the first to break their agreement? Besides, nothing in the agreement said she couldn't go home.

"Please respect what we have agreed upon. I hope what happened tonight won't happen again." They were in a cooperative relationship, a contractual marriage, and involving sex made things too complicated.

She didn't want it to happen.

Absolutely not! Raegan got out of bed without waiting for Mitchel's response.

She didn't even bother to find any slippers.

She walked barefoot, not wanting to stay here even for a minute more.

However, she had overestimated her own strength, and her legs gave way as soon as she got off the bed.

"Ah!"

Raegan let out a scream before she fell to the floor.

Fortunately, the floor was carpeted, so she wasn't hurt too badly.

However, she still struggled to pull herself up.

She held the edge of the bed for support and slowly made her way toward the door.

Mitchel watched Raegan as she walked with a stagger.

Every step she took ignited the flame in his heart.

Before Raegan could walk out of the room, Mitchel forcibly grabbed her arm and threw her hard onto the bed.

He said coldly through clenched teeth, "Didn't you understand what I said just now? This is your home! Let me say it again. From now on, you are not allowed to leave Serenity Villas without my permission, not even a single step."

Raegan's eyes widened in disbelief.

She asked in shock, "Mitchel, what right do you have to restrict my freedom? Why are you doing this?"

"Do you still have to ask why? I am your husband!"

Mitchel roared angrily.

Then, he looked at her with gloomy eyes and warned, "You'd better behave. Otherwise, I will be forced to lock you up with iron chains. If you break our agreement, I'll send your best friend back to that place."

Mitchel's words were an undisguised threat.

Raegan was so angry that her hands trembled uncontrollably.

She cursed, "Mitchel, you bastard! You are so shameless!"

She didn't expect he would use Nicole to threaten her.

However, her insults did not affect him at all.

Mitchel pressed his hands on the bed for support and bent his long legs on both sides of Raegan.

He reminded her, "Since you always regard our marriage as an agreement, show me some spirit of cooperation. We are a couple. Have you ever seen a couple who live separately and don't have sex?"

"Mitchel, how dare you! You..."

Raegan was at a loss for words.



She was so angry that she couldn't stop herself from shaking.

What she had experienced just now was torturous.

How dare he still talk about sex! "Mitchel, you jerk! I'm telling you. Marrying you again was the biggest mistake I had ever made!"

Raegan's words struck Mitchel's fragile nerves.

His eyes turned sinister as he said, "Raegan, I don't like to hear those words from you!"

"I don't care if you don't like it, you bastard! Mitchel, you are a jerk! A pervert!"

Raegan lost control of herself.

She broke down.

How could Mitchel confine her into this place? "You are not behaving at all."

Mitchel spoke calmly, but the look in his dark eyes was terrifying.

Suddenly, a ripping sound echoed in the room.

He violently tore off the pajamas Raegan had just worn.

The air around them seemed to freeze.

Raegan trembled in fear.

She was still in utter disbelief.

She stammered, "Mitchel, what...What do you want to do?"

"Give you the punishment you deserve."

Mitchel's eyes were filled with gloom.

He seemed to have completely lost his mind.

"Mitchel, please...Don't...Please..."

Raegan tried to dodge, but her head had already hit the headboard.

It created a thud, but Mitchel didn't seem to care.

She had no other way out now.

Mitchel no longer showed mercy.

He bent down and bit her beautiful neck relentlessly.

Raegan bit her lower lip hard, feeling the excruciating pain.

She felt indignant and resentful at the same time."Mitchel...You are a jerk..."

Mitchel's large and somewhat rough hands rubbed Raegan's breasts cruelly.

"You love cursing me, huh? I have enough energy to make you too tired to curse me."

Raegan immediately shut her mouth, not daring to say a single harsh word.

She was accustomed to his lack of restraint, so she could tolerate it.

But this time, it was different.

There was a baby in her belly.

At the thought of her baby, Raegan's face turned pale.

She begged, "Mitchel, let's try a different..."

But Mitchel suddenly sealed her lips with his to stop her from talking.

The next moment, time became long and unbearable again.

Mitchell was fierce, acting like an animal.

He didn't stop until the sky outside slowly brightened.

Raegan was so exhausted that she fell into a deep sleep.

The sky was already slightly dark outside when she woke up.

She suddenly remembered she had to work today.

She hurriedly got up, and her eyes inadvertently fell on the trash can near the door.

She saw the torn pajamas she wore last night thrown in there.

This sight of it reminded Raegan of the prolonged torment last night.

Her face turned pale at once. She rushed to the closet in a panic, hoping to find something to wear.

When she opened it, she was surprised to see that it was filled with luxury women's clothing of the season.

They were all brand new, and tags were still attached to them.

Some of the clothes and accessories looked familiar to Raegan.

They were the latest winter collection that Mitchel had asked the store sales assistant to deliver to her in early autumn.

When they divorced, she didn't take a single piece of clothing with her.

She didn't expect them to be still neatly arranged here.

Raegan had no time to think too much.

She randomly picked a dress, put it on, and walked to the door.

But when she pulled the door, it wouldn't open.

She tried several times, but she failed.

She went to the balcony and found that the back door was also locked.

Not only the doors but also the windows and other access points were sealed.

She had no way out.

Raegan collapsed to the floor.

She didn't expect that Mitchel was serious.

He really intended to lock her up here.

In the hospital, Nicole had already finished packing up.

Nicole was much better now, so she was allowed to be discharged.

The doctor said she could rest at home to fully recover, so Jarrod had arranged for a car to pick her up from the hospital.

Jarrod planned to personally pick her up, but he was held up by Jamie's matter.

Nicole was relieved when she learned he couldn't come.

Actually, she didn't want to see him.

Although she had destroyed what Jarrod had about her father, Jarrod claimed to know a doctor who could cure her father's heart problem.

He promised to arrange for the doctor to fly over and perform the surgery within a week.

Nicole decided to trust him again this time.

She behaved obediently while waiting for the scheduled operation.

Outside the hospital, she immediately saw Jarrod's company car.

This car often came to pick her up, so she was familiar with it.

She got in without hesitation.

The car drove slowly until it arrived in front of a villa.

Nicole realized she had never been here before, so she asked, "Why are we here?"

"It's Mr.Schultz's instruction," the driver replied.

Nicole didn't think about anything else anymore.

She got out of the car and walked into the villa.

As soon as she entered the house, the door slammed shut and was locked from the outside.

Then, a man in a red suit slowly walked out from the corner, looking at Nicole maliciously.

"Miss Lawrence, we meet again."

Chapter 256 Jarrod Sent

Howe, the man in the red suit, looked unsettlingly like a pervert.

Nicole eyed Howe warily and asked crossly, "What are you doing here?"

Rumors about Howe's cruel treatment of his sexual partners had reached Nicole.

Some even whispered about a woman who died during an encounter with him.

Howe approached Nicole with a leering look and said, "This is my house. Why can't I be here?"

Nicole's heart raced.

Despite the gnawing fear in her heart, she forced herself to remain calm and said, "I'm sorry. I must've gone to the wrong place."

She then turned to the door and yanked on it a few times but it wouldn't budge.

"No, you're not in the wrong place," Howe said.

He came so close to Nicole that she could hear him breathing.

His voice made Nicole feel sick to her stomach and made her hair stand on end.

Moreover, her hand on the doorknob shook.

"What do you mean?" Nicole stammered in fear.

"Don't you realize what's going on?"

Howe responded. Nicole's heart sank.

While trying her best to stay calm, she clenched her fist and feigned ignorance.

"I don't understand. Please open the door. I want to go back."

Howe burst into laughter. He placed his hand on Nicole's shoulder and slowly slid it down.

"Do I really have to spell it out for you? Jarrod sent you to me."

As he spoke, his hand crept toward her collar.

Nicole slapped his hand away and stepped back.

With her eyes fixed on him, she asked in disbelief, "Did Jarrod really say that?"

Howe's hand stung from the slap.

Annoyed, he scoffed, "Of course! Who do you think you are? Jarrod sent you to me after I mentioned you once."

Nicole coldly chuckled to herself.

What Jarrod had done didn't surprise her. It was something he would likely do, after all.

"Even if it was Jarrod, he has no right to send me to you. Open the door now, or I'll call the police!"

She took out her cell phone, ready to call the police.

Smack! Her phone suddenly clattered to the floor.



Howe approached her, his eyes narrowed sinisterly.

Nicole sensed the danger and quickly stepped back.

Upon realizing she couldn't escape through the door, she instead bolted upstairs for a room to hide in.

Unfortunately, Howe caught her hair just as she reached the stairs.

The pain was intense, and her scalp felt like her hair might tear off.

"Ouch!"

Nicole cried out, tears springing to her eyes. Howe firmly gripped her hair and cursed, "You shameless piece of trash! You should feel honored!"

He dragged her up the stairs by her hair and opened a door.

To Nicole, it felt like entering hell.

Howe then proceeded to tie Nicole to a chair.

The ropes were specially designed.

The more she struggled, the tighter they became.

Trembling with rage, Nicole shouted, "If you touch me, I won't let you get away with it! I'll press charges and make sure you pay!"

"I'm curious. How do you plan on making me pay? You know, I don't care even if you don't consent. Give it a try with me and you'll like me," Howe taunted.

"Bullshit!"

Nicole bellowed at the top of her lungs.

"Don't even think that you are above the law!"

With a terrifying smile, Howe approached Nicole and remarked, "Miss Lawrence, you're quite stubborn. Let's see if you can remain so!"

As he spoke, he raised his hand and slapped her across the face.

Smack! The sound of the slap was crisp and harsh.

Nicole's head jerked to the side, and her ears buzzed because of the impact.

Howe then grabbed her by the hair yet again and repeatedly slapped her face.

A mouthful of blood escaped Nicole's lips.

Her scalp felt like it was being torn apart, and pain radiated through her entire body. Howe let out a maniacal laugh, seemingly pleased with himself.

"Let's see how stubborn you are now!"

Tears blurred Nicole's vision, but she could still make out the figure of a despicable figure approaching her.

With a malicious look on his face, Howe mumbled to himself, "This isn't enough..."

That was just the appetizer.

The main course hadn't even been served yet.

Meanwhile, Nicole felt that the pain she was enduring was building up.

Tears cascaded down her face as she faced the grim reality.

As moments went by, her mind drifted away and the world seemed to have quieted down.

She couldn't even utter a word nor move her arms.

It was as though she had lost control of her entire body.

For what felt like forever, Nicole felt like a puppet on strings.

Her gaze was vacant, and blood smeared in her lip from biting.

By now, she looked like her strength had left her.

On the other hand, Howe seemed to have calmed down.

He took a little white pill from the cabinet and swallowed it with a sip of water.

He had an erectile dysfunction, so he had to take a pill before having sex.

Nicole's figure was undeniably exquisite.

Despite her slender frame, she had perky breasts and a full ass.

Howe's breathing quickened as he imagined what he planned to do.

Thinking it was about time, he began unfastening his belt.

Nicole felt as if she had descended into a pitch-black abyss.

She felt sick to the stomach and felt the urge to throw up.

Sadly, she was weak and helpless and didn't even have the strength to struggle.

She could only watch as Howe approached her.

"Damn it!"

Howe suddenly cursed, frustrated with his own lack of control.

He hadn't even started, but he had already ejaculated.

In his mind, Nicole's incredible body and long-held fantasies about her were to blame.

"Argh! Fuck!"

Howe grumbled to himself.

He went to take medication again.

This time, he increased the dosage by popping seven pills into his mouth.

Then, he pressed a button on the remote control, and the room's projector played the footage of the torments he had inflicted on Nicole earlier.

Howe, twisted as he was, loved watching people in agony.

Of course, he was aware he'd be better off doing something.

But since Nicole wasn't physically strong, he feared he'd kill her if he went any further.

He wanted to have fun with her while she was alive.

It wouldn't feel the same if she died.

Therefore, he prolonged his fantasies by replaying the video of her suffering again and again.

Nicole's eyes widened upon realizing that the video being played was of her getting beaten.

Her lips quivered, and tears streamed down her face like a relentless storm.

"You bastard!"

Each word felt like a sharp blade, slicing through her heart.

If her hatred was an inferno, Howe would've turned to ashes already. Meanwhile, Jarrod was with Jamie for their pre-wedding check-up.

Their wedding was just a week away.

The venue was arranged, the hotel bookings were done, and the invitations had been sent out.

Every detail had been meticulously organized.

During the lengthy examination, Jarrod sent a text to Nicole but received no response.

His brows furrowed in annoyance.

He knew she had no sense of gratitude.

How foolish he was for having gone to the lengths of hiring a cardiologist for her father? Jarrod had his plans for Nicole well thought out, especially after his marriage with Jamie.

Nicole's father's illness required more than just one surgery.

As long as Nicole needed his help to save her father, she would have to comply with his demands.

In other words, Nicole had no way to escape his grasp.

After waiting for about 30 minutes, Jarrod received no reply from Nicole.

He tried calling her, only to be redirected to her voicemail.

This only added to his frustration.

He sneered at the thought that she was ignoring his calls.

Infuriated, Jarrod called Alec and instructed, "Find out where Nicole is."

Chapter 257 Stab Him

Shortly after, Jamie emerged from the examination room.

She excitedly proposed to Jarrod that they go back now. She wanted to try on her wedding dress again, just for Jarrod.

With his schedules being so hectic recently, Jarrod hadn't spent much time with Jamie recently.

He had assured her that he'd be by her side for the entire day.

On their way home, Jarrod's phone rang.

It was Alec.

Jarrod answered the call using his Bluetooth headset.

After hearing Alec's words, Jarrod's usually stoic demeanor visibly chilled.

Bang! Without warning, he slammed on the brakes and made a sharp U-turn, driving off rapidly in a different direction.

Jamie, feeling a sudden sense of unease, asked, "Jarrod, where are we going?"

Jarrod didn't reply, his face a mask of cold determination as he continued to drive.

"Ah!"

Suddenly, Jamie clutched her stomach, crying out in pain.

"Jarrod, my stomach...It's really hurting."

Jarrood eased off the accelerator, glancing at her with concern.

"Your stomach is hurting?" he asked.

Jamie, sweat dotting her forehead, nodded vigorously, grimacing in pain.

"Yes, it's so painful..."

In response, Jarrood pulled over, quickly got out of the car, and gently lifted Jamie out of the car.

"Don't worry. Alec will be here soon to take you to the hospital," he reassured her before closing the car door and driving away. "Fuck you!"

Howe collapsed, clutching his leg and cursing in pain.

"Ah!"

Another scream echoed through the room.

Bruised and battered, Nicole extracted the knife from Howe's leg.

"You fucking crazy bitch! You dare to stab me? Go to hell!"

Nicole crouched down, grinning, and lifted the knife.

Slash, slash...

Nicole heard the sound of the knife slicing through flesh.



With each insult Howe hurled, Nicole jabbed the knife into Howe's legs.

"Ah! Ah!"

Howe's screams filled the air.

Distracted, Nicole didn't notice Howe sneakily reaching for a remote and pressing a button.

Beep! An alarm blared.

Gritting his teeth in pain, Howe sneered, "You bitch! Just wait till my bodyguards get here. You're done for!"

He'd hit the alarm to summon his bodyguards.

This villa, originally a gift from Jarrod to Jamie, had been cleverly transferred to Howe by Jamie.

Though Howe seldom visited this villa, he always had two bodyguards with him, anticipating trouble due to his unsavory activities.

Nicole's heart pounded as she remembered considering running away, only to spot two muscular men at the door.

That was why she'd run upstairs instead.

Not wanting to waste time, Nicole quickly barricaded the door with the only chair in the room.

Soon, a persistent knocking resounded from the other side.

Howe's legs were both stabbed, causing him to bleed profusely.

Unable to stand, he yelled toward the door, "Enough with the banging! Just break it open!"

Nicole quickly gagged Howe with a cloth.

Lying on the floor, Howe's whimpers filled the air as his wounds continued to bleed.

His condition was pitiful.

Nicole grabbed Howe's phone to call for help.

She was relieved that she could make an emergency call without unlocking his phone.

Her hands shaking, she gave their location to the police.

Their villa, situated by the riverbank and away from the city, felt isolated.

The dispatcher tried to reassure Nicole, promising that the police would arrive in thirty minutes.

Beep...

Howe's phone vibrated again.

Jarrold's name flashed on the screen.

Startled, Nicole dropped the phone.

She muttered to herself, "Evil! They're all evil!"

Bang! The pounding on the door intensified.

Exhausted and in pain, Nicole collapsed, her body shaking uncontrollably.

The constant banging was all she could hear.

Clutching a knife, Nicole crouched in a corner, tears clouding her vision, praying for the police to hurry.

Suddenly, there was a loud bang.

The door gave way under the force of two bodyguards.

They quickly rushed in and assisted Howe to his feet.

Howe screamed in agony.

Once they removed the gag, he pointed at Nicole, shouting, "Catch that bitch! She had called the police. We need to clean up this mess and get out!"

Hearing this, Nicole summoned her last bit of energy and bolted toward the door, descending the stairs rapidly.

The bodyguards pursued her.

The front gate stood wide open.

As soon as the bodyguards unlocked the door in response to the alarm, they carelessly left it open.

This sparked a glimmer of hope in Nicole, who quickly darted toward the door.

Suddenly, she crashed into a sturdy figure, feeling arms wrap around her waist.

The glaring sun made her squint, and when her vision cleared, she screamed in fright upon seeing Jarrod.

In a swift move, she stabbed him with the knife she held.

"Ugh..."

Jarrod, groaned in pain. Nicole was overwhelmed by fear.

Her recent ordeals had left her on edge, triggering almost instinctive reactions.

She stabbed him again, the sunlight catching on the bloodied blade.

Jarrod held onto Nicole's wrist so tightly that she felt like it was about to break.

"You're insane!" he shouted, blood oozing from his wound.

Howe, drenched in blood, hurried after them, his eyes lighting up when he saw Jarrod.

'Jarrod, look at this mess she's made of me.

Grab that bitch! Don't let her slip away!"

Nicole quickly figured out they were working together.

Her eyes widened in shock and fear as she yelled, "Let me go! Let me go!"

Howe shouted back, "No way we're letting her go. She just called the police. We can't let her get out of here!"

"Release me! Let me go!"

Nicole kept fighting back.

One thing filled her mind.

She had to get away from these two.

It was the only way she'd be safe.

Jarrold held her hands tightly behind her, his icy stare fixed on her.

"Did you call the police?"

Chapter 258 You Already Knew It

A hint of ruthlessness flashed through Jarrold's sharp eyes.

Nicole held her breath for a moment. She had no strength to answer Jarrold.

All she wanted now was to run away.

Howe winced in pain, and his body trembled.

He said in a panic, "Jarrold, stop that bitch and get her in the car. We have to go. Otherwise, we will be in trouble if the cops arrive."

Jarrood's scrutinizing eyes that had been fixed on Nicole's tattered clothes shifted to Howe's bloody leg.

His fleek eyebrows furrowed tightly.

Without saying a word, Jarrod picked Nicole up effortlessly and ordered his men casually, "Clean up this place. Don't leave any trace."

Nicole felt like her world crumbled.

She was so consumed by despair that her body shook uncontrollably. She knew what Jarrod's words meant.

They wanted to sweep the truth under the rug.

In that case, all the humiliation she had suffered would be in vain.

Judging from Howe's words, it was very obvious that this was not his first time hurting someone.

Who knew how many women had suffered in this place? At the thought of this, rage suddenly surged in Nicole's heart.

Nicole leaned over and bit Jarrod's chin hard. She was filled with fierce determination.

Jarrood hissed in pain. He reached out, trying to pull her away.

Nicole seized this opportunity.

She raised her leg and kneed his crotch hard.

"Shit!"

Jarrood's face contorted in pain.

He was forced to let her go.

Nicole immediately took out a small knife from his pocket, held it tightly, and charged at Howe.

She roared, "I will kill you!"

Howe was so startled that he stammered, "Oh...You..."

He made an attempt to pull the bodyguard over to take the knife. However, he tripped and fell right in front of Nicole.

As a result, the knife buried itself deeply into Howe's shoulder.

"Ah!"

The excruciating pain made Howe scream.

Actually, Nicole aimed the knife at Howe's neck.

But since he fell, it hit his shoulder.

But she didn't intend to give up.

With red eyes, she pulled back the knife and stabbed him again.

"Ah! You crazy bitch!"

Howe exclaimed in terror.

He rolled away, narrowly avoiding the blade. However, Nicole was determined to kill him.

So, she relentlessly chased after him.

Unfortunately, Howe's leg was injured.

He could only crawl on the ground, struggling to escape.

He turned to his bodyguards and shouted angrily, "You! Why are you just standing there!"

It was only then that the two bodyguards reacted.

They rushed forward, intending to restrain Nicole.

But suddenly, a sleek black car pulled over right in front of the villa.

"Howe! Howe!"

Jamie got out of the car and ran toward Howe.

When she saw him covered with blood, tears streamed down her face.

"Howe, who the hell did this to you?"

Jamie shouted angrily.



Howe gritted his teeth, pointed his trembling finger at Nicole, and exclaimed, "That little bitch! She used dirty tricks on me and stabbed me many times. She even stabbed Jarrod, too."

Jamie was enraged.

She lunged at Nicole and raised her hand to slap Nicole.

However, Jarrod quickly reached out and gripped Jamie's hand, stopping her in her tracks.

Then, a crisp slap sound echoed in the air.

Jamie was unprepared, so she staggered back a few steps.

Five red fingerprints immediately appeared on her face.

It turned out that although Nicole's one hand was restrained by the bodyguard, she instinctively slapped Jamie with her free hand when she saw Jamie running toward her.

Nicole was furious.

Jamie seemed in cahoots with Howe.

They always conspired against her.

And what they did was an endless cycle of schemes and manipulation.

Nicole glared at them fiercely, wishing she could tear them apart.

"Jarrod..."

Jamie's mouth gaped open in disbelief. Her eyes widened in shock. She glared at Jarrod with tears streaming down her face uncontrollably.

"How can you let this bitch slap me?"

Jarrod's expression turned serious.

He stammered, "No, I..."

He was at a loss for words because he couldn't explain his actions just now.

His instinctual reaction was to protect Nicole.

It was just that he didn't expect Nicole to slap Jamie.

His cold eyes turned dark.

He looked at the bodyguard and ordered firmly, "Drag her into the car."

Upon hearing this, the bodyguard shoved Nicole into the car forcefully.

Jamie protested, "Jarrod, what are you doing? She stabbed you and Howe. And now, she slapped me. How can you just let her go? She can't leave. I must deal with her."

Jamie felt wronged, thinking Jarrod was being unfair.

Jarrod seemed to realize it.

He coaxed her in a soft voice, "Okay, stop crying now. Let me handle this, okay? Go to the car and apply medicine on your face."

Jamie knew that the situation was a bit complicated.

She had heard that Nicole had called the police.

However, her wedding with Jarrod was just around the corner.

She knew Jarrod would never let Nicole get into trouble.

So, Jamie covered her face and said resentfully, "Jarrod, you can't let her go just like that."

Jarrod gently comforted Jamie, patting her head as he guided her toward the car.

Then, he got in the car where Nicole was.

His handsome face darkened.

The bodyguard tied Nicole to the base of the car seat.

As soon as Nicole saw Jarrod get in, she glared at him fiercely as if she wanted to swallow him alive.

Jarrod nonchalantly settled himself across from Nicole.

He didn't seem to care about her reaction.

He just observed her lazily.

After a while, he said, "You know what to say in front of the police, right?"

Nicole met his eyes and said in a voice dripping with fury, "Don't even think about it. The police will be here in a few minutes. I'll hold on until the very end to make sure this monster ends up in jail."

"Really? Do you think you have a choice?"

Jarrood remained composed.

He was unfazed by her words.

A wicked charm seemed to dance around him, accentuated by the blood stains on his chest. Nicole suddenly asked, "Jarrod, have you forgotten what you said at the hospital?"

Jarrood's brows furrowed tightly.

Upon seeing his reaction, Nicole reminded him, "You promised that if you found out who was behind the torture I received in the detention center, you would set things straight for me. That person is Howe."

Moments earlier, Howe was so excited that he spilled the beans.

It directly came from his mouth that Nicole was lucky those two women in the detention center didn't kill her.

Otherwise, he couldn't have tortured her today.

Nicole asked Howe if he had something to do with those two women.

And he admitted it without hesitation.

Howe thought it was not a problem even if he confessed to Nicole.

After all, Jarrod would undoubtedly cover for him.

What could she do? Nicole turned to look at Jarrod.

And when she saw his unsurprised expression, she sneered, "So, you already knew it was him. How ridiculous!"

Jarrod didn't say anything.

Indeed, Alec found out that the person behind that incident at the detention center was Howe.

However, due to his forthcoming wedding with Jamie, Jarrod planned to deal with Howe after the ceremony.

Of course, Jarrod wouldn't let go of Howe just like that.

But he couldn't have Howe arrested right now.

It wasn't the right time yet.

He didn't want Jamie to lose face. So, everything had to wait until their wedding was finished.

After thinking for a while, Jarrod explained, "I never said I would let him go. But it's not yet the time to deal with him. He can't go to jail at this moment, no matter what. It's not the right time yet."

Nicole's heart was overwhelmed by despair.

And she was angry that Jarrod was always distressed by Jamie's tears.

This only meant she had to swallow her pride.

And she was also forced to let Howe go.

She had no other choice.

Nicole felt she was treated inhumanely, and her hatred against Jarrod, Howe, and Jamie intensified.

But before she could make any move, she had to think of her father's operation.

She needed Jarrod's assistance for her father to have a successful operation, so she had to swallow all the pain, no matter how much it hurt.

After all these thoughts, Nicole said calmly, "I know what to say when dealing with the police. But you have to help me with something."

Chapter 259 Out Of Mind

"What is it?" Jarrod asked.

"Howe took a video of him hitting me. You must destroy it!" Nicole answered.

Initially, she wanted that video so she could use it as evidence in the future.

But she knew Jarrod wouldn't give it to her voluntarily, so she'd better destroy it.

Otherwise, it would only remind her of Howe.

Every time she thought of Howe, she felt so disgusted that she wanted to throw up.

"Sure, no problem,"

Jarrold agreed without hesitation. He leaned over and untied the rope on her wrists.

Nicole relaxed for a moment.

Then, Jarrod reached out to take off Nicole's bloody shirt.

"Hey, what are you doing?" Nicole snapped, covering her chest and looking vigilant.

"What do you think?" Jarrod sneered.

"How do you plan to explain to the police if they see you dressed like this?"

After saying this, he threw his shirt at Nicole.

She picked it up and put it on reluctantly.

The wounds on her body and face were burning.

While she was buttoning it up, she felt his gaze fixed on her.

She felt so uncomfortable that she hurriedly turned around.

When she was all set, Jarrod had changed into a black shirt, throwing his bloody shirt away.

The knife Nicole used was so small that it didn't harm any of Jarrod's organs. He only got shallow cuts on his skin.

Jarrood looked at Nicole and smiled mischievously.

"Why are you still shy? Haven't I seen every inch of you?"

Jarrood seldom smiled.

The coldness and toughness he emanated made him look indifferent, even when he smiled. He had a handsome face, but he was like a poison that could be very fatal sometimes.

Jarrood's smile gave Nicole that goosebumps again. She turned her face away without responding or smiling.

Suddenly, she felt a cold touch on her face.

It turned out that Jarrood took an iced drink from the car fridge and put it on her cheek to reduce the swelling.

The cold bottle rolled against Nicole's face, and Jarrood's movements were meticulous and gentle.

It was totally different from his usual madness.

Nicole reached out and attempted to grab the bottle.

However, Jarrood held her hand.

He stared at her with sharp eyes.

"Did you hear what I said the other night?"



Nicole looked flustered for a moment.

She shook her head and played dumb.

"What did you say?"

Jarrold stared at her, pressed the back of her hand with his thumb, and sneered, "Are you sure you want to play dumb with me?"

Cat Of hind well, whip well."

The more he hated her, the more he loved her.

"Are you kidding me? You hate me so much because you still love me?" Nicole asked in disbelief.

Jarrold reached out, tucked a strand of hair behind her ear, and said vaguely, "I also want to know."

Nicole's smile froze. Her lips trembled as if she wanted to say something.

But she realized she was at a loss for words.

On the contrary, Jarrold was smiling.

He was in a good mood.

But when he inadvertently touched the ring on her pinkie, his expression changed.

Last time in the detention center, those two women stomped on the back of Nicole's hands.

The bone in her pinkie was broken.

It had already healed, but the scar was still obvious.

Nicole was afraid her parents would worry when they saw it, so she covered it with a ring.

After a while, Jarrod whispered, "Trust me. I made a promise, and I won't break it."

His intention was to seek justice for Nicole.

But his promise gave her goosebumps.

The hands on her lap clenched slightly.

She dodged his fiddling and said in a somewhat sarcastic tone, "Mr. Schultz, I'm not sure if I'm still alive by the time you deal with your future brother-in-law..."

Before she could finish her words, Jarrod bent down and kissed her lips.

But his cold lips didn't go deep.

He just kissed her lightly. Then, he looked at her and asked with a smile, "Are you jealous?"

Nicole was too shocked to say a word.

She really wanted to smash Jarrod's head with a hammer to see what the hell was inside his brain.

How could he take her sarcasm as jealousy? He was really driving her nuts.

Nicole wiped her lips hard.

It was as if she wanted to tear off the skin of the part he touched.

Jarrold's handsome face darkened at once.

He grabbed her hand, pressed it on his chest, and leaned over.

This time, his kiss was a little ruthless.

His tongue pried open her mouth and teeth.

He gave her a hard French kiss.

He didn't let go of her lips until she groaned in pain.

Nicole's strength was no match for a powerful man like Jarrod.

Her struggles were nothing to him.

His kiss became more and more aggressive, and his growing desire seemed to give her a dangerous signal.

She already knew what would happen next.

The more Nicole thought about it, the more nervous she became.

Jarrold must be out of his mind.

Jamie was just in the car next to them.

How could he do this to her? He didn't even treat her as a human being! Suddenly, Jarrod's phone on the seat vibrated.

Nicole breathed a sigh of relief at this distraction, especially when she saw that it was Jamie calling.

When Jarrod's grip on her loosened, she took advantage of this opportunity.

She hit his wound hard with her elbow.

Jarrodd hissed.

His face contorted in pain.

He finally let go of her.

Nicole quickly pushed him away and hid in a corner.

She gasped slightly and glared at Jarrod with her beautiful eyes which were full of complaints.

"Six days left," she said.

Jarrodd looked at her with a frown.

Nicole continued, "Jarrod, there are only six days left before your wedding.

After that, you can no longer humiliate me."

Six days from now, Jarrod and Jamie would get married.

They had an agreement that after Jarrod got married, all their contracts would be invalid.

Jarrod said indifferently, "I have reasons for marrying Jamie. But I definitely don't love her."

His words made Nicole shiver.

She looked at him as if she was looking at a lunatic.

"What the hell? Jarrod, are you out of your mind?"

Chapter 260 The Crazy Mitchell

Nicole was puzzled.

Why did Jarrod say such ambiguous words to her? Nicole was no longer a teenager.

Jarrod's implications made her uneasy.

His confession, far from sweet, left her feeling unsettled.

As Jarrod was about to speak again, Jamie arrived.

Exiting the car, Jarrod and Jamie exchanged a few words beside the car.

Jamie's anger erupted into tears. She glared through the car window with a fierce look.

Nicole caught fragments of their conversation, something about an apology.

Perhaps Jamie expected her to apologize personally.

Jarrold, aware that Nicole wouldn't apologize to Jamie, suggested Jamie abandon the idea.

Eventually, Jarrold managed to calm Jamie and guide her back to her car.

When the police arrived, Nicole claimed she had accidentally called the police during an argument with her boyfriend.

The officers questioned her further about the incident and inspected the villa but found nothing.

Before leaving, one officer lectured Nicole. Then, Nicole left in Alec's car.

As Alec's car and Jarrold's car passed, Jarrold's meaningful glance unsettled Nicole.

In that instant, Nicole felt a chill run through her.

Uncertain and anxious, she pondered Jarrold's next move.

Had it not for the medical experts Jarrold had introduced to her father, Nicole would have left this instant.

Taking out her phone, she texted someone, "I'll be ready in ten days. Is everything set?"

"Everything's arranged," the receiver replied.

Relieved, Nicole deleted the messages.

She resolved not to engage in Jarrold's games, and planned to leave Ardlens with her parents.

Raegan had been grounded by Mitchel.

She had been at home alone for five days, and Mitchel didn't show up since they met last time.

The maid, a familiar face, diligently brought meals to her room but was forbidden from engaging in conversation with Raegan.

Once, Raegan attempted to borrow a cell phone from the maid, but to her disappointment, the maid didn't possess one.

Raegan's days consisted of eating, sleeping, and watching TV, doing good for her condition.

During her confinement, Raegan scrutinized the windows, searching for an escape route, but the villa's design thwarted her plans.

On the evening of the fifth day, Mitchel returned.

Hearing the door, a flicker of excitement passed through Raegan and was quickly suppressed.

The solitude had begun to affect her.

Mitchel entered with a calm demeanor.

Raegan yearned to speak but found herself at a loss for words.

Mitchel merely glanced at her before heading to the bathroom for a shower, leaving Raegan alone with the sound of running water.

The sound brought back unsettling memories of a crazy night.

A night when, after pleading, Mitchel had shown her a bit of mercy, yet the duration had been unbearable for Raegan.

She pondered what had driven Mitchel to such extremes.

Determined to initiate a calm conversation that night, Raegan waited for Mitchel.

Mitchel emerged from the shower, less intimidating in navy blue pajamas, his hair damp.

Seeking to ease the tension, Raegan asked casually, "Have you eaten dinner?"

"Yes," Mitchel responded succinctly.

"Are you thirsty?" she continued, intent on breaking the ice.

Mitchel held her gaze for a moment, then nodded. Raegan hesitantly poured a glass of water for Mitchel, who was casually leaning against the bed, absorbed in the latest magazine.

As she hesitated to hand him the glass, Mitchel swiftly grasped her wrist.

He set the glass on the bedside table and, with a gentle pull, Raegan found herself unexpectedly seated across his lap, her cheeks flushing with surprise.

"Ah!"

Startled, Raegan let out a cry. She attempted to rise, but Mitchel firmly held her ankle.

He rubbed the protruding bones of her ankle casually as he asked with an icy tone, "Do you have something to tell me?"



Trying to remain calm, Raegan replied, "I've work to attend to. May I go to the company tomorrow?"

"You needn't bother with that anymore."

Confused and alarmed, Raegan responded, "What do you mean?"

Mitchel revealed, "I've arranged your resignation with your manager. You're free from work now. Aren't you pleased?"

This news infuriated Raegan.

She had intended for a civil conversation, but anger got the better part of her.

"Mitchel, you had no right to decide that for me! It was my job, my decision. Why would you do this without asking me?"

His overbearing nature was unmistakable.

This time, her frustration reached new heights.

"Do you need to ask why?"

Mitchel retorted, his hand moving to

The Crazy Mitche her chin, his sneer chilling.

"Because I'm your husband."

His smile was cold, sending a shiver down Raegan's spine.

Fear gripped Raegan, reminding her of that harrowing night.

She worried that any further provocation might lead to a repeat of that dreadful experience.

At the thought of this, Raegan said softly, "Mitchel, I'm telling the truth. There's nothing between Henley and me. Please don't let your suspicions lead to false accusations."

"Suspicions?"

Mitchel echoed, his tone laced with ambiguity.

Raegan nodded, her words tumbling out in haste, "It's true. I really have nothing to do with Henley. Why can't you believe that?"

After speaking, Raegan instantly regretted her anxious tone.

She glanced at Mitchel, fearing his reaction.

Mitchel's demeanor turned frosty.

"You work for Henley's company, yet you claim there's no connection?"

Raegan's confusion was evident.

What did Mitchel imply by saying she worked for Henley's company? She had never been aware of any connection between the company she worked for and Henley.

Mitchel showed Raegan a document on his laptop, revealing that the company she worked for was acquired by Henley the day after she joined.

The manager she knew was merely a figurehead.

Rushing to clarify, Raegan insisted, "I had no idea about this. I swear." Mitchel's eyes, however, remained skeptical, not convinced by her words.

Raegan's panic surged.

The thought of prolonged confinement was unbearable.

"He threatened me. If you doubt me, let me confront him directly!"

"Confront him?"

Mitchel sneered, "What would you expect from a man who's now a vegetable?"

"What?"

Stunned, Raegan stared at Mitchel.

"Henley... He's in a vegetative state?"

Raegan's shock was palpable.

The idea of Henley being reduced to a vegetative state was beyond her wildest expectations.

The look of disbelief on Raegan's face morphed into sorrow, a sight that seemed strikingly out of place to Mitchel.

His eyes narrowed with suspicion.

"Are you saddened by this?"

Raegan, caught off guard by his query, shook her head quickly.

"No, it's just hard to comprehend..."

Henley and Raegan had known each other for a long time.

Raegan wasn't one to be callous or unfeeling.

Moreover, despite what Henley had done, he had never truly harmed her.

At that critical moment, he had made a concerted effort to shield her.

Raegan's absent-minded look only fueled Mitchel's growing ire. Mitchel had stayed away for five days, struggling with the fear of losing control and harming Raegan again.

He had tried to suppress his thoughts, but each new revelation only stoked the flames of his anger.

Suddenly, his expression darkened.

He pushed Raegan onto the bed, his hand moving under her dress.

Raegan, terrified, stammered out an explanation, "I wasn't aware of any link between Henley and the company I worked for. His threat was real. Why can't you trust me, Mitchel?"

Mitchel's piercing gaze bore into her.

"Then explain why Henley would leave all his wealth and assets to you?"