

Unbreakable 201

Chapter 201

Do You Really Want Me To Die There was a buzzing sound.

It was a prolonged white noise, and Nicole felt it wouldn't stop.

Her ear hurt, and she felt like she would go deaf.

Nicole was stunned for a while.

Then, she felt the fiery pain on her face spread to her nerves.

She touched her face stiffly.

Indeed, it was hot.

It turned out that being slapped by someone who she once loved hurt so much.

Jarrood's hands were still shaking.

He = didn't understand why he was so angry.

Why did this slap hurt his heart more than hitting him in the face? When he heard Nicole say she hated, detested, and disgusted him, why did he get so angry that he wanted to twist her neck at once? This hypocritical woman who betrayed him didn't deserve his pity, right? Jarrod felt ridiculous that he thought of letting her go after it was over.

What he got was her ruthless words.

He had fallen for Nicole's acting twice.

He would never allow a third time.

He should never feel even the slightest pity on her.

Jarrold finally calmed down after a while.

But his voice was still as scary as the demon's.

"Nicole, I'll ask you one last time.

Do you admit that you pushed Jamie?" "Why are you insisting that I pushed Jamie? Are you going to force me to admit it, then send me to the police station?" "It's good that you know," Jarrold said coldly.

A self-deprecating smile appeared on Nicole's face, so she lowered her head to hide it.

What else could she expect from her relationship with Jarrold? There was only hatred between them.

Endless hatred.

After a while, Nicole raised her head, met Jarrold's bloodshot eyes, and said indifferently, "Jarrold, is this only what you are capable of? Nothing more than this?" At this moment, there was only disdain in her eyes, making her momentarily return to the proud eldest daughter of the Lawrence family.

"Okay, you're asking for it, huh? I hope you can still be this proud later." As he said this, the last trace of warmth in Jarrold's eyes disappeared.

His tone was full of ridicule.

He turned around and whispered a few words to the man beside him.

Then, two bodyguards walked to the huge fish tank and fished out four bloodthirsty piranhas.

At Jarrod's command, they threw the fish into the water with a splash.

The four cruel creatures that had not been fed for a long time didn't leave.

Instead, they surrounded the yacht, waiting for someone to feed them.

Jarrold looked down at the fish in the water and then at Nicole.

His eyes darkened, which was terrifying.

He looked like a devil crawling up from hell.

He asked, "Miss Lawrence, are you ready to start the game?" Nicole couldn't figure out what Jarrod was up to.

So she forced herself to calm down and asked, "What do you want to do?" "Miss Lawrence, please go down and play with these little fish I raised.

If you can come up, I'll let go of the matter of you pushing Jamie into the water." Jarrod's voice was indifferent, but it contained unprecedented coldness and cruelty.

At the sight of the bloodthirsty fish in the water, Nicole felt a shiver down his spine.

She didn't expect Jarrod to be this crazy.

She clearly saw that those were ferocious piranhas.

At this moment, one of Jarrod's men threw a plate of bloody animal innards into the water.

The calm piranhas instantly jumped out of the water and opened their mouths, revealing their sharp teeth.

Then, they fiercely bit the bloody innards.

Soon, the small plate of animal innards was torn to shreds.

Those ugly piranhas still rolled and jumped in the water, reluctant to leave.

Obviously, a small plate of innards was not enough for them.

Suddenly, Jarrod's big hand grabbed Nicole's shoulder unceremoniously and tilted her body against the railing.

Nicole could imagine what she would encounter if she fell into the water, and her face instantly turned pale.

She used all her strength to hold onto Jarrod's arm, She didn't want to die yet.

Her parents were not ready, and they couldn't bear it.

She couldn't leave them for now.

Before she died, she had to arrange everything properly first.

She was so scared that she exclaimed in horror, "Jarrod, I really didn't push her.

Doesn't your yacht have surveillance cameras? You can check the surveillance video." Jarrod countered in a cold and ruthless voice, "You actually know how to find a good place.

You know that this is a blind spot, right?" Nicole leaned against the railing.

She was very careful, even with her breathing.

One careless move, and those ferocious piranhas would feast on her body.

Her face turned even paler, and layers of cold sweat covered her forehead.

There was a faint pleading in her voice when she said, "Jarrod, do you really want me to die like this?" Jarrod pursed his thin lips tightly.

A complicated look flashed in his eyes.

At first, he thought he would throw this hypocritical woman into the water without hesitation.

But seeing her in such a mess at this moment, his heart began to ache uncontrollably.

Perhaps he would relent and stop as long as she pleaded again.

But suddenly, Jamie's voice sounded from behind.

"Jarrod, don't be impulsive." Her face was still pale from falling into the water.

There were glistening teardrops in the corners of her eyes.

"Miss Lawrence did say something bad about you.

But rest assured, I won't be swayed by her instigation.

I will never dislike you for the rest of my life." Jarrod's eyes instantly turned cold.

He asked word by word, "What did she say?" Jamie's face turned paler.

She looked flustered and hesitant.

"It's not something pleasant, so maybe it's better for you not to hear..." "Tell me," Jarrod interrupted in a cold and cruel tone.

Jamie seemed to be frightened.

She shrank back and stuttered, "She..."

Miss Lawrence said that the scars on your back look like twisted and ugly centipedes, and they make her feel nauseous.

Every time she sleeps with you, she becomes nauseous for several days.

She said that I am the only one blind enough not to despise you.

She even asked me how I could bear looking at those hideous scars on your back." Jarrod's face turned pale when he heard those words.

How did he get those scars? It was when he crawled on the ground and was whipped like a dog just to fight for a small business.

His life was a living hell during those three years.

But he still managed to survive somehow.

Since then, what he valued the most was his dignity.

And what he hated the most was having his scars exposed by others.

Besides, anyone could dislike him but Nicole.

She was not qualified at all.

Because it was her betrayal with the Lawrence family that gave him the heaviest blow.

In an instant, Jarrod looked at Nicole with eyes filled with bloodthirsty cruelty.

"Nicole..." he murmured through clenched teeth.

He felt like the Nicole in front of him was already a lifeless object.

"You have no right," he added.

He meant that she had no right to dislike him.

At this moment, Nicole felt cold all over.

She wanted to explain.

But she had just said she was disgusted with him.

Explaining now seemed futile.

She felt so cold that even her lips and teeth trembled.

"Jarrod, I didn't say..." Nicole's words were interrupted by a loud bang.

Before she knew it, her body had already fallen into the water with a splash.

The bloodthirsty revelry kicked off in an instant.

Chapter 202

I Never Want To See You Again As Nicole's body submerged in the biting cold water, she felt the chill penetrate every inch of her being.

She couldn't stop her body from shivering.

Her limbs suffered severe cramps and numbness.

But she couldn't waste even a single second.

The water had washed away the blood on her forehead.

Those voracious piranhas had already smelled it, and they quickly swam toward her.

Nicole bit the tip of her tongue, hoping to dispel the numbness.

She didn't stop, even if she had already tasted blood in her mouth.

Then, she quickly swam toward the yacht.

At this moment, a life-saving rope was lowered from the yacht.

Jarrold knew Nicole was good at swimming.

As long as she grabbed the rope, she would surely be safe.

But so what if she made it back to the yacht safely? At this moment, he already despised her to the core.

Even if she miraculously survived, he would definitely continue tormenting her until her life became a living hell.

Jamie still stood on the deck, wanting to watch the fun.

But when Jarrod turned around and saw her, he said concernedly in a warm voice, "Why don't you go inside? You may catch a cold if you stay here longer." Jamie held Jarrod's arm and said coquettishly, "Look at you.

Your clothes are still wet.

Go inside and get changed.

I want you to accompany me." Suddenly, the crowd behind them burst into an uproar.

Someone shouted, "She got bitten!" These three words made Jarrod's fingers tighten, and his brows furrowed deeply.

He instantly brushed off Jamie's hand and rushed to the railing to check.

Jamie watched Jarrod's back with hatred.

The tenderness and affection in her eyes were replaced by malice.

She thought it would be better if Nicole died.

That bitch gave her nothing but trouble.

Jamie deliberately said those words to Jarrod, thinking someone as prideful as him would strangle Nicole to death.

But to her dismay, what she did didn't even sever their emotional connection.

She stomped her feet in annoyance and followed Jarrod to the railing to see what was going on.

Since she fell in the water just now, she knew the water was bone-chilling.

When Nicole narrowly escaped the fatal bite of the piranha, someone threw a sharp soldering iron to her.

Nicole grabbed it and ruthlessly slammed the pointed end against the surface of the water.

One greedy piranha was caught off guard.

The iron stabbed its body, and it instantly turned upside down.

Surprisingly, the people on the yacht cheered.

They were like spectators watching in an arena.

They kept chattering and making comments about the scene.

But none of them sympathized with Nicole.

Jarrold looked around, and his eyes instantly darkened.

With a gloomy face, he commanded coldly, "Get everyone out of here!" The security guards began to clear the area.

Everyone had no choice but to leave in dismay.

Jarrold stared intently at the dark water surface.

Since the yacht was a bit high, he could only see her swimming from a distance.

But he could tell that Nicole was still struggling to get close to the yacht, refusing to admit defeat.

Nicole's hands and feet continued paddling through the icy water.

The three vicious piranhas were fiercely chasing behind her.

She only managed to hold on and prevent fear from shattering her sanity by biting her tongue.

She had never experienced such a terrifying scene in her life.

Finally, she grabbed the life-saving rope.

It felt like she had grasped onto a sliver of hope to survive.

Nicole pressed her feet against the hull of the yacht and climbed with all her might.

Step by step, she got closer and closer to safety.

Suddenly, something unexpected happened.

She missed a step.

In an instant, she fell several meters down.

The piranhas, who had already tasted blood on the water's surface, leaped eagerly.

They were very close to savoring a delicious meal.

Jarrod's eyes narrowed, and his hand holding the railing trembled unconsciously.

But he tried his best to suppress the surging emotions in his heart.

He reminded himself to be cruel and watched from the sidelines with cold eyes.

He knew Nicole.

She was not the type who gave up easily.

She never backed down.

True to form, Nicole grabbed the rope again and started to climb, defying all odds.

However, no one noticed her face was already deathly pale.

In her desperate attempt to escape, the piranha bit her calf.

The boat was now stained with her fresh blood.

And this had fueled the frenzied aggression of those ravenous fish.

The people on the yacht didn't see any of this.

Nicole didn't want to give up, so she continued her ascent.

But her trembling body told her that she was already exhausted.

Her strength was dwindling, and her consciousness was fading.

Her brain could no longer think clearly.

When she saw the distance between her and safety, she realized she was powerless.

There was nothing else she could do.

She whispered to herself, "I can't make it...

| can't go up anymore." The surroundings were getting darker and darker.

Nicole used her last ounce of strength and managed to climb up a few inches more.

She shouted to the cold and heartless man on the railing, "Jarrod, I hope you can spare my parents after I'm gone." Jarrod's pupils abruptly contracted.

He roared anxiously, "Pull the rope!" The bodyguards immediately followed.

They held the rope tightly and pulled Nicole up.

But Nicole had already depleted all her strength.

Now, she couldn't even manage to breathe.

She let go of the rope and plummeted rapidly.

In her final moment, in the vast darkness, she seemed to see the handsome and charming Jarrod who once adored her, gently telling her, "Nicole, I will only love one person in my life, and that is you.

Can we have two kids in the future? | will marry you and make you the happiest woman in the world.

I love you! I will love you forever!" Such a touching vow! Who wouldn't be moved? But those promises would never come true.

The sad reality was that the man who had once professed his love for her was now sending her to her demise.

Nicole's shimmering eyes were wet with tears.

The world became a blood-red hue.

She smiled brightly, and her enchanting red eyes were beautiful.

"Jarrod, I never want to see you again.

Not even in my next life." Suddenly, there was a loud splash.

Nicole once again plunged into the water and then floated like a corpse.

"Nicole!" Jarrod shouted.

His eyes reddened, and his voice was filled with panic and helplessness.

He didn't even realize how desperate and lost he sounded.

As Jarrod watched Nicole float on the water like a butterfly with broken wings, his heart was torn open, leaving a bloody crack.

He felt like his brain was about to explode.

It was so painful that he almost fainted.

In the water, those ferocious piranhas swiftly approached Nicole.

Jarrod was about to throw himself into the water when someone suddenly grabbed his arm.

Jamie held his arm tightly and cried out, "Jarrod, you're not going to sacrifice yourself." "Let go of me!" Jarrod's eyes darkened, and his voice was sharp and menacing, making Jamie shiver.

But she couldn't let Jarrod go.

She would never let him save Nicole.

She even wished Nicole to die.

Jarrood raised his hand to push Jamie away.

But Jamie rushed back to his side and hugged him with all her strength.

With tears streaming down her face, she said, "Jarrod, I can't bear to watch you die." Jarrod had always been susceptible to her care.

But for some reason, he felt nothing at this moment but disgust.

He forcefully pushed her away, making her fall to the floor with a loud thud.

But he didn't even look at her.

Something hit the water with a mighty splash.

Before anyone could stop him, Jarrod jumped into the water without hesitation.

Chapter 203

Regret The piranhas, which were about to snap at Nicole, found themselves momentarily startled by the towering waves caused by Jarrod.

Nicole's wounded lower leg continued to bleed, and the scent of blood seemed like a sumptuous feast for them.

All of a sudden, the piranhas revealed their sharp teeth and charged back at Nicole with ferocity.

Jarrood forcefully smacked the river's surface and shouted at the top of his lungs to draw the piranhas' attention.

However, with Nicole's bleeding and motionless condition, she became an even more irresistible temptation.

Three fish leaped into the air and bared their sharp fangs.

Bang! A resounding noise echoed.

The yacht's bodyguard raised a spear gun and fired a shot not far from those fish.

Startled, the piranhas failed to bite Nicole.

But it was only a fleeting solution.

The bodyguard could not afford to shoot recklessly, as hitting someone would likely cost them their lives.

The piranhas only settled down for a brief moment and then geared up for a comeback.

With his veins bulging on his forehead, Jarrod drew sharp dagger from his belt.

This was a habit he had picked up abroad.

He always carried a concealed, custom-made dagger for self-defense.

With his teeth gritted, Jarrod swiftly slashed himself.

Hiss! The sound of the blade slicing through flesh was clearly heard.

Jarrod cut into his own arm.

However, he felt that one wound was not enough.

So, he raised his hand with determination, ready to make another incision! Spurt! He fiercely thrust the blade into his own thigh! He looked fierce and determined as if he were not stabbing himself but the enemy who had taken his parents! The wound was deep and long, causing the blood to flow even faster.

Suddenly, the dark river's surface became adorned with drifting blossoms of bright red, resembling eerie dahlias.

Jarrold clenched his teeth and continuously smacked the water's surface.

He used his remaining energy to draw the piranhas' attention.

As he had hoped, the piranhas were no longer fixated on Nicole.

A stronger and more enticing scent had lured them away.

While Nicole continued to drift with the waves, Jarrold seized the opportunity to swim toward her.

On the cruise ship, Jamie's eyes brimmed with malice.

No fucking way! She could not let that bitch live.

With that, she turned to the bodyguard and commanded, "Fire!" The bodyguard was taken aback and urgently explained, "Miss Powell, the river's visibility is poor.

If we fire aimlessly, we might injure someone..." "Just do as I say! Right now, our top priority is ensuring Jarrold's safety.

As for that woman, if she doesn't make it, then how unfortunate she was.

She deserved it anyway." With a trembling hand, the bodyguard tried to aim several times but failed to find a steady target.

Anxiety overwhelmed him.

"Get lost, you fucking idiot!" Jamie grabbed the fish- hunting spear and aimed at Nicole floating on the river.

Then, she fired without hesitation.

Bang! Her first shot missed! Jamie lined up her shot once more...

On the river's surface, Jarrod's pupils suddenly contracted.

He was just five meters away from Nicole.

Thinking that it was the bodyguard who was about to fire again, he clenched his teeth and cursed, "Moron!" At last, he grabbed Nicole's arm and shielded her in front of him.

The gunshot frightened away the piranhas.

Nicole's expression remained calm.

As Jarrod reached out, he could not detect any sign of breath from her.

"Nicole!" he loudly called.

Nicole remained unresponsive.

Jarrold's lips, wet with seawater, gently met her lips and tried to perform mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.

After several attempts, Nicole still gave no sign of life.

Jarrold refused to give up.

Time and again, he gently parted her lips and tried to breathe life into her.

At last...

Nicole coughed up water and stared vacantly at the blurred figure in front of her.

"Jarrod, did I die, or did you die as well?" Jarrod was at a loss for words.

Before he could respond, Nicole suddenly burst into tears.

The river, veiled in mist, made her feel as though she had entered the underworld.

Even her consciousness was hazy.

"Jarrod, why won't you let me go, even after my death? I don't want to see you.

I hate you with all my heart! I'm seriously ill, and yet you throw me into the river to feed the fish.

I just want to spend more time with my parents.

Are you even gonna deprive me of that?" Nicole leaned weakly against Jarrod's chest like a stray puppy after a rain.

She looked frail and pitiable.

At that moment, Jarrod felt a crushing weight on his chest that left him breathless.

After her complaints, an unending well of bitterness emerged.

With a heavy nasal tone, Nicole uttered, "Jarrod, I despise you so much! You're evil.

Scum! Jerk! You deserve to die!" Nicole's mind was in a mess, still thinking she had died.

Without Jarrod in the picture, her parents might have a shot at a stable life.

With this in mind, death did not seem quite as bad.

At least she had dragged this devil down with her! Upon hearing these words, Jarrod froze for a moment.

"What the hell are you talking about, Nicole?" "I'm saying you deserved to die! Your death is a blessing! Even the frogs would croak with joy at your passing!" All of a sudden, Jarrod's handsome face reverted to its usual cold and stern demeanor.

Perhaps he should not have expected much from this woman! As Nicole expressed her hatred to Jarrod, her spirits seemingly began to lift.

"It seems like God heard my prayers and decided to take you down with me.

Ha-ha-ha!" Just then, Jarrod's cold lips met hers, silencing her.

Nicole fell stunned.

His lips were cold, but his breath was warm.

Warm...

Jarrood was still alive! As Jarrood kissed her soft lips, it felt like the sweetness of her lips seemed to rejuvenate him in an instant.

Nicole was even more certain that neither she or Jarrood had died! The satisfaction and fulfillment welled up in Jarrood, causing his eyes to darken.

He ventured further and even parted her commanding lips.

Nicole's body tensed.

But the next second, she bit down on Jarrood's tongue.

Jarrood was momentarily stunned, and Nicole seized this opportunity to turn her face away.

Clap! Then, without a second thought, Nicole slapped Jarrood across the face.

There was blood at the corner of Jarrood's mouth.

But it was not from her slap but from her bite.

A look of disdain flickered in her eyes.

Nicole gritted her teeth in disgust and snarled, "Jarrood, why aren't you dead yet!" Jarrood had plummeted the whole Lawrence family into hell.

Nicole hated him to the core.

In an instant, Jarrod's cold and handsome face darkened.

Then, Nicole glanced at the vast river before directing her gaze at Jarrod's tightly clenched arm around her.

After pondering for a moment, she asked in disbelief, "Jarrod, are you...

You jump down to save me?" His face remained stoic, unashamed of being exposed.

As Nicole stared at him, a mocking smile formed on her lips.

"How ridiculous.

Jarrod, you are really something!" He had pushed her into the water and then gone down to rescue her! Instead of showing gratitude, Nicole ridiculed him.

Jarrod's expression turned gloomy.

Jarrod gripped her chin, and his expression turned dark and menacing.

"Nicole, since you seem to have forgotten, let me remind you.

Your fate, whether you live or die, lies solely in my hands.

I haven't had enough fun yet.

You want a quick, painless death? Not a chance!" Each of Jarrod's words cut like a venomous, icy blade and was dripping with malice! However, Nicole felt no fear.

This was him.

Jarrod's true self.

The man who resembled a devil.

At this moment, Nicole gazed at his cold, merciless face, and a sense of weariness glinted in her eyes.

"One day, you'll regret not letting me meet my demise!" Only she knew the extent of hatred behind her words.

Jarrod ran his tongue over his cheek and savored the bloody taste left by her bite.

For some reason, it stirred a strange excitement within him.

"Is that so? I'll patiently wait for that day." The yacht's lifeboat had been lowered, and the bodyguards were approaching them to save them.

The bodyguards almost reached them.

Fifty meters, forty meters, thirty meters...

Just as Jarrod was starting to feel relieved, another resounding bang pierced the air.

The fish-hunting spear streaked through the sky, like a shooting star or meteorite.

Then, it hurtled toward them with destructive force.

In the blink of an eye, Jarrod made a split-second decision.

With both hands, he forcefully pushed Nicole away.

Bang! The next second, the spear was shot into his body.

The river was now filled with the scent of blood and the acrid tang of smoke.

On the yacht, screams of terror echoed.

"Mr.

Schultz!"

Chapter 204

Stay Here The people on the yacht rescued Nicole first.

Then, they immediately returned to the water to retrieve Jarrod, who was covered in blood.

Nicole was stunned for a moment.

She didn't know what had happened just now.

All she remembered was Jarrod pushed her away.

Nicole stumbled ashore in a daze.

On the other hand, the bodyguards immediately put Jarrod on a stretcher and carried him to the ambulance.

Then, they took Nicole to another ambulance.

Since Nicole was submerged in the bone-chilling water for a long time, her body was now extremely cold and weak.

When Jamie saw all this, she panicked.

She was at a loss, not knowing what to do.

Jamie approached the ambulance where Nicole was and saw that Nicole was unharmed.

Jarrold saved Nicole at that critical moment! Therefore, Jarrod was injured and covered in blood.

Driven by jealousy, Jamie raised her hand without hesitation, wanting to slap Nicole.

Jamie warned, "If anything happens to Jarrod, I will not let you go." Nicole grabbed Jamie's wrist.

With a cold face, she said through clenched teeth, "Jamie, who fired that spear just now? It was you, right?" Nicole looked at Jamie intently.

"You want to finish me, right?" Jamie panicked at once.

"What are you talking about? I just wanted to help Jarrod drive away those fierce fish.

If anything happens to him, you will be doomed!" Nicole sneered, "If anything happens to him, it's worth it even if I die." Without Jarrod, Nicole thought her parents might be able to live a good life.

It was a fair bargain even if she died.

Despite being weak, Nicole somehow summoned some strength within her upon learning Jamie wanted to end her yet accidentally hurt Jarrod.

Jamie failed to break free from Nicole's grip and could only stomp her feet angrily.

"How dare you curse Jarrod! Just wait and see.

Once he wakes up, he will get even with you." Nicole shook off Jamie's hand and said mockingly, "Jamie, I wish Jarrod would protect you for the rest of your life." "What do you mean?" Jamie asked in confusion.

Nicole repeated her last sentence.

Then she closed her eyes, feeling exhausted.

What did she mean? She wanted to tell Jamie that after Jarrod went to hell, Jamie would be the next.

Finally, the ambulance door was closed, blocking Jamie away.

For some reason, the unfamiliar medical staff in the ambulance made Nicole feel at ease.

She soon fell into a deep sleep.

After Mitchel's accident, Hector approached Raegan with Bryce.

Bryce expressed his desire to have her as his tutor.

At first, Raegan refused.

But in the end, she was moved by Bryce's words.

He said solemnly, "Miss Hayes, I wish I could be of some use in the world." As he spoke, his eyes were particularly sincere.

So, Raegan decided to give him another chance.

Her schedule for tutoring Bryce was Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays.

She spent the other days with Mitchel in the hospital.

Mitchel only recuperated for a few days before he was able to walk on his own without a wheelchair.

Mitchel didn't let Raegan shuttle between home and the hospital in the evening, thinking it was unsafe for her to do so.

He asked her to spend the nights at the hospital.

Although they shared the same bed, they had separate quilts.

Mitchel behaved himself without touching Raegan, rendering Raegan to let her guard down.

At noon, Raegan was preparing lessons at the desk in the ward.

After staring at the computer for a long time, she stood up and stretched her sore back.

Seeing that Mitchel was still working, she made a cup of nutritional drink for him and handed it to him.

Mitchel took it from her, took a sip, and looked at her with a smile.

He said, "Thank you." His gaze faintly swept over her lips, but he didn't do anything.

For some reason, Raegan felt her lips itch.

She blamed it on his deep-set eyes, which were very affectionate.

Once caught in his gaze, it was hard to resist him.

Raegan's face flushed, feeling a little embarrassed.

To Raegan, these days somehow felt like going back to their sweet moments.

They looked more like a couple now than before.

She calmed herself down and said casually, "Take a rest if needed.

Take it easy." Suddenly, Mitchel put down the cup, grabbed Raegan's wrist, and pulled her onto his lap.

"Hey, Mitchel! What are you doing?" Raegan struggled to get up, but suddenly felt a weight on her shoulder.

It turned out Mitchel buried his face against her shoulder.

His arms wrapped around her tightly, and he rubbed his face against her neck.

His breath sprayed all over her neck, making Raegan turn hot.

Her heart was racing, and she unconsciously trembled.

Mitchel noticed Raegan's trembling figure.

His grip on her tightened, and his seductive voice sounded against the skin of her neck.

"Are you afraid of me?" he asked in a deep and hoarse voice, Raegan was rendered speechless.

She pursed her lips.

Well, sort of.

She feared she would get used to Mitchel's intimacy again.

The fear stemming from her past suffering during their marriage caused by his crazy admirers still lingered, and she didn't want to experience it again.

"Don't be afraid.

I won't do it," Mitchel added comfortingly.

He knew after all that happened, she still had lingering fear in her heart, and he could not push it when chasing after her.

To rekindle their past passion and remarry her, he knew he was supposed to inject a sense of security in her gradually when getting along with each other.

Though he was horny when she was in sight, he had to suppress his desire first and take it slow.

As long as she felt comfortable with him being at her side and trusted him again, he could proceed to the next step.

However, it was never a piece of cake.

He felt like he could no longer restrain himself.

His overflowing desire for her was killing him.

Especially at night when he looked at her peaceful sleeping face.

The fact that he couldn't make love with her made him feel like thousands of ants were crawling all over his body.

He was itching.

He wanted her.

He was dying to possess her.

Mitchel felt like he had exhausted all his patience in this lifetime in just a few days in the ward.

After a while, he let Raegan go.

He looked at her and explained, "I am energetic again after hugging you." Raegan felt his gaze was overwhelming.

She could not stand it, so she looked away shyly.

"Just call me if you need anything." Mitchel knew her well, and he was aware that she was only pretending to be calm.

Although she said so, she didn't dare to look into his eyes at all as if he was some kind of a monster, and she was afraid to get close.

His lips curved into a faint smile.

He could only shake his head helplessly.

Suddenly, a loud bang broke the silence in the ward.

The door was kicked open.

Then, Alexis stormed in and shouted angrily, "You bastard! You've grown some backbones, huh? So you really think you are now capable of provoking anyone?" After saying this, Alexis noticed Raegan beside the hospital bed.

His eyes narrowed, and he glared at her with a gloomy expression.

"What are you doing here? Get out!" After shouting at Raegan, Alexis turned to Mitchel and said, "What is going on with the bodyguards here? How can they let anyone in?" The disdain and contempt in Alexis' eyes were overflowing.

Raegan had always been polite, and she was rarely despised by her elders.

She didn't want to disrespect anyone, especially Mitchel's father.

But those insulting words Alexis said to her a few days ago were still vivid in her mind.

At his words, her face turned pale, and she felt indescribably uncomfortable.

She wished she could run away from here as soon as possible.

Raegan turned around and was about to leave.

But she suddenly froze.

A crisp sound echoed in the ward.

It turned out that a crystal glass narrowly grazed Alexis' face.

It hit the wall and shattered into countless pieces on the floor.

Raegan turned around and saw Mitchel's deep-set eyes were colder and sharper than blades, staring at Alexis.

Then, Mitchel got out of bed.

His tall figure cast a shadow over Raegan's head.

He said coldly, "Stay here!"

Chapter 205

Harming My People As Mitchel spoke, he extended his hand to hold Raegan's hand.

Thinking it wasn't appropriate for her to stay here when they quarreled, she managed to shake Mitchel's hand off and walked away.

But then, Mitchel's grip tightened.

It seemed he wanted her to stay and witness the scene.

Their clasped hands ignited something in Alexis 'heart.

He could not believe his son would upset the Benton family and forsake the lucrative project for a woman like Raegan.

To him, Raegan was merely a beauty from a humble background, doing no favors for the family business.

"If you've got something to say, just say it.

I] need to rest," Mitchel calmly said.

Struggling to contain his anger, Alexis asked, "Why did you fire Carsen?" "He abused his position for personal gain and colluded with external parties.

The evidence was irrefutable," Mitchel explained.

"But it was just minor information he sold.

In a company this big, he's not only the one doing such things!" Mitchel cast a cold glance at Alexis and vowed, "I'll find out all of them, and I won't spare any of them." "How dare you! Those veterans have been with me since the beginning, and they're nearing retirement." Alexis shot daggers at Mitchel and

snorted, "Did you even consult me before firing them? How dare you disregard my position!" Mitchel sneered, and his laughter added a chill to the air.

"And when have you ever asked me before harming my people?" "Who have I harmed?" Alexis asked, taken aback.

Without even sparing him a _= glance, Mitchel dismissively said, "You should leave now.

Don't bother us anymore." His emphasis on "us" was deliberate.

It was only that that Alexis realized that by "my people," Mitchel was referring to Raegan.

Well, it was not surprising that Alexis didn't take Raegan seriously.

In his eyes, Raegan was an ex- daughter-in-law with no significant status and not someone he felt compelled to curry favor with.

This realization fueled his fury.

The fact that Mitchel had dismissed his informants in the company just for Raegan irked him.

Moreover, those informants who had been working for Alexis for years were never a concern to Mitchel previously.

But now, Mitchel fired them as a tool for intimidation.

Unable to contain his anger, Alexis pointed accusingly at Raegan and snarled, "It seems that what I said to you that day went in one ear and out the other.

You ignored my words and came back to stir trouble! You're not just shameless.

You're cunning! Let me warn you.

Kyler's condition is failing.

Once he's gone, I'll never let someone like you marry into the Dixon family.

You'd better give up the idea of remarrying Mitchel!" Raegan, who was already eager to leave here, grew paler with Alexis' sudden outburst.

Alexis' rage had not cooled yet.

And to Raegan's shock, he raised his hand, wanting to hit her.

Slap! The sound of a slap echoed sharply.

Raegan shut her eyes tight and braced for the impact.

Yet, to her surprise, she felt no pain.

When she opened her eyes, she saw Mitchel had stepped in and shielded her from the blow.

Alexis stood there, stunned.

He had intended to hit Raegan.

But in the chaos, his slap had landed squarely on Mitchel's jaw.

Mitchel realized that had he not stepped in, Raegan would have been the one to bear the brunt of that slap.

At the thought of this, his eyes turned cold.

While striking back at his father was not an option, he was not without recourse.

Right in front of Alexis, Mitchel dialed a number and rattled off a list of names.

"Investigate these individuals thoroughly.

If you find any wrongdoing, transfer the case to the prosecutor's office and press charges." Alexis' complexion drained of color.

The individuals Mitchel targeted for investigation were Alexis' confidants.

This move by Mitchel was a clear signal of his way of getting back.

It was not only detrimental to the company's internal harmony but also posed a threat to its image and reputation.

Alexis pointed accusingly at Mitchel.

"Do you still see me as your father? I did all this for your good! How can you oppose me over a woman? Have you ever thought about the repercussions for the company?" "If you're so concerned about the company, then stop provoking me," Mitchel retorted.

"This is the final warning.

Don't hurt my people.

More importantly, don't speak ill of her, not to mention insult her.

If you push me further, jail will be the least of your worries!" Mitchel's threat was stark and unmasked.

He made sure Raegan heard it.

Alexis was boiling with rage, feeling a sharp, throbbing pain in his chest.

His authority and dignity were completely undermined.

At this moment, he clutched his chest and exclaimed, "You're such an unfilial son! You have the nerve to send the company's elders to the police for her sake.

What's next? Are you going send me to the police station tomorrow?" "As long as you refrain from acting recklessly, I can guarantee you a peaceful retirement." Mitchel's implication was clear.

If Alexis crossed the line, particularly with Raegan, Mitchel would not hesitate to act, even if it meant throwing his father in jail.

"How dare you!" Alexis clutched the railing.

He was so furious that he struggled for breath.

Suddenly, Mitchel called out, "Matteo!" Matteo walked over to Mitchel, who then ordered, "Escort him to see the doctor.

Also, station two bodyguards at the door.

Don't let anyone like him come in." Alexis could hardly believe what he was hearing.

Mitchel was targeting him.

That was exactly what he had said moments earlier.

But now, his own words were being used against him.

Alexis felt a tightness in his chest.

His eyes rolled back as Matteo assisted him out of the room.

Now, only Mitchel and Raegan were left in the room.

Noticing that Mitchel's jaw was red and swollen, Raegan guided him to sit on the sofa.

"Wait here." She quickly fetched a piece of ice from the freezer, wrapped it in gauze, and then gently applied it to his jaw.

On the sofa, Mitchel's tall frame made the space seem almost too small.

To be able to apply the cold compress better, Raegan knelt on the sofa, her one leg bent for balance.

Mitchel's eyes were captivating.

They were deep and attractive, with an almost vortex-like intensity at their center that seemed to draw people in whenever he gazed at them.

Raegan's heart raced.

Feeling uncomfortable under his intense gaze, she bit her lip and urged, "Close your eyes." "Why? Feeling shy?" Mitchel teased with a light chuckle.

He found her shy expression endearing.

"Then do it yourself." Raegan gave him the ice pack.

But he caught her wrist with a gentle, yet firm grip and drew her closer as if into an embrace.

"Help me, and I'll behave," Mitchel said, his voice low and slightly husky.

It was easy to miss if one was not paying close attention.

With that, he closed his eyes and rested his hand on her slender waist.

With his eyes shut, the mesmerizing power of his gaze was hidden, drawing attention instead to the strong lines of his face.

Distinct yet delicate.

Even with his eyes closed, Mitchel's appearance remained striking.

His long, straight eyelashes added to his allure.

Raegan could not help but marvel at his handsome features.

How blessed he was.

However, more than his looks, what surprised her was his instinct to protect her from Alexis' slap.

The memory of Alexis' eyes rolling in frustration and being escorted away brought a sense of satisfaction to Raegan.

With these thoughts, Raegan tended to Mitchel in a gentler manner.

But in a fleeting moment of distraction, her hand accidentally brushed against his lips.

His lips were unexpectedly soft and delicate.

At the unexpected contact, Raegan felt a jolt in her body.

"That's enough," she murmured, eager to escape the moment.

However, Mitchel firmly grasped her waist and lifted her onto his lap.

The small sofa seemed to shrink further.

Then, with a gentle but assertive motion, Mitchel cradled her face in his hands...

Chapter 206

Is He Your Boyfriend The posture made Raegan hitch her breath.

Since Mitchel felt better, he started wearing shirts instead of hospital gowns.

As a reputable businessman, Mitchel paid much attention to his appearance.

Raegan thought he looked best in shirts.

His well-defined chest muscles stretched the white shirt, hugging his body tightly.

Such a charming and sexy appearance was so tempting.

When Mitchel cupped Raegan's face, she couldn't help wondering if he would kiss her.

Was her heart anticipating it? She closed her eyes, not daring to look at him.

Suddenly, she heard a pleasant chuckle.

Then, Mitchel's deep voice sounded in Raegan's ears.

"Why do you close your eyes?" Raegan was at a loss for words.

She suddenly opened her eyes, only to see him staring at her.

He reached out, pinched her cheeks, and said seriously, "I want to apologize to you." "Apologize? For what?" "For making you feel wronged." As he spoke, his deep-set eyes never left her face.

What was he apologizing for? He was apologizing for Alexis' attitude toward her.

Although Raegan was satisfied with how Mitchel dealt with the situation moments earlier, it still didn't change the fact that she was hurt and upset by Alexis' insults.

But now that Mitchel apologized on Alexis' behalf, she felt much better.

Mitchel cupped Raegan's face again and stared at her intently.

"Now, can we continue where we left off?" Raegan's heart skipped a beat.

"Continue where we left off? What do you mean?" Mitchel gave her leg a nudge and reminded her, "About closing your eyes earlier." Raegan closed her eyes earlier because she thought Mitchel would kiss her.

But she only misunderstood him.

It was too embarrassing.

Did he really have to bring it up again? She pursed her lips to cover up her embarrassment.

"I closed my eyes because they hurt.

It's not what you think it is." After saying this, she got off him.

"I have to go.

There's a monthly meeting at the office today." Mitchel knew she was too shy to admit it, so he went along with her.

He decided to compromise.

"All right.

If you say so.

But..." Mitchel paused, reached out, and gently tucked her hair behind her ear.

"Promise me that if someone bullies you in the future, you will tell me." Raegan wasn't sure if it was because of his illness, but his voice sounded slightly hoarse and with a hint of doting.

Her heart beat like a drum.

She struggled for a while.

But in the end, she could only say, "I have to go.

I'll be late." Mitchel seemed a bit disappointed.

But he didn't make things difficult for Raegan.

He let go of her hand without saying anything.

Raegan didn't dare to look at him again, fearing she could no longer resist his charm.

She hastily grabbed her bag and rushed out of the door.

She knew what he wanted to hear, but right now, she couldn't give it to him yet.

She couldn't just instantly become dependent on him again.

She thought maybe people who were hurt like her were always more sensitive and vulnerable than others.

If she experienced such pain again, she might break down and not even have the courage to stand up again.

This was what she feared the most.

At the office, Raegan had meetings in the afternoon, making her busy.

In her monthly evaluation, Raegan did an excellent job.

Both of her students had improved by thirty percent.

For someone who had only started working less than a month ago, this was already tremendous progress.

This was all thanks to the customized learning programs Raegan had designed depending on the student's learning style.

She tailored individual plans for her students, and the amount of effort she had put into them could not be underestimated.

So it was not surprising that the results were impressive.

Raegan didn't just succeed casually.

She spent a lot of time, effort, and energy on her job.

During the meeting, her boss played a recording of the call from a grateful parent who thanked Raegan.

She was rewarded a bonus of ten thousand dollars.

Holding the bonus, Raegan couldn't help feeling emotional.

Everything was going well with her career.

The book she was translating for Henley was almost finished.

She now had enough money to pay her loan and for further studies abroad.

Also, the rehabilitation of her hand was going smoothly.

If nothing went wrong, she would definitely reach all her goals.

Raegan had a company dinner in the evening.

As one of the awardees, she had no reason not to attend.

She thought for a while and sent Mitchel a message, saying, "The company is treating us to dinner tonight.

I can't come to the hospital." Mitchel quickly replied, "Where are you having dinner?" Raegan didn't think too much.

She told him the name of the restaurant.

During dinner, Raegan's coworkers proposed a toast to congratulate her.

She didn't drink, but she couldn't refuse them.

So, she reluctantly drank a small amount of low-alcohol fruit wine.

She knew her alcohol tolerance well, so she drank slowly.

But she was really happy today.

Her colleagues were very nice to her, and they took care of her.

Everything was getting better and better.

Even her relationship with Mitchel was getting better.

Before Raegan realized it, she had already drunk too much.

After dinner, a male colleague offered to give Raegan a ride.

She wanted to refuse, but her other colleagues insisted on sending her to that man's car.

Raegan nearly stumbled.

Fortunately, that man was agile enough to support and help her stand firm.

Raegan regained her balance.

She took a step back and said, "Thank you." Then, that man blushed.

He hesitated for a while.

But in the end, he didn't say anything.

Someone in the crowd laughed and said, "Toby, you can't win over anyone like this.

Be brave!" Being encouraged by everyone, Toby Gray plucked up the courage and said, "Raegan, this is the first time you have ever talked to me.

I hope you can give me a chance to know you." On the first day Raegan arrived at the company, Toby had already noticed her.

He had never seen anyone as beautiful as her.

She was like the flowers in spring, the rain in summer, the falling leaves in autumn, and the snow in winter.

She was like a beautiful painting.

What was more, she was exceptionally hard-working.

Raegan raised her head and looked at the man.

It was only then that she noticed his appearance.

He was a handsome young man with two canines, exuding a youthful charm.

She might have exchanged polite smiles with him, but she didn't have a strong impression of him.

But she was still very polite.

She smiled and stretched out her hand to him.

"Of course, we can get to know each other." Toby was so excited that his hand trembled when he stretched it.

He didn't let go of her hand for a long time.

Other colleagues got so impatient that they wanted to forcefully pry his hand away.

Suddenly, someone held Raegan's hand and dropped it gently.

Raegan was still smiling.

She looked up and saw Mitchel's handsome face.

His eyes were deep and intoxicating.

Since she was under the influence of alcohol, she was slightly dazed.

Raegan stared at Mitchel for a while.

He also fixed his eyes on her.

His eyes shone as if the stars in the sky came down and moved there.

She was so mesmerized that she couldn't move.

Being stared at him somehow made her feel guilty, even though she didn't do anything wrong.

The colleagues around them looked at Mitchel and then at Raegan in surprise.

"Raegan, is he your boyfriend?" Raegan was about to shake her head when Mitchel's large hand suddenly grabbed the top of her head.

Then, he said to her colleagues politely, "I'm sorry, everyone.

] need to pick my woman up and take her home first." The words "my woman" instantly struck a chord with the women in the group, causing a wave of screams.

Their eyes sparkled as they leaned closer to Raegan and started whispering to her, "Is your boyfriend a celebrity? Oh, my God! He is so handsome.

But I haven't seen him on TV." Raegan was at a loss for words, not knowing how to answer their questions.

Mitchel nodded at them politely, said goodbye, and pulled Raegan away.

He wore a khaki trench coat that outlined his broad shoulders and long legs.

He held her in his arms and took her to the car.

As soon as they both got in the back seat, he pulled her onto his lap and hugged her tightly, regardless of the driver in the driver's seat.

Raegan immediately resisted.

She raised her arms to push Mitchel away.

"Don't move," Mitchel said hoarsely.

Raegan was not used to sitting on his lap, facing each other intimately.

She felt embarrassed, especially with those deep and affectionate eyes staring at her.

But she calmed herself down and said, "Put me down so we can talk." Mitchel looked at Raegan and asked solemnly, "If I didn't come over, would you take that man's car?" Raegan looked at him speechlessly with her mouth slightly gaped open.

She didn't know that Mitchel, the mighty CEO, would be jealous this easily.

She corrected him, "He has a name.

He is Toby Gray." "Oh, you really remember his full name, huh?" Mitchel's voice was deep, and it carried a hint of danger.

However, the alcohol in Raegan's system had already taken effect, making her a bit lightheaded.

She glanced at him and said, "Of course I do.

] have a good memory, after all.

Why did you interrupt me just now? It seemed like he wanted to tell me something...

Umm..." Before Raegan could finish her words, a figure quickly pressed over her.

Chapter 207

Sweetness Raegan was still chattering when Mitchel suddenly covered her lips with his to silence her.

Suddenly, Raegan hissed.

She reached out and touched her lips.

Good thing they were not broken.

However, they were swollen.

The redness deepened, making it look even more tempting.

"Mitchel, what are you doing?" The alcohol was hitting Raegan hard, making her voice sound soft.

It was not angry but more like coquettish.

Her hands were still on Mitchel's waist, holding him tightly to prevent herself from falling.

She looked more inviting.

She then asked, "How did you sneak out of the hospital? Did you get permission from the doctor?" Mitchel's eyes narrowed.

"How can you leave me alone in the hospital while having dinner with other people?" "They're not just other people.

They're my colleagues," Raegan retorted.

He pinched the tip of her delicate nose playfully and snorted, "If I didn't come to pick you up, you would've gotten in someone else's car and run away immediately." "No...

Burrrp!" She burped.

The taste of the alcohol she drank lingered in her mouth.

It was a sweet, fruity flavor with a hint of milk.

In short, it was milky and sweet.

Raegan was so embarrassed that she hurriedly covered her mouth.

Since she was a child, she was always told that it was impolite to burp in front of others.

"I'm sorry." Her soft voice seeped out between her fingers.

Mitchel laughed amusingly.

His heart was filled with such a pleasant feeling.

He didn't expect someone to be so cute and sweet just after drinking a little.

And that someone was Raegan.

He reached out and gently removed her hand from her mouth.

He said with a hint of laughter in his voice, "It's alright.

| actually like it very much.

But it's only this time, okay? From now on, you are not allowed to drink if I'm not around." Although Mitchel was warning Raegan, his voice was soft.

Just thinking about other people seeing Raegan like this, he couldn't bear it.

Raegan curled her lips and said with dissatisfaction, "you're so controlling! You are just like someone I know." Mitchel grabbed her chin with his slender and beautiful fingers.

He caressed her soft lips with his fingertips and asked hoarsely, "Who is that someone?" "He is as good-looking as you.

But...

Well...

He is a bad guy," Raegan replied.

She then frowned, looking dissatisfied.

Raegan's head felt heavy.

She felt like leaning against Mitchel's arms, so she wanted to do it at this moment.

But he didn't let her.

Instead, he pinched her chin, pressing her for an answer.

"Why do you say he's a bad guy? Tell me about him." "It's...

It's..." Tears welled up in Raegan's eyes.

She struggled to find the right words to say.

Finally, she uttered, "I don't want to say it." Mitchel cupped her face and gently coaxed her, "All right, all right.

I won't force you to say it.

Let's just do something fun, okay?" "Something fun?" Raegan's mind went blank for a moment.

She poked his chest and asked, "Are you sure you're up to it?" She was thinking about Mitchel's injuries.

He had not fully recovered yet.

Could he have some fun in his condition? But for Mitchel, the meaning was different.

He felt like it was a challenge to his ego.

His eyes darkened.

He slid his slender fingers into her mouth and asked, "Do you want to find out if I'm capable?" Raegan was so curious that she lightly licked his fingers with her tongue.

Then she murmured, "Salty..." "Really?" Mitchel's eyes resembled a wild beast concealed in the darkness for a long time.

They were deep and mysterious.

He withdrew his wet fingers and used his other hand to hold the back of her head.

He tilted her head, leaned over, and kissed her.

When the driver inadvertently looked at the rearview mirror, she saw Raegan straddling Mitchel's lap.

They were in a very intimate posture.

His hands shook, and his grip on the steering wheel subconsciously tightened.

He quickly raised the partition, afraid of seeing more that was inappropriate.

A loud bang was heard in the car.

Mitchel suddenly pressed Raegan against the partition as he possessed her soft lips with his.

The tip of his tongue traced their outline.

But he soon grew unsatisfied with just tracing the outer edges of her lips.

He pried her mouth and teeth open and thrust his tongue inside.

While his tongue explored her mouth, he sucked her lips powerfully and skillfully, making them swollen.

Raegan felt the heat building within her mouth.

It was a hot and pleasurable sensation.

She felt like countless ants were crawling and nibbling her all over.

A strange tingling sensation tickled Raegan, but she had nowhere to vent her desires.

She wished she could hang herself on him as a pendant.

Suddenly, Mitchel played a trick.

He let go of her ravaged and swollen lips and asked, "Do you want more?" His voice was deep, and his intense gaze was fixed on Raegan.

Raegan was caught off guard.

Her face turned crimson, and she panted heavily.

She felt so uncomfortable that she wanted to cry.

"Mitchel, please...

Don't..." She wanted to tell him not to stop.

But her body was weak, and her mind was so confused that she couldn't finish a sentence.

Mitchel's eyes darkened.

He poked her cheek playfully.

"Don't?" "Mitchel, you are bullying me," Raegan = said agegrievedly.

Her big eyes turned red, and she was on the verge of crying.

She thought he was evil because he wouldn't even give her a kiss this time.

She couldn't help cursing him inwardly for being a scoundrel.

But the next moment, Mitchel lowered his head again and kissed her lips, forcefully prying them open even harder than before.

That intense and overwhelming electric-like sensation surged again.

Mitchel held her head in place.

He looked composed and cool, but his body radiated scorching heat.

His tongue delved into her mouth, exploring it with vigor.

He latched her tongue with his and sucked it with unrestrained desire.

Such a kiss made Raegan's entire body go limp, and her tongue completely numbed.

Mitchel took away her breath and voice.

All she could do now was surrender to his passionate embrace.

Her mouth had nothing but his invading breath.

Her lips parted slightly, and her body trembled.

She fell softly into his arms.

Her senses were overwhelmed by him, making her fall in love with the feeling of making out with him.

Raegan could no longer control her desire.

She boldly took the initiative, sticking out her tongue and teasing him, imitating his movements.

Her hesitant and exploring kiss made Mitchel's deep-set eyes darken even more.

He was like a hungry wolf longing for food for a long time.

He paused, gently caressed her slightly parted lips with his fingertip, and murmured huskily, "Is it okay to do it in the car?" Raegan's eyes glazed over.

She almost lost control of herself.

But his voice made her feel like she was abruptly dropped from the sky, overwhelmed by a sense of weightlessness.

She felt extremely uncomfortable.

When Mitchel brought his slightly rough fingertips to her lips, she was speechless.

And without even thinking, she opened her mouth slightly and took half his fingers into her mouth.

For a moment, Mitchel lost all control of himself.

He could no longer hold back a soft and throaty groan.

He watched her suck his finger.

As her soft and wet tongue wrapped around it, he felt like he was soaked in a hot spring.

At this moment, he could no longer resist.

Mitchel's eyes narrowed.

He leaned closer to Raegan's ear and whispered, "You want it." While they were basking in happiness, creating a beautiful and passionate scenery inside, the car sped through the dark road in the middle of the night.

Soon, the car came to a halt.

They were already in the hospital's VIP parking lot.

Mitchel reminded Raegan, "We're here." Raegan's face flushed.

She said in a soft and weak voice, "We've been here for a while."

Stop talking." Mitchel was so amused that he couldn't help bursting into laughter.

They were obviously talking about different things.

"Is it enough?" he asked, freeing one hand to open the door.

He coaxed Raegan in a low voice, "I'll make you happy all night, okay?" Before she could respond, he had already picked her up and carried her out of the car.

"Ah!" Raegan screamed in surprise, subconsciously wrapping her arms tightly around his neck.

"Take me back to the car.

My clothes are still inside." "You can get them tomorrow." A cold wind blew up from under her feet, making her feel a little scared.

Raegan clung to Mitchel tightly.

She was no different from a baby kangaroo.

Mitchel understood her reaction.

He lowered his head, pulled down his trench coat calmly, and carefully wrapped her tightly.

"Don't worry.

No one will see us." The VIP parking lot had a private elevator and only allowed one car at a time.

Mitchel's ward was on the twelfth floor, and he was the only patient there.

As the elevator slowly ascended, the few minutes felt extremely long and torturous for Raegan.

Suddenly, the elevator dinged and stopped on the eighth floor.

Before Raegan could react, the doors opened immediately.

Chapter 208

She's Drunk! Raegan's delicate face pressed against Mitchel's neck, a reaction born of sheer surprise.

A female cleaner was standing outside the elevator entrance.

Because she assumed that nobody would use the elevator at this late hour of the day, she got lazy and opted to use the VIP elevator.

She hadn't expected to run into Mitchel and Raegan.

Startled, the cleaner immediately began apologizing upon seeing Mitchel and Raegan.

Mitchel's eyes darkened but remained = silent, efficiently closing the elevator doors.

The cleaner clutched her heart, unable to shake off the image of the disheveled Raegan in Mitchel's arms.

Raegan's neck was burning hot.

The cleaner was relieved not to receive any reprimand.

Meanwhile, Raegan's face was flushed, the shock helping to sober her up from the lingering effects of alcohol.

The impulsive actions were now sinking in, and she couldn't escape the mental image of what they must have looked like - both thrilling and embarrassing.

After Mitchel brought her into the ward, Raegan, hoping to avoid facing the situation, decided to feign sleep.

However, Mitchel had other plans.

He gently shook her, whispering, "Wake up.

It's time for a shower." Eyes shut, Raegan pretended to sleep, hoping to avoid the awkwardness.

Mitchel suddenly stopped, and the room fell into silence.

Just as Raegan secretly started to rejoice, Mitchel surprised her by picking her up from the couch and placing her under the warm water, tenderly helping her wash away the night's events.

Raegan couldn't pretend to be asleep any longer because she couldn't stop trembling.

She gently opened her blurry eyes and internally recoiled at the intimate position.

She whispered, her voice muffled by the steam, "I can handle it myself..." Under the warm, yellow light, Mitchel locked eyes with her.

He said in a low, husky voice, "I know you are tired.

I can help you take a bath." Raegan's cheeks turned even more crimson, and tears welled up in her eyes as she shook her head.

She responded on the verge of tears, "No, I'm not tired." All she wanted was for him to leave as soon as possible.

She would not tell him that her back was aching after their intimacy.

Mitchel stared at her intently and asked in a hoarse voice, "Are you really not tired?" Raegan angrily denied it.

"I'm not tired." Her soaked hair clung to her shoulders, and a delicate blush still adorned her lovely face, a lingering testament to the sexual intercourse she had just experienced.

There was an implicit invitation in the air, irresistibly alluring.

"I was worried you might get tired, so..." Mitchel began, leaning in and holding her hand in a dominant gesture.

He left his sentence unfinished, but the bathtub water splashed, creating an atmosphere of love and tenderness.

When the water started to get cold, Mitchel reached out and turned on the warm water tap.

They spent the night together, every corner of the hospital room bore witness to the intensity and rediscovery of their love.

Mitchel finally brought Raegan to the bathroom to clean her up, and she was too fatigued to refuse.

The following morning, Raegan woke up well into the afternoon.

Her body ached profoundly as if it had undergone a complete disassembly and reassembly, a weariness that surpassed the toll of staying awake for several consecutive nights.

Attempting to rise, she found her muscles protesting, a stern reminder not to push too hard.

Although she was alone in bed, Raegan noticed the telltale indentation beside her and the faint sound of water in the bathroom, evidence that someone had stayed with her throughout the night.

Despite the desire to cry out of pain, she went out nothing.

However, a single thought dominated her mind, Alcohol had clouded her mind! She couldn't help but exclaim internally, "Ah! I should refrain from drinking anymore!" Her mind felt like a chaotic jumble, stirred beyond recognition.

Raegan was at a loss for what to do.

She tried to assess the situation.

Lifting her sore arms, she saw hickeys.

She lifted the quilt only to reveal a more embarrassing scene.

Shocked, she realized she and Mitchel had a crazy night.

Lying still for a moment, Raegan was still in a haze.

She felt staying here was not an option.

She struggled to get up with her overly exhausted body but couldn't find her clothes anywhere.

She looked around and saw a few bags on the cupboard next to the door.

It was filled with various types of clothes, including underwear.

These might be bought for her because they were all her sizes.

Blushing, Raegan quietly dressed herself, grabbed her bag, and placed her hand on the door handle, opening it cautiously like a thief.

"Where are you going?" echoed Mitchel's low, magnetic voice from behind.

Instantly, Raegan froze.

However, her only thought was still to leave this ward.

Ignoring everything else, she prepared to pull the door and run.

However, before she could make a move, Mitchel kicked the door shut, trapping her beneath him.

His gaze was intense.

"You want to leave just like that?" Suppressing her panic, Raegan replied, "I have classes in the afternoon." Mitchel gently ran his fingers through her hair and said, "Give me a minute.

I'll drive you there." Unwilling, Raegan made up an excuse.

"Forget it.

Your condition..." Before she could finish her words, Mitchel leaned in and said in a hoarse voice, "Don't you think everything that happened last night is proof enough that I'm in good condition?" Raegan blushed deeply.

Mitchel couldn't help but gently rub her earlobe.

His eyes dimmed momentarily.

"I didn't expect you to be so greedy.

Wait until I completely recover." His final words carried a hint of coaxing.

Raegan's heart skipped a beat, and she couldn't bear to hear more.

Interrupting him, she said, "You should get dressed first." Mitchel turned around to put on his clothes, but the next second, the door clicked shut, and Raegan dashed away faster than a rabbit.

When Mitchel finished dressing, he realized Raegan had left long ago.

He could only manage a helpless smile.

The truth was that Raegan didn't have any afternoon classes, but her mind was in disarray.

Once she got home, she took a shower and curled up in bed, hesitating to check her phone for a while.

Mitchel had called and left messages.

"You ran away so fast.

Looks like you are not in pain anymore." Raegan blushed as she scrolled down.

"Come over tonight.

| miss your home-cooked soup." After a moment of contemplation, she got up.

After a brief contemplation, she decided to face the situation head-on.

She needed to clarify that her actions the previous night were a result of excessive drinking.

She couldn't fully take responsibility for her actions because of the alcohol.

Yes.

Well, she was drunk! She pledged that there wouldn't be a repeat! With her reasoning settled, she went to the supermarket and selected a particularly exquisite piece of beef tenderloin from the chilled display, along with the necessary ingredients.

When she went back home, she meticulously cleaned everything and simmered it.

The enticing aroma of the soup filled the air after nearly three hours of cooking.

With the soup ready, Raegan carried the thermos and hailed a taxi to the hospital.

Yet, upon arriving at the hospital entrance, she encountered Luciana.

It seemed Luciana was also planning to visit Mitchel, and upon seeing Raegan, Luciana initiated the conversation.

“Raegan, do you have a moment? Care to have a talk with me for a while?” Raegan felt a tightening in her chest.

The way Luciana addressed her spoke volumes.

Quickly regaining her composure, Raegan smiled.

"Of course, Luciana."

Chapter 209

Let's Remarry Luciana and Raegan went to a cafe near the hospital.

Luciana still looked a bit pale.

She was obviously not in good condition yet.

She sat down, looked at Raegan with a faint smile, and said, "Raegan, thank you for taking care of Mitchel these days.

You are really a big help.

I heard from the doctor that Mitchel is recovering very well." "Don't mention it.

It's the least I can do," Raegan replied.

This time, Luciana noticed the thermos bottle Raegan put on the table.

She asked, "Is this for Mitchel?" Raegan nodded without saying a word.

Luciana suddenly held her hand on the table and said with mixed emotions, "Raegan, I can see that you have put in a lot of effort in taking care of Mitchel." Raegan pulled her hand back and smiled faintly.

"Luciana, if you have something to say, just say it." Luciana smiled.

Then she sighed.

"Raegan, I heard that when you two divorced, you didn't take a single penny.

Is that true?" "Yes, it's true.

I won't take anything that isn't mine," Raegan replied straightforwardly.

Luciana hesitated for a moment.

Then, she took out a check from her bag and pushed it toward Raegan.

"Raegan, I like you a lot.

You are a good woman.

I am very grateful for all your help.

But things have already reached this point.

Here, this is my compensation for you.

You have to accept it no matter what.

And..." Luciana's main point was in the latter part of her speech.

"Since you and Mitchel are already divorced, I think you should go your separate ways.

It's better if you stop contacting each other.

Is it okay?" Raegan lowered her gaze and looked at the check on the table.

It turned out Luciana wanted to give her thirty million dollars.

It was quite a lot.

Raegan smiled and said, "Luciana, I plan to wait until he fully recovers before I talk to him about it.

I want everything to be clear to him." Luciana was speechless for a moment, realizing how reasonable Raegan was.

Luciana liked Raegan.

For her, Raegan and Mitchel were a good match.

But Mitchel's life was more important to her.

Now that Mitchel barely escaped his life because of Raegan, she felt the need to interfere.

After she left the hospital that day, Alexis' words were engraved in her mind.

She could never forget them, and it was what she worried the most.

"Sooner or later, your son will die because of that woman." These words from Alexis were like thorns that pricked her heart.

And they gave her nightmares for many nights.

Of course, no one wanted to be that bad guy to interfere, especially Luciana.

So, Luciana wanted Raegan to understand the situation.

"Raegan, Mitchel has a heavy burden on his shoulders.

He can't let his emotions cloud his judgment.

I hope you understand that." "Luciana, don't worry.

Rest assured that I won't get him into trouble again.

I will stay away from him.

But this check isn't necessary.

I didn't ask for anything before, and I won't ask for it now." After saying this, Raegan took out a box from her bag and handed it to Luciana.

"And...

I want to return this bracelet to you." Luciana looked slightly sad when she saw the box.

She said, "Raegan, I gave it to you, so I have no reason to take it back.

Just keep it.

Take it as a remembrance from me." But Raegan shook her head in refusal.

"Luciana, this bracelet is too valuable.

It's not appropriate for me to keep it." Raegan then stood up, pushed the thermos bottle toward Luciana, and said, "Please take this to him.

I won't go inside anymore." Luciana didn't stop Raegan from leaving.

She watched Raegan's receding back with a heavy expression and heaved a deep sigh.

After Raegan disappeared from her sight, Luciana stood up and thought for a moment.

In the end, she threw the thermos bottle into the trash can.

Since she wanted Raegan and Mitchel to cut ties, it should be done cleanly.

In his ward, Mitchel had just finished a video conference, He grabbed his phone and checked it.

He hadn't seen Raegan for only half a day, but he terribly missed her already.

Every time he was idle, all he could think of was Raegan.

Her beautiful face...

Her coquettishness...

Her allure...

Mitchel felt he had gone insane.

He was at the point where he couldn't stand not seeing her for a second.

At this moment, his phone vibrated.

Mitchel quickly picked it up, hoping it was Raegan.

But when he looked at the screen, he found it was Matteo calling.

Matteo was calling to discuss the arrangements for his discharge tomorrow.

Actually, the doctor advised Mitchel to rest for a few more days.

But he had too much work and couldn't stay in the ward all the time.

He had long thought about being discharged, but he was afraid that if he left the hospital, he wouldn't have an excuse for Raegan to come and visit him.

So, he decided to stay another day.

He opened the drawer and took out a ring box.

When he opened it and saw the ring inside, he froze.

It was the one Raegan had used to hit him before.

Matteo kept it and returned it to him.

He decided to tell Raegan about the story of this ring when she came over tonight.

Mitchel raised his hand and checked the time.

It was already half past eight.

It wasn't safe for Raegan to be on the road so late.

He called her, wanting to ask where she was now.

But she didn't answer.

His brows furrowed.

He was about to call again when the door of the ward was pushed open from the outside.

Luciana walked in, holding a delicately packed food box in her hand.

"Mitchel, I brought you dinner from your favorite restaurant." Mitchel had no appetite, so he replied indifferently, "Just put it there." "Come on, you have to eat first.

You need to nourish your body.

How can you recover if you don't eat properly?" As she spoke, Luciana filled the bowl with soup and handed it to him.

Mitchel's frown deepened even more.

Then, his eyes caught a glimpse of the bracelet on Luciana's wrist.

He grabbed it, and his Adam's apple bobbed up and down as he stared at it.

"Mom, why did you wear this bracelet?" Luciana was taken aback for a moment.

She looked at her wrist and said, "Raegan returned it to me today.

I didn't want to take it back, but she insisted.

She said she couldn't take this bracelet because you two were divorced." Mitchel's face darkened at once.

Luciana gently put the bracelet down and said, "I can see that Raegan has moved on.

She is doing great.

You should move on as well.

You still have to shoulder the burden of the Dixon Group.

The market now is different from before.

You can no longer dominate it alone.

So, the next time you look for a wife, the background will be the first factor.

As long as she is a decent woman..." Luciana strongly agreed with the marriage of convenience.

Emotions were not necessary.

A couple only needed to have a child to solidify the ties of both families.

Every time she thought of Mitchel lying in the ICU that day, her heart ached, accompanied by dizziness and tinnitus.

For a mother like her, nothing else mattered than her son's life.

She was even willing to be that bad guy for interfering for Mitchel's sake.

Mitchel remained silent, so Luciana continued, "The daughter of the Benton family is actually quite suitable for you.

It's just a pity that you don't like her.

But, anyway, no need to rush.

We can take our time looking for a better wife for you." Mitchel didn't seem to hear a single word Luciana said.

He was carefully recalling every detail of Raegan's departure today.

He didn't notice anything unusual.

How could she suddenly become like this? He once convinced himself that her lack of response was due to her tight schedule with work.

She would come and bring him dinner this evening.

Yet, hearing Luciana's words, he found she was even more heartless than he imagined.

While Luciana was still talking, Mitchel suddenly sat up from the bed.

He moved so abruptly that he coughed several times.

Luciana panicked.

She immediately stepped forward to help him.

She couldn't help scolding, "Mitchel, what are you doing?" But before she could touch him, Mitchel had already put on his coat and left the ward.

Luciana sat down helplessly.

She didn't run after Mitchel anymore.

Instead, she took out her phone and sent Raegan a message.

After reading Luciana's message, Raegan stared at the screen of her phone for a long time.

Finally, she replied, "I understand." Luciana told her that Mitchel had left the hospital and was on the way to find her.

Luciana begged her to make him give up.

Raegan couldn't describe how she felt at this moment.

When Luciana protected her, she was really touched because she had lost her mother when she was a child.

She had never experienced such kind of motherly care.

Luciana's protection made her realize how good it was to be loved and cared for by a mother.

Raegan knew that Luciana's care for her was genuine.

Luciana really liked her.

But when it came to Mitchel's safety, Luciana could abandon her.

After all, Mitchel was Luciana's son, her blood and flesh.

She didn't blame Luciana.

In fact, she envied Mitchel for having such a good mother who loved him wholeheartedly.

Unlike her, who was all alone in this world.

She had no one left with her.

At this moment, the doorbell rang.

The door opened, and Mitchel's tall figure was standing at the door.

Their eyes met, but neither of them spoke.

After a while, Mitchel finally broke the silence.

He said hoarsely, "You didn't come to see me, so I came to see you." The way he said it, he seemed to be glossing over the situation.

He pretended not to know that Raegan had returned Luciana's bracelet.

It was as if everything continued from where they had left off last night.

Raegan secretly clenched her fists tightly.

Then she said coldly, "Mitchel..." "Let's remarry," Mitchel interrupted, not allowing her to speak.

Chapter 210

The Truth This sentence was like water poured into the boiling oil in a pan.

The crackling sound kept exploding in Raegan's mind.

She was stunned for a while.

At this moment, Mitchel took out the wedding ring he had given her before.

He explained, "This ring was given to me by my grandmother.

She and my grandfather had been deeply in love throughout their lives.

So, this ring means a lot to me.

This is very special.

It's just that I didn't explain it to you clearly at that time." After saying this, he took out a pigeon-egg-sized pink diamond ring and put both rings on Raegan's palm.

Then he said, "I had this one customized, but it took a long time to arrive.

Raegan, let's remarry." Mitchel's tone sounded very firm, blocking all the words Raegan wanted to say.

It was as if he did not allow any objections.

He seemed so eager to urgently save something.

Raegan looked at the rings on her palm.

She was at a loss for words for a long time, overwhelmed by mixed emotions.

Everything was too late now.

She didn't dare to be with Mitchel anymore.

If she was with him, she was not confident that she could go through any heartaches, were there any misunderstandings.

After all, a love without blessings from everyone might not be suitable in itself.

At the thought of this, Raegan took off the rings and handed them back to Mitchel, stating calmly, "Mitchel, I thought I had made it clear to you." Mitchel's face slightly turned cold.

He looked at the rings without taking them.

"What do you mean?" "What happened last night was just an accident.

I don't want to have anything to do with you anymore." Mitchel's lips curled up slightly.

"Accident? Have you forgotten how passionate and proactive you were last night? After having sex with me five times just in one night, you call it an accident?" His words made Raegan's head buzz.

She bit her lower lip and said, "I was only drunk." She felt heartbroken.

But she plucked up the courage to say decisively, "Even if it wasn't you last night, I would have done the same with another man.

I am an adult, and I have needs.

What's so shameful about that?" Mitchel was stung by her words.

He sneered and approached her step by step.

"Needs? You would do the same with another man? But why did you keep calling out my name? You are obviously lying.

Do you expect me to believe you?" Raegan felt uncomfortable with his proximity, so she took a step back.

"Mitchel, stop being unreasonable.

I admit you are skilled.

But we can't be together.

I don't like you anymore.

Not at all.

So, let's live our own lives, okay?" "Am I being unreasonable?" Mitchel was so angry that he cursed, "Then why are you still fucking sleeping with me?" Raegan reiterated, "We're both adults.

What's wrong with us sleeping together and having sex? What does it prove?" Mitchel didn't say anything.

He stared at the rings in her hand for a long time before he finally spoke.

"Really don't want them?" Raegan nodded.

And the next second, her hand was empty.

The two rings flew in the air and then disappeared.

Raegan gasped.

She didn't expect Mitchel to do such a thing.

"Mitchel, what are you doing?" Mitchell's face darkened.

"Since you don't want them, why do you care what I do to them?" Raegan lowered her head, not understanding Mitchel's willfulness.

How could he throw away the diamond rings worth tens of millions of dollars just like that? Mitchel was silent for a few seconds.

Then, suddenly, he picked her up, threw her on the sofa, and pressed his body against hers.

Raegan panicked.

She struggled to break free.

"Mitchel, what are you doing?" Mitchel pulled her collar with a cold face.

"Didn't you say there was nothing wrong with adults sleeping together? Then, let's sleep together a few more times and see what it can prove." While he spoke, his hands were already moving, unbuttoning her blouse.

Suddenly, a crisp slap sound echoed.

Raegan slapped Mitchel in the face.

"Stay away from me, and don't touch me.

| don't agree to be intimate with you.

I can sue you for raping me.

Do you understand?" Mitchel curled his lips coldly and said mockingly, "When you begged me for another round of sexual intercourse last night, why didn't you say I was doing it against your will? Should I just satisfy your needs for free? Is it wrong for me to ask something in return?" Raegan glared at him angrily.

"You're talking nonsense.

We both know that last night was consensual." Mitchel stared at her.

When he saw the hickeys on her neck, his eyes darkened.

"Since it was consensual, what's wrong with doing it a few more times?" Raegan looked away and said, "Of course, it's wrong.

Because I don't want to sleep with you again.

We shouldn't be involved with each other anymore." Mitchel didn't let her dodge.

He held her chin and forced her to look at him.

When their eyes met, he said in a low voice, "Raegan, don't think you can deceive me.

The way you showed your emotions last night is not something you can fake.

You still like me, right?" "Mitchel, I admit you are skilled.

But the kind of pleasure you give me is something I can also get in buying a high-end toy.

I can get it elsewhere." Judging from Mitchel's expression, Raegan could tell that he was displeased by her words.

But she ignored it and continued resolutely, "As I have said, I don't want to have anything to do with you anymore.

And I mean it.

The way you act right now is really pointless.

Save some dignity for yourself." She had promised Luciana to make Mitchel give up, and she wouldn't break it.

Raegan knew how proud and arrogant Mitchel was.

He would never tolerate anyone damaging his self- esteem.

She clenched her fists to dispel the inexplicable pain in her heart.

"Mitchel, I am not the only woman in this world.

There are plenty of women out there desiring your attention.

Don't act like this.

You're only making me look down on you." Mitchel's face darkened even more.

The pain in his eyes was So intense that it was hard to ignore.

He stared at her and said word by word, "Do you honestly mean it?" Raegan was stunned for a moment.

Then, she said, "Yes, I mean it.

From now on, let's just be strangers.

Let's not contact each other again." "Strangers?" Mitchel lowered his gaze, feeling this word tore his heart apart.

Raegan's face remained calm.

It was as if she was not affected at all.

But no one knew that her hands hidden under her body were clenched so tightly that they had already turned pale.

She thought it would be easy.

But why was it so heartbreaking when she said those words? It was as if someone was tearing her heart apart.

She felt terribly uncomfortable.

Mitchel didn't say anything more.

He just turned around and left.

After he left, Raegan went downstairs and looked for the rings.

Finally, she saw them under a tree.

When she returned to the room, she put the rings on her finger.

They were her size.

They fit her perfectly, and they looked beautiful.

She loved the rings so much that tears streamed down her face uncontrollably.

Raegan didn't know what to do with the rings, so she found a box, put them inside neatly, and kept them.

In the hospital, Nicole had already woken up.

She found that she had slept for two days.

Her phone fell into the water, and she had no updates about her company.

She panicked, worrying about what could be the situation at this time.

She rang the bell, wanting to call a nurse and borrow a phone.

But when the door was opened, it was not the nurse.

Instead, it was Jamie, dressed luxuriously and beautifully.

Nicole's eyes turned cold.

"What are you doing here?" Jamie's red lips curved into a smile.

"Of course, I'm here to see you." Nicole sensed something amiss.

Every time Jamie looked at her, it was as if Jamie wanted to swallow her alive.

But now, Jamie seemed happy.

Why? It might be because Jarrod was fine.

Nicole didn't want to talk to Jamie, so she turned around and continued ringing the bell.

However, no one answered her.

Jamie chuckled.

"Don't bother.

My bodyguards are outside, and no one can come in.

You want to know about the situation of the Lawrence Group, right?" Nicole looked at her coldly.

"If you know anything, tell me right away."