

Unbreakable 61

Chapter 61

I Thought You Didn't Like Her Raegan felt like her heart shattered into pieces.

She was so depressed that she shouted, "Mitchel, who do you think I am? Am I a puppet that you can play with anytime you want?" The expression on Mitchel's face changed.

His charming, deep-set eyes narrowed slightly.

"Is that what you think of me?" "If you are not, what else can I think of your behavior? If the person in front of you now is Lauren, are you willing to do this to her?" "Certainly not," Mitchel answered without thinking.

He had never thought of having sex with Lauren from beginning to end.

But his reply made Raegan get the wrong idea.

Raegan's eyelids flickered slightly.

She was overwhelmed by bitterness.

She already knew the answer, but why did she still ask? Lauren was the apple of Mitchel's eye.

He would never bully Lauren.

He never had sex with Lauren, not because he didn't love her, but because he cherished her so much.

She was like a treasure that he took care of.

It was always said that when a man cherished a woman, he wouldn't touch her unless he could give her the best.

In short, Mitchel didn't sleep with Lauren when he was still a married man only because he didn't want Lauren to be labeled as a shameless home wrecker.

At the thought of this, Raegan put on a plastic smile to mask her inner bitterness.

She seemed to make a decision silently.

"Mitchel, tell me.

What do I need to do for you to let me go?" As she spoke, the tone of her voice became soft.

Then she wrapped her arms around his neck and bit his lips recklessly.

Then she said coquettishly, "Do you want it now? Where do you prefer to do it? In the car or somewhere else?" Mitchel looked at Raegan with a scowl.

However, Raegan didn't seem to notice it.

She gently slid her fingers across Mitchel's ear and leaned closer.

Just like what he always did to her, she prayed her warm breath on his ear and whispered, "Let me satisfy you.

But, please, let me go after." Mitchel reacted quickly, but there was no lust in his eyes.

There was only an incomprehensible expression on his darkened face.

But Raegan didn't mind it at all.

She didn't care about it anymore.

All she wanted was to start anew and move on with her life.

She wanted Mitchel to let her go and then they would go through the divorce.

After spending days together in the past two years, Raegan could say that she knew Mitchel in some way.

She knew that the more she rebelled against him, the more irritated he would be.

If she continued to anger him, it would only be more difficult for her to get away.

So, she had to avoid doing things that could anger him.

If she angered him to a certain point, he would restrain her because of his possessiveness and arrogance, even though he didn't love her.

Raegan realized that if she wanted to live a peaceful life before their divorce, she must at least satisfy him and let him vent his lust.

At the thought of this, Raegan began to unbutton her dress under Mitchel's gaze, revealing her alluring collarbone.

Mitchel's eyes darkened, and he couldn't get his eyes off her curly figure.

Obviously, he was aroused by the attractive scene in front of him.

Suddenly, he frowned, picked her up, and said in a deep voice, "Not here." Then, Mitchel carried Raegan upstairs.

On their way upstairs, Raegan wrapped her arms around his neck even tighter.

When they arrived at the door, she took the initiative to unlock it.

As soon as Mitchel walked in, he threw Raegan on the sofa, pounced on her, and kissed her fiercely.

He couldn't suppress his lust anymore.

He had already been aroused by her when they were on the mountain.

He tried to endure it.

But now, she deliberately seduced him.

He could no longer hold back.

He needed to vent it out.

He had been longing to have sexual intercourse with her.

Right now, she was very proactive.

She hooked her arms around his neck and clung to him.

Their lips and teeth collided, and their bodies entangled.

Anyone who saw this scene would definitely blush.

Mitchel's hands began to unbutton Raegan's dress.

When his sanity was about to be overwhelmed by lust, Raegan suddenly held his hand and looked into his piercing eyes.

"Promise me first that you will let me go after this." Raegan knew that Mitchel was in dire need of sex at this moment, so he wouldn't refuse her request.

That was why she had been pleasing him.

Mitchel's hands froze.

He looked at her with narrowed eyes and asked coldly, "Are you serious?" Raegan met his gaze and replied without flinching, "Mitchel, I'm not kidding." Mitchel's deep-set eyes darkened even more.

He asked again, "Have you really decided to sever ties with me?" Suddenly, the temperature around them dropped.

It was deadly quiet and depressing.

It seemed they had reached a critical point.

Raegan nodded with difficulty.

The expression on Mitchel's face froze, and his eyes turned cold.

He snapped at her, "Raegan, do you really think you are irreplaceable?" Bitterness filled Raegan's heart when she heard this.

Mitchel had never made her feel she was irreplaceable.

Instead, she always felt she was nothing in his eyes.

She wished she could find something to prove she was that important to him.

Unfortunately, nothing.

She had no reason to consider herself irreplaceable.

So, she replied lightly, "Mr.

Dixon, I have a clear estimation of myself.

I never consider myself irreplaceable to anyone, especially you.

From now on, please don't come to me for anything except about the divorce." "Fine, if you say so."
Mitchel looked at Raegan deeply.

The passion on his face faded, and it became expressionless.

He stood up from the sofa without saying a word and walked to the door.

A loud bang sounded when he slammed the door shut behind him.

Raegan lay on the sofa and stared at the ceiling motionlessly.

A faint pain spread in her heart.

She whispered to herself, "Raegan, you are on your own again." Then, there was dead silence in the room, making Raegan feel more alone.

After leaving the Crystal Bay, Mitchel drove the black Bentley to a bar.

A few moments later, Luis arrived.

As soon as he entered the chamber, he saw half a dozen empty bottles on the table.

Mitchel sat on the sofa, looking rather depressed.

When he saw Luis come in, he raised his glass and drank it up in one gulp.

Sitting next to him, Jarrod was also drinking quietly.

Luis felt he was looking at two crazy men.

He stepped forward, snatched the glass from Mitchel's hand, and glared at him.

"Mitchel, what do you think you're doing? Are you trying to kill yourself?" Jarrod, who was obviously drunk, mumbled, "Hey, Luis, relax.

Don't worry.

We didn't drink too much." Before Luis could say anything, Mitchel knocked the table with his slender fingers, hinting at the waiter to refill his glass.

The waiter looked at Luis awkwardly.

Obviously, he was in a dilemma.

Luis glared at the waiter and said crossly, "Get out!" Being shouted at by Luis, the waiter didn't feel aggrieved at all.

Instead, he was somehow relieved.

He immediately ran out.

Luis closed the door, sat down, and said to Jarrod, "Don't you know that he just had an operation yesterday? How can you allow him to drink like this? You're helping him die!" Actually, Jarrod didn't know about this.

After all, Mitchel had blocked the news about his injuries.

So Jarrod asked with a frown, "What happened?" Luis snorted coldly.

"Well, certainly, to show off.

He thought he was a knight in shining armor and risked his life to save a beauty." Naturally, Jarrod thought Luis was referring to Lauren.

He asked, "Why? What's wrong with Lauren?" "It wasn't Lauren," Luis corrected.

Jarrod's frown deepened.

"If it's not Lauren, then...

I can only think of that woman named Raegan." "Yes, it's her," Luis confirmed.

Then, he called a waiter and asked him to bring a cup of tea for Mitchel.

He put the cup in front of Mitchel and said, "Tell me what happened.

I'm all ears now." When he did his rounds this morning, he saw that Mitchel and Raegan were on good terms.

What had happened? It had only been half a day.

How could they have a fight again? Mitchel picked up the teacup and took a sip.

He didn't say anything.

Luis was annoyed by Mitchel's silence.

He snorted and said sarcastically, "Mitchel, if you really don't like Raegan, why don't you just divorce her as soon as possible? There's plenty of fish in the ocean.

And there are definitely countless women chasing after you.

Just take it as a good deed.

Divorcing Raegan will give the ladies in Ardlens hope that you can notice them after you become single again." Jarrod chimed in, "Mitchel, I agree with Luis.

It's not worth drowning yourself in alcohol for a woman." Mitchel's grip on the teacup tightened.

He glanced at Luis and Jarrod coldly.

But still, he didn't say anything.

Luis acted as if he didn't notice Mitchel's darkened expression.

He continued, "To be honest, I find Reagan attractive.

Actually, I like her very much." Suddenly, the sound of something breaking sounded.

Jarrold and Luis were both startled by this unexpected noise.

It turned out Mitchel crushed the teacup with his bare hand.

With a solemn expression, Mitchel said coldly, "Don't even think about chasing after her!" "Whoa! Why are you reacting like that? Do you like her, too? Do you care about her? If you do, why do you always fight with her, then? Why do you make things difficult for her?" Luis said, raising his eyebrows.

Then he added, "Now tell me.

Are you still thinking about divorcing Raegan and marrying Lauren?" "No.

I've already made it clear to Lauren." Jarrold was so surprised by Mitchel's words that he couldn't help turning his head and staring at Mitchel.

"Then, why are you still annoyed? What seemed to be the problem?" "We've already agreed to divorce," Mitchel said impatiently.

He looked depressed now.

Luis was stunned for a moment.

"What? How can that be? You two looked so harmonious this morning.

I thought you've already reconciled." He thought for a while and asked, "Have you told Raegan about what you had said to Lauren?" Mitchel just remained silent.

He didn't tell Raegan the truth about his relationship with Lauren.

He thought it wasn't necessary.

After all, Henley was the only man Raegan cared about.

So, instead of making her hate him, he'd better help them fulfill their wish.

Luis didn't ask any more questions.

But in his mind, he had already figured out what was going on.

After a moment of silence, Luis spoke again.

"Since you've already made things clear to Lauren, you must tell Raegan about it.

Otherwise, she will always think that you don't care about her.

Naturally, she will be angry at you." Mitchel said irritably, "No need.

It doesn't matter anymore." He would never bother to take a woman who had someone else in her heart.

Seeing that Mitchel was so stubborn, Luis didn't persuade him anymore and said, "Whatever! It's none of my business, anyway.

Let's wait and see what you will do when Raegan totally gives up on you." When Mitchel heard this, he frowned and asked, "What do you mean?"

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He Spat Out Blood Mitchel wore a serious expression.

Luis stood there, momentarily stunned, before finally saying, "Let's Just wait and see what you decide to do by then." Mitchel frowned upon hearing that.

Luis couldn't resist teasing, "Whatever, the ball's in your court." But Mitchel remained tight-lipped, prompting Jarrod to make it clear.

"He just suggested that Raegan is in love with you." "Holy smokes!" Luis was taken aback by Mitchel's reaction.

"You seriously didn't know?" Mitchel was delighted at first, and then he sneered, retorting in a bitter tone, "You get it wrong.

I'm not the one in her heart!" Mitchel looked rather convinced when he blurted out.

His mind raced back to the scenes where Raegan had repeatedly confronted him on Henley's behalf.

The thought that she had been fixated on that man for the past two years weighed on him like a heavy stone, making every breath a struggle.

He felt a mix of jealousy and fury.

He wished he could question Raegan why she didn't love him and skin that bastard Henley alive.

Seeing this, Luis was momentarily rendered speechless.

He finally said, "Dude, when you fainted and were going through the operation yesterday, Raegan had been waiting for you outside the operating room.

Man, she cried for you, and her face was filled with tears.

When you finally were wheeled out of the operating room, she kept herself by your side and refused to eat or drink.

How can you say she doesn't care about you?" Luis's words stirred something in Mitchel, but he quickly brushed it aside.

"I swear, the person in Raegan's heart is definitely you," Luis added with certainty.

With experience from numerous relationships and memorable encounters with women, Luis could tell when someone was in love.

However, Mitchel shot back coldly, "Your swear means nothing to me." "Damn it!" Luis's frustration bubbled over when he heard Mitchel's words.

"Let's make a bet then! If I tell Raegan you have an accident, she will rush to your side immediately.

Believe it or not!" Mitchel pursed his lips and remained silent in response.

To prove his point, Luis reached for his phone and dialed Raegan's number.

He looked at Mitchel and said, "Let's wait and see.

If I win, you will give me that luxurious yacht of yours in exchange." Luis had coveted that rare yacht for quite some time, but it was a limited edition worldwide, and he couldn't possibly afford it.

Mitchel pondered for a moment but didn't reject Luis' proposal.

He simply replied, "Whatever." The phone call was answered shortly after.

Luis put it on the speaker.

Suddenly, Luis' tone changed dramatically.

With impressive acting skills, he said in a feigned panic, "Raegan, bad news! Mitchel spat out blood and passed out!" On the other end of the phone, Raegan had already finished her evening routine and settled into bed.

When she heard the news, her heart leaped with concern.

Anxiously, she asked, "What? How can that be? Where is he now? Did you call an ambulance? Please take him to the hospital.

"I'll head there immediately." Listening to Raegan's panicked words, Luis looked at Mitchel with a victorious expression.

Mitchel's once stern expression instantly softened.

Luis continued his act.

"Mitchel had a bit too much to drink at the bar, and he started coughing up blood.

It's clear he is not in the best shape.

"You should come as quickly as you can." At this moment, Raegan was already dressed and had her hand on the doorknob, ready to leave.

However, Luis's last sentence made her pause.

It struck her that Mitchel's sour mood was probably related to Lauren.

She and Mitchel had just struck an agreement not to see each other except for divorce-related matters.

In that case, the person he most likely wanted to see right now was Lauren.

"Take your time, and don't worry too much.

"I'll wait here for you," Luis urged.

When he was about to end the call, Raegan stopped him.

"Wait a minute, Luis." She continued with a measured tone, "I'm not going there.

Please take Mitchel to the hospital.

If anything happens to him again, please contact Lauren directly.

This really isn't my concern." Luis stammered, "But...

Raegan, he's coughing up blood.

Are you sure you don't want to come over?" Sweat broke out on Luis' forehead.

He couldn't fathom what had prompted this sudden change of heart in Raegan, who had been so concerned just moments ago.

"Besides, I'm not a doctor.

My presence wouldn't make any difference.

I apologize for the inconvenience caused, but that's my final decision," Raegan firmly declared.

With that, she ended the call.

Luis stared at his phone, dumbfounded.

His coveted yacht had just slipped through his fingers.

He couldn't accept it.

He refused to give up.

There was no way he would allow that to happen! Determined to make one last attempt for that coveted yacht, Luis called Raegan again.

"Tonight, I have to win that yacht no matter what." However, Raegan's phone could no longer be connected.

Luis received a message, saying, "Sorry, the number you have dialed is powered off." Unyielding, Luis tried again.

After five consecutive attempts to reach Raegan, Luis finally gave up on contacting her since she had already turned off her phone.

This made Luis rather speechless.

He muttered, "What could you have done to upset Raegan again? It doesn't make sense..." The previous night, Raegan had been beside herself with worry when Mitchel had been rushed to the emergency room.

So, Luis was convinced of Raegan's genuine concern for Mitchel.

With a resounding crash, Mitchel swept all the bottles and tea sets off the table.

His expression was even more horrible than that of Satan.

His palms, now stained with blood from the shattered glass, seemed to be the least of his concerns.

"Bring me the alcohol," he demanded.

However, Luis couldn't bear to watch Mitchel indulge in alcohol.

He signaled to the waiter not to serve him any more alcohol.

If Mitchel continued to drink like this, it could make him meet his demise.

But Jarrod didn't stop Mitchel from drinking.

He took a bottle from the waiter and cracked it open for Mitchel.

He said, his tone devoid of sympathy, "Never let a woman get under your skin.

Let's drink and forget it!" Mitchel grabbed the bottle and downed it in one go.

The potent liquor burned his stomach! After chugging down a few more bottles, he collapsed onto the floor with a resounding thud.

As Mitchel teetered on the edge of consciousness, he muttered, "Why? Why don't you want me..."
Meanwhile, in Crystal Bay, Raegan lay on her bed, tossing and turning, unable to fall asleep.

Every time she closed her eyes, thoughts of Mitchel and the pained expression on his face when he left haunted her.

She forced a bitter smile, trying to convince herself that she was overthinking things.

How could Mitchel feel hurt by her words? There should be no one but Lauren who could cause him Sorrow.

She forced herself to sleep in vain.

Her eyes remained wide open, staring blankly at the ceiling.

Her thoughts had already drifted away.

During her phone conversation with Luis, it seemed Luis didn't joke about Mitchel's condition.

Why did Mitchel treat himself like that? His wound hadn't even recovered yet.

The image of Mitchel valiantly stepping in to shield her from harm flashed in her mind.

She clutched the bed sheets tightly and suddenly rose from her bed.

Since she was concerned about Mitchel, it was only right to go and check on him.

She assured herself that she was Just going there to make sure he was okay, nothing more.

After Raegan rushed to the hospital, she noticed it was about to rain.

Just as she was about to dial Luis' number, a hand patted on her shoulder.

"Raegan, what brings you here?" Henley was surprised to see her at the hospital.

"I..." Raegan was about to respond when she noticed a needle in Henley's arm, suggesting he had just finished an IV treatment.

Her empathy for him welled up, and she asked, "Are you feeling better now?" Henley lowered his hand to hide the wound, then replied gently, "I'm okay." Recalling the awkward moments earlier regarding the phone call, Raegan apologized embarrassedly, "Henley, I'm sorry about the call." Henley's eyes dimmed briefly but quickly recovered, saying, "There is no need to apologize, Raegan.

You don't owe me an apology." Looking at Raegan's exhausted face and the dark circles under her eyes, Henley continued, "Why do you look so pale? It's very late.

Why don't you go home and rest? What are you doing here at the hospital?" Just as Raegan was about to reply, a figure rushed over, creating a barrier between her and Henley.

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Raegan Is Sad "Raegan?" Luis didn't expect to see Raegan at the hospital at this moment.

"You're here! Come with me." But before he pulled Raegan away, he glanced at Henley and winked at his assistant, hinting something.

Luis was actually worried.

He knew Mitchel very well.

If Mitchel found out that Raegan had come to the hospital to visit someone else, he would probably shatter this hospital into pieces out of fury.

Luis didn't care who Raegan intended to visit.

Whether she liked it or not, she must visit Mitchel here.

At the thought of this, Luis took Raegan's hand and pulled her to the elevator regardless of anything.

Henley stepped forward to follow Luis and Raegan.

However, Luis' assistant hurriedly stopped him.

"I'm sorry, sir.

You can't go with them.

Please stay here." Luis and Raegan were already in the elevator.

Raegan looked at Luis and asked worriedly, "Why did Mitchel drink so much?" "What do you think? Mitchel and I have been friends for a long time, but I haven't seen anyone who can make him so upset

like this except you," Luis answered, "Me? Are you saying that he drank too much because of me?" Raegan couldn't believe her ears.

"Yes, you.

Well, I'm actually confused.

You two used to be very close to each other.

You had a very good relationship.

What happened? Why did you suddenly become like this?" This time, Raegan didn't say anything.

She just lowered her head.

Luis sighed softly and said, "If you have something to say, why don't you speak up? Raegan, Mitchel loves you.

Give him a chance." Raegan was stunned for a moment.

She was confused.

What did Luis mean? The elevator stopped, and the doors opened with a ding.

Luis and Raegan walked out of the elevator.

Then Luis pointed to the innermost room and said, "You two should talk.

I'll go back downstairs first.

I have to do my rounds." Raegan walked toward the ward step by step.

When she stood outside the door, she suddenly felt nervous and panicky.

After all, they had just agreed to sever ties.

It was she who said that they shouldn't see each other unless it was something regarding their upcoming divorce.

Despite that, she was plagued by concerns when she heard of Mitchel's condition.

Now that she knew Mitchel was in the hospital, she couldn't feel at ease unless she made sure that he was okay.

The worry in Raegan's heart gave her the courage to raise her hand and knock on the door.

The door was slightly ajar.

So when her Knuckle touched it, it automatically opened.

However, Lauren didn't expect that Michel was not alone in the ward.

And the scene in front of her made her eyes widen and her Jaw dropped.

Lauren lay on Mitchel's body, and her clothes were messy.

They hugged each other, and their lips almost touched.

Judging from their posture, Raegan thought that if she hadn't pushed the door open, Mitchel and Lauren would have already had sex.

Suddenly, Raegan's face drained of color.

She was too stunned to move.

She blinked hard, hoping the scene in front of her would change.

She wanted to believe that she was only imagining things.

But no matter how many times she blinked, the scene in front of her remained the same.

It was clearly telling her what Mitchel and Lauren were doing.

Raegan stood rooted to the spot.

It was as if her feet were nailed to the floor.

Her hands and feet turned cold.

When she saw the surprised expressions on Lauren's and Mitchel's faces when they saw her, she knew she had come at the wrong time.

Lauren slowly got up from Mitchel.

She turned to Raegan and said with a flushed face, "Raegan, you're here." It was only then that Raegan came to her senses.

She took a step back and said stiffly, "I'm sorry for disturbing you." After saying this, she turned around and strode away, almost running.

Raegan entered the elevator numbly.

Tears streamed down her face uncontrollably.

The pain in her heart was intolerable.

She was overwhelmed by sadness.

It hurt so much that she wanted to shrink into a ball.

Raegan was filled with regret.

She shouldn't have come here.

She shouldn't have listened to Luis.

Didn't Mitchel say she was a cheap woman? But she still came here to check on him.

She even had ridiculous expectations because of Luis' words.

What did she get in the end? She only humiliated herself.

Raegan couldn't help blaming herself.

Why was she so stupid? Why couldn't she learn to be smart? At this moment, the elevator dinged.

As soon as the doors opened, Raegan was about to run out, but she was stopped by Luis, who was coming toward her.

"Raegan, where are you going? Are you leaving now? Have you seen Mitchel? Have you talked? Why so quick?" Raegan's face was still pale.

She only said softly, "Yes." Luis stared at Raegan and couldn't react for a while.

He thought Mitchel and Raegan had a fight again, so he held Raegan's hand and said earnestly, "Raegan, you can't leave so soon.

Mitchel is seriously injured.

He didn't tell his family about it because he didn't want them to worry.

So, he is all alone now.

You should at least stay for a while to take care of him." "He doesn't need me.

Someone is already taking care of him." Luis frowned in confusion.

He didn't understand what Raegan meant.

He thought she was referring to the nurse.

"But isn't it much better if you take care of him personally? After all, how can they compare to you?" Luis' words were like a knife that pierced Raegan's heart.

Actually, she was the one who couldn't compare to Lauren.

Lauren didn't even need to do anything.

In Mitchel's heart, she couldn't hold a candle to Lauren.

Raegan bit her lower lip to suppress the tears that were about to fall again.

Her voice still trembled when she said, "Mr.

Stevens, please let go of my hand.

I'm not feeling well.

I have to go." Luis looked at Raegan.

And it was only then that he noticed her pale face.

He was about to ask her when his phone suddenly rang.

Raegan took advantage of this opportunity and left without looking back.

As soon as Luis pressed the answer button, a cold and deep voice sounded on the other end of the line.

"Stop Raegan.

Don't let her leave." Luis looked at the entrance of the hospital.

"She's already waiting for the car outside.

What happened? Why..." He suddenly stopped when he heard the busy tone on the other side.

He looked at the screen of his phone with a frown.

It turned out that Mitchel had already hung up.

Mitchel put down his phone and jumped out of bed, ignoring his wounds.

He was about to go out to chase after Raegan.

However, Lauren grabbed his wrist and said worriedly, "Mitchel, you are injured.

How can you run around? Let me explain to Raegan.

Just go back to bed and rest." Mitchel shook off her hand, glared at her with piercing eyes, and asked coldly, "Did you do it on purpose?" The moment Raegan pushed the door open, Lauren fell on him.

It was too coincidental.

And why were her clothes ruined by accident also at that same time? Tears streamed down Lauren's face at once.

She said between sobs, "Mitchel, how can you think of me like that? When I came to see you, the doctor had just drawn blood from me.

My legs were still weak.

That was why I fell on you." She paused and continued, "It's all my fault.

I shouldn't have been so worried about you that I couldn't sleep.

Instead of coming to see you, I should have rested first.

I'm sorry for causing you trouble.

But I'll explain everything to Raegan.

I can even kneel down and apologize to her." After saying this, Lauren walked to the door as if she was going out.

But Mitchel suddenly stopped her.

"Enough!" Mitchel snapped, "You don't need to explain anything to her.

Just go back to your ward." Then Mitchel rushed to the door and strode out without even looking at Lauren.

Lauren was left alone in the ward.

Watching him walk away, she was so angry that she clenched her fists tightly until her knuckles turned white.

She stood there for a while.

Then, a sinister smile appeared on her face.

She already had a scheme against Raegan.

At this moment, the sky outside was covered with dark clouds.

A tremendous flash of lightning pierced through the sky.

It was followed by a loud crash of thunder.

Then heavy rain started to fall.

The taxi Raegan booked finally arrived.

She was about to get in the car when she heard someone calling her from behind.

"Raegan! Raegan, stop!" The voice sounded very familiar.

It was Mitchel's.

For some reason, Raegan stopped.

She couldn't help wondering why he came after her.

Did he come to settle a score with her because she broke their agreement and came to see him without permission? What else could be the reason? Whatever Mitchel's reason was, Raegan didn't want to face him right now.

She was already hurt too much.

She couldn't take any more pain.

At the thought of this, Raegan opened the door without hesitation and got in the car.

Then she said to the driver, "Please drive faster." "Raegan, wait!" At this moment, Mitchel had already rushed to the road and almost grabbed the door handle.

But the blue taxi sped away.

The torrential rain soaked Mitchel's entire body.

The gauze on the back of his head was all wet.

Blood gushed out of his wound, mixed with the rain, and flowed down his body.

The scene was particularly tragic.

Luis rushed over with an umbrella.

He was so worried about Mitchel that he couldn't help scolding him.

"Mitchel, what do you think you're doing? How can you run in the rain? Do you want to die now?" It was the first time he had seen someone who didn't take his body seriously.

Luis pulled Mitchel back to the hospital, but Mitchel only pushed him away.

Then Mitchel stopped an approaching taxi, opened the door, and said to the driver, "I'll buy this car." "Are you crazy?" the driver snapped.

The driver quickly closed the door, but he failed because Mitchel had already gripped the handle.

Then Mitchel said coldly, "How much is this car? I'll triple the price." The next moment, the driver stood in the rain in a daze, watching Mitchel drive his car away.

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Mitchel Genuinely Cares "Who'll pay me money?" the driver yelled.

Just then, Matteo stepped in to defuse the situation and told the driver, "Sir, please come with me." Sitting in the back seat, Raegan felt she was in a daze.

The crack of thunder overhead made her shivered.

She thought she had come to terms with Mitchel and Lauren being in a relationship.

However, seeing them in bed together had devastated her to the point of near madness.

How pathetic she was! She had even tried to trick herself into thinking it was okay.

How ironic it was that her life was like this.

Raegan had promised herself that she would stop caring about Mitchel, but it was easier said than done.

It was so painful for her.

She had tried her best to get a grip but in vain.

And then, out of nowhere, a jarring noise was heard.

The car slammed to a stop.

Had she not been buckled in, Raegan would have catapulted out of her seat.

After the car screeched to a halt, the driver yelled at the vehicle in front, "Are you out of your mind? How could you drive like that?" In the downpour, a tall and imposing man walked toward Raegan.

He swung open the back door and locked eyes with Raegan without blinking.

The next moment, his gaze turned icy.

"Get out of the car," he ordered in a commanding voice, Raegan was taken aback.

She didn't expect that Mitchel would actually chase after her.

He stood there, soaked to the bone, with rain trickling off his long lashes.

Even under these conditions, he still looked attractive.

Seeing that Raegan remained silent, Mitchel grabbed her hand directly.

Raegan was stunned for a split second and then shook off his grip.

"Mr.

Dixon, you should go back." Undeterred, Mitchel did not let her go and instead looked deep into her eyes.

"Then why did you come to the hospital to see me?" Raegan's eyes clouded over.

She stubbornly averted her gaze and shot back, "I wasn't there to see you." Mitchel didn't seem to believe that and cut to the chase.

"Well, why did you run away? Are you jealous? You still have feelings for me, don't you?" Raegan pursed her lips.

She reminded herself not to expect love from Mitchel, or she would only end up disappointed.

"Don't get me wrong, Mr.

Dixon.

What do you expect me to do after seeing such a scene? Stick around for the encore?" The rain intensified, and the driver's patience was starting to wear thin.

"Are you two done? I've got to make a living, you know?" Mitchel whipped out his purse and threw a large amount of money to the driver.

He then shot a frosty glance at the driver and asked, "Is that enough?" The driver was floored.

The amount he just received was more than enough to cover the fee.

It was equivalent to his monthly income.

The driver mustered a smile and said, "The rain's coming down in buckets.

Sir, why don't you get in the car while you talk to her? Take your time." "You!" Raegan uttered in disbelief.

She was speechless for what Mitchel had just done.

She frowned as she realized she could not compete with Mitchel when it came to the money.

Forget it.

"Excuse me, you're blocking my way," Raegan sternly said to Mitchel.

"I'm not going to move," he replied flatly.

"Mr.

Dixon, don't waste your precious time on me.

Go back to Miss Murray." As Raegan said this, her eyes were emotionless, as if the man before her was a stranger.

For some reason, this ignited a spark of anger in Mitchel, and he questioned, "You really want me to go back to her?" "Yes." Raegan firmly nodded.

"Fine!" Mitchel, without missing a beat, slammed the door shut and walked away.

As Raegan watched his retreating figure, her heart ached.

It felt as though she had contracted some sort of a rare disease that got worse every time she had a fight with Mitchel.

Raegan wanted to say more.

But instead, she simply turned her face away and motioned for the driver to get moving.

Just as the engine roared to life, the back door was flung open.

Mitchel returned, pinned her to the seat, and began to kiss her passionately.

For a moment, Raegan's mind went blank.

She instinctively tried to dodge, but Mitchel's grip on her chin was unyielding, giving her no chance to escape.

Raegan was almost suffocated by the kiss and wanted to run away, but Mitchel's hand was like an iron clamp, which rendered her powerless.

Soon enough, her lips felt both numb and sore.

Mitchel was drenched from the rain, But as their bodies pressed together, Raegan could feel the warmth of his body.

The contrasting sensations of cold and warmth seemed to stir her desire.

Even though the driver was no longer young, the scene playing out in his backseat made him uneasy.

Unable to do anything, he just closed his eyes and pretended to see nothing.

The silence in the car made the sounds of their intimacy all the more audible.

Right when Raegan was about to groan from the pain, Mitchel loosened his grip on her chin.

Then, he laid half of his body over Raegan's.

Almost instinctively, Raegan caught Mitchel in her arms, but a sense of unease crept in.

That was when she noticed the blood oozing from the back of his neck, which dripped on her hand.

Her eyes widened in shock, and she said to the driver in a trembling voice, "Drive us to the hospital.

Hurry up!" Lying on the hospital bed, Mitchel was running a fever.

Standing in the rain for so long had infected his wound.

Before leaving, Luis turned to Raegan and said, "I know you might find it hard to believe, but Mitchel genuinely cares for you." Luis understood Mitchel's complicated history.

When Mitchel was little, his parents had separated, leaving him starved for parental affection.

This left him clueless about how to navigate a relationship with a woman and ashamed to admit his feelings.

However, Luis wasn't fooled by Mitchel's seemingly indifferent behavior.

He knew deep down that Mitchel did care about Raegan.

As Raegan sat at the edge of the hospital bed and stared at Mitchel's pallid face, a myriad of emotions washed over her.

Could Mitchel really care about her? If so, why did he treat her like that? Why did he do those things to break her heart? But if he did not care about her, then why could he be unwilling to get a divorce and even protect her with all his might? Lost in these thoughts, Raegan eventually dozed off on the edge of the bed.

Outside the room, Jarrod and Luis hung around, smoking cigarettes in the corridor.

It was Luis who first broke the silence.

"Don't you think you're being too harsh on the Lawrence family? I saw Nicole send her father to the emergency room.

Her knees were scraped up, and she was missing a shoe." Jarrod, his handsome face shrouded in cigarette smoke, said nothing.

Luis snuffed out his cigarette and gave Jarrod a probing look.

"Look, I understand you.

I don't mind helping you deal with them.

Those bastards deserve it.

But, truth be told, the biggest fault of the Lawrence family was calling off the engagement.

As parents, it's only right for them to care about Nicole's future.

Don't you think it's a bit too much to treat them like this? Plus, your wedding is in two weeks, and you still can't let go of Nicole.

She'll be in trouble if your fiancée finds out about this." Luis knew how formidable Jarrod's fiancée could be, especially when it came to dealing with her rivals.

And because Jarrod was so enamored with her, nobody dared to cross her.

That young woman was sharp as a tack.

Therefore, it was no wonder she crossed paths with a man like Jarrod and saved him, even though it was in the most unlikely place.

Back then, when Jarrod was abroad, if it weren't for his fiancée, he would have suffered for a few more years and be unable to turn over so soon.

Despite Luis' reasoning, Jarrod remained unswayed.

"It's none of your business," he retorted icily.

As soon as he said these words, he turned to his heel and left.

Luis had never walked through the muck or been dragged through the dirt.

So, he could not grasp the depth of resentment boiling in Jarrod's heart.

Jarrold despised Nicole for how easily she had given up on him and their shared past back then.

In the darkness of the night, the scar on Jarrod's forehead seemed even more menacing.

As he gazed at the motionless figure in the ICU, he felt nothing.

Without a word, he pushed the door open.

Chapter 65

The Price For Lying In the hospital ward, Nicole exhaled in relief when the doctor informed her that her father was no longer in immediate danger.

Even though her own life was a tangled web, she pushed aside her worries to be at her father's bedside.

Every time she looked at his gray hair, Nicole hated herself even more.

Her father was so old yet he still paid for her mistakes.

Nicole had messed up big time when she hired a guy to rile up Jarrod.

But Jarrod was getting married in ten days.

Why was he still toying with her? Did he want to keep her on the side like some sort of twisted love trophy even after he got married? This thought made Nicole sick.

Falling head over heels for a scumbag like Jarrod was the biggest mistake she had ever made in her life.

Once the good news about her dad sunk in, Nicole started feeling a wave of exhaustion.

But then, a sudden chill raced down her spine.

Before she knew it, she felt a hand grab her waist and pull her onto a man's lap.

When she saw who he was, her eyes widened and her hair stood on its end.

Jarrold's eyes narrowed when he saw the fear widening Nicole's eyes.

She was terrified of him.

And, for some reason, this very much pleased him.

"Why are you here?" Nicole asked in a trembling voice.

Jarrold sneered and let his fingers trace her face.

"What can't I be here, honey?" In days gone by, Jarrold would smile at her in the most endearing way, like the sun breaking through the clouds.

His face always seemed so warm and inviting.

Now, however, a scar marred his forehead, and his hair had a spiky, rebellious look.

The man sitting before her seemed colder and more sinister as if he had evolved in the worst way possible.

The curve of his lips sent a shiver down her spine.

"Why isn't your dad awake yet?" Jarrod asked, though he did not sound genuinely concerned about her father's well-being.

"What do you want, Jarrod?" Nicole cautiously asked.

Jarrod caressed her lips with his thumb and grinned.

"Apart from sleeping with you, what else could I possibly want?" His words might have been flippant, but Nicole felt anything but embarrassed.

She knew firsthand how much more shameless Jarrod could be behind closed doors, especially in bed.

With a stern expression, Nicole reminded him in a hushed voice, "Behave yourself.

We're in a hospital." Jarrod just arched an eyebrow, with lust dancing in his eyes.

"And? So what?" "No, not here.

My father's right here.

We can't..." Nicole's eyes turned red with tears.

Instead of showing any sign of pity for Nicole, Jarrod gripped her even harder.

"You!" Nicole took a sharp breath and shot a warning look at Jarrod.

Jarrod, still wearing that unsettling smile, gripped Nicole even more and sardonically asked, "What's the matter?" Despite the pain, Nicole managed to suppress herself from letting out a cry of pain.

She pulled herself together and implored in a trembling voice, "Please, Jarrod..."

Don't do this...

Not in front of my father..." Her pleas only fell on Jarrod's deaf ear.

He leaned in close and whispered in her ear, "Why? Don't you like it?" Nicole's cheeks flushed.

However, it was not from pleasure but from humiliation at what they were doing in her father's presence.

"Jarrod, how can you be so shameless? You jerk!" she burst out.

He dared to do this to her even with her father lying here.

Nicole's words struck a chord, and Jarrod's expression shifted in the blink of an eye.

He yanked his hand back and shoved her aside.

The force of his push sent Nicole falling onto the floor.

Jarrood stood up and casually wiped his hands with a tissue.

Then, he looked down at her and said with a voice dripping with disdain, "If you don't want to do it, fine.

I'll come see your dad once he's awake.

Oh, and one more thing..." He suddenly took out his phone, as if he was going to take a few pictures of Nicole as she collapsed on the floor.

Nicole's face went ghastly pale the moment she realized what he was up to.

"Don't!" Jarrod pinched her chin and sneered.

"Why not? I can show your dad how his daughter pleases me.

Well, if he wants, you could be as famous as those stars." "No, stop it! Don't you dare take any pictures, Jarrod!" Nicole sprang to her feet and lunged at Jarrod to snatch his phone.

However, Jarrod pushed her away without a second thought.

With a muffled sound, Nicole hit the edge of the bedside table.

The impact sent jolts of pain through her body.

She curled up, her form resembling a cooked shrimp.

The pain was sharp and intense.

Unable to stand up, Nicole leaned against the wall.

Every breath was a struggle as she grimaced in agony.

Jarrod's eyes darkened for a second.

He pocketed his phone and abandoned his plan to take pictures.

Soon enough, his icy demeanor returned.

"Why are you so nervous? One of my friends has taken a liking to you.

He says you're quite attractive and wants to have fun with you." Nicole's eyes widened, and her face drained of color.

She had never anticipated that Jarrod would capture her at her embarrassing moment, only to share the spectacle with his friends.

Did it mean that he had done this before? The idea that others might have seen her in such a state made Nicole's stomach churn and made her tremble uncontrollably.

It felt like her sanity was hanging by a thread.

"What...

What do you want exactly?" she asked weakly, not knowing she had jumped into Jarrod's trap again.

"How about you have some fun with my friend for a bit?" Jarrod casually replied as if he were suggesting something as mundane as sharing a cup of coffee.

Nicole's head spun.

Not only was Jarrod tormenting her himself, but he also wanted to pass her around to his friends.

How could he be so cruel? Nicole knew the "friends" Jarrod was referring to.

Those men were far from gentle like Mitchel and Luis.

Mitchel and Luis were not as untamed as Jarrod and usually wouldn't take a liking to any woman who was with another man.

Nicole had had the misfortune of meeting one of those brutes when she went to see Jarrod.

That guy was strong enough to crush her with bare hands.

Having been rude and demeaning, that guy treated her like dirt and even took advantage of her before her leaving.

The mere thought of him made Nicole's skin crawl.

If Jarrod planned to offer her up to such a beast, she would rather face the grim reaper himself.

At this moment, Nicole gritted her teeth and spat out, "Jarrod, you're getting married.

Why can't you just leave me alone?" "Because tormenting you is just too damn entertaining," Jarrod said, his voice dripping with chilling honesty, as if she were nothing more than a plaything.

Fueled by anger and desperation, Nicole lunged at him and scratched him with her nails.

"Jarrod, you bastard! I don't owe you anything! You have no right to do this to me!" Before she could do any real harm, Jarrod easily subdued her.

He then touched his neck where her nails had grazed him.

Thinking of that Jamie, his fiancée, must be mad at him if she saw the scratches on his neck done by Nicole, he looked at Nicole furiously.

"What makes you think you don't owe me anything?" He pressed his foot onto Nicole's hand and scoffed.

"Didn't you enjoy yourself when you made fun of me back then?" Nicole grimaced from the intense pain in her hand and managed to utter, "Jarrod, I went to find you back then, but I was mugged and knocked unconscious on the road.

By the time I woke up, you had left the country." After watching Nicole suffer in pain for a while, Jarrod lifted his foot and asked, "Miss Lawrence, do you think I'm a fool?" Back when he had felt hopeless and cornered, Nicole had been his last beacon of hope.

She had promised to run away with him.

But what had he found instead? In a video, Jarrod saw Nicole sitting leisurely on an armchair and said with an amused smile, "That idiot is waiting for me at the harbor.

How pathetic..." Jarrod knew he was the idiot she was laughing about.

She had shoved him into the quagmire and ground his face into the dirt.

As the memory dissipated, Jarrod held the back of Nicole's neck and grimly said, "Lying to me comes with a price, Nicole." With that, he bit on her lips.

Chapter 66

Be Obedient Jarrod bit Nicole's lips so hard that they instantly bled.

It was as if it was one of his ways to vent his anger.

Nicole was in so much pain that tears welled up in her eyes.

But she couldn't tell exactly where it hurt the most.

Her waist, hands, and lips were all sore.

But Jarrod was not done yet.

As if he had not vented enough, he rubbed Nicole's lips with his hand after biting them to widen the wound.

He was obviously torturing her.

It hurt like hell.

Nicole hissed in pain, but she didn't dare to dodge.

After all, even if she did, Jarrod still had other ways to torture her.

Jarrod looked at Nicole's blood on his thumb and asked playfully, "Does it hurt?" Nicole nodded obediently.

She knew that by giving in to Jarrod, she and the Lawrence family would suffer less.

She was like a frog in boiling water in Jarrod's hands.

Jarrod dealt with the Lawrence family depending on his mood.

Sometimes, he let go of them.

But most of the time, he kept pressuring them.

If Nicole pleased Jarrod, the Lawrence family could take a breather, and her father's condition would improve.

But if she pissed him off, he might vent his anger on the Lawrence family.

Nicole couldn't help blaming herself.

She felt she was too stupid just now.

She shouldn't have confronted and angered Jarrod.

So, all she could do now was to be patient and wait until Jarrod married Jamie.

She believed that Jarrod would attach great importance to Jamie.

Naturally, he would restrain himself not to act as recklessly as this.

By then, it would be easier for her to get away from him.

This thought gave Nicole a glimmer of hope.

But it was only later that she realized that she was really wrong.

She made a big mistake in thinking that Jarrod would behave himself after his marriage.

He had already become a monster in a man's body.

While staring at Nicole's bleeding lips, Jarrod somehow got aroused.

He pinched her chin hard and forced her to raise her head.

Then he lowered his head and kissed her rosy lips.

But instead of barging into her mouth, he sucked the wound on her lips over and over again.

When he felt her tremble in pain, an indescribable pleasure surged in his heart.

After the long and deep kiss, her blood dyed his lips red.

Jarrood stared at Nicole's lips.

Instead of feeling sorry for her, he found her particularly coquettish.

Nicole still endured the pain.

She held Jarrood's restless hand, kissed his lips fawningly, and said, "Let's go somewhere else, okay?" She knew that she couldn't escape from him tonight, so she gave in.

However, she couldn't do it in her father's ward no matter what.

If her father found out, it would be a lifetime embarrassment for her.

Jarrood was already aroused and wanted to release his desire, so he didn't make a fuss anymore.

He directly pulled her out of the ward without saying anything.

He took her to his apartment.

When Nicole entered the door, she unconsciously shuddered.

She was reminded of a_ horrible experience here.

When she once disobeyed Jarrod, he locked her here for two days and two nights and tortured her with all kinds of means.

It was a nightmare for her.

Jarrod lived abroad for a long time, and he had learned many tricks there.

But, of course, he wouldn't use them on Jamie.

So, naturally, Nicole became one of his guinea pigs for him to practice those tricks.

Nicole did her best to suppress the fear in her heart.

She took the initiative to go to the bathroom and took a shower.

But to her surprise, Jarrod suddenly barged in before she could even finish.

When their eyes met, Nicole quickly crossed her arms across her chest to cover her plump breasts.

She froze in place.

But when she realized what Jarrod was up to, she put down her hands feebly, closed her eyes, and let him do whatever he wanted.

After a long while, Jarrod was finally satisfied.

Nicole was so exhausted that she collapsed on the floor.

Her legs were too weak to stand up.

However, Jarrod just looked at her condescendingly.

It was as if he was looking at a stray dog.

Obviously, he had no intention of helping her up.

Nicole bit her lower lip to suppress the tears that were about to fall.

She pressed her hands against the wall for support and struggled to stand up.

At this moment, Jarrod's phone rang.

When he answered it, Jamie cried on the other end of the line.

Jarrod coaxed Jamie in a soft voice, "Silly girl.

Don't be afraid, okay? It's just a nightmare.

Calm down now.

I'll ask the driver to pick you up." Nicole was glad when she heard his last sentence.

Jamie's phone call came just right in time.

She breathed a sigh of relief.

If Jamie came, she would be off the hook.

Nicole picked up her clothes on the floor and was about to put them on.

But Jarrod suddenly asked, "Who told you to put your clothes on?" The expression on Nicole's face changed at once.

She said in a low voice, "I'm not feeling well today.

Besides, isn't Jamie coming?" She was so exhausted that she could no longer stand another round of sex.

Jarrod walked over to Nicole with a sneer.

He pinched her nape and pressed her against the wall with her back to him.

"How dare you call Jamie by her first name!" Nicole didn't want to piss Jarrod off, so she hurriedly explained, "I'm sorry.

I didn't mean to disrespect Miss Powell." "Be smart enough to know what you should do.

Remember, I am the one who makes the rules.

You can only follow my orders.

Do you understand?" Jarrod said coldly.

Nicole nodded with difficulty.

But Jarrod's approach made her so nervous that she broke out in a cold sweat.

Why did he start to be gripped by his lust again? Jamie was already on her way here.

How could he still want to have sex with her? He really wanted to make things difficult for her.

At the thought of this, Nicole became even more nervous.

What if Jamie caught them in such a scene? Suddenly, Jarrod patted her, which brought her back to her senses.

Then he said impatiently, "Relax." Nicole was rendered speechless.

After a while, the doorbell rang.

Jarrold hurriedly ended their sex and pushed Nicole into the closet before she could even react.

Nicole had become claustrophobic ever since she was robbed and thrown into a mountain pass a few years ago.

She was always afraid of being in a confined space.

The closet where she was now was very dark, so fear started to overwhelm her.

But there was nothing she could do.

She couldn't go out and expose herself in front of Jamie.

So, she could only hug her knees tightly and curl up as hard as she could.

She hadn't had the time to wash her body, so she could still smell Jarrod's semen, which made her feel so disgusted about herself.

Soon, a woman's delicate and gentle voice sounded outside.

"Hmm...

Jarrood...

Be gentle..." Nicole felt her entire body stiffened.

A bitter smile appeared on her face.

Didn't Jarrod always want to give Jamie the best of everything? If so, why did he have sex with Jamie after making out with her without getting a shower? Nicole covered her ears with her hands, hoping it could block the sound.

However, it was useless.

She could still hear them clearly.

She didn't dare to make too much noise.

If Jamie found out she was here, she would be in big trouble.

So, she had no choice but to overcome her fear and put up with the current situation.

Jamie's coquettish moans continued to echo in the room.

She seemed very satisfied.

It only showed that Jarrod was skillful in bed.

In one hour, Jamie had multiple orgasms.

It was already dawn when Jarrod opened the closet.

Nicole was half-awake.

As soon as she saw Jarrod, she wanted to say something.

However, Jarrod beckoned to her to get out of the closet.

She pursed her lips and crawled out of the closet.

Her legs became weaker because she curled up there for a few hours.

Nicole subconsciously reached out her hand to Jarrod for support.

But to her dismay, he only supported her with his feet.

As soon as she stood up, he gave her a look that told her to quickly leave.

Nicole inadvertently glanced at the bed.

Jamie lay there naked.

Every curve of her body was tempting.

Her face glowed, and she looked charming in her sleep after having sex.

Nicole's thick eyelashes flickered.

She couldn't tell what she exactly felt at the moment.

She had been very depressed recently, but she didn't want to show it on her face.

Soon, she came to her senses.

She knew she had no time to be so sentimental.

She picked her clothes up, wanting to put them on.

But before she could do so, Jarrod had already pushed her out of the door directly.

Then, the door was slammed shut in front of her.

Fall was coming to an end, and winter was approaching.

The wind outside, especially at this time of night, was particularly chilly.

Nicole was only in her underwear, so she felt she was freezing to death.

Fortunately, Jarrod's apartment was located in a high -end area with only a few residents.

Besides, there were few people nearby at this hour.

She didn't need to worry about being seen by others like this.

She wiped the tears off her face and put on her clothes one by one.

Then she turned around and strode out of the building as fast as she could.

Nicole had no idea that Jarrod had been standing on the other side of the door, watching everything through the peephole.

He thought that Nicole really had no self-esteem.

Even though she was thrown out of the door naked, she was not embarrassed at all.

She even put on her clothes casually as if no one was around.

When Jarrod's eyes landed on the hickeys on Nicole's body, his eyes darkened.

Suddenly, he was aroused.

He had the urge to have sex with her again.

But before he could do anything, he felt a pair of soft hands resting on his back.

Then a sweet voice sounded.

"Jarrod, why are you standing here?"

Chapter 67

He Never Kissed Me Jamie's hand wandered across Jarrod's muscular back, and it slightly unsettled Jarrod.

The truth was Jarrod's back was a roadmap of ugly scars.

It was not exactly what one would expect behind that good-looking face of his.

Jamie was not a fan of his scars either.

But Jarrod's face, skills in sexual intercourse, and gentleness made Jamie easier to accept that.

How good was Jarrod to Jamie anyway? Jamie believed that if any harm came to her, he would not hesitate to protect her.

Few wouldn't fall for a loyal guy like Jarrod who was handsome and skilled in bed.

At the thought of this, Jamie felt she had hit the jackpot.

If it were not for that stupid woman, Jamie might not have even given Jarrod a second glance back then, not to mention saving him.

Now that she thought of it, she supposed she owed that woman a thank-you note.

The Powell family was on the decline, and it was Jarrod who gave them a leg up in Ardleys.

So, hanging on to Jarrod was not an option.

It was necessary.

With all these in mind, Jamie wrapped her arms around Jarrod from behind and nestled her face against his back, feeling the man's warm body and the rousing desire inside him.

"What are you looking at?" she asked with a cheery smile.

Suddenly, her gaze fell on Jarrod's neck, and her expression shifted.

"What's this? Who did this to you?" She was well aware that Jarrod would make out with other women just for fun, but he never let them leave any marks on him.

It was obviously a woman's scratch.

With Jarrod's personality, how could he let a woman do this to him? "It's nothing.

I was scratched by a wild cat the other day," Jarrod replied indifferently.

Then, he turned around and held Jamie in his arms.

"Why are you up so early?" Jamie did not buy his story, but she chose not to press him further.

After all, Jarrod had promised he would not touch any other woman after they got married.

So, she let it slide.

"I can't fall asleep without you." Jamie wrapped her arms around Jarrod's neck and nuzzled against his chest.

Jarrod smiled.

"Do you want it now?" "What are you talking about? It's so early..." Jamie said, her cheeks flushed.

Truth be told, she had been more than happy with last night's activities and was open for an encore, but she did not want to make it too obvious.

After all, in Jarrod's eyes, she was a naive girl.

But it was not easy to satisfy a woman who once had a taste of it.

"No one's here but us.

What's stopping you?" Jarrod brushed off her hesitation.

He carried her onto the bed and reached out to take off her clothes, but Jamie stopped him.

"Jarrod..." She tilted her head and looked up at him with a smoldering gaze.

Then, she lightly grazed his palm with her fingers.

"Don't hold back.

I really don't mind..." She had come over late at night with the excuse of having a nightmare when in fact, she just wanted to make out with him.

She figured a guy should be eager in such a thing.

But for so long, Jarrod had only planted a light kiss on her forehead and her back.

Worse still, it was not even a passionate kiss.

If she did not already know that he was a womanizer, Jamie would have thought he had never even been near a woman before.

Sure, Jarrod had promised that they would go all the way on their wedding night, but her mind still had its doubts.

Even last night, when she had slipped into that sexy pajamas, he seemed almost disinterested and just pleased her with his slender fingers.

And when she had the orgasm, she peeked at him.

His face was a portrait of calm, almost businesslike.

The more he held back, the more she craved him.

Who wouldn't want a man with that kind of self- control? Just thinking about his stoic face set her pulse racing.

She could not wait to make love with him.

Right now, he was aroused and it was a good chance for Jamie.

But then, Jarrod gently pushed her away.

Jamie was confused and disappointed, and she could not bring herself to make another move.

She turned her face aside, feeling unsatisfied.

Jarrod cradled the back of her head and planted a kiss on her cheek.

"Jamie, you mean a lot to me.

I want to give you only the best.

Let me take care of you.” With that, he proceeded to bring her pleasure with his hand.

Jamie, for her part, felt cherished and was convinced by his sweet talk.

She just could not wrap her head around why he seemed to be more concerned about preserving her virginity than she was.

Fortunately, she had secretly undergone hymen repair surgery.

Otherwise, given his attitude, Jarrod would probably have made a big deal out of it.

Soon enough, she had no room in her mind for such worries.

With her eyes shut, she surrendered to the pleasure.

As dawn broke, Raegan reached out and felt Mitchel’s forehead.

At last, his fever had gone down.

She took a deep breath and headed to the bathroom to freshen up.

Out of nowhere, a loud crash echoed through the ward.

Raegan's heart jumped.

She bolted from the bathroom to find Mitchel near the door, a toppled chair at his feet.

“Mitchel?” At the sound of her voice, Mitchel turned, and his eyes lit up instantly at the sight of her.

Without a word, he crossed the room and wrapped her in a hug so tight it made her ribs hurt.

Raegan squirmed, trying to loosen his grip.

Mitchel said abruptly, "I thought you'd run off again." Hearing what Mitchel said, Raegan's face changed.

What did he mean by that? She gently gave him a push and said with genuine concern, "Let me go first.

You're injured." However, Mitchel only held her tighter and, almost sulkily, muttered, "I promise I won't lay a finger on him." "What do you mean?" Raegan asked, confused.

"Henley." It was only now that Raegan understood what Mitchel was getting at.

It was just that Mitchel seemed to be very reluctant as he said it through his gnashing teeth.

"I see," Raegan replied.

The next moment, Mitchel looked as though he had bitten into a lemon.

This was the biggest concession he had come up with.

He relaxed his hold on her, cupped her face in his hands, and asked crossly, "Shouldn't you be thanking me or something?" Raegan was at a loss for words.

In her mind, Mitchel should apologize to Henley.

He had given Henley a hard time on multiple occasions, all because Henley had been there for her when she needed help.

She did not say this out loud, though, knowing how unpredictable Mitchel's reaction could be.

"There's nothing between Henley and me.

You have no reason to make things difficult for him." "Nothing? He kissed you, didn't he? I saw it.

Since when did you become so casual and easy, Raegan?" Raegan found herself speechless again.

Mitchel took her silence as a sign of her agreement, which only stoked the fires of his anger.

He pulled her even closer to him and demanded, "You have to promise me you won't see him anymore.

Then, I won't make things difficult for him." "Henley never kissed me, and there is nothing like what you thought." Raegan did not know why she felt compelled to explain herself, but the atmosphere between

the two of them was a bit wired now.

They were arguing like a long-married couple.

"You're still denying it? I saw you two in the car that day..." Mitchel trailed off, each word drenched in jealousy.

In the car? Raegan pieced it together and finally realized what Mitchel was talking about.

Was that the reason he had hit Henley's car? Raegan frowned.

She did not want to get into a spat with someone who was still recovering, so she patiently explained, "He never kissed me.

The wound on my face was stained with my hair, so he helped me brush it away." "Really?" Mitchel eyed her, still not entirely convinced.

"Why would I lie?" Raegan sighed and helped him lie down on the bed.

"You should focus on resting right now." "Raegan," Mitchel suddenly called out, his tone surprisingly upbeat.

His hand still held hers.

A surge of unease washed over Raegan, and she tried to pull away.

But before she could move back even an inch, Mitchel pulled her into his arms.

He then lifted her chin with his hand and looked at her lips.

"Your mouth is less annoying than it used to be." Then, he kissed her.

Different from the domineering bite, this time Mitchel kissed her very gently and even with a hint of affection.

Raegan was so taken aback by the shift in him that she forgot to resist.

Just as they were lost in the kiss, the door of the ward was suddenly opened by someone.

"Mitchel..." Lauren walked in but was rooted to the spot when she saw the scene before her.

The warmth Raegan had felt on her lips vanished in an instant, leaving her feeling awkward and ironic.

Raegan abruptly pushed Mitchel away and said, "I'm leaving."

Chapter 68

First Choice Raegan turned around and was about to leave.

But before she could take a step, Mitchel grabbed her hand to stop her and asked unhappily, "Where are you going?" Raegan didn't break free from his grip.

Instead, she looked at him and answered, "Someone is here to take care of you now." "It's me who called Lauren here," Mitchel explained.

Raegan was stunned and didn't react for a while.

She only came to her senses when she heard Lauren's voice.

"Raegan, I'm here to explain to you what happened yesterday.

Because of my carelessness, I accidentally fell on Mitchel and made you misunderstand the scene you saw.

But nothing happened between us.

It was just an accident." Raegan was too surprised to say a word.

Lauren noticed Raegan's silence, so she continued, "I know there have been many conflicts between Mitchel and you because of me.

But now, I am personally telling you that there is nothing between Mitchel and me.

All these years, he has always treated me as his sister.

So, please, don't be angry at him because of me." As she spoke, Lauren sounded cautious and sincere.

She was totally different from the arrogant and domineering Lauren that Raegan knew.

Lauren was about to say something more, but she suddenly started coughing.

Mitchel looked at her with a frown and asked concernedly, "What's wrong?" "It's nothing.

I didn't sleep well and probably just caught a cold last night.

But I'm okay," Lauren replied with difficulty.

"Go back and rest then.

Thank you for coming here today," Mitchel said indifferently.

Disappointment flashed through Lauren's eyes, but it was only fleeting.

She forced herself to cheer up and said, "All right, I'll take my leave now.

I wish you two a happy life together.

See you around." Lauren had already left, but Raegan was still in a daze.

She was so lost in thought that she didn't even know that only she and Mitchel were left in the ward now.

She only came to her senses when Mitchel pinched her cheek.

Then she asked in confusion, "Mitchel, why are you doing this?" Mitchel looked at her with raised eyebrows.

"Don't you still understand?" Raegan's heart raced.

She already had an idea in mind, but she was not sure about it.

She feared that she would disappoint herself again.

It was better to hear it directly from Mitchel.

Mitchel held Raegan in his arms, and she didn't resist.

Then he said in a deep voice, "Since I've told you that I don't want a divorce, I don't want you to misunderstand my relationship with Lauren." As he spoke, his voice sounded pleasant in her ears.

His embrace was so gentle that Raegan's heart instantly softened.

She couldn't help scolding herself.

Why did she change her mind so easily when it came to Mitchel? At the thought of this, she pushed him away and asked, "So what if I misunderstand your relationship with Lauren? Why do you care?" A trace of displeasure flashed across Mitchel's eyes for a moment.

But he held it back and said patiently, "Because you are my wife." But for Raegan, the word "wife" was quite subtle.

Yes, she was his wife now.

What about in the coming days? No one could tell.

He might meet and marry another woman soon.

Raegan reminded herself not to be swayed by Mitchel's words.

Otherwise, she would get hurt again in the end.

Besides, she didn't want to be Mitchel's second choice all the time.

"Mitchel, I'm sick of being your wife.

I don't want it anymore." She had been hurt by Mitchel many times.

Her heart was already exhausted.

She needed to take care of herself this time.

Mitchel's eyes darkened at once.

Without saying a word, he pinched Raegan's chin, leaned over, and covered her lips with his.

He was very patient today.

And when he kissed her, he was at his best performance.

It seemed he wanted to win her over through his kisses.

He didn't stop until he heard her moan, which was a sign that she was Satisfied.

After a while, Mitchel let go of Raegan's lips.

He stared at her, raised his eyebrows, and asked, "Do you really want to leave me? Don't you like my Kisses? If you leave me, you won't be able to taste my kiss.

Besides, it will be hard for you to find someone who knows your body better than I do." Mitchel's words made Raegan blush at once.

Her face was as red as the cherry tomato.

She rolled her eyes at him and said, "Mitchel, can you be more serious?" "I'm serious." Mitchel looked at Raegan solemnly.

Indeed, he was coaxing his wife seriously.

He added, "All these years, I had regarded Lauren as a younger sister.

Nothing more than that.

I doted on her not because I loved her but because I owed her one.

After all, she once saved my life." "IT don't know whether I should believe you or not," Raegan said straightforwardly to let Mitchel know what she felt now.

After all, he had disappointed her so many times that her heart had been riddled with holes.

She could no longer bear one more pain.

Mitchel was silent for a moment.

Then he said, "From now on, you will always be my first choice." Raegan gaped at Mitchel.

Her eyes widened in disbelief.

She wanted to pinch herself to make sure she was awake.

This was the first time he had chosen her over Lauren.

Raegan knew that she should no longer be swayed by Mitchel's words.

But she must admit that what he said just now really moved her.

However, it was easier said than done, right? Could he really do it? Even if Mitchel could keep his word, how about Lauren? She was a stubborn and unyielding woman.

Raegan didn't believe that she had given up on Mitchel.

Raegan knew she wouldn't stop making trouble.

Raegan was in a dilemma.

Her mind was telling her not to believe Mitchel anymore.

But her heart wanted to give him another chance.

She also thought of the baby in her belly.

Since she planned to give birth to it, she wanted it to have a complete family.

It was very important for the well-being of the child.

Finally, Raegan said, "I need some time to think it over." Obviously, Mitchel was not satisfied with her answer.

But he didn't lose his temper.

Instead, he approached her and pressed his thin lips against hers again.

Then he kissed her eyes and the tip of her delicate nose.

His every move was full of affection.

Finally, he returned to her lips, and his tongue invaded her mouth.

He kissed her passionately as if he didn't want to let her go.

He was only forced to let her go when he felt Raegan was already gasping for air.

He pressed his forehead against hers and said seductively, "Do you still need time to think about it?" However, Mitchel could no longer wait for Raegan's response.

He leaned over and gently bit her earlobe.

Then, the tip of his tongue traced the edge of her ear.

It tickled Raegan, and she couldn't help trembling.

Mitchel felt Raegan's arousal, and he smiled with satisfaction.

He held her in his arms and said, "You don't need to think about it anymore." Raegan was not short, but she could only reach Mitchel's throat.

Her face was buried in his chest now, and she could smell the masculine scent from his chest.

Such a smell pleased her nose.

She was very familiar with the smell.

And she liked it so much that she was a bit addicted to it.

But Raegan was clear that if she was bewitched by this momentary warmth, it was either she would live a happy with Mitchel, or she would fall into an endless abyss.

However, Mitchel was the only man she had loved for ten years.

Thus, she wanted to gamble again for the last time.

Raegan still had fear in her heart, so she said, "I'm afraid of being disappointed again." "This time, I promise not to let you down anymore," Mitchel assured her.

Raegan was really in a predicament now.

Her mind was in a total mess.

She felt her heart was swept by a violent storm.

She was struggling now.

She took a deep breath and continued, "Mitchel, I only have one heart.

Don't break it anymore.

And don't forget what you just said." "I know, Raegan.

I know," Mitchel replied softly.

His voice was full of sincerity.

Then, he bent over, kissed her collarbone again, and bit it gently.

At this moment, Raegan felt like her body was burning.

But before she could totally be carried away, she suddenly realized something.

With a flushed face, she immediately pushed Mitchel away.

"Mitchel, stop it.

You are still a patient." Mitchel was a bit dissatisfied.

"Don't you know that sex can treat any illnesses, let alone my injuries?" After saying this, he leaned over again, lowered his head, and licked Raegan's ear.

It seemed he really wouldn't stop seducing her.

Raegan felt itchy by the lick.

At this moment, there was a gentle knock on the door.

Then, it was pushed open from the outside, and Luis walked in.

But he suddenly stopped in his tracks.

He didn't expect to see such an intimate scene inside.

He coughed awkwardly and said, "I didn't see anything.

Just go on." Although he said so, Luis didn't move.

He just stood there and didn't show any intention of leaving.

It was as if he was watching a good show.

As soon as Raegan saw Luis, she quickly pushed Mitchel away.

She thought Luis might have something important to talk about with Mitchel, so she hurriedly said, "I will go out first so you two can talk." After saying this, she ran out of the ward without looking back.

Mitchel's eyes were glued on Raegan's receding back.

Luis noticed this, and he couldn't help smiling.

Then he reminded Mitchel, "The yacht?" "Take it.

It's yours now." Luis could tell that Mitchel was in a good mood.

This time, Luis put on a serious look and walked forward.

He handed some documents to Mitchel and said solemnly, "You are right about it.

Your father has likely established something abroad with your uncle." Mitchel took the documents and flipped through them.

As he read the information, his handsome face instantly turned cold.

Luis smiled.

"They have handled it well.

On the surface, it seems everything is fine.

But..." Luis didn't finish his words, but Mitchel understood what he meant.

The calmer the surface was, the bigger the problem was underneath.

Luis glanced at Mitchel.

Since the latter remained silent, he continued, "I don't know what your father is thinking.

You are his biological son.

But why does he always regard you as an opponent? Fortunately, Luciana has always kept an eye on him these years while they live abroad.

Otherwise, he might have dragged the entire Dixon Group to go down with him." Mitchel was still silent, but his eyes darkened.

It was hard to tell what he was thinking, but there was a look of danger on his face.

After a while, he only said, "Keep an eye on them." Luis took the documents back and said jokingly, "Now that you and Raegan have reconciled, have a baby as soon as possible.

Maybe your father won't be like this for the sake of his grandchildren." Mitchel shook his head.

"Raegan's not in a good

Chapter 69

Let's Wait And See Seeing that Raegan said nothing, Lauren pressed on, "Don't kid yourself just because Mitchel demanded me to clarify the relationship between him and me to you.

Everyone in Ardlens knows how much he cherishes me.

Trust me, if anything happens to me, he'd drop everything, run to my side, and leave you in the dust." Raegan slightly raised her eyebrows and calmly responded, "Are you scared of losing him?" "You!" Lauren uttered in shock.

Well, Raegan was right.

What she feared most was losing Mitchel to Raegan.

How could she not be worried? Lately, Mitchel seemed more tuned into Raegan.

But soon, something seemed to cross Lauren's mind.

Lauren felt it was meaningless to waste her time with Raegan like this.

Therefore, she decided to end the conversation with a smirk.

"Let's wait and see." As she prepared to leave, Lauren's eyes lingered on Raegan's belly, her gaze filled with malice.

The thought that Raegan could sleep with Mitchel at any time and that Raegan was even pregnant with his child filled her with jealousy.

Lauren wished she could skin Raegan alive and make the latter out of the picture forever.

Without Raegan, she would already have become Mitchel's wife.

And soon, very soon, she would make Raegan pay.

Once Lauren was gone, Raegan stayed put for a moment and tried to steady her racing heart.

Lauren's questions had struck a chord.

Lauren had asked her whether she was afraid, and the answer was a resounding yes.

Raegan felt even more on edge than Lauren.

If Mitchel were out of the picture, Lauren would still have her family as a safety net.

Raegan, on the other hand, had only her grandmother in her corner.

Sometimes, people clung to the hope like a life raft.

Even when the odds were long, they would hang on and keep pushing until all hope was gone.

And this was exactly how Raegan felt after the whirlwind events.

At this moment, Raegan wandered along the hospital corridors, lost in thought, when she bumped into Henley.

With a bandage on his arm, Henley bent down to pick up the water bottle with difficulty.

Seeing this, Raegan stepped in, grabbed the bottle, and handed it to him.

"Raegan," Henley greeted with a warm smile.

Interestingly, he did not ask why she was at the hospital.

This made Raegan feel a twinge of guilt.

After all, she was the reason Henley was injured.

Seeing that Henley tried and failed to open the bottle, Raegan twisted the cap off and handed it back to him.

Instead of taking the bottle right away, Henley asked, "Could you help me take a sip?" It was then that Raegan realized his other hand was also injured.

She tilted the bottle to his lips and let him take a sip.

Henley thought that while it might not have been as sweet as before, it was still sweet.

A few moments later, Raegan put the cap back on the bottle and looked at Henley, her eyes filled with sincerity.

"I'm really sorry, Henley.

I apologize to you on Mitchel's behalf." Henley paused for a moment and reassured her, "It's okay, Raegan.

No need to apologize on his behalf.

Anyway, how are you? Are you alright?" "I'm fine.

I realized I never formally introduced Mitchel to you.

He's my husband, and he's promised me he won't give you any more trouble." Henley smiled.

"It's fine, really.

It was all a misunderstanding.

His assistant had smoothed everything over." Soon after, they said their goodbyes, and Raegan headed back to Mitchel's ward.

Inside his ward, Mitchel was looking at some photos sent by a stranger on his phone, and his expression darkened like a storm cloud rolling in.

He turned to Luis and asked, "Do you know why Raegan was at the hospital yesterday?" Caught off guard, Luis hesitated but chose his words carefully, knowing Mitchel was in no mood for unwelcome surprises.

"When I saw Raegan, she was talking to Henley, but it might've just been a coincidence.

Don't read too much into it." Luis was telling the truth.

Raegan had never mentioned who she was visiting.

Mitchel, however, recalled Raegan saying she had not come to the hospital for him.

When Raegan walked back into the ward, she found Mitchel alone and in a foul mood.

Without a word, he beckoned her over.

Then, he kissed her, a kiss that seemed to stretch on until Raegan had to pull away.

Well, Mitchel was injured, so he should take it easy for now.

However, Mitchel was having none of it.

He leaned in, his lips grazing her ear as he whispered something that made her face turn beet red.

"Do all the men like that?" she asked, a little embarrassed.

Mitchel smiled wantonly, and his eyes twinkled with mischief.

"Yes, so I should have a taste of that," he responded, his tone light but edged with desire.

Annoyed, Raegan gave him a playful punch on his chest.

"In that case, I won't let you touch me again." Hearing her words, Mitchel dramatically clutched his chest and winced in pain.

Raegan's eyes widened in panic, and she worriedly asked, "Did I hurt you?" "Yes, it hurts," Mitchel said, his voice tinged with mock sorrow.

"You've broken my heart." Raegan was at a loss for words.

"I've just been rejected.

My heart is in pieces," he continued, clearly enjoying the moment.

As Raegan listened to him, she had the overwhelming urge to beat his ass.

Just then, she unintentionally revealed a bit of skin.

Mitchel seized the opportunity and grabbed her waist.

"Have you been gaining weight?" Raegan hastily tugged at her clothes in panic.

"Of course not." She was only two months pregnant, and her baby bump was not yet visible.

Furthermore, she no longer had morning sickness, and her appetite was finally back on track.

So, she ate more than usual to nourish the baby flourishing inside her.

As a result, she gained some weight.

She had every intention of sharing the news of her pregnancy with Mitchel, but not just yet.

Considering their relationship, she decided to tell him the truth after the first trimester.

Regardless of how Mitchel felt about it, she was going to have this baby.

"You know, it's kinda nice to hold onto." Mitchel reached out to tease her waist again and did not stop until she begged for mercy.

In the days that followed, Raegan stayed by Mitchel's side in the hospital.

Thankfully, he was physically strong, which meant he was discharged within a week.

After his discharge, he was swamped with work, so they were unable to see each other for three days.

Though she missed him very much, Raegan tried not to overthink it.

Raegan had been visiting her grandmother regularly for the past few days.

However, her grandma had been more lethargic recently, often dozing off by the time Raegan arrived at the nursing home.

Therefore, Raegan decided to switch up her routine and visit her grandma in the afternoon instead.

Before going to the nursing home, Raegan decided to stop by Mitchel's company.

Mitchel had not fully recovered, yet his schedule was jam-packed.

Concerned about his well-being, Raegan made him some nutritious soup with the help of the housekeeper.

On her way to his company, she shot Mitchel a message, asking whether he was busy.

However, no response came from him.

Once Raegan reached the building, she took the exclusive CEO access card to take the elevator.

Then, she ran into Matteo, who seemed a bit flustered when they bumped into each other.

A sense of unease crept in, but Raegan managed to keep her composure.

"Is Mitchel available?" "Mr.

Dixon is in his office now..." Matteo trailed off midsentence.

It seemed like he wanted to say more but thought better of it.

By then, Raegan was already walking away.

As she entered the office, the blinds were up, allowing natural light to filter in.

Mitchel sat at his desk, engrossed in his work, looking so handsome in his black shirt.

In Raegan's eyes, there was something irresistibly attractive about him being focused on his work.

Sitting next to him was Lauren, dressed in a way that screamed she was a competent office lady.

She looked rather eye-catching in her outfit.

It was said that the most sexy moment of a man was when he concentrated on his work.

Right now, Mitchel certainly fitted the bill.

So Raegan could understand, in some way, why Lauren was so fixated on Mitchel.

Still, Raegan felt uncomfortable with Lauren's fixation on Mitchel.

Matteo, a bead of sweat forming on his temple, quickly explained, "Miss Murray has recently taken over her family's business from her father.

She's here to discuss some particulars with Mr.

Dixon." However, just as Matteo was giving Raegan the rundown, Lauren sidled up a little too close to Mitchel.

They were reading some documents, but their proximity raised eyebrows.

Matteo's forehead glistened with a fresh layer of cold sweat.

He cast a sidelong glance at Raegan.

There was no expression on her face, so it was hard to tell whether she was pissed and jealous.

From where Lauren sat, she could easily see someone standing outside the window.

Seeing Raegan, a provocative smile appeared on her face.

In Lauren's mind, Raegan should have been slinking away, overwhelmed with insecurity.

After all, Raegan had already been fortunate enough to have married Mitchel.

How could she make a scene over something so minor? Moreover, Lauren assumed Mitchel was not the kind to let any woman spar with her.

So, Raegan would just have to endure the grievance by herself.

If things went on like this, Raegan would go nuts sooner or later.

Lauren had thought about this thoroughly.

But to her surprise, Raegan just knocked on the door and swung it open.

Mitchel was highlighting the key points of the documents.

When he heard the sound of footsteps, he did not even bother to raise his head and coldly said, "Get out."

Chapter 70

Call Me Honey Mitchel's tone sounded cold and harsh.

Raegan stopped in her tracks.

Suddenly, she had an impulse to turn around and leave.

The corners of Lauren's mouth curved into a smile when she saw Raegan stop.

But she didn't say anything.

She just watched Raegan put the soup on the coffee table, turn around, and get ready to leave the office.

But the appetizing aroma of the soup filled the office and reached Mitchel's nose, making him raise his head.

Then he saw Raegan walking out.

A happy smile immediately appeared on_ his indifferent face.

He called out aloud, "Honey, wait!" Raegan stopped when she heard this.

Mitchel stood up and said to Lauren, "I have already underlined the key points on the document.

Matteo will take you to the head of the Operations Department.

He will help you with the rest." Lauren wanted to say something.

However, Mitchel had already walked to Raegan and wrapped his arm around her waist naturally.

"Honey, why are you here?" Lauren froze in place.

Her hand holding the document stiffened for a moment.

Raegan's face flushed upon hearing Mitchel's endearment.

Besides, she was not used to being intimate with Mitchel in front of others.

She wanted to break free from his arm.

But out of the corner of her eye, she saw the undisguised anger on Lauren's face.

An idea occurred to her.

She raised her head, looked at Mitchel with her round eyes, and said softly, "I just want to see you." Raegan's innocent face had always been her advantage.

Any man who looked at her could hardly refuse her.

And Mitchel was not an exception.

When he looked at her angelic face, he couldn't help leaning over and planting a kiss on her delicate lips.

Upon seeing this scene, Lauren subconsciously clenched her fists so tightly that her fingernails dug into the palms of her hands.

A malicious light flashed across her eyes.

It took her some moments to calm herself down and conceal the resentment in her eyes.

Then she said softly, "Mitchel, I'm leaving then." Mitchel nodded.

Before Lauren walked out of the office, he said, "Don't worry.

No one will make things difficult for you anymore.

Matteo will make arrangements for you to make sure that everything goes well." Somehow, Lauren's mood was lightened up by his words.

She smiled and said in a sweet voice, "Thank you, Mitchel." Then she walked out of the office with her head held high.

It was as if she was showing her complacency to Raegan.

As soon as the door closed, Raegan broke free from Mitchel's embrace.

She walked to the coffee table and opened the thermos lid.

Then she turned to Mitchel and said in a calm and cold voice, "Drink the soup while it's still hot." Of course, Mitchel immediately felt her alienation.

He squinted and asked, "Are you mad at me?" Raegan didn't answer his question.

They hadn't contacted each other for the past three days, and she had no idea that Lauren had already entered the Dixon Group.

Lauren must have come up with a new strategy to get close to Mitchel.

At the thought of the scene when Lauren and Mitchel were in the same office and discussing work, she felt Lauren's purpose was very obvious.

Raegan felt like a fishbone was stuck in her throat.

And every time she breathed, it hurt.

She was very uncomfortable.

However, she couldn't find an outlet to vent out.

And she also knew that Mitchel didn't like others to interfere with his work.

So, if she made a fuss about it, they would only argue.

Raegan suppressed the anger and jealousy in her heart and replied indifferently, "No, of course not.

Drink the soup now." Mitchel didn't seem satisfied with Raegan's answer.

The expression on his face changed.

But he didn't say anything more.

He just picked up the soup and drank it up.

As soon as he put down the empty thermos, Raegan stood up, cleaned the coffee table, and said, "Alright.

Go ahead with your work.

I'll take my leave." But when she turned around, Mitchel suddenly grabbed her wrist.

She was unprepared, so she lost her balance and fell on his lap.

Much to her surprise, Mitchel lowered his head and bit her lips gently.

He said in a low voice, "Bad liar." He must have seen through her mind because he started explaining, "Lauren's condition is getting much better now, so her father let her take over the family business in Ardlens.

But she can't handle everything on her own at the moment.

It happens that they have a project related to our company, so her father asked me to help her.

That's all." He paused before he added expressionlessly, "If you are not happy with it, I won't help her personally from now on.

| will ask someone to take care of her." "It's okay.

You don't have to do that," Raegan refused at once.

Since Mitchel took the initiative to explain it to her, it only meant there was really nothing between him and Lauren.

She should trust him.

Besides, Raegan was not an unreasonable person.

She could understand such a thing.

And she was aware that when it came to love, things like jealousy and misunderstandings couldn't be avoided.

These things were so unpredictable that no one could stop them from coming.

While Raegan sat in Mitchel's arms, she felt his body seemed on fire.

Her cheeks began to burn.

She didn't need to look in the mirror to know she was blushing.

But it was too late for her to realize it.

Before she could react, Mitchel had already lifted her on the broad office desk and pressed a button.

Then, all the blinds shut.

"Raegan...".

Mitchel looked at Raegan's face affectionately.

His eyes were full of lust.

With his long legs against her knees, he said softly, "Let me have a taste of you, okay?" Raegan was startled.

She panicked at once.

"Mitchel, we're in the company." Suddenly, she felt a chill on her chest.

It turned out that Mitchel had already pulled down her off-shoulder blouse.

He bent down, kissed her delicate collarbone, and coaxed her in a low voice, "Don't worry.

I'll make it quick." Mitchel's gentle and dense kisses moved from her neck down to the other parts of her body.

Every touch of his lips made Raegan uncontrollably shiver.

It was as if she was electrocuted.

Raegan bit her lips hard to suppress the urge to moan.

She was so nervous that she held the edge of the table with her slender hands.

She was so afraid of making a sound.

At this moment, there was a knock on the door.

Then Matteo's voice sounded.

"Mr.

Dixon, the car is ready." Raegan was so shocked that her body instantly froze.

She stared at Mitchel and said, "Mitchel, let go of me.

You should be leaving now." Mitchel raised his head, looked at her solemnly, and said in a hoarse voice, "I will go after I finish my business here." He had restrained himself for the past few days.

He could no longer endure it.

Raegan was here, and he didn't want to let go of this opportunity to satisfy his desire.

Although he couldn't get inside her today, he must let off his desire.

Matteo's constant knocking on the door made Raegan even more nervous.

She reached out and hit Mitchel.

However, he was unstoppable now.

He only suppressed her.

Her beautiful eyes turned red with tears, making her look like an innocent rabbit.

When Mitchel saw her like this, there was only one thought in his mind.

She looked so tempting when she cried.

Then, a wicked idea was formed in his mind.

He wanted to see her in a more vulnerable state.

He thought of making her cry harder.

While Raegan was still struggling, Mitchel suddenly grabbed her wrists tightly, leaned forward, and kissed her fiercely.

Finally, Matteo stopped knocking.

He must have realized what was going on in the office, so he retreated silently.

At last, Mitchel's rapid breathing gradually subsided.

He leaned closer to Raegan's ear and said hoarsely, "Honey, I will die on you sooner or later." After a while, he stood up.

Raegan was still panting faintly.

Her hair was wet, and her cheeks were crimson.

She looked pitiful and lovely.

Mitchel took a wet tissue and cleaned Raegan up.

While he was doing this, his eyes caught sight of the bruises between her legs.

His eyes darkened.

He felt sorry for Raegan.

And he couldn't help blaming himself for losing control of his strength just now.

He quickly opened the drawer and took out an ointment.

Then he asked her to lie down so he could apply it to her bruises.

When his slender fingers touched her skin, Raegan felt they were cold.

She was so embarrassed that her face flushed at once.

Fortunately, she wore a pair of soft and loose square pants today.

The ointment wouldn't stain on her.

But she thought it was still too embarrassing.

Raegan was angry and embarrassed at the same time.

She asked abruptly, "Why do you have this in your office?" Mitchel grinned wickedly.

"I have a flight at three this afternoon, and I will be on a business trip for four days.

If you don't show up today, I'll call you over anyway.

So I prepared this in advance." Raegan was rendered speechless.

She was so exhausted right now that she couldn't help regretting coming to his office.

She decided she would never bring soup to his office again.

Knowing that Raegan was going to the nursing house to see her grandmother, Mitchel insisted on sending her there first.

On their way, he rested his chin on her head and played with her earlobe.

Then he said, "When I come back from the business trip, I will go with you to see your grandma." Raegan remained expressionless.

She knew that the greater the expectation was, the greater the disappointment would be.

After all, it happened to her last time.

Seeing that she was unresponsive, Mitchel lowered his head, bit her earlobe gently, and said in a husky voice, "I know it was my fault last time.

I'll make it right this time." Raegan was a little moved.

It turned out he remembered what he did last time.

This time, she couldn't help smiling.

"Okay." Her docile look only aroused Mitchel again.

He lowered his head and began to suck her lips passionately.

Raegan struggled.

"Mitchel, someone else is in the car." Of course, her voice reached Matteo's ears.

He was sensible enough to immediately raise the partition.

He told himself that he could pretend to be invisible as long as Mitchel and Raegan were happy and satisfied.

Now that they had privacy, Mitchel pulled down Raegan's blouse without hesitation.

He sucked hard the skin on her collarbone to leave a hickey.

Before Raegan could return to her senses, she heard Mitchel order overbearingly, "Call me honey."