

Unbreakable 71

Chapter 71

Hector Dixon Mitchel had been bullying Raegan with his thin lips for a long time, forcing her to affectionately address him as honey multiple times.

Before exiting the car, Mitchel straightened Raegan's attire, his gaze fixed on her.

He said in a hoarse voice, "Take good care of yourself.

I'll be back in a few days and we can pick up where we left off." A blush crept over Raegan's face upon hearing him.

Mitchel was still recovering from injuries, with doctors advising against strenuous activities for at least a week.

Yet he made demands almost daily.

To help him with his recovery, Raegan promised to fulfill his desires so long as he complied with medical advice.

She'd even consulted it with the doctor.

It would be fine for them to make out as long as the movements were not too violent during these two months.

If he was insistent, she'd plead with Mitchel to take it easy and gentle.

Upon reaching the nursing house, Raegan noticed the disheveled nurse, Kendra, sitting outside the ward, her face half-swollen.

When Kendra saw her, tears sprang to her eyes.

"Ms.

Hayes, I was about to call you.

A man claiming to be a relative tried to feed the patient cake.

When I objected, he grabbed my head and slapped me in the face..." Raegan's expression shifted dramatically.

She handed Kendra some money, reassuring her, "I'm really sorry for that, Kendra.

Why don't you go see a doctor while I handle the rest?" Accepting the cash, Kendra broke down, too timid to make a scene.

"I'm not sure I can continue caring for your grandmother." Desperate, Raegan negotiated, "Kendra, you've done a great job taking care of my grandma.

I trust your capabilities.

And I'm truly sorry for the harm you received when you fulfilled your job.

I promise you that I'll solve the problem as soon as possible.

In addition, I'll even boost your salary by three thousand a month.

Are you okay with it?" Pondering for a bit, Kendra felt a sense of conviction.

Raegan's grandmother, despite her illness, was easy to get along with.

Moreover, quitting could mean losing an employer as understanding as Raegan.

She paused before declaring, "Ms.

Hayes, the extra money isn't necessary.

"I'll stay and continue caring for your grandma." After saying that, she headed to the pharmacy for medication.

Upon opening the door, Raegan found her grandmother's room in disarray.

Shattered glass and crumpled bed sheets littered the floor.

Her uncle, Brent Hayes, stood by the bed, aggressively smearing cake on her grandmother's face.

"Damn it! Eat this! You have to eat all of it!" he shouted.

Raegan's grandmother whimpered in pain due to her frail condition.

Infuriated, Raegan couldn't believe Brent would treat his own mother this way.

Without a second thought, she grabbed a cup from the bedside table and hurled it at Brent's head.

Bang! Brent let out a scream as the cup hit his head.

"Fuck! Who do you think you are, hitting me?" Clutching his head, Brent roared.

Wiping blood from the corner of his eye, he spotted Raegan glaring at him.

"Brent, get out of my face right now.

Or I'll call the police," Raegan warned.

"Call them, I dare you!" Brent retorted, his eyes defiant.

"You're the one who assaulted me, and I'm here visiting my mother.

Who do you think you are?" Just then, Kendra rushed in.

Seeing Raegan's grandma's face covered in cake, she quickly began cleaning it with tissues.

Meanwhile, Raegan's grandmother weakly admonished, "You bastard! Don't bully Raegan." Brent touched his head, then chuckled menacingly.

"Mom, you're clearly not seeing things right.

Who's bullying whom? I won't go anywhere until she compensates me!" At this, Raegan's grandmother nearly fainted from anger.

Feeling for her grandmother, Raegan interjected, "Brent, let's take this outside." Brent, figuring that Raegan would pay him a hefty sum, promptly followed her out.

They exited the room and paused in the corridor.

"What the hell are you thinking?" Raegan cut to the chase.

Grinning insolently, Brent answered, "Look, Raegan.

All I'm after is some compensation.

Once that's settled, I won't place blame on you for the injury." Raegan arched an eyebrow.

"You sold my grandma's house for one million dollars.

What about that large amount of money?" "I've spent it all.

You know, I got a business to run.

Just fork over five hundred thousand.

Once I turn a profit, you'll get double back." Scoffing, Raegan retorted, "A business? You mean gambling?" Brent's expression shifted.

"What are you even talking about?" "I had to change my grandma's number because your creditors wouldn't stop bothering her." Caught in his lie, Brent gave a shameless grin.

"Alright, I gamble now and then.

But I'm really in business now.

Hand over the money, and you'll never hear from me again, I promise." But Raegan was far from convinced.

Brent had a track record of deceit and recklessness.

He had been a troublemaker since he was young, causing troubles here and there.

He had become a middle-aged gambling addict, having sold her grandmother's house without notifying her grandmother, rendering the latter homeless.

Worse yet, he had blown through a million dollars in a mere month.

He was a money pit with no bottom.

"Brent, my dad also owns that house you've sold out.

Since you sold it for one million, half of that is mine.

If you promise never to bother us again, we're even.

Otherwise...

I'll sue you and get back my rightful five hundred thousand," Raegan declared firmly.

Seizing Raegan's arm, Brent shoved her violently.

"You bitch! You think you can take me to court? I'll set you straight right now!" His force sent Raegan stumbling, her hand catching the wall to keep from falling.

"Either give me the damn money, or I'll make sure you won't see tomorrow," Brent hissed menacingly.

"I don't have any money to give you." "Oh, don't play innocent.

You're involved with a rich guy, aren't you? I've seen his car.

It's worth a fortune.

So don't tell me you're short of money." "What?" Raegan questioned.

Brent shot a venomous glance at Raegan and remarked, "Don't play dumb with me.

I've seen you two getting cozy in that car of his.

Now you tell me that you don't have money, you bitch!" Raegan didn't expect that Brent had kept an eye on her for a long time.

She snapped, "What nonsense are you talking about?" Growing impatient, Brent cut her off, "Enough talk.

Are you giving me the money or not?" "In your dreams! You won't get a cent from me!" Their heated exchange immediately caught the attention of onlookers.

Just then, an elegant man in a grey suit descended a nearby staircase.

His eyes casually flickered toward the commotion.

His assistant quickly clarified, "It looks like the young woman is involved with a wealthy man.

A relative found out and is demanding money from her." Upon hearing this, Hector responded with apathy, "That's not our concern." A sleek, black luxury car awaited them at the entrance.

The assistant swung open the door and gestured for Hector to step inside.

Once seated, Hector leisurely rolled up the window.

Catching another glimpse, he noticed Raegan getting slapped and her hair roughly yanked by Brent, which made her seem quite disheveled.

As Brent reached for her again, her face revealed a red, swollen appearance.

She looked utterly dejected.

"Stop the car!" Hector, usually unflappable, sounded unexpectedly urgent.

The driver brought the car to an immediate stop.

Hector exited and strolled unhurriedly toward the unfolding scene.

Raegan appeared notably fragile, her hair a tangled mess.

Enraged, Brent grasped Raegan's hair once more.

Lifting his hand, he yelled, "I'll discipline you on your mother's behalf today.

Cross me again, and I'll sell you for money!" However, before Brent could slap Raegan again, his hand was firmly held by Hector.

Hector was tall, his stature shielding against the glaring sunlight, and his eyes met Raegan's as he thwarted Brent.

"Miss, do you need any help?"

Chapter 72

Teach Him A Lesson Hector was in good condition.

He clenched his fist so hard that Brent almost cried out in pain.

Brent struggled to break free from Hector's grip, his voice trembling with anger.

"Who do you think you are? Why don't you mind your own business..." Before Brent could finish his sentence, Hector snapped Brent's wrist, the sharp crack causing Brent to yelp in pain.

"Ah! Are you out of your mind?" It took Brent a moment to understand what had just happened.

Then, he crumpled to the ground, writhing in pain and letting out piercing screams.

After releasing his grip, Hector calmly reached for a tissue offered by his assistant.

He wiped his hands with an air of indifference, his eyes locked onto Raegan throughout, paying no attention to Brent.

But somehow, Brent couldn't help but feel oppressed by the aura exuded by Hector.

Though Brent had never met Mitchel in person, judging from Hector's handsome appearance and the luxurious car he had arrived in, Brent assumed he must be Raegan's man.

Clutching his injured hand, he decided to exploit the situation.

"Are you the man with Raegan? I'm her uncle.

If you want to save her today, you must pay me a million dollars for my injuries and the nursing fee." Clearly, he intended to blackmail them.

Raegan, who was still in a daze, nearly burst into tears when she mistook Hector for Mitchel.

But upon closer inspection, she realized they merely shared a passing resemblance.

Hector's eyes were gentle, a stark contrast to his cold and handsome temperament.

Perhaps because he was slightly older than Mitchel, his eyes bore the weight of a life filled with experiences.

Undeterred, Brent persisted, "You two might not tie the knot yet, but I'm her uncle.

How dare you lay a hand on me!" Raegan hadn't expected Brent to be so shameless and even blackmail them.

She couldn't help but scold him, "Shut up! Stop bothering this gentleman.

I don't know him." However, how could Brent believe it? After all, this was a rare opportunity for him to make a fortune out of it.

He wasn't about to let it slip away so easily.

He added, "Dude, look at her.

She has been with you for a while.

Don't you think it's time for you to shower me with some money? I'm being generous by asking for just one million dollars." Hector turned his sharp gaze onto Brent.

Brent shuddered in fear under Hector's unwavering stare.

Instinctively, Brent understood it would be unwise to provoke someone of Hector's stature.

Yet, when he thought about the money, a glimmer of encouragement washed over him, but he still couldn't muster the courage to raise his voice.

"You are lucky, you know.

My niece used to be courted by an ocean of men.

Her looks are top-notch, and so is her figure.

Don't be so tight-fisted.

Otherwise, I might as well trade her for money myself." Brent's words were vile and indecent, nothing like how an uncle should talk about his niece.

Raegan seethed with anger, a strong urge to put him in his place brewing within her.

But someone else beat her to it.

Hector elegantly slipped off his leather gloves and used them to deliver a resounding slap on Brent's face.

Smack! The sound echoed loudly.

Brent spewed a mouthful of blood, his nose and mouth bleeding profusely.

He howled in pain.

Hector tossed his gloves onto the floor, stomping on them with his boots.

His gentle demeanor had given way to an icy, unwavering gaze as he spoke.

"If you don't know how to speak, let me teach you." Brent wailed pitifully.

"Raegan, I'm your uncle.

You can't just stand by and watch me get humiliated like this." However, Raegan responded coldly, "I don't have an uncle like you." Suddenly, the shrill sound of a police whistle pierced the air.

Brent's face changed dramatically.

He hadn't expected Raegan to have called the police.

He attempted to run away.

But he was caught red-handed and escorted to the police station.

Raegan also headed to the station to recount the whole ordeal, with Hector standing as her witness.

The officer assured Raegan that Brent would be detained for at least fifteen days.

Raegan didn't want to make things too difficult for him.

She merely aimed to teach Brent a lesson and make him think twice before bullying her and her grandmother again.

Yet, she couldn't shake the feeling that Brent's sudden appearance was rather strange.

She had brought her grandmother to Ardlens without informing anyone.

How on earth had Brent pinpointed the nursing house and her grandmother's ward so precisely? The question nagged at her, but there was no way Brent would answer her.

In the midst of her pondering, a young policeman approached her, asking, "Excuse me, are you Raegan Hayes?" Raegan gazed up at the police officer, and he continued, "Do you remember me? I used to work at the Tenassie station.

I'm Eric Happer." The mention of his name triggered a recollection.

Raegan had spent years searching for the hit-and-run suspect responsible for her father's death.

Even after relocating to Ardlens, she returned annually to pursue the case, yet there had been no progress.

Eric, who had been newly transferred to the Tenassie station, had met Raegan a year earlier.

Raegan's father's accident had been particularly tragic, and Raegan's striking appearance had left an impression on him.

Eric continued, "A few days ago, I heard from a former colleague that a recently captured fugitive confessed to the police.

The crime scene wasn't far from the site of your father's accident.

The fugitive mentioned seeing a suspicious vehicle.

The details are still being investigated." Raegan was taken aback by the revelation.

Even though she had rarely spoken about the incident in recent years, it had never slipped her mind.

She immediately exchanged contact information with Eric, asking him to keep her informed of any updates.

After taking care of everything, Raegan was about to return to the nursing house when Hector's car pulled up right in front of her.

Raegan stood by the roadside and expressed her heartfelt thanks.

"Don't mention it," Hector replied, his voice gentle and devoid of the cruelty she had witnessed when he ruthlessly broke Brent's wrist.

He seemed like a completely different person.

"Where are you headed? Let me give you a lift," Hector offered.

"That's very kind of you, but I don't want to trouble you further.

I will hail a taxi." Hector glanced at her and casually said, "It's not a big deal.

Get in the car." His tone was easygoing, yet there was an undeniable charm in his voice.

Grateful for his earlier help, Raegan didn't protest and obediently got into the car.

The moment she settled in, Hector handed her a handkerchief and motioned toward her right cheek.

Raegan examined herself through the car window and saw some bloodstains on her face.

The handkerchief had a faint scent of sandalwood and felt exceptionally soft.

Feeling a bit awkward using such an elegant handkerchief, she said, "Sir, a tissue will do." "Don't worry about it.

Just use the handkerchief and throw it away when you are done." Still feeling that using such a handkerchief was inappropriate, Raegan returned the tissue to Hector.

After studying Raegan for a moment, Hector took back the handkerchief and gave her a tissue.

After that, Hector appeared somewhat fatigued.

He closed his eyes and didn't say another word.

Upon reaching her destination, Raegan exited the car and expressed her gratitude.

Unexpectedly, Hector looked up at her and said, "You remind me of a friend of mine." Raegan deemed it a cliché, half-expecting him to ask for her phone number.

She had already formulated a polite refusal.

But to her surprise, Hector said nothing more.

He simply rolled up the window and drove off.

Raegan didn't dwell on it and walked into the nursing house.

Meanwhile, in the car, Hector gazed at Raegan's retreating figure, his expression carrying a hidden meaning.

A thought crossed his mind as he murmured, "Ella, is that you?" After a moment, he closed his eyes and issued a cold command, "Investigate this woman right away."

Chapter 73

Aggression In the hospital.

"Raegan, I blame myself...

You've suffered so much looking after me," Raegan's grandmother said, her eyes filling with tears.

Her emotional vulnerability had increased over the years.

"Don't worry, grandma.

You've always been there for me.

Now it's my turn to look out for you," Raegan replied, her eyes moistening as well.

Brent was an asshole.

He rarely made time for family.

To ensure Raegan could attend school, Raegan's grandmother had taken on various jobs, everything from collecting trash to selling snacks.

As a result, leaving the hospital now seemed nearly impossible after the exhaustion of all these years.

"My only fear is that if something happens to me, there will be no one to care for you.

And you're not married yet, so I won't be able to rest in peace," Raegan's grandmother confessed.

Brushing away her tears, Raegan said, "Grandma, stop talking like that.

You're going to live a long life.

Didn't you tell me that we would go back to your house together one day?" A glimmer of hope lit up her eyes.

"Could we really go back?" she whispered.

"Absolutely.

Even though Brent sold it, it's still vacant.

I've rented it, and I plan to buy it back as soon as T can afford to," Raegan assured her.

Raegan's grandmother grasped Raegan's hands joyfully and said, "Good, that's wonderful." She hesitated before adding, "Raegan, I'm not sure I'll live to see that day.

I dreamt of your father last night.

It felt like he was eager to see me in heaven.

I suspect my time is running out." Tears escaped Raegan's eyes despite her efforts to hold them back.

Raegan's grandmother handed her a red paper bag containing a padlock-shaped amulet.

"You used to have it when you were a child.

Keep it with you.

Let it bless you for the rest of your life." Her words struck Raegan like a farewell, causing Raegan to hug her grandmother tightly, sobbing uncontrollably.

"Grandma, I've actually been married for some time.

It's a complicated situation, so I didn't bring it up." Her grandmother looked stunned.

"When did this happen?" Raegan laid out the entire story, deliberately leaving out the contractual nature of her marriage.

Concluding, Raegan said, "Anyway, he's someone I've cared about for a long time.

He'll come to visit you after he gets back from his business trip." Night had fallen by the time she left the nursing house.

Raegan headed back to Serenity Villas.

Reflecting on her conversation with her grandmother, she texted Mitchel to ask if he had reached his destination.

Raegan had verified his flight schedule before texting him.

After a long period of waiting, sleep finally claimed her.

As dawn broke, her phone buzzed to life.

Still in a daze, Raegan heard Mitchel's voice.

"Honey, did I disturb your sleep?" Mitchel's voice sounded crisp and melodious over the phone.

Still sleepy, Raegan answered, "Are you finished with worke" "Sort of.

I've been swamped, so I just got around to calling you." The sound of footsteps echoed from his end.

Casually, Raegan inquired, "Heading back to the hotel?" "Yes.

Care to join me?" Mitchel quipped.

For some reason, Raegan sensed that ever since they reconciled, their relationship had taken a romantic turn.

Previously, their intimacy had always been confined to the bedroom.

"So, you'll be back soon, right?" Raegan rolled over as she spoke.

There was a brief pause before Mitchel replied, "Raegan, are you attempting to seduce me?" Hearing that, Raegan was stunned.

"What?" "I wish I could teleport back and have sex with you right now." Raegan's Jaw dropped at Mitchel's words.

She glanced at her phone and realized they were on a video call.

She was wearing silk pajamas that flattered her figure impeccably.

She seemed voluptuous and enticing in the video call.

Meanwhile, Mitchel was in the process of unbuttoning his shirt, his voice was hoarse.

"Is it just me, or has your breast grown bigger recently?" Instantly, Raegan's cheeks turned crimson and she pulled the quilt up to her chin.

Unyielding, Mitchel continued, "I've suspected as much since we made out in the office.

Have all your gained weight come to your breast?" Recalling his passionate kiss that day, Raegan found herself at a loss for words because of embarrassment.

Flustered and irritated, she yelled, "Mitchel!" "You should be calling me honey now," Mitchel insisted.

Realizing Raegan wouldn't comply over the phone, he added, "I'll make sure you do when I return.

So you're off the hook for now." Just as Raegan was about to share her day's events, the hotel doorbell interrupted them.

Mitchel moved to the door and spoke in a foreign language with someone outside.

His tone shifted, becoming serious.

Raegan couldn't make out what he was saying as he'd set his phone aside.

Soon after, he stated, "Alright, go get some rest.

I have to go." Mitchel hastily ended the video call.

Raegan was sober now.

She replayed the recent phone conversation in her mind.

She thought she heard something about a young woman looking for Mitchel.

Though unsure, a wave of unease washed over her.

After lying in bed for a while, her phone rang again.

It was Nicole, inviting her to lunch.

Upon entering the restaurant, Raegan was taken aback to see Nicole sporting a new hairstyle.

"Did you get a haircut?" "Do you not like it?" Nicole inquired, caressing her freshly-cut hair.

"It's different, but stunning." While Nicole had always been gorgeous with her long hair, her new shorter look gave her a more daring aura.

It lent her an air of toughness.

Sensing Nicole's gloomy demeanor, Raegan probed, "Is something bothering you?" "Nothing much.

Someone once promised to marry me when my hair reached my waist.

Now that he's gone, I just chopped it off," Nicole responded, her smile tinged with bitterness.

Aware of the man Nicole was alluding to, Raegan found herself at a loss for words and stayed silent.

"Has Mitchel been out of the country recently?" Nicole shifted topics unexpectedly.

Caught off guard, Raegan stammered, "Uh, how'd you find out?" Lately, Nicole had been preoccupied with handling Jarrod and wasn't aware that Raegan had reconciled with Mitchel.

"I saw it on Lauren's posts." Raegan felt her heart plummet.

Struggling to keep her composure, Raegan inquired, "Which platform?" Nicole pulled out her phone and navigated to Lauren's homepage, displaying a selfie of Lauren in a light-colored beret, seemingly in high spirits.

The caption read, "So touched someone came to pick me up at the airport." She'd also tagged her location abroad.

The post had been uploaded just half an hour after Mitchel had ended his video call with Raegan.

Additionally, Raegan noticed that Mitchel was the one carrying Lauren's suitcase in the background.

Even though the photo only showed a side profile, she knew immediately it was him.

Lauren had responded with a smiley emoji.

To their shared circle of friends, Mitchel and Lauren seemed destined for each other.

Struggling to find her voice, Raegan felt as though her heart had been pierced, Observing Raegan's expression shift, Nicole believed that sometimes a sharp, immediate pain was preferable to prolonged agony.

After a moment of silence, Nicole said, "Do you know what's the hardest thing in the world, Raegan? Lauren will always be Mitchel's muse, his everlasting solace.

Even if he shows concern for you now, the moment something happens to Lauren, you'll have to graciously step aside.

Because in his heart, you'll always be second choice." It was the same story with Jarrod and Jamie.

Despite Jamie's tarnished reputation, Jarrod still expended effort and time to shield her.

And it all boiled down to one reason.

After their meal, the driver took Raegan home, while Nicole planned to head back alone.

Soon enough, she realized she'd left her purse behind.

Returning quickly to retrieve it, she also made a quick detour to the restroom.

That was when she spotted a familiar figure not far from her.

Jarrold and Jamie had also chosen this place for a meal.

They looked like they had just arrived and were on their way to a chamber.

As they moved in her direction, Nicole lowered her gaze, her nerves getting the better of her.

She nearly collided with Jarrod.

"Be careful!" His refined voice filled her ears.

Jarrold steadied Nicole by the arm, his thumb caressing it briefly before letting her go.

Nicole's heart pounded in her chest.

She couldn't fathom why Jarrod would touch her so openly, especially in front of his fiancée.

Gathering herself, she managed to say, "Thank you." With that, she headed into the restroom.

i Jamie glanced at both Jarrod and Nicole, then remarked in a tone audible to Nicole, "You two enjoy playing dangerous games, don't you?" Frozen, Nicole's complexion drained of color.

Nicole looked rather refreshing with the short hair.

Jarrold's eyes left Nicole, his voice still smooth but now icy.

"You understand how it is.

We men find a certain appeal in wild women." These words stung like a slap to Nicole's face.

With a radiant smile, Jamie said no more and ascended the stairs with Jarrod.

In the restroom, Nicole splashed her face with chilly water as tears escaped her eyes.

Nicole wasn't downcast.

She just felt she'd disgraced the Lawrence family.

In fact, news that she had selflessly put herself on the line to save her family spread out.

Rumors had it that for the sake of the Lawrence family's interests, she would go to any lengths.

Just then, the bathroom door swung open.

Grabbing her purse, Nicole prepared to exit after wiping her face.

She turned around and found herself staring at Jarrod.

Surprise left her momentarily speechless.

Jarrood's intense gaze filled her with dread.

Her mind froze, and she wished she could flee on the spot.

In the next instant, Jarrood seized her wrist and secured the door with his other hand.

"What are you doing?" Nicole questioned, her voice tinged with fear.

Arching an eyebrow, Jarrood maneuvered her toward the sink.

Lifting her hands, he looked at her disdainfully.

"You deliberately collided with me.

You were asking for this, weren't you?"

Chapter 74

Crawl Out Of Here Nicole's heart raced as panic coursed through her veins.

She might have been bold, but flirting with Jarrood in front of his fiancée was out of the question.

Given Jamie's notorious temper, she felt she was asking for trouble by entertaining that thought.

Nicole tried to push Jarrood away firmly and stammered, "No, I didn't, Mr.Schultz.

Your fiancée is here.

If she catches us..." But Jarrod had already pushed her clothes up.

Nicole shivered and took a deep breath to steady herself.

He leaned in closer, bit her, and said with a sneer, "Are you afraid of losing face now?" Nicole bit her lip, desperately trying not to make a sound, and whispered, "Aren't you afraid of upsetting Miss Powell?" "Why don't you let out a scream and see if I care?" Jarrod's response was nonchalant as ever.

A voice from outside made Nicole tense up, and Jarrod noticed.

He sneered and said, "Seems like you are truly afraid." "Please don't do it here," Nicole pleaded softly, only to receive a scoff in response.

"Then how about the hallway or the lobby?" Nicole struggled to find an answer, fearing that Jarrod might actually follow through on his daring proposition.

He seemed utterly fearless, devoid of any moral restraint.

Jarrod seemed to relish her silence.

He gripped the back of her neck and turned her over, forcing her to meet his gaze in a highly humiliating position.

Then, in a cold tone, he asked, "Why did you have your hair cut?" He was referring to his promise of marrying Nicole when her hair reached her waist.

Although he now viewed her with disdain and had no intention of marrying her, Jarrod detested it when others broke an agreement first.

He believed that he should be the one to break it.

He was the only one who could crush her beneath his feet, as opposed to her current tactic of provocation with the haircut.

Nicole swayed unsteadily and stammered, "It was troublesome." Maintaining her long hair was no longer a priority for her, but that wasn't the main reason.

Nicole didn't intend to provoke Jarrod.

She had long given up on any hopes or fantasies.

"Troublesome?" Jarrod snorted coldly, his grip on Nicole's arm tightening.

He pressed his knee against her, causing her to arch her back and grimace in pain.

Yet, Nicole looked more alluring in such a position.

Jarrod was somewhat aroused.

He gritted his teeth and said, "I think you are the trouble that needs to be solved." Nicole could sense that Jarrod was deliberately trying to humiliate her.

She shot him a glare in the mirror and urged, "Could you please hurry? | can't afford to provoke Miss Powell.

If she finds out, I'll be the one in trouble." Jarrod couldn't help but let out a cold laugh.

"Why should I care about you?" He wouldn't feel at ease until she suffered.

Nicole knew this devil wouldn't listen to reason.

All she could do was grit her teeth and endure it.

However, today, he seemed exceptionally ruthless, as if he had been suppressing his anger for over two decades, and now he was ready to unleash it all on her.

Seeing the pain etched on her face in the mirror, he showed no mercy.

He said coldly, "You would better be an obedient little dog and remember who your master is." His words cut through her like a knife, an insult that felt like her face was being peeled away.

Nicole's complexion turned ashen.

Suddenly, there was a deafening noise as the bathroom door was slammed violently.

The door slammed shut with a resounding thud, indicating that the person on the other side wasn't trying to enter the bathroom but had discovered something.

Nicole's entire body tensed like a startled deer caught in headlights.

In the next moment, a sharp female voice pierced the air.

"Jarrod, get out!" Nicole was completely taken aback, her body quivering.

Jarrod, however, remained unfazed, his expression merciless as he watched her quiver.

The pounding on the door came to an abrupt halt.

Then, in an instant, Jamie's sharp voice resounded, "Break it down for me!" The restaurant manager, of course, attempted to reason with Jamie and calm her down.

But Jamie wasn't in the mood to listen.

She grabbed a heavy object and began to relentlessly pound on the door.

Thankfully, the door was strong enough, but it was only a matter of time before it gave in to the relentless assault.

Amidst the thunderous banging on the door, Jarrod finally released Nicole.

Pulling Nicole away, he adjusted his trousers with an air of indifference.

After that, he walked toward the door in a couple of quick strides and nonchalantly placed his hand on the doorknob.

He paid no heed to whether Nicole was dressed or not.

"Jarrod!" Nicole called out desperately, her face drained of color and her entire body trembling.

"Don't open the door.

Please don't open the door!" Her pleas were heart-wrenching.

Opening that door would mean the final shattering of Nicole's dignity, casting her as the infamous figure in Ardlen's.

She cared less about her reputation and more about her parents.

They wouldn't be able to bear the shame.

Jarrod spared her a glance and then, with an unchanging expression, turned the doorknob.

The door creaked open, and Jamie hurled insults.

"Jarrod, you scoundrel!" She grabbed a chair and lunged at him, but Jarrod promptly wrestled it from her grip, slamming it aside.

Furious, Jamie pounded his chest multiple times and wailed.

"Why are you doing this to me?" Jarrod smiled and said, "Just having a bit of fun with a woman.

There is no need to get all worked up." Jamie's eyes welled with tears.

Jarrod's dalliances with other women were one thing, but he shouldn't toy with this woman.

Jamie had just realized the woman was Nicole, Jarrod's former fiancée, the once-proud Lawrence family's young lady.

Now, Nicole had fallen from grace, selling herself in places like this.

Jamie shoved Jarrod away and stormed inside, delivering two hard slaps that left Nicole's mouth bleeding.

"You tramp! How dare you seduce a man in a public restroom! The entire Lawrence family is filled with people lacking morals." "No, they are not..." Nicole's mouth was smeared with blood as she tried to defend her parents.

She was not a good woman after her involvement with Jarrod who was an engaged man, but her parents were upright and honest people, undeserving of this misfortune brought by Jarrod.

It was all her fault, everything her fault.

"How dare you deny it!" Jamie reached out and tore at Nicole's clothes, brutally pummeling her head as if dealing with a dog, blow after brutal blow, leaving Nicole's head spinning.

Nicole looked like she was on the verge of passing out.

Seeing this, Jarrod shuffled his feet and held Jamie's hand.

Jamie, however, couldn't help but feel a tad uneasy.

She wasn't quite sure about Jarrod's true feelings for Nicole or if he had any sympathy left for Nicole at all.

In an attempt to gauge his emotions, Jamie feigned tears and asked, "Jarrod, do you feel sorry for her?" Jarrod responded with a warm smile and held Jamie's hand.

With a soft, melodious tone, he asked, "Doesn't your hand hurt?" Relieved by his response, Jamie wrapped her arms around his neck and planted a passionate kiss on his lips as if they were the only two people in the room.

She then said, "I'm really angry, Jarrod." Jarrod lovingly encircled her waist and asked, "So, how would you like to vent your anger?" Jamie grinned mischievously and replied, "I want to handle it my way, alright?" Jarrod agreed without hesitation, saying, "Sure, but avoid hurting her face.

After all, Miss Lawrence is going to entertain my distinguished guests soon.

Damaging her face wouldn't be acceptable." Upon hearing this, Nicole shot her head up in surprise.

She suddenly realized Jarrod's intentions.

He wanted her to entertain guests! At that moment, it felt like Nicole didn't know Jarrod at all.

His handsome face suddenly became menacing, as if he could devour human flesh and blood.

But the ordeal was far from over.

Jamie's smile widened as she said, "Since Miss Lawrence is so shameless, I'll give her a chance to make a name for herself!" She playfully prodded Nicole's chin with her foot and added, "Crawl your way out of here."

Chapter 75

She Is Also Valuable Nicole's eyes widened in shock.

She looked at Jarrod with a pale face.

The corners of Jarrod's mouth twitched.

He said faintly, "What are you waiting for?" Nicole felt like she had been struck by lightning when she heard those few words from him.

Her whole body ached, burning with agony.

This pain now was more unbearable than the pain from the physical abuse he had inflicted on her before.

Nicole started trembling violently.

She looked at Jarrod with eyes full of fear and tears.

"Jarrod, please...

I can't...

Please don't..." Nicole panicked.

She crawled to Jarrod's feet and cried, "You...

You can't do this to me...

Please, don't do this to me.

I've helped you before..." Jamie's face turned pale when she heard this.

However, Jarrod didn't notice Jamie's expression at this moment and refused to listen to Nicole anymore.

He kicked Nicole away and snapped, "How dare you mention that again! Everyone in Ardlens knows that the members of the Lawrence family are snobbish and selfish.

Anyway, you have the right to make a choice, Miss Lawrence.

It's either you do it, or you refuse it.

It's all up to you." Nicole smiled bitterly.

She had the right to make a choice? What kind of choice did Jarrod want her to make? Should she just watch the Lawrence family be expelled from the market with a huge debt? That being the case, Nicole thought she was worth a lot.

Suddenly, Nicole felt she didn't care about anything anymore.

She straightened her back, looked at Jarrod, and said, "Jarrod, I don't owe you anything." As she spoke, her eyes were so clear and honest that Jarrod couldn't help frowning slightly.

The look in her eyes made him think of something.

Was what she had been saying about the past true? Could it be that she really never betrayed him? She might have tried to help him but in vain.

But he immediately dispelled this thought from his mind, Jarrod tried to persuade himself that Nicole just lied.

He reminded himself not to believe a single word Nicole said.

After all, he had investigated into the past before, but none of the things that Nicole said ever happened.

Jarrod was convinced that Nicole was a vicious woman.

Otherwise, what he was doing to her now would make him struggle and feel uneasy.

Jamie gave up the idea of making Nicole notorious.

She realized that the more people knew about Nicole, the more disadvantageous it would be to her.

It was hard to tell whether someone else knew what exactly had happened back then.

What if someone would come out and prove that Nicole's words were true? At the thought of this, Jamie stepped hard on Nicole's arm and said viciously, "You bitch! How dare you seduce Jarrod in front of me! You are really shameless!" The next second, a crisp cracking sound was heard.

The bones in Nicole's arm were fractured.

Jamie withdrew her foot and said, "Forget it.

Let's get out of here.

This bitch is an eyesore." The restaurant manager waited for Jarrod and the others to leave.

Then he took Nicole and sent her to the hospital.

Nicole's arm was broken, and she needed to be hospitalized for a few days.

The restaurant manager asked Nicole if she wanted to call anyone, but she only shook her head.

She couldn't let anyone know that Jarrod did this to her.

If she let any of her family members know, the Lawrence family would be doomed.

On the other side, Raegan didn't know how she got home.

She still felt very dizzy.

She tried calling Mitchel twice, but he didn't answer.

When she was about to call him again for the third time, she suddenly found what she was doing hilarious.

From the moment they reconciled, she had always been uneasy.

She always felt she snatched Mitchel from someone else even though she was his rightful wife.

And the sense of happiness she felt somehow further her unease.

She found it mind-boggling.

Later, she realized that the more she was afraid of something, the more likely it would happen.

Raegan waited for Mitchel to call her back and had fallen asleep with the phone in her hand.

When she woke up the next morning, the first thing she did was check her phone.

But there were no missed calls or new messages.

There was nothing from him.

Raegan was absent-minded the whole day.

She couldn't figure out what was going on.

When she came to the nursing house to visit her grandmother the next day, her grandmother asked her to choose a nice outfit for her, saying she wanted to look nice when she met Mitchel.

Raegan intended to say something but held back when she saw her grandmother's bright smile, not wanting to ruin the latter's good mood.

In the evening, Raegan finally received a call from Mitchel, asking her what happened.

His voice sounded fatigued.

"Are you coming back tomorrow?" Raegan asked.

There was silence on the other end of the line.

Then Mitchel said briefly, "No." Raegan pondered for a while before she asked, "Is it because you need to accompany Lauren?" Mitchel's eyes narrowed.

He asked, "Who told you?" Raegan pursed her lips.

She didn't need anyone to tell her.

After all, Lauren couldn't wait to tell the world about it with her posts.

There was silence between them.

After a while, Mitchel said, "It's true that Lauren is also here.

But she isn't here for me.

She came here for business.

We are both busy, and we have no time to see each other." "Didn't you pick her up at the airport?" "It's a bit messy here.

I have to take care of her, especially since she came here alone," Mitchel said naturally.

It was as if these words were already deeply engraved in his mind.

Raegan felt like someone was strangling her hard.

She could hardly breathe.

Mitchel continued, "Honey, are you jealous again?" "Of course not.

Well, I won't ask this sort of questions again," Raegan replied lightly.

Mitchel frowned.

"Why are you mad at me again? Come on.

I haven't gotten enough sleep these past two days." Raegan felt Mitchel's words were rather harsh.

It was as if he was blaming her for making trouble out of nothing.

But she always believed that honesty and communication were the most important things between a couple.

Mitchel always missed her calls and didn't reply to her messages when he was abroad.

Even the news about Lauren being with him came from other people.

She never heard anything about him from him.

Couldn't he allow her to be a little emotional? At the thought of this, Raegan stated seriously, "Mitchel, I'm not being unreasonable.

All I want is for you to be honest with me.

I can accept whatever you tell me.

Just don't lie to me.

Even if we are getting divorced one day, I hope we could split up on a good term." Her tone was serious.

She was upset at this moment, not knowing how to explain to her grandmother about postponing the meet-up with Mitchel.

Moreover, Mitchel and Lauren were in the same country now.

As long as Lauren wanted, she could find a way to come into contact with Mitchel.

Raegan didn't want to be a fool and the last person to know the truth.

"Raegan, what do you mean by that?" Mitchel asked with a frown.

He sounded very unhappy.

What he hated the most now was hearing anything about them breaking up.

"Nothing.

Just remember what I said," Raegan replied indifferently.

Then, they both fell into silence.

This Kind of silence was annoying, hinting at something.

Then, Raegan heard someone talk to Mitchel.

After communicating with that person in a foreign language, he told Raegan that he had to go back to work.

Before hanging up the phone, Mitchel said, "Don't overthink.

I have to teach you a lesson when I come back." That night, Raegan didn't sleep well.

The next day, she went to the nursing house early in the morning.

She explained to her grandmother that Mitchel couldn't come back for the time being.

Raegan could tell that her grandmother was disappointed at this.

But then, her grandmother still comforted her, saying that Mitchel's work was more important than their appointment.

But Raegan still felt disheartened seeing her grandmother wearing this new outfit.

Suddenly, an idea occurred to her.

"Grandma, how about we go back to your house and stay there for one night?" She knew that her grandmother had been thinking about going back to her house.

Her grandmother looked at her with surprise.

"Really? Will the doctor agree?" "Don't worry.

I will talk to the doctor." Raegan then walked out of the ward and headed for the doctor's office.

The doctor looked through her grandmother's medical records first.

Then he said seriously, "You'd better be prepared for the worst." Raegan's heart sank to the bottom when she heard these words.

Chapter 76

We Are Done The doctor said, "The latest report shows that the patient's in a frail condition.

She might pass away at any moment.

It's no longer necessary for her to stay in the hospital.

You might as well take her home and grant her final wishes." Raegan walked out of the doctor's office in a trance.

Her steps were unsteady, and her strength drained, forcing her to find a bench to collapse onto.

Kendra, a caring nursing worker, spotted Raegan in the corridor.

She rushed over after seeing the pallor on Raegan's once-pretty face and asked with concern, "Miss Hayes, what's happened?" Unable to find her voice, Raegan fumbled for her phone.

Her trembling hand made it difficult to press the necessary buttons.

With a trembling voice, she implored Kendra, "Kendra, please help me make a call.

Press the number one button." The number one button on Raegan's phone was linked to Mitchel's number.

Kendra was startled by Raegan's expression but took the phone, doing as instructed.

She dialed the number, but there was no answer.

Kendra tried again, still to no avail.

Glancing at Raegan, Kendra asked quietly, "Should I try one more time?" "Yes, keep calling until he picks up." Raegan's resolve remained unshaken.

In her vulnerability, Raegan yearned for Mitchel to provide the strength she desperately needed.

More importantly, she hoped he could help fulfill her grandmother's final wishes.

On the third attempt, the call finally went through.

"What's up?" Mitchel asked impatiently.

But Raegan had no time to think about anything else.

She pleaded in a low voice, "Mitchel, can you come back? It's about my grandma..." Suddenly, a delicate female voice interrupted Raegan's words.

"Mitchel..." Raegan felt a crushing disappointment wash over her.

She thought it was her imagination and asked, "Are you with Lauren right now?" "Yes, Lauren..." "Mitchel Dixon!" Raegan couldn't believe it.

She questioned in a trembling voice, "Isn't it nighttime where you are? And you are telling me you two are together?" Frowning, Mitchel glanced at Lauren, who was resting on a hospital bed, and replied casually, "It's not what you think."

I'll explain to you when I get back." Then, Lauren's sobs were heard.

Holding the phone, Mitchel comforted Lauren gently.

Raegan's heart ached when she heard that.

The sharp pain left her momentarily speechless.

Tears welled in her eyes, silently streaming down her cheeks, their saltiness and bitterness almost tangible.

But she didn't want to let her grandmother down.

In a choked voice, Raegan asked again, "Mitchel, can you come back? Please, come back now, okay?" Her words caused Mitchel's heart to skip a beat.

In his eyes, Raegan had always been strong, and rarely begged him in such a humble way.

His heart immediately softened.

"I'll be back soon.

Just hang in there and wait for me at home, alright?" Raegan's voice trembled, "No, you don't get it, Mitchel.

My grandma..." "Raegan." Hearing Lauren's pained cry, Mitchel couldn't help but interrupt Raegan.

He thought Raegan was rushing him back because she was unhappy with him being with Lauren.

But under the circumstances, he couldn't leave Lauren alone overseas.

"I can't leave now, Raegan.

Lauren's condition is critical at the moment." When Mitchel realized that he might have been too harsh, he added in a softer tone, "I promise, once she is through the worst of it, I'll spend more time with you." Mitchel's words nearly shattered all of Raegan's hopes.

She felt utterly dejected.

Did Mitchel really think she was vying for his attention? She felt like a dagger had pierced through her heart.

It hurt so much.

Tears welled up in Raegan's eyes, and she forced a bitter smile.

"Mitchel, in your eyes, my grandmother means nothing, right? Do you even care about me? Is that why you can make such a decision without a second thought?" Mitchel couldn't tolerate this any longer.

He retorted coldly, "Raegan, what has gotten into you? Why would you say something like that? What's the point of it?" For a moment, it felt like an invisible hand was tearing Raegan's heart apart.

The pain was unbearable, and she longed to end the conversation right there.

But she couldn't bear the thought of her grandma passing away with regrets of not meeting Mitchel.

So she begged, her voice trembling, "Mitchel, I'm not trying to manipulate you.

My grandma is dying.

She truly wants to see you..." Mitchel furrowed his brow.

Through the phone call, he couldn't see the desperation in Raegan's eyes.

He tried to console her patiently, "I have already told you I'll visit your grandma.

I won't break my promise.

Just be patient and wait for me, okay?" Raegan bit her lip hard and tried to hold back her tears.

She lost her temper and shouted, "Mitchel, I'm not trying to coax you into coming back.

I'm telling the truth! Why can't you trust me?" "Of course, I trust you, but Lauren is in a really bad condition.

She had a relapse yesterday, and she can't stay in the hospital without someone by her side.

I can't Just leave her like that." Mitchel's firm attitude deepened Raegan's despair.

Once again, she had overestimated her importance to him.

For Mitchel, Lauren was the top priority.

He didn't care whether her grandma was sick or not.

Raegan's heart was broken by him again.

"Mitchel, have you ever considered that Lauren might be using her so-called illness to keep you with her?" "Raegan, don't say things like that.

Lauren wouldn't stoop to do such things," Mitchel countered.

"It might sound absurd, but it always works, right? That's why she keeps resorting to using the same trick on you.

Have you ever wondered why she only has relapses when you are around, not in front of others?" Raegan almost cried out, her voice bordering on hysteria.

Mitchel remained unconvinced.

"It's just a coincidence." Raegan scoffed when she heard that.

"Is it really Just a coincidence? Think about it, Mitchel.

I don't believe there are so many coincidences in the world." Even over the phone, Mitchel could sense that Raegan was In a foul mood.

He massaged his temples and said, "I promise you, Raegan, I'll fly back as soon as I can once Lauren gets better." Raegan lowered her gaze, looking utterly exhausted.

Her heart sank as she asked, "Mitchel, didn't you tell me I was your top priority?" He had said it right to her face! How could he toss his promise aside so easily? How could he be this heartless? Mitchel retorted coldly, "Yes, I did say that, but sometimes priorities need to be sorted out.

Right now, Lauren's life is hanging by a thread, and you want me to abandon her and rush back to you?" A bitter smile crept across Raegan's face.

"Mitchel, what does it have to do with you whether Lauren lives or not? Only you believe what she has done.

And if her life really hangs by a thread, why hasn't her family rushed to see her? Did you ever consider it might all be part of her plan?" "Lauren's family are on their way," Mitchel said in a tone that was as cold as ice.

"Raegan, you have always been kind.

Why did you become so vicious?" Mitchel's words proved the last straw, shattering Raegan's heart into fragments.

His words were like a dagger thrust into her chest, causing her excruciating pain.

Tears welled up in her eyes.

She squeezed a smile on her face and said, "You are right.

I'm a vicious woman.

I'm being unreasonable.

I'm making a fuss.

Go live a blissful life with your good-hearted and sensible Lauren.

We...

We are done."

Chapter 77

Surprise In a flash, the soft spot Mitchel had in his heart for Raegan evaporated.

Mitchel had never been one to sweet-talk women.

Well, a few times, sure.

But now, Raegan's demands were downright unreasonable to him.

What he hated the most was being threatened by other people.

With his tongue against the back of his teeth, he snapped, "Raegan, can you stop being childish and using the divorce to threaten me again and again?" However, Raegan was not having it, and his words no longer had an effect on her.

The spark that once flickered in her heart had gone out, extinguished for good.

"I'm serious, Mitchel.

I've been a fool for believing in you time after time." "Raegan, you!" Mitchel uttered in a fit of anger.

He felt an overwhelming urge to smash his phone against the wall.

Then, through gritted teeth, he snarled, "I think you need to calm down!" The instant he finished these words, the call was ended.

Raegan had already disconnected the call.

Mitchel was furious and his eyes full of rage.

Bang! Unable to take his frustrations any longer, he hurled his phone against the wall.

Meanwhile, Matteo wandered in and happened to hear Mitchel's heated conversation over the call.

After hesitating for a while, he asked, "Mr.

Dixon, would you like me to check in on Mrs.

Dixon?" "No need!" Mitchel answered with a deep scowl.

"I don't want to hear another word about her!" In his mind, he had indulged Raegan to the point that she had become absurdly unreasonable.

She had even resorted to threatening him with the divorce repeatedly.

Determined, he resolved to give her the cold shoulder until she realized her fault.

On the other end, Raegan seemed calmer after ending the call.

Looks could be deceiving, though.

Time was running out for her grandmother.

Even if her grandmother could only spend one more hour in her house, Raegan would try to make it happen.

Just then, a nurse approached Raegan and asked, "Are you a family of the patient in Bed No.

304?" Raegan's appearance was so outstanding that the nurse remembered Raegan even though she had only visited her grandma several times.

"Yes." Raegan nodded and asked, "What's the matter?" For some reason, the nurse seemed a little uneasy.

"Someone's looking for you there.

Be careful," she said cryptically.

Raegan, puzzled by the nurse's words, hurried to her grandmother's ward.

The moment she stepped into the ward, a woman lunged at her and slapped her across the face.

Already drained emotionally and physically, Raegan lost her balance and tumbled to the floor.

A fat woman stormed up, jabbed her finger at Raegan, and yelled, "You home-wrecker! How dare you try to steal my husband! Thank God I finally got you!" Raegan was confused, having no idea who these people in her grandmother's ward were.

With a perplexed look on her face, she shot back, "Who even are you? Have we met? Who the hell is your husband?" Her protests fell on deaf ears.

These people were clearly here to make a scene.

Before Raegan had a chance to defend herself further, the fat woman grabbed Raegan by the hair and signaled her friend to hit Raegan's face, leaving it red and swollen.

Meanwhile, Raegan's grandmother, who had just been berated by these women who accused Raegan of stealing someone's husband, was still catching her breath.

When she saw Raegan being assaulted, she felt as if her heart was being ripped, and she murmured, "Don't touch my granddaughter..."

Let her go..." Despite being frail, she tried to climb out of bed to stop them, only to collapse onto the floor, wincing in pain.

Smack! A sound echoed through the room.

An egg splattered across Raegan's grandmother's wrinkled face.

The fat woman did not have the heart to escalate things too far with an elderly person.

Therefore, she resorted to verbal abuse and shouted, "The apple doesn't fall far from the tree.

Neither of you is any good!" Collapsed on the floor, Raegan's grandmother struggled for air.

She was too feeble to even wipe the egg off her face, and she could only mutter weakly to defend Raegan, "Don't hurt my granddaughter.

She's not what you're saying.

Let her go..." At this moment, Raegan felt as if a knife had pierced through her heart.

She was overwhelmed by a pain so intense it made her shudder.

Why? Why were they treating her grandmother like this? With her hands on her hips, the fat woman sneered at Raegan's grandmother and said, "Listen up, you old hag.

Your granddaughter has an affair with another woman's husband.

Today's the day she learns her lesson..." Before the fat woman could finish her words, Raegan charged at the fat woman and sunk her teeth deep into the woman's arm.

Flesh tore, and blood spurted everywhere.

"Ah! What have you done?" the fat woman screamed in pain.

Meanwhile, her accomplices were too stunned to continue their assault.

Blood trickled down the woman's arm, and splattered onto Raegan's face.

At last, Raegan let go of the fat woman and spat at her.

As she stood in front of her grandmother, she roared hysterically, "If anyone dares to lay a finger on my grandma again, you'll have to get through me first.

I swear to God I'll take you down with me!" Just then, Kendra burst into the room.

Although terrified, she shielded Raegan's grandmother with her own body.

Facing these women was daunting.

They looked wealthy and powerful, after all.

Kendra's first instinct was to bolt, but her conscience would not let her abandon Raegan and Raegan's grandma.

With tears streaming down her face, Kendra looked at the onlookers and loudly said, "Don't listen to these women.

They're horrible people.

Miss Hayes is a good person!" Hearing Kendra's plea, the crowd began to murmur among themselves.

Though no one stepped up to help Raegan, they somehow sympathized with her.

Meanwhile, Raegan wiped the blood off her face and stood tall.

To everyone's surprise, she pulled out her phone and started taking photos of the assailants.

Then, while looking into their eyes, she declared, "You think you can frame me, tarnish my reputation, and assault me without consequences? Think again." Those who made a scene now felt a twinge of fear and their expressions shifted.

They were just here to back up the fat woman, who promised she would give them ten thousand dollars for helping her blow off steam.

Truth be told, they had no clue whether Raegan was guilty of the accusations or not.

Moreover, they hailed from reputable families and did not want to go to jail over something like this.

Noticing the apprehensive looks on these women's faces, some in the crowd began to question their initial assumptions.

Could it be that Raegan and her grandmother were the victims here? Ganging up on an elderly woman and a young lady was too much.

Just then, a red-haired woman with pink lips strutted into the ward in high heels.

She looked down her nose at everyone and demanded, "Do you have any evidence that she's a homewrecker?" At first glance, the question seemed to support Raegan.

But when Raegan looked up at the owner of the voice, her heart sank.

It was Tessa.

The next moment, Tessa latched onto Raegan's arm as if they were old friends and asked with apparent concern, "Raegan, are you okay? Your face is a mess.

These people are terrible." The fat woman glared at Tessa and seethed.

"You know this bitch?" "Yes, we're acquainted.

What's your business here? If you have evidence, let's see it." Tessa's air of righteousness convinced the crowd she was here to back up Raegan.

But then, with a smile as sly as a fox, she leaned in and whispered to Raegan, "Hold tight, Raegan.

I've got a nice little surprise for you, courtesy of Lauren."

Chapter 78

Like Falling Into Hell! Raegan eyed Tessa warily.

At the same time, her heart felt like it plummeted to her stomach.

"So it's you! You're the mastermind behind all of this, aren't you?" As if she had not heard what Raegan said, Tessa casually replied, "Raegan may have stolen other people's boyfriends in the past, but she's different now.

So, unless you have evidence, stop spewing nonsense." As soon as these words left Tessa's mouth, the crowd's demeanor changed.

It turned out that Raegan had done such an act before and did not deserve any sympathy.

At this moment, the fat woman appeared to regain her confidence.

She grabbed Raegan's phone, hurled it to the ground, and stomped on it for good measure.

"Don't you want to see the evidence? I'll make sure you have no room for doubts!" With that, she rummaged through her bag and flung a stack of photos at Raegan.

The photos fluttered to the ground like snowflakes.

As they fell, their sharp edges sliced Raegan's cheek.

The onlookers caught sight of the pictures as well.

They were distasteful and obscene.

The crowd's attitude took another nosedive, and people began to openly condemn Raegan.

"Oh, my God.

It's true.

She doesn't look the type.

I never saw this coming." "What a disgrace.

Bah, she deserves it." "I wish I could slap her in the face.

She's disgusting." Raegan's mind went blank.

The air thickened with cruel words, which came at her from all directions.

She numbly turned around in a daze.

Her gaze fell on her grandmother, who was picking up one of the photos from the ground.

Her hands shook, and her eyes widened with a mix of surprise and disbelief.

Raegan felt she had been pierced by an invisible dagger.

She wanted to tell her grandmother that the pictures had been photoshopped.

But when she caught sight of the hurt and disappointment on her grandmother's face, her lips felt glued shut.

Her throat felt like it was on fire, and she was filled with dread and despair.

In that instant, Raegan felt as though she had been cast into the abyss.

Click.

The sounds of camera shutters pierced the air.

Someone in the crowd initiated the action, and soon enough, everyone had their phones out to capture the humiliating scene.

Within moments, they uploaded the photos and videos to social media platforms, igniting another wildfire of online chatter.

"These pictures..."

They're fake! They're photoshopped!" Raegan frantically explained.

However, her words fell on deaf ears.

No one opted to listen to her.

Precisely speaking, they deliberately chose to ignore her.

Mockery and scorn descended upon Raegan like a flock of vultures, eager to tear her apart.

Those hateful words seemed to materialize into monstrous entities, lunging at Raegan and gnawing her flesh and spirit.

Her body started shaking uncontrollably.

This whole situation was a setup by vicious people.

At this point, it did not matter if Raegan was innocent or not.

She could only endure the gossip and scorn, knowing she had done nothing wrong.

But the look of disappointment in her grandmother's eyes was too much to bear.

It was as if a dagger pierced into Raegan's heart.

The emotional weight became too much.

Raegan's head dropped, and she spat out a mouthful of blood.

But Tessa was unwilling to let Raegan go.

She gave the fat woman a subtle wink.

The fat woman caught Tessa's signal loud and clear.

With that, she yanked Raegan's hair back and snarled, "How do you have the nerve to deny all this, you bitch?" After saying these words, she pulled her leg back, ready to deliver a strong kick to Raegan's abdomen.

In the nick of time...

Bang.

A muffled thud broke through the air.

Someone had kicked the fat woman away, sending her sprawling to the ground.

The fat woman curled up on the ground and cried out in pain.

"Who was that? Who's the son of a bitch who kicked me? Have you lost your mind?" Two men in suits, resembling bodyguards, appeared out of nowhere and delivered kicks to the fat woman, effectively silencing her.

The rest of the assailants weren't bold without their ringleader and were easier to deal with.

Even if the bodyguards had not done anything, they scattered in all directions.

They were just here for the money anyway.

Tessa, however, was not ready to throw in the towel just yet.

Her elaborate scheme had been all about sabotaging Raegan and getting rid of her unborn child.

She was the one who had arranged those incriminating photos.

At most, she could say she had made a mistake and used more money to settle it down.

But it never crossed her mind that someone would intervene.

“Who's this? Your new sugar daddy? You're full of surprises, Raegan,” she sarcastically said.

Just then, the man turned to face her.

His refined and distinguished features left Tessa speechless.

How could it be? Tessa clamped her mouth shut and did not dare to make another sound.

Without even giving her a second glance, the man ordered to his men in a monotone, "Go through everyone's phones.

I don't want any pictures or videos of this incident online.

If anyone refuses to delete them, they'll be hearing from my lawyer.” Though his voice was void of emotion, a chilling air enveloped everyone present.

The men in suits were quick and effective.

In no time, the room was empty, and the troublemaking women were kicked out of the ward.

Only Tessa, who was rooted to the spot, remained.

It was not that she wanted to stay.

Her legs had simply turned to jelly.

Once she broke her paralysis, she uttered, "Hector..." Hector shot her a glance.

"You realize that everything you did today has tarnished the Dixon family name, don't you?" "Hector, I didn't..."

I was just passing by...

I have nothing to do with this," Tessa stammered.

"Get out of my face.

I won't be the one to handle you." Though Hector spoke without emotion, Tessa felt a cold shiver run down her spine and was on the verge of tears.

What did he mean by that? Who would punish her? Without further ado, the men in black escorted Tessa out, and an eerie silence settled over the room.

Raegan seemed to be isolated in her own world.

Her body shook.

And as she made her way to her grandmother, she was almost crawling.

She enveloped her grandmother in a gentle embrace.

Her grandmother seemed so fragile as if she could slip away at any moment.

She stared at Raegan with turbid eyes but could not find herself to say something.

For the first time, Raegan felt an overpowering sense of dread.

At this moment, tears blurred her vision.

"Grandma, don't believe them..."

It's not true...

Please, don't believe them..." Raegan implored.

"Of course, I don't believe them, Raegan..." her grandmother assured her.

"I know you'd never do anything like that..." Raegan's eyes brimmed with tears.

At this moment, her grandmother seemed to be struggling to say something, and her breaths became increasingly shallow.

Kendra hit the emergency call button to call for medical help.

"Prepare for emergency treatment!" The nursing staff moved to wheel Raegan's grandmother to the emergency room, but Raegan's grandmother's grip tightened on Raegan's clothing.

Raegan leaned in quickly to catch her grandmother's final words.

"Raegan...

J...

I believe you...

You have to live a happy life...

This...

This is all my fault..." As her grandmother finished speaking, her grip on Raegan's clothing began to weaken.

The room was thick with a weighty silence, punctuated only by the raspy breaths of Raegan's grandmother.

Chapter 79

Sudden Death Raegan's grandmother was quickly wheeled into the ER.

Frozen, Raegan looked listless.

She didn't know what to do.

Her mind was in a muddle.

Hector took off his jacket and draped it on Raegan's shoulders.

He looked down at her and asked, "You okay? Can you still walk?" There was no color on Reagan's face.

She looked like she was about to faint.

Regardless, she stood up with her hands on the edge of the bed.

Her pupils were bright.

However, the brightness was hollow.

"Thank you," Reagan said softly.

She was thankful that he preserved her grandmother's dignity.

After steadying her feet on the floor, she began to walk slowly.

It seemed like a century had passed.

The doctor in a white gown reappeared.

His face was gloomy as he sighed and announced, "I'm sorry.

We tried all we could." His low voice echoed in the empty and cold corridor like a fated curse.

It was as if Reagan had been hit by a huge rock.

She staggered back with her eyes widened in disbelief.

The next second, she grabbed the doctor by his white coat and shook her head.

"Doc, you made a mistake, right? This can't be! Her issue shouldn't be this serious!" The doctor had mentioned that her grandmother didn't have much time left, but he didn't say she was going to die today.

"You must be mistaken, doc.

My grandmother can't be dead.

Just this morning, she told me that she wanted to eat the special cakes from her hometown.

I was supposed to get them later.

How can she leave without eating them..." Raegan slowly sank to her knees with her hands still gripping the doctor's coat.

She sobbed.

"Please...

Save my grandmother.

Bring her back to life.

I'll pay whatever amount.

Just bring her back..." Her voice gradually became tiny and breathy.

"At least, let her have a piece of cake and say goodbye to me before leaving..." How could her grandmother die with an empty stomach? Raegan's hands trembled as if she was convulsing.

Her tears flowed like water and her cries echoed in the corridor.

Soon, a nurse came and pulled her up by the arm.

"Young lady, I'm really sorry for your loss.

Our hearts go out to you.

We understand your pain, but please, calm down.

You should go see your grandmother one last time." Raegan kicked and shook her head like a child.

Her teary eyes were red and vacant as she said, "My grandmother is not in here...

She's waiting for me in the ward..." After saying that, she turned around and started to rush to the ward.

A strong hand suddenly grabbed her arm.

Hector frowned slightly.

Raegan's arm was too thin as if he was holding a pencil, making Raegan seem even more fragile and delicate.

He said, "Raegan, go and have a look." It was as if a basin of cold water had just been poured over Reagan's head.

She shivered and her long eyelashes hung down while trembling densely.

She looked so pitiful like a stray dog on the streets on a cold rainy night.

Hector's hand slowly moved downward until it got to her wrist as he led her to the morgue.

With her head down, Raegan followed him obediently.

Her steps were light as if she was a ghost.

The staff led them in, lowered his head, and left.

There was a body on a cold iron bed.

A white sheet was over it.

With her back against the door, Raegan stood frozen for a good minute.

She then took one painstaking step after another.

Her entire body was trembling as she lifted the white sheet.

Save for the pale lips, her grandmother looked like she was asleep.

How could this woman be dead? No, she must be having one of those deep slumbers.

This thought gave Raegan a glimmer of hope.

With a smile, she said softly, "It's time to wake up, grandma.

You are pulling my legs, aren't you? Is this because I didn't take you back to your house? My car is ready.

Get up, let's go right now..." Not a single muscle moved on the old woman's face.

Even her eyelashes didn't flutter.

Seeing this, Raegan reached under the white cloth to hold her grandmother's cold and stiff hand.

She choked with sobs, "Grandma, I don't want anything anymore.

I want nothing else than to live in your house with you.

Is that okay?" Raegan leaned her head against her grandmother's chest, speaking in a very soft and gentle voice.

"Say something, please.

Even if it's a single word.

Don't leave me alone..." Despite calling out for a long time, her grandmother still didn't wake up.

Raegan held her grandmother's face and finally cried out.

It wasn't a sob or a whimper.

This time, it was a heart -wrenching cry.

The cry was so poignant that it could melt the heart of the devil himself.

"Grandma, you can't do this to me.

How am I supposed to live without you? Come back to me.

"I'm not ready yet..." Her cry echoed in the room, but there was no response.

It had been over an hour since Raegan sat on the bench in the corridor.

She completed the necessary procedures and contacted the funeral home in Tenassie.

She was determined to bury her grandmother in her hometown.

Tenassie was over 600 kilometers from here.

Even if the body was transported overnight, it would only get there by morning at the earliest.

Kendra, the attending nurse of Raegan's grandmother, stayed by her side.

She even urged Raegan to take a rest in one of the wards, but Raegan insisted on staying where she was.

She wanted to be as close as she could to her grandmother.

It was about time Hector left.

Although he sympathized with her, he had to go.

He had happened to be passing by today and had already been delayed for a long time.

As soon as he came to Raegan's side, she looked up at him.

Her eyes were red and swollen from all the crying.

Raegan stood up and solemnly bowed to Hector.

Her voice came out hoarse and broken.

"Thank you, Mr.

Dixon.

I don't have my phone on me right now.

Please send me the bill.

I'll settle the expenses once I'm done with everything at hand." Since the matter was an emergency, Hector had instructed his subordinates to handle all the medical expenses.

He looked down at her again when he heard her address him as Mr.

Dixon.

"You don't have to be so polite.

You know I am Mitchel's uncle, right? Why don't you just call me Hector?" Raegan nodded.

"I know, but I insist on repaying you once I settle everything here." Raegan had heard the way Tessa addressed Hector.

His eyebrows were a lot like Mitchel's.

He had a habit of furrowing them too just like the other male Dixons.

Hector was somewhat surprised.

Since she didn't address him by his first name despite knowing who he really was, the reason was quite clear.

It appeared all wasn't well between her and Mitchel.

He left soon.

Raegan remained on the bench throughout the night.

At the crack of dawn, she finally left to go buy some new clothes and some supplies for the funeral.

It wasn't even eight o'clock yet when the hearse from the funeral home arrived.

Kendra accompanied Raegan to Tenassie.

Since she had cared for the old woman for so long, she had developed an emotional connection.

She wanted to say goodbye to the witty old lady.

When they arrived at the funeral home, Raegan paid the fee calmly and chose a place in the graveyard.

None of her relatives were left in Tenassie, so there would be no other mourners.

This was why Raegan deliberately chose this secluded place.

Even though she was practically alone, she was determined to send her precious grandmother off properly.

From the funeral home, she went to the town to buy some flowers for the ceremony, including the cakes that her grandmother had craved before she died.

Raegan hadn't shed a tear throughout this journey.

But as soon as she saw the cakes, a flood of tears came rushing.

She couldn't hold them back.

"What an unfilial granddaughter I am!" Raegan scolded herself.

She hadn't granted any of her grandmother's wishes even though how little these wishes were.

How useless of her! Startled by her tears, the shopkeeper gave her an extra bag of cakes and said comfortingly, "Cheer up, young lady.

No matter what life throws at you, you need to stick your chest out and never give up.

Take a bite of these delicious red bean-flavored cakes.

You'll love them." Raegan thanked the shopkeeper.

She picked up a piece of cake and slowly put it in her mouth to have a taste on behalf of her grandmother.

But as her teeth sank into the soft cake, pea-sized tears began to flow from her eyes again.

Some found their way into her mouth.

There was a burst of salty and sweet flavors in her mouth, but all she could taste was bitterness.

The shopkeeper was taken aback.

"Is it not good?" Feeling weak in the knees, Raegan squatted and wept like a child.

She sobbed.

"It's delicious..."

But my grandmother didn't get to taste it before..." Her grandma would never taste it again.

A day later, Lauren was now in a stable condition and her father had flown over from Swynborough.

Mitchel finally got the chance to look at his phone.

There were five missed calls from his mother.

There were no new messages, not even from Raegan.

For Pete's sake, why was this woman so stubborn? Couldn't she just make a compromise for peace to reign? Mitchel smoked three cigarettes just to let off steam.

Then, he swallowed his pride and called Raegan.

But her phone was switched off.

A bad feeling rose in his heart.

He was worried something was amiss and asked Matteo to inquire about the situation.

After hanging up the phone, Matteo sighed deeply and kept silent for a few seconds.

He then reported, "Sir, Mrs. Dixon's grandmother passed away.

The funeral is currently ongoing." Suddenly, there was a buzzing sound in Mitchel's ears.

He couldn't believe his ears.

He raised an eyebrow sometime later.

"What did you just say?" Matteo paused for a moment before repeating, "Your wife's grandmother is dead."

Chapter 80

The Mastermind In Tenassie's funeral home, there was a rule that the departed had to be cremated before the memorial ceremony commenced.

As Raegan waited, reluctance to say goodbye to her grandmother held her heart hostage as if she wished to etch her grandmother's face indelibly into her mind's eye.

When her beloved grandma's body was silently ushered into the cremation chamber, the heavy iron door swung shut.

The finality of it struck her hard.

She could never again see her grandma's smiling face, the person who loved her most in the world.

Her trembling hand reached out and patted the iron door as she sobbed.

"Grandma, have a happy life.

Don't forget me..." Yet, all that met her ears was the echo reverberating through the solid metal.

An hour dragged on, and the iron door swung open once more.

The clerk returned, carrying the urn that now held her grandmother's ashes, and gave them to Raegan.

With a heavy heart, she walked with the urn to the church.

In that solemn chamber, Raegan gently placed the urn on the altar.

Standing in front of her grandmother's picture, she remained in silent reverence, her posture unwavering.

Kendra's well-intentioned offer of food fell on deaf ears, as Raegan could only manage a sip of water amidst her overwhelming grief.

Kendra's sympathy led her to stay by Raegan's side silently, providing a little comfort in this sea of sorrow.

As the evening went on, a figure entered the church.

Luciana, after a long and harrowing journey, had arrived, her initial shock giving way to the stark reality upon seeing Raegan, cloaked in black and lost in grief.

In just two days, Raegan had lost some weight, her features etched with exhaustion and distress.

Luciana longed to offer words of comfort after paying her visit to the deceased but struggled to find a way to comfort Raegan.

Ultimately, she broke the silence, her voice heavy.

"Raegan, I'm so sorry for your loss." Her frustration welled, anger aimed at Mitchel for his absence during this trying time.

Questions loomed about their future together.

Did the future hold anything promising for the two of them? Thankfully, Raegan did not reject Luciana's presence.

While she remained silent, she didn't cast Luciana aside.

The following day ushered in two uninvited visitors.

Kenia and Tessa come to the church.

Tessa, ignorant of the death of Raegan's grandmother until yesterday, felt her legs weaken from the shocking news.

She wasn't afraid of being blamed for the old woman's death.

Instead, it was because Hector had promised to give her a good lesson.

It was hard to foresee how Mitchel would punish her now that Raegan's grandma had passed away.

Tessa, fearful of the repercussions of her actions, was no longer reluctant to leave the country.

She now wished to escape as swiftly as possible.

She informed Kenia what had transpired, and Kenia became agitated as well.

Kenia didn't expect that Tessa would cause such a huge trouble.

It wasn't an effective method to hide abroad.

Tessa would be tracked down by Mitchel wherever she went if he intended to punish her.

After thinking for a while, they decided that beseeching Kyler for assistance was the wisest course of action, given the intertwining ties between the Murray and Dixon families.

Given that, she assumed that this matter could be over soon.

After all, Raegan's grandmother had succumbed to illness, not Tessa's hands.

Resolute in their decision, they materialized in the church together.

"Luciana," said Kenia, attempting to curry favor with Luciana.

Luciana frowned.

"Why are you here?" Kenia grinned but quickly realized it was a little too much.

She remarked, "I came here with Tessa to pay tribute to the deceased." Luciana's countenance bore an unmistakable trace of perplexity, unaware that the events in the nursing house linked to Tessa.

Raegan remained stood in silence.

In a hoarse tone, Raegan, upon seeing Tessa and Kenia, bellowed, "Get out of here!" Such intrusion felt unbearable.

It was a disturbance to the sanctity of her grandmother's farewell.

Tessa assumed she had debased herself in this act of condolence, only to be treated with contempt.

She felt humiliated and embarrassed.

With a pinch of feigned sorrow, Tessa replied, "Raegan, upon learning of your grandmother's passing, I hastened to pay my respects.

The prior encounter was a grievous misunderstanding.

How could I have foreseen those women's madness?" Kenia interjected, "Indeed, as soon as I was apprised of the situation, I admonished Tessa.

She has a penchant for involving herself in people's business, yet, in truth, she played no role in that sordid affair." With an envelope of money extended as a conciliatory gesture, Kenia proffered, "Raegan, accept this, please.

It is recompense for Tessa's perceived wrongdoing.

I implored her to kowtow and apologize to your grandmother." Raegan's response was swift and unforgiving, flinging the envelope at Kenia's visage, her voice laden with anguish as she yelled, "Fuck

off! Are you deaf or something? Get the hell out of my face!" The envelope burst open, scattering cash on the floor, the sharp edges scratching Kenia's and Tessa's cheeks.

Kenia's and Tessa's evilness and shamelessness paralleled those photoshopped photos set for slandering Raegan the other day.

Deep down, they didn't feel any responsibility for their hurtful words, instead resorting to a feigned apology as a smokescreen.

The mastermind behind the conspiracy, Tessa, seemed adept at evading culpability.

Why, one would wonder! Tessa, initially overcome with fright, couldn't hold back her scream but swiftly regained her composure and responded with a curse, "Don't be so shameless! That old woman's demise was due to her frail condition.

How does it relate to me? Furthermore, your grandma was already in her eighties.

Isn't it natural for the elderly to pass away at such an age? She had been languishing in the nursing house for quite some time.

Could you afford to continue her treatment? To some extent, you should be grateful to me.

How could you treat me like this...

"Shut the fucking up!" Luciana was on the brink of slapping Tessa, but Raegan acted swiftly.

Raegan lunged forward, her fingers wrapping around Tessa's throat with a grip akin to a furious beast.

Her slender fingers paled, and the blue veins on her hands bulged as a torrent of pain, anger, and suppressed hatred gushed forth.

Why? Why must she endure such a fate? Her grandmother had led an honest, diligent life.

Despite her early widowhood and the loss of her son, she never voiced a complaint about life's unfairness.

She maintained a positive outlook and did her utmost to raise Raegan.

Even in her final moments, she held no grudge but expressed trust in Raegan and sorrow for her...

Why did such a loving, kind soul have to go through this misfortune? Why, in her last moments, did she have to witness her granddaughter's character being slandered and besmirched by these wicked individuals? Why? It just wasn't fair! Why should her dead grandmother suffer such an indignity? How could the instigator behave with such recklessness, as if nothing had happened? As a victim of injustice, why should she bear the guilt for her grandmother's death? With immense strength, Raegan rasped, "Who gave you the right to utter those words? As a murderer, you've no place to speak like this!" Under Raegan's relentless grip, Tessa's pallor shifted to purple, her eyes bulging with fear.

Tessa fought back violently, but her hands eventually fell limp at her sides.

Kenia wailed, tugging at Raegan's hand, screaming, "Help! Someone, please help!" But at this moment, Raegan's fingers felt as though they were glued on Tessa's neck, impervious to being pulled away.

Kenia, petrified, collapsed to the floor, tears streaming down her face.

"Ah...

Someone's killing my daughter...

This deranged woman is killing my girl..." Just as the situation reached its breaking point, someone intervened, stopping Raegan's actions and breaking the impasse.

"Raegan! Are you trying to kill her?" Mitchel cried out furiously.