

# Love Unbreakable

## Chapter 7

Lauren was quick to get a grip.

She looked at Tessa and said sweetly, "Oh, I just realized that I forgot my bag in the restaurant.

Tessa, could you please fetch it for me?" Tessa had wanted to say something more, but she swallowed it.

She then walked back into the restaurant after giving Raegan a good glare.

Once Lauren and Raegan were alone, Lauren smiled up at Raegan and said, "Thanks for taking care of Mitchel for me in the past two years." This simple sentence was a clear indication that she was declaring possession of Mitchel.

Raegan found this very ironic because technically, Mitchel was hers since she was legally his wife.

Lauren continued, "I don't know what I was thinking when I upped and left the country after a mere argument with Mitchel.

I thought it was over between us, but to my surprise, he had been waiting for me all these years.

I'm so touched that I have decided to marry him soon." Raegan was too stunned to speak now.

In an instant, Lauren's voice became vague and distant.

It was as if an invisible hand grabbed Raegan's heart and pulled her into an abyss.

She soon experienced shortness of breath.

They were getting married? So, Mitchel couldn't wait to divorce her? "Raegan? Raegan?" Lauren called twice and snapped her fingers before Raegan came to her senses.

"How may I help you?" Looking at Raegan's sullen face, Lauren was very complacent.

Lauren took out her phone, logged in to her WhatsApp account, and said, "Raegan, let me add you as a friend on WhatsApp.

Mitchel is so kind to me.

I want to give him a surprise.

Maybe I would borrow a favor from you by then." The last thing Raegan wanted to do was keep in contact with this woman.

But when she saw the eager look on Lauren's face, she still gave Lauren another account of hers.

The sun was shining outside, and there were fine beads of sweat on Lauren's head.

Lauren put away her phone and asked shyly, "Could you please help me move over there?" Raegan nodded and pushed the wheelchair gently, but it didn't move.

She pressed the armrest and bent down to check the wheels.

When Raegan lowered her head, Lauren suddenly grabbed her arm and asked with a sneer, "It must have been fun for you to fuck my man for the past two years, right?" This vulgar question gave Raegan a bad feeling.

Before she could blink, the wheelchair did a forceful lunge backward.

"Ah! Raegan!" Lauren screamed at the top of her lungs.

She had a look of horror as she fell back.

Raegan's eyes widened in shock.

She immediately reached out to pull Lauren, but it was too late...

A loud bang was heard.

Lauren fell to the hard ground, her forehead shedding blood.

"Lauren!" A familiar voice came from behind.

Before Raegan could react, she was shoved aside by a great force.

Her side hit the handrail.

A sharp pain shot into her brain.

It left her numb and unable to tell if she hurt her knees or lower abdomen.

"Ouch! It hurts, Mitchel!" Lauren cried as she grasped Mitchel's shirt.

Her forehead was marred with blood.

She looked like she was in a lot of pain.

Mitchel held the back of Lauren's head and looked at her wound with a worried expression.

The whole time, he didn't spare a single glance at Raegan whom he had just pushed.

There was a tight knot in Raegan's chest at this time.

The air in her lungs escaped faster than normal.

"I saw it with my own eyes, Mitchel.

This crazy woman pushed Lauren!" Out of nowhere, Tessa appeared and pointed at Raegan accusatorily.

She was telling a blatant lie.

She hadn't seen anything, but she just wanted to get Raegan in trouble.

Mitchel sharply turned his head to look at Raegan.

His eyes were blazing with rage.

Although his gaze was frightening, Raegan still had a trace of expectation in the bottom of her heart.

She mumbled, "Mitchel, I didn't..." "Save it!" Mitchel cut her off with a roar.

His eyes were burning like infrared lights as he said to her, "Just pray that nothing bad happens to Lauren.

Otherwise, I won't let you go scot-free!" He didn't even want to listen to her side of the story.

The hope in Raegan's eyes was dissipated slowly.

It was as if someone had driven a spear into her heart and left it there.

Her heart was bleeding and aching.

Oh, how stupid of her to have been hopeful! It turned out that Mitchel already saw her as a vicious woman.

He must hate her for "hurting" his beloved! Suddenly, Raegan began to shiver.

She hugged herself and still couldn't figure out where exactly was hurting.

Mitchel paid no attention to her after that roar.

He just picked Lauren up and took giant strides to his car.

Tessa followed him.

Over her shoulder, she scowled at Raegan with disgust as if she was looking at a dirty stray dog.

"This should be a wake-up call to you.

Now, you are nothing but a rat in a ditch.

A strand of Lauren's hair is worth more than you are, " Tessa cursed, but Raegan seemed not to hear it.

Raegan was just staring at Mitchel as he walked away with Lauren in his arms, concerns written all over his face.

She had never seen Mitchel look so worried about anything.

It wasn't until a few seconds ago Raegan realized Mitchel had never taken her seriously.

The black Bentley started, gathering up a cloud of dust.

An extreme pain came from Raegan's lower abdomen.

She finally came to her senses.

Something dawned on her.

She held her belly and cried softly, "Ouch! My baby..." When her phone rang, Nicole said that she was stuck in the parking lot.

It was as if some sharp teeth were gnarling at her lower abdomen now.

Raegan panicked.

She couldn't get a taxi here, so she had no other option.

She stood up, intending to flag down Mitchel's car.

She dragged herself down the steps and waved her hand with all the strength she could muster now.

Unfortunately, the car sped past her and disappeared into the road.

Raegan watched on as it went out of sight.

The pain in her belly worsened.

She sank to her knees slowly.

Just as the world began to spin, she held her belly with tears in her eyes.

"Baby, I'm so sorry..." And then, everything went black.

In a private ward.

Lauren lay whimpering on the bed as a doctor examined her.

Standing in the corridor, Mitchel was on the phone.

The sunlight fell on his face through the window, reflecting his handsome face.

"I'm sorry, Mr.

Dixon.

I couldn't find your wife.

It seems she left all by herself, " Matteo reported on the phone.

"Okay, I see." After hanging up, Mitchel couldn't shake off the image of Raegan falling to the ground after he shoved her aside.

It had happened in the spur of the moment because he was so worried about Lauren.

He couldn't recall seeing any injury on her.

However, he could remember that she looked hurt later.

Mitchel had been worried about her.

But since she was nowhere to be found at the restaurant, perhaps she was fine.

He wanted to believe that.

Yet, he still felt uneasy and annoyed.

He couldn't help thinking of Raegan's red eyes and tearful face.

Logically speaking, he shouldn't be worrying about her since she had hurt Lauren.

But then again...

Raegan had been nothing short of a good wife for the past two years.

She never crossed the line.

Even though she was married to a powerful man like him, she never looked down on or tried to harm anyone.

Maybe it was really an accident.

If it was an accident, was there more to it than meets the eye? What role did Lauren play? Doubts crisscrossed Mitchel's mind.

He looked into the ward through the window as his expression changed slowly.

In the ward minutes later.

Lauren held Mitchel in her arms as if her life depended on it.

Mitchel frowned slightly.

He obviously didn't like this, but considering that she was wounded now, he couldn't push her away.

"How are you feeling now?" he asked indifferently.

Although those were caring words, Lauren noticed the coldness in his tone.

Her eyes narrowed.

"It doesn't hurt as much as before, " she replied, looking up at him pitifully.

"What exactly happened, Lauren?" Mitchel asked that question lightly, but his tone inexplicably made other people feel a chill in their hearts.

"I think it was just an accident.

Raegan was kind enough to help me with the wheelchair.

Something is probably wrong with it.

Please don't blame her, okay?" Lauren sounded so understanding as she explained.

Mitchel looked at Lauren coldly.

But a touch of warmth soon crept into his eyes.

He reasoned that he was wrong to have suspected Lauren.

After patting her on her shoulder, he pulled himself back away from her grip.

"Have a good rest now." Lights poured down on Mitchel's dashing face.

Lauren was fascinated by his look now.

The sneaky devil in her didn't jump out until Mitchel left the ward.

Her smile was instantly replaced by a vicious scowl.

Argh! Mitchel suspected her because of Raegan!

## **Chapter 8**

Kind Helper Fortunately, Lauren had come up with a fair explanation before Mitchel's suspicion germinated into mistrust.

She chose to point out there was something wrong with the wheelchair.

In this way, even if Raegan decided to tell on her, Mitchel would have no choice but to think Raegan was vicious.

It was like killing two birds with one stone.

Yet, Lauren was very upset by Mitchel's reaction.

The Mitchel she knew in the past would never question her for the sake of someone else.

Today, he not only questioned but also suspected her because of Raegan.

Lauren adopted a trick today to gauge the situation.

She usually didn't like to get her hands dirty.

If she wanted a person out of her way, she would get someone else to do the dirty work.

At the thought that Mitchel had been with Raegan for two whole years, Lauren's fingers dug into her palm.

Her beautiful face was twisted with anger.

How dare Raegan! Just wait and see! Mitchel would be hers again...

There was a pungent smell of a disinfectant in the air.



In a hazy atmosphere, Mitchel stared at Raegan with his lips upturned in disgust as he asked, "You are pregnant?" The next second, he spat ruthlessly, "Abort it immediately!" "No way!" Raegan screamed.

Her eyes suddenly opened and she was drenched in cold sweat.

Everything she saw was white, including the walls, ceiling, and table.

It took Raegan a while to realize she was in a hospital and that scene she just saw was just a dream.

She heaved a sigh of relief.

Her breathing soon steadied.

All of a sudden, the door was pushed open and someone came in.

The man was slender, handsome, and had on a pair of narrow-edged glasses with a gold frame that made him look rather elegant.

Raegan's eyes widened in shock.

This was the last person she expected to see now.

"What are you doing here, Henley?" she blurted out, her eyebrows arching in confusion.

"Well, I bumped into Nicole in the parking lot earlier.

She was having an altercation with someone but was worried about you, so she asked me to look for you first," Henley explained patiently.

Raegan's memory flooded her head like a tidal wave.

She touched her belly, worried if her baby was in good condition.

She wanted to ask him, but she found it hard to do so.

She faltered, "What about my..." "Don't worry.

The doctor gave you a good checkup.

The baby is all right," Henley answered gently.

Hearing that, Raegan breathed a sigh of relief and said, "Thank you, Henley."  
"Don't mention it," Henley replied as his eyes darkened.

"I must say that I'm quite surprised that you already got married.

Do you want me to call your husband?" "No, no.

That won't be necessary." Raegan shook her head slightly.

"Why?" Confused, Henley couldn't help asking.

Raegan didn't know how to put it.

"Well, I...

The thing is..." How could she tell Henley that her unfaithful husband must be by the side of another woman right now? Seeing that she was in a dilemma, Henley decided not to pry.

He changed the topic.

"Anyway, how do you feel now?" He was worried about Raegan.

Her expression and demeanor were enough to show she wasn't in good spirits.

"I'm fine." Raegan forced a smile as she looked up at Henley and said, "May I add you as a friend on WhatsApp?" This request stunned Henley.

When Raegan noticed that Henley stared at her with his eyes deeper than usual, she immediately explained, "Oh, I just want to contact you later so I can reimburse you for the examination fee.

That..." "We're already friends on WhatsApp," Henley interrupted her.

"Huh?" Henley took out his phone and clicked on the contacts on WhatsApp.

He then handed the phone to her.

With a smile, he said, "Look, I sent you a message, but you blocked me."  
Raegan was lost for words.

She stared at his username for a long time before it finally hit her.

On one New Year's Eve, she had gotten a holiday greeting from him once.

She texted back asking who he was, and later she received a reply, saying it was Henley Brooks.

The response stunned Raegan at that time.

Internet fraud prevailed back then, and Henley had already gone abroad.

She found it odd that someone so successful would spare the time and take the initiative to contact her on WhatsApp like a friend would.

She suspected that a fraudster was impersonating Henley, so she blocked him.

But it turned out she was wrong.

She felt a little embarrassed in an instant.

Holding her forehead, Raegan said guiltily, "I'm sorry, Henley.

I had no idea it was really you.

Honestly, I thought it was one of those scammers.

That's why I blocked you.

"I'll pull you out of the blacklist now." Raegan was tapping on her phone screen.

Suddenly, her phone died.

Her embarrassment quadrupled.

"It's okay.

Just unblock me later." Henley gave a face-splitting smile as he said joyfully, "Have a good rest first.

Nicole will be here soon." His warm smile reminded Raegan of her college days.

His presence and smile livened her mood in no time.

"Henley!" Raegan called out as Henley headed for the door.

She hesitated for a while and said, "As for the baby, can you keep it a secret for me? If Nicole finds out [I'm pregnant, she will confront my husband and it might end badly." She didn't want to humiliate herself anymore.

Hearing Raegan's words, Henley nodded without asking more.

As he went out, he stole a glance at Raegan who was lying on the bed.

He noticed the incomprehensible emotions that swirled in her gentle eyes.

Her forehead was crinkled.

After a while, he turned around and left.

Raegan's eyes fell on an ultrasound result on the bedside table.

The blurry white and black picture filled her heart with a strange warmth.

Honestly, she had contemplated having an abortion.

She wasn't sure if giving birth to this child under these circumstances was the best thing to do.

But when she experienced that sharp pain in her belly moments ago, she prayed that she didn't lose her baby.

She wanted nothing more than its safety.

After all, the baby was innocent.

She wanted to protect it.

Fortunately, the baby was tough enough.

She saw no reason to deprive the poor little angel from coming into this world.

Raegan began to toy with the idea of raising the child alone.

Shortly after Henley left, Nicole arrived at the hospital.

Raegan was doing fine except for the bruises.

As a result, she was free to go home and recuperate.

Nicole had no idea what was going on.

She called Mitchel names, scolding him for being the most heartless husband.

The basis of Nicole's anger was that he was nowhere to be found at this critical moment.

As soon as Raegan returned to her apartment, she ordered some chicken soup from the restaurant downstairs before going up.

It was dark in the apartment when she got in.

However, she could sense someone's presence.

Remembering how her neighbor just told her about a burglary, Raegan's heart thudded in her ears.

She got ready to run out.

Before she could move a muscle, she saw a black figure approaching her.

She immediately flung the takeout at the person and turned around.

Her foot was barely out the door when a strong hand grabbed her wrist hard.

Raegan pulled back, but she couldn't break free.

A flick was heard suddenly.

The light came on almost immediately.

Blinded by the light for a moment, Raegan squinted and looked up, only to see the handsome face of a man.

It was the same man Nicole had berated on the way back.

Mitchel raised a brow at Raegan.

"Hey, what were you thinking? Did you want to kill your husband?" His tone was playful.

But these words sounded harsh and even ironic to Raegan.

While she was frowning at him, Mitchel let her go and picked up the takeout from the floor.

He then threw it into the trash can.

"This is bad for you.

I already ordered something else.

It should be delivered any minute." Glancing at the takeout lying in the trash can, Raegan swallowed hard.

She was so exhausted and hungry that she didn't even have the strength to argue.

1 For a moment, Raegan felt that she would share the similar fate of the takeout being thrown into the trash can.

With Lauren's return, Mitchel might divorce her any minute.

"Don't bother.

I'm tired.

Mr.

Dixon, please leave me alone." Her tone and expression were so cold as she walked past him toward the bedroom.

Before she could take any steps, Mitchel grabbed her wrist again and pulled her back.

She instantly fell into his arms.

"I didn't mean to push you back then, Raegan.

I was just worried about Lauren," he said softly, staring into her eyes.

Raegan's eyelashes fluttered, and her heart skipped a beat.

Somehow, she sensed his tenderness for her.

But then, she realized she was only imagining things again! Mitchel's voice had always been cold and somewhat gentle.

A stab came in her heart before she could bask in the tenderness now.

At this moment, their bodies were so close.

Raegan could smell his scent, and there was a strange female fragrance that was definitely not hers.

It was the same one she smelled when she was close enough to Lauren earlier.

There was only one way Lauren could have gotten her scent on him and that was by hugging! The thought of them in that position suddenly made Raegan feel sick.

She pushed Mitchel away and rushed into the bathroom.

It wasn't until Raegan threw up everything in her stomach that she felt much better.

Wiping her mouth, she walked to the door of the bathroom when Mitchel blocked her way.

He grabbed her hand and then studied her face with his eyes squinted.

"What's wrong with you?"

## **Chapter 9**

The intense gaze Mitchel gave Raegan now reminded Raegan of the scary dream she had earlier.

In her dream, Mitchel had told her to abort the child when he knew she was pregnant.

Her heart began to race as she stammered, "I...

I don't know.

Maybe it's something I ate.

I'll be fine once I take some rest." Mitchel's frown deepened.

It was hard to tell if he believed her or not.

Raegan was so nervous that she bit her lips and murmured, "You're hurting me." After loosening his grip a little, Mitchel opened Raegan's soft palm.

Several intertwined bruises came into view.

They were not pleasant to the eyes at all.

His eyebrows furrowed.

"You didn't go to the hospital?" Raegan wasn't even aware of these bruises.

She must have scratched her palm on the ground when she fell.

Thinking of the incident, her sadness returned.

The change in her expression didn't go unnoticed by Mitchel.

As soon as he saw her pale face, he picked her up and took her to the sofa.

He then brought over the first-aid box.

He got down on one knee and began cleaning her wound gently.

| "Why didn't you dodge?" This question rendered Raegan speechless.

It was the first time she had seen a man who acted wrongly so righteous.

He shoved her aside, yet he was asking her why she didn't dodge! The nerve of this guy! Mitchel wiped the scratches gently with the sterilized cotton ball.

When his eyes fell on Raegan's bruises, he looked so gentle.

This simple action of his was capable of making her fall for his tenderness.

The tingling sensation made Raegan hiss and her eyes became misty.

She bit her lower lip hard to brave the pain.

Although it wasn't that painful, she badly wanted to burst into tears.



She raised her head a little and drew sharp breaths just to prevent her tears from falling.

She really wanted to ask Mitchel whether he loved her.

However, she couldn't bring herself to ask him that because she was scared of getting an unfavorable response.

The truth, as the saying went, was bitter.

Mitchel raised his head, only to see that blood was seeping out of Raegan's lower lip.

He pinched her chin and ordered, "Stop doing that.

You are bleeding." Raegan's ears turned red with embarrassment.

She tried to hide her tears as she complained, "But it really hurts." Her voice was muffled because Mitchel continued to pinch her chin.

Slowly, her nose turned red and a teardrop trickled down her cheek.

It was like dew slipping down a rose at dawn, so beautiful yet fragile.

Mitchel's heart fluttered at the sight of this.

The next second, he tightened his grip on her chin and kissed her hard.

His sudden move blocked Raegan's sight.

The landing of his lips on hers came out of the blue.

Her lips were numb for a second.

When he began to kiss her roughly, they hurt more than before.

Raegan's heart was beating fast.

She hurriedly placed her hands on his chest and pushed hard.

She was still mad at him.

Why was he kissing her now? Was it out of love or lust? Questions flooded Raegan's mind at this moment, leaving her head in a whole mess.

Oblivious to the torment going on inside her, Mitchel continued to kiss her passionately.

He had always been so domineering.

He grabbed her hands and pressed her against the sofa.

He began to nibble on her lips.

Every move was domineering, breaking Raegan's resolve slowly.

Raegan couldn't think straight anymore.

Raegan had no choice but to cooperate with him without even thinking.

Mitchel knew how to turn her on.

His fingers remained on her chin as he sucked her lips gently.

Her walls of resistance broke one after the other.

Just as she wrapped her arms around his neck, a phone buzzed.

Mitchel's phone kept vibrating on the table.

He refused to spare it a glance.

Instead, he cupped her face and kissed her more passionately.

Raegan was already moaning against his mouth.

Her eyes were filled with lust.

But when she saw the caller ID, she froze and her senses returned.

She pushed Mitchel hard, but he kept at it.

When Mitchel noticed that she was no longer kissing him back, he paused but still held on to her.

The phone kept vibrating.

Raegan turned her face away.

After a moment of silence, Mitchel stood up and went to the balcony to answer the call.

The door that led to the balcony was ajar.

Raegan vaguely heard a woman's soft sobs coming from the other end.

Mitchel said a few words in a low magnetic voice.

Although she couldn't make out what they were talking about, she could tell from the tone that Mitchel was trying to comfort that woman.

Raegan withdrew her eyes and then looked down at the bruises on her palm which were freshly cleaned.

The pain in her hand was nowhere near the one in her heart.

More than ever before, Raegan knew she was heartbroken.

Mitchel walked back.

He bent over and picked up his car key from the table.

He had buttoned up his shirt and his face was cold and noble now.

He looked at Raegan and parted his lips, but he closed them on second thought.

At last, he said, "Dinner is on the table.

Eat it and then go to bed early." His lips were cold but plump from all the kissing.

"Don't go, Mitchel..." As soon as Mitchel spun around, Raegan jumped up and hugged him from behind.

Her voice trembled.

She couldn't look him in the eye for fear that she wouldn't have the guts to air her feelings.

She wanted to tell him to stay with her instead of rushing over to Lauren whenever Lauren called.

But the words got stuck in her throat.

Despite knowing that she was throwing herself at him cheaply, Raegan was willing to have a try for the sake of her baby.

She was trying to stay afloat before the waves swept her away.

Raegan promised herself to ask him to stay just this once.

The silence that fell over them was so suffocating.

The clock ticked as they remained in that position.

Suddenly, Mitchel's phone vibrated again.

It annoyingly rang off the hook.

"Drop it, Raegan." Mitchel finally broke the silence.

Without looking at her, he broke off her grip bit by bit.

Raegan's heart shattered again.

"Lauren is not doing well.

I have to go check on her." With that, Mitchel walked out the door.

It wasn't until the door was shut that Raegan realized she was weeping now.

Her face was wet with tears.

No matter how she sniffed and wiped her eyes, tears just kept coming.

She cried and then began to laugh crazily.

It was as if God meant to make her suffer.

When she was a child, people always teased and bullied her because she was an orphan.

She couldn't think of any mean thing that her peers didn't do to her.

Was it throwing away her raincoat on a rainy day? Or hiding her shoes so she had to walk barefoot in the snow? Name it! Despite all the suffering, Raegan held out hope that things would get better.

She looked forward to starting her own family and giving her kids all the love she had.

She was an adult now.

She had a family and the man she wanted to cherish.

But after Mitchel walked out and shut the door in her face, Raegan realized that she was still the same old helpless orphan.

She was alone in the world.

The life she looked forward to was just wishful thinking.

Raegan sat on the floor and wallowed in despair.

Why was life so unfair to her? In the corridor of the hospital.

"How could you be so cruel? Don't you know she's not in a good condition?" Luis undid the top buttons of his black shirt as he questioned Mitchel.

Mitchel's eyes darkened, but he didn't say anything.

Leaning against the window, Luis put one hand in his pocket and grinned.

"Mitchel, you have been acting weird lately.

If I remember correctly, you only married Raegan to make your gravely ill grandfather happy.

Now that he's doing much better and Lauren is sick, don't you think it's high time you divorced Raegan?" Luis waited for a response.

But all he got was a thoughtful look, so he added deliberately, "Friendly advice, don't do anything stupid.

Raegan doesn't deserve you.

Just get rid of her quickly." "Luis Stevens." Mitchel's voice was as cold as ice, and his eyes were chilly.

"That's my wife you are talking about!" "So what?" Luis shrugged with a sneer.

"Need I remind you that you owe your life to Lauren? How are you going to make it up to her if you don't divorce Raegan?"

## **Chapter 10**

Chapter 10 A Suicide Threat The air in the corridor seemed to freeze.

Mitchel set his lips into a grim line as he glared at Luis.

Just as his eyes began to shoot sparks, a nurse came out of the ward and said, "She's up now." Luis stopped making fun of Mitchel.

He just smiled casually.

"Go and comfort her.

I'll be waiting for you at the bar." Back in the ward, Lauren was no longer having a fever.

The doctor had earlier revealed that Lauren's body rejected the transplant, which was not good for her health.

Lauren gripped Mitchel's hand tightly and said with tears in her eyes, "My shoulder hurts so bad.

I'm afraid I don't have much time left.

Can you marry me as soon as possible?" Mitchel's eyes darkened.

He raised his hand to stroke her hair and said, "Fine." His affirmative response seemed to give her some sort of assurance.

She leaned into his arms.

Her head pressed against his chest.

Mitchel frowned and attempted to push her away.

Sensing his intention, Lauren leaned even closer as if she wanted to be under his skin.

She moved her body seductively while tracing his belt with her fingers.

She glanced up at him amorously and said, "You know, my illness doesn't stop me from..." Before she could finish speaking, Mitchel grabbed her wandering hand.

He stepped away from her and said coldly, "Sleep tight.

I'll take my leave now." "I thought you were going to stay with me this night.

How can you leave me all alone?" Lauren said with a pout after withdrawing her hand awkwardly.

"I'm not leaving you all alone.

Jocelyn will be here to take care of you." "But you are the one I want!" Lauren said, shimmying like a child.

Mitchel pressed the bridge of his nose and then said coldly, "Remember that I'm still married." It was no news that Lauren had risked her life to save him.

Now that she was ill, it was only fair that he fulfilled her wish no matter how hard.

But a lot of things had changed in the past few years.

He was no longer the Mitchel she used to know.

"Mitchel, you know what my greatest wish is.

If you refuse to marry me, I'm going to kill myself." After saying that, Lauren buried her face in her hands and burst into tears.

Mitchel ran his fingers through his hair.

Exasperated, he promised, "Please don't do that.

Trust me, I'll get everything sorted out very soon." He then walked out of the ward.

Shortly after, loud shattering sounds were heard from the ward.

The attending nurse walked in to meet a big mess.

The bedside lamp, television, and flower vase had all been smashed into pieces.

The nurse's mouth was opened wide in astonishment.

The last time she checked, this VIP patient was always so frail that she could barely lift a finger.

How come she became so violent all of a sudden? The nurse stood there lost in thought.

Suddenly, a whoosh was heard.

A glass flew toward the nurse's face.

Just as the object was about to hit the nurse, she was shoved aside by Jocelyn who just walked in.

The glass hit the wall and broke into pieces.

The nurse gasped, holding her chest in horror.

"Lauren!" Jocelyn, whose job was to wait hand and foot on Lauren walked forward to stop the hysterical Lauren.

She held Lauren and then glanced at the nurse who was slowly sinking to her knees.

"Leave!" Jocelyn was a servant of the Murray family and had been looking after Lauren since she was a little girl.

Once the nurse fled, Jocelyn locked the door, walked over to Lauren, and held her wrist gently.

"Lauren, violence won't solve anything.



You should remain coolheaded." Lauren rested her head on Jocelyn's bosom and said pitifully, "Jocelyn, why won't Mitchel touch me? Am I not beautiful enough? Has he lost romantic interest in me?" "You are beautiful, dearie.

Don't let anyone tell you otherwise.

Also, don't think too much about this.

Mitchel is obsessed with you.

How can he lose his feelings for you?" "But he has refused to be intimate with me.

Whereas, he keeps sleeping with that whore!" After saying that, Lauren took out a pile of photos from under her pillow and threw them on the floor.

The photos were intimate images between Raegan and Mitchel.

Shocked, Jocelyn quickly picked them up.

She tore them into shreds and said, "I get why you sent someone to keep an eye on that woman, but why did you do the same for Mr.

Dixon? What if he finds out one day? Don't you think he will be mad at you?" "What should I do then?" Lauren gritted her teeth and said with hatred, "You want me to just sit back and watch that tramp steal my man?" Jocelyn sighed and comforted.

"Calm down, Lauren.

Didn't he already promise to marry you as soon as he can? Besides, you saved his life.

That woman has got nothing on you.

Mitchel is a man of his word, so I'm certain he will marry you.

Just wait." "But Jocelyn, you know that person who saved him back then was not..." "Shush!" Jocelyn shut her up by pressing a finger to Lauren's mouth.

"Let's take this secret to our graves.

The only account you are to tell is that you saved Mitchel's life, got it?" Lauren nodded.

She didn't utter another word.

Late at night.

Mitchel went straight to the bar to meet Luis after leaving the hospital.

Once seated, he helped himself to a full glass of bourbon and gulped it down without saying a word.

He sighed exasperatedly and leaned back against the sofa.

His long arm dangled behind the sofa and his legs were stretched before him.

His shirt was partially buttoned up and a little ruffled, but he still looked charming.

"What's up? We are here to welcome Jarrod back.

Why did you drink a full glass like that?" As Luis spoke, he poured Mitchel another glass and then raised his own glass for a toast.

"Come on, let's cheer to Jarrod's return.

To new beginnings and greater heights!" A man who had single-edged eyelids was seated on the sofa with a cigarette in his mouth.

His hair was short while the outline of his face was smooth and firm.

There was a scar that extended from his forehead to the end of his eyebrows.

It wasn't ugly at all, but it made him look a bit wild and aloof.

Mitchel also picked up the glass, and the three of them bottomed up together.

Luis smiled.

"Jarrod, you really shook the world within a short time.

It has been three years, and no one ever expected that the Schultz family would be able to survive that disaster.

Those old bastards who had set you up are all scared to death now.

They are discarding their shares for cheap in preparation to flee." After taking a long drag and puffing out smoke, Jarrod said menacingly, "I won't let them run away this time." He came back to get his lick back on all those who destroyed his family.

If someone else had said such words, Luis would have called their bluff.

But Jarrod wasn't a fibber.

Luis knew that Jarrod would stop at nothing to get revenge now that he was back.

The Schultz family had suffered a huge hit that saw the imprisonment of Jarrod's father and subsequent death.

Jarrod's mother jumped off a\_ building afterward.

Nonetheless, Jarrod didn't allow these to break his soul.

He stayed abroad for three years and came back bigger and better.

There was no way those guys would go scot-free.

"What are you going to do with Nicole then?" Hearing that question, Jarrod turned his head and sneered, "Who is she?" Luis was stunned to hear that.

"You know what, just forget about it," Luis said, waving his hand.

During the crises that rocked the Schultz family, the Lawrence family immediately called off the engagement between Jarrod and Nicole.

The shareholders took advantage of the situation and sold out their shares, directly cutting off Jarrod's only way out.

Jarrod had nothing else to fall back on, so he went abroad.

He had experienced a lot of hardships.

One could only imagine how hard it was for him to make a comeback.

Thinking of everything that happened, Luis said a silent prayer for Nicole.

Luis took a sip of wine, glanced at Mitchel, and then asked, "You came straight from the hospital, didn't you? Why do you look so gloomy?" Mitchel frowned and said nothing.

Seeing that, Luis smiled knowingly.

"Did Lauren urge you to divorce?" Mitchel nodded irritably.

Everyone knew why Lauren returned.

Judging by how Mitchel used to care for Lauren, Luis thought divorcing Raegan wouldn't be a big deal for him.

But it seemed that wasn't the case.

Luis squinted at Mitchel and said, "If you don't want to divorce, then don't.

Raegan seems like a good wife." "Dude, what's your deal? Didn't you ask me to divorce her ASAP barely an hour ago?" Mitchel retorted, raising an eyebrow.

"You know how this shit goes.

I] was just pulling your legs.

Honestly, I thought Raegan only married you for money.

I'm shocked to learn that she has feelings for you.

What a foolish woman!" Mitchel's shoulders dropped as he said, "Lauren says she can't wait any longer." "What a pity.

But since Raegan's beautiful and gentle, it would be easy for her to get married again.

Perhaps she will find a man better than you," Luis uttered, nodding his head and then sipping his drink.

Mitchel murdered Luis with his eyes.

Annoyed, he took a cigarette and put it between his teeth.

Luis continued, "I was at the party the other day when a friend of mine took a fancy for Raegan and asked me to play matchmaker.

You should see how disappointed he looked when I told him Raegan was already married." Mitchel turned off the lighter and said somberly, "Tell that friend of yours to get his eyes off my wife!" "Why do you care? You two are about to get divorced." "Until now, we are still married.

I won't allow anyone to covet her!" Staring at Mitchel for a moment, Luis burst into laughter and said lightly, "Wow! Dude, something is wrong with you."