

Unbreakable 1441

Chapter 1441

I desire you!”

Raegan’s refusal was palpable as she attempted to fend him off. “I don’t want it, Mitchel! You’re insane!”

Mitchel gripped her delicate ankle, his heart aching and his eyes filled with cold intensity. “If only I were insane, I wouldn’t have to endure so long!”

At that instant, Mitchel longed to lose himself in madness, free from all emotions and concerns without showing signs of weakness. Thus, he wouldn’t feel so helpless around her!

Mitchel bent down, his heart heavy, and despite Raegan’s attempts to avoid him, he ki*sed her once more.

Raegan’s efforts to escape were futile against Mitchel’s overwhelming strength. His arms felt like iron clamps, holding her tightly in place. He didn’t show her any mercy.

Raegan felt like a fish about to be caught, and it felt bad. Her eyes welled up, and her voice trembled as she said, “Mitchel, I hate you!”

Those words immediately crushed Mitchel’s desire. His eyes showed deep pain, and his voice was rough. “You... You hate me?”

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Raegan’s face was void of color, and her tone was weak. “Your actions always cause me pain. You never show me respect!”

Mitchel’s heart hurt even more when he heard her say that. Was this all she perceived of him? He had lowered his pride repeatedly, only to face her scorn and disdain.

This realization left Mitchel feeling utterly empty. He rose slowly, his heart numb.

Overwhelmed with hurt, his gaze turned icy as he warned, “If you dare get intimate with anyone else, you’ll face the consequences!”

With those words, he stormed out of the room.

Raegan sat there, dumbfounded. Was that a threat? She truly regretted it now. She wished she hadn’t acted so hastily and slept with him.

Mitchel was still the same. Unless she aligned with his wishes, he would always try to dominate her.

Raegan was grateful that she stayed level-headed and didn’t give in.

They were not a good match.

Raegan lingered on the bed before finally getting up. Her mind was occupied with Nicole’s troubles, yet she pissed Mitchel off.

But the knowledge of Nicole being with Jarrod had helped the task of locating Nicole easier.

Plus, Jarrod didn’t go to the hospital to tend to his injuries.

Raegan figured he did so to protect Nicole. After all, the doctor had to call the police if they saw injuries of this magnitude.

Raegan felt much relieved. It looked like Mitchel was correct in saying that Jarrod wouldn’t harm Nicole.

Raegan then texted Judd, requesting him to check Jarrod's current location.
During this time, Annis approached, inviting Raegan to join them for breakfast downstairs.

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Raegan replied and then stood in front of the dressing mirror, surprised. Her neck was marked with hickeys of various sizes. How could Mitchel ki*s her neck this fervently? That was too much! Raegan opened the wardrobe with frustration and picked out a vintage lace shirt, but there were still some hickeys that she couldn't hide.

Left with no alternative, she chose a silk scarf. However, hiding the hickeys seemed to only draw more attention.

Reaching the dining table, Raegan froze at the sight of Mitchel holding Janey. Mitchel did not leave! He stormed out of her room just moments ago.

Now, here Mitchel was, skinning a sweet potato for Janey.

Noticing Raegan's hesitation, Annis looked her way and mentioned, "Mr. Dixon arrived early today to join Janey for breakfast."

At the table, Janey and Mitchel set their eyes on Raegan.

"Mommy, over here!" Janey's eyes sparkled with excitement.

Raegan moved closer and sat down.

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Janey slid a plate of peeled sweet potatoes toward Raegan, exclaiming joyfully, "Mommy, daddy prepared sweet potatoes for me. Try some."

Raegan hadn't pulled herself together and stole a glance at Mitchel.

Mitchel didn't return her gaze, focusing instead on Janey and the task of peeling the sweet potato, showing no intention of acknowledging Raegan.

The silence was uncomfortable.

Janey encouraged, "Mommy, try it. Daddy peeled it himself!"

"Alright." Raegan tasted a piece of the sweet potato. Its sweetness was preserved since it was roasted in its skin.

"Does it taste good?" Janey asked, her eyes full of curiosity.

Mitchel looked up, casting a brief glance at Raegan's unusual outfit.

Raegan blushed and said, "Yes."

"You should say thanks to daddy, right? You always tell me to thank people who help me," Janey reminded Raegan in her innocent tone.

"Mommy, did you forget?"

Hearing this, Raegan's cheeks deepened in color. She bowed her head and said quickly, "Thank you." Her voice was barely audible, like a whisper.

"Mommy..." Janey frowned. "You should make eye contact when you say thank you. You just thanked your plate, not daddy."

Lifting her head, Raegan met Mitchel's intense gaze, recalling how he had admired her in the morning light, complimenting every inch of her with a heartfelt "Very beautiful!"

Raegan's ears felt hot in response. She managed to say, "Thanks. The sweet potato is really good."

"You're welcome," Mitchel said quietly. He was pissed off by her this morning. Although his handsome face was still unconcerned, he was a little happy in his heart. It was not like he couldn't do anything about her. Janey seemed helpful to the situation.

In family dynamics, there was always someone who had the upper hand.

It appeared Janey had made things right for Mitchel after what he endured.

Raegan observed Mitchel's indifferent expression and chose to remain silent.

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Then, Janey, as if she had discovered something extraordinary, pointed at a mark on Mitchel's jaw and asked, "Daddy, what happened here?"

Raegan's gaze followed Janey's finger, and she almost gasped at the sight. During their earlier argument, she hadn't noticed the distinct bite mark on the side of Mitchel's attractive face.

Mitchel was at a loss for words. "It's a mosquito bite," he claimed in a deep tone, yet Raegan detected a hint of tease in his voice.

Janey's eyes widened as she exclaimed, "Daddy, I've never seen such a big mosquito!"

"You should have seen it."

"But why did it bite you so fiercely?" Janey asked.

With a slight smile, Mitchel looked at Raegan and said, "Because the mosquito was too hungry to resist."

A moment of silence followed.

Raegan's face suddenly turned red! What was he implying! After five years of staying away, he wasn't the only one going crazy. They had shared moments of happiness. Even though Raegan's mind was foggy at first, it nearly went wild once it fully developed.

Raegan could still recall his raspy voice from the morning. "If it gets too much... Just bite me... It's okay... Don't bite yourself..."

He had actually said that!

Janey suggested, "Daddy, maybe feed the mosquito beforehand so it won't bite as hard."

Mitchel chuckled, thinking it was a clever idea. But it was clear as day Raegan was anything but grateful! He responded casually, "Alright, I got it."

Raegan couldn't stand it anymore. She coughed and said, "Janey, have some porridge."

Raegan then gave Mitchel a stern look. She cursed him silently.

Mitchel picked up a bowl of the porridge, stirred it, and fed it to Janey. "Janey, if you eat well, mosquitoes won't bite you."

Raegan found herself at a loss for words. Mitchel must have said those words deliberately!

Throughout the meal, Janey's lively banter filled the room, with Raegan occasionally responding. Mitchel was good at taking care of kids. Janey often refused to eat and needed to be coaxed. Yet,

today, she ate more than she typically would.
It looked like Mitchel was truly cut out to be a caring dad.

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The thought crossed Raegan's mind, but she immediately dismissed it.
She couldn't afford to entertain such a dangerous thought.
Mitchel noticed Raegan's head shake, finding her adorable. His demeanor softened, and a faint smile tugged at the corners of his mouth.
Right then, Mitchel's phone on the table rang.
Annis offered to hold Janey so that Mitchel could answer the call more conveniently.
However, Mitchel waved his hand dismissively, holding Janey with one arm and picking up the phone with the other.
Mitchel asked, "How's he doing? Alright, I'll check on him later."
Raegan pricked up her ears, hoping to listen more, but the call had ended.
Mitchel glanced at Raegan, who had just started rearranging the tableware, and remained silent.
After they finished eating, Annis escorted Janey upstairs to await her teacher.
Raegan's thoughts lingered on Mitchel's recent phone conversation.
She suspected it involved Jarrod, judging from the tone.

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She noticed Mitchel getting up and heading for the door. She hastily stood up, hurried after him, and asked, "Are you leaving?"
With his hands stuffed in his pockets, Mitchel glanced back at her, as if anticipating her to say something.
Raegan hesitated before asking, "Where... Where are you going?"
Mitchel arched an eyebrow and said, "What? A sex partner's schedule deserves your attention?"
Raegan found herself at a loss for words once more. Knowing the cause of his displeasure, she had embraced herself for being taunted.

She softened her tone since she desperately wanted to save Nicole out of Jarrod's place. "Is that call about Nicole?"

Mitchel frowned. He knew it. Raegan asked only for the sake of her friend. Even though he had expected it, Mitchel couldn't hold back his frustration. "So now I'm useful to you?"

His words stung Raegan. She sort of understood his feelings. Those words were far from being pleasant.

Raegan lowered her eyes slightly and thought maybe she should apologize to him. Her harsh words were stemmed from her fear of harboring hopes anymore. She didn't feel like being hurt or being mocked again.

Raegan showed bravery in admitting her mistakes. Having realized her words were way harsher than the situation needed, she plucked her courage up and uttered, "I'm sorry..."

The world seemed to stand still at that moment of quiet.

Raegan lifted her eyes, only to find Mitchel's figure had disappeared.

Chapter 1445

He had left, just like that.

Raegan's heart felt like it was sinking into an icy lake. She felt a wave of both pain and bitterness engulfing her. This sensation wasn't new. It echoed past times when Mitchel had left her alone.

Why did she still hold any hope for Mitchel?

Raegan Laughed at herself, a laugh steeped in bitterness, realizing her naivety. Couldn't she learn from those suffering experiences and grow wiser from her disappointments? It became evident that having no expectations was her shield.

Just as Raegan was about to leave, a car horn sounded at the entrance.

A luxurious black car pulled up, its window lowering to reveal Mitchel's handsome face. He gave Raegan a look and asked, "Are you coming or not?"

Raegan hadn't thought he'd return for her. So, he had only left to get the car.

With mixed feelings, Raegan picked up her phone and cautiously entered his vehicle.

Their journey was shrouded in silence.

Raegan was struggling with feelings of being left alone. Her emotions were a whirlwind.

Mitchel observed her troubled demeanor and the noticeable distance she maintained, stirring a wave of frustration within him.

He had put in effort to please her, but she just took his efforts as granted, claiming they had satisfied their own needs. If he had only cared about meeting his desire, she wouldn't have the energy to argue with him.

Mitchel sighed. He wasn't in the mood to play the charmer today.

After all, his attempts seemed in vain. Self-diminishment wasn't a sustainable path.

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The car was halted by a private villa, tucked away from sight. Black-clad bodyguards kept watch, ensuring tight security.

The isolated nature of the villa made Raegan uneasy as if it were a fortress holding Nicole captive.

At the gate, the guards recognized Mitchel and allowed him through but hesitated with Raegan, proposing a security check.

Mitchel's look turned icy, his stare piercing, as he stated firmly, "She's with me."

This assertion made Raegan's heart skip, her nerves tingling.

With the guards still uncertain, Mitchel grasped Raegan's hand, moved past them assertively, and pronounced, "I vouch for her."

They proceeded indoors, his hand still clasping hers.

The warmth and softness of Raegan's hand in Mitchel's felt unexpectedly comforting, like holding a marshmallow.

Ascending the stairs together, Raegan's apprehension lingered, yet she didn't pull away. At that brief moment, his firm hold provided a semblance of safety.

Upon entering a room upstairs, Raegan immediately noticed Jarrod's stark departure from his usual robust demeanor. His complexion was pale like death, indicating his frail state.

Chapter 1446

This was Raegan's first sight of Jarrod in such a weakened state with severe wounds.

Beside Jarrod's bed sat Nicole.

Releasing Mitchel's hand, Raegan approached Nicole, her voice tinged with worry, and said, "Nicole..

Raegan halted at Nicole's name, refraining from uttering more words unsuitable for the current situation.

Sensing the atmosphere, Jarrod arranged some refreshments for Raegan, suggesting a more casual setting for their talk.

As Nicole exited from the room, Jarrod's stare followed her departure, intense and mysterious, almost unsettlingly.

Mitchel settled into a chair, his voice laced with concern. "How are you holding up?"

Jarrod appeared nonchalant. "It's not too bad. The wound just brushed against my stomach and missed any vital organs."

Seeing the noticeable bite marks on Mitchel's face and recalling Mitchel's hand-in-hand entrance with Raegan, Jarrod probed, "Have things smoothed over between you two?"

Mitchel's annoyance was palpable. "Not quite."

Jarrod managed a feeble grin. "Your issues with Raegan aren't as complex as mine with Nicole. It's mostly about misunderstandings.

Grasp the opportunity. Raegan isn't too hard to win over."

"Win her over?" Mitchel's brow creased, skeptical of the assertion.

He hadn't made such efforts for other women, uncertain about what "not hard" entailed.

Jarrod noted, "You treated Lauren well, and Raegan was understanding even forgiving. Doesn't that show Raegan was not hard to win over?"

Mitchel was puzzled. "I treated Lauren well?"

Mitchel believed that mere material provision wasn't genuinely caring.

To him, money meant very little. It was with Raegan that he'd exerted real effort, persistently trying to make amends. Yet, Raegan seemed unappreciative, even diminishing his endeavors!

Adjusting his sore arm, Jarrod commented lightly, "I get it. To you, material support isn't genuine care. But women often see it differently. Her frown is meaningful. It indicates jealousy, a sign you matter to her. They seldom admit it openly."

Mitchel felt somewhat reassured by these words. Maybe Raegan wasn't as detached as she seemed. Whether she felt jealousy was uncertain, but maybe there was some underlying truth in her rebuttals.

Mitchel, gazing at Jarrod's pallid features, asked, "If you're so insightful, why did things with Miss Lawrence go so awry?"

"We're not the same." Jarrod sighed, his expression bitter. "The mistakes I've made are beyond repair."

Mitchel and the others were unaware of the intricacies of Jarrod's corporate conflicts with the Lawrence family and the plots intertwined with them. Jarrod chose to keep these details to himself. Yet, the news of Wesson's suicide shocked Jarrod's close friends.

They weren't sure if Jarrod was involved. If he was, that would be an inexcusable error.

Mitchel suggested, "Jarrod, if there's no fixing it, you should step back. Allow Miss Lawrence to choose her path. Avoid further errors."

Jarrod arched an eyebrow. "If I suggested you release Raegan, would you be able to do it?"

Mitchel's reply was firm. "I wouldn't." The thought of letting Raegan go, despite the agony it brought, was inconceivable to him.

Jarrod's face hardened with resolve, his voice steadfast. "Likewise for me. Even at the cost of my life, I won't let her go."

Mitchel had no counterarguments left. The concept of surrendering for the sake of love was an alien idea to Jarrod.

Mitchel suspected it was just as foreign to him.

In the cozy living room, Raegan observed Nicole's ashen face, her tone filled with concern.

"Nicole, what really transpired?"

Nicole calmly stated, "It was I who inflicted the wound on him."

"Was it unintentional?" Raegan struggled to digest this revelation.

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Nicole was known for her levelheadedness, not for actions spurred by animosity.

"It happened by mistake," Nicole clarified. A weight lifted from Raegan's heart, albeit slightly.

As Nicole's eyes welled up, she added, "Yet, at the instant I realized what I'd done, a part of me wished it was fatal."

Raegan, visibly taken aback, grasped Nicole's shoulders firmly.

"Nicole, no matter your hate for him, such actions are not the answer."

Nicole wiped away her tears, smiling. "I won't mess up. I promise."

Nicole aimed to ease Raegan's concerns. Her darker thoughts were hers alone, not to burden Raegan with.

Nicole was aware of Raegan's nature. Had Raegan known her plans, Raegan would fret so much that she couldn't sleep or eat.

Taking a deep breath, Raegan said, "Nicole, you're intelligent. Don't be harsh on yourself because of someone else's wrongdoings."

"I'm aware." Nicole squeezed Raegan's hand firmly, her face earnest.

"Raegan, I can't do much at the moment. Can you help me out with something?"

Raegan gave a nod, signaling her agreement.

Nicole peeked around, ensuring their conversation remained private, and said in a low voice, "I've mailed a box of medication to your workshop, under your name. After three days, head the medication over to the alley beside 120 Ashfield, find a house marked by three red bricks, and give it to an old lady living there."

Raegan felt confused, pondering why such medication had to be shrouded in mystery.

Chapter 1448

Raegan recalled Nicole had lost her family. Before the sorrowful demise of Wesson, Nicole's kin, lured by selfish desires, had abandoned Nicole and her parents. Nicole hadn't mentioned any old woman who was still in touch with her.

Nicole said, "Raegan, it's vital that you tell no one about this, Mitchel included." Considering Mitchel and Jarrod's tight bond, letting Mitchel in on the plan would risk exposing Austin's hideout. Despite her bewilderment, Raegan took Nicole's earnest request to heart. She promised softly, "I'll make sure it's delivered."

Tears streamed down Nicole's face as she barely got the words out, saying, "Raegan, I'm grateful. Whatever you see there, I'll fill you in later."

"Let's leave gratitude out of this," Raegan said.

"Be cautious of followers when you go. Jarrod's got me worried.."

Raegan assured Nicole, "Understood."

"The medicine has to be in that old woman's hands within four days at most. It's a life-saving medicine."

Nicole placed her trust in Raegan. With Mitchel's support, Raegan could evade Jarrod's wrath by keeping silent, should she get caught.

But the fate of others might not be so fortunate. Jarrod, driven by despair, could resort to anything.

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Their quiet exchange was interrupted when the butler approached Nicole and said, "Miss Lawrence, it's time for Mr. Schultz's medication."

Nicole replied indifferently, "I'm aware."

Sensing Nicole's distress, Raegan patted her hand and said, "I'll see if Mitchel can help you get you out of here sooner."

Nicole gently refused, "Raegan, don't trouble yourself. He won't release me."

Raegan voiced her exasperation, "How can he keep you confined like this? Even without Mitchel's assistance, my brother could find you a lawyer to challenge him!"

"Raegan, it's not as simple as that. I was the one who caused him harm. It's only fair I look after him," Nicole said, sparing Raegan the details of Jarrod's more possessive tendencies.

Understanding Jarrod's intractability, Raegan realized fretting over it was futile.

Witnessing Nicole's acceptance of her duty to tend to Jarrod left Raegan no choice but to agree, "Fine, but promise me you'll inform me if anything happens, okay?"

Nicole made her way back to Jarrod's room.

Upon entering, Nicole noticed Jarrod, looking unwell yet still busy at his computer. She hadn't anticipated his commitment to work. Her investigation indicated Jarrod had distanced himself from the company's daily affairs for the first three years after her departure.

Without a solid system and Alec's faithful oversight, the Schultz empire could have crumbled within three years.

Even though the Schultz company had slipped from the top ranks in Ardlens, it was still a powerhouse to be reckoned with.

Upon noticing Nicole, Jarrod closed his laptop and said, "It's time for my medication." He intended for her to feed him.

Despite his calm tone, Nicole felt a shiver run down her spine. This was not the first time she had helped him with his medicine since his awakening. He had been equally serene before, not probing her actions.

The reasoning behind his behavior puzzled Nicole. She took the bowl containing the herbal medicine, aimed at speeding up the healing process, and spoon-fed him.

Jarrold accepted each spoonful as though it was something delightful.

Given the medicine's inherent bitterness, it should be consumed quickly to prevent an upset stomach. However, Jarrold preferred being spoon-fed by Nicole.

After he had taken all his medicine, Nicole dabbed his mouth with a tissue, much like one would care for a patient.

Showing a hint of vulnerability, Jarrold said to Nicole in a softer tone, "Thank you."

Their interaction was notably calm, a first for them.

Breaking the silence, Nicole said, "Jarrold, I need to inform my family and have some work to catch up on. May I use my phone?"

Handing her his phone, Jarrold said, "Feel free."

"I need my phone, though."

Adjusting the angle of his bed, Jarrold gave her a smirk and asked, "And who do you intend to reach with your phone?"

"I have some orders to take care of..."

Before Nicole could elaborate, Jarrold interrupted with a laugh and said, "From this moment, you're to avoid any interaction or communication with anyone named Watts, or they'll face consequences."

Nicole responded sharply, "Jarrold, what makes you think I'll obey you?"

Nicole pondered Roscoe's return to the Watts family might actually be a blessing in disguise. At the very least, Jarrold would have to reconsider any actions against Roscoe.

"Do you believe Roscoe's association with the Watts family makes him invulnerable?" Jarrold seemed to read Nicole's mind.

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He then abruptly held her chin tightly and said, "Nicole, you're underestimating me."

Undeterred, Nicole retorted, "Jarrold, is intimidation all you're capable of? Have you become so desperate that you resort to these measures?"

Jarrold replied with a sneer, "As long as it works on you."

He was indifferent to the method as long as it served his purpose.

Whether it was pulling the Schultz family from the brink of disaster or executing grand plans, his methods had always been unyielding.

Just like Jarrold had once reclaimed the reins of the Schultz empire with sheer determination, he aimed to ensure Nicole remained by his side, employing that same determination. The woman Jarrold set his sights on would remain untouched by others.

"There's nothing inappropriate between Roscoe and me. You're seeing things that aren't there," Nicole asserted.

Jarrold felt reassured by her words. Although Nicole might despise him, she wasn't deceitful toward him.

His mood lightened, and he gently said, "Just stay well and by my side, and no harm will come your way. Also, I have some good news for you."

“Good news?” Nicole laughed and said, “Jarrod, do you want to know what would truly be good news for me? Seeing you pay for what happened to my father, would be genuine good news.”

Unmoved, Jarrod replied casually, “The news is indeed positive, but I’m not ready to share it just yet.”

Nicole was convinced Jarrod had lost his senses. His statements didn’t make any sense. The “good news” from Jarrod was something she didn’t even want to contemplate.

“Perhaps we’ll share good news later on.” Nicole smirked.

Jarrod’s curiosity peaked, he lifted an eyebrow, and said, “You’ve got good news for me as well?”

“Yes. Are you excited to hear it Nicole asked with a smile.

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Jarrod was aware that any good news coming from Nicole would undoubtedly concern him, and probably not in a way he’d appreciate.

He managed a small smile and said, “I’m eager to hear it.”

Then, he said, “Assist me with cleaning up.”

Nicole’s demeanor turned icy and said, “That’s a task for the nurses.”

“I’d prefer you to handle it,” Jarrod said firmly.

“Jarrod, keep wishing!” Nicole thought he was utterly without shame.

“Wash me, and I’ll let you use the phone for a brief ten minutes,”

Jarrod said, tempting her.

Nicole reluctantly agreed, “Fine.” She saw this as an opportunity to torment him, given his vulnerable state.

Gathering water, Nicole squeezed the towel dry, while Jarrod didn’t move. She instructed, “Open your shirt.”

“Do you expect a patient to do that himself?”

“Your hands are fine,” Nicole said.

“Yet, I lack the strength to do so,” Jarrod claimed earnestly.

Nicole vividly remembered his strong grip on her chin earlier. She roughly unbuttoned his shirt, showing no softness in her approach.

She didn’t soften her touch even when near his injuries.

Jarrod had let his physical condition slide previously but had worked his way back to fitness, boasting an impressive physique. His solid muscles radiated a potent masculine presence.

As Nicole applied pressure to Jarrod’s wound, his tone became husky as he said, “Biting me might leave a deeper mark.”

Nicole paused, sensing an unusual tone in his voice. Upon a closer look, she fully grasped the situation. Her face instantly twisted in revulsion.