

Unbreakable 371

Chapter 371

Raegan felt she was on the verge of breaking down. She shouted, "Mitchel, why can't you just let me go?" She didn't understand why Mitchel had to make things difficult for her.

All she wanted was to wait for her baby to be born and live a simple life. Why did it have to be so difficult? Mixed emotions surged within Mitchel when he saw the pain on her face.

But, no matter how sorry he was for her, he couldn't grant her the divorce.

"I've asked someone to test your blood. The result will come out in three days."

Raegan was too shocked to react. She froze for a while.

Of course, her reaction didn't escape Mitchel's eyes.

"If the baby in your belly is mine, stop thinking about the divorce. I will never let go of my child. But if not..." Mitchel paused for a moment and said in a cold and deep tone, "If you don't want to abort it, I can allow you to give birth to it. But I will send it away."

After saying this, he turned around and left without looking back.

Watching Mitchel's receding back, Raegan felt her hands and feet turned cold.

She underestimated his obsession and his wisdom.

How could he not investigate? How could she think he would just believe such an unreliable report?
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This confrontation affected Raegan. She was in a bad mood the whole day.

Her mind was not working properly. All she could think of was about how to keep her baby.

Raegan sometimes felt that the world was really unfair.

Women gave birth to their children. But when they divorced, their children were taken away from them.

This thought made Raegan's heart feel heavy. It was suffocating, and she could hardly breathe.

In the evening, Raegan felt so depressed that she had no appetite.

But for the sake of her baby, she forced herself to eat something.

Then she went to bed, hoping to fall asleep.

But after a while, she heard the door open. She opened her eyes, only to meet the eyes of the person who came in. Raegan was surprised. She didn't expect Mitchel to come here tonight.

There were already two bodyguards guarding the door in the daytime.

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Did he have to come to guard her in person in the evening? Was he that afraid she would run away?

Anyway, forget it. She didn't want to think too much about it. It did her no good. So, she just turned away and pretended not to see him.

Mitchel frowned upon seeing her reaction.

Actually, he didn't know why he came here.

Her reaction only made him feel very unwelcome.

Suddenly, anger surged in his heart.

He lifted the quilt and lay beside her on the bed.

Raegan's whole body immediately froze. She asked in astonishment, "Mitchel, what are you doing? Why are you in my bed?" Mitchel sneered, "What do you expect me to do? Do you think I will spend the whole night sitting by your bed?"

Raegan resisted in her heart. They had been having troubles and misunderstandings. Didn't he feel awkward lying on the same bed with her?

In an instant, the bed was full of his fragrance. She subconsciously asked, "Did you take a shower?" Mitchel's expression froze. Of course, he took a shower.

The bathtub in the ward was too small for him. He couldn't take a bath there.

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He moved closer to her, hugged her waist, and asked, "Why don't you smell it yourself?"

Mitchel was so close to Raegan that she could smell the refreshing scent of his shower gel.

She couldn't help thinking he seemed born with fragrance. And this fragrance was unique to him.

It was as if it had penetrated his bones, making him smell good all the time.

When he spoke, his hot breath sprayed on her ear.

Raegan couldn't help but be reminded of what they had done on the hospital bed before. Her face flushed, and her earlobes felt hot.

Embarrassed, she couldn't help asking, "Can you move away a little?"

The bed was so big that it could accommodate even four people. But as soon as Mitchel lay beside Raegan, she felt it was smaller than a baby's bed.

"No," Mitchel refused without hesitation.

Raegan was rendered speechless.

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She wanted to push him away. But she reminded herself to put up with him because they needed to discuss something. "Mitchel, tomorrow | want to..."

"I'll go with you to visit your grandma," Mitchel interrupted as if he already knew what she wanted to say.

Raegan was stunned for a moment. How did he know what she wanted to say? Had he become a mind reader recently? Indeed, she wanted to visit her grandmother's grave because tomorrow would be the seventh day of her grandma's death. ANGELA'S LIBRARY

But he actually wanted to go with her.

At this moment, there was silence between them.

Then Mitchel suddenly spoke.

"It is my fault not to see your grandma.

| didn't expect her to die so soon. Otherwise, | would have returned immediately."

Raegan was stunned again. She didn't expect him to apologize.

But she didn't feel anything this time. Instead, she once again understood what it meant to be disappointed.

Perhaps for Mitchel, he felt that being able to tell her this already meant giving up his pride.

But unfortunately, he missed it. No matter how much he apologized, it could never bring back her grandmother's life.

Even though he took revenge on those who had deliberately made trouble in her grandmother's ward, including Tessa, things could no longer be changed.

What happened had happened. Nothing could be changed. Her grandmother would never come back.

So, she replied softly, "It's all over."

Mitchel knew that this matter was not over yet. It was still a thorn in her heart. However, he believed that someday, he would erase the thorn in her heart.

At the thought of this, he hugged her even tighter, swearing to himself that he wouldn't let her go, even if there would only be torture left in their Lives.

That night, Raegan had a sound sleep. When she woke up the next day, she was already alone on the bed.

She got up, tidied herself, and prepared to leave the hospital. When she walked out of the door, she unexpectedly bumped into Mitchel, who was coming in. She was unprepared, so she staggered.

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Fortunately, Mitchel reached out and held her in his arms in time.

He asked unhappily, "Why don't you wait for me?"

Raegan thought he had left.

Then she noticed the food boxes in his hands. It seemed he went away to buy breakfast for her.

"Let's eat first. We'll leave after breakfast."

After eating, Mitchel took Raegan to his car.

Mitchel fastened the seat belt for her, then turned to the driver's seat. As soon as he sat down, his phone rang. His phone was connected to the car monitor, so the caller's name flashed on the screen. It was Jocelyn.

He answered it even with Raegan's presence.

Then Jocelyn's flustered voice came from the other end of the line.

"Mr. Dixon, something bad happened. Miss Murray... She fell down the stairs."

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Upon hearing the news, Mitchel's grip on the steering wheel tightened instantly. Anxiously, he inquired, "What happened?" Jocelyn replied between sobs, gasping for air, "Lauren stood up, felt lightheaded, and tumbled down the stairs." "Have you called for an ambulance?"

"Yes, it's on the way."

Then, a melodramatic wail from Lauren filled the air.

“Ah, my head, my legs... Where’s Mitchel? | want to see him...”

The feigning in her cry was unmistakable. Raegan felt disgusted.

Mitchel, oblivious as ever, fell for this act again.

“Which hospital are you taking her to?” Mitchel inquired.

Listening to this, Raegan decided she had no reason to linger in the vehicle any longer. It was better to exit on her own terms than to be forcibly ejected later.

She unbuckled her seatbelt, stepped out of the car, and proceeded to walk away.

Mitchel had broken her phone. Now, she couldn't even book a train ticket on her phone. Her only option was to hail a taxi to the train station first.

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Behind her, the flashy sports car revved its engine audaciously and sped off. Standing there, Raegan mustered a sarcastic smile.

As she had expected, she was left in the dust.

She could never outshine Lauren, but it didn't matter anymore.

Having been abandoned multiple times in the past, she was now numb to this. She didn't shed a tear.

Just then, a taxi pulled up.

Raegan reached for the door handle, preparing to enter.

Beep! Abruptly, a blaring horn erupted from behind, persisting in its clamor. Turning around, Raegan saw Mitchel's sports car making its return. Angela's Library

Through the windshield, Mitchel's striking features were visible.

He rolled down the window and commanded, "Get in A voice from behind snapped Raegan back to reality. iss, are you getting in or not? If you're not, I'll take this taxi."

Swiftly stepping aside, Raegan let the taxi go.

Once it departed, the sports car parked before her again.

Concerned about drawing attention, Raegan reluctantly climbed back into the car.

As she settled into her seat, Mitchel leaned in and probed, "Why did you walk away?"

Raegan recoiled instinctively, gripping the seat's edge as she looked at him through misty eyes. Mitchel simply secured the seatbelt for her.

After buckling her in, Mitchel maintained that posture and asked, "Why are you so scared of me? Do you think I'm some kind of monster?"

Even without physical contact, his proximity seemed to make her alert.

Raegan didn't dare to breathe loudly. Not wanting to anger him, she turned her face and said, "No." Unwilling to waste more time, Mitchel reluctantly let her go.

Suspicion clouding her voice, Raegan inquired, "Weren't you supposed to visit Lauren?"

Mitchel shot her a glance, replying, "You've been eavesdropping? Did | ever say | was going?"

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Raegan was momentarily speechless. Well, he put it on the speaker and she could hear their conversation. “I sent someone else in my place,” Mitchel clarified.

Raegan remained silent, not wanting to be a burden to him.

“I can get there on my own. You don’t need to drive me there,” she offered.

Furrowing his brows, Mitchel retorted, “Oh? How? By taking the train?”

You're pregnant. What if something happens to you?”

His words left her at a loss for a response.

For a fleeting second, Raegan sensed genuine concern for their baby from him.

But how could it be?

She knew he had no affection for their baby.

An uneasy silence filled the car until Mitchel finally said, “I told you I'd accompany you to pay respects to your grandmother. I won't break my promise.”

Raegan was stunned. She might have believed his promise if it had been in the past, but now... Angela's Library

She wouldn't trust him anymore.

She chose to say nothing, merely leaning back into her seat and shutting her eyes.

Taking a quick glance at her, Mitchel adjusted the car settings to comfortable mode.

The car smoothly continued its journey.

Meanwhile, in the hospital, Lauren sipped on a bowl of nutritious soup with glee.

Her scraped hands and knees were a small price to pay for her trick of summoning Mitchel over and making that bitch, Raegan, miserable.

She had heard that Mitchel planned to go with Raegan to pay tribute to the latter's grandmother. Lauren snorted. How could she just watch them together without doing anything?

She would never allow Raegan's wishes to be fulfilled. So, her so-called accident came.

At this moment, Jocelyn, who stood by the door, said, "Miss, we have a visitor."

Lauren immediately set aside the bowl she was holding and reclined on the bed, feigning illness.

As Kyle, Mitchel's assistant, stepped into the room, Jocelyn cast a puzzled glance around and inquired, "Kyle, where's Mr. Dixon?"

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Clearing his throat, Kyle looked down and replied, "Mr. Dixon is occupied with other matters. He sent me to check on Miss Murray."

Lauren, previously lying in repose, abruptly sat up, her voice edged.

"What did you just say?"

Kyle repeated himself, adding, "Mr. Dixon instructed me to find the finest doctor for you."

Lauren felt as if she'd been struck by lightning.

She was stunned. After tumbling down the stairs, she hadn't anticipated Mitchel would only dispatch an assistant to visit her. Grabbing the bowl from the bedside, she hurled it at Kyle, shouting, "You're utterly worthless! Why can't you bring Mitchel here?" Kyle dodged the flying bowl and stated, "I can't change Mr. Dixon's mind."

Jocelyn stepped in to smooth things over.

"Kyle, don't take it personally. Lauren is just upset."

Lauren snapped, "Jocelyn, don't bother. He's useless and incompetent.

He can't do anything well."

Kyle, now furious, retorted, "Fine, if I'm so useless, why not turn to Matteo? He's more trusted by Mr. Dixon than I am." "You! What are you implying?" Lauren was practically choking on her rage.

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She'd reached out to Matteo before, but he'd brushed her off and kept his distance.

She couldn't do anything about it.

Shifting her tone, Lauren instructed, "Jocelyn, leave us alone."

Getting the hint, Jocelyn exited to stand guard at the door again.

Lauren beckoned.

“Come closer.”

Kyle hesitated and stood still, filled with regret.

Last time, he'd drunk too much and ended up sleeping with Lauren.

Following that, Lauren began pressing him for Mitchel's schedule. She warned that she'd evidence of their affair and would sue him for raping her if he didn't comply.

Kyle snorted in his heart at this. Lauren had a strong desire for sex, often making passionate requests in bed. Each time, she climaxed multiple times before allowing him to finish.

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Sleeping with her was more exhausting than manual labor, making him think a whore would be more worth his while.

Sensing his reluctance, Lauren threatened, “Kyle, think about your position at the Dixon Group. Do you really want to give up all this?”

It was his weakness. Kyle had much to lose, and he knew it.

He moved to her bed and then kneeled before Lauren on the bed.

Lauren moaned, “That's... That's it. Oh... You're improving...”

Looking up, Kyle sneered, “You're a good teacher.”

He could imagine how many men had shared her bed. She had her tricks. Lauren basked in the compliment. She never stopped herself from enjoying such. But most of the time, she would think of these men as Mitchel.

Thinking of Mitchel's handsome face heightened her excitement.

Finally satisfied, Lauren rolled over to be on top of Kyle.

Breathless, she whispered, "Kyle, today I'll take care of your needs, but you have to do something for me." When Kyle heard Lauren's request, his jaw practically hit the floor.

He shoved her away and protested, "I agreed to help you find out about Mr. Dixon's schedule, but there's no way I'll do something like this for you. If Mr. Dixon ever finds out, I'm toast."

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Raegan had taught him a lot when they were colleagues. She was patient with him and even gave him advice on how to work with Mr. Dixon. If it was not for her guidance, he would not have been promoted and able to work under Matteo.

However, Lauren's recent request crossed a line. There was no way he would compromise his principles, especially not for something that could harm Raegan.

Lauren's mood plummeted. Pissed after being pushed by Kyle, she slapped him across the face, leaving a red imprint on his cheek.

"So what's it gonna be? You wanna go to prison?" she warned.

Kyle's resolve wavered. He was the breadwinner for his family, and prison was not an option.

"Fine, I'll help you for the last time," he muttered under his breath.

Lauren silently laughed at Kyle's stupidity. Once he walked into her trap, she would hold on to him as long as he proved useful. This man thought that this was a one-time favor? What an idiot.

Lauren brushed Kyle's chest in a seductive manner and enticed him.

“Kyle, I’m not quite satisfied yet. Let’s continue, shall we?”

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As she reached orgasm, Lauren’s face twisted in a macabre blend of delight, hate, and sheer malevolence. Just you wait, Raegan. That was what Lauren had in mind.

As soon as they arrived in Tenassie, Raegan made a beeline for a flower shop and picked up a large bouquet. Then, she headed straight for the cupcake shop.

The shop owner recognized Raegan immediately. It was not every day that someone as stunning as Raegan walked in. The shop owner handed over the box of cupcakes with a smile.

“Here you go, miss. This cake was just baked this morning, and the other one’s on us. Red bean is your favorite, right? They’re all yours, and I hope you enjoy them instead of crying.”

When Mitchel heard the owner’s words, he felt a little flustered. He reached for his card and said, “Please, charge it to this.” The shop owner awkwardly said, “I’m sorry, sir. We only accept cash.”

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“Don’t worry about it. I got this.” Raegan whipped out her wallet and settled the bill.

When the shop owner handed the change to Raegan, she could not help but remark, “Is this handsome man your boyfriend? You two look like you’re made for each other.”

Raegan did not answer and merely offered an awkward nod.

Back in the car, Mitchel was in high spirits and even confidently said, “You see? That shop owner has a good taste!” Raegan was at a loss for words. In response, she just closed her eyes and said nothing.

Not long after, they pulled up at the graveyard.

Raegan laid the bouquet and cupcakes in front of her grandmother's tombstone and knelt down.

In the photo mounted on the stone, her grandmother was beaming with happiness.

Then, like a quiet storm, tears started to roll down Raegan's cheeks.

"Grandma, I promise you that I will live a good life as you wished," she said between sobs.

Mitchel, too, knelt beside her and bowed three times toward the tombstone. "Grandma, I give you my word that I'll take good care of Raegan." Raegan found his words odd.

Actually, Mitchel was so wired today. Just yesterday, he was so livid that he almost strangled her to death. But now here he was, acting all sweet and concerned in front of her grandmother's grave.

As they were leaving the graveyard, Raegan asked Mitchel to give her a lift and said, "You can head back. I'm staying here tonight."

Though her uncle had sold her grandmother's house, she had managed to rent it. But she hadn't been back in ages. Therefore, she planned to stay overnight here.

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Mitchel asked where she was headed. After she told him the address, he drove her there and got out of the car with her. When Raegan opened the door, a musty smell greeted them.

Mitchel wrinkled his nose and asked incredulously, "You're staying here for the night?"

Raegan shrugged it off.

"Yeah. I'll just keep the doors and windows open for a while, and it'll be fine."

ANGELA'S LIBRARY

Before she could step inside, Mitchel grabbed her arm.

"You can't stay here. If you want to stay in town, I'll book you a hotel room."

Stubborn as she was, Raegan shook off his grip.

"I'm staying. Why don't you just mind your own business?"

This place was full of cherished memories from her childhood. Mitchel would not understand that.

"This place is damp, dirty, and crawling with germs, and you're pregnant," he reminded her.

Raegan could not keep calm anymore and snapped, "Mitchel, you really don't have to go to all this trouble." Mitchel's enthusiasm deflated like a punctured balloon. He narrowed his eyes and asked, "What are you saying?" "You don't have to pretend that you care about the baby."

"Pretend to care about the baby?" Mitchel echoed. His expression turned stormy, and anger flickered in his eyes. "Isn't it true?" Raegan retorted.

He had been so against the baby, and he had even tried to make her get an abortion.

Even after she had told him it was his, he did not believe her. So, she could not see the point in his pretending to care now.

Mitchel looked at her, his eyes ablaze with anger. "Raegan, don't push me too hard." He did not drive for hours just to get into a spat with her.

Raegan could not fathom why Mitchel felt she was making things difficult for him, Why should she listen to him all the damn time?

Even when it came to their unborn child, it felt like she had no voice.

She had had enough of living such a suffocating life.