

Unbreakable 431

Chapter 431

His voice was calm yet unsettling. He sounded as though he was teetering on the brink of fury. Raegan retreated a step and responded with a question, "Haven't you made up your mind?" What he said at Lauren's party was a punch in the gut.

There was no need to do that. She was no fool.

At this moment, Mitchel just silently watched her.

Raegan's emotional storm had passed by now. She had already cried her eyes out earlier. Besides, getting emotional right now would get her nowhere.

In the past, the idea of stopping loving Mitchel was nearly impossible. But not anymore. His sweetness, followed by emotional slaps, had worn her down to the bone.

As Mitchel said nothing, Raegan continued, "Since you've made up your mind, let's handle this amicably. My conditions haven't changed. I don't want anything from you except that you won't get custody of our child."

Mitchel pursed his lips. In an instant, the indifference in his eyes vanished, replaced by a flinty glare. He closed the gap between them, seized her wrist, and pinned her against the door. "You've found a new man, huh? Tell me. Who's the father? Hector?"

Raegan was puzzled. Why bring Hector into this? She hardly even knew him. Besides, she had not done anything wrong. Did Mitchel have schizophrenia or something?

Hurt by his force, she managed to push him away and retorted, "Are you out of your mind, Mitchel? This child is yours. Haven't the test results confirmed it?"

Mitchel merely stared at her with an icy gaze and said nothing.

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And then it clicked. No wonder his behavior was bizarre. There must have been some kind of anomaly in the result. "Where's the report?" Raegan demanded. She would not back down until she saw it with her own eyes.

"Do you really need to see it?" Mitchel responded with a wry smile.

"Don't you already know what you've done? You hooked up with your stupid senior and even my uncle, and then acted as if you're Miss Goody Two-Shoes? You weren't a virgin when we got married, were you?"

"You make me sick!"

Every word he spat out was insulting, and he grimaced due to the sharp pain in his head.

Hearing this, a myriad of emotions washed over Raegan, and her eyes welled up with tears.

For a brief moment, her hurt expression seemed to hurt Mitchel.

Slap! Raegan raised her hand and slapped Mitchel across the face.

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An imprint of her hand could be seen on his face, indicating how forceful the slap was.

"Mitchel, you bastard!" Raegan spat, her eyes filled with hatred and disgust.

Livid, Mitchel's face turned red, and he bellowed while grabbing her chin, "Do you want me to disable your hand?" The instant he raised his hand, Raegan's tears streamed like hot pearls, burning the back of his hand.

Mitchel froze and felt a pang of pain in his chest.

He looked at Raegan's small face beneath his hand. An outrageous thought suddenly crossed his mind. He wanted to kiss away her tears.

But almost as quickly as the thought arrived, he dismissed it.

Without a word, he dragged her into the bathroom, pressed her into the bathtub, and turned on the shower head. Cold water rained down, drenching Raegan from head to toe. With her eyes tightly shut, she fought against his grip. Angela's Library

"What are you do..."

Before she could finish her words, Mitchel tore her clothes, making the buttons fly everywhere. Then, without warning, he stripped her of her clothing.

The bathroom had no heater, and the shower's cold water chilled Raegan to the bone. Her teeth clattered, but it was humiliation, more than cold, that she felt.

She covered her chest with her hands and shivered uncontrollably. Her face was wet, but it was impossible to tell whether from the water or her tears.

"Mitchel, I hate you!" Raegan spat while quivering like a leaf. At last, she opened her eyes and tiredly said, "Let's get a divorce." She couldn't stand it anymore. Maybe this marriage had been doomed from the start.

Now was the time to correct this mistake.

Raegan lifted her head to fight back tears. Her once-sparkling eyes were now clouded with gray mist.

For a fleeting moment, Mitchel caught a glimpse of desperation in her eyes.

Why was she looking at him like that? How could she wear such an expression if she was the one who had cheated on him?

“Divorce?” Mitchel lifted her chin and sneered, “I’m the only one who can decide when and how this relationship ends. If you want out, you’ll have to wait until I’m done playing this game.”

As soon as he said these words, he yanked off his tie with a forceful tug, tied up her hands that were covering her chest, and raised them above her head. And lastly, he tied them on the shower rack overhead.

But he was not done yet. He pressed her legs down, forcing her into a humiliating posture.

Raegan’s mind went blank. Her hands were tied up over her head, and her legs, which had been pinned down, hurt.

Chapter 433

“You pervert, let me go! Let...”

Mitchel lowered his head and locked Raegan in a fervent kiss.

Helpless, Raegan could only let him kiss her.

Mitchel was not satisfied until Raegan’s lips were red and swollen.

Without a word, he stood up and unbuckled his belt.

Without further ado, he took off his soaking wet trousers and stared at her with narrowed eyes.

“Don’t say | didn’t give you a choice. Up or down?”

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Before Raegan could respond, Mitchel sneered, "Never mind. No need to decide. It's been used by others. I think it's dirty." It took her a moment to grasp his intention.

Mitchel stood before her, his long legs in trousers spreading out on either side. He bent down a little, gently lifted her chin, and coaxed her to open her mouth.

A quick glimpse and Raegan got it, her face going ashen.

Unable to shake him off, she shut her eyes firmly, her voice quivering.

"You! You're out of your mind... Stay away from me!"

He adjusted her position, seeking the right angle. With gentle fingertips, he held her delicate chin and drew her closer. "The decision isn't in your hands."

Abruptly, Raegan's eyes snapped open, her cheeks flushed, and she shot him an enraged glare.

"If you dare to be reckless, I'll bite hard on your dick!"

They were so close to each other, the tension between them palpable.

Mitchel chuckled playfully.

"If you don't want your baby, just go ahead."

A single sentence from him had the power to control her.

For the sake of her baby in her belly, Raegan wouldn't take any chances. She gasped. "Will you do this to Lauren?"

Mitchel's handsome face was marred by a cruel and ruthless expression.

Chapter 434

"I'll only keep you around because we have good sex. You should be aware of that." When a man grew irritated, he often acted rashly, uttering foolish words.

Mitchel bumped into her with a frigid demeanor and rasped, "Don't even think about comparing yourself to others. You're not worthy."

Raegan let out a scream, her face turning a deep shade of red.

"Hmm... ahem..."

Noticing her anguished expression, Mitchel scoffed.

"Is this the first time you've been treated this way? Good. You've fooled me long enough. I'll claim your first time regardless." In that instant, Raegan's thoughts evaporated. She felt powerless to think or resist.

Mitchel was in a similar state, consumed by a rush of adrenaline that surged throughout his body, giving him a near-death sensation.

His fingers dug painfully into the soft skin of her cheeks, but he felt as if he was already a shell of himself.

Tears streamed down Raegan's face.

Angela's Library

All the cherished memories they once shared were shattered by his words, "You're not worthy."

To him, she was simply a means to satisfy his sexual cravings.

Asudden, piercing pain surged through her, and it felt as though it had taken over every inch of her body.

Raegan's face flushed a deep shade of crimson, her eyes sealed shut.

Unable to make much sound due to her obstructed mouth, she felt frail.

Soon, her vision blurred, enveloping her world in a radiant white haze.

The only figure that remained clear was the man before her, impeccably dressed in a white shirt and smirking as he was doing something crazy to her.

Finally, sensing something amiss, Mitchel stepped back, pinched her cheek, and inquired icily, "What's the matter?"

Unable to speak, Raegan felt nauseous and drained. The pain was so intense she thought she might pass out.

Mitchel's eyes narrowed instantly. Grabbing a towel, he dried her off, helped her get dressed, and swiftly carried her downstairs. In the car, Mitchel commanded, "Drive to the New North Hospital."

Huddled in a ball, beads of sweat dotted Raegan's forehead, her face contorted with agony.

With his palm supporting her back and her face pressed against his chest, Mitchel leaned down and questioned, "What's going on?"

Chapter 435

Raegan could only shut her eyes tightly, appearing visibly distressed. Glancing at her, Mitchel ordered, "Hurry up."

The car came to a halt in the underground parking lot. Mitchel carried Raegan straight to the gynecology consultation room where a doctor awaited.

During the waiting, Luis came over.

Noticing Mitchel's expression, he questioned, "Did you take your meds?"

Mitchel gave a nod, followed by a shake of his head.

"Where are they?"

"You treat it like it's food, huh? You're popping them that much?"

Mitchel just scowled, offering no reply.

Clearly displeased, Luis produced a tiny vial containing a scant amount of medicine. "You get this much for a week. Don't ask for more until then."

Accepting it, Mitchel swallowed a few pills with a swig of mineral water handed to him by Matteo.
ANGELA'S LIBRARY

Luis shook his head, noting Mitchel's fixed gaze on the ward.

"When you have an episode, stay away from Raegan. Do you think she can handle you? You should seriously consider ongoing treatment. You don't want to lose control and regret it later, right?"

Luis chose his words carefully, suggesting that bipolar disorder could have varying impacts, and accidents could occur despite his self-control.

Usually, when something happened to the things or persons he deeply valued, he would completely lose control. Mitchel pressed his lips together, responding simply, "Understood."

Luis went on, "I saw online you were celebrating Lauren's birthday.

What's that about?"

Mitchel lifted his gaze and retorted flatly, "Nonsense."

"You're not concerned that Raegan will be hurt?"

Hurt? Mitchel's demeanor was icy. That woman wouldn't be hurt.

She was the one who shattered his heart, and that was the real tragedy.

Soon, the diagnosis arrived.

Chapter 436

Raegan had a potential risk of miscarriage. Hospitalization was necessary to protect the unborn baby.

Stunned, Luis blurted out, "Raegan's pregnant? Why didn't you inform us?"

Mitchel turned around and entered Raegan's ward, his face devoid of cheer.

Raegan was hooked to an IV that had alleviated her pain. She was more tranquil now and had drifted off to sleep. Without a word, Mitchel took a spot on the adjacent cot to catch some rest.

The night passed by silently.

At daybreak, Raegan's eyes fluttered open to find Mitchel slumbering beside her.

He lay there, dressed in a suit, his trousers highlighting his long, well-formed legs.

Recalling the events of the previous night, a wave of paleness washed over Raegan's face.

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She attempted to rise, gripping the bed rail for support, but misjudged her own stamina. Her legs wobbled, nearly giving out. At this time, strong hands slid under her arms and hoisted her upright.

Once steady, Raegan took a step back, gripping the footboard of the bed. The rejection of her actions was palpable. Mitchel's gaze grew somber.

"Think you can make it to the bathroom alone?"

Avoiding eye contact, Raegan retorted, "No need to concern yourself."

Her raspy voice made her words all the more cutting.

With arms crossed, Mitchel watched her cautiously make her way to the bathroom, steadying herself with the bed rail.

Inside, she shut the door, ran the water, freshened up, and reemerged.

The moment she opened the door, she saw Mitchel there. Startled, she recoiled, but he quickly pulled her toward him. "Keep your hands off me!"

Raegan's voice spiked, causing a sharp pain in her throat.

The strain in her voice made her despise him even more.

She lashed out, hitting him. Undeterred, he led her back to the bed, pinning her arms, and admonished, "Calm down."

A bitter laugh escaped Raegan's lips. Who had driven her to this point?

Chapter 437

She sneered, "Spare me your feigned concern. It's nauseating."

His brow furrowed, Mitchel muttered, "Don't be so ungrateful."

Grimacing due to her sore throat, Raegan shot back, "Yes, I'm ungrateful. If you can't stand me, then leave." The room tensed.

The door swung open. It was Matteo, bearing breakfast.

The tension in the room nearly froze him in his tracks. Matteo quickly set down the tray, mumbling, "Please eat something." Matteo exited hastily.

Mitchel, however, remained. He unpacked the breakfast, setting a small table before saying, "Have some." Raegan remained unmoved as if she hadn't heard him. She turned her face away and didn't look at him. Spoon in hand, Mitchel scooped up some porridge and fed it to her lips. He commanded, "Eat it."

But Raegan kept her mouth shut, her eyes even closing.

Mitchel scoffed.

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“Is there another way you’d like to be fed?”

Raegan was bewildered.

Why did it matter to Mitchel whether she ate or not? It wasn’t that she refused to eat. His presence was what made her lose the mood to eat.

“You...”

Before she could even utter the word “leave,” her words were stifled by his Lips.

Mitchel kissed her softly as if taking into account the discomfort in her mouth, He was gentle this time.

Nevertheless, this action brought back memories of their earlier activities in the bathroom, filling Raegan with revulsion. Reacting on impulse, she flung the hot porridge at him.

Mitchel grimaced as the scalding porridge hit him and quickly detached his lips from hers.

Just when Raegan assumed he'd explode with anger, he restrained himself, opened another carton of porridge, and said icily, “Eat.

Otherwise, I'll feed you the way | just did.” Raegan was at a loss.

His current behavior seemed absolutely irrational to her.

Chapter 438

Fine. She would eat. If it meant he would leave, she’d gladly consume the porridge.

Head bowed, she ate slowly, every spoonful a reminder of her sore, wounded mouth.

She felt like crying from the pain. But not in Mitchel's presence.

Never in front of him.

Tears would only earn disdain from someone who didn't love you. Why volunteer for more humiliation? Mitchel retreated to the bathroom and changed his clothes.

When Raegan noticed him retrieving a fresh set of clothes, she was taken aback. Had he planned to stay at the hospital for an extended period?

Acaretaker appeared to clear the table after her meal.

Raegan was just about to lie down and rest when Mitchel reached for her mouth again.

With swift reflexes, Raegan smacked his hand away.

Mitchel's expression turned stormy.

Gazing at him warily, Raegan said, "Mr. Dixon, even a tool needs a break." ANGELA's LIBRARY

Had her health been compromised, she was convinced she wouldn't have survived the previous night. Mitchel's expression shifted as he pulled out a tissue, handing it over to signal her to let her wipe her mouth. But Raegan didn't take it. She took another one, wiped her mouth, and threw it away.

Mitchel's arm remained hanging in the air awkwardly, and he struggled to contain his frustration. "Raegan, enough is enough."

Raegan chuckled and retorted, "So, you want to do it here? Fine, I can accommodate you. Just not with my mouth. It's sore."

“You! Unbelievable!” Mitchel’s face flushed a deep shade of blue. Angrily, he tossed the tissue aside and stormed out of the room. By noon, Matteo arrived with a Lunchbox.

As he was leaving, Raegan halted him.

“Did you personally hand the paternity test report to Mr. Dixon?”

Caught off guard, Matteo nodded. Mr. Dixon’s behavior had revealed the result of the test.

Chapter 439

“You handed it to him directly?” Raegan pressed.

Matteo hesitated, then recalled that when he sent the documents to Mitchel’s office, Mitchel was in a meeting, but it only took him about ten minutes to finish the meeting.

He shared this with Raegan.

“So, there was a ten-minute gap. Go back and see if anyone entered his office during that time,” Raegan urged. ninjanovel.com

She suspected a setup, and only Lauren came to mind as a likely saboteur.

She couldn't risk involving her child in Mitchel’s unpredictable moods.

He wouldn’t bring himself to allow her to have a child that he assumed wasn’t his, no matter how generous he pretended to be. Even if they divorced, she needed to clear her unborn child's name.

In the afternoon, Luis paid her a visit.

Right after he stepped inside, Luis expressed his concern, saying, ““Raegan, are you feeling better?”

Raegan held no animosity toward Luis and nodded in acknowledgment.

Observing her frail look, Luis paused before advising, “Mitchel is unstable right now. Don’t confront him directly. It’s wiser to be subtle to minimize your pain.”

Raegan remained silent. Just as Luis was heading out, she asked in a hoarse voice, “Luis, could you help me with something?” She requested a retest, this time using her IV blood and a strand of Mitchel’s hair that had been collected this morning.

Luis hadn’t seen this coming. No wonder when the topic of the baby had come up, Mitchel’s face had darkened. He understood now.

Mitchel’s keeping this to himself was understandable. What man would readily admit to his closest friend that his wife was carrying another man’s child?

However, since Raegan had openly sought his help, Luis was inclined to believe the child was actually Mitchel’s.

Luis gave a nod, affirming, “You’ll have the result in twenty-four hours.” After Luis exited, Raegan attempted to relax, her eyes closed but sleep eluded her.

She kept mulling over Mitchel’s harsh words. He said he had stayed in their marriage only for physical intimacy and had declared she wasn’t even worthy of being compared to Lauren.

The idea of her surpassing Lauren in Mitchel’s heart now seemed laughable to her. Mitchel’s feelings for Lauren ran deep. Eliminating Lauren from his life would only be possible if Mitchel himself was gone.

Therefore, Raegan resolved never to overestimate herself again. She must get a divorce, even if it meant pleading with Mitchel’s grandfather. Divorce was the only path left.

Chapter 440

Meanwhile, Nicole stirred awake in the dim hotel room, curtains drawn tight, the air heavy with the scent of intimacy. As she tried to sit up, a dull ache washed over her body.

Glancing down, she noticed her naked form, marred with hickeys.

Jarrod had been rude to her, gnawing and pinching her, acting less like a man and more like a savage animal. And now, he was nowhere to be found. He had probably left.

Nicole stood to dress herself.

Angela's Library

Bang. Just then, a sudden noise echoed through the room.

The hotel door burst open.

Before Nicole could react, she was yanked by her hair and tossed from the bed.

A woman stood on her back, venom in her voice, declaring, "Finish off this deceitful bitch!"

Nicole curled up and covered her head with both hands to protect herself from the crowd's kicks and punches. The crowd hit her everywhere. At this moment, she already had bruises all over her body.

Suddenly, someone pulled Nicole's hair and pushed her hard to the floor. She struggled, but she could not get up. Her mouth was full of fresh rust smell, and she spat out a mouthful of blood. The pain was too much for her to bear. She felt like she was about to lose consciousness.

However, those people didn't care. They were like bloodthirsty beasts that had gotten even more excited when they saw blood. They hit her more fiercely, even though she was already motionless.

Nicole curled up on the floor and gritted her teeth, holding back the tears that were about to fall.

She was reminded of the incident the other day at the party. At that time, she mocked someone for being an arrogant mistress. But right now, she was the mistress being laughed at and beaten by everyone.

And she was the worst of that kind. So, it was not surprising that they all despised and looked down upon her.

She couldn't get rid of Jarrod, so she had no choice but to suffer all the humiliations he brought to her.

For a moment, she wished to die. If she was dead, she would never experience being tortured anymore. Perhaps she would be happier in the netherworld than in this world.

At this moment, someone pulled her arms away from her head, exposing her face to the light. Then, everyone aimed their phones at her and started taking photos and videos of her bruised body.

Finally, Nicole saw the hateful eyes of those people. She spotted Jamie standing behind the crowd, waving a room card in her hand.

Her face instantly drained of color, and her heart seemed to have fallen into the depths of an ice cave. Everything was clear to her now.

It must be Jarrod who gave Jamie the room card to let the latter vent her anger.