

## **Unbreakable 641**

### Chapter 641

They were no longer a married couple, so she shouldn't let her emotions be swayed by him anymore.

Raegan smiled and said, "Mr. Dixon, don't get me wrong. The man outside is not someone else. He is Henley, my boyfriend." "Oh, really? If he is your boyfriend, then why are you flirting with me?"

Mitchel smiled and added, "Raegan, are you that dissolute?"

Raegan was so angry that she clenched her fists tightly. But there was one thing that confused her more.

"Mr. Dixon, I really don't understand. Why do you keep pestering me?"

She looked at Mitchel and blinked her almond eyes a few times. It was as if she had discovered a secret that he didn't dare to admit.

"Wait! Don't tell me... You fell in love with me after we divorced?"

In the past, she didn't believe him when he said he loved her.

But now, she began to doubt it.

The atmosphere in the room instantly froze.

Mitchel pressed his thin lips tightly. He didn't speak for a long time. And his silence said it all.

Indeed, he didn't want to speak it out because his self-esteem and pride would not allow him to fail and be humiliated again.

The corners of Raegan's mouth twitched slightly. She said as if she was trying to coax him, "Mr. Dixon, is it so shameful to admit that you love me? Don't worry. I promise I won't laugh at you."

Mitchel looked at her, and his lips moved slightly. He seemed to want to say something. However, Raegan spoke again. "Because your love is too cheap, and I don't care about it."

The damage had been done to her. Wasn't it ridiculous to talk about love now?

Besides, even if he really loved her, she believed he would never be a loyal life partner. But anyway, who was the real culprit? Who was to be blamed for all the pain that she had experienced? If she didn't love Mitchel so much, she wouldn't be hurt so badly, right?

So now, Raegan didn't want to blame anyone anymore. Most importantly, she didn't want and dare to fall in love with Mitchel again.

Raegan stood up, took clothes from the closet, and went to the bathroom to change. When she got out, she found that Mitchel had already changed into another outfit.

While staring at him, she blinked a few times, thinking he was such a rogue.

Chapter 642

Matteo brought him some clothes, but he refused to wear them the previous night.

Even if Mitchel didn't sleep well last night, there was no sign of fatigue in him at all. His deep-set eyes were still charming, and his facial features were delicate. In terms of appearance, there was probably no man in the whole Ardlens who could compare with him.

But even so, he was still a jerk.

Raegan didn't want to talk to Mitchel anymore. Besides, she still had to deal with something.

Before going out, she said, "Mr. Dixon, please don't forget to close the door when you leave. And..."

She paused before she continued, "Don't come back again. I like this place, and I don't want to move anymore."

Raegan had long decided to totally cut off her connection with Mitchel. So, she had to finish it all at once. She didn't want any involvement with him.

Mitchel looked at Raegan coldly. The pain in his heart was reflected in his eyes. Had she really given up on him completely? Did she no longer have any feelings for him? Raegan walked past Mitchel and was about to go out. But suddenly, he grabbed her wrist.

"You're right. I think I fell in love with you a long time ago. And you know that once I'm sure of something, I don't change my mind."

Mitchel reached out, stroked Raegan's delicate face, and said clearly, "Don't keep avoiding me. I will hunt you down for the rest of my life. You can never escape from me."

Raegan was stunned. She was at a loss for words.

She didn't expect him to still admit his true feelings for her after she provoked and humiliated him.

She stared at him quietly for a long time. Then she finally said, "Are you insane?"

Just now, Raegan still wanted to flaunt in front of him. But now, such desire was gone. And her hair even stood on end. What the hell was he talking about?

"Why do you look so surprised? You've just realized it now?" Mitchel asked casually.

Raegan was really speechless now. The Mitchel in front of her was giving her goosebumps. She knew how capable he was. But he had never used his methods on her before. "Mitchel, don't be ridiculous. Do you think I will come back to you after you confess your feelings for me?"

Raegan's body trembled, and she wasn't sure if it was because of anger or fear. She said, "Let me make it clear to you. I won't return to your side even if the sky falls."

"Okay, if you say so."

Mitchel sounded very indifferent. It was as if Raegan's words were nothing to him. It seemed his arrogance had returned.

Chapter 643

His eyes were full of mockery, seemingly laughing at Raegan for biting off more than she could chew.

"One day, you will beg me to come back to you."

Raegan's hands were shaking violently. She could only look at this overbearing and rude man speechlessly. Mitchel just chuckled. Then he opened the door and went out, not minding bumping into Henley.

Henley was too stunned to react for a while. He didn't expect that as soon as the door opened, Mitchel was the first person he would see.

Henley only came back to his senses when Mitchel greeted him casually and said meaningfully, "Remember, don't wake her up so early next time."

Mitchel then turned to Raegan and raised her chin with his index finger. He looked at her face carefully and said, "Don't forget to apply the ointment."

After saying this, he turned around and left without looking back, ignoring the expressions on Raegan's and Henley's faces. Raegan was rendered speechless.

There was only one thought in her mind. And that was Mitchel must be a devil from hell.

Henley looked at Raegan awkwardly for a moment. Then he coughed and asked, "Have you had breakfast yet?"

It was only then that Raegan came back to her senses. She remembered she planned to go out with Henley for breakfast and explain to him why she suddenly left the other day.

But now, she was no longer in the mood.

Raegan invited Henley in for breakfast, but they didn't talk much at the table.

After eating, Henley volunteered to clean the table and wash the dishes. Then, he joined Raegan in the living room. "You.

Tiiso0"

They spoke at the same time.

After exchanging glances, Raegan said, "You go ahead first."

Henley looked at her face, blinked, and asked, "Are you... You and Mitchel... Are you getting back together?" Raegan shook her head dismissively.

"We're not getting back together.

Last night, I felt ill, and he stayed to care for me."

It seemed she was convincing herself more than informing Henley.

Chapter 644

Since the divorce, the thought of reuniting with Mitchel hadn't crossed Raegan's mind. Mitchel was a closed chapter in her eyes. Yet, his recent words unnerved her. His casual greeting to Henley indicated a resolve to win her over, exuding an unsettling calmness.

The more Raegan pondered, the more irate she grew. His love, she surmised, was not for her but for the physical comfort she provided.

Henley, on the other hand, experienced a surge of relief, a sensation he welcomed.

Shaking off his worries, he offered a suave, soothing smile.

"What were you trying to say earlier?"

Inhaling deeply, Raegan said apologetically, "Henley, we should cease our communication." Henley's expression darkened. He pinched her wrist subconsciously and demanded, "Why?" The sudden shift in Henley's expression surprised Raegan. And he pinched her so hard that she felt pain. "Henley, you're hurting me..."

It was not until then that Henley came to his senses, and he quickly let go, his smile returning. "My apologies, Raegan. | lost my composure."

Raegan, recovering from her shock, dismissed the incident.

"It's fine."

"This is the second time you want to end things with me. Is Mr. Dixon the reason?"

Raegan didn't object. 'm afraid it will affect your career, so we'd better keep a distance."

Henley's smile was tinged with sadness.

“My career’s already affected.

What now?”

Confused, Raegan pressed, “What do you mean?”

“I’ve been dismissed. Accused of manipulating transactions, I’m barred from investment banking.”  
Despite Henley’s nonchalant tone, the news stunned Raegan.

Years of effort gone, Henley’s career dashed because of her. It was a lot for anyone to bear.

Chapter 645

No wonder Mitchel’s greeting was so calm earlier. He couldn’t have been unaware of it, and perhaps, even played a role in it. At a loss for words, Raegan’s concern was evident.

“Henley, I’m sorry.”

“It’s nothing,” he replied, the smile never leaving his face.

“I may return to Swynborough. My family’s business is there, beyond others’ reach.”

Henley’s feigned serenity masked emotions Raegan couldn’t decipher.

She felt a deep sorrow and repeated her apology.

Henley’s smile softened.

“Don’t blame yourself. Think of it as me going back to claim my inheritance. Does that ease your mind?”  
Raegan mused that Henley should have claimed his inheritance earlier, not under duress.

“Raegan, would you like to go with me?” Henley inquired suddenly.

“Me?” Raegan said, taken aback.

While her original intention was to further study in Swynborough, it felt unusual to travel alongside Henley. They were nothing more than friends and classmates, after all.

“Why?” she inquired, her curiosity piqued.

Henley harbored his own rationale. His father’s company overseas was soon to be his responsibility, and he considered it opportune to take Raegan with him before leaving this city.

In the realm of looks, Henley differed markedly from Mitchel. Each had their distinct appeals, defying direct comparison. Status-wise, Mitchel might not be a match for him abroad.

Winning over a woman should be within his grasp, he surmised.

Yet, a reluctant acknowledgment gnawed at him. He found himself increasingly invested in Raegan, a realization that soured his mood.

To him, women held little value, a sentiment rooted in the disdain for his mother.

His mother had given birth to him, only to neglect and mistreat him as if he were a mere plaything.

So, when she lay dying from her excesses, he shed no tears, nor did he summon help.

Instead, he observed, impassive, as she struggled through her final moments.

Masking his inner turmoil, Henley offered a justification, “I sense you're not content at home.”



## Chapter 646

Despite the allure of Henley's proposition, Raegan remained steadfast in her refusal. "I'm not ready to consider it," she asserted. She harbored ambitions to venture abroad, yet was determined to rely on no one but herself.

With a serene smile, Henley reassured, "There's still half a year left. Should you wish to depart, you'll have me join you on the journey abroad."

Raegan, unconvinced of the feasibility of accompanying Henley abroad, rose to her feet.

"Henley, one moment," she said before retrieving the gifts Gerda had given her and presenting them to him. Henley declined, "No, Raegan. Take them. My mother gave them to you.

They're yours."

Raegan, insistent, refused to accept what she felt was not hers.

Once outside Raegan's place, the warmth drained from Henley's expression, replaced by an icy veneer. The memory of Raegan's unhesitating rejection inflicted an unfamiliar ache within him.

It wasn't supposed to be like this.

Could it be a genuine interest in her?

Interrupted by a call, Henley responded indifferently, his attention shifting back to Raegan's window, "Let her know something and bite the bait," he commanded coldly.

At Triclinium Hospital of Ardlens.

Lauren found herself confined in a pitch-black room. Its airtight seal contained a stench reminiscent of decay, a grim reminder of death's presence.

Mice skittered beneath her, occasionally venturing onto her feet, prompting her to suppress her disgust for fear of crushing their carcasses in a frantic effort to evade them.

This grim reality was her penance for yet another thwarted attempt to flee.

Upon her arrival at Triclinium, she protested her sanity vehemently, claiming she'd been committed against her will. Initially, the staff inquired about her admittance, to which she exclaimed, "Mitchel, the CEO of the Dixon Group, is to blame!"

Their demeanor shifted to solemnity upon her declaration, convincing them of her delusion, and subjected her to a rigorous regime, two hours of daily "re-education" via film, designed to cement her supposed madness.

Over time, Lauren learned to play along with their treatment.

Yet, she clung to the idea of escape, consumed with the desire to confront Raegan, the woman she blamed for her plight. In her mind, had Raegan not interfered, she would have already been Mitchel's wife.

One day, the heavy iron door groaned open, and a shadowy figure entered with an effortless grace.

Chapter 647

The room, sealed from the outside world, obscured his features, allowing Lauren only the faintest impression of his handsome silhouette.

Could it be Mitchel?

Overwhelmed, she rushed to embrace the silhouette, only to be repelled by a sharp kick from polished leather shoes. Squeak! A small but shrill scream, coupled with the fluffy touch, made her roll on the ground like getting an electric shock. Oh! Oh no! To her horror, she realized she had crushed a mouse.

Bloodied and soiled, Lauren shrieked uncontrollably, scrambling forward in despair.

“Mitchel, | beg you, free me... You owe me, Mitchel. Ignoring me for her will be your downfall... | will end Raegan, | swear it...” Her ravings painted the picture of someone truly unhinged.

“Idiot,” a disdainful voice cut through the darkness.

Frozen, Lauren registered the unfamiliar, yet melodic voice. It was not Mitchel’s.

Regaining a shred of composure, she demanded, “You’re not Mitchel.

Who are you then?”

“Me?” The man’s voice carried a hint of amusement.

“I’m here to save you.”

Lauren, puzzled, echoed, “Save me? But why?”

Instead of answering, the man posed a question, “Are you aware that you’re pregnant?”

“Im... Pregnant?”

Lauren felt as if Lightning had struck her.

The persistent illness she’d experienced recently now made sense.

She’d attributed it to inhaling peculiar odors, but the truth was, she was pregnant.

The child had to be Kyle's, that bastard.

Furthermore, she had administered numerous drugs to feign illness, hoping to dupe Mitchel. Even if she carried the pregnancy to term, the baby would be malformed. She rejected the very notion of giving birth to this baby.

Dropping to her knees, she implored the young man before her, "Please, I need to terminate this pregnancy. I can't bear to give birth to it."

"Well..." The man scoffed dismissively.

## Chapter 648

"From this moment, you're keeping the child. Be it a beast or a freak, it might just restore your former glory." Lauren's tears crystallized on her cheeks.

"Is it possible? Can you truly restore my old Life?"

"Yes." With that, he departed, the resounding clang of the iron door sealing his exit. A flicker of hope ignited within Lauren.

Abandoned by her family, she was her own last resort.

Even if this lifeline was laced with venom, she was desperate to grasp it.

She harbored a fierce desire to confront Raegan, the root of her woes in her eyes. It was all due to that bitch!

"Damn that bitch to hell," Lauren seethed.

Meanwhile, Raegan made her timely visit to the villa on Tuesday.

With Hector absent and only a maid in attendance, she learned of Bryce's presence upstairs and proceeded to knock on his door.

Receiving no response, she persisted, even attempting to call him.

No one dared to disturb Bryce's slumber. Roused in irritation, Bryce yanked open the door. "What's this all about?"

Disheveled with tousled blue hair, Bryce had clearly just awoken.

Raegan offered a calm smile.

"You're up. Time for your class."

Bryce rolled his eyes.

"What's gotten into you?"

Flopping back onto the bed, he declared, "Teach whomever you please. | refuse to participate."

Undeterred, Raegan entered and began playing a pre-recorded reading.

She then settled beside it with a book, immersing herself in silent reading.

#### Chapter 649

The record prevented Bryce from returning to sleep. Annoyed, he sat up and bellowed, "Can't you recite that farther away?" Ignoring him, Raegan continued, prompting Bryce to lunge for her player.

Raegan took the player near her chest and wrapped her arms protectively over her chest, stating evenly, "Try that again, and I'll accuse you of harassment."

Bryce halted abruptly, recognizing the tactic all too well. Previously, he had used such an accusation to rid himself of three tutors. He had falsely claimed to Hector that his teacher harassed him.

Rage flared within Bryce, and he exclaimed, "Who do you think is harassing you? Have you seen your own reflection? I'm far too attractive to be labeled as a creep. Don't try to pin this on me.

I'll turn the tables and accuse you of harassment!"

Raegan regarded him with a serene gaze.

"Isn't it more sensible that you're the harasser?"

Bryce found himself at a loss for words, seething with indignation.

What was the implication of that look she gave him? Surely his attractiveness wasn't in question? He considered himself the pinnacle of handsomeness. Did her derisive gaze suggest otherwise? "Explain yourself. Am I not attractive?" he demanded, his ego bruised.

His numerous admirers at school had never questioned his looks.

Raegan maintained her composure.

"Feel free to have your father scrutinize my background. Rest assured, I'm not interested in a child." She had come prepared, knowing full well the fate of his previous tutors.

Raegan was determined to not only defend herself but to anticipate Bryce's maneuvers.

In essence, she was resolved to deny Bryce any opportunity to make her lose this job.

Bryce, infuriated, retorted, "Who are you calling a child? Do you dare to..."

As Raegan turned away, her indifferent expression seemed to echo, "Is it not you who is harassing me?" Bryce, dumbfounded, met an opponent he couldn't best for the first time.

"You!" he stuttered. Finally, he managed to blurt out, "You're shameless."

Chapter 650

Raegan gave him a brief look.

"Care to elaborate?"

In other words, she was questioning who the shameless one truly was.

Bryce felt utterly outwitted. How could she assert such moral high ground?

He buried his face in his quilt, too humiliated to weep openly, his anger sending him into a disheveled state.

From behind, Raegan watched him, a smile tugging at her lips, and inquired playfully, "Young man, are you willing to cooperate with me?"

"Who's a young man?" Bryce surged to his feet, towering over Raegan.

But recalling her previous threat, he hastily retreated.

Raegan's smile broadened. Perhaps there was a chance to teach Bryce after all.

She just joined the tutoring company with no achievements to her name or other options. Taking Bryce down became the most effective strategy to achieve something.

She proposed, "My previous offer still stands. How about a bet?"

Bryce, rolling his eyes, paused before responding, "Alright, but no regrets later."

"Agreed."

"Fine, then it's set for next Friday. Await my instructions," Bryce effectively declared a challenge. He chose next Friday strategically, knowing Hector would be overseas, leaving him unchecked. His plan was to give this overconfident tutor a stern lesson.

"Now, start with these assignments," Raegan commanded, presenting a stack of work.

Bryce, staring at the assignments, felt slightly defeated.

However, the prospect of irritating her spurred him on, and he begrudgingly began the test. Bryce quickly completed one.

Raegan reviewed it and scoffed.

"Even a baby could do better."

Bryce's confidence, once unshakable, began to crumble.