

Unbreakable 151

Chapter 151

Dinner With Henley Mitchel's face bore the mark of a slap.

In that instant, as if an explosion had occurred in his mind, a surge of fuel welled up inside him.

"Raegan, what the hell?" he exclaimed in complete disbelief.

Raegan dared to slap him again.

Perhaps he had been too lenient with her.

To his surprise, Raegan raised her hand again, ready to deliver another slap.

But this time, as she swung, Mitchel intercepted her.

Her hand landed on the back of his, emitting a loud, crisp sound.

It could be seen she had used all her strength for that blow.

"Are you out of your mind? What the hell is wrong with you?" Mitchel seized Raegan's wrist, intending to show her the consequences of her actions.

As he spoke, his veins throbbed and stood on his forehead.

However, as he was about to make a move, he felt her wrist trembling in his grasp.

How could it be...

Puzzled, he looked up at her and questioned, "Your hand..." He could not finish his sentence.

The sight of tears on Raegan's face blanked out his thoughts, leaving his questions unasked.

Raegan slowly withdrew her hand.

She clasped both hands tightly and pinched her palms to still the trembling.

Her eyes, burning with hatred, met Mitchel's.

"Mitchel, I've never done anything wrong in our marriage.

Don't tarnish me with your vile thoughts." Raegan had hoped that even if their relationship had ended, they could avoid hostility.

Even if they met, they could at least maintain their dignity.

But now, she realized she would never find peace with such a man.

At this moment, Raegan pinched her palm and continued, "I've always known I'm not the one you love.

There's no need to remind me.

I never believed you couldn't live without me.

I'm well aware of who Tam." The self-deprecation in her tone left Mitchel speechless.

He wanted to object and assure her it was not what he meant.

But Raegan did not give him the chance.

"Mr.

Dixon, I hope you don't forget what you said.

From now on, we're nothing to each other.

If we meet again, please pretend you don't know me.

| don't want to see you anymore." With those final words, she turned and slowly walked away.

It did not take long before she disappeared from his view.

Caught off guard, Mitchel struggled to breathe.

It was as if a sharp awl had stabbed through his chest, piercing his heart.

As Raegan climbed into her car, Mitchel stepped forward to catch after her.

But his legs trembled and were barely able to support him.

"Mr.

Dixon..." Matteo called with a faltering voice.

Thankfully, he was there to steady Mitchel in time.

As the wind whipped around them, Mitchel whispered, "I just..."

I just want her to come back..." But hearing Raegan defend another man _ had provoked him.

Angered, he unconsciously raised his voice and spoke harshly.

He had hurt her again.

All he wanted was for her to return and give him another chance.

Matteo figured that if Mitchel went to see Raegan now, it would only deepen their misunderstanding.

With this in mind, he suggested, "Mr.

Dixon, let's head back." Meanwhile, Raegan sat silently in her car.

The window was cracked open just enough to let the wind in.

It stirred her hair and brought tears to her eyes.

The pain of the past haunted her still and was impossible to forget.

Over the past two years, Raegan had shared countless precious moments with Mitchel.

Those memories were cherished and etched in her mind.

How did things turn sour after they separated? What Mitchel said just now was like a splash of cold water.

It shattered her heart but, at the same time, dispelled any lingering hopes.

Raegan promised to protect herself from pain and vowed never to let another man into her heart.

Never again.

When arriving in Ardiens, Raegan accompanied Henley to the hospital for a check-up.

It was almost midnight when they stepped out.

"Are you hungry?" "Do you wanna eat?" The two of them asked each other simultaneously and then chuckled at the coincidence.

"Let me treat you tonight," Raegan quickly added.

She had often failed to keep this promise.

But tonight, she was determined to treat Henley a meal, even if he objected.

Henley smiled and nodded in agreement.

"OKay." With that, they headed to a restaurant known for its casserole porridge.

After saying their orders, Raegan and Henley sat across each other.

As they waited for the dishes to be served, an awkward silence filled the air.

It was Henley who broke it.

"I was a bit rude this afternoon," he began.

Taken aback, Raegan looked at Henley as if wondering if he was telling the truth.

"I assumed you didn't want to talk to Mr.

Dixon, so I intervened.

Tell me if you want to clarify things with him.

I'll do it," Henley continued.

It seemed he genuinely wanted to help her with those words at that time.

Raegan breathed a sigh of relief.

She did not know how to bring up the matter, so she was glad he brought it up himself.

The thing was, she was not ready to start a new relationship, not even with someone as close as Henley.

Accepting him as an admirer felt too soon.

Raegan smiled genuinely for the first time that day.

"You don't need to explain anything to him, she assured him.

"Thanks for your help, Henley." She decided to let Mitchel misunderstand.

Given his pride and arrogance, he probably despised her now and did not want to see her again.

This thought brought her a sense of relief.

She had no desire to see him again.

Their interactions only led to mutual pain.

As Henley observed her expression, he realized he had made the right choice.

Confessing his feelings now would be imprudent.

Raegan would likely reject him, perhaps even distancing herself from him.

With this realization, he offered her a reassuring smile and said, "I'm glad you didn't misunderstand me.

And remember, if you need anything in the future, just tell me." This atmosphere lightened considerably.

After a long day, they both felt starving.

The meal was delicious and comforting.

Raegan found herself eating more and enjoying the evening.

After dinner, Henley drove Raegan home.

When they reached her building, Raegan bade farewell to him, and Henley responded with a warm smile.

But just as Raegan was about to step out of the car, Henley broke into a cold sweat, clutched his stomach, and was in apparent pain.

Raegan turned to him with concern etched on her face.

"I think the food didn't sit well with my stomach.

Could I use your bathroom?" Henley asked, looking rather embarrassed.

Raegan was surprised but did not deny his request given his obvious discomfort.

She nodded in response.

Once inside the house, she directed him to the bathroom, and he hurried off without delay.

When Henley returned, his face was still pale.

Raegan suggested he take a moment to rest on the sofa.

She handed him a glass of warm water and asked, "Do you need me to call an ambulance?" Henley shook his head.

"It's just a stomach ache.

It's nothing new to me.

I don't want to trouble you, especially since it's late.

"I'll go back to my car and stay there for a while." As soon as he said these words, he stood up but staggered.

Raegan strode over to support Henley.

She felt a twinge of guilt when she saw his pale face and evident discomfort.

It was her idea to dine out together.

Therefore, she felt a sense of responsibility for his well-being, especially since he was ill.

After a brief hesitation, she suggested, "Why don't you rest on the sofa for a little while? If you're still feeling unwell, I'll call an ambulance.

I'm not sleepy yet, anyway." Touched, Henley gazed at her and asked, "Would that be okay with you?"

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None Of Your Business Having affirmed her point, Raegan agreed with a nod, "It's alright." She assisted Henley in settling onto the couch.

As Raegan was about to step away, Henley caught her hand from behind.

Turning, Raegan gave Henley a puzzled gaze.

The room's warm glow highlighted the soft wisps of hair around her face, and her bare complexion was soft and inviting.

Raegan embodied a blend of naivety and sophistication, a combination that could easily entice a man.

Henley, noticing this, scrunched his brow and felt warmth surge through him.

He cleared his throat before requesting, "Could you fetch me another glass of water, please?" Raegan complied, bringing him the water and draping a blanket over him as he lay on the sofa.

She then proceeded to her desk, activating the computer to review some documents.

Henley's presence in her space made her uneasy.

She decided to immerse herself in work instead.

More than twenty minutes passed before Henley rose to leave.

Raegan, concerned, insisted on accompanying him downstairs and didn't return until she watched him drive off.

Henley, driving unhurriedly, spotted a black car lurking in the shadows.

He intentionally stopped, lowered the window, and offered Mitchel a slight smile.

"What a coincidence, Mr.

Dixon." Mitchel's eyes turned icy, detecting Henley's challenge.

With a chilling grin, Mitchel retorted, "Henley, are you asking for trouble by provoking me repeatedly?"
"Joking, Mr.

Dixon? With the might of the Dixon family, would I dare?" Henley replied, his tone mocking as he removed his glasses, revealing his true, icy demeanor beneath the facade.

Mitchel's smile remained frosty as he warned, "Keep your distance from Raegan if you're not looking for trouble." Unfazed, Henley retorted, "Bossy, aren't you, Mr.

Dixon? If Raegan chooses my company, why should I reject her? Besides..." He paused, a sly glint in his eye.

"I understand why you can't let her go.

| empathize with that sentiment." With that, he drove off, leaving Mitchel with a thunderous scowl.

The night air was cool, yet Henley's spirits were high.

Originally, his aim was to usurp everything from Mitchel, and with Raegan's divorce, he had seemingly succeeded.

Yet, it became clear Mitchel hadn't relinquished his hold on Raegan, which piqued Henley's interest anew.

His mind turned to darker thoughts of conquest.

Raegan, for her part, remained cautious, her guard steadfast unless something significant demanded her attention.

Henley realized he needed a well-crafted plan.

His handsome features were shrouded in darkness.

After a moment, he dialed a number.

"Is there any news of the person whose surname is Lloyd?" A voice on the other end responded, "Words has it that she was seen in the Sandy recently." Henley's tone turned icy.

"Locate her quickly.

Don't let anyone beat you to it." Tessa, like a stray dog, could serve his purposes well.

With one hand on the steering wheel, he idly loosened his tie, his thoughts drifting with desire.

He recalled Raegan's pale hand and swore silently to himself.

Back in college, he didn't have much contact with Raegan.

At that time, his heart was filled with hatred, and he didn't notice her at all.

By day, he played the model upperclassman.

By night, he harbored darker secrets.

Only after returning recently did he learn of Raegan's marriage to Mitchel and considered getting close to her.

But as days passed, his longing grew.

He convinced himself he needed Raegan until she was his.

Once he had her, he believed he would be unaffected.

Meanwhile, Raegan, emerging from the shower, noticed Henley's watch on the basin.

As she reached to place it aside, the doorbell echoed.

Assuming Henley had returned for his watch, Raegan slipped into a modest nightgown and opened the door.

"Henley, did you come back for..." Her words faltered at the sight of Mitchel, whom she never expected after their last words.

Defenseless, she blanked out, her instinct to slam the door.

Bang! She put all her might into slamming the door, yet the door wouldn't budge.

Fear washed over Raegan's face, draining it of color.

With a mad grip, Mitchel kept the door from closing.

His hand bore the brunt, the impact leaving bruises behind, stark against the delicate skin, appearing alarmingly vivid.

"Have you lost your mind?" Lifting her gaze, Raegan collided with a set of dark, brooding eyes filled with bitterness.

Mitchel's expression was accusing, as if he'd caught her in an act of betrayal.

His look was so intense that Raegan became wary.

"What are you..." The door swung open again.

Without a word, Mitchel barged in, pinning her against the door, his face wild, like a predator poised to strike.

Gripping her chin harshly, he demanded, "Did you sleep with him?" Raegan, taken aback, had a flash of realization.

"Have you been following me?" Anger flashed in Mitchel's reddening eyes as he forced out each word, "Answer me." Her patience fraying, Raegan lashed out, "Have you lost your senses? Haven't I made myself clear today? We're divorced.

My life is no longer your concern.

You are nothing but my ex-husband!" "It's none of my concern?" Mitchel's mind was in a mess.

He had been in the car downstairs, staring at the light in her room, telling himself that Henley was just paying a brief visit and that he would leave shortly.

Mitchel knew he shouldn't act rashly, or Raegan would scorn him.

He consoled himself for an agonizing half-hour, each moment stretching on like an eternity.

But Henley's casual remark shattered his fragile calm.

In a flash, his heart splintered.

He still saw Raegan as his, off-limits to any other man.

The mere idea of her with someone else in the intimate moments...

Mitchel felt his sanity fray at the edges.

Swallowed by jealousy, he craved the truth.

Mitchel's grip tightened on Raegan's chin.

"Raegan, I will ask you one last time.

Did you sleep with him?" The pain brought tears to Raegan's eyes, her rage fueling a defiant resolve.

She straightened her neck, her voice firm.

"That's not your concern." "Is that so?" Mitchel's scoff was a dark omen as he hoisted her up and flung her onto the bed.

"Since you won't confess, I'll find out myself." A wave of dread washed over Raegan's features, a

Chapter 153

Get Out After taking a shower, Raegan put on a conservative ankle-length nightgown.

But since Mitchel threw her onto the bed unceremoniously, her nightgown was lifted up more than half, revealing her straight, long legs.

The soft night light shone on her delicate skin, making her look extra charming.

Mitchel's eyes darkened.

As he knelt on the bed and stared at Raegan, his tailored suit pants instantly tightened.

Raegan felt her heart sank to the bottom.

She reached out, pushed him away, and said in a trembling voice, "Mitchel, what are you doing? Are you out of your mind? We are divorced.

I can sue you for rape..." Before she could finish her words, her wrists were restrained by Mitchel, and he raised her hands above her head.

"Yes, I must be crazy." Indeed, when his manic depression attacked, he was almost no different from a madman.

In the past two years, he had a satisfying life and a good career.

There was no trigger, so he got his illness under control.

But recently, there were so many trigger factors that made his condition worse.

And in most cases, the medicine couldn't immediately suppress it.

Mitchel continued in a voice as cold as ice, "Raegan, you know what I care about the most.

Don't drive me crazy." Suddenly, Raegan's mind went blank.

She didn't want to anger him, so she tried to explain in a trembling voice, "Mitchel, no...

Henley and I didn't do it...

Don't touch me..." When she finally decided to tell him the truth, it was already too late.

The seed of suspicion was already planted in his heart, and it was growing bigger and stronger.

It was difficult to convince him to believe unless that seed was dug out.

Mitchel knew in his heart that he should stop.

But he couldn't control himself.

He stretched out his hand and said, "Raegan, just let me have a look.

I won't touch you." Raegan's heart sank.

She didn't say anything.

Her hands were restrained by him, and she could not struggle.

So, she tilted her head and bit his arm hard until the taste of blood filled her mouth.

However, it still didn't help.

Mitchel was so strong that he could deal with ten of her.

Raegan's eyes suddenly turned red.

She frowned and said through clenched teeth, "I hate you." Her face flushed, and tears streamed down her face.

Now that Mitchel got the answer he wanted, his anger dissipated a lot, and his expression became relaxed.

He held her cheeks as if it was a treasure and kissed her tears.

"Raegan, I'm sorry.

I'm really crazy." Raegan was tall and lean.

At this moment, her body shrank, revealing only a pair of feet.

It made her look like a small child.

For some reason, her wrinkled nightgown made her look even more charming.

While looking at her like this, Mitchel felt aroused.

His Adam's apple bobbed up and down.

He hadn't had sex with her for a long time, and he badly wanted to do it now.

He almost lost control of himself.

Mitchel did his best to restrain himself.

He couldn't do what he wanted since it would only disgust Raegan even more.

So, he just held her gently and said, "Does it hurt? Do you want to go to the hospital?" Raegan curled up in bed.

She was trembling not only with pain but also with anger.

He said he wouldn't touch her.

But what he did to her was even more humiliating and painful.

She did her best to remain calm and said in a trembling voice, "Get out." "Raegan, I'm so sorry.

It's all my fault.

I shouldn't have let myself be provoked by Henley." "Mitchel, didn't you hear me? I said get out of here!" At this moment, she was still trembling, and her voice sounded weak.

But there was an apparent trace of disgust in her words.

Even her body in Mitchel's arms was stiff.

Mitchel thought for a while.

Then he let go of her and said, "I'm leaving now.

But if you feel uncomfortable, let me know." But Raegan just ignored him.

She buried her face in the quilt, not wanting to look at him.

Mitchel seemed to have said something about coming back tomorrow, but Raegan didn't hear it clearly.

And she was not in the mood to listen.

After the door was closed, she slowly got up from the bed and tried to walk.

It was painful for her to walk a few steps.

Mitchel was so rude just now that she felt the same pain as their first time.

She called Nicole.

As soon as her call was connected, she said weakly, "Nicole, can I stay at your house for a few days?" "Yes, of course! You don't even need to ask," Nicole readily agreed.

But she sensed that something was off with Raegan's voice.

She couldn't help asking, "Raegan, what's wrong with you?" "Nothing.

Don't worry about me.

By the way, can you help me contact a reliable agency to sell my apartment? The sooner, the better.

I need money." Nicole knew there must be something wrong with Raegan.

But she couldn't find it out on the phone, so she could only wait and ask Raegan later.

After hanging up, Raegan started packing up.

While packing, her heart felt heavy.

She thought she could live a peaceful life after the divorce.

However, Mitchel didn't want to let her go.

Raegan didn't believe Mitchel loved her.

He was just obsessed with her body.

He even treated herself as his own possession.

And he didn't allow others to touch her.

But losing their baby was such a huge blow to her.

She swore to herself she would never make the same mistake of falling in love with Mitchel again.

If she wanted to break up with Mitchel, she had to totally cut him off.

She didn't want to have anything to do with him.

Raegan's mind was in a mess, and she couldn't think of a good solution.

In the end, she decided to stop thinking about it.

She would still cut their connections off, anyway.

The next day, Raegan got up early, prepared herself, and moved to Nicole's apartment.

Nicole's apartment was not far from where she worked.

As for selling her apartment, Raegan told Nicole everything that had happened.

She only didn't tell Nicole that she owed Mitchel three million dollars.

If Raegan had said that to Nicole, she knew Nicole would have found a way to help her.

But she didn't want to bother Nicole, knowing that the Lawrence family was having a hard time now.

Even Nicole herself was looking for investments.

Nicole was no better off than her.

Raegan collected herself and went to Bright Minds Academy to work.

Bright Minds Academy was a tutoring center owned by Vernon.

He was a kind and gentle man in his forties.

Raegan valued the flexibility of her new job.

After all, she didn't need to stay in the office all day long.

She only needed to prepare the necessary materials for the next lesson, and she could work at home.

She went to the team leader's office and handed over the work documents she made.

Then, the team leader told her to go back to her desk and wait.

She was just a new employee, so she was not qualified to choose students yet.

Only parents could find a partner they wanted.

In the afternoon, the team leader gave Raegan an address, telling her that the parents were happy with the materials she had submitted.

She had to go there for a final interview.

Upon hearing this, she turned around and was about to leave.

But the team leader suddenly stopped her and said, "Raegan, that child is a little special.

His parents won't only interview you, but they also want to see how you will communicate with their kid.

If you don't think this job is right for you, I can rearrange a new student for you." On her way, Raegan looked through the information given to her.

She felt the parents of this child were quite generous.

They gave her fifty thousand dollars for four short and one long sessions a week.

If she passed the interview and started earning, she could add some money to the amount she got from selling the house.

Then she didn't need to wait for half a year to pay off her debt to Mitchel.

This thought gave Raegan some hope.

Maybe her plan to study abroad could be prepared in advance.

Back in school days, her instructor appreciated her and persuaded her to study further at a famous university abroad.

But unfortunately, she was blinded by love and rejected the proposal.

After the divorce, she realized the importance of academic background and self-improvement.

Soon, Raegan arrived at the address her team leader gave her.

It turned out to be a very luxurious villa near the river.

When she rang the doorbell, a housekeeper received her, brought her a cup of coffee, and said, "Sir is still in a meeting.

Please wait a moment, and don't go around." Raegan nodded.

It was an unspoken rule not to wander around other people's houses.

Of course, she knew this.

Raegan didn't expect the meeting to last for a long time.

Before she knew it, she had already fallen asleep leaning against the sofa.

When she opened her eyes again and looked outside, she found the sky was already dark.

Who would have thought she would sleep this long? She sat upright in panic, not knowing what to do.

She raised her head, only to be met by a pair of blue eyes.

"Miss Hayes..." The man sat opposite Raegan and asked slightly, "Are you awake?"

Chapter 154 Raegan's Client Clients' information was always kept strictly confidential.

This was what made Hector's appearance all the more surprising to Raegan.

Hector, on the other hand, appeared unfazed.

It was standard for clients to receive the tutor's information beforehand.

Right now, he was impeccably dressed as though he had just finished a video meeting.

Once Raegan recovered from the shock, she stood up and bowed slightly.

"I apologize, Mr. Dixon.

I didn't mean to doze off." "What do you mean? Did you plan to fall asleep?" Hector retorted with a straight face.

His comment left Raegan momentarily speechless.

Seeing her slightly dazed expression, Hector rubbed his eyebrows and explained, "I'm just joking." Raegan managed an awkward smile in response.

She wished she could tell Hector to refrain from telling such a joke in the future since it made her feel like she was being reprimanded by a supervisor.

"Please, take a seat," Hector offered.

Raegan sat down as instructed.

"Have you gone through Bryce's profile?" he asked.

Raegan shook her head.

Access to a_ student's information was granted only to selected teachers.

This meant she would only learn about the student, Bryce, if Hector approved of her.

Hector went straight to the point.

"I made a mistake by spoiling Bryce.

He's temperamental and fond of playing pranks.

You're his ninth teacher this year.

As long as you can manage him, I have no issue with hiring you." The way Hector spoke of Bryce and the team leader's hesitation when assigning this task to her painted a clear picture for Raegan of the child's challenging behavior.

After a moment's thought, Raegan asked, "Does he get violent?" Hector raised an eyebrow, mildly surprised by the question, and replied, "Well, I know for a fact he has never harmed a woman." Raegan breathed a sigh of relief.

"That's all I need to know." "Would you like to meet him?" Hector then turned to the servant and instructed, "Ask Bryce to come down immediately." The servant went upstairs but returned shortly, looking uneasy.

"He wants Miss Hayes to come upstairs." Hector frowned.

"Tell him to come down right now." The servant left again but returned alone.

"Miss Hayes, please wait here," Hector said, visibly annoyed.

He turned around and prepared to go upstairs, But before he could take a step, Raegan interjected, "May I come with you?" As the evening wore on, she needed to meet Bryce as soon as possible and

then head home.

Upon reaching Bryce's room, they found the door ajar.

Hector knocked and pushed it open, revealing Bryce in a disheveled state.

In a stern voice, Hector commanded, "Get dressed.

Your new teacher is here." Bryce gave Hector a cursory glance and lazily pulled on a red sleeveless T-shirt.

Hector then gestured for Raegan to enter.

The room was a riot of punk aesthetics, with Bryce, sporting blue hair, at its center.

Bryce's demeanor belied his youth.

He carried an air of arrogance, and his eyes looked like Raegan's.

However, Raegan's eyes looked rather innocent, while Bryce's eyes projected malice and mischief.

Furthermore, Bryce was around 5.9 feet tall, so he did not look like a kid at all.

Typically, students in their final year of high school were around seventeen or eighteen.

Being a returning student, Bryce was already of adult age.

Raegan offered a smile and introduced herself.

"Hello, my name is Raegan Hayes.

You can call me..." "Raegan, right?" Bryce interrupted with a yawn.

His gaze shifted to Hector, and he sardonically asked, "Are you searching for a teacher or a stepmother for me? This one's less prettier than the previous ones.

I didn't know you had a taste for this type now." Bryce's words were sharp and intended to embarrass Raegan in front of Hector.

"What are you talking about? Say hello to your teacher," Hector reprimanded.

"Fine.

Nice to meet you, Raegan..." Bryce drawled.

Raegan did not mind and respectfully replied, "Nice to meet you, Bryce." Seeing that Raegan looked unfazed, Bryce sneered, "So, Raegan, did you apply for this job because you're interested in my dad? I'll tell you what, don't bother.

I can give you his schedule.

He's at the bars every Saturday.

You'd have better luck there than trying to handle me." "Bryce Dixon, that's enough!" Hector said in a dead serious tone.

He seldom showed emotion, but today was an exception.

He was fuming right now.

Bryce, intimidated by his father, took a seat and said nothing more.

Meanwhile, Raegan just silently observed the scene.

With a frown, Hector turned to Raegan and said, "Miss Hayes, let's go downstairs." "Mr.

Dixon, may I have a word with Bryce alone?" Raegan requested.

After a moment's consideration, Hector nodded.

Once Hector left, Bryce sneered.

"Don't flatter yourself into thinking you can outsmart me.

You should find out how my previous tutors quit.

One even swore never to teach again." "Why do you reject them anyway?" Raegan calmly asked.

"You're not here to help me.

You're all after my father," Bryce retorted.

"I have no interest in your father." "I don't believe you." "I don't care if you believe me or not.

I'm here to be your tutor," Raegan stated firmly.

"If you disagree, I'm willing to meet a challenge on your term.

If I succeed, you'll cooperate." "You're bold, Raegan," Bryce said with a smirk.

He then stood up and approached Raegan with a smile.

"Let's start with a glass of juice." With that, he grabbed a glass of juice from a servant.

Taking advantage of his height, he tilted his hand and spilled the red juice all over Raegan's coat.

"Oops, my bad," Bryce said with feigned innocence.

"My hand slipped." Raegan remained calm and composed.

She pulled a piece of tissue to wipe off the juice and said, "It's fine.

Your father can afford the cleaning." Before exiting his room, she added, "You have three days to think about it.

If you don't cooperate, I'll ask Mr.

Dixon to make you attend classes.

I don't care if you like me.

My job here is to teach." Infuriated by her words, Bryce stormed out and yelled for his father to hear, "I don't like her.

I don't want her as my teacher!" Bryce's anger was evident, a far cry from Raegan's composure.

Meanwhile, Hector was taken aback.

This was the first time Bryce had shown such frustration.

Usually, it was the tutors who left the room in tears.

He noticed Raegan's stained overcoat and apologized, "I'm sorry about that.

Bryce is a spoiled kid." "Mr.

Dixon, can I ask you something?" "Sure.

Go ahead." "What's Bryce's current academic ranking?" "He's about 235th in his school." Raegan paused and pondered Bryce's academic potential.

"And how many students are at the school?" "There are exactly two hundred thirty-five students," Hector replied nonchalantly.

Raegan was momentarily speechless.

Bryce was enrolled at an international school with a strict quota on student admissions each semester.

Bryce's enrollment was likely because of Hector's generous donation of a building.

Raegan regained her composure and said, "I've reviewed your request.

You want to improve his grades before he studies abroad, right? I'm confident I can raise his scores by fifty percent in three months.

However..." "However?" Hector urged.

"You'll have to pay me more," Raegan replied straightforwardly.

"Are you out of your mind?" Bryce shouted from upstairs.

Raegan merely ignored him and maintained a stoic expression.

"Sure, no problem," Hector, amused by her bluntness, replied without hesitation.

He agreed to her terms of 100 grand per week for the lessons with extended class durations.

With that settled, he arranged for a car to take her home.

Given Bryce's weak academic foundation, increasing the study time was essential to achieve the course's objectives.

Upon arriving at Nicole's residence, Raegan exited the car, thanked the driver, and watched him drive away.

As Raegan turned to enter the community, the bright headlights of another vehicle shone on her, causing discomfort to her eyes.

She shielded her eyes with her hand.

Then, as the headlights dimmed, a figure emerged from the vehicle and began approaching her, step by step.

Chapter 155

I Don't Want You Anymore When Raegan saw who was standing in front of her, her expression changed abruptly.

She chose to act like she hadn't noticed Mitchel and headed upstairs.

Mitchel blocked her path, his hands tucked casually into his pockets, unmoving as if he were a statue.

"Who sent you back just now?" Mitchel asked with a gloomy expression.

"That's none of your business," Raegan responded coldly.

Sensing her anger, Mitchel decided to change the subject, asking, "Why did you move out?" Raegan was momentarily at a loss for words when she heard his question.

However, she decided to sidestep him in an attempt to head upstairs.

But then, Mitchel grabbed her wrist, his tone unfriendly as he said, "We need to talk." His touch reminded Raegan of the memories of the previous night, making her stiffen.

She pulled her hand away and demanded, "Let go of me." Although Mitchel's heart ached, he complied.

However, he stepped in front of the door and blocked her path.

He asked in a low voice, "Raegan, can't you at least tell me why you moved?" "Why should I tell you?" Raegan asked, her confusion mingled with annoyance.

She couldn't fathom how he always managed to locate her, no matter where she went.

She pulled out her phone and displayed a picture, her voice laced with sarcasm as she said to Mitchel, "Mr.

Dixon, are you familiar with this divorce certificate?" Unexpectedly, Mitchel's face darkened at the sight of the photo.

He never thought she would keep a photo of their divorce certificate on her phone to wield against him at any moment.

It was a ruthless move that cut deep.

Mitchel felt heartbroken.

He looked at her and said, "Raegan, don't do this to me." "The same to you." Raegan's use of the word only seemed to create a greater distance between them.

"We are already divorced.

Mr.

Dixon, I don't understand why you're still acting this way.

Is it for fun? Is the Dixon Group about to go bankrupt? Why are you so idle?" Mitchel was speechless with anger.

Raegan turned away and headed upstairs, with Mitchel following closely behind.

She stopped, looked at him, and said, "Stop following me." But Mitchel remained resolute, meeting her eyes with determination.

When the elevator doors opened, Raegan stepped inside.

She stared into Mitchel's eyes and warned him, "If you keep following me, I'll have no choice but to call the police." Without hesitation, she pressed the elevator button.

As the doors were about to close, a hand pushed through, forcing them to reopen.

Mitchel's handsome face exuded cold determination.

He wasted no time, pressing Raegan against the elevator wall and kissing her passionately.

Her lips were delicate, and her waist was far too slender.

Mitchel held her and stood a safe distance from the elevator walls, afraid that the cold might hurt her.

He held her close, and she had no choice but to tilt her head to allow their kiss to deepen.

Raegan was powerless to resist his kiss and trembled.

Suddenly, the elevator chimed and opened.

Outside, an elderly woman caught sight of the two and quickly turned away.

She muttered, "Young man, can't you do that at home? There is a CCTV camera in the elevator." Raegan snapped back to reality and shoved Mitchel away.

It was a swift and effective way to end the passionate kiss.

As their eyes locked, a faint smile graced Mitchel's lips.

However, an unsatisfied longing tugged at his heart, urging him to hold her close, pressing her against his chest.

"Your lips and your body still remember me," he said confidently.

"What does that prove?" Raegan asked angrily.

Mitchel's strength left her with no choice but to rest her hand on his chest as she attempted to keep calm.

"You still love me," Mitchel declared firmly.

"I don't love you anymore, Mitchel." "But I love you.

Let me love you," he said as he held her tightly and nuzzled his head against her neck.

"Give me another chance, Raegan.

Don't be so heartless to me," Mitchel pleaded.

Despite his arrogance, he humbled himself amid this unending pain of living without Raegan.

Tears welled up in Raegan's eyes, not out of sentiment but because she realized she had lost too much.

She had been waiting for his confession of his feelings for her for so long.

They were already divorced, yet he finally said he loved her.

This wasn't the worst thing.

What hurt her the most was the loss of her unborn baby.

Heavens knew how much she longed to see that baby grow and hear it speak.

However, it could never be.

"It's too late to say you love me." She wouldn't love him anymore, and she wouldn't give him another chance.

Moreover, she questioned whether he had ever truly loved her.

Mitchel had been born with a silver spoon in his mouth.

Did he know what love was? In her opinion, his affection had been more of possessiveness and reluctance since she had schemed to end their marriage and chose not to love him anymore.

"It's not too late, Raegan.

As long as you give me a chance, it will never be too late," Mitchel insisted.

But Raegan, unimpressed by his words, responded calmly, "Mitchel, do you enjoy being disliked by others? I won't love you again, and I won't give you another chance.

I've told you the umpteenth time." Only a fool would repeat the same mistake, and she was determined not to fall into that trap again.

Why would she give him another chance to hurt her again? She had endured enough pain once, and she had no intention of reliving it.

Mitchel's heart ached at her indifference.

He firmly held her shoulder and looked at her intently.

"Raegan, I won't allow it," he declared, refusing to accept her decision not to love him.

Raegan was exhausted by his persistence and loosened her posture.

"Why are you so persistent, Mr.

Dixon? A divorce is meant to free us from each other's lives and allow us to move on.

You are a rich man and have no shortage of women around you.

Why are you doing this?" "I don't want anyone else." Veins bulged on the back of Mitchel's hands as he stared at Raegan, desperately searching for a trace of love in her eyes.

But Raegan's eyes remained cold and unyielding.

The pain in his heart deepened as if a cold dagger was piercing his chest.

He felt as if he was on the verge of losing his sanity.

If not for the tiniest shred of reason remaining, he might have locked her away and kept her by his side.

In a final attempt, he firmly said, "I only want you." Raegan looked at him and responded with a cold sneer, "But I don't want you anymore."

Chapter 156

Alexis' Proposition Mitchel tightened his grip on Raegan's shoulder and said through gritted teeth, "You can't say that." The impact of their divorce on Mitchel was unexpected to Raegan.

Admittedly, Raegan had not fully moved on from him.

When she lost her unborn child, her resentment toward Mitchel intensified.

Her hatred for Mitchel was her coping mechanism to alleviate her pain.

But she realized it was time to let go.

The first step to living a good life was to let go of the miserable past.

Raegan brushed off his hand, straightened up, and said with a neutral expression, "Mitchel, I don't care what's on your mind.

I'm starting a new life, anyway.

Ideally, exes should wish each other well in their future marriages.

If you can't do that, I won't force you.

But please, stay out of my life." New life? Marriage? Staying out of her life? Mitchel looked up, and his expression turned icy.

"Are you planning to marry someone else?" Raegan met his gaze and pondered over his question.

What was wrong with her statement? Did he expect her to stay single forever? One relationship with a wrong guy like him did not mean she despised all men.

Having lost her family, she longed to build one of her own.

But she was not in a rush to get into a relationship right now.

Even if she did meet one great man someday, she would be cautious and not blinded by love.

However, these were not her immediate concerns.

Her focus was on bettering herself.

"I'm only 22," Raegan said frankly.

"Even if I'm not marrying now, I will in the future." Mitchel's hand tensed, and blue veins stood out on the back of it.

Moreover, his heart twisted in pain.

How he wished he could lock her up, so she would not be able to leave him.

How could he let her marry someone else and then expect him to give the damn blessing? "Try it then," he challenged with a cold expression.

Raegan met his gaze and forcefully pushed him away while stepping out of the elevator.

Mitchel's handsome face grew darker as he watched her leave.

"Raegan, you will come back to my side," he declared with the same certainty Raegan had used when asking for a divorce.

Raegan, unsettled, quickly shut the door behind her and leaned against it.

Mitchel's assertive tone left her anxious.

Their past was a mix of sweetness and sorrow.

She did not want to experience it all again.

She could maintain her composure once or twice.

But what if this kept happening? How could she ignore it? On the other side, Mitchel stared at the closed door, feeling completely shut out by Raegan.

She seemed adamant to leave him and start anew.

He reminisced about their happier times, her sensitivity, and the way she responded to his flirtations.

Had she forgotten about those? The thought of another man witnessing her shy pouts was unbearable.

Terrible ideas kept sprouting in his mind.

Just then, Mitchel's phone rang, snapping him out of his thoughts.

It was an urgent call from his grandpa's place.

Mitchel turned to leave.

But before he walked away, he could not resist looking back at the closed door.

Did Raegan really mean it when she said she did not want to see him again? Anyway, it was not her choice to make.

It was late in the evening when Mitchel rushed back.

As he stepped into, he saw the chaos.

Luciana, with tears streaming down her face, huddled by the bed.

Alexis stood by and, for some reason, was averting his gaze from Luciana.

Mitchel's heart ached at the sight.

Such a strong woman, now so vulnerable.

He approached Luciana to comfort her while also casting a chilly glance at Alexis.

"You've just come back today.

Shouldn't you be resting instead?" His words hinted at Alexis being the cause of trouble.

Alexis' expression hardened, and he sneered, "I'm your father.

Show some respect!" "Then act like one," Mitchel shot back.

"Am I the one arguing? I haven't said anything.

She's the one smashing things.

I don't even want to be here!" Luciana sprang to her feet and argued, "You think I enjoy talking to you? If not for Kyler, I'd have divorced you a long time ago!" "Don't flatter yourself.

I didn't come back for you," Alexis retorted, clearly annoyed.

He then gestured to Mitchel and added, "Come with me." With that, Alexis headed to the study.

Once inside, Alexis flung a photograph at Mitchel and went straight to the point.

"You're divorced, I know.

Tomorrow, I want you to meet Eloise, the only daughter of the Benton family." "What do you mean?" Mitchel asked, puzzled.

Alexis looked at Mitchel sharply and replied, "What do I mean? You've been messing around for two years.

It's time for you to settle down for a marriage of convenience." "I decline a marriage of convenience," Mitchel stated firmly.

As if he had not heard what his son said, Alexis lit a cigar and pressed on, "The Benton family's new energy projects could boost our foreign market share by 70 percent.

I'm quite pleased with it.

The blind date is just a formality.

You're marrying her whether you like it or not." Mitchel walked to the window, flung it open to air out the cigar smoke, and replied with a hint of sarcasm, "Well, if you're so pleased about it, why don't you marry her yourself? Did any of your mistresses have actually benefited the Dixon family?" "You..." Alexis choked in anger and coughed violently.

Once he recovered, he slammed his fist on the table and asserted, "Mitchel, this isn't up for discussion.

If you refuse to comply, you're no longer part of this family." Mitchel shot Alexis a steely gaze.

"I'm not discussing with you, either.

Last I checked, I hold more shares than you.

You're in no position to kick me out.

If I were you, I'd continue to live overseas and stay out of the company's affairs." Alexis' anger subsided into a sneer.

"Your mother and grandfather really taught you well how to piss off your own father." "I will take that as a compliment." At this moment, Alexis' fury was palpable.

He fixed his gaze on Mitchel and asked with frustration, "Can't you tell why I'm doing this? It's for the future of the company! Think of your mother and grandfather." His voice started soft but grew increasingly forceful.

Mitchel's expression turned even colder.

He faced Alexis and pointedly asked, "Are you really doing this for the family and the company?" Alexis was stunned for a second and unconsciously averted his gaze.

"Yes, of course.

This is all for you." A hint of mockery flashed across Mitchel's eyes.

He had changed his mind.

At last, he sighed resignedly and said, "Fine, I'll go."

Chapter 157

Afraid Of Him Seeing Mitchel's change in attitude, Alexis' demeanor softened, and he earnestly said.

"You're my only son.

Everything I do, I do for the Dixon family, especially exploring the market." "Sure," Mitchel responded absentmindedly.

Alexis looked at his son, who was taller and more handsome than himself, and felt a sense of pride.

He reached out to pat Mitchel's back, but the latter deftly sidestepped the gesture.

Annoyed by Alexis' duplicity, Mitchel coldly said, "If you have no other important business, don't bother coming here." Alexis felt a sting at those words.

This place was his home, too.

Why should he be barred from it? In his eyes, Mitchel was influenced too much by Luciana and Kyler that he had no qualms in disrespecting his father.

But since Mitchel had agreed to attend the blind date, Alexis decided to let it go.

"Fine. I won't be here unless necessary." Alexis was busy with negotiations with the Benton family for a collaboration in the foreign market.

If things went well, he might regain the control of the Dixon Group.

When that time came, Mitchel would have to fall in line, especially considering his connection to Raegan.

Alexis vowed to himself to only support those who obeyed him.

The next morning, Raegan started to clean Nicole's apartment.

Nicole had not come back the previous night.

Well, the truth was, Nicole rarely lived in this place.

Nicole had once half-jokingly told Raegan that this apartment was her last remaining asset, and if she ever needed to flee, she would sell it for quick cash.

Therefore, she welcomed Raegan to move in.

Raegan knew this was Nicole's way of helping her.

Since Nicole was against the idea of Raegan staying elsewhere, Raegan insisted on paying market-rate rent, asserting if Nicole refused to take the money, she would find another place.

Eventually, Nicole relented.

She agreed to accept half the rent and share the house with Raegan.

Raegan was in the process of selling her own apartment.

Two clients had shown interest, but their offers had not met her expectations.

Though eager to sell it out, Raegan didn't want to sell her dream home at a low price.

After all, she had chosen the location carefully and believed it deserved a fair value.

That afternoon, Henley asked Raegan out, saying he would like to ask her a favor.

So, Raegan decided to go out early and pay a visit to Kyler in the hospital before meeting Henley.

Kyler's condition had been deteriorating, resulting in a prolonged hospital stay.

Upon seeing Raegan, Kyler's face lit up, and he eagerly asked, "Why are you here alone? Where's Mitchel?" Raegan quickly racked her brain to come up with an excuse.

"He's swamped with work these days." The truth was, she had intentionally chosen a time when Mitchel would be at the office to avoid any awkward encounters.

After chatting with Kyler, Raegan cautiously broached a sensitive topic.

"Would you be upset if Mitchel and I ever broke up?" Kyler frowned.

"Has that brat been giving you a hard time?" "No, no.

I was just curious about your reaction." Raegan had been contemplating how to tell Kyler about the divorce.

She could not hide the truth from him forever.

To avoid any unnecessary involvement with Mitchel, she preferred to tell Kyler sooner rather than later.

Kyler might be upset at first, but Raegan was confident he would eventually understand her decision.

However, she decided against telling him about her miscarriage, fearing it would be too much for him to bear, especially in his current state.

For now, she needed to come up with a more suitable explanation for the divorce.

"Don't be impulsive.

If you and Mitchel have any misunderstandings, you should address them quickly.

You don't want to live with regret." Raegan found herself at a loss for words.

Sensing that there was something on her mind, Kyler continued, "Raegan, I can handle more than you think.

If something's bothering you, tell me.

I'll manage to help you." Tears welled up in Raegan's eyes.

She gently placed her face against the back of his hand and assured him, "I'm fine.

My only wish is for you to live a long, peaceful, and happy life." Kyler smiled warmly.

"Everyone has regrets in their lives.

Don't underestimate me.

I'm much stronger than you think." Raegan sensed that Kyler might already know about her divorce or at least suspect something was amiss.

She and Mitchel had not visited him together for quite some time, which could have raised his suspicions.

With this in mind, Raegan began to reassure him, "I..." Before she could complete her sentence, the door to the ward swung open, revealing Mitchel.

He must have just met some important clients at work.

Dressed impeccably in a suit, complete with a silver brooch and a rosy tie, he exuded the charm often used to describe rising talents.

While Raegan was still wondering why he showed up at this time, Mitchel walked over to her, grabbed her shoulders, and pulled her into his arms.

"Why didn't you wait for me?" he casually asked, as if they were still the picture-perfect couple they once were.

With Kyler watching, Raegan found it difficult to push Mitchel away and instead let him be.

"I'm afraid that you are not available for the visit." Mitchel pressed her hand on her shoulder and replied, "No matter how busy I am, I will manage to come here with you anyway." His voice was gentle, the complete opposite of those harsh words he had spoken the night before.

Raegan could not help but think how irresistible Mitchel could be whenever he was gentle and tender.

His charm could sweep anyone off their feet, including her.

If it were not for her suffering in their relationship and the loss of their baby, she might have fallen for him again.

During their half-hour visit, Raegan was visibly nervous because of Mitchel's presence.

Noticing her discomfort, Mitchel tightened his hold and soothingly stroked her shoulder with his thumb, causing her to blush even more.

Kyler sensed something was wrong and asked with concern, "Raegan, are you okay? Why is your face so red?" Mitchel looked down at her, his gaze filled with affection.

"I'm fine, Just feeling a little stuffy in here," Raegan said.

Kyler did not doubt her words and nodded.

"We old people often feel cold, so the room might be a bit warmer than outside." The visit seemed to last an eternity for Raegan.

As soon as she walked out of the ward, she withdrew herself from Mitchel's embrace.

For her, the charade they had maintained inside was suffocating.

When the elevator arrived, Raegan stepped in and hurriedly closed its door.

However, Mitchel was quicker and slipped inside Just in time.

As his familiar scent reached Raegan's senses, the scene of their elevator kiss flashed across her mind, making her instinctively step back.

Mitchel stared at her with irony in his eyes and asked, "Where are you headed? I can give you a ride."
"No, thank you.

I can manage on my own," Raegan curtly replied.

As she spoke, she pressed herself against the elevator wall to maintain distance from Mitchel.

Their past and his vow that she would come back to his side had left her reeling from the trauma.

All she wanted right now was to get away from him.

Mitchel smiled mischievously.

"Relax, Raegan.

I won't harm you." Her discomfort was palpable as if being near him was unbearable.

"Don't get me wrong." Raegan turned her face away, unable to meet Mitchel's intense gaze.

She was at a loss for words.

No matter how much she tried, it seemed impossible to sway Mitchel from his resolve.

Luckily, the elevator doors finally opened.

Raegan hurried out.

Just as she stepped out, her phone rang with a call from Henley, which she immediately answered.

On the other side, Henley asked her where she was and offered to pick her up for their meeting.

Seeing that Mitchel had not left yet, Raegan covered her phone and whispered, "I'm at a hospital..." Before she could finish, Mitchel pushed her against the wall and trapped her with his arm.

Raegan's eyes widened in shock.

Before she could react, Mitchel snatched her phone and said to Henley, "Don't bother.

I'll take her there."

Pretend To Be My Girlfriend Raegan was still in shock when Mitchel abruptly ended the call.

Mitchel gave Raegan a cold, hard stare and said, "Funny coincidence.

I was just about to go to the very place where he asked you to go." He then picked her up all of a sudden, catching her off guard.

Raegan's face hit his chest and rebounded, leaving her startled.

Instinctively, she wrapped her arms around his neck.

She was embarrassed when sensing the gaze of people passing by.

So, she released her grip, grasped the button of his suit, and whispered, "Please, put me down." "I'm in a rush, and you walk very slowly," Mitchel retorted.

Raegan was taken aback.

"If you are in a hurry, go about your business.

I don't need you to give me a ride." Ignoring her words, Mitchel carried her to the parking lot and unceremoniously positioned her in the passenger seat, buckling her in.

Raegan didn't want to go with him.

She unbuckled her seatbelt and tried to open the door, but it was locked.

Turning to Mitchel, she pleaded, "Could you please unlock the door?" Mitchel glanced at her and asked, "Aren't you supposed to be going on a date?" Before Raegan could respond, Mitchel's eyes turned cold, and he added, "Let me drive you so you can get to your date faster." His cold demeanor made Raegan feel as though she was about to be punished.

She didn't dare to argue.

Mitchel rested one hand on the steering wheel but didn't start the car.

He asked, "If I hadn't shown up today, were you planning to tell Kyler about our divorce?" Raegan remained silent.

Even though she hadn't vocalized her intentions, she did think about it.

Mitchel sneered, "You are quite something, Raegan.

To be with another man, you don't care about Kyler's condition." Raegan, however, couldn't help but feel that Kyler was doing much better than Mitchel was making it seem.

She responded, "Are you planning to hide it from Kyler forever? He hadn't shown any signs of being unhappy when] asked him whatif you and [broke up..." With each word Raegan uttered, the light in Mitchel's eyes seemed to fade.

Finally, he exploded.

Mitchel angrily threw some reports against the car's central control console.

He said in a frustrated tone, "Take a look at these!" Mitchel's frustration was palpable.

He had used such force when throwing the reports that two pieces of paper scraped Raegan's face.

Raegan felt a little pain when the sharp edge of the paper scraped a red mark on her face.

Though she said nothing, she picked up the reports and began to read.

The report read, "Premature heart valve contractions...

Multiple organs showing signs of decline..." Many of the medical terms were beyond her comprehension, but she could discern that Kyler's condition was far from good.

Her eyes welled up with tears, and a teardrop fell onto the paper.

Seeing the teardrop, Mitchel stiffened, his anger subsiding.

He wondered if he had been too harsh in his words.

Seeing the red marks on her face scraped by the paper, Mitchell felt a pang of distress.

He couldn't help extending his hand to alleviate her pain.

However, when Raegan saw his hand reaching out, her expression quickly changed.

She blocked his hand and said hastily, "I'm sorry.

I won't tell Kyler about our divorce." Mitchel's hand hung in the air, frozen and motionless.

What did her expression mean? Did she honestly think he would hit her? Regardless of how upset he had ever been, he never raised a hand against her.

How could she possibly think he would resort to violence? All of a sudden, Mitchel felt heartbroken.

The next moment, Raegan said, "I promise I won't tell him about our divorce, but I don't want to act like an affectionate couple with you in front of him.

So, the next time you and I visit him, let's go separately on different days to avoid any awkwardness, okay?" A heavy silence filled the car.

Mitchel clenched the steering wheel so tightly that his knuckles turned white, and his lips pressed into a thin line.

Well...

She didn't want to be around him this much, did she? Suddenly, with a thunderous roar, the car rushed forward like an arrow from a bow.

Raegan quickly grabbed the handle to steady herself and fumbled to fasten her seatbelt.

The sudden start of the car drained the color from her ruddy face.

She was so uncomfortable that her breathing became erratic.

"Could you please slow down?" It appeared that Mitchel didn't hear her.

His gaze remained fixed ahead, an aura of cold determination enveloping him.

However, he had slowed down a bit.

Mitchel steered the car onto a less-traveled route.

Although he didn't exceed the speed limit, the forceful acceleration left Raegan queasy and lightheaded.

Raegan wanted to ask why he was in such a rush, but the nausea from motion sickness plagued her every thought.

She closed her eyes and leaned back, hoping it would alleviate her discomfort.

Throughout the drive, Henley kept calling, concerned about her well-being.

Raegan finally managed to answer.

Henley asked, "Raegan, where are you?" Raegan's voice quivered as she weakly replied, "I should be there soon." Henley refrained from saying more and just said, "Alright, I'll wait for you by the entrance." Suddenly, the car accelerated once again.

Raegan's trembling hand caused her phone to slip under her feet, but she lacked the strength to retrieve it.

Her main focus was staying alive.

Finally, she caught sight of the coffee shop and saw Henley waiting by the roadside.

Panicking, Raegan shouted, "Stop!" But Mitchel paid her no heed.

She tried a different tactic, threatening, "If you don't stop, I'll throw up." With a screech, the car halted just inches away from Henley.

Raegan's face had paled.

On the other hand, although Henley's expression briefly changed, he quickly composed himself.

Raegan was still in a state of panic.

Mitchel acted like a madman! Picking up her phone, she exited the car without uttering a word.

As soon as she stepped out of the car, her legs gave out beneath her.

Thankfully, Henley rushed to her side and caught her in his arms.

Her strength had seemingly abandoned her as she leaned into Henley's support.

Though it felt impolite, she couldn't muster the energy to stand on her own.

Her legs had turned into jelly.

"Are you alright?" Raegan heard Henley's soothing voice resonate from above.

However, Henley was looking at Mitchel.

If looks could kill, Henley would have dropped dead on the spot.

Raegan's hands, which were still holding Henley's waist, trembled uncontrollably.

Compared to Mitchel, who had been driving in silence at a breakneck speed, Henley's patience and support made her feel oddly secure.

After a while, Raegan regained her footing and apologized, "I'm sorry.

I just felt a bit dizzy." "No worries." Henley brushed it off with grace.

He then extended his arm like a gentleman and said, "Let's head inside." Once seated, Raegan gulped down an entire cup of coffee to clear her head.

What Henley revealed next left her stunned.

Henley fought with his family due to his feelings for a girl.

Instead of handling the family business, he opted to work for a company.

However, since he was facing a plethora of problems in his work, his parents started to pressure him to return to the family business and propose a marriage of convenience.

But he didn't want a marriage without love.

He got someone he desperately wanted to marry.

Therefore, Henley wanted Raegan to pretend to be his girlfriend tonight during a dinner with his parents, who had just returned from abroad.

Although Henley's words were not direct, it was clear to Raegan that he had lost his job because of Mitchel.

Worse still, other companies refused to hire him.

However, Henley refused to compromise.

Since he was still chasing after the girl he loved, he came up with this plan.

Raegan couldn't help but feel this misfortune had befallen Henley because of her.

She felt sorry for Henley.

As she was about to express her thoughts, her heart skipped a beat when she saw Mitchel entering the coffee shop from the corner of her eye.

Chapter 159

Flatter Herself Henley looked at where Raegan gazed and saw Mitchel.

He asked, "Do you want to go somewhere else?" Raegan shook her head.

"No need.

This place is fine with me." She had to accept that being in the same city with Mitchel, their paths could cross.

She couldn't avoid him forever.

This was a public place, anyway.

Raegan believed Mitchel wouldn't do anything rude.

Despite this thought, her mind was still in a mess when she saw Mitchel approaching.

And the way he stared at her while walking gave her goosebumps.

When Mitchel approached her table, Raegan's fight-or-flight response was to suddenly stand up and shout, "You are so annoying!" As soon as her voice fell, the entire restaurant instantly quieted down.

Raegan felt a little embarrassed upon realizing this.

But this was all because she was really plagued by Mitchel's presence recently and became a little nervous.

Besides, she didn't fully recover from sitting in his car while he drove at a breakneck speed.

Mitchel just stared at her, devoid of expression.

It unsettled Raegan even more since she didn't know whether he was livid.

The next moment, a young lady ran forward, enthusiastically held Mitchel's arm, and called out affectionately, "Mitchel..." Raegan was stunned.

It turned out Mitchel was telling the truth.

He indeed had an appointment here.

He even paid more attention to his clothes today Just because of a date.

That young lady glanced at Raegan and asked impolitely, "What did you mean just now?" Raegan was even more stunned.

As the only daughter of the Benton family, Eloise had always been spoiled and she became angrier when Raegan kept silent.

She raised her chin and snapped, "Hey, I'm asking you." Henley pulled Raegan behind him and helped her out.

"I'm sorry.

She was Just angry with me just now." Eloise frowned but she let it go, thinking Raegan and Henley were a couple having a lover's quarrel.

Mitchel lowered his eyes and glanced at Raegan's wrist grabbed by Henley.

He frowned, looked at Raegan, and said indifferently, "You are flattering yourself." His undertone wasn't lost on the onlookers.

In an instant, growing onlookers gazed at them.

They started to imagine things in their minds.

Raegan looked at the crowd stealthily.

Her face pale, she pursed her lips and said in a low voice, "I'm sorry." Mitchel's heart softened when he saw Raegan's pale face.

His anger subsided a little.

He turned around and was about to walk away.

However, Eloise was not willing to let Raegan go easily upon learning Mitchel knew Raegan, judging from their words.

Eloise looked Raegan up and down and found Raegan a real beauty.

Different from those Internet celebrities nowadays, Raegan had unique features that impressed people.

Her watery round eyes were so charming that one could be obsessed by them.

Jealous of Raegan's beauty, Eloise's hostility toward Raegan surged in her heart.

The more Eloise looked at Raegan, the angrier she became.

She shouted, "Why is your voice so low? Are you apologizing to yourself?" Raegan's heart jolted upon hearing Eloise's words.

Her face turned even paler.

If Mitchel hadn't been looking at her, she wouldn't have misunderstood him.

He obviously misled her.

Eloise still stared at Raegan.

"Are you apologizing or not?" "Well, I'm just flattering myself." As soon as she said this, tears welled up in her eyes.

She looked at Henley and said, "Let's go." She couldn't afford to stay here any longer.

Henley nodded.

He wrapped his arm around Raegan's waist, led her to turn around, and left.

While they walked away, Raegan could still hear Eloise muttering behind her.

"Mitchel, women nowadays are good at flattering themselves.

But I don't think they deserve it." Raegan paused in her tracks.

Then, she walked faster, leaving Henley far behind her.

Meanwhile, Mitchel's eyes were fixed on them.

When Eloise followed Mitchel's gaze and saw Raegan's back, jealousy overwhelmed her.

"Mitchel, you are here to have a blind date with me.

Why do you keep staring at her?" Eloise wasn't careful about her words and always said whatever she wanted.

Mitchel suddenly turned his head and cast an icy glance at her.

Under his warning glance, she didn't dare to say anything more.

"Do you know me well?" Mitchel asked indifferently.

"What do you mean?" Eloise asked in confusion.

"Don't act like we get on well with each other.

I just met you." Mitchel was seldom this straightforward.

But at this moment, his anger was palpable and anyone could tell it from his tone.

Seemingly innocent, Eloise failed to notice his fury.

She blushed after stealing a glance at Mitchel's handsome face.

And then, she said in a low voice, "I know why I'm here.

My father said that I will be your wife." She had only seen Mitchel's pictures before, thinking his pictures were photographed since she thought no man could be this handsome.

But the moment she saw him in person, she was fascinated by him immediately.

To her, Mitchel was even more dashing than he looked in the pictures.

All of Mitchel's features seemed to be carefully carved.

One glance from his charming eyes could make her heart racing.

He was the most handsome man she had ever seen.

Not only his appearance but also his temperament was outstanding.

Those famous male stars and celebrities she had ever seen in person couldn't hold a candle to him.

After some moments, Eloise mustered up her courage, raised her head, and said, "Mitchel, do you like..." She abruptly stopped since Mitchel was nowhere in sight.

Where did Mitchel go? She hadn't finished yet.

Eloise hurriedly looked around, only to find him walking to the door.

Looking at his tall and straight back, Eloise's face turned crimson even more, her eyes filled with affection.

He was perfect from whatever angle she looked at him.

She liked him even more.

Raegan sat in Henley's car silently.

She never said a word on their way.

Eloise's words kept replaying in her mind, and she found they made sense.

She and Mitchel were from two different worlds.

They were never meant for each other.

When she and Mitchel were still together, Lauren had fallen head over heels in love with Mitchel.

Now that they had divorced, another admirer showed up.

Mitchel was popular among women.

And the woman standing beside him would never be her.

She didn't deserve a man of position and wealth like Mitchel.

With this understanding, she convinced herself to calm down since it was an undeniable fact.

But the emotions that surged in her heart were overwhelming.

Mitchel still affected her emotions.

He still had a huge impact on her.

This realization made her panic.

She had already tried hard to forget him and move on.

But he could always locate her and show up, rendering her downhearted all of a sudden.

Fortunately, she had already contacted her former mentor and applied for further studies abroad.

After she paid off her debt, she would prepare to go abroad.

Raegan believed that if she was far from Mitchel, she could move on and start a new life.

"Raegan..." Raegan only came back to her senses after Henley called out to her twice.

She hurriedly apologized, "I'm sorry, Henley.

What did you say?" Seeing Raegan was in a trance just now, a touch of gloom flashed across Henley's eyes.

He knew Mitchel was her mind earlier.

But he quickly returned to his usual self when Raegan turned to look at him.

"I was wondering if pretending to be my girlfriend tonight bothers you, feel free to say your thoughts.

I can understand." He smiled bitterly.

"I'll handle them myself." To be honest, Raegan was moved by Henley's story with his determination to chase after his crush so affectionately.

Moreover, she couldn't shake off the feelings that she was partly responsible for Henley's suffering.

After thinking about it for a while, she agreed.

"It's all right, Henley.

I can pretend to be your girlfriend.

But only once.

I don't think it will be a good idea if the acting goes on.

What if the girl you have been chasing after misunderstands us? It will only make the situation worse."
Henley agreed with a smile.

Then he took Raegan to the studio for the outfit and makeup.

He made her look the way his parents liked.

: Raegan didn't complain.

She was willing to help Henley out after he had helped her tons of times.

She thought it was just a dinner, no big deal.

But things turned asudden twist from her expectation.

She never thought she would meet Mitchel at dinner when she showed up as Henley's so-called girlfriend.

Chapter 160

Raegan's Confession At a hotel in Ardlens, Henley's parents were eagerly awaiting their arrival at the entrance.

As Raegan approached, Henley's mother embraced her warmly and presented her with some gifts.

Obviously, Gerda was delighted with her son's choice of girlfriend.

Raegan did not have the heart to refuse those gifts prepared by Gerda.

Following Henley's cue, she accepted them but secretly planned to return them to Henley later.

Just then, Henley received a call and gestured for them to head upstairs without him.

Gerda linked arms with Raegan and chatted amiably as they walked toward the elevator.

But just after taking two steps, Raegan stopped in her tracks when she spotted a familiar figure.

It was Mitchel.

The tall, commanding figure, flanked by a group, was heading toward the same elevator.

Their eyes briefly met.

But the next second, they both averted their gaze with feigned indifference.

Raegan couldn't help but feel what a coincidence! Not wanting to share the elevator with Mitchel, Raegan slowed her pace.

Unfortunately for her, just as the doors were about to close, Mitchel held the door open with his hand and stared at her and Gerda.

"Coming in?" As Raegan was about to say she would just wait for the next elevator, Gerda led her into the elevator.

Gerda then turned to Mitchel and thanked him with a smile.

Once the elevator doors closed, a deafening silence enveloped the space.

Mitchel said nothing, and so did everyone around him, making the atmosphere weird.

Gerda, still holding Raegan's hand, enthusiastically said, "Raegan, I like you the moment I saw you.

You're so adorable.

You and Henley should marry soon and settle down.

I'm looking forward to the day Henley and you start a family and have some kids." Upon hearing this, Raegan felt sharp eyes piercing through her back.

She managed a strained smile and replied, "Gerda, it's too early to think about that..." "Tunderstand you young people want to spend more time together before the baby comes," Gerda assured with a smile, "But don't worry.

Once you give birth to the baby, I'll be there to help you take care of it." Raegan's embarrassment deepened, and she could only laugh awkwardly in response.

Ding.

Finally, the elevator reached their floor.

Raegan hurriedly guided Gerda out, anxious that Gerda's enthusiasm might lead to her saying more shocking words.

Raegan was quite uneasy, not only because of the unexpected encounter with Mitchel but also by Gerda's pointed questions about marriage and children.

Although she struggled to respond, she managed to remain polite.

"No worries, dear.

I'll make sure you have a magnificent wedding in the future," Gerda continued, seemingly oblivious to Raegan's discomfort.

Raegan smiled awkwardly.

She could not help but feel that Gerda was rushing her toward marriage.

No wonder Henley wanted her to pretend to be his girlfriend tonight.

Not wanting to make things difficult for Henley, Raegan simply smiled and said nothing.

A few moments later, she excused herself since it became too much to bear.

Reagan made her way to the washroom.

Once inside, she splashed cold water on her face, and the chill helped clear her mind.

Encountering Mitchel twice in one day had soured her mood.

Not only that, his insinuation that she was flattering herself was particularly hurtful.

How ridiculous.

It was ironic how her once unreserved love was worthless in his eyes.

Thankfully, Raegan had freed herself from any more humiliation with the divorce.

Once she calmed down, she fixed her hair in front of the mirror and applied some lip balm.

With that, she was ready to face the world again.

But when she stepped out, she saw Mitchel smoking in a corner.

Their eyes met through the haze of smoke, and Raegan's heart skipped a beat.

She sensed something in his gaze.

Raegan did not want to meet him.

But she had to pass by him since it was the only way to return to the chamber.

She tried to reassure herself.

Mitchel seemed disinterested in her today, and he was never short of admirers.

She doubted he would go out of his way to trouble her.

At this moment, she put on a facade of composure and began to make her way back.

As she approached Mitchel, he extinguished his cigarette in the ashtray and, to her surprise, blocked her path.

Raegan stopped in her tracks, faced the wall, and waited for him to walk over.

But he stayed put and maintained his stance.

She lifted her gaze, and her heart raced when she met his icy stare.

Raegan tried, with all her might, to remain calm and composed.

"Excuse me." "Where are you going?" Mitchel asked, which took her by surprise.

After a brief pause, Raegan replied lightly, "That's none of your business." It was then that she realized Mitchel was not going to move an inch for her to pass by.

Not wanting to create a scene with him, especially in public, she tried to squeeze past the narrow space.

But as Raegan moved, Mitchel grabbed her thigh, nearly causing her to stumble.

In a panic, she grabbed him for support.

To her shock, Mitchel pulled her into the men's restroom.

Raegan struggled and kicked him hard.

Despite her struggles, she found herself against a cubicle door.

In the restroom of a luxurious seven-star hotel, the lighting was soft yet bright enough to illuminate the spacious area.

A subtle fragrance lingered in the air.

Raegan caught her reflection on the glossy white porcelain wall.

Her hair was disheveled, and she found herself tilting her head back involuntarily.

On the other hand, Mitchel's attire remained impeccably neat, which highlighted her disarray.

"Mitchel, you're insane.

Let me go!" Raegan bellowed, her eyes bloodshot in anger.

Mitchel grabbed her chin and forcefully tilted her face up to meet his eyes.

"Can't stay away from him, huh? What did Henley do to win you over?" The contempt in his words was unmistakable.

But only Mitchel knew the reason he said those harsh words was to hide the jealousy churning inside him.

Raegan had consistently rejected his attempts at reconciliation.

He had tried everything, from humility to assertiveness, but nothing swayed her.

Her rejections had driven him to near madness.

Settling down...

Having a child...

He could not comprehend how she could consider such things with someone else.

There seemed to be an electric drill in his head, which made Mitchel feel a headache.

In frustration, Mitchel gripped her face tighter and demanded, "Answer me!" Raegan winced in pain.

Had she not been restrained, she would have slapped him across the face.

"What the hell is wrong with you, Mitchel? We're divorced.

My life is none of your business.

You have no right to treat me like this." Tears brimmed in her eyes, but Raegan refused to back down.

"You lied to me!" Mitchel shot back, his eyes blazed with fury.

He looked as though he was going to devour her.

"You once said you didn't like him.

So what's this about now? Are you that keen on having his baby?" The mention of a "baby" struck a nerve in Raegan, fueling her anger.

Of all people, Mitchel should not have misunderstood her.

She had once longed for a child with him.

Their child, who never got to see the world, left a void in her heart.

Mitchel failed to grasp her pain.

And now he stood here, misconstruing her intentions.

Why must she alone bear this agony? If the mere thought of her moving on in her life with another man could wound Mitchel's pride, maybe it was time for her to make him suffer as well.

With this in mind, Raegan's lips curled into a smile, and she resolutely said, "Yes, I do like him.

And yes, I want to have a child with him.

Satisfied?" Mitchel's mind went blank as if he had been struck by a meteorite.

She admitted it.

She finally admitted to loving Henley!