

Unbreakable 161

Chapter 161

She Has Buried Her Past Self When Raegan saw the expression on Mitchel's face, she felt a sense of pleasure.

But it wasn't enough to make up for the pain she felt.

She said sarcastically, "Actually, the person I should thank the most is you, Mr. Dixon.

If you hadn't divorced me, I wouldn't have had the chance to be with Henley.

I wouldn't have found my happiness." Mitchel's handsome face darkened upon hearing this.

Raegan couldn't help smiling.

And her smile seemed to come from the bottom of her heart.

"Henley likes children very much.

We plan to have two children and live a simple and happy life as a family of four." "That won't happen!" Mitchel reached out and squeezed Raegan's shoulder.

"I will never allow you to have a child with him or with any men." Raegan looked at him with amusement.

"Mr. Dixon, who do you think you are to decide whether I can have a child or not? An ex-husband disallowing his ex-wife to have a baby? Does it make sense?" Mitchel was so annoyed that he said through clenched teeth, "For me, it makes sense.

If I say no, no." Raegan stared at him with unshakable determination in her eyes.

"Mitchel, I am no longer your wife.

I repeat, I am your ex-wife.

You can't control me." As she spoke, she stressed the word "ex-wife" to wake him up to the truth.

Besides, she was no longer the Raegan he had married before.

She had buried her past self.

The obedient Raegan who only cared about him no longer existed.

Mitchel didn't say anything.

But his hand on Raegan's shoulder got heavier, almost crushing her shoulder.

Raegan felt the pain, but she endured it.

She would never show timidity in front of him.

She reminded him, "Mr. Dixon, if you don't let go of me, someone will come looking for me later." She thought that if she mentioned someone was waiting for her, it would bring some sanity to Mitchel.

However, she underestimated the extent of his anger.

Mitchel looked fierce now.

"Raegan, always remember this.

Anything I don't allow will never happen." He spoke calmly, but Raegan felt like she was being attacked by a beast.

Her pupils shrank.

She looked at him warily and said, "What do you want to do? Remember that this is the men's restroom.

Someone will come in at any..." Before Raegan could finish her words, her lips were sealed by Mitchel's lips.

He pressed her hard against the cubicle wall and kissed her possessively, making her feel like her mouth was tearing apart.

Since Raegan couldn't resist, she could only bite Mitchel's lips hard.

Then, the taste of blood spread between their teeth.

But the pain was like a dose of medicine, making Mitchel want to have sexual intercourse with her even more, A kiss was far from enough.

Mitchel raised Raegan's hands above her head and tore her collar apart.

She was in a mess.

She struggled hard while saying, "Mitchel, we are divorced..."

You can't do this.." Mitchel was neatly dressed, but his eyes were full of desire.

He leaned closer to her ear, curled his tongue, and said word by word, "Do you think that you are no longer mine after our divorce?" His words made Raegan shiver.

"Have you forgotten how many marks JJ have left on your body?" Mitchel seemed determined to bring back the past.

He blocked her with his elbow, and his cold hand wandered around her body wantonly.

Layers of sweat gradually broke out on Raegan's forehead.

But she restrained her expression and said coldly, "Don't force me." Mitchel smiled coldly.

"Don't worry.

I won't force you." Raegan gritted her teeth.

"Then let me out." "Okay." Mitchel let her go so easily that one couldn't help suspecting his purpose.

But Raegan couldn't think too much anymore.

She breathed a sigh of relief and reached out to push the door.

"Hello? Raegan?" Raegan's hands froze in the air when she heard the voice, She looked back, and her eyes widened in disbelief when she saw her phone in Mitchel's hand.

The voice she heard came from her phone.

It turned out Mitchel called someone.

Raegan reached out to grab her phone.

But Mitchel threw it back to her with an evil smile.

When she was about to speak, Henley's voice came on the phone again, making her freeze.

"Raegan, I'm at the door of the restroom.

Are you in there? Raegan?" She hurriedly ended the call and turned off her phone.

Outside the door, Henley was worried because Raegan didn't answer him.

He asked a waiter to check inside if she was there.

He said, "Please help me check if my girlfriend is inside.

Her name is Raegan." Mitchel's eyes narrowed, and his expression turned cold.

Henley called Raegan his girlfriend.

Really, huh? Were they having a great time now? Raegan didn't care about the meaning of Henley's words.

She was so nervous that she felt like her heart was in her throat.

She didn't even dare to breathe.

At this moment, the waiter came out of the women's restroom.

She approached Henley and said there was no one inside.

It was quiet outside, so Raegan thought Henley had left.

But before she could breathe a sigh of relief, the door of the men's restroom was pushed open.

The heavy sound made Raegan even more nervous.

Mitchel looked down at her.

It seemed his eyes were saying, "Why haven't you gone out yet?" Raegan glared at him fiercely.

Her current appearance clearly reflected on the shiny white porcelain.

Her clothes were messy, making her look like she had just sex.

Raegan now realized how terrible Mitchel was.

He did it on purpose to keep her from seeing anyone.

She was not afraid that Henley would see her appearance now.

But she definitely couldn't let other people see her like this.

Mitchel looked unhappy when he saw _ the nervousness on Raegan's face.

He reached out and pushed the door.

Raegan was so scared that she grabbed his arm tightly and shook her head vigorously.

Mitchel's eyes became colder and colder.

He shook off her hand effortlessly and was about to go out.

Raegan couldn't think of a way out to stop him, so she suddenly wrapped her arms around Mitchel's neck and kissed him on the lips to stop him.

But her kiss had a different meaning in Mitchel's eyes.

Pain welled up in his heart.

He avoided her lips.

Then, he pressed his thin lips against her right ear and said in a hoarse voice, "Are you so afraid that he will see you now?" Raegan was going crazy.

What if Henley was still outside and heard Mitchel speak? Luckily, his sound was muffled by the sound of water washing hands outside.

"Mitchel, stop it!" Raegan warned him, taking advantage of the sound of the water outside.

But she was still so nervous that a cold sweat broke out on her forehead.

A few strands of hair stuck on her flushed face, and her body emitted a faint milky fragrance.

She was a true interpretation of what it meant to be a sweaty beauty.

Raegan had no idea how attractive she was in Mitchel's eyes right now.

She pressed her ear against the door, listening to the sound outside.

Suddenly, Mitchel's thin lips bit her slender neck.

His actions were fierce.

He was like a wolf that had been hungry for a long time, wanting to eat raw flesh and drink up fresh blood.

Raegan was so shocked that her body trembled all over, Her heartbeat went abnormally fast.

Suddenly, she covered her mouth hard, fearing of making any sound.

But would Mitchel let her go so easily? He licked her neck wickedly over and over again, deliberately making her lose control.

Raegan was so angry that she pinched Mitchel on the waist.

He groaned.

And the sound he made attracted the attention of the people outside.

At this moment, Henley was already holding the doorknob, ready to walk out.

But when he heard the noise, he suddenly turned around and stared straight at the restless cubicle.

He walked toward the cubicle step by step with a straight face.

Chapter 162

200 Dollars In the men's restroom, a heavy silence hung in the air.

The sound of footsteps against the floor resonated with unsettling clarity.

Raegan stood motionless.

Each step reverberated through her like a relentless drum.

Meanwhile, Mitchel stood in front of her, exuding nothing but calmness.

His handsome features showed no signs of inner turmoil.

Raegan's nails dug into her palms in frustration.

Her role as Henley's pretend girlfriend was unknown to Mitchel.

She found it baffling that he could stay so calm and guilt-free about his behavior.

However, now was not the time to confront him.

Being discovered in this compromising situation was the last thing she wanted.

She racked her brain and tried to find a way out.

Nonetheless, knowing Mitchel, he must have a way to resolve this.

Raegan looked up at him, her beautiful eyes conveying a silent plea.

Realizing what she meant, Mitchel's expression darkened, and he quietly asked, "Are you asking my help?" His voice was unusually cold.

Raegan knew exactly what that meant.

He was waiting for her to make a decision.

After all, only she could please him, just like she had done countless times before.

Knock.

Outside, Henley lightly knocked on the door and loudly asked, "Is someone inside?" A sudden chill ran down Raegan's spine.

Startled, she impulsively wrapped her arms around Mitchel's neck and encircled her legs around his lean waist.

Not only that, but her red lips were almost touching his throat.

A gasp nearly escaped from Mitchel's lips.

In a panic, Raegan quickly covered his mouth.

But then, she nearly slipped.

Mitchel's firm hand caught her just in time.

Meanwhile, Henley had now lost his patience.

He reached for the doorknob, intending to open it.

Just then, a male janitor walked in.

"Sir, this CR is under maintenance.

Please use another restroom," he said with a cleaning cart in tow.

"Do you need to use this restroom right now? I'm about to start cleaning." Henley froze.

He noticed the gap under the stall but could not bring himself to crouch down and check.

Although uneasy, Henley decided to leave.

The janitor began cleaning, and the sound of the vacuum cleaner and mop filled the room.

Raegan loosened up and exhaled a sigh of relief.

Not wanting to cling to Mitchel any longer, she tried to step down, but he pressed her hips against the door.

In the dim light, Mitchel's eyes grew cold, and he scoffed, "You're just gonna walk away after using me?" "Use you? It was the janitor who walked in, not..." Bang! Mitchel hit the door with his fist, and the sound echoed inside the bathroom.

Raegan flinched, and her eyes widened in shock.

The janitor was right outside the cubicle, wasn't he? Had Mitchell lost his mind? For some reason, the cleaner outside seemed oblivious as if he had not heard a thing.

And then it hit her.

Mitchel must have prearranged this with the janitor.

This also meant that he had planned to drag her into the men's restroom to embarrass her.

Anger welled up within Raegan.

She gritted her teeth and protested, "Put me down.

I need to go back!" "Go back?" Mitchel echoed, his eyes narrowed dangerously.

"Like this?" His disdainful look made Raegan's heart sink.

She realized she could not return to the chamber in her current state.

But right now, she had to go back first and think of an explanation later, She was in a disarray state.

Mitchel, on the other hand, seemed unnaturally normal.

He remained neatly dressed and composed.

Every expression he wore radiated a disconnect from the world around him.

It was as if he had no part in her current state.

"That's none of your concern," Raegan huffed.

"Ha-ha.

Do you honestly I can't do anything to you?" Raegan's frown deepened.

She opened her mouth, ready to argue about who was truly at fault.

But Mitchel cut her off.

"When will you ever learn?" Suddenly, the room went dark.

Mitchel leaned in and kissed her.

His lips were cold, and his kiss was forceful.

As he sucked on her lips, she felt an inexplicable sensation that made her hair stand on end.

Flabbergasted, Raegan tried to turn her head away, but he firmly held her face.

He even bit down on her lips as though he was teaching her a lesson.

Raegan winced at the sharp pain and let out a soft whimper.

But Mitchel was not done yet.

His fingers gripped her possessively, leaving her cheeks flushed.

Raegan's mind teetered on the brink.

She tried, with all her strength, to push his hands away, but he did not even budge in the slightest.

Though Mitchel wanted more, he restrained himself and only intended to tease her.

He could not accept the fact that she no longer responded to him as she once had.

Their fierce struggle resembled a lopsided boxing match, with Raegan clearly outmatched.

She eventually stopped resisting and just let him bite and nibble at her lips.

Her thoughts became hazy and her awareness faded, save for the sensation of his tongue.

Barely holding onto consciousness, she uttered weakly, "You're shameless, Mitchel.

What are you trying to prove?" Of course, Mitchel intended to make a point as evident in his actions.

"What do you think I'm trying to prove?" He stood there, his breathing slightly labored.

He pressed a fingertip against her lips.

The air was thick with an intoxicating scent.

"Don't deny it.

You still have feelings for me, don't you?" Not wanting to see his smug expression, Raegan averted her gaze.

But Mitchel grasped her chin, forcing her to look into his intense eyes.

Mitchel's handsome face, sharp-featured, was dotted with sweat beads.

His shirt, drenched with perspiration, gave off the impression of self-restraint.

He raised an eyebrow and pushed her for an answer.

"You're with Henley just to make me jealous, aren't you?" Although her words about being with Henley were nothing but to provoke Mitchel, Raegan refused to admit it.

She had made the mistake of falling in love with him before, and she wouldn't compound it with another one.

With a faint smile playing on her lips, Raegan looked him in the eye and asked back, "Mr.

Dixon, what are you to me now? Do you think I'd risk my reputation just to upset you?" For a moment, Mitchel's face lost color.

Then, with his brows creased into a frown, he snarled, "Raegan, your body doesn't lie." Raegan tilted her head, pursed her lips, and nodded in agreement.

"I won't deny it.

I did feel something just now." Mitchel's expression shifted slightly, and his mood was lifted.

But then, Raegan smirked and added, "But let's be clear, Mr.

Dixon.

It was your kissing skills.

Nothing more." She bent down to retrieve her purse, pulled out two bills, and tucked them into Mitchel's collar.

"Is two hundred dollars enough for your services?"

Chapter 163

You Must Be Thick-skinned In Courtship Mitchel's attractive features immediately took on a shadowed cast.

Raegan scoffed.

"I refuse to order any dish that costs more than two hundred dollars." This was a first for her to voice such words, yet it was Mitchel who had shown her disrespect first.

Despite knowing the significance of the occasion, he had ripped her dress and demeaned her in the men's restroom.

Did he ever pause to consider her emotions? Hence, Raegan resolved to not just retaliate but to shame him even greater than the slight he dealt her.

"Raegan!" Enraged, Mitchel's expression turned thunderous as he bellowed.

"What? Does it anger you? Mr. Dixon, is this the extent of your control?" Clutching her chest, Raegan laughed lightly.

"Here's a piece of advice.

No amount of good looks will pave your way to business success.

Better check that temper, or you'll frighten everyone off." Mitchel's visage was frosty as snow, his gaze piercing her as though he might snap her neck at any moment.

Undaunted, Raegan tilted her chin up defiantly, meeting his stare.

It was a remarkable triumph for her to leave him at a loss for words, a feeling too grand for mere language.

Their eyes locked in a silent confrontation.

Then, after what felt like an eternity, he offered a smile, opened the door, and left without a word.

Raegan exhaled in relief, sinking onto the toilet seat, her heart pounding wildly.

She had to admit, Mitchel still had an effect on her...

It was all too close to a breakdown.

He was right.

Her body didn't lie.

The fact that she was stirred by Mitchel yet again, barely a month after their split, was mortifying.

Could anyone else ever influence her this way? It wasn't something she welcomed.

Though she might appear in control for the moment, infuriating Mitchel further could prove risky.

After a moment's reflection, she shook off these tumultuous thoughts.

Right now, her focus was to work diligently and earn more in the days ahead to settle her debts.

Then, she would save money to study abroad.

That way, she'd distance herself from Mitchel for good.

As she rose, pondering her exit, Mitchel's suit jacket on the hook caught her eye.

It would serve well to cover her.

Disregarding her annoyance with him, she donned the jacket and exited the hall to hail a taxi.

Only when safely inside the vehicle did she call Henley, explaining she had to return early due to unforeseen circumstances.

Henley's tone, soft and gentle over the phone, invited Raegan to reach out if she ever needed help.

Feeling a wave of guilt wash over her, Raegan found Henley's kindness a stark contrast to Mitchel's demeanor, like comparing an angel's grace to a mere mortal's.

An apology slipped from her lips to Henley once more, unbeknownst to her that Henley stood at the hotel's entrance, eyes tracking the taxi that took her away.

A chill flickered in his gaze, belied by the silky smoothness of his voice that said, "Rest well, Raegan." Then he ended the call.

The warmth in Henley's smile faltered for a heartbeat.

He had entertained thoughts of treating Raegan with tenderness, yet Mitchel had once again outmaneuvered him, prompting Henley to quicken his pace.

Meanwhile, Mitchel had made his way to a bar after leaving the hotel.

Luis was there, becoming slightly drunk after a few drinks with Mitchel.

Holding a cigarette between his fingers, Luis commented, "It looks like your father keeps close tabs on you."

He arranged a blind date the moment he learned about your divorce." Mitchel, his face expressionless, inquired, "Have you located that woman?" Luis, shaking his head, responded, "She's vanished without a trace.

Could she be dead?" Mitchel remained silent for a moment, then added, "Even if she's gone, the child might still be alive.

Now, Alexis is hell-bent on amassing wealth, probably for that bastard." "Your father's been covering that child's tracks well.

You'll need to play along for now and wait for his slip -up." With a subdued tone, Luis added, "I'm not entirely convinced that they never make contact with each other." Mitchel stayed silent, continuing to drown himself in drink.

As Mitchel downed his drinks, Luis teased, "What's wrong? Things didn't go well with your ex-wife?" The mention of Raegan caused a visible shift in Mitchel's expression, a blend of indifference and a deeper, darker brooding.

Observing this, Luis's curiosity piqued.

"Raegan really got under your skin, huh? Need any advice?" Luis knew Mitchel all too well.

Given Mitchel's history of arrogance and never bowing to any woman, he would undoubtedly maintain his pride, even in pursuit of a woman.

Mitchel glanced upwards, his reply icy.

"Do you even have a wife?" The question left Luis at a loss for words.

"Mitchel had the audacity to mock me for not having a wife? Whatever! This bastard had it coming!" Luis muttered to himself.

Having satisfied his thirst, Mitchel got up to leave.

Luis, considering Mitchel's generous spending at the bar, offered a piece of advice despite everything.

"Mr.

Dixon, when pursuing a woman, maintain a positive attitude and be thick-skinned." Luis had said his piece, indifferent to whether Mitchel grasped the full intent or not.

Departing the bar, Mitchel returned to the company and stayed overnight.

Since his divorce, he had rarely visited Serenity Villas.

The memories of Raegan there only fueled his resolve to win her back, yet he feared resorting to forceful methods, something he didn't wish to do.

The following morning, Alexis and Eloise came calling for Mitchel.

Eloise's eyes brimmed with tears upon seeing him.

She had chased after Mitchel's car for two miles the day before, to no avail.

On her very first blind date, how could she endure being treated like this? Distraught, she sought Alexis' support.

Alexis, having shown support for Eloise in front of Eloise's father, brought Eloise straight to Mitchel for a proper explanation.

Mitchel's frown deepened at their arrival, querying, "Who's this?" At his words, Eloise's tears broke forth.

She was hurt that Mitchel, her blind date from just yesterday, failed to recognize her.

Alexis, having vowed to Eloise's father to seek redress, now found himself in an awkward spot.

In a hushed tone, he chided, "This is Eloise.

Remember her from yesterday?" Only then did Mitchel recall his preoccupation with Raegan, having barely noticed Eloise.

Alexis then gently suggested to Eloise, "Why don't you wait in the lounge? I'll have my secretary whip up something tasty.

I need to speak with Mitchel, and I'll ensure he takes you out later to make amends, okay?" Eloise, casting a glance at Mitchel, left with flushed cheeks and quiet sobs.

Once alone, Mitchel expressed his disinterest, "I can't entertain her.

If you're so fond of her, be my guest." Alexis, met with Mitchel's obstinacy, challenged him, "You're still hung up on your ex-wife, aren't you?" Mitchel's gaze snapped to Alexis, ice in his stare.

As Alexis plotted, he pressed on, "I'm doing this for the company's future.

Don't make me intervene with your ex, Mitchel."

Chapter 164

Drawing A Clear Line With Him Mitchel's grip on the pen tightened suddenly as he said in an icy tone, "Try it and you'll face the consequences." The sheer menace in his gaze sent shivers through Alexis.

This wasn't his first encounter with Mitchel's cruelty.

Previously, only Kyler and Luciana had been shielded by Mitchel, but now, another woman had captured his concern.

Yet, Alexis knew he held no value to Mitchel.

The more Alexis pondered, the stronger his resolve grew.

Despite previous defeats by Mitchel, leading to his exile, he was determined to stand his ground for his another son.

"Don't push me, Mitchel, and we can coexist peacefully," Alexis offered.

Mitchel looked up, his voice devoid of warmth.

"Done with your nonsense? Leave, immediately!" "How dare you!" Alexis, seething with rage yet controlling his fury, suggested, "Perhaps try to tolerate Eloise.

I'm not insisting on you marrying her.

But if we ally with the Benton Group for the energy project, it benefits us all, doesn't it?" His implication was clear.

Mitchel could feign a relationship with Eloise until securing the project, then cite any trivial reason for a breakup.

Unfazed, Mitchel hit the No.

1 button on his desk phone and commanded, "Matteo, escort the guest out." After being shown to the door, Alexis, fuming, managed to compose himself upon seeing Eloise, assuring her with a forced smile, "Mitchel is a bit aloof and detached sometimes.

He needs your warmth and charm to thaw his frostiness, understand?" Eloise's face lit up with understanding.

"Yes, I got it.

Thank you, Alexis." Pleased by her adoring gaze, Alexis started to strategize.

He seized the opportunity, knowing Mitchel's looks were a magnet for young women.

"You're the only one I see as my daughter-in-law, Eloise.

Make me proud," he encouraged.

Eloise's nod carried the weight of her growing hopes.

After Alexis' departure, Eloise headed straight for Mitchel's office but was halted by Matteo.

Matteo offered a gentle refusal, "Apologies, Miss Benton.

Mr.

Dixon is occupied with a conference call." Eloise insisted, "I'll wait here for him." Matteo, reluctant to send her away due to the Benton family's newfound prominence, allowed her to wait, offering snacks and drinks.

Meanwhile, Raegan had sold her apartment.

After clearing her housing loan, she amassed \$2.7 million, still short for her debt.

Left with no choice, she borrowed an additional \$300,000 from Nicole, totaling \$3 million.

She preferred owing Nicole to being indebted to Mitchel.

After consolidating the funds into one account, Raegan proceeded to Mitchel's company to clear the debt with him.

She had notified Matteo of her visit beforehand, which allowed her to enter the CEO's office without any complications.

Approaching the door, she mentally rehearsed her approach, pondering the right words to address Mitchel after their recent fallout.

Recently, Raegan had caused Mitchel considerable embarrassment, and she doubted he'd be eager to see her now.

Turning a corner, Raegan's gaze landed on a familiar figure beside the window blinds, whose eyes were fixated on the office interior.

At first sight, Raegan recognized the woman as Mitchel's companion from the cafe encounter.

Pausing, Raegan guessed she might be Mitchel's blind date.

As she deliberated her next move, Matteo's voice reached her ears.

"Miss Hayes, your early arrival is quite unexpected," Matteo greeted.

At the sound of Matteo's voice, Eloise turned around, catching sight of Raegan, which left her momentarily taken aback.

A moment later, Eloise connected the dots, recognizing Raegan from the cafe.

Eloise approached Raegan with a confrontational air, demanding, "Who the hell are you? What brings you here?" The tension escalated quickly.

Eloise's guard was up instantly upon seeing Raegan, whose striking presence sparked a hint of envy.

Sensing the brewing conflict, Matteo interjected, "Miss Benton, may I offer you some juice? I'll have a glass brought to you." He was hoping to defuse the situation.

"Sure, thanks," Eloise replied, acknowledging her thirst after a long wait.

Undeterred, Eloise pressed Raegan further, "Anyway, what the hell are you doing here?" Matteo felt a headache coming on, not anticipating Eloise's persistent inquiries.

Just as he was about to intervene, Raegan declared her intention.

"I've come for Matteo." "Is that so?" Eloise inquired, skeptical.

Raegan confirmed with a nod and presented a bank card to Matteo, inquiring, "Do you have the IOUs handy?" With Matteo's confirmation, Raegan instructed, "This card has three million dollars in it.

Verify the amount, then please hand over those IOUs." Matteo hesitated, suggesting, "Shouldn't we wait for Mr.

Dixon..." Raegan cut him off, "No need.

Just confirm the balance and provide me with the IOUs promptly, Matteo." Raegan flatly refused.

She was worried about being misconstrued by Mitchell's new girlfriend.

Eloise observed the scene quietly, so to avoid any issues, Matteo escorted Raegan aside to resolve the matter of the debt.

Once the debt was settled, Raegan left.

Meanwhile, Mitchel was preoccupied in his office until nightfall.

Emerging from his work, he discovered Eloise asleep on the couch.

Mitchel's brow furrowed as he inquired, "Why is she still here?" "Miss Benton insists on waiting for you," Matteo replied with a hint of resignation.

Mitchel's frown deepened, realizing Matteo was merely fulfilling his duties and wasn't to be faulted.

The Benton family was currently in the limelight.

If Eloise were to be sent away by his staff, it could fuel rumors of a rift between the Dixon and the Benton families, potentially affecting the stock market.

"Should I wake Miss Benton?" Matteo offered tentatively.

"No, let her sleep.

Just ensure someone stays here with her," Mitchel directed, preparing to leave.

"Mr.

Dixon," Matteo called out, halting Mitchel to report Raegan's earlier visit and the debt situation from the afternoon.

He extended the bank card toward Mitchel.

"She insisted on leaving this." Mitchel had previously instructed Matteo that Raegan didn't need to repay the debt if she came to collect the IOUs.

Despite Matteo explaining this, Raegan had left the card anyway.

Under Mitchel's intense gaze, Matteo felt an overwhelming urge to discard the card.

Angered, Mitchel glared at the card before hissing through clenched teeth, "Dispose of it." Then he stormed off.

Seething in his car, Mitchel's anger gave way to a sudden stomachache.

He reached for his other phone, dialing a familiar number.

When the call connected, Raegan's gentle voice came through.

"Hello, who is this?" Mitchel's anger melted at the sound of her voice, and he softened his tone deliberately, "It's me." But after a brief pause, she responded, "Sorry, you've got the wrong number." She promptly ended the call.

Subsequent attempts to reach her were in vain.

The number was no longer available.

Mitchel suspected he was on a blacklist.

Frustration surged within him as he struck the steering wheel with force.

Did she sever her ties with him because she had someone new? This money must come from that man.

Fine! Great! Raegan felt unwell on her journey home.

She attributed it to her impending period.

She'd experienced painful periods before, but this discomfort surpassed all previous occasions, perhaps due to her recent miscarriage.

After spending some time face-down on her bed, her phone rang from an unknown number.

Recognizing Mitchel's voice, irritation flared, and she promptly ended the call.

Exhausted and in pain, she didn't have the strength to entertain his calls, so she added his number to her blacklist.

Ding Dong.

The doorbell rang abruptly.

Raegan thought it must be the delivery of the painkillers she ordered, prompting her to rise and open the door.

But upon seeing Mitchel's face, disbelief struck her.

Was it really him? She paused, then moved to close the door.

Mitchel wedged it open with a swift movement of his leg, his gaze icy and unblinking.

"What do you want, Mitchel Dixon?" Raegan raised her voice.

"You're forcing your way in.

I could call the police..." Mitchel cut her off, stepping closer to cradle her face and plant a forceful kiss on her lips.

His kiss was demanding, and when Raegan did not reciprocate, he bit her tongue in frustration.

Raegan winced and let out a pained sound, but Mitchel persisted, his lips pressing more insistently than before.

When he finally released her, Raegan gasped for air.

"What is wrong with you, Mitchel?" she demanded, her voice shaking with fury.

"You can't just kiss someone without consent.

That's harassment, do you understand?" But Mitchel, with a sneer, began to unbutton his shirt, dismissively replying, "I'll consider your words after I've taken care of my business."

Chapter 165

Can He Have You For Only Three Million Dollars Mitchel threw Raegan onto the sofa forcefully.

Since Raegan was still suffering from abdominal pain, her voice was weak when she asked, "Mitchel, what the hell do you want to do?" "What do you think?" Mitchel asked back.

His face was cold, and he looked at her fiercely.

At this moment, most of his shirt was open, revealing his strong abdominal muscles.

His long and slender fingers were still unbuttoning the rest.

What he wanted to do was self-evident.

"How dare you!" Raegan became agitated when she saw what Mitchel was doing.

"It seems you don't know me well enough," Mitchel said with a hint of warning.

He curled his lips, leaned over, and pressed her against the soft sofa.

Then he said hoarsely, "I will let you see whether I dare or not." Raegan was trapped between his arms and the sofa.

She had nowhere to escape.

He lowered his head and tried to kiss her, but she turned her face away.

Her eyes turned red, and she said with hatred, "Mitchel, if you dare do this, I will never let you go." Mitchel was not threatened at all.

Instead, he even smiled.

But it was a self-deprecating smile.

"All right, then.

Remember your words, okay? You won't let me go." He lowered his head and bit her chin, trying to leave a mark.

It was the kind of mark that would let others know at a glance that she was his woman.

Mitchel hated Raegan so much for moving on so quickly.

She was the most cold-blooded and cruelest woman he had ever known.

How could she quickly stop loving him and find a new boyfriend? Raegan didn't even show a trace of sadness and nostalgia.

She totally let go of everything in their shared past and started a new life.

Wasn't she very cruel? After biting her chin, Mitchel looked her up and down and questioned, "Did he give you this money? Can he have you for only three million dollars? Is that your worth?" Raegan squeezed her palms slightly, feeling ridiculous.

Was he angry because of the three million dollars she paid to him? Did he really think it was given to her by another man? It was so sad that even after their divorce, he still looked down upon her.

Raegan raised her eyes and met his angry gaze.

She didn't show any sign of intimidation at all.

She smiled sarcastically and replied, "You didn't spend any money when you got me.

And now, my value has increased." Mitchel was rendered speechless by her words.

After a while, he laughed angrily and said in a low voice, "Have you recovered so much that you started looking for a new man? In that case, I will give you ten million dollars.

Will you make love to me in any position | want?" Mitchel's words were harsher than Raegan's.

It was like he was saying she was a whore.

"Mitchel, you are such a bastard." Raegan's eyes turned red.

She hated herself for not using more cruel words.

She should have cursed him harder.

When Mitchel saw her red eyes, mixed emotions surged in his heart.

He felt sorry for her, but he hated her at the same time.

But he tried his best to suppress those emotions and said coldly, "I'm not a good person.

In fact, I never was.

It's not too late for you to get to know me again." Then he lowered his head and kissed her again.

He was like a wild beast, sucking and nibbling her neck and collarbone regardless of anything.

Raegan still felt pain in her lower abdomen, and her whole body was shaking.

She couldn't resist.

Mitchel's eyes were red, and his whole body was burning.

He hadn't had sex with her for a long time.

At this moment, he felt like a beast was awakened inside him, and he could not restrain it.

He tried to pull her nightgown, which was the only obstacle.

But when he looked up, he saw that her face was full of tears.

At this moment, his heart seemed to be stirred by something.

His eyebrows trembled uncontrollably.

But when he thought of how much she disdained her, he couldn't help sneering, "Are you scared now? Wasn't you very powerful when you gave me two hundred dollars before?" Being reminded of the two hundred dollars made him even angrier.

She dared to call him a gigolo, who was only worth two hundred dollars.

If he was really a two-hundred-dollar gigolo, countless women would swarm to him.

Only Raegan didn't cherish him at all.

At the thought of this, he said bitterly, "I should do something worth two hundred bucks." The discomfort in Raegan's abdomen made her feel terrible.

She didn't want to argue with Mitchel anymore.

She clutched her throbbing abdomen, buried her head on the sofa, and curled up her body.

She said with difficulty, "My stomach...

It hurts..." The expression on Mitchel's face suddenly changed upon seeing her like this.

He bent down, picked her up without hesitation, and walked out of the room.

Raegan clutched his sleeve tightly.

Her pale face was covered in cold sweat.

"Put me down.

I'm going to the bathroom..." "No.

We're going to the hospital," Mitchel firmly refused.

"I...

It's my period..." Raegan pursed her lips and explained weakly.

"Put me down.

Let me go to the bathroom." Mitchel stopped in his tracks, but he didn't put her down.

Then he walked to the bathroom with her in his arms.

He pushed the door open with his elbow, put her down, and reached out to lift the hem of her dress.

Raegan was so frightened that she grabbed his sleeve tightly and asked, "What are you doing?" Mitchel looked at her with a frown.

"Can you do it yourself?" Raegan looked at him speechlessly.

Of course, there was no need for him to help her take off her underwear.

Her face flushed, and her ears were red, too.

She lowered her head and said, "Get out." Mitchel didn't insist.

He turned around and went out of the bathroom.

While waiting outside, the painkillers Raegan ordered had arrived.

A few minutes later, the bathroom door opened.

Before Raegan could step out, Mitchel rushed over and picked her up.

She was so startled that she subconsciously wrapped her arms around his neck.

"Mitchel..." "I'll take you to the bed," Mitchel interrupted her.

Raegan still had some discomfort, so she didn't struggle.

Mitchel put her on the bed and removed her slippers.

Then he handed her the painkiller and a glass of water.

But the painkiller didn't work soon.

Raegan curled up in bed, clutching her belly weakly.

Mitchel picked up a pillow and put it behind her.

He helped her adjust to a comfortable position, looked down at her, and asked, "Did it also hurt like this before?"

Chapter 166

I'm At Your Door Raegan whispered gently, "It's not that big of a deal." In the past, she had also struggled with dysmenorrhea, but she would always take precautions ahead of time.

However, she had never told Mitchel about it, so he remained unaware.

Additionally, every time she was on her period, she would seek solace in the embrace of Mitchel, finding comfort in his warmth.

This time, it caught her completely off guard, and she wasn't prepared.

Plus, she hadn't been sleeping well since the miscarriage, so the pain was particularly intense.

Looking down, she noticed a reddish stain on Mitchel's sleeve.

Her cheeks instantly flushed, and she pointed at it, saying, "Your sleeve is stained.

Let me wash it for you." Mitchel looked down and saw the stain.

However, he didn't look fazed.

To her surprise, he simply nodded and casually replied, "It's alright.

I'll just take a shower." As she watched him head toward the bathroom, Raegan lowered her long eyelashes, her mind swirling with confusion.

She was aware of Mitchel's obsession with cleanliness.

Any stain on his clothes usually puts him in a foul mood, But now, he seemed uncharacteristically nonchalant about it.

As she thought of this, Raegan began to feel sleepy, and it wasn't long before the effects of the medication kicked in, sending her off to sleep.

In the dead of night, Raegan turned over and felt something on the bed.

Startled, she opened her eyes, only to discover that there was someone else on her bed.

Raegan flicked on the bedside light, only to freeze as she realized it was Mitchel sleeping beside her.

He seemed to be roused from his slumber by her movements, and his dark eyes held a hint of annoyance.

"You..." Raegan wrapped herself in the quilt, her cheeks red as an apple.

After hesitating for a while, she blurted out, "You, you freak!" "What did you say?" Mitchel lazily asked, seemingly half-awake.

Raegan's face was aflame as she pointed at him and asked, "Why aren't you wearing any clothes?" Mitchel glanced at himself and then answered matter -of-factly, "My clothes got stained with blood.

I can't wear them anymore." After saying that, he removed the quilt and put it aside, revealing his tempting six-pack.

"It's too hot in here," Mitchel mumbled.

"What nonsense are you talking about? It's December.

Are you out of your mind?" Raegan retorted.

Mitchel had an amazing physique, with his legs, abdomen, and waist all flawlessly proportioned like a supermodel.

Even without clothes on, he was brimming with hormones, and now he was just wearing underwear.

Even a professional model couldn't compete with his physique.

Raegan's face turned even redder as she looked at him.

No wonder she had felt so warm while she was asleep.

It turned out that Mitchel had been cradling her in his arms while almost naked, "Regardless, it's too hot in here.

Do you have any problem with that?" Mitchel retorted grumpily as he got out of bed.

After a while, he came back holding a bowl, and handed it to her, saying, "Drink this." Raegan's eyes widened as she caught the scent of ginger soup.

"Did you make this?" Mitchel replied, somewhat reluctantly, "Yes." After showering, he noticed Raegan's hands and feet were cold, so he contacted Matteo and asked him to bring some ingredients.

He then cooked the soup according to the recipe he found on the Internet.

It was something Mitchel had never done before, and he ended up burning his hand! Whenever he remembered how Raegan had irritated him, he was furious with himself.

"Come on, drink it before it gets cold," Mitchel urged impatiently.

With flushed cheeks, Raegan took the bowl and sipped the soup.

She was overwhelmed by the fact that Mitchel, who had never cooked for anyone in his life, had made this ginger soup for her.

Moreover, it was late at night.

The handsome man with a perfect figure served her soup personally, making Raegan feel like she was on cloud nine.

Once she finished, Mitchel took the bowl, and only then did Raegan notice the burn on the back of his hand.

Mitchel's skin was even smoother than a woman's.

It was delicate and tender.

Concerned, Raegan asked, "What happened to your hand?" "It's nothing." Mitchel didn't want to admit he didn't know how to handle the pot properly and burned himself.

That would be too embarrassing! As he headed toward the door with the bowl in hand, he suddenly turned around, leaned against the frame, smiled at Raegan, and asked, "Do you worry about me?" Raegan put on a fake smile and replied, "You wish!" Hearing her response, Mitchel chuckled softly and exited the room.

Raegan was beyond irritated, feeling like she could chew off her tongue.

Why was she letting this bother her anyway? It wasn't the right time to bring it up.

Pitying a man was just inviting trouble, and sympathizing with one would only lead to misery.

This age-old saying about men echoed in her mind.

Sharing a bed with Mitchel again was out of the question.

They weren't in love anymore.

How could they casually share a bed like that? When Mitchel returned, Raegan had composed herself.

She said indifferently, "Mr.

Dixon, thanks for your help tonight.

It's late.

You should head back." Mitchel looked at her and said with a sneer, "I know it's late." "At this hour, it's not appropriate for us to share a room, don't you think?" Raegan wanted to say that she didn't want Mitchel's new girlfriend to get the wrong idea, but she didn't want him to think she was jealous.

So, she tried to persuade him with tact.

But her words seemed to rub Mitchel the wrong way.

With a cold tone, he said, "Are you worried Henley will find out and get upset? After all, he forked out three million to win you over.

He would be pissed if we share a bed." Mitchel's words stung, and Raegan clenched her fists.

She didn't want to argue, so she said with a cold expression, "Whatever.

It's time for you to leave." Instead of leaving, Mitchel pulled the quilt and enveloped Raegan in his arms.

His body radiated heat, pressing against her like a burning stove.

Raegan tried to break free, but Mitchel held her hands from behind and warned, "Behave yourself.

Don't try to seduce me." Raegan was speechless when she heard that.

With her stomach in pain, she didn't want to argue with him.

Gradually, she noticed that Mitchel was surprisingly warm.

His big hand gently rubbed her lower abdomen.

It felt as if a warm current was flowing into her, providing a soft and comforting sensation.

In the quiet night, Mitchel gazed down at Raegan's graceful neck.

His Adam's apple bobbed, determination glinting in his charming eyes.

He said nonchalantly, "Raegan, you two won't be together." No one could snatch away what he had claimed unless he willingly let go of it.

With that, he flicked off the light.

Still awake, Raegan said nothing.

However, tension gripped her until sleep gradually overtook her.

The next morning, Raegan's phone rudely interrupted her slumber.

It was normal for most people to wake up feeling a bit grumpy, so she let it ring for a bit.

Suddenly, a man's voice echoed from her phone.

"Did you sleep well last night, Raegan?" Her eyes shot open, meeting Mitchel's intense gaze.

He held his head with one hand and her phone with the other.

"Raegan, are you there?" Henley's voice came again from the other end of the phone.

Raegan's heart skipped a beat.

After a moment, she replied, "Yeah?" As she spoke, she reached for her phone.

Mitchel, surprisingly, handed it over without making fun of her.

Meanwhile, Raegan signaled for him to be quiet fiercely.

Seeing that, Mitchel squinted, a wicked expression on his face.

Ignoring him, Raegan focused on the call.

"What's the matter, Henley?" "I want to take you out for breakfast.

Are you free right now?" Henley asked.

Before Raegan could answer, her body suddenly stiffened.

Mitchel flipped her over and pinned her down.

He coolly held her chin and trailed kisses along the marks he had left.

Simultaneously, he playfully pinched her plump buttocks and rubbed them with great desire.

Raegan couldn't help but breathe heavily.

She gritted her teeth and asked in a shaky voice, "Where are you?" Mitchell felt dissatisfied with her words.

He extended his hand to unbutton her pajamas and planted kisses from her chin down to her delicate clavicle.

Wherever he went, he left a few hickey marks.

"Well, I'm at your door," Henley replied.

Chapter 167

Your Love Is Too Cheap Henley's voice sounded at the door.

Raegan panicked at once.

She felt like her heart was in her throat.

She was about to tell Henley that she was not home when he continued, "I'm sorry if I came too early.

But I asked Nicole, and she said you were home.

Don't worry.

If you have just woken up, take your time.

You wash up first.

I'll wait for you at the door." Raegan suddenly shivered.

Her scalp had numbed, and she felt like all her blood rushed to her head.

"Okay...

Ah..." Raegan hurriedly covered her mouth when the voice that came from her sounded abnormal.

She quickly hung up the phone.

She pushed Mitchel away and fixed her disheveled pajamas.

Then, she looked at him and raised her hand, wanting to give him a hard slap in the face.

Raegan was so angry that she wanted to tear Mitchel apart.

What kind of a person would do such a thing early in the morning when she was in a phone conversation? But before her palm could land on Mitchel's face, he grabbed her wrist.

Mitchel stared at her with a mysterious look in his eyes.

"Only my woman has the right to hit me.

Are you sure you want to do it?" Upon hearing this, Raegan quickly pulled out her hand from his grip.

She didn't want to hit or even touch him anymore.

But what she did only made Mitchel even angrier.

He sneered, "What now? Are you afraid? I thought you were more capable." The way he looked at her, and the tone of his voice made her feel like he was accusing her of cheating on him.

Now, Raegan was even more convinced that every time she was with Mitchel, she would lose control of herself.

This was not a good thing for her, so she must do her best to change it.

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.

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.

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..." 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?"

Chapter 168

I'm Your Saver 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.

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.

I 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.

"I'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.

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." 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.

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, I beg you, free me..."

You owe me, Mitchel.

Ignoring me for her will be your downfall...

I will end Raegan, I 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?" "I'm...

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.

"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.

I 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.

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." 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.

This woman! Exasperated, he grabbed the paper, determined to prove himself.

After reviewing another of Bryce's tests, Raegan remarked with a slight smile, "Not bad." Bryce, pleased, prepared to boast.

But then, a realization hit him, souring his mood.

Why was he seeking Raegan's approval? His frustration grew.

Once their study session ended, he casually requested, "Fetch me a book on literary history from the study." "I'm your tutor, not a servant.

My time here is up," Raegan refused.

Bryce, increasingly agitated, pleaded, "Just hand it over.

I'll tackle two more assignments tomorrow." "Really?" "I keep my promises." "Alright then." Raegan acknowledged Bryce's intelligence but noted his weak foundation.

More practice was necessary.

Willing to accommodate his eagerness to learn, she ascended to the second-floor study as Bryce suggested.

Entering Bryce's proclaimed study, Raegan didn't overthink and pushed open the door.

The room was pitch dark.

Flicking on the light, she was greeted by a startling sight.

A man slumped behind the desk, disheveled, with a woman crouching beside him.

Chapter 169

She Only Needs His Money As he sat, Hector's long legs were stretched, making him look very relaxed.

Only one button of his shirt was unbuttoned, revealing his firm and strong chest muscles, Raegan was so stunned that she didn't react for a while.

The disheveled woman finally recovered from the surprise.

She exclaimed, "Get out of here!" It was only then that Raegan came back to her senses.

When she figured out what was going on, her face flushed in embarrassment.

She quickly apologized and walked out.

But before the door closed behind her, she heard Hector's voice.

"Raegan, wait!" Raegan was stunned again.

She stopped and stood there with her back to Hector.

She was in a dilemma.

Should she leave or stay? Hector looked at her back with anger in his eyes.

He said in a deep voice, "Wait for me downstairs." Raegan knew her face was still flushed, so she didn't dare to look back.

She quickly ran downstairs.

When the door of the study was closed again, the woman leaned over again.

Her body was as soft as water.

But Hector just sat there and ignored her.

He was extremely indifferent.

The woman was disappointed in her heart.

Just now, she felt that he was already aroused.

But he turned cold so soon.

She couldn't help cursing Raegan inwardly for breaking in.

For her, this was all Raegan's fault.

"Shayla, get out," Hector said coldly.

He stood up, straightened his clothes, and buckled his belt.

He still had an indifferent look on his face.

There was not even the slightest trace of enjoyment in his expression.

It was as if the making out just now was nothing to him.

Of course, Shayla wouldn't give in just like that.

She graduated as one of the top students at Ardlens University, and she was recommended to be Hector's assistant.

The first time she laid eyes on this experienced man at the airport, he captured her heart.

She must say it was love at first sight.

She remembered seeing from his resume that he was thirty-five years old.

But when she saw him in person, he didn't look a day over thirty.

Hector looked handsome and noble.

His superior family and educational background gave him the elegance that had been preserved by time.

It was not an exaggeration to say that he was every woman's dream lover.

He was like a wine that had been bottled for years.

He was mellow and attractive but strong-flavored.

Since Shayla was Hector's assistant, she naturally accompanied him in some of his activities.

When she went to the racecourse and the hot spring club with him, she got the chance to see his perfectly toned muscles.

Since then, she had become deeply obsessed with this excellent man.

Then, she came up with a plan.

Today, she found an excuse to access his forbidden study by delivering some important documents to him.

But before she came here, she scented herself with some tempting spices.

Shayla managed to seduce Hector.

She had already unbuttoned his shirt and trousers successfully.

But before she could go any further, she was interrupted by Raegan all of a sudden.

As a result, all her efforts were in vain.

But Shayla was determined to succeed.

Even though Hector was driving her out, she summoned up the courage to put her hand on his belt buckle and said softly, "Hector, I can give you..." Her voice trailed off, realizing that if she said those words, she might be humiliated by him.

But actions spoke louder than words.

She was half-kneeling at his feet, and her purpose was very obvious.

Hector understood her implication.

He frowned and said firmly, "No." Then he shook Shayla's hand off.

Hector didn't know what was wrong with him today.

He was restless.

And just now, he allowed Shayla to take off his clothes.

Shayla was half kneeling and was caught off guard by Hector's sudden movement.

As a result, she fell to the floor.

Since she was in front of the desk, her eyes caught a glimpse of a gold-encrusted picture frame on top of it.

It was a woman's photo.

Her face turned pale.

She suddenly thought of something.

Could it be that Hector's slight desire just now was because of this photo? At this moment, Hector noticed that Shayla was staring at the photo.

His face darkened at once.

Obviously, he was angry.

He pointed at the door and said through clenched teeth, "Get out!" These two words sounded harsh to Shayla's ears.

Hector drove her away mercilessly.

She was so embarrassed that her face flushed, then turned pale.

Since she started working for Hector, he had always been polite to her.

She had never experienced such cruel treatment from him.

Shayla didn't have the face to continue staying here.

She should leave now and think about her next plan.

So, she stood up, straightened her clothes, and apologized to Hector.

"Mr.

Dixon, I'm sorry.

I'm leaving now." Before Shayla turned around, she looked at Hector's handsome face affectionately, hoping he would stop her from leaving.

But unfortunately, he didn't say anything.

He didn't even look at her.

She lowered her head to hide the disappointment in her eyes.

Her heart shattered into pieces.

When Shayla went downstairs, she saw Raegan sitting on the sofa.

She guessed Raegan must be waiting for Hector.

The soft cashmere sweater highlighted Raegan's slim waist.

She had a pretty face and a pair of expressive almond eyes.

Shayla must admit that Raegan was beautiful all over.

Raegan had a face that could make men fall for her at first sight.

At this moment, Raegan raised her head.

Her eyes met Shayla's, but she didn't say anything.

Suddenly, Shayla felt a sense of familiarity.

The woman in the photo on Hector's desk flashed in her mind, The eyebrows and eyes of the woman in the photo resembled Raegan's.

However, Raegan looked much younger than that woman.

With this realization, Shayla breathed a sigh of relief.

She walked forward.

And when she was about to pass by Raegan, she stopped and asked arrogantly, "What are you doing in Hector's house?" Raegan knew she had disturbed them, so she explained apologetically, "I'm a tutor." Shayla raised her eyebrows.

"A tutor?" She said maliciously, "I think you're not here to teach but to seduce Hector." Raegan was rendered speechless.

Raegan could understand why Shayla accused her of this.

After all, Hector was popular among women due to his wealth and status.

But she swore to God that she wanted nothing but to earn a living.

All she needed from Hector was his money.

When Raegan didn't say anything, Shayla thought Raegan acquiesced.

So, she said harshly, "Stop pretending to be innocent.

I've seen a lot of women like you.

Are you not ashamed of doing nasty things in the name of work? How despicable!" Raegan couldn't help frowning upon hearing this.

"Miss, you don't even know me.

How can you accuse me of such things? Don't they say that thinkers are doers?" Shayla was stunned for a moment.

She wanted to refute Raegan, but she knew in her heart that Raegan hit the nail on the head.

So, she could only say, "Do you think Hector is interested in you? Yes, you are beautiful.

But it doesn't mean that he will like you.

You are just a stand-in." The words "stand-in" confused Raegan.

She couldn't help asking, "What do you mean?" Shayla blurted out, "You and the woman in the photo in his study..." But before she could finish her words, a deep voice interrupted her.

"Miss Gordon..." It was Hector, who was walking down the stairs.

He looked exceptionally handsome in his tailored suit and leather shoes.

Shayla immediately stopped speaking, thinking that Hector was trying to persuade her to stay, so she stood obediently.

But when Hector approached her, he said in a low voice, "You can get your last paycheck tomorrow." "What? But..." Shayla thought she heard it wrong.

She raised her head, put on a charming smile, and asked, "Mr.

Dixon, what did you say?" Hector said indifferently, "Starting tomorrow, you will no longer be my assistant." Shayla bit her lower lip and said pitifully, "Mr.

Dixon, what...

What do you mean?" Hector retorted impatiently, "Miss Gordon, do you have hearing loss?" While listening to their conversation, Raegan wanted to burst into laughter.

But she knew it was not proper for her to interrupt them with her laughter, so she only lowered her head.

Shayla's eyes turned red, and she choked with sobs.

When she saw the impatience on Hector's face, she didn't dare to speak again.

She was scared of annoying him more.

After a moment of silence, she said, "Mr.

Dixon, I'm sorry..." After saying this, she covered her face and left with tears in her eyes.

It was only then that Hector faced Raegan.

And when he looked at her delicate face, his Adam's apple bobbed up and down.

Raegan thought it was her turn to be scolded.

But she was willing to accept it because she didn't want to lose her job.

So, she proactively apologized and explained, "Mr.

Dixon, I'm sorry.

Bryce asked me to get his book.

I didn't know it was your study." At this moment, Bryce was on the second floor, bending over the railings.

While watching them, he suddenly gritted his teeth.

He didn't expect she would confess so soon.

Hector's study was a forbidden part of the house.

In fact, he had never been in there.

Bryce deliberately asked Raegan to get a book there so that if Hector returned and caught her, he would tell on her and let Hector fire her.

But Bryce didn't expect that Hector would come back with a woman and bring her into the study.

Unfortunately, he had no power to predict the future.

If he had known it earlier, he wouldn't have done it.

Hector seemed to have eyes on the top of his head.

He didn't even look up, but he suddenly said in a deep voice, "Come down."

Chapter 170

What Do You Want, Mitchel Bryce did not have the courage to resist Hector.

And when he was confronted, he denied it.

"I never said that.

Hector knows I don't like reading.

How could I ask you to get a book?" He turned his back to Hector and made a face at Raegan in defiance.

"Raegan, you set me up." Despite Bryce's sudden change of attitude, Raegan remained calm and brandished her phone.

"I recorded everything just now." In an instant, Bryce's expression shifted.

"Damn it! You're so devious.

How could you trick me?" "If you hadn't tried to frame me, how could I have the chance to do the same to you?" Raegan calmly replied.

Fuming, Bryce turned to Hector with pleading eyes and asked, "Do you believe her?" Hector was silent for a minute and then said, "Apologize to Raegan!" Bryce's face darkened, and he deflated like a punctured balloon.

"No!" Bryce protested.

Hector looked him in the eye and asked, "Do you want to return to Swynborough?" Slowly, Bryce lowered his head and murmured an apology reluctantly.

Knowing Bryce hadn't realized his faults, Hector stared at Bryce and urged him to make a more serious apology to Raegan.

Bryce stole a glance at Raegan, not sure if she was laughing at him.

It was such a humiliation to face the music in front of Raegan without driving her away.

Having just celebrated his 18th birthday, Bryce considered himself a grown man.

And now, he felt indignant after being asked to apologize to Raegan for his prank.

With bloodshot eyes, he roared, "I didn't mess with any of you!" With that, he stormed off to his room.

Raegan was surprised by this twist of events.

After all, Hector once said he had wrongly brought Bryce up to be such a spoiled kid.

She had assumed Hector wouldn't be tough on Bryce's wrongdoing.

She had to admit, though, that she, too, had felt the urge to discipline Bryce herself when Bryce was being unreasonable.

But this was not her concern.

After a moment of thought, Raegan said, "Hector, if there's nothing else, I'll leave now." Hector donned his coat at once and led the way.

"We're headed in the same direction.

Let's go together." Raegan hesitated and racked her brain on how to decline Hector's offer.

After all, Hector was Bryce's father and also Mitchel's uncle.

She would rather not get too involved with him.

As she reached the door, Hector's flashy sports car was already revving.

Upon seeing her, Hector rolled down the window and glanced at his watch, indicating he was in a hurry.

"Get in." Since it appeared they really were headed the same way, refusing now would seem contrived.

So, Raegan reluctantly got into his car.

The car had only two seats, so Raegan had no choice but to sit in the passenger seat.

After fastening her seatbelt, the car surged forward.

While they were at a red light, Hector unexpectedly asked, "Can we talk about something?" Raegan was taken aback and assumed the topic would be Bryce.

"Sure." "What did you see earlier?" Hector's straightforward question caught Raegan off guard.

She blushed, unsure of how to respond.

His tone was even as if he was merely posing a mundane question.

Well, the study was well-lit, so she saw Hector's well-defined muscles, abs, and...

Raegan saw everything! Hector undeniably had an impressive physique and a big...

She could not admit that, could she? That would be too mortifying.

"I...

I didn't get a clear look..." As soon as she said these words, she realized her words carried an undertone.

It meant that she saw something.

At this realization, Raegan hurriedly corrected herself, "I mean, I didn't see anything." Hector was unconvinced but had to resume driving as the light had turned green.

Raegan's ears turned red in = embarrassment.

Nonetheless, she kept her cool and added, "Don't worry.

I'll stay in Bryce's room only." Hector, who was focused on the road, said flatly, "I don't have any woman around me, but occasionally I need to satisfy my physiological needs." Raegan felt bewildered.

He did not have to say that, and she did not want to hear his explanation.

Feeling somehow uncomfortable, Raegan bluntly asked, "What are you trying to say?" Hector took a moment and calmly stated, "You're Bryce's teacher.

I don't want you to get the wrong idea." Upon hearing this, Raegan met his gaze and assured him, "Mr.

Dixon, my job only concerns students, not their parents.

You don't need to be concerned about that." The distinction between students and their parents was crucial.

Raegan knew it well.

At this moment, Hector gripped the steering wheel tightly and continued, "Bryce can be mischievous, but he has a good nature.

Please forgive him." Raegan nodded.

"Don't worry.

I'm committed to teaching him well." "I'd appreciate if you could also pay attention to his personal development, not just his academics." "Of course.

And I haven't yet thanked you for what you did for my grandmother.

I'll make sure Bryce receives the best education in return." As they halted at a red light, Hector glanced at Raegan and, to her surprise, chuckled.

"You're always so polite to me and keep your distance.

I thought you'd forgotten me." "No, I remember what you did at the nursing house.

It's something I'm truly grateful for," Raegan earnestly replied.

Hector acknowledged her gratitude but steered the topic elsewhere.

"There's no need for such formality." "What?" Raegan uttered in surprise.

On second thought, she realized it made sense.

Perhaps her excessive formality made him feel odd.

Hector cast a quick glance at her and then added, "And about Mitchel and you..." Upon hearing Mitchel's name, Raegan felt a sudden jolt.

"I have nothing to do with him," she asserted.

Seeing her reaction, Hector sensed her unresolved feelings toward Mitchel.

"I never said there was something." The rest of the journey passed in silence.

Raegan gazed out at the stars.

The moonlight cast half of her face in a pearly glow, making her look ethereal.

Hector caught a glimpse of her and, for a moment, thought he was looking at a painting.

The sight of her face stirred uncomfortable memories within him, which made him look away.

Upon reaching her destination, Raegan exited the car and offered Hector a polite thank you.

She did not want to impose further.

A moment later, she noticed Hector was still there, looking at something from a distance.

Curious, she followed his gaze, and her mouth gaped at what she saw.

Ahead, a black Maybach sat at the community intersection.

Its lights were off, resembling a dormant beast.

Mitchel leaned against the car.

His long legs stretched out, and a cigarette was casually held between his fingers.

As Raegan stepped out, he straightened up and approached her.

Dressed in a sleek grey suit, he looked dashing.

Raegan's heart raced.

Although she had not done anything wrong, for some reason, she felt a twinge of guilt.

In the faint night light, Mitchel's face appeared ghostly as he walked over to her.

Not only that, his height and presence were also imposing.

Despite Raegan's outward calm, she felt an urge to flee.

But it was too late.

Mitchel had anticipated her reaction.

He swiftly wrapped an arm around her shoulders and pulled her close.

"Why didn't you ask me to pick you up?" he asked, his voice deep and magnetic.

Raegan could not help but think how ironic it was.

She had just said she had nothing to do with Mitchel.

Yet here they were, standing intimately close, closer than they ever were during their marriage.

As Mitchel held her, he looked down at Hector in the car and politely acknowledged him.

"Uncle." Hector gave a nod in response.

"Raegan's upset with me.

Since she's teaching Bryce, I hope you can be more lenient with her if she does anything improper," Mitchel said to Hector.

Raegan felt a chill run down her spine.

Mitchel seemed to know too much about her.

Also, it was not she was angry with him, but rather it was they had divorced.

Hector smiled and simply replied, "Alright." Then, he drove off.

Mitchel straightened, and an enigmatic smile danced on his lips.

But then, he turned back to Raegan, and his smile vanished in an instant.

"Let's go," he urged as he strode forward.

However, Raegan did not move, prompting him to return and take her hand.

"Do you want me to carry you?" Raegan yanked her hand back and stared at him.

"Mitchel, what do you want?" For a moment, Mitchel stared at her with narrowed eyes.

And the next second, he stooped to pick her up.

Surprised, Raegan's heart skipped a beat.

She clung to his shirt and protested, "Mitchel!" "Didn't you just ask what I want to do?" He leaned over and, with his lips brushing against her ear, whispered, "Do you know now?"