

Unbreakable 241

Chapter 241

Henley gently brushed away Raegan's tears with his fingertips and softly said, "If I had known it was you, I would've come for you earlier.

You mean so much to me.

"Do you know that?" In the depths of Henley's abyss-like past, only Raegan had made him feel alive.

Raegan's tears didn't cease.

Henley's words were enigmatic and beyond her comprehension.

Her thoughts wandered over the people outside.

Thinking of them, she raised her voice and shouted as loudly as she could, "Help! Help..." Henley swiftly covered her mouth, muffling her cries.

Then, he let out a bone-chilling laughter.

"No one will hear you.

And if by chance they do, they won't intervene." In Raegan's heart, despair took root.

Henley had meticulously planned.

In other words, it was a trap for Raegan.

Henley pressed his index finger against Raegan's lips and whispered, "Be a good girl and give yourself to me.

I promise I'll be better than Mitchel." Even though he hadn't had sexual intercourse with women before, he had learned several techniques after realizing Raegan was the one for him.

He would be mindful of her feelings and was confident he wouldn't do anything less than satisfactory.

But as Henley pressed on her again, Raegan, gripped by panic, blurted out, "Henley, do you like me?" With a fire blazing in his eyes, Henley resolutely answered, "I like you.

I want all of you." Raegan sensed his unwavering determination, yet she tried to reason with him.

"If you really like me, you should respect me, not force me." Henley's eyes darkened, and he muttered, "Since I was a child, things I liked would always be discarded by others.

From that on, I understand one thing.

If you want something, you must do whatever it takes to have it." "It's not like that," Raegan countered.

"If you force me, I will hate you.

Do you want that?" Henley paused for a beat and said in a low voice, "I don't want you to hate me." Raegan seized the opportunity and continued, "I don't like you.

If you force me, I will hate you and wish for you to die." "Do you like Mitchel?" Henley asked out of nowhere.

With a low and magnetic voice, he bitterly asked, "Is he better than me?" Raegan closed her eyes and shook her head.

"I'm not interested in anyone." "You little liar," Henley scoffed.

"You like him." During their conversation, Raegan noticed a brief lapse in Henley's attention and decided to seize this opportunity.

With that, she lifted her knee and struck him in the part where it hurt the most.

"Argh!" Henley winced in pain and unconsciously loosened his grip on her.

Raegan took her chance.

She pushed him away and stepped hard on his wounds.

Henley's handsome face turned pale, and his forehead beaded with cold sweat.

She had stepped right on his injuries.

At last, Raegan leaped away from him.

She had done it on purpose, and that was why she hit him on his injuries.

His wounds, still healing, burst open.

Blood gushed out, soaking his black trousers.

Raegan was not a pushover.

What Henley had done stirred hatred within her.

She looked directly at Henley, whose face was a mask hiding his true feelings.

With an icy voice, she warned, "Try anything like that again, and I'll make sure you end up behind bars." As soon as she said these words, she opened the door and was about to leave.

Just then, the secretary and two bodyguards blocked her way.

The secretary glanced at Henley and asked, "Mr.

Brooks, shall we let her leave?" Raegan's expression shifted.

She hadn't anticipated that Henley had placed bodyguards at the door.

To think, he was actually considering detaining her.

Using the sofa for support, Henley slowly stood up.

As he wiped the sweat from his brow, his hand smeared blood across his face, adding a dangerous charm to his appearance.

He put on his glasses, regaining his gentle demeanor, and slowly said, "Raegan, I won't force you.

I'll give you until tomorrow to think about it.

But I'm afraid Nicole might not make it until then." Raegan's complexion turned ghostly.

Once Raegan left, the secretary came in with a medicine box to tend to Henley's wound.

She carefully cut open the blood-soaked suit pants.

As she cleaned the wound with an alcohol swab, her touch was gentle and her eyes were filled with desire.

She had thought Henley had no interest in women.

But now, seeing otherwise, she wondered if she might have a chance.

With this thought, she became even more attentive in her actions, subtly brushing her chest against his thigh.

Henley was inexperienced in intimacy, but he wasn't naive.

He raised her chin with his fingers and asked with a tantalizing gaze, "Do you want to sleep with me?" The secretary looked up at Henley's exquisite face.

The streak of blood on his cheekbone even enhanced his fierce allure.

With a flushed face, she murmured, "Mr.

Brooks, I can attend to your needs." Henley remained quiet, a faint smile dancing on his lips.

His long, cold fingers traced her jawline, and his knuckles grazed her slender neck.

The secretary succumbed to the sexual tension and let out a soft moan.

"Hmm..." She boldly took his hand, placed it on her plump bosom, and whispered, "Mr.

Brooks, take me..." "Ugh..." Henley smirked and suddenly tightened his grip on the secretary's neck.

Feeling suffocated, the secretary realized something was terribly wrong.

In a panic, she flailed and tried to break free.

However, Henley's grip only tightened.

The secretary's eyes rolled back, and desperate sounds escaped her throat.

Just before the brink of death, Henley forcefully shoved the secretary away, who hit the sharp edge of the office desk with a loud thud.

The next second, blood gushed from the back of her head.

Henley's eyes appeared as though they were tainted by the most fearsome hellfire.

"Remember your place!" he snapped.

After leaving Henley's office, Raegan felt a profound feeling of worry.

Regardless of the veracity of Henley's words about Nicole's condition, she had to do something to save Nicole.

Nicole was pregnant.

It wasn't just one life at stake, but two.

Jarrold was a bastard! Compromising with Henley was not an option for her, leaving her with only one choice.

At home, Raegan was in turmoil.

She felt increasingly anxious as the evening wore on.

After pacing for some time, she finally mustered the courage to make a call.

"Matteo, is Mr.

Dixon available?" "He's not," Matteo answered.

Raegan plucked up the courage and said, "Then please tell him I'm waiting for him at home," Matteo seemed surprised but quickly responded, "Alright.

I'll let him know." In the detention center of Ardlens, Nicole was confined in a solitary room.

It was pitch black, making it impossible to tell day from night.

She had lost track of time.

Before being put in this room, doctors had treated her arm.

She had three broken ribs, but thankfully, they hadn't punctured her pleura or lung.

Rest and avoiding strenuous activity were vital for her recovery.

However, her frail physical state made self-healing seemed unlikely.

Despite these circumstances, her life wasn't entirely miserable.

Meals here were served regularly, and she was left undisturbed.

Most importantly, she was away from Jarrod, the devil himself, which brought her some peace.

Missing her parents, Nicole wondered how Jarrod planned to handle her.

But she believed Jarrod wouldn't keep her here long.

After all, he couldn't torment her in this place.

As she continued to dwell on her thoughts, Nicole's mind eventually blurred, and she drifted into a deep sleep.

However, her slumber was disrupted by a sharp pain in her neck.

She snapped her eyes open, her heart racing in her chest.

Two women in prison uniforms stood over her.

One was pinning her down, while the other held a syringe and preparing to inject something into her neck.

Panic-stricken, Nicole writhed and struggled.

"Who are you?" The woman with short hair smirked and replied, "We're here to kill you!"

Chapter 242

Raegan had been at home, waiting for Mitchel.

By ten in the evening, Mitchel was still nowhere in sight.

Reluctantly, she called Matteo, learning that Mitchel was at Serenity Villas and that she could seek him there if needed.

Raegan hadn't visited Serenity Villas since their divorce.

After some thought, Raegan decided to go there.

Before leaving, she showered and chose her outfit.

In her closet, she found a white lace underdress, a gift from Nicole after her divorce.

It was meant to boost her confidence.

She had never worn it, finding it too bold.

Yet, she chose to wear it this time.

Arriving at Serenity Villas, Raegan worried about being allowed in post-divorce.

To her surprise, the security guard welcomed her warmly, stating she was expected.

Confused but relieved, Raegan thanked the guard.

The security guard informed Raegan, "Madam, we've been instructed to allow you to enter whenever you arrive." Raegan, taken aback by this, found herself at a loss for words.

After this exchange, she parted ways with the guard.

At the front door, she faced the facial recognition lock.

To her astonishment, it opened for her.

Mitchel hadn't removed her from the system.

She thought perhaps Mitchel, busy with other matters, hadn't updated it, especially since a new house would likely be purchased for any future marriage in the Dixon family.

Navigating the house with familiarity, she noticed it was dark, save for a sliver of light from the bedroom.

As Raegan approached the door, she glimpsed Mitchel on the balcony through a gap.

He stood there, cigarette in hand, still in his formal suit, as though he just returned from a social event.

Under the moonlight, he appeared both lonely and weary.

“Lonely” for Mitchel? That word didn't fit right.

Raegan tapped softly on the door.

Mitchel, after exhaling a plume of smoke, turned to look at her, his expression devoid of either surprise or pleasure.

His lack of surprise stemmed from Matteo's prior notification of her arrival.

His displeasure arose from the realization that Raegan's visit was motivated by concern for Nicole, not for him.

He snorted.

Raegan had never shown such concern for him as she did for Nicole.

This realization cast a shadow over Mitchel's eyes.

Resolved to save Nicole, Raegan stepped forward.

She approached Mitchel and spoke.

"Mitchel." Mitchel remained silent, prompting Raegan to continue, "Can you help get Nicole out of the detention center?" She believed that even if she couldn't sway Jarrod, Mitchel could get Nicole out of the detention.

Upon hearing her request, Mitchel's expression shifted slightly.

So, Raegan went straight to the point.

Previously, she sought Jarrod's help to release Nicole.

Now, she turned to him for assistance regarding Nicole's situation.

Mitchel raised an eyebrow, countering, "It's not a hard thing.

But why should I help you?" Taking a deep breath, Raegan approached Mitchel.

She raised her face, wrapping her arms around his neck.

"I'll offer what you want in return.

Is that fair?" To her dismay, Mitchel seemed unmoved.

Feeling desperate, Raegan began to unbutton her coat.

Mitchel was surprised by her boldness.

He had known Raegan first sought Henley's help.

Now, seeing her with him, he felt a twinge of disappointment at her.

"Do you think I'll accept this?" Mitchel's voice was laced with scorn.

"You overestimate yourself." Raegan paused, her skin exposed to the air.

She tried to muster courage, but Mitchel's harsh words crushed her spirits.

Raegan felt deeply humiliated with her body exposed.

Mitchel's expression shifted, taken aback by her choice of attire.

His breathing grew heavy.

Raegan was consumed by shame.

Never before had she dressed like this.

Mitchel's harsh words, signaling his refusal to help, brought tears to her eyes.

She hastily wrapped her coat around herself, leaving it unbuttoned as she headed for the door.

But before she could leave, Mitchel's hand caught her.

He yanked her back with force, pressing her against a cabinet.

In a swift motion, he tore open her coat, revealing her figure.

Raegan felt a sharp pain in her back and instinctively tried to shield her figure, but Mitchel gripped her hand tightly, immobilizing her.

"Release me, Mitchel!" Her plea was choked with tears, her eyes reddening.

Mitchel, his gaze ablaze with both desire and anger, retorted harshly, "Let you go? So you can wear this to plead with another man?" His words painted her in a disgraceful light.

Raegan, trembling and sobbing, protested, "What's wrong with you? Let me go!" Mitchel's grip on her chin forced her to meet his eyes as he sneered, "What? Henley didn't help you? How many times did you have sex with him? Well...

He looks soft, so he must've not been good at it.

Was I better than him?" Jealousy clouded Mitchel's reason, his mind fixated on the imagination of Raegan letting other men touch her.

He felt as if a fire blazed within him, driving him to teach Raegan a lesson.

Anger and shock shook Raegan, her voice quivering, "You've been following me?" Mitchel, looking into her tearful eyes, narrowed his own.

"How else would I know about what you did, all for your friend?" His tone was laced with jealousy as he mocked, "Raegan, you've surprised me." His words felt like arrows piercing Raegan's heart, leaving her utterly defeated.

Tears brimming in her eyes, Raegan demanded, "Release me, Mitchel!" Noticing her pained expression, Mitchel thought he might have hurt her, so he loosened his grip.

Raegan quickly withdrew her hand.

Clap! In a swift motion, Raegan slapped Mitchel across the face.

Her eyes red with emotion, she confronted him.

"Mitchel Dixon, it is none of your business how many dates I've been on.

What right do you have to question my actions?" Mitchel's expression shifted dramatically.

Raegan's words implied they were no longer connected, rendering his feelings of jealousy and criticisms meaningless.

His heart sank.

He felt a crushing sense of helplessness.

Raegan's hand trembled with rage.

"Why offer hope only to humiliate me? Or was that your plan all along?" As Raegan tried to restrain her tears, anger overtook her.

She grabbed her bag and struck Mitchel fiercely.

"Your wish is granted.

You're despicable!" Mitchel had given her hope through Matteo, only to degrade her now.

The bastard! Absolute son of a bitch! With her head bowed, Raegan brushed away her tears, preparing to leave.

Mitchel, touched by her tears, battled his instincts.

His mind urged him to let her go, deeming her unworthy.

Yet, he couldn't bear to see her cry and let her leave.

He stepped forward, halting her departure.

"I'll help you."

Chapter 243

Raegan ceased her struggle, meeting Mitchel's gaze with teary eyes.

"So, what is it you want?" Mitchel evaded a direct response.

"I'll tell you after Nicole's release." "Is it something I can't afford?" Raegan questioned, apprehensive.

With a hint of sarcasm, Mitchel replied, "You were ready to offer yourself to me.

What else can't you afford?" Raegan was rendered speechless, finding Mitchel increasingly infuriating.

Yet, given the choice between the unpredictable Henley and Mitchel, she leaned toward trusting Mitchel.

"When will Nicole be released?" she asked.

"Tomorrow morning," Mitchel stated.

"Can't it be sooner?" Raegan's anxiety was evident.

She didn't want Nicole to stay in the detention center any longer.

Mitchel retorted dryly, "What do you expect? A midnight jailbreak" Raegan, momentarily speechless, realized the impracticality of her request.

Relieved that Mitchel could assist Nicole, she felt a burden lift.

Mitchel motioned for Raegan to sit on the bed.

"Stay here tonight." "Tonight?" Raegan wrapped her coat tightly, wary.

"How many conditions do you have? I only agreed to one." Seeing her guarded stance, Mitchel's expression darkened, frustrated.

He taunted, "Where else would you like to go at this time?" "I'm not going to have sex with you.

I'm not that horny," Mitchel added, his tone biting.

Raegan chose not to argue, weighed down by the uncertainty of his demand.

She hoped to resolve this ordeal as swiftly as possible, adhering to only one condition.

Meanwhile, in the detention center, Nicole faced her ordeal, restrained by two women in prison uniforms as an unknown substance was injected into her.

Panic engulfed Nicole's face.

“Ah...

Ah..." Nicole was terrified to discover that her voice had failed her, leaving her only able to emit hoarse, inarticulate screams.

She had lost her voice! The short-haired woman observed Nicole's terror and sneered, "Lost your voice, huh?" Nicole nodded, fear evident in her eyes.

The short-haired woman brandished the syringe.

"This drug temporarily robs you of speech." Pale-faced, Nicole glared at them, her eyes filled with questions.

The two women laughed ominously.

"You'll find out soon." Despite the difficulty of smuggling items in, these two women produced several toothpicks.

One remarked, "We're just paid to do this.

Our job is to torture you before finishing you off.

Blame the man you've offended.

You hurt someone dear to him." The other woman added somberly, "Women should never trust men.

When they're in love, you're everything.

When love fades, they'll crush you without a second thought." As they conversed, their actions were coordinated and deliberate.

One held Nicole's hand while the other took the disguised toothpick, a hidden silver needle within.

She pushed the needle under Nicole's nails, causing sharp, intense pain.

Nicole's agonized screams echoed in the night, a chilling sound of sheer torment.

"Uh! Ahhh!" The pain was excruciating, akin to being slowly sliced.

It was a fate worse than death.

Nicole unleashed intense howls as though someone was methodically slicing through her flesh, piece by agonizing piece, with a knife.

The excruciating pain pushed her into a state even more unbearable than death.

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The excruciating pain pushed her into a state even more unbearable than death. Her face and body were drenched in cold sweat from the unbearable pain, each drop hitting the floor.

Her body convulsed beyond her control, and even her toes quivered.

Nicole's vision blurred, white flashes dotting her sight, while the two women's voices distorted.

“Is she going to die?” “Doesn't matter.

She's as good as dead.

Just cut off her fingers and finish this.” Nicole's hand was forcibly spread and pressed against the floor.

A blade gleamed in the short-haired woman's hand as she savagely slashed at Nicole's fingers.

The blade sliced deep, hitting bone, and blood spewed forth.

Nicole's gaze fixated on the blood, the physical pain paling in comparison to the anguish in her heart.

It was an excruciating, soul-deep agony.

Nicole hadn't imagined Jarrod capable of such cruelty, prolonging her suffering instead of granting a swift end.

This was the price Jarrod had spoken of, a cruel, unforgettable retribution.

He was a cruel man! In Nicole's bloodshot eyes, tears of hatred formed.

Even in her impending doom, she cursed Jarrod with every fiber of her being.

The short-haired woman's first attempt to sever Nicole's fingers was botched, lacking precision.

She readied for another strike.

Suddenly, Nicole, driven by desperation, bit down fiercely on the short-haired woman's arm.

“Ah!” the short-haired woman screamed, only to be muffled by the other woman.

“Quiet! Do you want us caught?” The short-haired woman, in agony, stammered, “My arm! Get her off!” The other woman struggled to pry Nicole away.

Failing, she resorted to striking Nicole on the back of her head with force.

Struck forcefully, Nicole's grip loosened.

The short-haired woman's arm was gruesomely torn, with flesh ripped away from Nicole's bite, bleeding profusely.

In a rage, she slapped Nicole.

“Bitch! How dare you bite me!” The blow sent Nicole crashing against the wall, pain radiating through her body.

She began to experience stomach cramps, her body wracked with spasms.

The short-haired woman, still seething, raised her hand to strike Nicole again.

But she halted while seeing Nicole wield the blade she had snatched.

Nicole's eyes blazed with a fierce determination, warning them off.

The short-haired woman hesitated, her pain holding her back.

The other woman cautioned, “Take your time.

She won't last much longer.

We'll see who outlasts whom." Clutching the blade, Nicole kept her eyes on these two women, refusing to give in.

She had to see her parents one last time.

The night stretched on, filled with agony.

As dawn approached, Nicole's pain intensified, every part of her body screaming.

Her strength waning, she felt a warm liquid trickle down her legs, pooling on the floor.

The woman opposite noticed and gasped.

"Why is she bleeding heavily? Did she have a miscarriage?" At that moment, the heavy iron door was opened.

A voice remarked, "You're free to go now, 4129.

4129...

Get an ambulance, now!"

Chapter 244 The Most Important Person

Nicole's nerves, strained to their limit, eased only when she was safely inside the ambulance.

A sensation of something descending in her lower abdomen gripped her...

Had her baby failed to live after the torment she went through? A mouthful of blood escaped Nicole's lips.

Her fingers clenched so tightly that blood oozed from her grasp.

Jarrold! What a bastard! How could he be cruel as to get rid of his own child? How dare him! In the hospital, Jarrod remained by Jamie's side.

Jamie, after a detailed examination, was found to be unharmed.

The fork had missed her artery.

In the chaos, Jamie had pressed her hand against the wound, making the bleeding appear more severe than it was.

Traumatized, Jamie repeatedly voiced her fear that Nicole wanted to kill her, opting to stay in the hospital for a few more days with Jarrod by her side.

At this moment, Jarrod stepped out of the ward for a moment alone in the corridor.

He was about to light a cigarette when his phone rang.

Alec was on the line.

"Mr.Schultz, I went to pick up Miss Lawrence as instructed, but Mr.Dixon's men had already secured her medical parole."

Mitchel had arranged Nicole's medical parole? Jarrod pondered for a moment and connected the dots.

Raegan must have spoken to Mitchel and asked for help.

He recalled Mitchel's call from the previous night, which he had neglected due to Jamie's distress.

This had to be the topic of that missed call.

He had never intended to detain Nicole for long.

Doing Mitchel this favor seemed right.

"Forget it. Just take care of the remaining issues."

"Already done. The case against her has been dropped."

"Good."

After a pause, Alec added with concern, "But it appears Miss Lawrence sustained serious injuries..."

At this instant, a doctor, hurrying with a gurney, passed by Jarrod.

"Sir, please step aside."

Jarrod moved, his eyes briefly meeting the gurney as he asked Alec, "What did you just say?"

"Miss Lawrence was injured in the detention center," Alec responded.

A moment passed without an answer.

"Mr. Schultz, are you there?"

Jarrood's grip loosened, his phone clattering to the floor.

He stood, stunned and immobile, his gaze locked on the scene before him.

On the gurney, covered in blood, lay Nicole! Her face was deathly pale, a stark contrast to the dark blood under her nails.

Her arm dangled from the gurney, lifeless.

Blood soaked the lower half of her body, the horror of her ordeal evident against the stark white cloth.

Jarrood felt a sudden, searing pain in his temples.

He lurched forward, grasping the edge of the gurney, disbelief etched on his face.

He needed confirmation! The doctor, frowning, tried to pull Jarrood's hand away.

"Sir, you're hindering our emergency treatment!"

Jarrood's refusal to move aside prompted the doctor to push him harder.

"Please, don't obstruct our efforts to save her!"

Jarrood's mind snapped back, and he slowly loosened his grip.

But then, a weak grasp caught his hand.

"Nicole!"

Jarrood's voice was a mix of shock and surprise.

Nicole's eyes fluttered open, the whites stained with red.

She looked at him, unmoving.

"Jarrod, you got what you wanted. You've killed our child yourself!" Nicole's voice, rough and strained as though scorched by flames, was barely audible.

Her words were difficult to discern.

Jarrood, reading her lips, felt as if struck by lightning.

Was the child he had sought to eliminate actually his own? Nicole's blurred vision couldn't discern his expression.

All she saw were shadowy figures.

Her hand weakly slipped down.

"Jarrod," she whispered.

"My dying wish is for you to be cursed with illness and loneliness throughout your life..."

Her voice, filled with hatred, despair, and revulsion, was hoarse and feeble.

Jarrood watched her lips closely, deciphering each word that others couldn't.

He felt as if her bloodied hand was choking him, his hand stiffening in response.

After a moment, Jarrod spoke through clenched teeth, his voice strained.

"Nicole, stop talking about death! You're not scaring anyone."

The doctor interjected urgently, "Sir, the patient is bleeding. Your actions are endangering her life!"

To the medical team, Jarrod seemed deranged.

They couldn't understand why Jarrod was attempting to communicate with a patient who could only make hissing sounds due to damaged vocal cords.

Finally, Jarrod let go.

He remained motionless, then retrieved his phone from the floor and followed the medical team.

Outside the emergency room, Jarrod's hands shook uncontrollably.

He had thought confining her in the detention center would only limit her freedom, granting her a lesson for defying and harming the untouchable.

How could things have turned out like this...

What did Nicole mean by accusing him of killing his own child? A sharp, needle-like pain struck his temple.

Leaning against the wall, he dialed Alec.

"Find out everything that happened to Nicole in the detention center.

Miss a single detail, and you'll be tortured to death!"

The medical team stretched on for eight grueling hours.

Jarrood stood outside the operating room, motionless, his figure resembling a statue.

Inside, Nicole lay on the table, her complexion pallid, her breathing having momentarily stopped.

The surgery was in the hands of the hospital's most experienced professor, with a promising young doctor named Roscoe assisting.

Roscoe, despite his youth and lack of qualifications for lead surgeon, was remarkably skilled in drug therapy research, especially in cancer treatment and prolonging life.

At the operating table, the professor gazed at Nicole, whose abdomen was gravely compromised, and slowly shook his head.

"It's too late..."

Roscoe, usually composed, showed a crack in his demeanor.

His voice slightly hoarse, he implored, "Please, save her."

Looking at the usually stoic Roscoe, the professor inquired, "Who is this woman to you?"

Roscoe's thoughts drifted back to one summer when he first saw Nicole.

Back then, the eighteen-year-old Nicole accompanied her father to a charity event in the countryside.

She was dressed in a striking red dress, complemented by a wide-brimmed black hat, her skin delicate.

Her smile was like that of a radiant, dazzling red rose.

He later learned Nicole's name and her identity as the daughter of a wealthy businessman known for aiding underprivileged children like him.

That fleeting encounter lingered in his memory, a moment frozen in time, leaving a lasting imprint on Roscoe's heart.

Roscoe had personally raised 50 million to help Nicole settle her debts.

He sold his cherished patent and traveled abroad for medical exchanges, all to enhance his qualifications and increase his earnings.

Yet, Nicole was still here, grievously injured.

The once flawless lady was now marred by wounds, and he felt helpless to help.

His skills, formidable as they were, seemed insignificant in the face of the harsh realities of capitalism.

He could only stand by as she suffered.

Determination burning in his eyes, Roscoe stated firmly, "She's the most important person to me."

In the operating room, despite his exceptional talent, Roscoe was helpless to aid Nicole.

Emotions could cloud judgment.

After the operation, only Roscoe and a nurse remained.

Nicole, barely conscious, recognized a familiar figure and felt a sense of relief.

Her eyelashes quivered, her voice barely a whisper.

Through her lips, she conveyed, "Ros...I don't want others to know about my illness."

She refused to spend her final days under the weight of pity and sympathy.

She yearned to maintain her dignity, to leave this world with grace and poise.

"I understand," Roscoe replied, comprehending her wishes.

He tenderly brushed her hair, his voice steady.

"Don't worry. You won't be alone."

He resolved to be by her side, should that day arrive.

Nicole peacefully drifted off to sleep.

Roscoe's gaze turned icy as he faced the nurse, inquiring, "Is that man still waiting outside?"

Chapter 245 Absolutely His Child

The nurse nodded, and Roscoe stepped out, holding the medical report.

The nurse, observing Roscoe's departure, suddenly sensed something was amiss.

Roscoe's tone seemed to be dripped with disdain when referring to the man waiting for Nicole.

Her recollection revealed that while Roscoe maintained an air of aloofness, he had never before addressed patients' family members in such a manner.

Exiting the operating room, Roscoe's observant eyes met Jarrod, whose forehead was lined with anxiety.

"Doctor, how is she?"

Jarrod approached Roscoe, urgency lacing his voice.

It was only then that Jarrod recognized the doctor's familiar countenance.

Roscoe, maintaining his professional demeanor, informed him, "The fetus didn't survive. The patient is extremely weak and shows signs of physical abuse. She's lost several fingernails..."

Jarrod's heart clenched tightly at these words.

Roscoe continued, "She has a severe stomach ulcer. She hadn't eaten properly in days, and we found soil in her stomach. If this continues, her condition will worsen."

Roscoe felt obliged to warn Jarrod about Nicole's condition, regardless of Nicole's reasons for keeping her cancer a secret.

After all, Nicole had to deal with Jarrod for some time before he managed to send Nicole's parents away.

Roscoe hoped Jarrod still had some semblance of a conscience.

Roscoe then presented a small box to Jarrod.

"She requested this be given to you before surgery."

Jarrold, looking at the dark box, felt an ominous feeling.

Without opening it, he asked, "What's inside?"

Calmly, Roscoe replied, "It contains a biological sample from the fetus."

Jarrold felt a sharp pang in his heart! If Nicole had been bold enough to do this, it meant she was certain the child was his.

His child...

His very own...

How could she have been so sure? Caught in his thoughts, Jarrold realized that apart from that man's accusations, he had never actually seen Nicole's infidelity.

His mind whirled with a flood of thoughts.

Jarrold stumbled backward, leaning against the wall for support.

Roscoe's face wore a faint, mocking smile as he turned to leave.

Post-surgery, Nicole lay in a deep sleep.

Raegan came to visit, sitting by Nicole's side for a long time.

During this period, Roscoe came to check on Nicole, reassuring Raegan that Nicole's deep sleep was normal.

Raegan watched Roscoe's gaze linger on Nicole.

His eyes held a deep, unspoken affection.

But as soon as Roscoe looked up, that softness vanished, leaving Raegan to wonder if she had imagined things.

Soon, Raegan's phone buzzed.

It was a message from Mitchel.

"Meet me outside in five minutes."

Her mood shifted to tension.

She gathered her belongings, leaned closer to Nicole's slumbering visage, and whispered, "I promise I'll visit you again tomorrow, Nicole."

Outside, Raegan waited at the hospital entrance, watching Mitchel's car approach smoothly.

The day was strikingly beautiful, the sun casting a golden light everywhere.

Mitchel stepped out, drawing eyes with his tall figure and striking looks.

Dressed in a black cashmere coat with a bright red tie, he exuded a blend of youth and commanding presence.

The angled sunlight enveloped him, lending a radiant glow to his figure as if he were an ethereal being stepping into the earthly world.

Raegan, momentarily spellbound, was whisked back to a wintry day from ten years earlier.

At that time, she had been the victim of a cruel prank, soaked in freezing water, shivering amid a mocking crowd.

Then, a commanding figure appeared before her, his voice as crisp as the winter air, "Hey, you must learn to stand up to bullies."

He was like a ray of light in her darkest hour, his presence reaching deep into Raegan's soul.

Engrossed in her memories, Raegan didn't notice his approach until he softly took her hand, saying, "Let's go."

His touch brought warmth, and, slightly dazed, she followed him into the car, unaware of their destination.

The car eventually stopped.

Before Raegan loomed the imposing building of the City Hall.

City Hall? Raegan's eyes widened in astonishment as she turned to Mitchel.

"Why are we here?"

"To honor your promise."

Raegan's mind reeled.

All they could do here was to get married again.

It was beyond her comprehension that Mitchel wanted to remarry her.

She thought he despised her.

But here they were, at the place to register marriages.

"Mitchel, I can't!"

After saying so, she turned to leave, only to find her wrist securely held in his grasp.

Raegan struggled in vain, her hand trembling with resolute resistance.

Mitchel, sensing her protest, his refined features suddenly clouded over with a cold, stern expression.

"Do you intend to break our agreement? Do you want Nicole to go back to the detention center?"

Mitchel asked, his voice deep and devoid of humor.

Raegan abruptly froze.

She couldn't let Nicole endure that dreadful fate again.

With a trembling voice, she pleaded, "Mitchel, you never mentioned this before. I...I'm sorry. I can't agree to this."

Their failed relationship had left wounds much deeper than visible scars.

It cast a shadow on her soul, and even Luciana was no longer by her side.

The thought of a marriage, despised by his parents, was suffocating her.

"Mitchel, I am willing to go to great lengths to keep my promise, but marriage is a line I cannot cross," Raegan said, her voice quivering.

With each word she uttered, Mitchel's features grew more frigid, his anger reaching its peak.

"Any length?"

His grip tightened on her coat, his voice seething with rage.

"Can we do it here, right now? Huh?"

Raegan clung to his hand, pleading, "No!"

Feeling her shake, Mitchel's hold eased, his expression returning to its usual calm as if he was not the person consumed by fury.

His lips barely moved as he coldly proposed, "Three months."

Raegan looked at him, confused.

"What do you mean?"

"I need three months of marriage. After that, you can choose to end it."

Chapter 246 Remarriage

Raegan was baffled by Mitchel's suggestion of a temporary marriage.

She wondered why Mitchel had chosen her, when so many others would have jumped at the chance to be by his side, even if just for a day.

Mitchel looked at Raegan with a calm intensity and explained, "My grandfather's health is failing. The doctors say he has less than two months."

Raegan felt as if her world had just shattered.

The Dixon family was not known for warmth, except for the love she received from Mitchel's grandfather.

This news was a devastating blow.

Overwhelmed with sorrow, Raegan stammered, "I can keep pretending to be your wife..."

Mitchel's rejection was immediate and firm, his gaze on her cool and distant, "I don't want that."

Raegan was taken aback by his stoic response.

"I can't lie to him now."

His reasoning sounded valid, but Raegan couldn't shake the feeling that she was falling for his trap.

"But..."

Raegan began, hesitantly.

Mitchel cut her off, his expression growing stern, "This remarriage is only for my grandfather's sake, of course..."

After a brief pause, he added nonchalantly, "You're not being forced. Your options are to remarry me or to have sex with me here."

Raegan felt her cheeks burn, trapped between two undesirable choices.

But the thought of his grandfather made her agree to endure the former option for three months.

She spoke up, a hint of resolve in her voice, "Let's keep this secret. I don't want Luciana to find out about our remarriage. And after three months, you'll divorce me, right?"

Mitchel's nod was cold and detached.

Raegan felt a slight relief and continued, "Then, let's sign both the prenuptial and divorce papers now. It will save us the trouble in three months."

Raegan handled the situation with a business-like approach, treating it as a mere transaction.

Her attitude seemed to stir something within Mitchel.

She noticed a hint of displeasure in his expression, his eyes taking on a colder hue.

Nevertheless, she pressed on and went to a nearby photocopy shop to print out the divorce agreement, insisting that Mitchel sign it right after her.

Mitchel held the pen tightly, his force almost tearing the thin paper of the agreement.

He hesitated for a moment before signing his name with a swift motion.

His face was expressionless and distant throughout the process.

For some reason, Raegan felt a pang in her heart watching him sign so easily.

It was a subtle, growing pain, like being pricked by invisible needles.

For a woman, marriage was often seen as a new beginning, making such decisions particularly challenging.

But Mitchel could divorce and remarry her without hesitation, his indifference seemingly stemming from a lack of love.

Their reconnection was bound by a mere agreement, leaving Raegan with a heavy heart.

Mitchel's mood darkened, his voice low as he said, "Let's go inside."

Frustrated, Raegan retorted, "I only have my ID card. I don't have my birth certificate with me."

She had tried to locate her birth certificate in vain before.

Mitchel replied calmly, "I have it. I have brought all the necessary documents."

Surprised, Raegan asked, "How do you have my birth certificate?"

Mitchel responded evenly, "You left it behind when we divorced."

"Why didn't you give it back to me then?"

"I just forgot,"

Mitchel said nonchalantly.

Together, they entered the building and quickly completed the paperwork.

Each now held the marriage certificate symbolizing their remarriage.

Raegan was filled with doubts, sensing deep down that this hasty decision was a mistake.

In hindsight, Raegan would come to see this decision as a grave error.

She often wished she could turn back time to save her younger self from making such a naive mistake.

Mitchel quickly snatched the marriage certificate from Raegan, storing it with his copy in the car's compartment.

Raegan, puzzled, said, "Shouldn't we each keep one?"

Mitchel smirked.

"I'll keep them with the divorce papers, so they're easy to find later."

Raegan admitted his point made sense.

Separating the certificates could lead to inconvenience.

Later, they visited Mitchel's grandfather, who was delighted to see them.

Post-visit, Raegan had students to tutor.

Mitchel decided to drop her off at the destination.

During the drive, Mitchel's watchful eyes were on her.

He parked the car and locked the doors, his expression turning serious.

"What's on your mind?" Raegan asked.

Mitchel looked solemn.

"You're a married woman now. Regardless of your past with Henley, you must understand this. While we're married, any contact with him is off-limits. Do you understand?"

"Okay,"

Raegan agreed immediately.

She had no intention of contacting Henley.

Mitchel's expression softened slightly at her prompt agreement.

But he couldn't resist asking, "Why did you agree so easily? Aren't you afraid he'll be hurt?"

Raegan felt the need to clear up any misunderstandings from before.

"To be honest, there was never anything between him and me."

Raegan didn't feel like delving into this topic.

After all, Henley once saved her life, and she believed it was best to leave the past behind.

As Raegan prepared to exit the car, Mitchel suddenly grabbed her hand.

His voice, deep and husky, asked, "What do you mean by that?"

"Just what I said."

His grip tightened, making her uncomfortable.

Raegan tried to pull away, eager to escape the tension building between them.

But Mitchel held on, his voice betraying a hint of vulnerability, "Did you ever..."

He hesitated, the unasked question hanging in the air, his anxiety evident.

Mitchel, typically self-controlled, seemed to lose his composure whenever she was around.

His proposal of remarriage, under the guise of a pretense for his grandpa's sake, hinted at a deeper motive.

He just couldn't bear the thought of her being with someone else.

Raegan felt her anxiety rise under his unwavering hold.

"Let me get out, please. I'm running late."

"Why the rush?" Mitchel asked, his eyes locking with hers for a moment before he leaned in closer.

In the confined space of the car, their faces were close.

Raegan could see every detail of his dark eyes, fringed with thick lashes.

His eyes captured the light of the street lamps, shimmering like stars in a vast sky.

Suddenly, Raegan's heart began to beat furiously as if it might leap out of her chest.

Time appeared to stretch, turning their imminent kiss into a prolonged scene, their lips nearing each other to almost nothing.

Raegan was stunned, realizing too late she should have avoided this situation.

But now they were too close, the air around them charged, her thoughts a whirlwind of confusion and chaos.

Right before their lips could touch, Mitchel pulled back, his voice a low murmur in her ear, "Wish us a happy life."

A low, resonant chuckle emanated from the depths of his throat.

Raegan's face flushed with embarrassment.

Mitchel must have intended to tease her.

He had effectively seized every opportunity to tease her.

Feeling both embarrassed and irritated, Raegan quickly opened the car door.

Without saying a word or even looking his way, she swiftly exited and walked away.

In the hospital ward.

Jarrood's intense gaze was fixed on Nicole's pale face.

He watched her without blinking, lost in thought.

If Nicole could see him now, she might mock him for feigning deep emotion.

But it was only in these quiet moments, with Nicole asleep, that Jarrood let his guard down and showed his true feelings.

Suddenly, his phone buzzed, breaking the silence.

Stepping into the corridor to answer, Jarrood learned from Alec that two women who hurt Nicole were released on bail by their families.

The two women were Howe's people.

Worse still, Howe had stepped in to stop any investigation against those two women.

Since Howe was Jamie's brother, Alec asked for Jarrood's instructions about whether they should continue investigating.

Jarrood's eyes turned cold.

"Keep investigating," he ordered.

He ended the call.

It was less than thirty minutes after he left Nicole's ward.

At this moment, Jamie spotted Jarrod and hurried over, tears streaming down her face.

"Jarrod, how could you embarrass my brother for that slut!"

"Jamie!"

Jarrod's voice rang out, low and icy, devoid of any semblance of a smile.

Chapter 247 Like A Child

At this moment, Jarrod's eyes were filled with coldness and cruelty.

Jamie was so frightened that she couldn't help trembling all over.

Jarrod was rarely harsh to her.

He did the same on the yacht before.

He threw her away without hesitation, and she fell to the ground.

This was all for Nicole, that bitch.

Jamie realized that Jarrod was changing.

He no longer treated her as treasure like before.

"Jarrod, don't...Don't you love me anymore?"

As she spoke, tears welled up in Jamie's eyes.

But she tried her best to hold back her sobs, making her look aggrieved and pitiful.

Nicole hadn't woken up yet, and Jarrod was already getting irritable.

He said in a voice tinged with impatience, "That's not true."

"Not true? But you were harsh to me just now!"

Jamie sniffed and shouted.

"I am mad at you!"

She had to show Jarrod that she was not a pushover.

After all, she knew that he liked her for being unruly.

He detested weaklings.

Jamie knew Jarrod was fond of women who occasionally showed weakness and stubbornness.

Sure enough, Jarrod's tone softened a bit.

He said, "Enough.You haven't fully recovered yet.Go back and rest first."

But Jamie was not pleased at all.

Instead, she got even angrier.

Was he trying to coax her? Or was he driving her away? Jamie gritted her teeth and said hatefully, "Jarrod, are you just going to let go of the fact that Nicole hurt me? She was serious about killing me.

And what she did to me still gives me nightmares every night!"

"She has been punished,"

Jarrod said indifferently.

For a moment, Jamie felt like she was about to lose control of her emotions.

Her face contorted in anger.

Nicole had already been punished? What did he mean? Nicole was still alive.

She wasn't punished enough.

Jarrod was even sorry for Nicole because Nicole had lost her child.

Could it be that it was Jarrod's child? At the thought of this, Jamie clenched her fists tightly.

Nicole was such a bitch! Jarrod noticed that Jamie just kept her head down, and she seemed sad.

He rubbed his temples and shook his head wearily.

"I know you're upset. I'll ask Alec to take you to choose another villa by the river tomorrow."

With this one, Jamie already had three villas and five large apartments under her name.

Jarrold was always generous to Jamie.

He never cared about those things and just gave them to her at will.

He once promised her before that he would transfer eight percent of his company's shares to Jamie after their wedding.

It was a substantial amount of money.

The expression on Jamie's face softened a little.

She realized that although she hated Nicole to the core, she couldn't immediately kill her.

Suddenly, Jamie thought of something.

She pouted and said, "But Jarrod, why did you send someone to investigate my brother? Don't you know you are making me lose face in this situation?"

Jarrold didn't say anything about it.

He just frowned.

Jamie leaned on him, shook his arm, and said coquettishly, "Don't let Alec make trouble for my brother, okay?"

"Alec is not making trouble," Jarrod said with a smile.

But his smile did not reach his eyes.

"Jamie, since he is your brother, I respect him. But it doesn't mean I can let him interfere in my affairs at will. Do you understand?"

His smile sent a chill down Jamie's spine.

She had known him for three years, but she had never seen him smile like this.

It was said that the one Jarrod was smiled at was usually the one he was about to be dealt with.

At this moment, a nurse suddenly came out and asked, "Are you a family member of the patient in Bed 2? She is awake."

Jarrod's heart tightened for a moment.

He casually shook off Jamie's hand and said, "Go back and rest. Don't make a scene here."

After saying this, Jarrod turned around, walked to the ward, and closed the door behind him.

Jamie looked at the closed door with viciousness in her eyes.

It was as if some venomous snakes were about to crawl out of her eyes, enter the ward, and tear Nicole apart.

At this moment, her phone rang.

It brought her back to her senses.

Jamie took it out, looked at the screen, and saw Howe's name flashing.

Howe had been constantly bothering Jamie.

Now that he was calling, she had no choice but to pick it up.

She impatiently said, "Howe, what's wrong with you this time?"

"Jamie, that Alec took those two women away!"

Howe replied anxiously.

"What if they fail to stick to the scheme and expose me? What should I do? I only did what you said, sending someone to deal with that chick."

But Jamie seemed not bothered at all.

She said casually, "Howe, calm down. You have nothing to worry about. So what if Jarrod finds out? After all these years, do you still not know how he treats me?"

She comforted him, "You are my brother. How can I let something happen to you? Don't worry. I am here. He won't do anything to you."

Howe was relieved to hear Jamie's words.

He chuckled and said, "That chick is really lucky. But it's a pity if she dies."

Howe couldn't help clicking his tongue when he recalled Nicole's curvaceous figure.

He thought she was a seductive bitch.

He wanted to have a taste of her.

Of course, Jamie knew Howe very well.

She could tell what his words implied.

He was interested in Nicole, and he wanted to have fun with her.

Jamie blinked a few times.

"Howe, if you really want to..."

Inside the ward, Nicole had just woken up.

Nicole leaned against the headboard, and a nurse was feeding her porridge.

The wounds on her hands, face, and neck were still visible, but they were better and less swollen than before.

When Jarrod walked in, he hinted at the nurse to leave.

He took the bowl from the nurse and continued to feed Nicole.

He thought Nicole would reject him.

But he didn't expect she didn't refuse at all.

As soon as the spoon was in front of her, she opened her mouth obediently.

Perhaps because she ate too fast, some porridge flowed out from the corners of her mouth.

Jarrold put down the bowl, took a tissue, and wiped her mouth.

He said, "Why are you acting like a child? Eat slowly. This food is all yours. No one will take it away from you."

As he spoke, he didn't realize that there was a hint of endearment in his voice.

Nicole was always like a prickly cat.

She rarely behaved obediently in his presence.

And when she finally did, he couldn't help but tease her.

But soon, he realized something was wrong.

She never responded to all his words.

There was no expression on her scarred face.

She was like a broken crystal doll that could break even at the slightest touch.

Jarrold was a bit frustrated, but he didn't show it.

He picked up the bowl again and continued to feed her.

Nicole ate silently.

After the last spoonful, Nicole's expression fluctuated for a moment.

Then, she made a retching sound.

She vomited all the porridge Jarrod had just fed her.

The sticky liquid was all over the bed and Jarrod's shirt and arms.

The strange smell of stomach acid permeated the air.

Jarrod's face darkened in an instant, and his eyebrows furrowed tightly as if he could crush a fly.

But unexpectedly, he didn't throw his temper at Nicole.

Finally, Nicole no longer looked like a fragile crystal doll.

Instead, she gripped the quilt tightly.

Her face was as pale as a sheet, and she let out painful moans.

The nurse rushed to the ward when she heard the noise.

And she was shocked by the scene in the ward.

She looked at the empty bowl on the bedside table and asked in surprise, "Mr.Schultz, did you feed her the entire bowl?"

Jarrood held up his arms and nodded with a frown.

The nurse was dedicated to her work.

Since she didn't know who Jarrood was, she only treated him as an ordinary person.

She said, "Miss Lawrence has a weak stomach, and she has just woken up. She can't eat too much. And she isn't able to speak, so you have to learn to observe her expressions." Expressions? Jarrood thought for a moment.

Then, he realized he hadn't seen any expressions from Nicole just now.

The nurse thought Jarrood was a careless person.

She asked him to clean up his clothes in the bathroom.

Then, she cleaned up Nicole's bed.

It was already late when she finished cleaning up.

The nurse wiped Nicole's body, changed the bed sheet, and tidied the bed.

Then, she tucked Nicole in and sat by the bedside while Nicole closed her eyes.

When Jarrood returned to the ward after changing his shirt, he asked the nurse to have a rest.

The dim night light created a shadow of Jarrood's tall and straight figure.

His angular and resolute facial features were highlighted, revealing a cold and rugged handsomeness.

His dark eyes were emotionless while he stared at Nicole on the bed.

Nicole was very thin, and she looked too small now.

Nicole was 5.6 feet tall.

But as she lay on the bed now, her height was imperceptible.

Jarrold slowly approached her and reached out to brush aside the stray hair on her mouth.

But as soon as his fingers touched her hair, she slapped him fiercely.

Caught off guard, he bore the slap.

Five red fingerprints immediately appeared on his handsome face.

"Nicole Lawrence!"

Jarrold's eyes darkened instantly.

His voice when he called out Nicole's full name was filled with intense murderous intent.

No woman in the entire Ardleys was bold enough to slap him in the face, not even Jamie.

His anger surged, and his expression became ferocious as if he wanted to skin Nicole alive.

Suddenly, he raised his hand.

Chapter 248 Kill Me

After having experienced the torment in the detention center, fear was the first emotion Nicole felt when dealing with violence.

The image of those two women who removed her fingernails flashed in her mind, and her body trembled slightly.

Jarrold noticed how terrified Nicole looked and felt his heart squeeze.

It felt like he had lost all the strength in his hand.

All the anger he was feeling a few minutes ago had subsided completely.

He let his already outstretched hand rest on her head, stroking her hair gently.

Nicole's body trembled uncontrollably, her brow furrowed in disgust.

A smirk formed on Jarrold's face.

He assumed she just put on an act, probably thinking that he would leave then.

"What? Can't stand me touching you?" Jarrold asked casually.

His hands trailed down her head, resting at the nape of her neck. He wrapped his hand around her neck gently as though marveling at how one hand could hold her like that.

No pressure was applied, but Nicole felt like she was being choked and the air was slowly leaving her.

"You think it's possible?"

Jarrood spat, dragging out his words like a venomous snake would, his eyes narrowing slightly.

Without warning, Nicole grabbed his wrist and sunk her teeth into it.

Jarrood, grunted in both pain and surprise, his eyes widening in shock.

The air was tainted with the smell of blood.

For the first time ever, the urge to drink blood hit Nicole.

She wanted to suck him dry.

Jarrood didn't push her away.

Instead, he shifted his hand into a more suitable position for her.

From where he stood, he had a good view of her drinking his blood, her throat bobbing as she swallowed.

He could feel his body ignite.

There was a burning sensation of excitement growing within him.

He leaned in closer to her and whispered.

"You can suck harder.Keep going."

Nicole had taken her fill and now felt exhausted as one did when they overate.

She let go of his arm, her lips now stained with his blood and looking as though she had on lipstick. She was attractive.

Jarrold's lips curled up into a small smile.

"Do you want more?"

Nicole stared at him in disbelief.

"Pervert."

Because of the medication she was injected before, her voice came out sounding hoarse and unpleasant.

Weirdly, Jarrod found her sound attractive.

"And you just figured that out?" He smirked.

He took out a piece of gauze for his arm, then leaned closer to wipe the blood from her lips with his finger. He slowly brought his fingers to his lips, licking the blood he had wiped. His gaze remained fixed on her.

Nicole felt uncomfortable. Her body shook. She felt sick and terrified.

However, Jarrod remained unfazed.

He gently loosened his tie, then undid the buttons of his shirt, revealing his bare upper body.

Overwhelmed, Nicole stammered, "J...Jarrod, what do you think you're doing?"

Her body still hadn't recovered from the miscarriage.

How could he be so shameless? Jarrod only smiled at her and got into the bed.

Nicole felt a frigid aura swept around her.

She blushed and tried to run out of bed only to be caught by her waist by Jarrod effortlessly.

He pulled her back toward him, holding her tightly. He could feel her trembling.

"I'm not doing anything to you today. You should get used to having me around and quit resisting."

He knew if he let her be now, she would develop an attitude of always challenging him. It was just like training a pet.

A stick and a carrot.

"Once you're recovered, we will continue to have sex. Don't think about resisting me then. Behave, and you won't have to suffer. Got it?"

It was one of the first times Jarrod spoke that long, especially in such an understanding and coaxing tone. He had exercised a lot of patience.

Their bodies were pressed together tightly with Jarrod's arms around her.

Nicole was too exhausted to try to resist.

All she could do was just let him hold her.

A while passed, and she murmured, "Jarrod... What could I do to make you let me go?"

Behind her, Jarrod played with a strand of her hair, sifting them between his fingers. Her question made him pause.

"Not even possible until next life."

Truthfully, if there was a next life, he hoped they wouldn't be entangled like this. He was also tired.

"Forget about it in this life," Jarrod added.

The next life...

Nicole felt everything was closing in on her.

And the reason was the man behind her.

It was too much.

She just wanted immediate death so she could be free.

Exhausted, she said in a hoarse voice, "Jarrod, why don't you kill me? You hate me so much.

Won't it make you happier if you kill me and feed me to the dogs or wolves or something?"

Jarrold turned her over, making her face him. He gently tucked her hair behind her ear to see her face better.

"Do I look like some sort of ruthless murderer?"

"No..."

Nicole began.

"You're not even human. You can't be... You're some sort of despicable beast. If you were normal, you wouldn't sleep with another woman while having a fiancée. Do you have the slightest idea how disgusted I am by you?"

Jarrold grabbed her face angrily.

"Well, you'd better learn to live with that disgust because I never let you go."

"I'm aware... I'm still breathing, aren't I? How could you possibly let me go when you haven't destroyed me yet?"

Jarrold's mouth fell open, but he didn't say anything.

"Jarrod, I don't even want a tombstone after my death. I don't want you to harass me."

Jarrold's face contorted in anger.

She was always speaking of death, like she was anticipating her demise.

Suddenly, he pinned her beneath him, his hands planted on each side of her. He gritted his teeth.

"So should I kill you right here? Right now?"

Nicole was taken aback for a few seconds. He could never keep his word. He just said he wouldn't do anything to her, and now he was pinning her down. Her face scrunched up in disgust, not bothering to hide her distaste.

Jarrood, who had always been pursued by countless women, had never experienced such humiliation.

After staring at her for a while, he grabbed her face again, kissing her harshly.

Nicole lay there helplessly.

Her eyes stayed open, filled with pure and endless disgust and hatred. He drew back after a while and stared at her coldly.

"I told you not to provoke me, didn't I?"

Not being able to take it anymore, she had a breakdown.

Tears spilled from her eyes, staining her cheeks.

Her hand was held tightly by him, and she couldn't break free.

Everything felt like a nightmare to her.

Her willpower drained slowly.

She couldn't stop her body from shaking. She stared at him helplessly.

"Please...Just kill me..."

Chapter 249 You Are My Wife

Nicole found herself enveloped in the suffocating embrace of Jarrood.

Nicole's warm tears seeped into the very core of Jarrod's being, gradually softening his once cold and ruthless heart.

The sorrow that enveloped Nicole seemed contagious since Jarrod felt his heartache intensifying.

His slender fingers clung tightly to her, the pressure turning them almost ghostly white.

It took him a while to muster the strength to speak.

"I won't let you die. Don't even entertain the thought."

Drained of strength, Nicole couldn't muster a retort. Her body succumbed to weariness, and she drifted into slumber within the safety of Jarrod's arms.

Moonlight spilled into the room through the window, casting a gentle, greyish veil over everything.

As Jarrod held Nicole and listened to the rhythmic cadence of her breathing, he couldn't help but let his true feelings surface.

"Nicole, I want to be good to you again. I am pathetic, right?"

Despite being deceived by her more than once, Jarrod found himself still in love with her, allowing her to repeatedly inflict pain upon him. He must be the most stupid person on the planet.

Lost in contemplation, Jarrod wrestled with his emotions.

Meanwhile, Raegan concluded her class at half past eight.

She then made her way to the subway station.

On her way, her phone suddenly rang.

It was Mitchel calling.

"Is the class over?" he asked.

"Yes, it's over," Raegan replied.

"How about I come to pick you up?" Mitchel suggested.

Stunned by his initiative, Raegan glanced around, realizing the subway station was not far away.

"Don't bother. I almost reach the station."

Mitchel's voice, magnetic and familiar, asserted from the other end of the phone, "What are you talking about? You are my wife. I'm more than willing to pick you up."

His tone left Raegan momentarily stunned. She suddenly remembered that she was, once again, Mitchel's wife.

However, this marital status rested upon a foundation of mutual agreement.

Raegan was saddened by the fact that she and Mitchel got married twice because of Kyler.

Despite harboring no ill will toward Kyler, she couldn't escape the nagging sense that she was merely a pawn in Mitchell's eyes.

Mitchel would think of her when he needed her and discard her when he did not.

Essentially, she felt like nobody to him.

When Raegan hesitated to respond, Mitchel asked, "Did you forget?"

When she heard this, Raegan thought he was reminding her about their agreement.

In a swift reply, she assured him, "Of course, I remember. I'll honor our agreement."

She was determined to take their arrangement seriously and uphold her end of the deal.

This time around, she wouldn't be as naive as she had been before.

A pregnant pause ensued on the other end of the line, and the atmosphere turned tense.

Suddenly, a woman's voice echoed through the phone, "Mitchel, Luciana asked me to bring you dinner..."

The voice struck Raegan as familiar, and after a moment's contemplation, she identified it as Katie's.

Katie was the daughter-in-law Luciana wanted.

An unexpected wave of despondency washed over Raegan, and her heart sank.

"I'm heading into the subway. The signal is bad here. I have to hang up," she said abruptly and ended the call.

In the CEO's office, Katie saw Mitchel's darkened expression and apologized, "Sorry, Mitchel. I didn't realize you were on a call."

Mitchel's stoic expression remained unchanged as he replied, "It's okay."

Katie placed the lunch box gently on the table, arranging the dishes one by one with a determined look on her face.

"I have a mission today. Luciana said that you tend to forget about eating when work takes over. So, here I am, assigned to make sure you finish all the food."

Mitchel massaged his forehead, a hint of irritation in his voice.

"Just put these down for now."

But Katie wasn't backing down.

"No way! You need to take a break and eat them. Once you have eaten all, my mission will be accomplished."

Giving her an impatient glance, Mitchel asked, "Don't you have anything else to do lately?"

Katie had become a frequent visitor to his company in the past few days.

A slight blush adorned Katie's cheeks under Mitchel's gaze.

She playfully stuck out her tongue and retorted, "Come on. How can you be so heartless? I brought you a meal out of pure kindness. And now you are scolding me?"

Mitchel remained indifferent as he said, "I don't need it. Can't you understand what my mother is trying to do?"

Katie blinked and feigned innocence.

"What do you mean?"

"She is trying to set you up with me."

A beat skipped in Katie's heart, and she dared to ask, "What's your take on that, then?"

"I obviously disagree with it."

It was the response Katie had expected.

Katie sighed and asked in a self-deprecating tone, "Am I that bad in your eyes?"

Mitchel responded with the same indifference, "It's not about that. I already have someone in my heart."

Katie bit her lip and asked, "You are talking about your ex-wife, right?"

Mitchel chose not to answer, deeming it not the right time for public disclosure.

Moreover, he feared Alexis wouldn't easily give up his schemes.

Undeterred, Katie continued, "I don't think she cares about you, Mitchel."

These words acted like a sharp reminder, stirring the thorns at the bottom of Mitchel's heart once more.

Mitchel hadn't expected an outsider like Katie to see through Raegan's lack of concern for him.

Even in the eyes of others, it was evident.

Seeing Mitchel silent, Katie didn't say anything else and took the opportunity to regroup her thoughts before speaking again.

With a reassuring smile, Katie suggested, "Since it's Luciana's idea, why don't we just play along?"

Mitchel looked up at her with confusion when he heard that.

Katie explained, "Even if I'm not around, Luciana will find someone for you. Why not use me as a convenient excuse? It's no bother to me at all."

Mitchel couldn't help but frown. He disliked this idea.

Undeterred, Katie persuaded him, "There is no need to worry. I don't have any feelings for you, and I don't feel like attending any blind dates my family set for me. This could be a mutually beneficial

arrangement if we pretend to be a couple. It's a win-win strategy."

Mitchel neither consented nor opposed.

Without waiting for Mitchel to voice his opinion, Katie continued, "Then it's settled. We don't need to broadcast it to the world. Let's just inform our families that we are in a relationship. Simple as that."

With that declaration, she picked up the lunch box.

"I'll eat these for you. After that, my mission will be completed."

Once out of the office, Katie's expression changed, her innocent smile vanishing instantly.

The happiest time in her life was when Mitchel regarded her as one of his friends.

They were so close together back then.

But the moment Mitchel discovered she was a girl, he immediately distanced himself from her.

Heartbroken, she went abroad.

However, when she returned, she couldn't tear her eyes away from him.

The need to be with Mitchel grew more and more intense.

She thus developed a consuming obsession.

But Katie did a great job hiding it.

She wouldn't make a move unless she was certain of the outcome.

Matteo knocked on the door after Katie left.

Upon entering, Matteo sensed that Mitchel's mood had taken a downturn.

Moments earlier, when Mitchel just returned, Matteo said that Mitchel and Raegan were a perfect match after seeing the sparkling marriage certificate.

Mitchel had commended Matteo for a well-crafted presentation and even instructed him to claim a bonus from the Accounting Department for his efforts.

As a senior assistant, he received praise for his excellent PowerPoint presentation.

How absurd was that? To put it bluntly, Mitchel was in a good mood and decided to share his happiness in this way.

But how did Mitchel's mood change so abruptly? Detecting the change, Matteo cautiously said, "Mr.Dixon, there was a call from the restaurant.Are you still planning to go there as scheduled?"

Mitchel sat in silence with a long face.

He felt such an overwhelming sense of anxiety that he coaxed Raegan to remarry him, eager to keep Raegan by his side with the marriage certificate.

The whole process felt rushed, and a desire to celebrate with Raegan bubbled within him.

However, she seemed not interested at all, even lacking the desire to talk to him.

As for the celebration...

Perhaps he was the sole individual who deemed their remarriage worthy of celebration.

For Raegan, their marriage was a mere contractual agreement.

A bitter smile played on Mitchel's lips.

"Cancel the appointment.I don't need it anymore."

After turning around, Matteo left to notify the restaurant.

"I'm afraid the special package can't be canceled, so there will be no refund," Matteo relayed.

The purpose of the package was to create a romantic setting in which a lover might propose to their significant other.

Fresh roses from the restaurant's rose garden would be selected and placed around the whole space in the morning.

The scene would feature over a hundred thousand roses, creating a truly spectacular sight.

It was extravagant but romantic.

Matteo remembered Mitchel had requested him to reserve a meal yesterday.

Among several upscale establishments, Mitchel chose this restaurant and made a particular request to use the red flowers.

Mitchel sighed and said, "Okay, I understand."

Meanwhile, Raegan, who was merely a few hundred meters from the subway station, was suddenly stopped by two men dressed in black suits.

Raegan looked at them suspiciously.

One of the men said respectfully, "Miss Hayes, please come with us. Mr. Brooks would like to have a word with you."

Mr. Brooks? Confused, Raegan turned to see a luxurious black car parked nearby.

As the window rolled down, she locked eyes with Henley, who smiled at her with a gentle, elegant smile.

Despite the seemingly friendly gesture, a shiver ran down Raegan's spine. She took a few cautious steps back and refused, "Sorry, I'm not available right now."

After saying this, Raegan turned around and ran into the subway station when Henley was distracted.

Since the station was bustling with people, she thought Henley would find it difficult to catch her.

Raegan had already gotten on the train, but she couldn't relax yet.

Her heart still beat abnormally fast.

She didn't expect to see the other side of Henley.

He was so paranoid that it frightened her.

Soon, the train reached the station.

Raegan mixed with the crowd to exit the station, following the people in front of her.

This subway station was less than two kilometers away from her apartment building.

If nothing went wrong, she would reach her apartment in no time.

When she was already near her apartment building, the group of people in front of her turned in another direction and disappeared in the blink of an eye.

Raegan felt so uneasy that she quickened her pace.

She could hear the rustling sound of nearing footsteps behind her.

Raegan became wary.

When she felt the footsteps hastened, she quietly clenched the pepper spray in her bag.

Then, she turned around and raised the spray.

The person who passed by her gave her a look as if she was a lunatic.

It was just a passerby.

She was paranoid.

Raegan felt a little relieved.

She put the pepper spray back into her bag.

She started walking again.

But after taking a few steps, she heard someone call her from behind.

"Raegan..." Raegan's heart skipped a beat, and she subconsciously trembled.

She had the urge to run away, but she was forcefully hugged from behind.

Henley's voice sounded gentle and elegant.

"Raegan, I don't want to hurt you.

Just get in the car, okay?" No matter how gentle his voice was, Raegan was still startled.

Her eyes caught sight of a security office nearby.

She shouted at the top of her lungs, "He..." Her voice suddenly stopped because she felt a needle pressing against her waist.

Then, Henley said lightly, "If you run away, I'm afraid you won't be able to keep your child." Her child? Henley knew she was pregnant? Raegan asked in a trembling voice, "What do you want from me?"
"Nothing.

I only want to talk to you," Henley replied.

"No, I don't want to," Raegan refused in horror.

The corners of Henley's lips twitched slightly.

"Why? Raegan, I won't hurt you." Raegan had no choice.

She was forced to get in Henley's car.

She didn't dare to confront him directly, fearing he would hurt her child.

Henley was in the driver's seat.

Suddenly, he leaned over.

Raegan was so startled that she covered her chest and asked vigilantly, "What do you want to do?"
"Fasten your seat belt," Henley gently explained.

He reached out to fasten her seatbelt tenderly.

After fastening her seat belt, he sat upright, started the car, stepped on the accelerator, and drove forward.

Raegan looked at the dark night outside the window and asked nervously, "Where are you taking me?"
'Just wait and see for yourself.

We'll be there soon.

If you are tired, you can rest first," Henley replied mysteriously.

But Raegan didn't dare to sleep, let alone close her eyes.

She forced herself to stay awake, watching outside as the car sped through the night.

She noticed they gradually left the populated area, and the surroundings became more and more desolate.

It seemed they were entering the suburbs.

Both sides of the road were pitch black, and there were no signs of living things in the surroundings.

Raegan noticed that the road became increasingly bumpy.

She felt so uncomfortable that she wanted to throw up.

Her face turned pale.

When she could no longer hold back, she pleaded, "Henley, can you stop the car? I am feeling unwell."
But Henley didn't seem to hear Raegan.

He didn't even glance at her.

He just continued driving with his eyes on the road.

After a while, the car finally stopped.

They were in a dark and dilapidated area.

Raegan didn't think about it anymore.

She hurriedly got out of the car, ran a little farther, and retched up a stream of vomit.

Henley walked over to Raegan and handed her a bottle of water.

But she didn't take it.

She didn't dare to drink anything he gave her.

In an instant, Henley's face became sullen, and his eyes turned cold.

He pulled Raegan to the side of the house and asked, "Raegan, do you remember this place?" Raegan shook her head.

She really couldn't remember the place.

A trace of sadness flashed through Henley's eyes, He reminded her, "You once gave candy to a boy here.

You even talked to him.

Don't you remember?" Raegan looked at him with confusion written all over her face.

She explained, "Actually, I don't remember everything about my childhood." When she was twelve, she had an accident and hit her head.

Because of this, she had forgotten many things, especially her childhood memories. "You lost your memory?" Henley asked.

The usual disguised smile disappeared from his face.

Henley suffered maltreatment and abuse from his crazy mother since he was born.

She blamed him for her failure to become the man's legitimate wife.

She cursed him for coming too late.

For her, he was destined to be a shameful, illegitimate child forever.

When she could no longer bear the suppression of that family, she fled to the countryside with him.

She began to destroy herself, abusing drugs and alcohol.

Then, she always vented her anger on him, beating him with a stick and leaving him hungry for days.

Finally, the day when he gained the ability to fight back against her came.

He even watched her die without a ripple of emotion in his heart.

He thought he would live in the dark for the rest of his life.

But one day, Henley met Raegan.

She was the little girl who gave him candy in the darkest moment of his life.

It was his most unforgettable memory.

But she couldn't remember it.

Raegan looked at Henley's ever-changing expression.

She asked tentatively, "That boy was you? And...

And you thought that girl was me?" From the beginning, she always felt Henley didn't genuinely like her.

His particular obsession with her had to have some special reasons.

Henley corrected her, "No, I don't only think it is you.

I am certain it is you." He became more and more certain about Raegan's identity.

Aside from the pendant Raegan wore, her scent and eyes resembled the girl in his memories.

Raegan didn't dare to refute Henley.

Instead, she said, "If we've been friends since we were children, then you shouldn't be hurting me, right?" The pale moonlight poured on Henley's handsome face, making him look gentle and calm.

He stared at her, and his brows furrowed slightly.

"Raegan, why do you think I will hurt you? Didn't I promise you I won't hurt you?" "Then..."

"Can you send me home?" Raegan asked tentatively.

"Of course, I'll take you home," Henley agreed gently.

Raegan was so nervous that she had no time to distinguish the meaning of his words.

She returned to the car obediently and fastened her seat belt.

A smile appeared on Henley's face while watching her.

He leaned over, making an intimate posture.

He fixed his eyes on her beautiful, rosy lips and said warmly, "Raegan, I like it when you are well-behaved." Henley was really giving Raegan goosebumps now.

She didn't expect him to lean too close to her.

His breathing became uneven, and his thin lips almost touched hers.

Raegan became even more vigilant.

She instinctively moved away.

Not wanting to provoke Henley, she pretended to be shy and said, "Let's go..."

"Start the car first." Henley looked at her flushed face, feeling warm in his heart.

He really liked it when she blushed.

He smiled contentedly and started the car.

When the car returned to the highway, Raegan couldn't help breathing a sigh of relief.

But the feeling of relief didn't last long.

Immediately, she noticed that the direction they were heading became increasingly desolate again.

Raegan had a feeling they were going away from Ardlens.

"Henley, this is not the way back.

Do you have trouble remembering the right way?" Raegan commented.

"No," Henley replied, looking straight ahead with a smile.

"This road is a shortcut going to your home." Raegan was rendered speechless.

Finally, she realized he was talking about taking her home, not sending her home.

"So, where are we going?" Raegan tried her best to remain calm.

But her trembling voice betrayed her.

"Milver," Henley replied with a smile.

Raegan's face instantly turned pale upon hearing this.