

Unbreakable 221

Chapter 221

Kidnapped! A sudden, sharp sound sliced through the quiet night.

The man ripped off Raegan's collar.

The cold night air met Raegan's skin, making her shiver.

"Ah!" Raegan cried out, her body debilitated by the effects of the drugs, making her unable to lift a hand to stop the man.

"Please..."

"Spare me." Gathering the last ounce of her strength, Raegan attempted to retreat, tears dampening the blindfold tightly secured over her eyes.

She managed to see the man before her.

However, she wasn't able to distinguish his features.

Judging from the build, Raegan was sure it wasn't Mitchel.

The man stood still for a moment as he silently looked at Raegan.

He suddenly leaned in, and his scent enveloped her.

A flicker of recognition crossed Raegan's mind, but she couldn't put a finger on it.

Fear instinctively took over as she asked, "What do you want?" The man's fingertips traced Raegan's neck, sliding down gently as he took off the pendant she had on.

"Is this yours?" His voice had a raspy edge as if it was run through a voice-changer device.

Raegan nodded.

"Yes, it's mine.

It's not worth much.

Please, don't take it.

] can give you money instead." The pendant had been with Raegan since she was a child.

Her grandmother somehow took it from her one day but gave it back to her before the demise.

Raegan couldn't stomach losing the pendant since it carried sentimental value for her.

The man stepped back, refraining from advancing further, and paused.

After a few minutes, he said softly, "Why is it you?" His voice trembled, carrying an undercurrent of unspoken emotions.

Raegan was startled as she felt the man approaching her again.

She was paralyzed with fear and was powerless to flee.

Yet, the man just calmly reattached the pendant.

His movements were mindful and tender, much to her amazement.

Somehow, she felt the man was gentle to her.

Being gentle...

Someone's image fleetingly flashed across Raegan's mind.

Yet, her headache was so intense that she could not focus on thinking.

The door slammed shut, and the man made a hasty exit, granting her a moment to catch her breath.

But before Raegan could fully recover, another figure entered the room.

Without warning, a brutal blow struck Raegan's neck, plunging her back into unconsciousness.

After what felt like an eternity, Raegan was jolted awake.

Someone had splashed icy cold water on her.

Blinking away the disorientation, Raegan found herself tightly bound with ropes.

Her hands were immobilized, but her feet had some limited freedom.

The surroundings resembled an abandoned school building filled with broken-down tables and chairs.

Perched upon a towering structure resembling three stories, it mirrored the eerie stage of her previous kidnapping, creating an unsettling *déjà vu*.

Recalling the suffering she went through last time, a chill raced down Raegan's spine.

Standing before Raegan, Tessa seemed even more unhinged and twisted, wearing the scars of countless terrors.

"You seem to have a good sleep!" Tessa's voice, rough and harsh, cut through the air.

Raegan summoned her courage and confronted Tessa.

"Tessa, this is the second time you've kidnapped me.

Is this your way of seeking life behind the bar by committing crime upon crime?" "Crime? How hilarious! You really have no idea what a true crime is!" With slow and deliberate movements, Tessa removed her

hat and mask, revealing a visage that horrified Raegan.

Tessa's face bore clear evidence of her suffering.

It was a grotesque patchwork of cuts and festering wounds.

The stench of decaying flesh hung thick in the air.

It was sickening and nauseating.

It was really unbearable.

Closing in, Tessa asked Raegan tauntingly, "Have you seen it clearly? I can't go back to the days when I was a decent lady from a wealthy family.

What else do I have left to fear in this world?" Raegan's eyes widened, and she was left speechless.

She couldn't quite comprehend what Tessa had gone through.

Tessa's disfigured countenance was a terrible sight to see.

It was capable of reducing children to tears and inflicting nightmares upon adults.

"Do you know why I look like this?" Raegan managed to free her hands behind her back from the rope and asked, "Why?" "It's all thanks to Mitchel! He launched an intense and unrelenting chase after me.

While the police had been tracking me down, he lent a helping hand on it, blocking all possible escape routes.

Desperate and penniless, I sought refuge with an elderly fisherman on a remote coastal island..." Memories filled Tessa's mind in an instant.

The fisherman first treated her well, giving her food and clean clothes.

But hope soon turned to despair when she discovered the dark truth.

The fisherman held numerous women captive and subjected them to unimaginable torment.

His sadistic acts had left scars on their bodies.

He had also salted their wounds to avoid putrefaction.

When he took Tessa in, the last captive was barely breathing, legs and body covered in bloody cuts.

The fisherman had calmly put salt on the woman's wound and said, "By doing this, it won't stink." Tessa was trapped in that living nightmare and did not dare to resist.

She took care of the fisherman's needs and cooked for him during the day.

During the night, she suffered from his brutal abuse, which was exacerbated by his consumption of a mysterious medicine.

The torment would go on throughout the night, haunting Tessa until the fisherman succumbed to a deep slumber in the daylight hours.

Tessa's frail form, worn and weathered, bore the scars of her harrowing experience.

One fateful day, when the fisherman embarked on his fishing expeditions, Tessa realized her moment had come.

Her body had become disposable, devoid of any worth.

Tessa took advantage of the situation and laced the fisherman's drink with an excessive amount of the medicine he frequently consumed.

The once-beneficial medicine became a deadly poison.

The fisherman met a violent demise, and Tessa set his dwelling ablaze before making her escape on his boat.

With stolen money in hand, she sought refuge in a discreet inn, veiling her disfigured face in fear and secrecy.

A few days later, news reports stated that the fisherman's boat had caught fire, and numerous bodies were uncovered.

The police discovered that the fisherman was a murderer.

Days turned to weeks, and Tessa's meager funds dwindled, leaving her in dire straits without the means to seek treatment for her injuries.

Then, a surprising turn of events unfolded.

Upon returning to her inn room one day, she found a package on her bed containing money, a phone, and Raegan's address.

When the phone rang, she answered it, and a mysterious voice on the other end offered her a shot at seeking revenge along with specific instructions.

Finally, the day came when Tessa managed to kidnap Raegan.

Unexpectedly, Raegan was saved from Tessa's clutches when a masked man appeared out of nowhere and successfully took Raegan away.

Tessa failed to end Raegan last time due to those two stupid men she hired.

Unwilling to accept failure again, Tessa was set on finishing Raegan, shifting all her suffering wrongly onto Raegan.

While the masked man was distracted, Tessa seized the opportunity to kidnap Raegan again and securely bound Raegan in this dilapidated building.

This time, Tessa was determined not to repeat her previous mistakes, not granting any opportunities for Raegan to escape a miserable demise.

As Tessa recounted her story, Raegan concluded Tessa herself was to blame for her own downfall.

She had it coming to her due to all her misdeeds.

Raegan couldn't find it herself to feel sorry for Tessa.

Tessa had opportunities to escape, as evidenced by her ability to eliminate the fisherman.

However, she chose to endure the brutal and inhumane abuse out of fear of being caught by the police after running away.

With composure intact, Raegan calmly asked, "What do you want?" "What do you I want?" Tessa's eyes gleamed with malice as she took out a sharp dagger.

"I want you and Mitchel to pay the price!" Raegan's heart skipped a beat as she looked at the glinting blade.

She composed herself and asked, "Tessa, are you disconnected from reality? Mitchel and I got divorced long ago.

Don't you know that?" "What? You got divorced?" Unaware of this development, Tessa's surprise was visible on her face.

In an attempt to appeal to Tessa's sense of reason, Raegan comforted Tessa, "Even if I die, it won't affect Mitchel in the least.

But if you murder me, you won't be able to escape from justice.

The police will keep on hunting you down." Raegan added, "You just want money, right? I can gather the sum for you." In a harsh and rude tone, Tessa shot back, "Do you know what Mitchel said when I asked him for five million dollars for your life?" Raegan kept struggling to free her hands from the ropes while pretending to be curious.

"What did he say?"

You Deserve It "He's willing to exchange your life with any amount of money as long as you're safe and sound.

But I can't get a dime if you die," Tessa revealed.

Tessa's lips curled up in what she thought was a sweet smile.

But on her face, it looked terrifying.

"He seems to care about you," Tessa added.

This revelation left Raegan bewildered and unable to grasp even her own emotions.

"I once thought Mitchel was interested in Lauren.

But it turns out he prefers you, you wretched girl.

Lauren had me fooled.

She made me believe that if you were out of the picture, she could step into your shoes, and I could gain a lot by being friends with her," Tessa elaborated.

"But I never expected that you'd outmaneuver even Lauren, Mitchel's first love!" Raegan's eyes widened in shock at the mention of Lauren's name, and she asked in disbelief, "Are you saying Lauren tricked you into kidnapping me last time?" Raegan had suspected the mastermind was Lauren all along.

But Lauren had always denied it, and Tessa disappeared without a trace.

The mystery had remained unsolved, especially after Lauren was admitted to a mental hospital.

Raegan turned bloodshot as Tessa's words confirmed her worst fears.

With a voice shaking with rage, she questioned, "You two conspired to harm my child, didn't you?" In Tessa's eyes, Raegan was to meet her demise today.

Therefore, Tessa didn't hide the truth from Raegan anymore, wanting Raegan to suffer from the revelation before the final end of her life.

"Back then, Lauren provided me with the money and revealed details about your discharge.

Then, I arranged for someone to kidnap you in _ the underground parking lot.

Did you recall Lauren was coincidentally kidnapped that day? Well, it was just a staged performance for Mitchel, urging Mitchel to rush over to save her while leaving time for me to end you.

But..." Tessa confessed without a hint of remorse.

She then paused for a brief moment and looked down at Raegan with apparent disdain.

"Even if I tell you, what difference does it make? Lauren didn't directly do anything.

What can you possibly do to her?" Raegan felt a surge of fury, which caused her entire body to tremble.

Sure enough, Lauren was undoubtedly involved.

Lauren played her cards right and ensured there would be no direct evidence against her even if the truth came to light.

How evil! What a cunning and vicious woman! The truth was, Tessa, too, resented Lauren.

If it hadn't been for Lauren's manipulation, she wouldn't be hunted down by Mitchel like this.

Moreover, she wouldn't have met that pervert fisherman and wouldn't have been tortured.

In Tessa's tormented mind, everyone she met was to blame for her misery.

The more Tessa dwelled on it, the more her face contorted into a_ ferocious expression.

"It's all your fault! All of you guys! I was a refined young woman.

My face was my fortune!" Tessa spat, her face twisted further into a grotesque appearance.

Tessa had spent millions maintaining her appearance and striving for perfection.

With her looks alone, she assumed she could've married into a wealthy family and led a leisurely life.

But now, her once flawless face was marred beyond repair.

Medical experts had told Tessa no amount of money could fix her face.

Her body, too, had deteriorated due to neglect.

For Tessa, life had lost its meaning and purpose.

Today, she was prepared to gamble with her life.

A win meant escape and riches, while a loss would mean dragging Raegan and Mitchel down with her.

Raegan watched Tessa with alarm.

The latter's behavior was erratic and far removed from sanity.

At this moment, Raegan tried to appeal to Tessa's remaining reason and advised, "Tessa, don't make things worse for yourself.

Let me go now, and you might still have a chance.

But if you cross the line, there will be no turning back." "Let you go? Keep dreaming!" Tessa laughed terrifyingly, bringing shiver down Raegan's spine.

"Oh, I'll release you.

But straight to hell.

You and Mitchel can be together there." Fear gripped Raegan's heart.

She realized that Tessa was beyond reasoning.

Without another word, Tessa gagged Raegan with a cloth and took out a strange, custom-made phone.

Then, she started a video call.

"Now, let's see where Mr.

Dixon is." A moment later, the video connected.

Mitchel appeared on the screen.

His clothes were untouched, but his hair was slightly disheveled.

Raegan, on the other hand, could not be seen in the video.

Mitchel kicked the bag beside him and said in a cold, business-like tone, "Tessa, I'm almost at the location you gave me.

I've brought the money with me." "Prompt as ever, Mitchel," Tessa remarked.

"I deliver the money, you deliver the person.

That's the deal." "It's been a while since I last saw you.

I've missed you, Mitchel, but..." Tessa laughed maliciously and added, "You're too formidable, Mitchel.

You scare me." Mitchel gritted his teeth in frustration.

"What do you want?" "First, stab yourself twice.

Then, I'll give you the exact location.

And remember, you go in alone." In a defiant gesture, Mitchel drew a woman over and showed her to the screen.

"Do you think the life of your mother and this money are enough leverage, Tessa?" The screen then revealed Kenia.

Her mouth was bleeding and swollen, clearly a victim of abuse.

"Tessa, please, don't be impulsive! Mitchel has promised to let you go and give us the money without involving the police.

We can take the money and flee the country.

Please, don't do anything reckless!" Kenia implored.

Tessa glanced at Kenia with eyes devoid of warmth and only with disdain.

"Mitchel, do you really think you can threaten me with my mother? I don't care even if you kill her." "Is that so?" Mitchel nonchalantly replied.

"I guess we'll just throw her out then." On a high-speed highway, being thrown out of a car was like sending Kenia to death.

Upon hearing this, Kenia cried out in desperation, "Tessa, how can you do this to me? I'm your mother! How can you just let me die like this?" "If you weren't so useless, would I have ended up like this?" Tessa shot back.

"Why didn't you seduce someone richer? Instead, you settled for a coward.

When things went south, your husband just kicked us out the door.

It's all because of you.

You failed your husband, and he didn't help us.

If I had a choice, I would never pick a worthless mother like you!" Kenia was left speechless by Tessa's cruel words.

She never expected such heartlessness and blatant disregard for her life from her own child.

Tessa was born selfish.

She had no sense of family and only saw value in people if they could be of use to her.

"Everything I've suffered is because of you.

All of you! It's all your fault!" Tessa cried out hysterically.

Overwhelmed by Tessa's heartlessness, Kenia collapsed to her knees, and a hollow emptiness consumed her heart.

Even Mitchel sneered at Kenia and muttered, "You brought this upon yourself." If Kenia hadn't turned a blind eye to Tessa's wickedness, things wouldn't have spiraled out of control.

In other words, it was Kenia's inaction that had led to this dire predicament.

Just as Kenia was about to be thrown out of the car, Tessa turned the camera toward Raegan.

"Mitchel, since we're cousins, I'll give you one minute to think it over." Raegan looked directly at Mitchel through the screen with her eyes brimming with tears.

In the dark night, Mitchel was a beacon of light.

His handsome face that embodied serenity was now etched with anxiety.

Mitchel was always proud and cool, yet showed vulnerability and fear upon seeing Raegan after her being kidnapped by Tessa again.

Raegan felt a stinging sensation in her nose, a precursor to tears, and a wave of emotional pain washed over her.

Mitchel's unwavering resolve to save her and protect her made her feel that she was not alone in this world.

Meanwhile, Mitchel's brows furrowed deeply.

His eyes were filled with uncontrollable anger.

How dare Tessa kidnap Raegan again! If anger could pierce through the screen, Tessa would have been obliterated by now.

Mitchel clenched his fists tightly and gazed at Raegan's pale face, which reflected her terror and pain.

His lips moved as if to speak, but no words came out.

In this situation, words seemed futile.

Only swift and decisive action could make a change and bring solace.

Suddenly, Tessa's voice cut through the tension from off-camera, and she counted down, "Mitchel, five seconds left...

Four, three, two, one!" When her countdown ended, Tessa frowned when she saw that Mitchel hadn't made a move.

"You won't play along? Fine.

Let me give you a demonstration." Tessa brandished the knife menacingly and aimed it at Raegan's leg.

"Stop!" Mitchel bellowed.

The next second, the sound of the blade tearing through flesh was heard.

Mitchel had driven the knife deep into his own thigh.

Chapter 223

At The Death's Door Mitchel showed no mercy to himself as he plunged the knife deep into his thigh.

His usually composed face was now covered with beads of sweat.

He gritted his teeth and mustered all his strength to pull the knife out.

"Hmm!" Raegan uttered.

Although gagged, she could not contain her anguish.

Her muffled, heart- wrenching cries filled the air.

She shook her head vehemently at the camera, tears cascading down her cheeks.

"No! Mitchel, don't believe her! Tessa won't let you go!" Unfortunately, Mitchel could not hear her silent pleas.

Raegan had already figured out Tessa's intentions.

Tessa wanted to weaken Mitchel, and then she would kill the two of them.

In a nutshell, Tessa could not let them escape unscathed.

At this moment, Raegan felt as if a heavy stone pressed down on her chest, making breathing a struggle.

Since when did she start caring more and more about Mitchel? Raegan had repeatedly told herself not to fall for him again.

But at this moment, she realized the ice in her heart had melted once again into a flowing river for him.

"Ha-ha-ha!" Tessa laughed maniacally, and it sounded more terrifying than a cry.

With a malicious smile, she taunted, "Well done, Mitchel." The stab brought immense satisfaction and relief to Tessa.

Her face suddenly turned serious, and she urged, "Do it again." Mitchel's fingers clenched around the knife handle, and he stabbed the knife mercilessly into his own leg for the second time.

Then, he pulled it out and tossed it to the ground.

"Are you happy now?" Mitchel scoffed.

"Yeah.

Now head into the field alone.

If I see anyone else, I'll..." Tessa brought the knife to Raegan's neck and mimed a cutting motion.

The blade nicked Raegan's delicate skin, leaving a trace of blood on her neck.

Mitchel's expression shifted dramatically, and he growled, "I know! Just don't do anything to her!" Mitchel, who was usually calm and composed, seemed to lose his calm in a flash.

The video call ended abruptly.

Seeing Raegan's tearful face, Tessa sneered, "What? Are you touched?" Unable to speak, Raegan fixed Tessa with a fierce glare.

At last, Tessa removed the cloth from Raegan's mouth and gazed at Raegan with a terrifying glint in her eyes.

"I'll test if he's willing to die for you later.

Men are fickle-minded and cowardly.

When faced with a real threat to their life, they might not be willing to sacrifice themselves for you."
"Tessa, you're unhinged! I'm not as twisted as you.

I don't need him to die for me!" Mitchel carried a heavy burden.

He was at the helm of a vast company, with numerous employees depending on him, not to mention the expectations of his grandfather and parents.

His entire family was counting on him.

What he had done for her had moved Raegan deeply.

But she didn't need him to risk his life to prove anything.

Therefore, she couldn't let Mitchel take any further risks for her sake.

With a plan in mind, Raegan provoked Tessa.

“You're pathetic, Tessa.

With billions of people in the world, you have no one to love and no one loves you.” Tessa clenched her jaw and stared daggers at Raegan.

“It's all because of you guys that I ended up like this! If it hadn't been for you all, I'd still be a decent lady in a wealthy family!” Even at this moment, Tessa showed no remorse and still blamed others for her downfall.

“Tessa, nobody forced or harmed you.

You chose to victimize others for your selfish gains.

Now, you're facing the consequences of your actions,” Raegan pointed out.

Her words just hit the nail on the head.

Tessa never expected Raegan to lecture her at this time.

“Shut the fuck up, you wretch!” In a fit of anger, Tessa swung the knife toward Raegan.

Raegan rolled away and dodged the blade.

She used the momentum to shift her bound hands to the front.

As Tessa swung the knife once more, Raegan saw her chance and thrust her hands forward.

The knife sliced through the ropes binding her hands.

But at the same time, it also nicked her forearm.

Blood spurted from the cut.

Despite the pain, Raegan lunged to wrestle the knife away from Tessa's grip.

Having endured long-term abuse, Tessa was weak and no match for Raegan in terms of fighting.

Tessa's original plan was to torture Mitchel upon his arrival, wear him down, and then finish Raegan off right in front of him.

After that, she would finish Mitchel as well.

However, Tessa hadn't anticipated Raegan's audacious counterattack! Tessa's only advantage was the knife in her hand.

In a frenzy, she swung it repeatedly, trying to cut Raegan's face.

Overwhelmed by the onslaught, Raegan retreated and bade for the time.

Despite having her hands freed, her injured forearm hampered her movements significantly.

Tessa stood up and laughed maniacally.

Her face was contorted and ugly.

"You bitch! I planned to torture you slowly before I claimed your life.

But since you're so eager to fight with me, I'll let you meet your demise now!" With that, Tessa swung the knife and charged.

Raegan avoided a direct confrontation and merely dodged Tessa's attacks.

Now that Raegan was no longer under Tessa's control, Tessa couldn't use her as leverage against Mitchel.

Raegan hoped that once Mitchel arrived, they could overpower Tessa together.

However, Raegan had underestimated the extent of Tessa's insanity.

Tessa pulled out a handful of white pills from her pocket and swallowed them in one go.

These were pills that the fisherman used as stimulants.

They were made from a unique fish oil formula.

After consuming two, that fisherman would become exceptionally strong and overpower Tessa.

Sometime later, Tessa ground several pills into powder and mixed them into the fisherman's water, which led to the latter's demise.

Taking a few pills was not dangerous.

In fact, she would become remarkably strong.

With renewed strength, Tessa lunged at Raegan and cursed, "Go to hell, you bitch!" Before Raegan knew it, Raegan was pinned to the ground by Tessa.

The knife's sharp edge hovered dangerously close to Raegan's eyes.

Raegan gripped Tessa's hand tightly and tried, with all her might, to stop Tessa from stabbing her.

However, Tessa's_ pill-induced strength was overwhelming, and Raegan felt her own stamina dwindling.

In a desperate move, Raegan kneed Tessa in the lower abdomen.

The two wrestled and rolled toward the edge of a poorly repaired platform.

The knife in Tessa's hand shifted and was now pressing even closer against Raegan's neck.

The distance between life and death was less than an inch, Slowly, Raegan's grasp weakened as exhaustion took over.

She could only watch in despair as the knife's tip edged closer to her skin.

Just then, a thunderous roar echoed downstairs.

"Raegan!" Raegan's gaze shifted, and it landed on Mitchel.

Scattered around him were bags of money.

Mitchel's heart trembled as he looked up.

The grief and pain on his handsome face were clearly seen in the moonlight.

Tears welled up in Raegan's eyes, tears flowing down her forehead and dropping to the ground below.

With her remaining strength, she bit her lip and whispered, "Good bye, Mitchel." It seemed that she was at the death's door.

Once her strength gave out, the knife would pierce her neck, and she would fall off the building.

Either way, it would be a fatal end for her.

Seemingly driven to the edge of sanity, Mitchel ignored the blood gushing from his legs and frantically scrambled up the stairs.

Fear engulfed him to the core.

In a desperate attempt to sustain his strength, he jabbed at the wounds on his thigh to push himself beyond limit.

"No, no, Raegan.

You can't die.

You can't..." Tears welled up in Mitchel's otherwise stoic expression, clouding his vision.

The instant he reached the second floor, a figure plummeting from above.

Bang! The sound of the impact was deafening.

Mitchel's gaze snapped to the sight of a vivid crimson pooling on the ground.

The next second, his strength abandoned him, and he collapsed to the ground.

Chapter 224

Unrecognizable Corpse Mitchel crumbled to the ground.

He tried standing but to no avail.

His legs refused to support him, rendering him motionless on the ground.

Moreover, a numbness spread through him.

It was as if his heart had stopped beating, leaving him feeling hollow and lifeless.

"Mr. Dixon!" Matteo arrived with a team.

His eyes quickly followed Mitchel's gaze to the motionless figure on the ground amidst the pool of blood.

Although already used to horrifying scenes, Matteo was still shaken by the scene before him.

"Mrs. Dixon..." Matteo managed, his voice strained with emotion.

Mitchel brushed off Matteo's assistance and pointed at the figure.

"Go... Confirm," Mitchel ordered in a barely audible voice.

He had to see for himself before he could accept it.

"Of course." Matteo approached the figure in hopes of discerning the identity.

The person, face down and severely injured, was unrecognizable.

Moreover, the blood, mixed with a gruesome, viscous substance that might have been brain matter, soaked the floor.

The sight was so horrific that nobody wanted to look at it.

One of the bodyguards was unable to stomach the scene and retched on the spot.

Matteo squatted near the body and searched for any form of identification or jewelry but found nothing.

Regardless of the identity, it was clear it couldn't be left in such a state.

Matteo instructed a person from his team to cover it with a large piece of black fabric.

"Is that her?" A chilling voice suddenly cut through the silence.

Matteo turned around, realizing Mitchel had approached silently.

After a moment's hesitation, Matteo admitted, "Mr.

Dixon, I'm sorry, but I can't confirm the identity." "Move aside!" Mitchel commanded.

Matteo understood Mitchel's intentions.

But personally confirming the identity of the corpse would be agonizing.

If it were Raegan, the memory of the sight would haunt Mitchel forever.

In a gentle attempt to dissuade him, Matteo suggested, "Mr.

Dixon, maybe we should wait for the forensic team to confirm.

This isn't something you should see..." His words were cautious, but the grim reality was unmistakable.

The gruesome mixture of brain matter, skull fragments, and blood was a sight no one should have to witness.

However, Mitchel disregarded Matteo's advice.

He pushed past him with determination and knelt down by the covered body.

Mitchel seemed outwardly calm, but his inner turmoil was evident in the way he dismissed Matteo.

Moreover, his body quivered with barely contained emotion.

Seeing Mitchel in distress, Matteo tried to intervene once more.

"Mr.

Dixon..." Mitchel paid no heed and reached out his hand to the black fabric.

His fingers trembled as they inched closer.

A few agonizing seconds later, he finally grasped the corner of the cloth.

For five long minutes, he remained motionless, silent, and not even drawing a breath.

Then, in a sudden movement, he brought his arm up to his forehead, his body shaking uncontrollably.

"Mr.

Dixon..." Matteo rushed forward to support him.

Just then, Mitchel stood up and declared, "It's not her." Mitchel's intense reaction was one of immense relief.

He looked like someone who had walked through hell only to find a sudden ray of hope.

Amidst the chaos, one of the bodyguards called out, "There's another one over here!" Everyone rushed over and found a man on the ground.

He had miraculously avoided serious injuries, except for a sharp bamboo stick impaling his leg.

Then, like a gust of wind, a figure rushed over, knelt beside the injured man, and cried out, "Henley! Henley!" Henley!" Matteo's eyes widened in disbelief.

It was Raegan, very much alive.

Upon noticing Matteo, Raegan quickly asked, "Where's the ambulance?" Matteo was stunned for a second and then blurted out, "It's outside." "Bring it in!" Raegan urged.

She then noticed the cold, handsome figure standing behind Matteo.

Just as she was about to say something to Mitchel, the injured Henley on the ground grasped her hand.

"Raegan..." Raegan shifted her gaze back to Henley and worriedly asked, "Henley, how are you feeling?" Henley mustered a smile, but blood trickled from the corner of his mouth.

The severity of his internal injuries, if any, remained unknown.

"I'm fine..."

If something happens to me, can you take care of my parents?" "You'll be fine!" Raegan firmly disagreed with tears cascading down her cheeks.

"Henley, you're going to be okay."

"I know it..." Raegan's mind remained hazy.

Exhaustion had overwhelmed her, and she teetered on the brink of surrender.

Tessa's knife had left a cut on her skin.

At that critical moment, Henley had appeared out of nowhere.

He had charged at Tessa, and both of them had tumbled down the stairs.

All Raegan saw was the blood spattered across the floor.

She had feared the worst for Henley, and the thought of him dead because of her brought her to the edge of despair.

Eventually, she found the strength to crawl down the stairs.

There, she found Henley, still conscious, though injured.

Relief flooded through her upon learning he had survived.

Raegan would never forgive herself if anything had happened to Henley on her account.

But soon, relief gave way to lingering fear.

It had been such a narrow escape! Just a matter of inches! She was so close to death.

Had it not been for Henley's prompt rescue, she would have been the one lying there motionless, and her face would have been beyond recognition.

Mitchel, who was silently watching Raegan break into sobs for Henley, felt a profound weight on his heart.

Ever since she had disappeared, his heart had been in a constant state of unrest and unable to find peace.

When he thought the miserable body on the ground was Raegan, he felt as though an invisible giant hand was tearing his heart apart, and the pain still lingered.

Only God knew the overwhelming relief and joy he felt upon seeing her alive and with only a few minor injuries at most.

How he wished he could hold her in a tight hug.

But what about her? Her gaze was fixed solely on Henley.

Not once did she shift her gaze toward him all the while.

In that instant, Mitchel felt as if his heart was pierced yet again, and a numbing coldness spread through him.

After the suffering he went through to save Raegan, standing there without getting Raegan's attention seemed like a cruel twist of fate.

The joy that had once lit up his face at the sight of her safe and sound slowly drained away and left a hollow space in his heart.

In just a few moments, his expression turned into one of indifference.

It was as if he had encased his heart in an impenetrable layer of ice, and the air around him turned frigid.

Just then, the sound of sirens broke the deafening silence.

Police cars and ambulances had arrived.

The medical personnel attended to Henley and carried him away on a stretcher.

Only when the medical personnel approached Mitchel with another stretcher did Raegan's attention finally shift to him.

Raegan noticed the severe wound on Mitchel's legs.

The injuries had worsened from lack of immediate medical attention and the strain of his exertions, evident from the persistent bleeding.

His injuries hadn't been noticeable, partly due to the low light and his black trousers.

But under the harsh glare of the emergency lights, the severity of his injuries became apparent.

The blood had soaked into the black fabric of his pants, turning them a deep, dark brown.

How much blood was lost to saturate a pair of pure black pants? Reagan's face drained of color as a wave of pain and anguish washed over her.

This was unlike the guilt and self-blame she felt when she feared Henley would sacrifice himself to save her.

For Reagan, the emotions she felt toward Henley were driven by guilt and self-reproach.

With Mitchel, however, it was different.

Her heart had already softened into a warm, flowing current when he bravely stepped in to save her.

He had put his life on the line not once but twice for her.

Any lingering resentment from their past seemed to dissolve because of his sacrifice.

Moreover, in those moments when she thought she would die, the only person she wanted to say goodbye to was Mitchel.

At least he was the last person she saw before she died.

To Reagan, that was enough.

But now, both of them were still alive and clung to hope that maybe...

Reagan felt a sharp pain in her nose.

She longed to reach out and support him.

But when she extended her fingertips, Mitchel coldly brushed them away.

Assuming Raegan loved Henley, Mitchel was no longer interested in her words or explanations.

He simply turned away.

Chapter 225

Is It Your True Feelings Mitchel ignored the medical staff and the pain in his legs.

He refused to get on the stretcher.

He walked slowly, bearing the hurt and making a mental note to never act so foolishly again in the future, especially for Raegan who wasn't interested in him.

He wanted to brand the horrible feelings he was experiencing into his mind to remind himself to never be in such a situation again.

Raegan watched Mitchel through sad eyes.

Her heart ached.

Matteo turned to Raegan.

"Madam, Mr. Dixon thought you were the one lying there motionless.

He was in agony moments earlier until he found out that wasn't you." Tears threatened to spill, and Raegan tried her very best to hold it all in.

She knew Mitchel was upset and wasn't even letting her explain.

"Could you give me updates on his condition at the hospital?" She tried to control the cracks in her voice.

Being an assistant, Matteo didn't have much say on this, but he still advised, "Mr.

Dixon genuinely worried about you.

I think it'll be better if you see him yourself and check on him." With that, he turned around and left, the bodyguards following suit.

Raegan was treated in the ambulance, and once she was done, she was taken to the police station to give her statement.

The evidence of Tessa's kidnapping was pretty clear.

Raegan quickly gave her statement and left the station.

There were some blood stains on her dress, so she had to get changed first before heading to the hospital.

She arrived at the hospital and called Matteo but he didn't pick up.

She asked around and it turned out that Mitchel was taken to the VIP ward.

He had gotten treated immediately, so he wasn't in any danger.

Raegan was finally able to relax a little.

Her phone rang.

It was Matteo.

It turned out that it wasn't really a good time to pay a visit.

There was some noise on his end.

It sounded like Mitchel's parents.

"Okay. I understand," she replied.

It wouldn't be wise for her to visit when Mitchel's parents were there.

Raegan turned around and headed to the second floor to visit Henley's ward.

Henley just went through the surgery and was still unconscious.

His parents were abroad, so it wasn't easy for them to get here.

The hospital staff were taking care of him.

Since Henley was injured when saving her, Raegan felt responsible for looking after him.

She took a few days off work and stayed by Henley's side, waiting for his parents.

The doctor came in.

"Are you related to him?" "I'm his friend.

His parents are in transit.

They'll arrive tomorrow.

How is he?" "Luckily, the fall wasn't so bad.

He landed in a soil pit.

His life isn't in danger, but the wooden stick that pierced his leg had some mold.

We'll assess the progress when the family arrives." The doctor walked out once he was done.

That uneasy feeling in Raegan's chest began to grow again.

Why did Henley happen to be there at that critical moment and save her? She would only be able to understand once he was awake.

Raegan stayed by Henley's side the entire night, only taking turns with the nurses a few times.

Before dawn, the nurse took turns with Raegan.

Raegan took the opportunity to get home.

She recalled that Mitchel enjoyed the porridge she made last time, so she decided to make some and bring it to him.

When it was all ready, it was dawn already.

Raegan rushed to the hospital to see Mitchel.

She had checked with Matteo in advance.

There was no one else there apart from him and the nurse in his ward at this hour.

Matteo proactively opened the door when he saw Raegan approaching.

As Mitchel's long-time assistant, Matteo had learned to decipher Mitchel's expressions and actions.

Mitchel's eyes would light up whenever someone came to visit him and then darken when the visitor wasn't Raegan.

Obviously, he had been expecting Raegan's appearance.

Mitchel had been resting.

His eyes were closed but immediately shot open when he heard the door creak.

Seeing that it was Raegan, he looked away indifferently.

It seemed he wasn't interested in seeing her.

Raegan's face turned pale, a mixture of emotions surging within her.

She took a deep breath to calm herself and exhaled slowly, pulling herself together.

Then, she slowly walked toward his bed.

Mitchel raised his eyelids and said impatiently, "Who allowed you to come in?" Mitchel's eyes flashed with annoyance, seemingly conveying his dislike for Raegan's appearance.

The urge to run away overwhelmed Raegan, but her feet wouldn't move.

She tightly clenched her hands, still longing to explain.

"Yesterday...

I didn't mean to ignore you.

I witnessed Henley's sudden fall and believed he was in grave danger.

I panicked..." Henley had sacrificed himself to save Raegan at that critical moment.

The scene weakened her knees, drawing her attention to the gravely injured Henley.

Her instincts prevented her from prioritizing Mitchel at that time.

Moreover, Henley was still unconscious, showing how serious his case was.

"I'm deeply moved by the fact that you were willing to sacrifice yourself to save me..." Mitchel could no longer bear to listen.

Moved? That was it? She didn't have anything else to say? Yesterday, he had wheeled himself to Henley's ward, hoping to find some clues.

But what did he find? Raegan was taking care of Henley.

If she actually did care for him, why didn't she check on him in the night? She could have, but she didn't.

Instead, she ignored him completely.

Was she that oblivious? Couldn't she see that he had feelings for her? The accumulated frustration hardened Mitchel's expression, his gaze turning cold and distant.

"Done yet?" Raegan's Jaw dropped slightly.

She remained frozen in her spot, stunned by his chilly gaze.

Her heart ached badly.

She wanted to speak but she just couldn't get the words to come out.

Mitchel's gaze shifted to the magazine in his hand.

"You should leave once you're done." His cold words hit Raegan like a hammer, causing the ache in her chest to increase.

Raegan held her breath, afraid that she might just end up crying if she didn't.

A few seconds passed and she looked up at him, her voice trembling.

"Is that truly what you want?" Was he actually being honest? Did he really want her to leave? Mitchel said nothing in response, instead his grip on the magazine tightened.

His fingers turned pale from how tight he was gripping it.

His silence only made Raegan feel worse.

She placed the thermos flask on the table and stared at him intensely.

Just as Mitchel thought Raegan was about to leave, unexpectedly, she leaned in and her lips gently met his.

She lacked tactics but she kissed him softly.

A few seconds went by and she pulled away.

"Well? What's your answer now?"

Chapter 226

Is It That Difficult to Choose Raegan's voice wavered, betraying her uncertainty.

Taking such a bold step was unfamiliar to her, and her hand, resting on Mitchel's arm, was rigid with tension.

Mitchel looked at Raegan with an _ indifferent expression.

"What difference does it make?" Raegan had overcome her reservations to take this difficult step.

Feeling unnerved by his detached demeanor, she had the impulse to withdraw.

Yet, remembering his resolve to save her, she hesitated.

Determined not to yield, she held his gaze firmly.

"If you truly don't want to see me, I won't show up in front of you anymore." Raegan's lips, delicate and gentle, lingered close to Mitchel, exuding a subtle, sweet presence.

Mitchel's expression remained stoic, but his hand tightened involuntarily, a warmth spreading through him.

It was a simple kiss from Raegan, unrefined and unpracticed, yet it sparked a deep longing within him to claim her immediately.

As Mitchel recalled the previous night's events, a chill settled in his heart.

His words were cold and sharp.

"What about your boyfriend?" Raegan was momentarily taken aback, unsure of whom he meant.

After a brief pause, understanding lit her face, but before she could clarify, she noticed a mocking smirk playing on his lips.

"Or perhaps you desire both?" Raegan's breathing grew labored, and a tightness gripped her chest.

Was this how he viewed her? Like a deflated balloon, her courage and resolve swiftly drained away.

Their relationship's complexities couldn't be untangled with mere words.

Regrets of her hasty decision washed over Raegan, and her spirit plummeted.

She looked down, defeated, and began to rise.

"I'm sorry for the disturbance." But as she started to walk away, her wrist was captured in a firm grip.

Mitchel held her hand tightly, his eyes intense.

"Is it really that hard for you to make a choice?" She was pushing him to the edge of reason.

Why was it so difficult for her to decide? Even if she were to deceive him, he could accept it.

But she refused to even entertain the idea of lying.

His grip tightened, causing Raegan pain.

Tears gathered in her eyes, and in a pained whisper, she said, "I'm just..." Bang.

The door to the room opened suddenly, creating a Jarring interruption in the already tense atmosphere.

Luciana entered with a young woman trailing behind her.

The woman, with her long, wavy hair cascading elegantly and her figure accentuated by a stylish suit, exuded an air of grace and beauty.

Luciana, initially not noticing Raegan, said to Mitchel with enthusiasm, "Mitchel, guess who's back?" However, her cheerfulness faltered as her eyes landed on Raegan near Mitchel's bedside.

Luciana managed a forced smile.

"Oh, Raegan.

Are you here to see Mitchel?" Raegan, feeling the tension, quickly withdrew her hand and responded courteously, "Yes." Their greetings were polite yet strained, creating an uncomfortable silence in the room.

Then, the young woman with Luciana broke the silence with a melodic voice.

"So, you're Mitchel's ex-wife?" Raegan was momentarily taken aback, not expecting her identity to be known.

The woman stepped forward, introducing herself in an outgoing manner, "Hello, I'm Katie Glyn." Raegan returned the greeting, "Hello." Katie glanced at Mitchel lying in the bed and smiled gracefully.

"Mitchel and I grew up together." A shadow crossed Raegan's face.

She rarely interacted with Mitchel's friends and was unfamiliar with Katie.

Admiring Raegan's beauty, Katie commented, "Mitchel is lucky indeed.

I hadn't expected his ex-wife to be so captivating." Raegan responded with an awkward smile, "Thank you.

You're quite stunning yourself." Katie's demeanor was refined and elegant, distinctly different from Lauren's affected grace.

Extending her hand, Katie said warmly, "Pleased to meet you." When Raegan caught sight of the bracelet on Katie's wrist, her heart skipped a beat, and her face drained of color.

That bracelet was the very one she had returned to Luciana not long before.

It was a gift from Luciana when she hadn't divorced Mitchel.

Raegan's eyes lingered on the bracelet adorning Katie's wrist, her feelings a tangled web of emotions.

Despite her inner turmoil, she managed to maintain her composure, offering Katie a gentle handshake.

Raegan, ready to leave, addressed Luciana politely, "You two continue talking.

I'll leave now." Notably, Raegan talked to Luciana in a rather polite way, indicating a change in her feelings.

Luciana responded with a silent nod, her voice remaining unspoken.

As Raegan made to leave, Mitchel's voice, icy and firm, halted her.

"Don't go." Raegan paused for a moment but continued toward the door.

Mitchel attempted to rise from his bed in haste, but his sudden movement aggravated his wound, causing him to wince in pain.

Luciana quickly stepped in to support him, turning to Katie.

"Please stay with Mitchel.

I'll see Raegan out." Mitchel, held back by Luciana, grew pale, insisting weakly, "Tell her I haven't finished talking." Luciana's expression shifted subtly as she nodded, acknowledging his request.

Outside the hospital, Luciana quickly caught up to Raegan.

"Raegan, can we talk for a moment?" Raegan stopped, not showing any signs of refusal.

Luciana started, her expression troubled, "I've been informed about Tessa's incident." Luciana had learned of Tessa's tragic end.

Although she wasn't fond of Tessa, she still felt sorry for Tessa.

Kenia had approached Luciana with a _ pointed accusation, saying if Mitchel hadn't harshly dealt with Tessa for Raegan's sake, Tessa might not have met such a dreadful end.

Despite their distant familial ties, Luciana was concerned about the escalating consequences, especially one resulting in the loss of life.

Luciana remarked with caution, "Katie and Mitchel have known each other since they were children.

They were quite close.

Katie moved abroad early on.

But now that she's back, and given our families ' similar status, we've thought about pairing them together." Luciana stressed family backgrounds, conveying an underlying message.

Raegan responded plainly, "Luciana, if there's something you want to say, please be straightforward." Luciana continued, "Mitchel was injured again while saving you.

The board members are expressing their dissatisfaction with him being hospitalized twice in just a month." After a brief pause, Luciana let out a sigh.

"I'm not trying to be harsh.

I told you before that I hoped you two wouldn't meet again.

Please don't force me into doing something.

I don't want to be seen as the villain here." Her words carried an implicit warning.

The color drained from Raegan's face as she unconsciously clenched her fist, her nails digging into her palm.

The situation was laden with irony.

Luciana, who had once held her hand and professed maternal feelings, was now threatening her.

Luciana's fondness for her felt as delicate as dandelions, easily scattered by the slightest wind.

Raegan had previously tried to understand Luciana's actions as a mother's concern for her son, but now, things seemed less clear.

Was she truly the sole cause of all these problems? What brought Tessa to that dire strait? Wasn't it because of Lauren? And the root cause of Lauren's actions was none other than Mitchel.

Wasn't Raegan, too, a victim in this tangled web? "Luciana, I assure you, I will keep my promise.

I won't reach out to him unless he does so first," Raegan said with calmness.

The boldness she had mustered earlier had evaporated.

One distressing episode was more than enough.

However, Luciana's concerns were different.

She knew Mitchel well.

Beneath his carefree and rebellious exterior, he was not one to easily let go.

Luciana then voiced her suggestion, "You know, you're still young.

Studying abroad might open up better opportunities for you.

Think about it.

If you agree, I'll handle the expenses." Raegan hadn't expected Luciana to be so averse to her presence, to the point of not wanting her to stay in the country.

Chapter 227

Face Together Raegan offered a faint smile, pondering Luciana's suggestion but not dismissing it outright.

"I'll think about it." Raegan's plans to go abroad were already in motion.

She didn't wish to upset Luciana.

After all, she once held a deep affection for Luciana, seeing the latter as a maternal figure.

Having expressed her thoughts, Luciana exhaled a sigh of relief.

Neither of them felt like engaging in idle chatter, so they went their separate ways.

In the hospital room...

Katie gazed at Mitchel.

Though Mitchel appeared somewhat frail, his charm was undeniable.

She couldn't hide her happiness at the sight of him, grinning widely.

"I've been longing to hug you.

It's been so long.

However, I didn't expect you to be so fragile." Mitchel asked, "Why are you dressed like this?" Since childhood, Katie always wore tomboyish clothes.

Mitchel had mistaken her for a boy before and played with her.

Katie maintained this style until she was about fifteen or sixteen.

Since then, Mitchel hadn't seen her in such attire, mainly due to her time spent overseas.

Katie's face tensed briefly at Mitchel's question, but she quickly replied with a hint of defiance, "Don't you like it?" Mitchel chose not to comment on her appearance, steering clear of critiquing a woman's choice of clothing.

His heart, however, had been captivated by Raegan's smile from the moment he first saw her.

Katie's smile returned, and she shrugged with an air of nonchalance.

"If it bothers you, just see me as the same old Katie.

I haven't really changed." Mitchel cast a glance at her and abruptly seized her wrist.

"How did you get this bracelet?" Katie winced, feeling the pain from his tight grip.

She furrowed her brows.

"It's a gift from Luciana." Mitchel's expression turned stern.

He didn't beat around the bush.

"Take it off." Katie was surprised, struggling to understand his reaction.

"Mitchel, since when did you become so possessive?" Without offering an explanation, Mitchel repeated his command.

"Take it off." Anger surged within Katie, and tears began to well in her eyes.

She attempted to remove the bracelet, but her strong grip made it slip from her hand, shattering on the floor.

"Oh no!" A sharp sound echoed through the room.

The refined bracelet broke into two.

Mitchel gazed at the shattered pieces, feeling a heavy burden in his heart, and an unexpected rage took hold of him.

"Get out!" Katie, shocked by his sudden fury, stood frozen.

At that moment, Luciana walked into the room.

Luciana, witnessing the commotion, walked over and placed her arms around Katie, displaying concern.

"What's wrong, dear?" Katie felt her sense of injustice grow upon hearing Luciana's gentle words.

Struggling to speak through her tears, she managed to say, "Luciana..."

Mitchel insisted I take off the bracelet...

And it broke accidentally!" Luciana, understanding the situation after seeing the broken bracelet, turned to Mitchel with a disapproving look.

"It was only a bracelet.

There's no need for such a reaction." Feeling deeply wronged, Katie asked through her tears, "How much was the bracelet? I'll pay you back." Luciana brushed off the idea.

"Don't be ridiculous, my dear.

Money shouldn't be a topic between us." Turning her attention to Mitchel, Luciana admonished, "Mitchel, Katie has just come back and is still jet-lagged.

Is this how you welcome a guest?" Mitchel's face turned icy and detached.

He ignored Katie, focusing solely on Luciana.

"Did you really give her this bracelet?" Luciana's heart skipped a beat, but she quickly regained her calm demeanor, replying, "Yes, I gave it to her.

We had just met, and I didn't have a chance to prepare a proper gift." Pursing his thin lips, Mitchel continued to stare at Luciana, his voice icy.

"Mom, you know how much Raegan used to value your affection." Caught off guard by his words, Luciana felt a sudden tension.

"But she doesn't care for it anymore, does she?" Mitchel's expression remained icy, showing no intention of further conversation.

He firmly directed everyone to leave.

"I'm tired.

Please leave now." "You, Mi..." "Leave." Luciana's complexion turned pale, shocked by Mitchel's unprecedented disrespect.

Katie, observing the tense atmosphere, gently guided Luciana away, whispering words of comfort.

Upon nearing Henley's hospital room, Raegan heard a commotion.

Startled, she saw Gerda exit the room, her face covered as she wept.

Raegan guided Gerda to a bench nearby and inquired about the situation.

Through her tears, Gerda shared the distressing news.

"The doctor said Henley's infection is worsening.

He might need to have his leg amputated." Raegan felt her heart miss a beat.

Amputation? How could the situation be so dire...

In disbelief, she asked, "Are you sure that's what the doctor said?" Gerda continued crying.

"Yes, my talented son might lose his leg.

How is he supposed to live like that?" The news struck Raegan like lightning, leaving her equally devastated.

Raegan was struggling to understand how Henley, with his exceptional character and talents, could come to terms with such a devastating turn of events.

Gerda's plea was heart-wrenching.

"Raegan, please stay by Henley's side.

He endured all this for you.

You can't leave him now!" Raegan felt a surge of surprise.

Hadn't Henley told his mother that their relationship was just a pretense? Raegan began hesitantly, "Gerda, Henley and I..." But before Raegan could complete her thoughts...

Plop! Gerda collapsed onto her knees.

Tears flowed down her cheeks as Gerda implored, "Raegan, you mustn't leave Henley now.

He needs you.

He won't easily accept the situation.

If something happens to my son, I couldn't bear to live." Raegan, startled by Gerda's sudden breakdown, quickly moved to assist her.

Around them, onlookers, including medical staff, gave disapproving looks.

Struggling to help Gerda to her feet, Raegan's own eyes brimmed with tears.

"Please, take a seat first to talk it through." Unexpectedly, Gerda not only refused to get up but also called for Henley's father.

"Come here.

Ask Raegan not to leave Henley." Raegan was at a loss for words.

She tried to compose herself, searching for the right response in this overwhelming situation.

Henley's father's presence brought some semblance of order to the situation.

"What are you doing?" he asked Gerda.

He helped Gerda back to the bench, where she continued to weep.

He looked at Raegan with a troubled expression and apologized, "I'm sorry about this.

My wife is just very emotional right now.

Did she frighten you?" Raegan shook her head, showing her understanding.

"It's alright.

I can't imagine how hard this must be for you all." Understanding the gravity of the circumstances, she knew no one could stay calm.

Henley's father spoke calmly.

"Raegan, there might still be hope for Henley.

I've contacted some specialists abroad.

There are success stories.

Amputation isn't the only path, though the chances are small.

But we must hold onto hope, shouldn't we?" A flicker of hope ignited in Raegan's heart.

She quickly responded, "Of course.

You shouldn't give up if there's even a slight chance." Henley's father seemed hesitant but continued, "The problem is Henley himself.

He's scared of the possibility of failure.

Could you talk to him?" Gerda grasped Raegan's hand, her eyes pleading.

"Raegan, Henley listens to you.

Please, help us convince him." Raegan gave a firm nod.

She felt a deep sense of responsibility since Henley was injured when saving her.

She would do whatever it took to convince him to accept the treatment.

After all, Henley had done so much for her.

Inside the chaotic hospital room, Henley lay motionless on the hospital bed.

He stared intently at his legs, his face a mask of pallor.

Raegan's heart sank at the sight.

She softly said, "Henley, I'm sorry..." Noticing her, Henley stifled his frustration.

In a slow, measured tone, he responded, "It's okay.

You're not to blame." Raegan hesitated, then spoke up.

"Your dad mentioned there's a chance for treatment abroad for your legs..." Henley's expression grew dimmer as he dismissed the idea, "I won't go.

Raegan, don't waste your efforts trying to convince me." "But there's still hope.

Why resign yourself to this?" "Just leave me be.

I've made up my mind." Henley closed his eyes, shutting out the conversation.

Raegan, steadfast in her resolve, pressed on, "Are you ready to give up on yourself and wallow in despair? You're not someone who gives in easily.

Don't dismiss every possibility without trying." Henley's lashes fluttered slightly, a sign that her words were reaching him, but his resolve remained.

Seeing him in such a state, so different from his usual well-groomed and vibrant self, deepened Raegan's sense of guilt and concern.

Taking a deep breath, Raegan continued, her voice firm with conviction, "Henley, I know how scary and overwhelming this is, facing the prospect of losing your leg.

But we should face it together.

"I'll be by your side until you're healed." Henley opened his eyes, a cold look in them.

"Do you understand what you're saying?"

Chapter 228

Disabled Forever Raegan gazed at Henley earnestly and spoke with sincerity.

"I'm fully aware of what I had said.

After all, your leg was injured because of me.

"It's only night that I stay by your side to take care of you until you're fully recovered." Upon hearing her words, a change came over Henley's face.

The sparkle in his eyes seemed to vanish.

Raegan was indeed guileless.

How could she harbor any other thoughts? Once settled on a plan for his ongoing treatment, Henley reached out to a renowned specialist in this field.

He was preparing to undergo surgery in the coming days.

The police visited the hospital to record Henley's statement.

Henley recounted his reasons for being there that night as his concern for Raegan.

He had arrived at Raegan's place just in time to see Tessa abduct her.

He followed them, biding his time to save Raegan.

The police verified his account against the surveillance footage.

It all matched the timeline perfectly.

Meanwhile, Raegan was calculating the duration of Henley's upcoming treatment.

It was going to be a more prolonged affair than she had anticipated.

Considering the surgery schedule, she realized she'd need at least a month off work.

Typically, her company wouldn't permit such a lengthy leave.

So, she contemplated resigning.

She felt compelled to take responsibility for Henley's condition.

Had it not been for his intervention, she would have been the one suffering a fall from a great height.

However, upon discussing the situation with her supervisor, she found support.

Her supervisor agreed to hold her position during her absence.

Moreover, her students reached out, promising to remain diligent and study hard while she was away.

Bryce, in particular, seemed transformed.

He earnestly promised Raegan that he would make significant progress in her absence.

This assurance brought Raegan some comfort.

Having tutored these kids for a long time, she was reluctant to leave them.

Before her departure, Raegan visited Kyler in the sanatorium.

She didn't reveal her plans to accompany Henley for his treatment abroad.

Instead, she mentioned that she was going overseas for further studies, not wanting to worry the old man.

Kyler was overjoyed to hear about her plans, lauding Raegan for her talents.

Later, Raegan went to see Nicole, who had been discharged from the hospital and was now engrossed in settling company matters.

Raegan remained unaware of the source of Nicole's funds.

The eighty-million-dollar loan had been paid, and Nicole managed to sell the batch of finished products to smaller firms at a reduced rate.

The ordeal had cost the Lawrence Group tens of millions, not to mention the losses in the stock market, amounting to hundreds of millions in total.

The Lawrence Group's bankruptcy seemed inevitable.

Nicole was swamped with the company's final liquidation.

Raegan shared news of Henley's abroad treatment with Nicole.

Although Nicole was concerned for Raegan, she was deeply engrossed in her own troubles.

In the end, she promised to visit Raegan once her affairs were in order. As Raegan was about to leave, Nicole halted her with a sudden inquiry, "Have you heard anything about Mitchel lately?" "What is it?" Raegan asked, her curiosity piqued.

"I heard that Mitchel's company's senior shareholders are challenging him at board meetings," Nicole explained.

"It seems his frequent hospitalizations have led them to question his ability to lead the company." This revelation left Raegan astonished, recalling Luciana's earlier comments.

Indeed, if Mitchel, the CEO, was in poor health, it would naturally unsettle the company's stability.

Nicole, unaware of the specifics surrounding Tessa's actions or Mitchel's injuries, treated this information as mere hearsay.

"I think Mitchel must be quite occupied lately," she continued.

"Rumors had it that he might marry the daughter of the Glyn family.

The Glyn family is quite influential, second only to the Dixons family.

A union between their families would be beneficial for both sides." The Glyn family? Was Mitchel going to marry Katie? Luciana had once remarked that the two families were equally matched in every way.

Raegan wandered back into the hospital, her mind lost in thought.

She remembered Luciana stressing the importance of family background.

She felt helpless, unable to assist Mitchel during his troubles.

More often than not, she felt like a burden to him.

This time was no different.

She felt just as powerless as before.

She realized she was partly responsible for the crisis facing the Dixon Group.

As Raegan waited for the elevator, lost in her thoughts, the doors opened, revealing a surprising scene.

Inside stood Mitchel and Katie.

Upon seeing Raegan, Katie greeted her warmly, "Hi, nice to see you again." Raegan responded with a nod, "Glad to see you, too." Katie inquired, "Are you here for Mitchel?" "No, I'm here for a friend,"

Raegan replied, shaking her head.

As she spoke, she noticed Mitchel casting a cold glance her way before turning away.

His indifference weighed heavily on Raegan's heart.

Katie stayed behind as Mitchel left, apologizing to Raegan, "I'm so sorry about yesterday.

I didn't realize Luciana had given the bracelet to you before.

It caught my eye, so I asked her for it.

Had I known the significance of it, I wouldn't have asked for it." Raegan offered a smile.

"It's alright." Katie returned the smile.

"Just to clarify, Mitchel and I are merely close friends.

Don't get the wrong idea.

We grew up playing together, and he's never seen me in a romantic light." Raegan was taken aback by Katie's candidness and preferred not to discuss it in Mitchel's presence.

"There's no misunderstanding on my part about your relationship with him," Raegan reassured.

Katie's smile broadened.

"That's a relief.

I would hate to be the cause of any conflict between you and Mitchel." Raegan responded quickly, "There's nothing between Mitchel and I.

Don't think too much, Miss Glyn." "Nothing between you and Mitchel? How is that possible..." Katie was about to add more, but Mitchel interrupted, "Are you coming or not?" He sounded impatience.

With a smile, Katie said to Raegan, "I should go now.

We'll talk more another time." Raegan nodded and stepped into the elevator.

As the elevator doors began to close, she caught a glimpse of Katie playfully nudging Mitchel and saying something with a smile.

Katie, standing beside Mitchel, appeared effortlessly elegant.

They seemed an ideal pair.

As the elevator doors shut completely, Mitchel's familiar fragrance lingered, now mixed with the scent of another woman.

The scent in the elevator left Raegan with a heavy heart, her eyes brimming with unshed tears.

Upon entering Henley's ward, she found the nurse attending to Henley's dressings.

The sight of the raw wound, wrapped in gauze and tainted with the mingling scents of medicine and blood, unsettled Raegan's stomach.

She was trying to compose herself when the nurse asked for assistance.

"Miss, could you help me with the gauze?" At that moment, Raegan couldn't contain herself any longer.

She began to retch uncontrollably.

The nurse and Henley looked on in shock.

"I'm sorry," Raegan hurriedly said.

"I might have eaten something that didn't agree with me." As she spoke, her stomach revolted again, compelling her to dash to the bathroom and empty its contents.

From the bathroom, the sounds of her vomiting left the nurse at a loss for words.

Henley's expression turned grim.

Did he repulse Raegan in some way? After the ordeal, Raegan, drained, leaned on the washbasin to rinse her hands.

Her reflection in the mirror showed her pallor, a stark contrast to her usual appearance.

Raegan convinced herself that her discomfort was likely due to the food she had consumed at lunch, which hadn't agreed with her stomach.

After leaving the bathroom, she noticed the nurse had finished changing Henley's dressing and a fan was now on, circulating air throughout the ward.

Henley, concerned, suggested, "Raegan, if you're not feeling well, go back and rest." "I'm okay," Raegan assured him, shaking her head.

"It was probably just something I ate at lunch.

I'll feel better soon." Henley's expression grew more troubled as he observed her pallid complexion.

Two days later, a private plane, arranged by Henley's parents, was ready for them at the airport.

Raegan and Henley traveled in a specially equipped rescue vehicle to the airport.

As Raegan gazed out the window during the journey, a sense of heaviness filled her heart.

She hadn't seen Mitchel since their last encounter.

Later, she caught the Dixon Group's official statement on television.

The situation seemed dire, with Mitchel engulfed in the midst of it all.

Raegan felt like an outsider, able only to watch the news, powerless to assist Mitchel in his time of need.

She became increasingly aware of the vast chasm between herself and Mitchel, feeling her world drifting farther from his.

Henley, reclining on his side, watched Raegan intently, his gaze deep and unreadable.

Ever since he discovered Raegan was the little girl from his past, Henley noticed a change in himself.

He had become possessive, almost obsessive.

He disliked seeing Raegan lost in thought, her mind possibly wandering to Mitchel.

The thought nagged at him incessantly.

"Raegan," Henley called out, breaking her reverie.

Raegan turned to him and asked, "Yes? What is it?" "Do you ever regret it?" Henley asked, his tone serious.

Raegan, initially perplexed, thought he was referring to their journey together for his abroad treatment.

She offered him a reassuring smile, her voice carrying a comforting tone, "Of course not, Henley.

I'm here for you, and I'll stay by your side until your leg is completely healed." Henley's gaze intensified as he asked, "What if my condition is incurable? What if I remain disabled forever?"

Chapter 229

Keep Distance "No, you won't," Raegan reassured Henley.

"Well, I'm just stating the 'what ifs'." Henley hesitated, his refined features half-lit in the dim glow, carrying a trace of coldness.

"Will you stay by my side and take care of me forever?" Raegan fell silent, caught off guard.

The future hadn't been something Raegan had considered in depth.

Henley's unexpected question left Raegan momentarily speechless, her hesitation clearly unsettling Henley.

Abruptly, he reached out, gripping her other hand firmly.

Startled, Raegan's eyes widened as she met his gaze.

"Just remember what you promised." Henley's voice was soft yet firm.

At that moment, Raegan felt something strange about Henley.

Then, an abrupt hit on the brakes.

The car jerked to a stop.

The car door was pulled open.

There stood Mitchel, his gaze piercing as he observed their entwined hands, his expression turning into a sneer.

Feeling dissected under his scornful eyes, Raegan was shaken.

"Get out," Mitchel's voice was icy as he addressed her.

Raegan instinctively tried to withdraw her hand, but Henley's grip was unyielding.

Henley, meeting Mitchel's stern look, said evenly, "Mr.

Dixon, we have a plane to catch." Mitchel, exuding a chilling aura, disregarded Henley and pulled Raegan forcefully from the car.

Henley's grip didn't ease, causing Raegan pain.

She winced.

"It hurts." Mitchel relaxed his grip, followed by Henley.

Mitchel then seized the opportunity to scoop Raegan into his arms and strode toward his vehicle.

From behind, Henley's voice was cold but resolute.

"Raegan, I'll wait for you." Jolted back to reality, Raegan realized she and Henley were supposed to catch a flight.

Confused by Mitchel's actions, she demanded with a stern expression, "Mitchel, put me down." Despite her objections, Mitchel forcefully placed her into the backseat, his hands ensuring she stayed put.

"Do you plan to run away with him?" Raegan averted her gaze.

"Why would you think that?" A shadow fell over Mitchel's eyes.

"So, you believe you're free from me now? That you can do whatever you please?" His anger was palpable.

Raegan had intended to go abroad with Henley without a word to him, a move he found unfathomable.

How could she leave with Henley? Mitchel had instructed Katie to clarify things with Raegan in the elevator.

However, Raegan seemed eager to distance herself from him.

She even said there was nothing between him and her.

Mitchel's frustration boiled within him at her words, yet he had contained it.

Moreover, he had endured silently while she cared for Henley.

But her decision to leave with Henley was more than he could bear.

How could he tolerate this! Grabbing Raegan's face, Mitchel forced her to look at him, his voice thick with emotion.

"Why would you flirt with me, kiss me, if you're choosing him? Huh? Are you that indecisive?" Raegan's eyes widened in disbelief at his accusations.

Her face lost all color, turning ghostly pale.

Mitchel instantly regretted his harsh words, realizing his anger had gotten the better of him.

His anger stemmed from her seeming indifference to him throughout the time.

"You're right," Raegan said suddenly, her voice breaking, eyes brimming with tears.

"I am indecisive." That was why she fell in love with him again.

That was why she would consider so much, not wanting to burden him.

Exhausted, Raegan pleaded, "Please, let me go.

I don't want to miss my flight." Mistaking her words as her desperate wish to leave with Henley, Mitchel's anger flared, distorting his handsome features.

His lips, now cold and intent, pressed against her neck.

Raegan winced at the sharp pain as he bit her harshly.

This bastard! What was he thinking? He had just insulted her, and now this? Feeling deeply wronged, Raegan pushed against him.

"Stop it.

Let me go!" He persisted, leaving marks on her neck and chest.

Then, he paused, taunting her, "Why pretend? Didn't you used to enjoy this?" "That was in the past.

Things have changed." Raegan bit her lip, fighting back tears of humiliation.

He held her chin tightly.

"Answer me, do you really want to leave with him?" "Yes," Raegan said adamantly.

"Henley saved me.

| owe him." "He saved you, but didn't I also fucking save you?" Mitchel burst out.

"If you're willing to take care of him, what do I get from you?" Raegan's heart constricted, and she replied with deliberate calm, "I'm grateful for your help, but I hope you can stay out of my life." Raegan thought of Luciana's words, reminding herself it was best to keep a distance.

Luciana had pointed out she could offer Mitchel no real support.

A wave of despair washed over Mitchel, his eyes turning stormy.

"Gratitude isn't what I'm seeking.

I need more than that." "What do you mean by...

Uh..." Shock spread across Raegan's face as she felt the button of her pants come undone.

"You bastard! We're not together anymore! You have no right to do this!" Mitchel's gaze hardened as he leaned closer, a sneer on his lips.

"You can't tell me what I can and cannot fucking do!" Raegan's emotions overflowed, tears streaming down her face.

"Mitchel, you can't force me.

Many might willingly be with you, but I am not one of them." Her face, tear-streaked, was a picture of defiance and distress.

Mitchel felt a pang in his heart as if struck by lightning.

He realized this was all pointless.

She believed he was demeaning her, and he felt he was demeaning himself.

He had offered his sincerity, but she had outright refused it.

Abruptly, he released her and coldly commanded, "Get out." Raegan, her face wet with tears, silently fixed her clothes and left Mitchel's car without another word.

Outside Mitchel's car, Henley sat nearby in a wheelchair, observing the scene with a seemingly indifferent expression.

Yet, beneath his expression, his heart had turned to ice.

As Raegan got out of the car, she was taken aback when she saw Henley there.

Before she could speak, Henley interrupted, "It's chilly outside.

Please, get into the car." Feeling too embarrassed to stand Henley's gaze anymore, Raegan quickly turned and walked toward Henley's car.

Mitchel, meanwhile, appeared disheveled, his neck bearing scratch marks from their recent scuffle.

Leaving the car door open, he casually adjusted his collar, allowing Henley a clear view of the disarray inside.

Surprisingly, Henley let out a chuckle.

"Mr.

Dixon, I get it.

Raegan's allure is irresistible.

I found it hard to control myself when I first tasted it," he said, his voice laced with a teasing edge, stressing his last sentence.

Mitchel's eyes flashed with anger.

"What did you say?"

Chapter 230

Why Did You Lie To Me "I must admit.

Raegan's allure is irresistible.

I couldn't restrain myself when I first tasted it.

I lost control..." Henley repeated.

Mitchel sneered and interrupted, exposing Henley relentlessly, "Are you trying to stimulate me so |! will hurt you and Raegan will pity you?" Despite Mitchel's harsh words, Henley still had a gentle smile.

"Mr. Dixon, why don't you see for yourself? Then, you'll know whether I am stimulating you or not."
Mitchel opened his phone and looked at several pictures with cold eyes.

They were photos of Raegan sent by an anonymous sender.

She was not naked, but her clothes were messy, which made her look more charming and tempting.

Mitchel had seen her like this many times, and that was what she looked like after they had sex.

Suddenly, there was a loud bang.

It turned out that Mitchel smashed his phone against the car window.

Then, it fell to the floor, broken into pieces.

Mitchel rushed out of the car with a ferocious expression.

He clenched his fists tightly and punched Henley hard in the face.

Henley's wheelchair was knocked over, and he fell to the ground.

But Mitchel didn't stop.

Mitchel kept throwing punches at Henley ferociously.

Mitchel's eyes were bloodshot, and he had completely gone out of control.

While punching Henley crazily, he shouted angrily, "You bastard! How dare you take pictures of her! I will send you to hell!" Henley's housekeeper was stunned for a moment.

But when he realized what was going on, he hurriedly went to Henley's car to call Raegan over.

As soon as Raegan got out of the car, she saw Mitchel pressing Henley to the ground and beating the latter.

She was shocked.

Mitchel was so furious that he looked like a devil from hell.

She had never seen him this crazy.

"Mitchel, what are you doing? Are you out of your mind? Stop it!" Raegan rushed over and tried to pull Mitchel's arm.

However, she failed.

He was as strong as a ferocious beast.

Henley's leg was injured, so he could only lie on the ground helplessly and let Mitchel punch him.

It was as if he was allowing Mitchel to vent his anger on him.

Raegan's hand was shaking uncontrollably.

She took out her phone and called the emergency hotline.

"Please send your people here.

Someone is attacking my friend.

We are on...

Ah!" The phone in Raegan's hand suddenly flew away.

Raegan was so startled that she screamed.

Mitchel stared at Raegan with piercing eyes.

He had never been this disappointed.

He felt like the chill spread all over his body.

He asked word by word, "Do you know what kind of a person you are defending?" When Raegan looked at Mitchel and saw the unspeakable disappointment on his face, her heart cramped for a moment.

Henley, still lying on the ground, suddenly said, "Raegan, don't be afraid of him.

After I recover, I won't let him go easily." Raegan couldn't stand Mitchel's intense gaze anymore.

She felt she almost couldn't breathe.

She looked away and checked on Henley's condition.

She squatted down, looked at Henley's face covered with blood, and said between sobs, "Henley, don't talk now.

Hang on, the ambulance is on its way." Henley held Raegan's hand tightly.

“Raegan, don't provoke him.

With my current condition, I can't protect you.” Mitchel watched Henley and Raegan talk, looking like a sweet couple.

Meanwhile, he was like a crazy man who hit Henley.

Frustrated, Mitchel looked at Raegan with a sneer and snarled, "From now on, anything about you has nothing to do with me! I never want to see you again!" Raegan felt terrible.

Mitchel's harsh words and the undisguised hatred in his voice shattered her heart into pieces.

She suddenly raised her head, only to see his cold receding back.

She didn't even notice when he had walked away.

Sadness overflowed in her heart.

Mitchel held a grudge against her, and she couldn't blame him.

Raegan was still lost in thought when she suddenly heard a noise, which brought her back to her senses.

She looked down and saw Henley spit out a mouthful of blood.

Blood kept oozing out of Henley's mouth, and it looked terrifying.

Fortunately, the ambulance arrived soon.

Henley was immediately taken to the hospital.

After he was treated in the emergency room, his physical condition became stable again.

However, he still needed to recuperate, so he had to stay in the hospital for a few days.

He couldn't travel yet, so they had to postpone their trip abroad for the treatment of his leg.

Raegan had a long and thrilling day.

Fortunately, she could relax now.

But after taking just a few steps, she unexpectedly felt dizzy and fell to the floor.

The nurse who happened to pass by saw Raegan like this and immediately took Raegan to the emergency room.

Soon, Raegan regained her consciousness.

The nurse was still there.

When she saw that Raegan was finally awake, she gave Raegan nourishing fluids and said, "Miss, don't you know that you are pregnant? You can't do strenuous exercises during pregnancy.

Besides, your anemia is severe." Raegan was too shocked to say a word.

Pregnant? How could it be? The nurse noticed the expression on Raegan's face.

She couldn't help asking concernedly, "Do you need me to inform the child's father?" Raegan's mind was still blank.

She slowly shook her head.

"No, thanks." How could she inform Mitchel? Just now, he said he didn't want to see her anymore.

Gerda had been looking for Raegan.

When she was outside Raegan's ward, she didn't expect to overhear the nurse.

She was stunned for a moment.

Then, she returned to Henley's ward and reported excitedly, "Henley, guess what I heard just now?" Henley's face was covered with gauze.

But the anger in his eyes couldn't be denied.

He looked at Gerda and said expressionlessly, "What is it?" This was not the first time Henley treated Gerda coldly like this.

After all, Gerda was not his biological mother.

But why was she obedient to Henley? Why did she allow him to disrespect her? Simply because Henley was too powerful to be offended.

Gerda smiled brightly as if she didn't mind his indifference and answered, "I just heard that Raegan is pregnant." The expression on Henley's face drastically changed.

However, Gerda didn't seem to notice it.

She continued, "Since she is pregnant, why do you still need to pretend to be disabled to take her away? Why don't you tell her the truth so she won't worry about you anymore?" "Get out of here!" Henley suddenly roared.

His eyes were gloomy.

Gerda was frightened and embarrassed at the same time.

So she stood up and went out dejectedly.

Henley clenched his fists so tightly that his knuckles turned pale.

If he had known this would happen again, he would have done everything he had to do instead of pitying Raegan back then.

Now, she was already pregnant with another man's child.

He had been waiting for her to fall for him, but she didn't.

And now that she was pregnant, it seemed more impossible for her to fall in love with him.

Henley was lost in deep thought.

No matter what, he must find a way to get rid of the baby.

After Raegan was discharged, she wanted to check on Henley.

But on her way to his ward, she saw Gerda in the corridor.

She was about to call Gerda, but the latter suddenly hid at the end of the corridor to make a phone call.

Raegan was so curious that she approached Gerda quietly.

Then, she faintly heard a few words Gerda said.

"It's a misdiagnosis.

He is all right.

His leg is fine.

Don't worry..." Suddenly, Raegan felt her head buzzed.

Could it be that Gerda was referring to Henley? She continued walking to Henley's ward with thoughts on her mind.

When she got there, she immediately asked, "Henley, how are you feeling now?" Henley's face was still pale.

He looked at Raegan with a faint smile and answered, "I'm fine.

Don't worry.

How about you?" "I'm all right," Raegan replied and changed the topic.

"Henley, would you like to have a cup of water?" Then, she walked to the bedside table, took the kettle, and prepared water.

"Ah!" Suddenly, Raegan's scream echoed in the ward.

Then, she fell to the floor.

"Raegan!" Henley exclaimed in shock.

He was scared out of his wits, not knowing what had happened to Raegan.

Raegan lay on the floor motionlessly.

Her body looked stiff.

It was as if she had been electrocuted.

Henley immediately sat up and reached for the bell.

He rang it to call someone from the nurse station.

As soon as Raegan heard this, she quickly got up.

She stared at Henley's leg and asked, "Henley, why did you lie to me?"