

Unbreakable 91

Chapter 91

Help Me Keep My Baby Cradled in Mitchel's arms was Raegan's frail figure.

Raegan's complexion matched the pallor of a blank sheet, and her brow glistened with a sheen of cold sweat.

Panicked, Mitchel tightened his embrace and blurted out nervously, "What's going on?" Clutching his wrist feebly, Raegan implored, "My baby...

It hurts...

Please, save our baby..." After saying this, Raegan fainted away.

Mitchel's pupils suddenly shrank.

Without a second thought, he scooped Raegan up and strode into the hospital.

"Mr. Dixon." Henley rose to his feet, concern marring his face.

"Please, look after her well." Halting mid-step, Mitchel turned around and icily retorted, "Mind your own business.

If you dare to touch her again, you won't get away with it so easily." A trace of menace tinged Mitchel's voice, sending shivers down the spines of those who heard him.

Mitchel then resumed his course into the hospital.

The bodyguards glanced discreetly at Henley, who was now standing battered.

After all, they had struck him viciously just moments ago.

With one of his arms dislocated, Henley could still stand up as if nothing had happened despite his other injuries.

The bodyguards found themselves questioning the true extent of Henley's capabilities.

Yet, Henley didn't seem to care about his injuries at all as he walked steadily toward his car.

Settling into the backseat, he dialed a number, his voice devoid of emotion.

"Arrange a pickup.

Also, let him know I accept his offer." After hanging up the phone, Henley stretched his legs, leaned against the seat with his eyes closed.

He exclaimed in his mind that a man with a weak spot was so easy to handle.

Would Mitchel go nuts if there was really something between him and Raegan? A sly grin emerged on Henley's face in the darkness, amused by the mere thought.

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In the hospital.

Gazing down at Raegan, now in the emergency room, the doctor queried, "Mr.

Dixon, are you certain you want to induce a miscarriage? Saving the mother takes precedence.

Beyond that..." Mitchel hesitated, clearly torn.

To be honest, it was the best time to get rid of this kid.

After all, he still assumed it wasn't his kid.

Yet, recalling Raegan's fierce resolve to keep the baby, he knew she'd despise him if he caused the loss of her baby, and undoubtedly leave him.

Weighing between Raegan and the kid, he realized he couldn't bear to lose her.

Grimacing, Mitchel spat out while clenching his fists, "Try your best to keep the baby!" Hearing Mitchel's response, the medical team took Raegan into the operating room for further evaluation.

Waiting outside the emergency room, Mitchel recalled what Raegan had just said, and a thought crossed his mind.

Could this baby, perhaps, be his? By the time Raegan regained consciousness, it was nearly noon.

She felt a minor itch at the back of her hand and stared vacantly at the see-through IV tube, watching the fluid slowly drip.

A sense of unease gripped her heart as she noticed a suited man beside her bed.

"Feeling better?" Mitchel inquired, devoid of emotion, as he picked up a cushion and tried to put it behind her back.

Before he could get close to Raegan, Raegan flapped the cushion to the ground.

She glared at him, her eyes icy, and snapped, "What have you done to my baby?" Mitchel's lips tightened, his face taking on a somber hue.

Raegan's eyes seethed with such loathing that she saw nothing else.

Her voice quivered as she yelled, "Mitchel, you're a monster!" "Do you still want to argue with me after all this?" Mitchel retorted, a frown etching his features.

Seeing his lack of concern, Raegan disregarded the IV needle in her hand and waved it angrily, saying, "Give my baby back!" Her sudden motion caused the needle to yank at her skin, and blood oozed out instantly.

"Are you out of your mind, Raegan?" Mitchel exclaimed, his face contorted at the sight of this, grasping her hand tightly as his veins bulged in distress.

The back of her delicate hand was swollen, and the needle flew out after the violent pull.

The wound was bleeding, but Raegan didn't care about it at all.

She questioned Mitchel hysterically, "How can you be so cold-blooded and ruthless? It was a piece of life! It was my baby!" Mitchel blanched, gripping Raegan tightly and murmuring, "I did nothing." Confused, Raegan asked, "What do you mean?" Just then, a knock resounded at the door.

"Time to change the IV for Bed No.

34," announced the head nurse, entering with a medical cart.

She paused, taken aback by the scene before her.

Rushing over, she scolded Mitchel, "What's happening here? The patient is in a fragile condition.

How could you agitate her? You might look refined, but your actions are barbaric.

If this continues, I'll call the authorities." Upon uttering those words, the head nurse felt a twinge of apprehension.

Mitchel's imposing demeanor suggested he held considerable sway.

Still, how could he intervene in the medical treatment, especially one as vulnerable as Raegan right now? It wasn't hard to surmise that Mitchel might have a volatile temperament behind closed doors.

Raegan seemed to be the same age as her daughter, and this thought spurred the head nurse to overcome her initial hesitation.

Steeling herself, she continued, "I suggest you leave now, sir.

Your stay could negatively affect the patient's emotional state." Mitchel's face paled, his jaw clenched.

Clearly, the nurse's audacity had pissed him off.

Nevertheless, he departed without a word.

The room's stifling atmosphere lifted as soon as Mitchel exited.

Exhaling in relief, the head nurse attended to the wound on Raegan's hand.

After some hesitation, Raegan inquired, "Excuse me, may I know about my baby..." Concentrating on disinfecting Raegan's wound, the head nurse replied, "Don't worry.

You need additional nourishment.

The baby's growth is a bit behind schedule, so the doctor has ordered a special nutritional supplement for you." Seizing the nurse's arm, Raegan questioned eagerly, "Does this mean my baby is still alive?"

The nurse gave her an odd look and replied, "Absolutely." For a moment, Raegan was in disbelief, gazing at the nurse in astonishment.

The head nurse went on, "Your husband is really something.

The younger nurses were singing his praises this morning, talking about how good-looking and attentive he is to you.

I never thought he'd act like this toward you!" Embarrassed, Raegan clarified, "He's not to blame.

I got so emotional that I yanked the IV out myself." The head nurse's eyes widened.

"So, he didn't do it?" Raegan shook her head.

Grinning sheepishly, the head nurse remarked, "Seems like I misjudged him.

He has been by your side the entire night." However, Raegan couldn't help but speculate whether Mitchel had stayed to seize an opportunity to harm her when she was awake.

Changing the IV bag, the head nurse left without another word.

Soon after, the measured sound of footsteps resonated from the corridor.

Feeling unsettled, Raegan instinctively didn't want to see Mitchel.

So she closed her eyes, feigning sleep.

Mitchel entered the room, noticing the anxious quiver of Raegan's eyelashes.

He internally scoffed, thinking she was quite the poor actress.

Expressionless, he opened the lunchbox, releasing the savory scent of porridge into the room.

Having spent a restless night, Raegan felt her stomach suddenly rouse.

She loved this particular type of porridge.

"Time to eat," Mitchel stated tersely.

Determined to avoid facing him, Raegan kept her eyes closed.

But her stomach betrayed her with a loud rumble.

Mitchel's derisive snort gave away her charade.

Reluctantly, Raegan sat up, readying the foldable table for her meal.

She might not be hungry, but she couldn't let her baby starve.

But the problem was that she couldn't have the porridge by herself, since her hands were injured.

Seeing this, Mitchel put the porridge into a small bowl] and fed her with a spoon.

Observing his stern countenance, Raegan hesitated before suggesting, "Perhaps you could ask a nurse to feed me?" Mitchel fixed her with a piercing, infuriated gaze.

"So, do you want this food or not?" Helpless, Raegan accepted the spoonful of porridge without further complaint.

It was uncharacteristic for Mitchel to take care of someone.

To his surprise, Raegan was rather cooperative.

Mitchel couldn't help but imagine if they had a daughter, would she be as adorable and well-behaved as Raegan during meals? After only managing a small bowl, Raegan couldn't take any more.

Mitchel set the bowl aside and rang the service bell.

Someone arrived to clear the table.

Once they were alone, Raegan cleared her throat and queried, "Mitchel, what will it take for you to agree to a divorce?"

Chapter 92

As Long As You Agree To Divorce The atmosphere around Mitchel and Raegan changed in an instant.

Just now, Raegan ate obediently.

Mitchel didn't expect that she would suddenly bring up the topic of their divorce.

He glanced at her and sneered, "Are you full now? It seemed you have the energy to quarrel again." Raegan countered, "Of course not.

What's the point of arguing now?" So many things had happened between them.

She thought they couldn't possibly go back to the way they used to be.

Raegan pursed her lips and continued, "Instead of fighting and suspecting each other, it's better for us to solve this matter peacefully.

I suppose you also want us to maintain a good relationship after we part ways, right?" Mitchel chuckled.

"Maintain a good relationship?" Raegan seemed to see hope.

She quickly said, "As long as you agree to divorce, you can put forward any condition." The baby was her only comfort and hope now.

If she also lost it, her life would be meaningless.

If Mitchel really wanted it, he could just order the legal department of the Dixon Group to do something against her and make her lose custody of her baby.

Mitchel's eyes turned gloomy for a moment.

"Raegan, do you want to dump me, so you can be with Henley?" Raegan didn't say anything.

She just pursed her lips and lowered her head.

She was tired of saying again and again that Henley had nothing to do with this matter.

If it was what Mitchel really thought, she would let it be.

Raegan's silence annoyed Mitchel.

He grabbed her chin and said coldly, "Raegan, you are too naive.

Do you really expect me to make your wish come true?" Tears welled up in Raegan's eyes.

She said in a choked voice, "Mitchel, what on earth do you want?" Mitchel snorted coldly.

"What do I want?" He said ruthlessly, "I want you to stay with me.

Even if it's torture, you have to endure it." Raegan's heart ached.

The pain was greater than the pain in her chin being pinched hard by Mitchel.

She bit her lower lip and said weakly, "What's the point for two people to be together even though they don't love each other?" Mitchel stood up and _ looked at Raegan condescendingly.

"It's up to me whether it's meaningful or not." Raegan felt she was on the verge of breaking down.

She shouted, "Mitchel, why can't you just let me go?" She didn't understand why Mitchel had to make things difficult for her.

All she wanted was to wait for her baby to be born and live a simple life.

Why did it have to be so difficult? Mixed emotions surged within Mitchel when he saw the pain on her face.

But, no matter how sorry he was for her, he couldn't grant her the divorce.

"I've asked someone to test your blood.

The result will come out in three days." Raegan was too shocked to react.

She froze for a while.

Of course, her reaction didn't escape Mitchel's eyes.

"If the baby in your belly is mine, stop thinking about the divorce.

I will never let go of my child.

But if not..." Mitchel paused for a moment and said in a cold and deep tone, "If you don't want to abort it, I can allow you to give birth to it.

But I will send it away." After saying this, he turned around and left without looking back.

Watching Mitchel's receding back, Raegan felt her hands and feet turned cold.

She underestimated his obsession and his wisdom.

How could he not investigate? How could she think he would just believe such an unreliable report? This confrontation affected Raegan.

She was in a bad mood the whole day.

Her mind was not working properly.

All she could think of was about how to keep her baby.

Raegan sometimes felt that the world was really unfair.

Women gave birth to their children.

But when they divorced, their children were taken away from them.

This thought made Raegan's heart feel heavy.

It was suffocating, and she could hardly breathe.

In the evening, Raegan felt so depressed that she had no appetite.

But for the sake of her baby, she forced herself to eat something.

Then she went to bed, hoping to fall asleep.

But after a while, she heard the door open.

She opened her eyes, only to meet the eyes of the person who came in.

Raegan was surprised.

She didn't expect Mitchel to come here tonight.

There were already two bodyguards guarding the door in the daytime.

Did he have to come to guard her in person in the evening? Was he that afraid she would run away? Anyway, forget it.

She didn't want to think too much about it.

It did her no good.

So, she just turned away and pretended not to see him.

Mitchel frowned upon seeing her reaction.

Actually, he didn't know why he came here.

Her reaction only made him feel very unwelcome.

Suddenly, anger surged in his heart.

He lifted the quilt and lay beside her on the bed.

Raegan's whole body immediately froze.

She asked in astonishment, "Mitchel, what are you doing? Why are you in my bed?" Mitchel sneered, "What do you expect me to do? Do you think I will spend the whole night sitting by your bed?" Raegan resisted in her heart.

They had been having troubles and misunderstandings.

Didn't he feel awkward lying on the same bed with her? In an instant, the bed was full of his fragrance.

She subconsciously asked, "Did you take a shower?" Mitchel's expression froze.

Of course, he took a shower.

The bathtub in the ward was too small for him.

He couldn't take a bath there.

He moved closer to her, hugged her waist, and asked, "Why don't you smell it yourself?" Mitchel was so close to Raegan that she could smell the refreshing scent of his shower gel.

She couldn't help thinking he seemed born with fragrance.

And this fragrance was unique to him.

It was as if it had penetrated his bones, making him smell good all the time.

When he spoke, his hot breath sprayed on her ear.

Raegan couldn't help but be reminded of what they had done on the hospital bed before.

Her face flushed, and her earlobes felt hot.

Embarrassed, she couldn't help asking, "Can you move away a little?" The bed was so big that it could accommodate even four people.

But as soon as Mitchel lay beside Raegan, she felt it was smaller than a baby's bed.

"No," Mitchel refused without hesitation.

Raegan was rendered speechless.

She wanted to push him away.

But she reminded herself to put up with him because they needed to discuss something.

"Mitchel, tomorrow I want to..." "I'll go with you to visit your grandma," Mitchel interrupted as if he already knew what she wanted to say.

Raegan was stunned for a moment.

How did he know what she wanted to say? Had he become a mind reader recently? Indeed, she wanted to visit her grandmother's grave because tomorrow would be the seventh day of her grandma's death.

But he actually wanted to go with her.

At this moment, there was silence between them.

Then Mitchel suddenly spoke.

"It is my fault not to see your grandma.

I didn't expect her to die so soon.

Otherwise, I would have returned immediately." Raegan was stunned again.

She didn't expect him to apologize.

But she didn't feel anything this time.

Instead, she once again understood what it meant to be disappointed.

Perhaps for Mitchel, he felt that being able to tell her this already meant giving up his pride.

But unfortunately, he missed it.

No matter how much he apologized, it could never bring back her grandmother's life.

Even though he took revenge on those who had deliberately made trouble in her grandmother's ward, including Tessa, things could no longer be changed.

What happened had happened.

Nothing could be changed.

Her grandmother would never come back.

So, she replied softly, "It's all over." Mitchel knew that this matter was not over yet.

It was still a thorn in her heart.

However, he believed that someday, he would erase the thorn in her heart.

At the thought of this, he hugged her even tighter, swearing to himself that he wouldn't let her go, even if there would only be torture left in their lives.

That night, Raegan had a sound sleep.

When she woke up the next day, she was already alone on the bed.

She got up, tidied herself, and prepared to leave the hospital.

When she walked out of the door, she unexpectedly bumped into Mitchel, who was coming in.

She was unprepared, so she staggered.

Fortunately, Mitchel reached out and held her in his arms in time.

He asked unhappily, "Why don't you wait for me?" Raegan thought he had left.

Then she noticed the food boxes in his hands.

It seemed he went away to buy breakfast for her.

"Let's eat first.

We'll leave after breakfast." After eating, Mitchel took Raegan to his car.

Mitchel fastened the seat belt for her, then turned to the driver's seat.

As soon as he sat down, his phone rang.

His phone was connected to the car monitor, so the caller's name flashed on the screen.

It was Jocelyn.

He answered it even with Raegan's presence.

Then Jocelyn's flustered voice came from the other end of the line.

"Mr.

Dixon, something bad happened.

Miss Murray...

She fell down the stairs."

Chapter 93

He Seems To Care About The Baby Upon hearing the news, Mitchel's grip on the steering wheel tightened instantly.

Anxiously, he inquired, "What happened?" Jocelyn replied between sobs, gasping for air, "Lauren stood up, felt lightheaded, and tumbled down the stairs." "Have you called for an ambulance?" "Yes, it's on the way." Then, a melodramatic wail from Lauren filled the air.

"Ah, my head, my legs..."

Where's Mitchel? I want to see him..." The feigning in her cry was unmistakable.

Raegan felt disgusted.

Mitchel, oblivious as ever, fell for this act again.

"Which hospital are you taking her to?" Mitchel inquired.

Listening to this, Raegan decided she had no reason to linger in the vehicle any longer.

It was better to exit on her own terms than to be forcibly ejected later.

She unbuckled her seatbelt, stepped out of the car, and proceeded to walk away.

Mitchel had broken her phone.

Now, she couldn't even book a train ticket on her phone.

Her only option was to hail a taxi to the train station first.

Behind her, the flashy sports car revved its engine audaciously and sped off.

Standing there, Raegan mustered a sarcastic smile.

As she had expected, she was left in the dust.

She could never outshine Lauren, but it didn't matter anymore.

Having been abandoned multiple times in the past, she was now numb to this.

She didn't shed a tear.

Just then, a taxi pulled up.

Raegan reached for the door handle, preparing to enter.

Beep! Abruptly, a blaring horn erupted from behind, persisting in its clamor.

Turning around, Raegan saw Mitchel's sports car making its return.

Through the windshield, Mitchel's striking features were visible.

He rolled down the window and commanded, "Get in." A voice from behind snapped Raegan back to reality.

"Miss, are you getting in or not? If you're not, I'll take this taxi." Swiftly stepping aside, Raegan let the taxi go.

Once it departed, the sports car parked before her again.

Concerned about drawing attention, Raegan reluctantly climbed back into the car.

As she settled into her seat, Mitchel leaned in and probed, "Why did you walk away?" Raegan recoiled instinctively, gripping the seat's edge as she looked at him through misty eyes.

Mitchel simply secured the seatbelt for her.

After buckling her in, Mitchel maintained that posture and asked, "Why are you so scared of me? Do you think I'm some kind of monster?" Even without physical contact, his proximity seemed to make her alert.

Raegan didn't dare to breathe loudly.

Not wanting to anger him, she turned her face and said, "No." Unwilling to waste more time, Mitchel reluctantly let her go.

Suspicion clouding her voice, Raegan inquired, "Weren't you supposed to visit Lauren?" Mitchel shot her a glance, replying, "You've been eavesdropping? Did I ever say I was going?" Raegan was momentarily speechless.

Well, he put it on the speaker and she could hear their conversation.

"I sent someone else in my place," Mitchel clarified.

Raegan remained silent, not wanting to be a burden to him.

"I can get there on my own."

You don't need to drive me there," she offered.

Furrowing his brows, Mitchel retorted, "Oh? How? By taking the train? You're pregnant.

What if something happens to you?" His words left her at a loss for a response.

For a fleeting second, Raegan sensed genuine concern for their baby from him.

But how could it be? She knew he had no affection for their baby.

An uneasy silence filled the car until Mitchel finally said, "I told you I'd accompany you to pay respects to your grandmother.

I won't break my promise." Raegan was stunned.

She might have believed his promise if it had been in the past, but now...

She wouldn't trust him anymore.

She chose to say nothing, merely leaning back into her seat and shutting her eyes.

Taking a quick glance at her, Mitchel adjusted the car settings to comfortable mode.

The car smoothly continued its journey.

Meanwhile, in the hospital, Lauren sipped on a bowl] of nutritious soup with glee.

Her scraped hands and knees were a small price to pay for her trick of summoning Mitchel over and making that bitch, Raegan, miserable.

She had heard that Mitchel planned to go with Raegan to pay tribute to the latter's grandmother.

Lauren snorted.

How could she just watch them together without doing anything? She would never allow Raegan's wishes to be fulfilled.

So, her so-called accident came.

At this moment, Jocelyn, who stood by the door, said, "Miss, we have a visitor." Lauren immediately set aside the bowl she was holding and reclined on the bed, feigning illness.

As Kyle, Mitchel's assistant, stepped into the room, Jocelyn cast a puzzled glance around and inquired, "Kyle, where's Mr.

Dixon?" Clearing his throat, Kyle looked down and replied, "Mr.

Dixon is occupied with other matters.

He sent me to check on Miss Murray." Lauren, previously lying in repose, abruptly sat up, her voice edged.

"What did you just say?" Kyle repeated himself, adding, "Mr.

Dixon instructed me to find the finest doctor for you." Lauren felt as if she'd been struck by lightning.

She was stunned.

After tumbling down the stairs, she hadn't anticipated Mitchel would only dispatch an assistant to visit her.

Grabbing the bowl from the bedside, she hurled it at Kyle, shouting, "You're utterly worthless! Why can't you bring Mitchel here?" Kyle dodged the flying bowl and stated, "I can't change Mr.

Dixon's mind." Jocelyn stepped in to smooth things over.

"Kyle, don't take it personally.

Lauren is just upset." Lauren snapped, "Jocelyn, don't bother.

He's useless and incompetent.

He can't do anything well." Kyle, now furious, retorted, "Fine, if I'm so useless, why not turn to Matteo? He's more trusted by Mr.

Dixon than I am." "You! What are you implying?" Lauren was practically choking on her rage.

She'd reached out to Matteo before, but he'd brushed her off and kept his distance.

She couldn't do anything about it.

Shifting her tone, Lauren instructed, "Jocelyn, leave us alone." Getting the hint, Jocelyn exited to stand guard at the door again.

Lauren beckoned.

"Come closer." Kyle hesitated and stood still, filled with regret.

Last time, he'd drunk too much and ended up sleeping with Lauren.

Following that, Lauren began pressing him for Mitchel's schedule.

She warned that she'd evidence of their affair and would sue him for raping her if he didn't comply.

Kyle snorted in his heart at this.

Lauren had a strong desire for sex, often making passionate requests in bed.

Each time, she climaxed multiple times before allowing him to finish.

Sleeping with her was more exhausting than manual labor, making him think a whore would be more worth his while.

Sensing his reluctance, Lauren threatened, "Kyle, think about your position at the Dixon Group.

Do you really want to give up all this?" It was his weakness.

Kyle had much to lose, and he knew it.

He moved to her bed and then kneeled before Lauren on the bed.

Lauren moaned, "That's...

That's it.

Oh...

You're improving..." Looking up, Kyle sneered, "You're a good teacher." He could imagine how many men had shared her bed.

She had her tricks.

Lauren basked in the compliment.

She never stopped herself from enjoying such.

But most of the time, she would think of these men as Mitchel.

Thinking of Mitchel's handsome face heightened her excitement.

Finally satisfied, Lauren rolled over to be on top of Kyle.

Breathless, she whispered, "Kyle, today I'll take care of your needs, but you have to do something for me."

Chapter 94

It Takes Two To Tango When Kyle heard Lauren's request, his jaw practically hit the floor.

He shoved her away and protested, "I agreed to help you find out about Mr.

Dixon's schedule, but there's no way I'll do something like this for you.

If Mr. Dixon ever finds out, I'm toast." Raegan had taught him a lot when they were colleagues.

She was patient with him and even gave him advice on how to work with Mr. Dixon.

If it was not for her guidance, he would not have been promoted and able to work under Matteo.

However, Lauren's recent request crossed a line.

There was no way he would compromise his principles, especially not for something that could harm Raegan.

Lauren's mood plummeted.

Pissed after being pushed by Kyle, she slapped him across the face, leaving a red imprint on his cheek.

"So what's it gonna be? You wanna go to prison?" she warned.

Kyle's resolve wavered.

He was the breadwinner for his family, and prison was not an option.

"Fine, I'll help you for the last time," he muttered under his breath.

Lauren silently laughed at Kyle's stupidity.

Once he walked into her trap, she would hold on to him as long as he proved useful.

This man thought that this was a one-time favor? What an idiot.

Lauren brushed Kyle's chest in a seductive manner and enticed him.

"Kyle, I'm not quite satisfied yet.

Let's continue, shall we?" As she reached orgasm, Lauren's face twisted in a macabre blend of delight, hate, and_ sheer malevolence.

Just you wait, Raegan.

That was what Lauren had in mind.

As soon as they arrived in Tenassie, Raegan made a beeline for a flower shop and picked up a large bouquet.

Then, she headed straight for the cupcake shop.

The shop owner recognized Raegan immediately.

It was not every day that someone as stunning as Raegan walked in.

The shop owner handed over the box of cupcakes with a smile.

"Here you go, miss.

This cake was just baked this morning, and the other one's on us.

Red bean is your favorite, right? They're all yours, and | hope you enjoy them instead of crying." When Mitchel heard the owner's words, he felt a little flustered.

He reached for his card and said, "Please, charge it to this." The shop owner awkwardly said, "I'm sorry, sir.

We only accept cash." "Don't worry about it.

I got this." Raegan whipped out her wallet and settled the bill.

When the shop owner handed the change to Raegan, she could not help but remark, "Is this handsome man your boyfriend? You two look like you're made for each other." Raegan did not answer and merely offered an awkward nod.

Back in the car, Mitchel was in high spirits and even confidently said, "You see? That shop owner has a good taste!" Raegan was at a loss for words.

In response, she just closed her eyes and said nothing.

Not long after, they pulled up at the graveyard.

Raegan laid the bouquet and cupcakes in front of her grandmother's tombstone and knelt down.

In the photo mounted on the stone, her grandmother was beaming with happiness.

Then, like a quiet storm, tears started to roll down Raegan's cheeks.

"Grandma, I promise you that I will live a good life as you wished," she said between sobs.

Mitchel, too, knelt beside her and bowed three times toward the tombstone.

"Grandma, I give you my word that I'll take good care of Raegan." Raegan found his words odd.

Actually, Mitchel was so wired today.

Just yesterday, he was so livid that he almost strangled her to death.

But now here he was, acting all sweet and concerned in front of her grandmother's grave.

As they were leaving the graveyard, Raegan asked Mitchel to give her a lift and said, "You can head back.

I'm staying here tonight." Though her uncle had sold her grandmother's house, she had managed to rent it.

But she hadn't been back in ages.

Therefore, she planned to stay overnight here.

Mitchel asked where she was headed.

After she told him the address, he drove her there and got out of the car with her.

When Raegan opened the door, a musty smell greeted them.

Mitchel wrinkled his nose and asked incredulously, "You're staying here for the night?" Raegan shrugged it off.

"Yeah.

I'll just keep the doors and windows open for a while, and it'll be fine." Before she could step inside, Mitchel grabbed her arm.

"You can't stay here.

If you want to stay in town, I'll book you a hotel room." Stubborn as she was, Raegan shook off his grip.

"I'm staying.

Why don't you just mind your own business?" This place was full of cherished memories from her childhood.

Mitchel would not understand that.

"This place is damp, dirty, and crawling with germs, and you're pregnant," he reminded her.

Raegan could not keep calm anymore and snapped, "Mitchel, you really don't have to go to all this trouble." Mitchel's enthusiasm deflated like a punctured balloon.

He narrowed his eyes and asked, "What are you saying?" "You don't have to pretend that you care about the baby." "Pretend to care about the baby?" Mitchel echoed.

His expression turned stormy, and anger flickered in his eyes.

"Isn't it true?" Raegan retorted.

He had been so against the baby, and he had even tried to make her get an abortion.

Even after she had told him it was his, he did not believe her.

So, she could not see the point in his pretending to care now.

Mitchel looked at her, his eyes ablaze with anger.

"Raegan, don't push me too hard." He did not drive for hours just to get into a spat with her.

Raegan could not fathom why Mitchel felt she was making things difficult for him.

Why should she listen to him all the damn time? Even when it came to their unborn child, it felt like she had no voice.

She had had enough of living such a suffocating life.

"Mitchel, who's really pushing it here? Why not go comfort your damsel in distress who fell down the stairs? It takes two to tango, you know.

I never asked you to stay." "So you've been biting your tongue to seek justice for Henley, right?" Mitchel sneered.

"Think what you want.

I don't care," Raegan retorted without offering any explanation.

Livid, blue veins stood out on his temples, and Mitchel stared at her with his bloodshot eyes.

Just then, his phone buzzed.

He glanced at the screen and found it was Lauren calling again.

Annoyed as hell, he took the call right in front of Raegan.

"What's up, Lauren?" Lauren's voice, which was choked with sobs, came through.

She complained about feeling terrible and begged him to come see her.

As he talked on the phone, Mitchel's eyes met Raegan's.

Her indifference stung him more than he would like to admit.

He ended the call and, without a word, turned and walked away.

As his car sped off, the phone he had intended to give Raegan slipped from his pocket.

In a fit of anger, Mitchel rolled down the window and chucked the phone into the river.

Why should he give the phone to her? So she could use it to call another man? Once Mitchel had left, Raegan felt like a weight was lifted off her shoulders.

She rolled up her sleeves and started cleaning the floor.

Then, she took the quilt out to the balcony to air out its musty smell.

The moment the house hit the market, Raegan rented it for three years and hoped to save money to buy it back.

Because of this, the interiors had not changed a bit from when she and her grandmother lived here.

Although the place had seen better days, it felt warm and familiar.

About an hour or so, Raegan cooked noodles for dinner.

After eating, she lay on her bed and stared at the ceiling for what felt like forever.

She mentally kicked herself for forgetting to buy a new phone.

Living without a phone felt like living without an arm.

As she began to drift off, the lights suddenly cut out.

Raegan jumped.

Thinking it was just a general power outage, she groped around for her flashlight.

Once she found it, she peered out of her window and saw lights twinkling in the distance.

From the looks of it, her house was the only one that had a power failure.

Just then, she heard a rustling sound coming from outside.

Assuming it might just be her imagination playing tricks on her, she held her breath and listened.

A second later, the noise grew louder and louder.

It sounded like someone was trying to pick the lock.

Regan broke out in a cold sweat, and she felt the hair on her arms stand on end.

Chapter 95

Crazy Intruder Raegan's legs turned to jelly.

Her knees began to ache.

The only thing she could use as a weapon was the flashlight in her hand.

With a creak, a door was pushed open.

Raegan looked around the room.

It was empty.

There wasn't even a place for her to hide.

In the end, she had to go behind the bedroom door and stand against the wall with the flashlight raised.

The sound of approaching footsteps was very light, but it was loud enough in the quiet night.

With every step the man took, Raegan's heart trembled.

Her hands began to shake.

She said a silent prayer, hoping that the man who broke in only wanted some money and that he would leave once he saw that the place was deserted.

But it seemed her prayer didn't get anywhere.

She continued to hear the doors being opened one by one. The frightening footsteps continued, sounding closer and closer to her bedroom.

A shadow was soon cast through the space under the door.

Raegan saw the doorknob move gently.

Her heart began to pound so hard that she clenched the flashlight nervously.

Raegan knew she had only one shot.

If she missed it, she would be damned.

Creak! The old wooden door was opened bit by bit.

A man with a beard suddenly appeared in front of Raegan.

Bang! Raegan hit his face hard.

The flashlight fell to the ground with a clang.

The man stumbled backward, holding his face as he groaned.

Raegan seized the opportunity to slam the door wide open.

But before she could make a run for it, a hand grasped her ankle.

"Ha-ha..."

You beauty...

You smell so good..." It was crystal clear that the man was sick in the head and also very strong.

With one pull, Raegan lost her balance.

She supported herself with her elbows, so she didn't slam her face on the floor.

The crazy man stood up and dragged her toward the bed.

Raegan was scared to death.

She kicked so hard that the shoes at her feet fell to the floor.

When she pulled back, all that was left in the man's hand was a sock.

She shot to her feet and ran out of the room for her dear life.

She also screamed for help.

Unwilling to let her go, the man ran after her.

Raegan looked back in fear.

Suddenly, she ran into a wall and almost lost her balance.

She was trying to steady herself when another hand grabbed her.

Shit! There were two men? At this time, there was only one thought on Raegan's mind...

It wasn't just one man, but two! "Ah! Let go of me!" Raegan opened her mouth wide and bit the arm that held her.

Her teeth sank into the flesh, and soon, her mouth was filled with the metallic taste of blood.

The man being bit hissed and pinched her jaw with his hand, forcing her to let go of his arm.

"What's wrong with you?" An impatient voice was heard at the same time.

Raegan looked up and saw Mitchel's handsome face under the moonlight.

She stared at him blankly.

Was this an illusion? Did her brain start malfunctioning after the hitting? At the sight of the tears on her delicate face, Mitchel's hard face softened instantly.

"Are you okay?" The familiar voice rang in Raegan's ears, jarring her back to her senses.

She instantly grabbed his collar and said in a trembling voice, "Oh, thank goodness you are back..." She burst into tears with her face on his chest.

What did she mean by that? Had she been waiting for him? Her words sent Mitchel's heart skipping a beat.

He had planned to leave for Ardlens this afternoon.

But he changed his mind last minute.

There was a bad feeling that he couldn't shake off.

He didn't think it was a good idea to leave Raegan all alone in this remote place.

So, he made a U-turn and parked not too far away.

He waited for the lights to go out.

It didn't take long before he noticed that the front door was open.

That was strange, so he came over to check it.

He couldn't have come at a better time.

Mitchel stroked Reagan's head.

He soon noticed something.

His expression changed instantly.

He took off his suit jacket, put it on her, and then said, "Wait here." Reagan, who was sitting wrapped up in Mitchel's jacket, heard the muffled sound of fists come from a distance.

It was followed by the screams of a man.

Her body no longer trembled.

She felt safe now.

Shortly after, sirens and the flashing of lights came from outside.

Some of the neighbors that heard Reagan's cry had called 911.

The cops slammed the man to the ground and put him in handcuffs.

Then, an officer came to them.

"The man has a criminal record.

He pretends to be homeless so he can stalk beautiful young ladies before taking advantage of them." Bloody hell! He must have seen Raegan cleaning the house this afternoon.

The officer's words reminded Raegan of the man's terrible face.

She shivered in fear.

As the bad guy was dragged away, his face was swollen and bloodied.

He licked his lips at Raegan and sniffed.

"Hmm...

Beautiful...

You smell good..." Goosebumps prickled Raegan's skin as she felt sick in her stomach.

Mitchel picked Raegan up and walked directly to his car.

After strapping her in, he wanted to turn around to slip into the driver's seat, but she grabbed his wrist and said pitifully, "I left something in the house." "Don't worry.

We will come back for it tomorrow," he said, patting her hand gently.

Hearing these assuring words, Raegan didn't say anything more.

She just leaned back and closed her eyes.

Her heart was still beating hard though.

Mitchel wanted to drive back to Ard lens.

But now that Raegan was clearly not feeling well, he changed his mind.

He found a hotel nearby.

As soon as he walked into the room, Mitchel frowned.

The interior was worse than any hotel room he had stayed in his entire life.

However, he could only make do with it because this was considered the best in town.

He asked the staff to change the toiletries and all the beddings into disposable ones.

Then, he ran Raegan a hot bath and told her to take a good soak.

Raegan stood at the threshold of the bathroom door.

She didn't want to be alone in the bathroom.

The lingering fear made it impossible for her to think straight.

With her shaky fingers, she tugged at Mitchel's shirt and asked something she would never have in the past.

"Mitchel...

Can you bathe with me?" The fear in her eyes was evident.

Mitchel squinted and asked, "Are you sure?" Raegan was in a daze.

She neither nodded nor shook her head.

But right now, no one else could comfort her like Mitchel.

She remembered when he held her in his arms and his chest felt warm against her face.

It was the sort of feeling that she longed for.

A hint of ambiguity quietly grew in the air.

Raegan was scalded by Mitchel's intense gaze.

It was now too late to withdraw her hand.

Mitchel held her and then reached behind her to unzip her dress.

After stripping her naked, he picked her up and took her into the bathtub.

As she got soaked in the warm and soapy water, Raegan held his hand and said with a flushed face, "I can do it myself." Mitchel gently pushed her hand away and insisted in a hoarse voice, "Relax, I won't step out of line." To prove that he had no ill intentions, he kept a straight face the whole time.

This made him look more like a gentleman.

But every time his hand touched her skin, it felt so caressing and a little hard at the same time.

Raegan's head was drawn back as she sat in the tub.

She didn't even look at him.

After bearing it for a while, she couldn't take it anymore.

"Well, that's enough." Mitchel raised his eyebrows.

When he saw that she was serious, he helped her out and dried her body with a clean towel before putting a night robe on her.

After taking her to the bedroom, he went to take a shower.

By the time he emerged from the bathroom, Raegan was already lying on the bed peacefully.

It was hard to tell whether she was pretending or not.

Mitchel gently lifted the blanket and got into bed.

He pulled her into his arms and rested his chin on the crown of her head.

When he felt her shudder a little, he raised a corner of his lips and uttered softly, "Raegan, the baby is mine, right?"

Chapter 96

Rabid Dog There was a conspicuous level of certainty in Mitchel's tone.

Luis had told him there could be miscalculations in the conception dates of some women.

Although the test result wasn't out yet, he could feel it in his guts that the child was his.

He firmly believed that Raegan would never cheat on him, let alone conceive a child for another man.

In the past few years, he knew everything about her.

Raegan not only followed the rules but also cared about his feelings.

He was aware that she loved him.

He rubbed his chin against her head and said in a magnetic voice, "Raegan, I was such a fool in the past.

I'm sorry for not treating you right.

Let's start all over and live a good life together, okay?" These were the most affectionate words Raegan had ever heard from him.

Her heart began to race.

At this moment, her mind was in a mess.

He had just touched a soft spot.

Although she was deeply hurt by his nonchalance toward her, she couldn't stop loving him no matter how hard she tried.

After all, this was the man she had loved for ten years.

He was her source of joy and sadness.

Her love for him was so deep that it hurt a lot.

At this moment, she curled up slowly like a pangolin, not knowing how to respond.

Two voices were arguing in her head.

One was saying that a child needed to be raised by a father and a mother.

The other one told her to be sensible, "Wake up, Raegan! Don't fall for those cheap sweet words.

He's not into you.

This man is just possessive.

Do you want to be dumped again? Say no!" Despite the war going on in her head, Raegan began to feel sleepy for real.

Yet, Mitchel was not sleepy at all.

His affectionate eyes were still open.

In the middle of the night, Raegan screamed and woke up sweating all over.

She had been having a lot of bad dreams lately.

Perhaps it was due to the pregnancy.

This time, she dreamed of that scary pervert chasing after her while saying, "Come, beauty.

You smell good!" "What's wrong?" Mitchel turned on the bedside lamp and turned her face to him.

Raegan bit her lower lip with tears at the corners of her eyes.

Since she was holding back her wail, she couldn't help but whimper every few seconds.

Her pitiful look made Mitchel sad.

He pulled a piece of tissue and wiped her tears gently.

"Do you feel sad?" he asked.

"Yes..." Raegan sobbed again.

Raegan covered her mouth in a hurry.

Her ears turned red instantly and her eyes glistened.

It was embarrassing to cry like a child.

But she couldn't help it.

Mitchel looked at her affectionately and asked in a soft voice, "Can I help with that?" By help, Raegan thought he meant patting her back to comfort her so she nodded and whimpered again.

Under the warm light, Raegan looked so angelic and innocent.

Her earlobes looked so pink and tender as if they were screaming to be nibbled on.

Lust gleamed in Mitchel's dark eyes.

He held the back of her head and kissed her softly.

Raegan's eyes widened in an instant.

She froze like a scared deer.

She wanted to resist him and push him away.

However, his long legs wrapped her knees together, keeping her captive.

He lifted her chin and kissed her on the lips gently.

His actions weren't rough like they were when he was just horny.

It seemed like he was really comforting her.

Seconds later, Mitchel broke the kiss.

He looked down at her flushed face and wiped the moisture at the corners of her mouth with his thumb.

"Feeling better now?" Raegan was still in a daze.

She was unblinking, but her sobbing had stopped.

She frowned.

"You lied to me." "How? The kiss worked, didn't it?" Mitchel pinched her lip and smiled at her.

In terms of argument, Raegan couldn't win.

With a pout, Raegan turned over and accidentally rubbed against his groin.

Her face instantly flushed as she gasped, "You!" How foolish of her! Here she was thinking that he only kissed her to comfort her.

This man already had a boner! With a mischievous smirk, Mitchel asked, "What?" Her eyes narrowed as she struggled to speak.

After a while, she pointed at the sofa and ordered, "Go sleep on the sofa!" Left to her, she wouldn't have slept on the same bed with him in the first place.

She was just scared.

But men were built different.

Now, she feared what might come next...

Mitchel understood that she was still in a state of shock, so he stopped teasing her and got out of bed.

"I need to take another shower." He ran his fingers through his hair as he walked into the bathroom for a cold shower.

When he returned, Raegan had resumed her sleep pretense once again.

It was not that she didn't want to sleep.

She just had a lot on her mind, so it was hard to fall asleep.

One thing she didn't realize was that her breathing was different whenever she was asleep for real.

The corners of Mitchel's mouth twitched.

He knew she must be having a hard time sleeping because she was scared.

If she was tired and sweaty, she would fall asleep faster, wouldn't she? At this thought, he leaned over and bit her earlobe.

The pain sent Raegan's eyes open.

She asked curtly, "Are you a rabid dog?" He was fond of biting her! With a smirk, Mitchel stretched out his arm and said, "I guess I got it from you." When Raegan saw the red bite mark on his arm, she realized that her bite had been worse than his nibble just now.

Seeing that she didn't say a word, Mitchel added, "Friendly advice, you should get those teeth insured." It was her most-priced self-defense tool, after all.

Raegan scowled at him.

Couldn't this man just go to sleep and stop teasing her? With a snort, she shut her eyes again and ignored him.

"You can't sleep yet," Mitchel said, approaching her and holding her waist.

"You haven't paid your debt." Raegan was stunned.

"What debt?" Did he want to...

No way! "You bit me four times.

I have to bite you one more time." Raegan was speechless.

Ugh! He was so narrow- minded! "Fine!" She stretched out her arm bravely after eyeing him.

Under the warm light, the veins in her arm could be seen faintly.

Her arm looked like a fresh piece of cheese.

Raegan had her eyes closed, anticipating a pain in her arm.

But Mitchel suddenly pulled her toward him by holding the back of her head.

He then lowered his head and barred his teeth close to her neck.

His mouth closed in on her skin.

Raegan's eyes widened in shock.

For a second there, she felt he wanted to suck her blood like a vampire.

She hissed and hit his back.

Before she could deal another blow, her hand was grabbed.

Raegan suddenly stiffened.

Mitchel didn't bite her.

He began to lick her! The wet tip of his tongue hooked the red mark, licking it over and over again.

An electrifying sensation traveled to Raegan's entire body.

It felt so strange.

She had never bitten him like this...

After a while, he let go of her neck.

Noticing that she was staring into space, he frowned slightly, reached underneath her cloth and pinched her.

"Hmm..." Raegan grabbed his hand and looked at him warily.

"What are you doing?" "Nothing," he replied simply, looking down at her.

Raegan smelled something fishy, but she couldn't put her finger on it.

There was no trusting this man.

He lay down and held her in his arms.

He said clearly, "Go to sleep." Now that he had stressed her out, she began to feel sleepy.

She soon dozed off for real this time.

Mitchel looked down at the red mark on her neck.

It would be noticeably red by tomorrow if he didn't apply something on it now.

But he let it be.

He smiled, feeling satisfied for leaving his mark on her.

The next day, Raegan didn't wake up until it was almost noon.

She was still yawning when she heard Mitchel's low voice.

"Stop it, Lauren!" In an instant, she was wide awake.

She imagined the worst almost immediately.

Did that troublesome woman follow them all the way here?

Chapter 97

We Are Going To Divorce The door was ajar, so Raegan heard Mitchel's low and deep voice.

"Sorry, I can't go there now.

I'll visit you when I get back." Then Mitchel fell silent.

It seemed he was only listening to the person he was talking with.

But Raegan couldn't hear what the other person was saying.

It was only then that she realized he was talking with someone on the phone.

Raegan didn't think much about it.

She stood up and went to the bathroom to take a shower.

After taking a shower, she was wrapping herself in a bath towel when she realized that she had nothing to wear.

Her clothes were touched and ripped by that pervert.

She didn't want to wear them anymore.

Raegan was in a dilemma when the door suddenly opened, and Mitchel came in.

He saw her putting on his shirt clumsily.

His shirt was so big for her that the hem reached her knees.

She rolled the sleeves because they were longer than her arms.

She was like a child stealing an adult's clothes.

When Mitchel approached Raegan, he found that her face was as red as cherries.

She said, "I have nothing to wear." If they were in Ardlens, Mitchel would have asked someone to prepare clothes for her.

But they were in a different place, which was not very convenient.

There was no suitable place to buy clothes here.

"Take me back to my grandma's place.

I have clothes there," Raegan added.

She brought some clothes with her there.

Mitchel looked her up and down and asked in a deep voice, "Are you going out like this?" "Why not?" There was a full-length mirror in the bathroom, and Raegan could see her reflection.

Mitchel's shirt was knee-length for her, so she thought there was nothing wrong with it.

And it wouldn't be cold in the car anyway.

When she noticed Mitchel's silence, she couldn't help asking, "Is there any problem?" At this time, Raegan noticed that there were hickeys on her neck, which had already turned purplish.

Mitchel did it on purpose.

He left marks on her.

Raegan was annoyed.

She covered her neck with her hair.

Mitchel hugged her from behind and asked hoarsely, "Why did you cover it?" Raegan just glared at him in the mirror.

She didn't want to talk to him anymore.

Mitchel put his hand on her back and patted her butt.

"Do you want to go out with so much skin exposed? | didn't know you are this bold." Raegan's face instantly blushed when she heard this.

She struggled to break free from him, but she failed.

Mitchel held her hands and put them behind her.

He looked at her in the mirror, and the desire he had suppressed for a long time suddenly surged up.

His hand slowly moved downward, following the curves of her body.

Raegan was startled when she saw the look in his eyes.

She wanted to push him away, but her hands were locked.

So, she could only beg for mercy in a low voice, "Mitchel, you...

You can't do it." Mitchel lowered his head and bit her shoulder.

Then he pressed his crotch against her, giving her a nudge.

He said in a low and dangerous voice, "Who says I can't?" Raegan turned crimson.

Their reflection in the mirror became lustful and seductive.

"I mean...

It's..." Raegan fumbled for words.

She found that Mitchel was particularly insatiable.

Last night, their relation was slightly eased, but now, he started to act like this.

She struggled and said warily, "Let go of me first." He put his head on her shoulder, looking like an aggrieved dog.

Then he murmured, "Honey, I know I was wrong.

Please forgive me." Raegan couldn't help frowning.

What Mitchel said had nothing to do with this matter.

Mitchel noticed that Raegan ignored him.

He bent down, picked her up, and let her sit on his lap.

Then he lowered his head and kissed her face.

He said again, "I know it's all my fault.

But that man with the surname Brooks covets you.

You are my wife.

How can I stand it?" "He has a name," Raegan reminded him with a frown.

Mitchel didn't even want to hear Raegan mentioning that guy.

He said irritably, "Fine.

But I have a request.

Can you stop having contact with him?" He had been taking medicine to control his manic depression lately.

But when it came to Raegan, he couldn't be rational.

He even wanted to cut off Henley's limbs to prevent him from coming to Raegan.

This time, Raegan countered, "Mitchel, we can't go back to the way we used to be.

That's why it's better that we divorce as soon as possible." Last night, Raegan was overwhelmed by scare.

But she was sober now.

So, she told him, "And I can't give you my baby." "No," Mitchel decisively refused.

"You can negotiate everything else with me except for the baby and divorce." But Raegan was stubborn.

"Except for those two, I have nothing else to talk to you." Mitchel frowned, feeling she was irritating him, not as good as last night.

He felt like pushing her on the bed and kissing her hard to vent his anger.

Raegan felt uncomfortable sitting on Mitchel's lap.

His muscles were so tight.

"Are you going to take me back to get my clothes? If not, I'll go there myself." After saying this, she got up.

But Mitchel suddenly grabbed her and wrapped her up with a bath towel.

Then he picked her up and carried her out.

As soon as they got back, Raegan went to her room to get her clothes.

And when she saw the mess inside, she was reminded of what had happened last night.

She subconsciously tugged at Mitchel's sleeve and said in a low voice, "Don't leave." Mitchel looked at her without saying anything.

But he stayed outside the door.

Raegan left the door ajar while she changed her clothes.

She had her back to the door, so when Mitchel looked up, he saw her beautiful backbones.

His Adam's apple bobbed up and down.

He quickly turned around.

By the time Raegan came out, Mitchel had already started fixing the doorknob.

She didn't know where he found a screwdriver.

But at this moment, his sleeves were rolled up high, and he held the doorknob with his slender fingers, unscrewing it.

The sunlight seeped through the window and sprinkled on his handsome side face.

His exquisite facial features were fully displayed at this moment.

He was like a piece of exquisitely carved ancient jade.

Raegan was a little surprised.

She never thought Mitchel knew how to fix things at home.

Mitchel must have felt her presence.

He said without turning his head, "Come here." When Raegan walked over, Mitchel handed her the other screw to hold and continued to tighten the other one.

His forehead was already wet, and beads of sweat dripped down, sliding along his perfectly angled jaw to his long neck.

Such a scene was very attractive.

Raegan was suddenly parched.

She tried to look away and change the topic.

"I have no idea you know how to cultivate a land." Mitchel took the screw from her hand and screwed the last one.

He looked at her with deep-set eyes and remarked, "Your husband knows a lot.

You are the only one who dislikes me." Raegan's face heated up at his words.

But she had to correct him.

"I don't dislike you.

It's just that we're not right for each other." Even though she loved him very much, she didn't want to be with him if he had someone else in his heart.

She didn't want to share her man with other women.

Mitchel raised his eyebrows, looking at her in displeasure.

"Why? If we are not right for each other, how can we have eight rounds of sex a night?" He was talking about the past.

If he wasn't afraid she would faint, he would have broken the record.

"You..." Raegan was at a loss for words.

She just turned around and went to the kitchen, not wanting to talk to him anymore.

On the other hand, Mitchel was in a good mood.

He thought she'd better be angry at him than ignore him.

He followed her to the kitchen.

After washing his hands, he said, "Honey, I'll help you prepare the vegetables." Raegan was stunned for a moment.

Actually, there were no vegetables in the fridge except for the two tomatoes she bought yesterday.

So, she said, "No need.

Just wait outside." Soon, Raegan brought two bowls of tomato and egg noodles to the table.

The combination of red tomatoes and yellow eggs, sprinkled with a bit of green onion made the noodle soup look colorful.

Its aroma was also appetizing.

Mitchel sat at the dining table, looked at her with a smile, and said, "Thank you, honey." Raegan's face turned as red as the tomato in her bowl.

She wanted to commend him for always saying the word "honey" so naturally.

Mitchel ate leisurely and elegantly as if he was in his own dining room.

Soon, he finished the entire bowl of noodles, On the other hand, Raegan only ate half of her bowl.

She couldn't eat anymore.

Upon seeing this, Mitchel took her bowl and finished it up.

Raegan was shocked.

She knew very well that Mitchel

was a neat freak.

How could he eat her leftovers? .

What was more, he even took the initiative to wash the dishes after dinner.

As he stood in the small kitchen, the surroundings looked a little resplendent.

Suddenly, Mitchel turned around.

Raegan hurriedly turned her head away, but he still caught her watching him.

She was about to run away when he suddenly grabbed her waist.

He hugged her and looked at her deeply.

"I gave you my first time.

You have to be responsible." Raegan blushed even more.

"How can you be so shameless?" Mitchel reached out and raised her chin.

His charming eyes scanned her pretty face.

"What are you thinking? I'm talking about my first time eating leftovers and washing dishes." Raegan pouted.

"You! You said it on purpose." Raegan exposed him relentlessly.

He deliberately led her to think wrong.

Mitchel pinched the tip of her nose and raised his eyebrows.

"But it's also true." "What is true?" "That my first-time sex experience was with you." Mitchel didn't feel embarrassed when he said those words.

Raegan's ears turned hot and red.

Of course, she remembered their first night.

Indeed, he didn't seem very skilled in bed at that time.

They even ended very quickly.

The atmosphere between them at that time was a bit embarrassing.

Although they had drunk, they were still conscious.

She vividly remembered what happened.

Although it was also Raegan's first time, it was not as painful as described in the novels she read.

Mitchel was very gentle, and she only felt a little sore in her waist.

Before she could feel anything else, she felt his body already tremble.

Then Raegan saw the frustrated look on his face.

She immediately understood what happened.

At that time, Raegan was shocked.

She felt she had discovered a secret.

It turned out that Mitchel kept his distance from women before because he was a "fast" man.

When Mitchel saw the shock on her face, his expression drastically changed.

He knew she misunderstood him.

The truth was it only happened because he was drunk, and it was his first time having sex.

A man's greatest fear was for a woman to think he was not good in bed.

So, he immediately made love to her again and proved nothing was wrong with him.

When Mitchel saw Raegan's absent-minded face, he knew she was thinking of that incident again.

He couldn't help blushing.

He held her even tighter and said through clenched teeth, "Don't think about it anymore."

It only happened once." Mitchel was telling the truth.

After their first night, he had never been that fast again.

This time, Raegan felt uncomfortable in his arms, so she pushed him on the chest.

"Mitchel, let go of me.

1." Before she could finish her words, Mitchel lowered his head and covered her lips with his.

He couldn't resist her kissable lips.

It was seducing him all the time.

Raegan froze.

This sudden kiss was so passionate that it made her dizzy.

When she recovered, she pushed him hard.

However, her strength was definitely no match for him.

As long as he wanted, he had many ways to restrain her.

At this moment, Mitchel put his hand at the back of her neck and lifted it.

He changed his position, pressed her against the cabinet, and kissed her again.

He did this so she could have support behind her and she would feel much more comfortable.

Mitchel kissed Raegan so hard that her legs went weak.

Fortunately, her back leaned against the cabinet.

It prevented her from falling.

He only let go of her lips when they were both short of breath.

He wrapped her little hand with his big hand, put it on his chest, and said, "Raegan, I won't divorce you."
Raegan felt his strong heartbeat.

It was as if his heart was about to jump off his chest at any moment.

Suddenly, she was muddled.

Her mind was in a mess.

Obviously, Mitchel didn't intend to let her go.

But she had decided not to love him anymore.

What should she do? No matter how much she tried to stop loving him, she always failed.

Raegan subconsciously wanted to withdraw her hand.

But Mitchel clasped her hand tightly and pulled her into his embrace.

"So, behave yourself and don't piss me off, okay?" Raegan was rendered speechless.

She didn't think she was the one making him angry.

Obviously, he was always angry because he was too possessive.

If only he could see her heart.

Then he would know that no one else had occupied it for ten years except him.

And he would also know that her heart bled and ached so much because he always left her behind.

But this time, she didn't want to feel that kind of pain again.

She didn't want to be miserable anymore.

Raegan raised her head and looked at him.

"Mitchel, we are no longer in that kind of relationship." Mitchel sensed that she would say something unpleasant.

"What are you talking about?" "We are going to divorce," Raegan replied resolutely.

This time, Mitchel couldn't help losing his temper.

He managed to get a grip and said in a low voice, "I will repeat it again.

I won't divorce you." Raegan pushed him away and walked out.

"Then let's wait until you decide to divorce me." Mitchel was silent for a few seconds.

Then he suddenly stepped forward and hugged her tightly from behind.

He said with anger and helplessness in his voice.

"Raegan, don't be like this.

I know I was wrong.

That's why I want to make it up to you.

Please give me a chance." Raegan wanted to say something, but Mitchel didn't give her a chance.

He turned her to face him, grabbed her chin, and kissed her hard.

She put her hand on his chest and tried to push him away in vain.

Instead, she was held by him even tighter.

He only reluctantly let her go when he noticed that her face was red and she was out of breath.

But he still held her face up and said, "I don't like those harsh words, and I'm annoyed.

But, I feel better after kissing you, honey." Raegan looked angry now.

Her voice trembled slightly.

"You...

Hmm..." Mitchel kissed her again, not giving her a chance to finish her sentence.

This time, his tongue even broke into her mouth and entangled with her tongue fiercely.

He didn't let go of her until her body softened and her breathing became uneven.

Mitchel looked at her with raised eyebrows.

"Do you still want to talk on that topic?" It meant that if she said one more word about the divorce, he would continue to kiss her.

Raegan shut her mouth and didn't dare to say a word.

She thought Mitchel was really shameless.

Seeing that she obediently kept silent, he gave her a satisfied look.

And before she could react, he picked her up, strode to the car, and said, "Let's go home." Raegan sat in the car in a daze.

She was still dizzy from his kisses, and she felt she had lost all her strength.

When he fastened her seat belt, she didn't even resist.

She had no strength to do so.

Mitchel noticed her absent-mindedness.

He pinched her face gently and said, "Don't overthink.

From now on, leave everything to me." Raegan's heart raced violently again.

Yet, she felt uneasy at the same time.

She was so afraid that she would be disappointed again.

On their way, Raegan didn't feel sleepy, so she leaned against her seat and looked out the window to enjoy the scenery outside.

This was a beautiful town with many small bridges and rivers.

When Mitchel saw Raegan looking out of the window, he said, "This place is beautiful.

You must have good childhood memories here." Raegan suddenly asked, "Have you been here before?" Mitchel shook his head.

"No, I've never been here." The light in Raegan's eyes dimmed upon hearing this.

He really didn't remember.

She was only thirteen years old at that time.

No one would probably remember a thirteen-year-old girl.

But she had never forgotten him.

In fact, she even came to Ard lens alone to study because of him.

During holidays, she would go to his workplace and sit there all day long, wondering if she could get the chance to see him again.

In her junior year, she successfully entered his company as an intern.

She started as an assistant, allowing her to occasionally see Mitchel.

At that time, Mitchel was cold and unapproachable.

If she hadn't accidentally gone to the wrong room after getting drunk, they would never have any connections.

Maybe she could be considered lucky.

But the result was not satisfactory.

She could never be the woman in his heart and couldn't accept to share him with other women.

Besides, she couldn't stand being abandoned by him every time.

When thinking, Raegan gradually fell asleep.

When she opened her eyes again, the car was already driving toward Serenity Villas.

Mitchel looked at her.

"You're awake." Raegan nodded, feeling a little embarrassed.

She slept for hundreds of kilometers and didn't even empathize with how hard he had been driving.

She was about to say something when Mitchel suddenly stepped on the brakes.

The car stopped.

Raegan looked ahead and saw Lauren in a wheelchair, blocking their only way back to Serenity Villas.

Mitchel frowned.

He opened the door, got out of the car, and strode toward Lauren.

He said in an unfriendly tone, "Didn't I tell you I would visit you? What are you doing here?" Lauren had a plaster cast on her leg.

She looked at him pitifully and said, "Mitchel, today is my birthday.

Have you forgotten?"

Chapter 98

Cruel To Her The expression on Mitchel's face froze for a moment.

It turned out that today was Lauren's birthday.

He always remembered her birthday.

But this year, he had forgotten it for the first time.

A few years ago, Mitchel witnessed something disgusting, making him lose his mind.

Before he knew it, he was already submerged in a freezing cold lake.

If it weren't for Lauren's desperate efforts to save him, he would have died long ago.

And that day was her birthday.

That was why her birthday was one of his most unforgettable days.

Since then, Lauren's birthday had become one of Mitchel's top priorities.

No matter how busy he was, he always celebrated it with her.

At this moment, Lauren reached out and gently tugged at Mitchel's sleeve.

And when he didn't pull away, she felt relieved.

She looked at him pitifully and said, "Mitchel, I've been waiting for you since three o'clock." Winter was almost approaching, so it was already cold now.

Lauren wore thin clothes, and her nose turned red from the cold.

She looked vulnerable and pitiful.

Mitchel withdrew his hand.

His brows furrowed tightly, and he said in a cold and displeased voice, "Stop being silly." Although he spoke in a disapproving tone, Lauren felt a touch of sweetness in his words.

For her, his words meant he was worried about her.

And this made her feel like it was worth staying out in the cold for so long.

She glanced at Raegan in the car complacently, feeling a sense of satisfaction.

Lauren assumed Raegan must have done something to gain Mitchel's sympathy and deliberately asked him to visit her grandmother's grave together.

But Lauren believed that Raegan's efforts were futile.

After all, today was her birthday, and she knew that Mitchel would definitely celebrate with her on this special day.

Jocelyn, standing nearby, also spoke up.

"Mr.

Dixon, Miss Murray got up at five this morning and baked a birthday cake for herself.

She wanted to eat it with you." Mitchel looked at Jocelyn with a frown.

"And you just let her do such a stupid thing?" Mitchel spoke in a voice devoid of emotion, and it made Jocelyn shudder involuntarily.

Mitchel had feelings for Lauren, not for her.

Jocelyn was worried that she might inadvertently touch a sensitive spot and cause trouble.

Jocelyn hastened to explain for herself, "Mr.

Dixon, I tried to convince Miss Murray not..." But before she could finish her words, Lauren interrupted, "Mitchel, don't blame Jocelyn.

It's not her fault.

Every year, we always celebrate my birthday together, right?" After saying this, Lauren timidly glanced behind Mitchel.

Mitchel turned around, following her gaze.

Then he saw Raegan standing behind him quietly.

He had the urge to explain to Raegan what Lauren had said, but he couldn't find the right words to say.

After all, he knew very well that Lauren was right.

Indeed, he had promised to spare a part of his day to celebrate Lauren's birthday with her.

Raegan looked at Lauren's timid expression calmly.

She wanted to laugh out loud.

Judging from the look on Lauren's face, it was as if she was bullied.

Unfortunately, in Raegan's eyes, her performance fell flat.

Of course, Lauren was not the only one capable of displeasing people by putting on an act.

Raegan also had her own ways of doing it.

Approaching Mitchel gracefully, Raegan extended her hand and delicately intertwined her fingers with his, gazing up at him.

"I thought we were going home." Raegan's voice was soft.

She was like a gentle and sweet kitten.

The expression on Lauren's face instantly changed upon hearing this.

She instinctively turned her gaze to Mitchel.

Mitchel's gaze became meaningful.

Obviously, he liked it when Raegan talked this way.

Panic surged in Lauren's heart.

She thought Raegan was seducing Mitchel.

If she could, she wanted to tear Raegan apart right now.

However, she couldn't lose her temper in front of Mitchel.

So, she had to get a grip.

She tried her best to put on a pitiful look and said softly, "Mitchel, you will celebrate my birthday with me, right?" Lauren didn't need to remind Mitchel what her birthday meant to him.

She was confident that he would celebrate her birthday with her.

"Lauren, since it's your birthday today, you can tell Kyle anything you want.

He will be at your service twenty-four hours a day." "Mitchel, what do you mean by that?" Lauren asked, looking at Mitchel in disbelief.

She thought she had misheard him.

Her face turned extremely unpleasant.

"Mitchel, you're joking, right?" Mitchel replied, "Lauren, I'm not joking.

Wait for Kyle in the car." "No, I don't want to!" Lauren suddenly shouted, shaking her head vigorously.

"Mitchel, I'm not asking for too much.

All I want is for you to celebrate my birthday with me." As she spoke, tears welled up in her eyes, making her look even more pitiful.

However, Mitchel remained unmoved.

"Lauren, I've already made everything clear to you in the hospital." After saying this, he directly took Raegan's hand and walked toward the car.

Raegan's hand was cold when she got out of the car.

But now that Mitchel was holding it, she felt warm.

Suddenly, a loud thud sounded behind them.

"Ah! My lady, how did you fall?" Jocelyn cried in panic, and Lauren wailed in pain.

Mitchel paused for a moment.

Then he continued walking toward the car without looking back.

When Lauren saw that Mitchel was about to get in the car, her face turned deathly pale.

She cried even harder, sounding heartbreaking.

"Mitchel, it hurts so much.

Please, don't leave me.

My knee hurts.

Mitchel, you can't abandon me.

It's my birthday." This time, Lauren kept reminding Mitchel of her birthday, wanting Mitchel to recall the significance of her birthday and stay with her.

It was a promise she had traded her life for.

At this moment, Mitchel stopped getting in the car.

He glanced at Raegan as if he wanted to say something.

Raegan pretended not to see the reluctance on Mitchel's face.

She only stared into his eyes and said, "Didn't you say you want to spend a good time with me?" If Mitchel left her now for Lauren's sake, he would only do the same in the future.

Then, she would never get rid of Lauren in her life.

She would always live under Lauren's shadow.

Mitchel lowered his gaze and said softly, "Okay." Then he got in the car without hesitation.

However, Raegan did not get in the car.

She looked at him and said, "You go ahead." "What do you want to do?" Mitchel asked in confusion.

"I just have something to ask her.

Don't worry.

I won't do anything to her." Mitchel didn't ask any more questions.

He started the car and drove straight ahead.

Upon seeing this, Lauren collapsed to the ground and shouted, "Mitchel!" But her effort was in vain.

The car didn't stop at all.

Lauren froze.

Her bloodshot eyes stared at the car without blinking.

She couldn't believe that things had turned out this way.

Just now, she was so confident that victory was hers.

Mitchel celebrated her birthday with her every year for a long time.

She couldn't believe he abandoned her now.

Anger contorted Lauren's face.

She looked ferocious.

She blamed Raegan for all this.

She believed that Raegan had poisoned Mitchel's mind.

Otherwise, he wouldn't be this cruel to her.

At this moment, Raegan approached Lauren.

She looked at Lauren's pitiful figure on the ground condescendingly and sneered, "Lauren, you were behind what happened in my grandmother's ward, right?" Lauren hesitated for a moment.

She let Jocelyn help her sit up.

Then she looked at Raegan in feigned confusion and said, "Raegan, I don't understand what you are talking about." Raegan sneered coldly, "Lauren, do you really think your instigation was seamless? What do you think will be Mitchel's reaction if he finds out about that? Will he still think highly of you if he

sees your true color? Do you think his meager gratitude to you will keep him forever?" A trace of malice flashed through Lauren's eyes.

She couldn't help cursing Tessa inwardly.

That idiot Tessa must have said something, leading Raegan to be certain it was her instigation.

But, so what if Raegan knew she was the instigator? Lauren didn't think it was a big deal.

She never thought abetting was not a crime.

Besides, no one could prove that she was really responsible for it.

Since Mitchel had left, Lauren thought there was no need for her to pretend to be pitiable anymore.

She chuckled softly and said, "Raegan, I really don't understand what you're talking about.

I heard that your grandmother died of illness.

What does it have to do with mee" After saying this, she smiled provocatively.

It was as if she was telling Raegan, "So what if I am the instigator? What can you do to me?" But much to Lauren's surprise, Raegan suddenly leaned over, pressed down her wheelchair forcefully, and looked at her with ominous eyes.

"It doesn't matter if you don't understand.

I just want you to always remember that I am Mitchel's wife.

As long as am here, I won't give you a chance to seduce him.

So, stop acting like a shameless mistress.

Know your place! You know what? I actually don't believe that the entire Murray family is shameless.

If you dare to provoke me again, I will tell the public that you are a home wrecker who longs to be Mitchel's wife.

Everyone in Ardleys will know that you are a shameless woman who meddles in other people's marriage.”

Chapter 99

I'll Kick Your Ass Off Raegan's round eyes were fixed on Lauren.

Her gaze was as cold as ice.

Didn't Lauren still pretend to fail to understand her words? Then, she had scores of ways to make Lauren understand.

In the past, Raegan was too docile and always endured what Lauren did to her.

But this had unforgivingly led to the untimely death of her grandmother.

Those evildoers had been living a comfortable life like they hadn't done anything wrong.

On the other hand, her grandmother, who was always kind to people, worked hard all her life to make a living.

However, she had to watch her granddaughter being bullied by those wicked people in public on her deathbed.

Before this kind elder lady took her last breath, Raegan was still her concern.

She told Raegan to live a good life and take good care of herself.

Because of all these, Raegan promised herself that she would never let those wicked people bully her again.

She would never let them take advantage of her.

Not ever again! Those people couldn't be convinced by reason? Not a big deal.

She had plenty of ways to deal with them.

The ferocity in Raegan's eyes made Lauren's heart tremble.

Lauren muttered, "What nonsense are you talking about? What do you mean you will announce something important? Do you have any evidence? Or are you going to slander me?" Raegan smiled.

"As long as I speak in public and reveal my identity as Mitchel's wife, many will definitely sympathize with me.

I don't need to gather evidence by myself.

I'm sure the netizens will be more than willing to collect evidence for me to prove that you seduced Mitchel.

Once your true color is exposed, which side do you think those netizens will take?" Raegan's words made Lauren tremble in anger.

She didn't expect Raegan to become so clever now.

When she looked at Raegan's face, all she could see was fearlessness.

There was no trace of Raegan's previous tenderness anymore.

Livid, Lauren was desperate to let Mitchel know this side of Raegan.

He should know how aggressive Raegan was and divorce this vicious woman.

When Jocelyn saw that Lauren was too angry to say a word, she hurried forward and pushed Raegan's hand away.

"Miss Hayes, you must know that Mr.

Dixon and Miss Murray have known each other for many years.

They have a good relationship.

It was you who took advantage of the opportunity when they had a misunderstanding.

You seduced Mr.

Dixon.

Besides that, you even married him.

How dare you accuse Miss Murray of being a mistress! You are no different from a thief pretending to be a judge.

In reality, you are the shameless mistress, not her." Raegan looked at Jocelyn with eyes widened in disbelief.

She was shocked by Jocelyn's shameless words.

She had never known someone with a shameless and crooked outlook in life like Jocelyn.

Raegan looked straight at Jocelyn and sneered, "You know what? This is the first time I've seen someone who justifies that her shameless deeds are reasonable after seducing another woman's husband.

The Murray family is really something.

Even their maids have such strange thoughts." Jocelyn immediately got furious.

She didn't expect that Raegan was not even affected by her words.

Instead, Raegan even mocked her.

Jocelyn resorted to a verbal attack this time.

She said disdainfully, "I heard that you grew up in the countryside, and your parents passed away when you were little.

So, I understand why you can say such rude words.

After all, no one has taught you how to behave like a real lady.

Judging from your attitude now, I can say that your deceased grandmother must be as ignorant as you.

It's very obvious from the way she raised you." Suddenly, a crisp slap sound echoed in the room.

It turned out that Raegan stepped forward and slapped Jocelyn's wrinkled face hard.

Jocelyn covered her face with one hand.

She was so shocked that it took her a long time to react.

When Jocelyn was about to fight back, Raegan raised her hand again and gave Jocelyn another slap.

This time, the slap was so hard that Jocelyn fell to the floor.

Raegan's hand hurt after slapping Jocelyn twice.

She blew on her palm while staring at Jocelyn and said word by word, "If you dare to speak ill of my family members again, I swear I will kick your ass off." She only wasted her precious time reasoning with such a loyal and unscrupulous maid.

Probably the best thing to do was hit Jocelyn until she was convinced.

While watching this scene, Lauren felt like she was about to explode in anger.

She regretted that she had a plaster cast on her leg today for her pitiful acting.

Now, it was too difficult for her to move.

If she could only move freely, she would have torn Raegan apart herself.

Jocelyn was her maid.

How dare Raegan beat her maid right in front of her! At this time, Kyle arrived.

As soon as he got out of the car, he was stunned when he saw the scene.

He hesitated for a moment.

But he tried to summon up the courage to speak to Lauren.

"Miss Murray, Mr.

Dixon asked me to pick you up." "Fuck off!" Lauren shouted disgustedly.

"Tell Mitchel to come here in person.

I want him to see with his own eyes what this bitch has done." Upon hearing this, Jocelyn burst into tears, echoing Lauren's words.

"Ouch! Ouch! It hurts so much.

How can you beat me like this, Miss Hayes? My head and face hurt a lot." Raegan didn't give a shit about Lauren's and Jocelyn's acts.

She turned around and was about to leave.

But then she saw Mitchel walking in their direction.

A hint of bitterness surged in her heart.

He really came.

Sure enough, he was still worried about Lauren.

As soon as Lauren saw Mitchel approaching, she wheeled her wheelchair excitedly toward him.

She couldn't wait to slander Raegan in front of him.

Lauren stopped in front of Mitchel and complained between tears.

Of course, Jocelyn cooperated with Lauren, whining in Mitchel's direction.

In the eyes of other people, they looked miserable.

On the other hand, Raegan stood stubbornly without showing even the slightest sign of weakness.

She didn't even lower her head.

Other people would think she was the bully who oppressed others.

Mitchel approached them and asked indifferently, "What is going on here?" "Mr.

Dixon, I just arrived.

I didn't see everything," Kyle quickly answered, assuming Mitchel was talking to him.

Suddenly, Jocelyn knelt on the floor with a plop and crawled toward Mitchel.

Her face was already red and swollen.

She complained tearfully, "Mr.

Dixon, Miss Hayes approached us, and she called my lady a mistress.

She said that my lady shamelessly seduced you and even wanted to expose my lady to verbal abuse on the Internet.

I tried to reason with her, but she hit me like this.

It doesn't matter, though she hurts me this hard.

But she slandered my lady.

You have to uphold justice for my lady." "So, what did you say to her?" Mitchel asked indifferently.

"What? Well..." Jocelyn was stunned.

She obviously didn't expect Mitchel's question.

Shouldn't Mitchel care about Lauren first? He should have scolded Raegan, right? Why did he care about what she said to Raegan? "I...

Nothing...

I said nothing..." Jocelyn stammered.

Mitchel pulled a long face and asked again, "What did you say to her? Answer me." His gaze made Jocelyn shiver.

She didn't dare to say another word.

Lauren sensed it might go against her, so she hastened to step in.

She said softly, "Mitchel, Jocelyn is just defending me.

I don't think it's a big deal, and I don't blame Raegan either.

After all, Raegan was being impulsive just now." She knew that at this time, she had to be tolerant.

In this case, Mitchel would think Raegan was unreasonable.

"I'm not talking to you," Mitchel scolded Lauren abruptly.

Lauren was so shocked that her face turned deathly pale at once.

Mitchel's face was expressionless, but it was inexplicably terrifying.

Lauren bit her lower lip, feeling embarrassed.

She didn't dare to say anything more.

Then Mitchel turned to Jocelyn and looked at her with unfathomable eyes.

"Tell me.

What exactly did you say to her? Make sure you don't miss a word." "I..." Jocelyn struggled to find the right words.

She glanced at Lauren, asking for help.

Just now, she deliberately belittled Raegan.

How could she retell it to Mitchel? At this moment, they had the upper hand.

But once the truth was revealed, the situation would be changed.

However, Mitchel didn't intend to let Jocelyn go.

He kept pressing her.

He pulled off his tie and said casually, "Jocelyn, if my memory serves me correctly, you have a son who works in the Dixon Group, right?" At her age, Jocelyn was already sophisticated enough to tell that there was a hint of threat in Mitchel's words.

She valued her son so much that she immediately retold what she said to Raegan just now, not daring to miss a word.

Mitchel's eyes darkened after hearing everything.

He nodded.

"Very well."

Chapter 100

If You Dare To Run Again, I'll Break Your Legs Very well? What did Mitchel mean by that? Jocelyn and Lauren exchanged a puzzled glance, but neither dared to say a word.

They could not fathom what Mitchel was trying to say.

At last, Mitchel broke the silence.

"One slap for each word.

Kyle, do it exactly as I said.

Don't skip a single word." "Mitchel!" Lauren cried out, her voice tinged with fear.

She was shocked.

She never imagined Mitchel would go to such lengths to defend Raegan.

To her, harming Jocelyn was like a slap in her own face.

If she let Mitchel beat Jocelyn, standing as Mitchel's equal would be off the table from here on out.

Therefore, she would not allow it to happen.

Absolutely not! Suddenly, with a resounding thud, Jocelyn fell to her knees in front of Mitchel and implored, "Mr.

Dixon, I know I was wrong.

I had no right to bully Miss Hayes.

Please, I'm begging you, forgive me." "I don't think you get it." Mitchel stared at Jocelyn with a piercing gaze, which grew intense by the second, and continued, "Raegan is my wife.

No one gets to mess with her." Though his voice sounded indifferent, it carried a lot of weight.

Lauren's expression shifted in an instant.

She sensed that Mitchel's words were not just aimed at teaching Jocelyn a lesson.

He was also firing a warning shot her way.

Damn it! This was all Raegan's fault! At this moment, Lauren held back the fury and hatred in her eyes and tearfully said, "Mitchel, Jocelyn has been like a mother to me.

She's been taking care of me since the day I was born.

And she's in her sixties now.

A slap could be dangerous for her.

Is that what you want? Could you please show some mercy?" Mitchel looked into Lauren's eyes, his own cold and unforgiving.

"Lauren, maybe it's time for you to change your maid.

Keeping her around could tarnish the Murray family's name." A look of shock, disbelief, and confusion flashed across Lauren's face.

She never thought Mitchel, who had always fulfilled her every need, would ignore her plead and say something so callous.

Did he not care about her anymore? Mitchel averted his eyes and took Raegan's hand.

Noticing Raegan's reddened palm, he frowned and asked with concern, "Didn't I tell you to leave everything to me? Does it hurt?" Caught off guard, Raegan was stunned for a few seconds and then

shook her head in response.

"I'm fine.

It doesn't hurt." Mitchel cradled her hand with one hand and caressed her head with the other.

"Let's go home." "Alright," Raegan meekly responded.

There was a single strand of hair resting around her neck.

With a gentle motion, Mitchel brushed away the stray hair, and, hand in hand, they walked away.

The sound of a slap echoed sharply as Jocelyn struck her own face, all under Kyle's watchful eye.

She had to hit herself hard to meet Mitchel's stipulation.

She did not dare to skimp on the force, not with her son's future at stake.

As Mitchel and Raegan disappeared into the distance, a feeling like a knife stabbing her heart gripped Lauren.

Still, she was confident Mitchel would not actually abandon her.

Bang! Suddenly, Lauren sprang from her wheelchair as though intending to chase after Mitchel, but she seemed to have lost her balance and tumbled to the ground.

She looked pathetic.

"Mitchel..." Lauren wailed.

She was convinced that her distressed state would bring him back to her.

As Lauren expected, Mitchel paused in his tracks.

He glanced at Raegan, let go of her hand, and said, "Hold on a sec." With that, he strode quickly back toward Lauren.

As Lauren lay on the floor with eyes brimming with tears, she watched as Mitchel approached her.

From the looks of it, her trick had worked.

She suppressed a satisfied smile and whined, "Mitchel..."

It hurts...

It hurts so much..." To sell the act, she had actually allowed herself to fall hard.

Now, with her elbow scraped and bleeding, she did look genuinely miserable.

Mitchel did not hesitate.

He squatted down, scooped Lauren off the ground, and ordered Kyle to open the car door for them.

As she clung to his neck, Lauren shot a triumphant smile at Raegan, who was standing behind them.

She looked at Raegan contemptuously.

It was as if she were boasting to Raegan that she had won Mitchel's heart because he would never leave her side.

Outside, a strong wind blew, and Raegan felt her hand, which Mitchel had just warmed, grow cold again.

She stood there like an outsider.

She saw with her own eyes just how deeply Mitchel cared for Lauren.

Of course, she also caught the smug smile on Lauren's face as she was nestled in his arms.

If this had happened before, her heart would have shattered into a million pieces.

But now, she felt strangely indifferent.

Perhaps it was because she had given it her all, or maybe she had grown used to Mitchel's absence for Lauren's sake.

Either way, maybe it was for the best.

Raegan hugged herself against the cold, turned around, and walked away alone.

When she got home, she was so exhausted she went straight upstairs and strode over to the suitcase she had already packed.

Just as she grasped the handle, a large hand stopped her.

Next thing she knew, she felt a strong grip around her waist from behind.

"Where are you going?" Mitchel's deep voice resonated above her head.

Raegan was stunned to hear him.

Hadn't he just left to be with Lauren? Mitchel tightened his hold around Raegan's waist and spun her around to face him.

His eyes were narrowed, and he seemed to be in deep thought.

"It looks like I need to find a way to keep you here." Otherwise, Raegan would probably run away at any moment.

As for Mitchel, well, he was not shy about his desire to keep her close.

Raegan instinctively took a step back and looked him straight in the eye.

"What that maid said was right.

I did scold Lauret for playing the role of a mistress.

If you feel bad for her, you should go comfort her." She was not a fan of lying.

Furthermore, she never intended to deny her actions or her words.

If Mitchel wanted to punish her for it, then so be it.

However, Mitchel's eyes were like a bottomless lake, impossible to read.

Without waiting for his response, Raegan reached for the suitcase handle again.

Being in a stalemate with him was torture.

Just as she was about to take a step, Mitchel grasped her chin, yanked her toward him, and planted a forceful kiss on her lips.

For a moment, Raegan felt like she could not breathe.

Mitchel's kisses had always been intense, mirroring his assertive and dominant nature, even in the bedroom.

Eventually, Raegan had had enough.

With her face flushed, she pushed against him with all her might.

Mitchel loosened his grip and asked, "Is that enough for you?" "What are you talking about?" Raegan shot back, baffled.

"Does this satisfy you?" Mitchel's voice was raspy yet clear and pleasant to the ears.

This momentarily mesmerized Raegan.

Soon after, her face turned as red as a tomato.

Mitchel's eyes sparkled.

He swiftly grabbed her wrist, pinned her against the door, and resumed what he was doing just now.

Before locking lips with her again, he whispered, "If you even think about running away again, I'll make sure you can't walk." "Hmm..."

Stop it..." However, her protests fell on Mitchel's deaf ears.

Her soft lips were completely sealed by his, and their lips and tongues were entangled.

This left Raegan mumbling incoherently.

At last, Mitchel broke the kiss.

Raegan, however, was a little worse for wear.

Her blouse was in disarray and subtle kiss marks graced her collarbone.

She felt her cheeks burning with embarrassment.

As for Mitchel, desire seemed to cast itself over his eyes.

He scooped Raegan up and stepped back to sit on the bed.

Instead of setting her down, he kept holding her in his arms.

In this position, their faces were nearly level, making it all too easy for him to nibble on her earlobe.

The moment his lips made contact with the tender skin of her ear, Raegan felt a sensation akin to ants scurrying over her heart.

It felt ticklish and too intense to bear.

She clenched her hands into his shirt and put some space between them, but she could not mask the flicker of panic in her eyes.

Mitchel picked up on her unease.

He placed a hand on the back of her neck and gently yet insistently pulled her closer.

As Raegan averted her gaze, he shifted his own focus to the vulnerable skin just below her ear and sucked on it with deliberate force.

At the same time, his chest bumped against hers as if to chastise her.

This made Raegan's face flush a deep red, but she dared not move.

Her only option was to wrap her arms around his neck and cling to him.

Just then, the jarring buzz of a phone shattered the electric tension between them.

Annoyed, Mitchel considered ignoring it.

However, when Raegan noticed Kyle's name flash on the screen, she nudged him softly.

"It's Kyle." With a raised eyebrow, Mitchel picked up the call and heard Kyle's anxious voice on the other end.

"Mr.

Dixon, Miss Murray fainted."