

Unbreakable 171

Chapter 171

Ninety-nine White Roses In an instant, Mitchel bent over and placed Raegan in the back seat.

Before the door could click shut, he leaned in, pinched her chin, and planted a passionate kiss on her tender lips.

Raegan's fingers clutched his shirt, and one button broke, but Mitchel didn't seem to mind it.

Raegan tried to voice her anger, but he silenced her by capturing the tip of her tongue in a passionate kiss, making Raegan shiver uncontrollably.

When Mitchel finally released her, Raegan was left fuming.

She raised her hand to hit him, but he effortlessly held her hand, his gaze penetrating hers.

"Like I said, only my wife could hit me.

Do you want to come back to my side and be my wife?" Hearing his words, Raegan didn't want to hit him anymore.

Mitchel knew her weaknesses and got a hang of dealing with her.

Anger welled up, but so did a sense of helplessness.

Raegan despised the involvement with him.

In the past, Mitchel's presence served as her light.

She had clung to him just like someone holding a light in the dark.

However, that light hurt her mercilessly.

Seemingly a stress response, she couldn't help resisting his advances since it would give birth to expectations in her.

Fear gnawed at her whenever she thought about the suffering expectations would likely bring.

No one knew what she was avoiding, let alone her fears.

Desperation edged into her voice as she pleaded, "Mitchel, what can I do to stop you from pestering me? Do you just want to sleep with me? Will you let go of me after we have had sex?" Mitchel's response was cold, his eyes devoid of warmth.

"What do you mean?" "What do you think I'm implying?" Raegan met his gaze, tears welling up.

"Don't you just want me for sex?" "What?" "Can you promise to leave me alone after? If so, I..." Mitchel sneered and cut her off, "You want to give yourself to me for free?" The humiliation in his words wasn't lost on her.

His words cut deep, and Raegan clenched her fists, trembling with sadness.

However, she managed to pull herself together for the sake of getting away from his pestering.

"You have to give me a guarantee..." Before she could finish, Mitchel abruptly held her in his embrace, his chin against her soft hair.

In a low voice, he said, "Can't you just be obedient to me? I'm a little upset." The sudden shift in his demeanor caught Raegan off guard.

She couldn't help but wonder why he was upset.

He ought to know there was nothing between her and Hector if he knew her current occupation as a tutor.

He didn't have to get upset just because Hector had driven her here.

Moreover, they had divorced and she was no longer his wife.

But Mitchel was unreasonable.

Raegan didn't want to talk to him anymore.

She tried to push him away repeatedly.

"Let go of me.

I'm going home." Mitchel's expression froze.

He had already sensed her rejection.

But he released her obediently and allowed her to get out of the car.

"I'll accompany you back." Raegan was about to speak when someone called her name.

"Raegan." Henley appeared out of nowhere, holding a bouquet of roses.

There were at least ninety-nine roses.

The tension in the air surrounding them increased instantly.

Though Raegan couldn't understand why Henley was standing there with flowers in his hand, it was a welcome excuse to get away from Mitchel.

Therefore, she walked toward Henley without hesitation.

However, Mitchel suddenly grabbed her hand firmly, a frown etched on his face.

He remained silent, but his firm grip on her wrist and the complicated expression spoke volumes.

Raegan broke his hand little by little, just like he once did, and asserted, "Mr.

Dixon, since we are divorced, we are strangers.

Please stop doing this." Two steps away, Henley unexpectedly grabbed her hand.

Raegan stiffened and instinctively attempted to pull away.

However, Henley held her hand tightly, his fingers intertwining with hers.

Leaning in, he whispered, "Don't you want to get rid of him? Let me help you." Raegan's heart raced.

A cold, intense gaze bore into her from behind, a sensation akin to flesh being sliced.

The look pierced her heart, causing a subtle tremor throughout her body.

Henley took Raegan's hand, ignoring the intense glare from Mitchel.

With a subtle nod at Mitchel, Henley led her away.

Raegan couldn't recollect how she made it home.

Her mind was a blank canvas.

Henley handed her the bouquet of roses and said, "Get some rest.

Call me if you need anything." Raegan barely registered Henley's words.

She just nodded as he turned around and left.

She didn't even know when she took the flowers from Henley.

She hadn't been physically close to anyone other than Mitchel for ages.

Even holding hands with Henley in front of Mitchel made her feel guilty.

However, after taking that first step today, it didn't seem that hard, even though the piercing look Mitchel shot them scared her a little.

Back in her room, Raegan stared at the flowers and didn't know what to do.

Why did Henley give her flowers? The bouquet was large and undeniably attractive.

Every girl loved flowers.

Although Raegan couldn't stand the strong scent of flowers, she put them on a table in the living room because they looked pretty.

Just then, Nicole sent her a message, saying she would be staying over for the night.

Raegan agreed and went to take a shower.

After showering, she started drying her hair.

The doorbell rang when she was halfway through.

Raegan proceeded to open the door without hesitation.

She said as she opened the door, "Have you left the key?" To her surprise, it wasn't Nicole but Mitchel standing outside.

Raegan's mind went blank for a split second.

When she regained her senses, she immediately tried to close the door.

Mitchel casually blocked it with his foot, his gaze sharp and penetrating.

"Do you want the whole world to find out I'm at your door?" Upon hearing that, Raegan didn't dare to close the door.

Anyway, Mitchel had a trick up his sleeve to gain entry.

Once Mitchel stepped inside, he immediately closed the door with a resounding "Bang." A shiver ran down Raegan's spine.

Instead of advancing to Raegan, Mitchel merely gazed at her with profound eyes.

Raegan's breath caught in her throat.

His eyes bore into hers, causing Raegan's heart to skip a beat.

She cautiously said, "Let's talk tomorrow." In a low voice, Mitchel replied, "I can't sleep until I say what I wanted to say in the car." Raegan was taken aback.

Weren't they talking about sex in the car moments ago, and he wasn't interested then? Was he having second thoughts now? Raegan's courage had waned after she asserted that.

She didn't want to delve into the topic of intimacy with him.

Feigning innocence, she said, "Didn't we already finish our conversation?" Suddenly, Mitchel pulled her closer, pressing her against the wall.

His slender fingers gripped her jaw, preventing her from dodging.

Raegan uncontrollably stiffened.

Her nerves were on edge.

His deep eyes conveyed suppressed anger, and his voice was eerily calm.

"It's not over.

I haven't given you my answer yet." "Well, I don't..." Before she could finish, he silenced her with a forceful kiss.

Raegan's eyes widened, but Mitchel didn't allow her a moment to react.

His kiss was aggressive, a relentless invasion that left her breathless.

This kiss wasn't like the ones before.

It felt like a conquest.

He wanted all of her.

Raegan felt as though she might be kissed to death.

She couldn't breathe properly.

Her eyes reddened from the intensity of the kiss, and her body turned as pliant as water.

Weakness overcame her, inviting more of his kisses.

Amidst the chaotic whirlwind in her mind and her labored breathing, she managed to ask, "Are you serious?" Without a word, he scooped her up and carried her into the room, his expression dark and brooding.

"Yes.

Give it to me."

Chapter 172

Mitchel's Promise Before entering the room, Mitchel stopped and cast a cold glance at the roses on the tea table.

"Do you like those flowers?" Raegan recalled that Mitchel had never sent flowers to anyone.

Not even once.

Unsure of what to say, Raegan murmured, "It depends." As soon as she said those words, she wished she could take them back.

Just as she had expected, Mitchel's expression darkened.

Raegan had not intended to annoy him, but she did so mindlessly.

In college, a young man followed her wherever she went and secretly slipped red roses into her books or school bag.

For a while, the roses unnerved her and stirred unpleasant memories.

That was the reason why she said that.

She did not mean she liked the flowers because they were from Henley, but Mitchel seemed to get the wrong idea.

In the blink of an eye, Mitchel's mood shifted.

Instead of entering the room, he placed Raegan on the tea table and pressed her on the roses.

The cold dew from the petals soaked through her back, making her tremble.

Raegan clutched at his shirt, trying her best not to crush the delicate roses under her weight, but it was futile.

Why here? There was plenty of space in the room.

"Don't do it here," Raegan pleaded.

Tears brimmed in her eyes.

She was uncomfortable as her back was crushing the bouquet, but her discomfort only fueled Mitchel's desire.

Mitchel lowered his eyes at her and firmly declared, "I want to do it right here." The crinkling sound of packing paper filled the air.

Mitchel stretched out and, suddenly, unwrapped the bouquet of roses under her back.

The bouquet burst open.

Some flowers landed on the table, while others scattered across the floor.

Raegan doubted that the tea table would be able to support their weight.

Anxious, her heart pounded, threatening to leap out of her chest.

She pushed Mitchel away and asserted, "I don't want to do it here..."

Let's not...

Let's not do it then." Mitchel's piercing gaze met hers, and he questioned, "Well, do you really want me to stop?" As soon as he said these words, he released her and stood up.

For a brief moment, Raegan almost believed him.

But at the same time, she did not want to lose the chance to sever ties with Mitchel completely.

His offer was like a tempting, sweet red apple.

Raegan was desperate to escape her current situation.

She understood that only Mitchel's agreement to end their relationship could truly free her from their entangled lives.

As Mitchel had said, no one else could change his decision but him.

After a pause, Raegan asked, "You really mean that, don't you?" Mitchel glanced at her with eyes cold and devoid of desire.

"Isn't that what you want?" Raegan stared at him and tightened her grip on his collar.

"Write it down.

Promise you won't pester me again." Mitchel's gaze was profound, framed by long eyelashes.

His emotionless stare made it difficult to decipher his thoughts.

"Of course, I can put it in writing.

But what if I change my mind someday? What would you do then?" Raegan was at a loss for words.

This promise held no legal weight.

As Mitchel pointed out, if he changed his mind, she was powerless to do anything, let alone seek justice.

Deep down, she clung to this promise to comfort herself.

Perhaps driven by fear of his interference in her life, she was willing to take the risk.

"You know the outcome is unpredictable, right? Are you sure you want to bet on it?" Mitchel calmly asked.

Raegan did not dwell on it for too long.

Having been intimate with Mitchel before, she believed it would not be too difficult to do it again.

If he broke his word, she could dismiss it as a one- night stand.

But if he honored his promise, she would be free of him for good.

With this thought, Raegan's hesitation vanished.

She pursed her lips and declared, "I believe you because you once promised not to lie to me again." In her mind, this trick might stop Mitchel from breaking his promise yet again.

If he ever thought of going back on his word, he would remember the very promise he had made to her.

Although unsure if it was her imagination, Raegan sensed Mitchel's dismay at her decision, perhaps even anger.

This intuition was later proved correct.

Before kissing her, Mitchel stated, "It's too late for regrets now." His wet lips pried open her mouth and captured her soft tongue.

Their tongues entwined in what looked like a fiery dance.

It was as if Mitchel wanted to devour her.

Raegan's tongue grew numb, and her hand trembled involuntarily.

The rose petals beneath her were flattened on Raegan's back, releasing an intoxicating scent.

At this moment, Mitchel's hot breath enveloped her, and his actions seemed deliberate, almost torturous.

He kissed her lips, and then trailed down...

His lips grazed her chin, lingered on her collarbone, and finally settled on the sensitive spot of her neck.

Raegan trembled and felt a little regret for her inability to stop him.

After this, she did not want to go through this again.

But her resolve wavered as Mitchel's lips moved, leaving her breathless.

Suddenly, a noise came at the door, startling Raegan.

Mitchel frowned, not at the noise but at Raegan's reaction, which nearly made him relent.

It was not until then that Raegan remembered Nicole's plan to come over tonight.

Yet they were there, entwined on the tea table in the living room, with no chance to hide themselves.

Raegan froze on the spot.

She silently heard the key turn in the lock.

Judging from the sound, it seemed to be the wrong key.

Raegan relaxed a bit.

But then, she heard another key turn in the lock.

But still, the door didn't open since it was the wrong key.

With her patience getting thinner, Nicole began knocking on the door.

"Raegan, it's me.

Open up.

I can't tell the keys apart..." Her slurred speech suggested she was drunk.

Otherwise, she would have remembered the whereabouts of the spare key.

Raegan tried to get up, but Mitchel's grip was unyielding.

His dark eyes seemed to consume her.

"What's wrong?" she asked while looking into his eyes.

"One second." His breathing became heavier and uneven, and beads of sweat trickled down his forehead.

Raegan's eyes widened in astonishment.

She shook her head and struggled.

"Have you lost your mind?" The outside world faded away, leaving only the frantic pounding of her heart.

Raegan felt like she was on a roller coaster, and her adrenaline peaking...

The moment felt like an eternity.

Outside the door, Nicole accidentally located the right key to the door as she fumbled around in her purse.

Beep! The door was thrown open.

Chapter 173

I Have Your Back When the door was pushed open, the lights instantly went off.

Nicole was so drunk that she didn't notice she hit the switch when she entered the house.

Now, it was pitch dark, and she couldn't see a thing.

At this time, the orgasm was over.

However, Mitchel didn't get up.

His clean and cold hand grabbed Raegan's chin tightly and kissed her hard.

Such a kiss almost drove Raegan crazy.

She felt dizzy.

Nicole staggered into the house while mumbling, "Raegan...

Raegan...

What the hell! Am I in a whale's stomach? Why is it so dark? Oh my! I'm so scared.

Raegan, where are you?" Although Raegan couldn't see Nicole, she could feel Nicole getting closer to them.

She could only bite Mitchel's tongue to stop him from kissing her.

When he groaned in pain, she took advantage of this opportunity to push him over and jumped up from the coffee table.

At this moment, Nicole's legs went weak, and she collapsed.

Fortunately, she fell into Raegan's arms.

In her blurred vision, she saw the white rose petals on the floor.

She murmured foolishly, "Oh, the snow falls so early this year.

Raegan, come on, let's build a snowman together...

Men are all unreliable.

You ought to meet more guys to know how to discern a good man.

I'll introduce a bunch of cute guys to you.

What kind of men do you like? A young and handsome boy? A mature one? A captain...

What do you want, huh?" Nicole was so drunk that she was not quite herself.

The more she talked, the more ridiculous she became.

Raegan quickly reached out and covered Nicole's mouth.

"Nicole, that's enough.

Stop it." "Hmm...

I want to tell you something.

Actually, Henley is a good choice.

He is a boyfriend material.

You two don't need to..." Before Nicole could finish her words, Raegan dragged her to the bathroom and slammed the door shut, fearing that Mitchel would hear something he shouldn't.

It was not easy for Raegan to make Mitchel believe she and Henley were in a relationship.

She couldn't let anything or anyone ruin her plan this time.

Since Nicole had drunk a lot, her entire face flushed.

Raegan helped Nicole remove her clothes and put her in the bathtub.

It was only then that Raegan saw the bruises all over Nicole's body.

From Nicole's neck to her toes, there were red and green marks.

Obviously, they were hickeys and bites.

Some of them had already scabbed.

Raegan carefully checked Nicole's back and buttocks.

They were also full of red marks.

It was as if Nicole had been slapped by someone.

Raegan was not an inexperienced little girl.

Naturally, she knew what these marks meant.

Mitchel was sometimes rough on her amid their intimate moments.

But she never ended up as miserable as Nicole.

At most, she would feel sore and uncomfortable for a few days before the bruises healed.

Judging from these marks, Raegan could say that Nicole was being abused by someone.

At the thought of this, Raegan felt so sorry for Nicole.

She gently wiped Nicole's face and body with warm water, not daring to use too much force.

But Nicole still cried out in pain.

Raegan felt a lump in her throat, and tears welled up in her eyes.

She asked, "Nicole, who did this to you?" Since Nicole was drunk, she became talkative.

She unconsciously spilled the beans between sobs, "It's Jarrod..."

He is a jerk! He is worse than a dog.

He bit and tortured me.

It hurts so much..." When Raegan heard this, her hand trembled.

Why did Nicole and Jarrod get involved with each other again? "Nicole, you..."

Why are you with him again?" "It's not that I want to be with him.

He won't let me go.

No matter how hard I cry and beg him, he doesn't want to set me free.

If I resist, he will take revenge on my parents.

The Lawrence family is in his hands, so I can't escape from him..." Raegan was utterly shocked.

She thought Nicole and Jarrod had let go of the past.

She didn't expect them to be in this situation.

Her heart ached for Nicole.

She and Nicole were pretty much the same.

They both fell in love with a man when they were young and innocent.

And they stupidly loved those men for years.

Therefore, she completely understood Nicole's pain and struggles.

They were both trapped in a dark abyss of love.

Nicole's love was ruined by a family feud, while hers was ended by a miscarriage.

But they were still in love with their men, no matter how much they wanted to hate them.

They were both wounded and were sorry for each other.

But Nicole's situation was worse.

Raegan knew that Jamie was more precious in Jarrod's eyes than Lauren in Mitchel's eyes.

Moreover, Jarrod and Jamie were already engaged and were getting married soon.

Under such a circumstance, even though Nicole was only forced to be with Jarrod, she would have a hard time.

Raegan was restless.

She always felt something would happen to Nicole.

Raegan was still stunned when Nicole suddenly reached out her hand and pinched Raegan's face.

She then put a finger on her lips and said in a low voice, "This secret is only between you and me.

Don't tell Raegan, okay? I'm afraid she...

She will look down upon me if she knows about it." These words were like a sharp knife that pierced Raegan's heart.

She held Nicole in her arms and burst into tears.

Raegan said between sobs, "You, silly girl, I will never look down upon you.

Nicole, if anything happens to you, you must tell me.

I have your back." Although Nicole was intoxicated, she seemed to sense something.

She cried bitterly in Raegan's arms.

After giving Nicole a bath, Raegan also got wet.

She dried herself first before dragging Nicole out of the bathtub.

Then, Raegan wiped Nicole dry and helped her put on her pajamas before carrying Nicole to her room.

Nicole was so tired that she fell into a deep slumber as soon as her head hit the pillow.

Raegan was so exhausted that she didn't want to move a muscle.

She wanted to go back to her room and lay flat on the bed.

When she walked out of Nicole's room, she saw Mitchel leaning against the balustrade and smoking.

She was stunned for a moment.

Mitchel must have felt her presence.

He turned around and looked at her.

He was so casual, feeling like he was in his own house.

He finished his cigarette unhurriedly.

He wore nothing but a bath towel wrapped around his waist, but it didn't make him look indecent at all.

Instead, he looked extremely handsome and sexy.

It seemed he didn't need any clothes to look attractive.

His appearance and perfect figure were enough to make him eye-catching.

Raegan couldn't help blushing when she looked at his half-naked body.

Her mind uncontrollably went to their recent intimate moments.

She blushed even more.

How could he go out of the room wearing only a bath towel? Afraid of waking Nicole up, Raegan gently closed the door.

Then she walked to Mitchel and asked coldly, "Why are you still here?" "There's still some time left." Raegan blinked a few times and looked at Mitchel in confusion.

"What are you talking about?" Mitchel approached her and explained patiently, "Didn't I promise that I would leave you alone after tonight? There's still some time left before midnight." He looked at the clock on the wall and added, "You've wasted thirty-five minutes taking care of Nicole.

It's ten o'clock now." Raegan was rendered speechless.

At first, she didn't know what was going on.

But soon, she understood what he meant.

Mitchel pulled her over and pressed her against the railing.

He traced her red eyes with his fingers and asked in a low voice, "Do you two like crying while taking a bath?" Caught off guard by his question, Raegan was so stunned that she seemed to have forgotten she was held in his embrace.

She secretly blamed their crying on him and Jarrod.

Mitchel raised two fingers and waved them in front of Raegan's eyes to catch her attention.

His slender fingers were well-proportioned.

They were more beautiful than hers.

Under the pale moonlight, they were as delicate as jade.

At this moment, Raegan was already a little flustered.

She asked, "What on earth do you want? Didn't you already agree that we..." She was too embarrassed to say those words, so she stopped halfway.

In the end, she just bit her lower lip and stared at Mitchel questioningly.

It was as if she was asking if he was going back on his word again.

Before Raegan could react, Mitchel leaned over and whispered in her ear, "I promised that I wouldn't pester you starting tomorrow.

But I didn't say I'm satisfied with what we did just now." Raegan's eyes widened, and her mouth gaped open.

She couldn't believe Mitchel could be so shameless.

She couldn't help blaming herself for not elaborating her terms.

Sure enough, he was as shrewd as a fox.

How could she negotiate with someone like him? At this moment, Mitchel lowered his head and covered her lips with his.

At the same time, he slid his hand into her clothes.

"I don't want to waste my remaining two hours." Since Mitchel had already released his orgasm once tonight, he was not in a hurry this time.

He did it slowly.

It was as if he wanted her to remember this moment forever.

Raegan was filled with regrets.

She had already exhausted her remaining strength in bathing Nicole.

So, her struggle at this time appeared more like cooperation to Mitchel.

She had no choice but to give in.

But although she couldn't stop him with her strength, she still provoked him with words, hoping he would end as soon as possible.

She asked sarcastically, "Can you do it or not?" But to her dismay, Mitchel was not irritated at all.

Instead, he grabbed her chin and asked, "Why are you in such a hurry?" Raegan pursed her lips disappointedly.

Since there was nothing else she could do, she just ignored him.

Mitchel continued, "Let me know if you can't stand it." It was hard to tell his emotion from these words.

Chapter 174

Mitchel's Announcement Should Raegan stop Mitchel? That would mean she had second thoughts about their agreement.

In that case, all her efforts would be for nothing.

Raegan did not want that.

Therefore, despite the discomfort, she turned her head and stated, "There's still 1.5 hours left." Mitchel turned her head back to make her face him and asked in a voice hoarse and tinged with displeasure, "Are you sure?" Raegan pursed her lips.

Though her eyes brimmed with tears, she was determined not to give in.

Meanwhile, Mitchel could not help but smile as he stared at her flushed face.

But it was not a smile of happiness.

Raegan tensed up, and a foreboding feeling washed over her.

Even Mitchel's hands on her waist felt colder.

As expected, his smile vanished, and he coldly said, "As you wish." With that, his movements intensified.

Raegan didn't want to make a sound and gripped the railing with one hand.

Mitchel kept his word and continued until the last minute.

And when they were done, he carried her to the bathroom.

Raegan did not think about anything else.

After washing, she returned to her room, and Mitchel was nowhere in sight.

He had fulfilled his promise.

Well, she was too exhausted to think where he was.

As soon as she hit the pillow, she fell asleep.

Raegan awoke to the sound of Nicole's knocking at noon.

As soon as she opened the door, Nicole enveloped her in a hug and exclaimed, "Baby, I'm starving." Raegan helped Nicole sit down.

"Just a minute.

I'll whip up something for you." Once Nicole was seated, Raegan opened the window to air out the room.

There was a faint smell of sex in the air, and she was afraid that Nicole would notice it.

Raegan surveyed the room.

She had expected chaos from last night's events, from the railing to the bed.

But everything was spotless, even the trash can.

Two hours and two rounds were certainly not enough for Mitchel.

With Nicole sleeping in the next room last night, Raegan was too anxious to make a sound.

But Mitchel kept urging her to moan in pleasure.

Unable to stand it anymore, she complied.

Thankfully, Nicole was deep in her drunken slumber.

The thin walls would have otherwise failed to muffle the sounds.

"Why are there so many petals outside? Who sent you those flowers? And why are they scattered?" Nicole curiously asked.

Raegan's face turned red in embarrassment, and she curtly explained, "They're from Henley.

I accidentally knocked them over." When Raegan entered the living room, she noticed several takeout boxes on the table, all neatly arranged.

She assumed Nicole had ordered them.

So, she cleaned up the scattered petals and set up the table for their meal.

When eating, Raegan wanted to say something but did not know where to start.

At last, after a moment's hesitation, she asked, "Nicole, how have you been lately?" "I...

I'm fine," Nicole replied as nonchalantly as she could.

She did not want to burden Raegan with her troubles and would rather endure them alone.

Since Nicole didn't want to talk about it, Raegan did not press and simply held her hand.

"If you ever need someone by your side, I'm only one call away.

| want you to share your troubles, not just your joys.

I'll always be there for you." Moved, Nicole felt an urge to cry.

"I know you care about me.

But trust me, I won't be easily defeated." "I have faith in you." Nicole placed a piece of meat on Raegan's plate and remarked, "Raegan, it seems you earn a lot.

You even ordered a takeout from Moon Restaurant.

I got to say they're delicious." Raegan blinked in surprise.

"What?" Nicole looked equally puzzled.

"Aren't these dishes worth over ten thousand? We don't need to be so extravagant.

Your cooking is just as good, if not better." Upon hearing this, Raegan was baffled.

If Nicole was not the one who had ordered the takeout, then it must have been Mitchel.

Was this his way of saying goodbye? Did this mean he would keep his promise and leave her alone? The following week passed peacefully for Raegan.

Bryce attended his four weekly classes without incident.

Though uninterested, he refrained from acting out.

However, Raegan had a feeling that he had yet to do something bad.

For some reason, she felt he was waiting to strike a decisive blow on Friday.

On Thursday, Raegan was available, and Nicole asked her out to go shopping.

While the two of them enjoyed ice cream at a dessert shop, Nicole, whose attention was on her phone, suddenly gasped and exclaimed, "Damn it! That bastard Mitchel is about to step into a marriage of convenience?" Marriage of convenience? Mitchel? Raegan choked on her ice cream and coughed uncontrollably.

Nicole soothed Raegan's back and remarked, "That bastard Mitchel, he's barely divorced, and he's already with the Benton family's eldest daughter every day! Good thing you left him.

With Lauren gone and Eloise in the picture, he's not short of options." Raegan had calmed down, but her sadness surfaced upon hearing the news.

In just a week, Mitchel had announced his marriage.

Well, what mattered was that he was upholding his promise of not intruding on her life anymore.

Noticing Raegan's somber demeanor and ashen face, Nicole worriedly asked, "Raegan, are you alright?"
"I'm fine.

I just choked on the ice cream," Raegan assured her.

In an instant, her expression returned to normal as if nothing had happened.

But Nicole wasn't convinced.

She clung to Raegan's arm and suggested, "Let's go shopping for some nice clothes and have a good time." As they engaged in conversation, they entered a boutique.

Nicole instantly picked out a dark green cashmere overcoat and a white dress from the display.

She handed them to Raegan and urged, "Try these on." Just by looking at the fabric, Raegan could tell they were expensive.

Considering her debts and upcoming study abroad expenses, it was impractical to indulge herself.

Despite this, Nicole pressed her to try them on.

"No one else can carry off this color like you can." Although reluctant, Raegan eventually agreed to try the clothes on.

Once dressed, both the shopping assistant and Nicole looked at Raegan with eyes wide in awe.

Nicole leaned in and whispered, "See, you're the only one who can make this dress and coat look so elegant.

You've got the aura of a socialite." Raegan's natural poise shone through, making her seem like she hailed from more than an ordinary background.

And with expensive clothes, she looked even more graceful.

The shopping assistant also complimented Raegan, "Miss, this outfit looks perfect on you.

You look radiant in these clothes.

The dark green looks even better on you than on our magazine models." Raegan admitted she was dazzled by the clothes.

Like any girl, she wanted to look good.

But the price tag brought her back to reality.

She could not afford such luxury at the moment.

With a heavy sigh, she shook her head and mumbled, "I'll change back." Nicole offered to pay, but Raegan declined, thinking that wearing fine clothes would not change anything in her life.

True betterment would come from her own hard work and efforts.

Just as Raegan was about to change back into her clothes, a familiar name echoed from the door.

"Mitchel, let's check out this one." Both Raegan and Nicole looked over simultaneously and saw a girl in something glitzy clinging to Mitchel's arm.

They were walking in the store they were in.

Seeing this, Nicole was even more reluctant to let Raegan change back.

In her eyes, Raegan's outfit outshone the girl's.

Nicole grasped Raegan's arm and loudly said, "Raegan, if you go out in this outfit, you'll have men lining up to befriend you on WhatsApp." Mitchel, who had not noticed them earlier, turned his gaze upon hearing Nicole's comment.

Chapter 175

Get Back With Their EX Mitchel, clad in a finely tailored suit and black overcoat, exuded inherent dignity.

The girl by his side clung to his arm.

Their closeness suggested they were a couple.

When Mitchel's gaze met Raegan's, his eyes held no emotion.

After a brief moment, he shifted his attention to Eloise and suggested, "Shall we pick out some clothes?" Eloise noticed Raegan and felt a twinge of discomfort when she recalled their past encounters.

But at the same time, she was buoyed by Mitchel's gentle and pampering tone.

As she walked into the shop and looked around, nothing particularly caught her eye.

However, she found herself fixated on the outfit Raegan was wearing.

"Do you have that dress?" she asked the saleswoman.

"The clothes here are all custom-made, and there's only one of each," the saleswoman replied with a polite smile.

Eloise's lips curled in displeasure.

She usually preferred bright colors, but the dark green dress, which was not particularly eye-catching, looked so striking on Raegan.

Moreover, out of the corner of her eye, she caught Mitchel staring at Raegan and felt indignant.

Well, she had no interest in an attire someone else had worn.

With that, she gripped Mitchel's arm and turned to leave.

The saleswoman was sophisticated, though.

She glanced at Eloise, turned to Raegan, and rolled her eyes.

As she observed the scene, she discerned Eloise's affluent background from her high-end, custom attire.

Beside Eloise, Mitchel exuded a noble air.

With a decade of experience in retail, the saleswoman could tell he was rich and influential.

On the contrary, Raegan had expressed she would not buy the outfit.

It was probably because she could not afford it.

Given the overcoat's price tag of over 100 grand, it was a reasonable assumption that not everyone could afford such luxury.

It did not take a genius to know who to serve.

"Miss, wait," the saleswoman said to Eloise with a courteous smile.

"I can ask that lady to take the outfit off so you can try it on.

Would that be alright?" Eloise was taken aback by the offer.

She had no intention of embarrassing Raegan, but the opportunity presented itself.

Her decision was influenced partly by jealousy, having seen Mitchel's fond gaze on Raegan.

Mitchel had never seen her like this.

Therefore, Eloise raised her chin confidently and said, "Yes, have her take them off quickly.

I don't want to try them on, though.

I'll buy them for my housekeeper." Her tone was sharp, and her words were intentionally demeaning.

The fact that Raegan was currently wearing the outfit and Eloise planned to give it to her housekeeper was a clear jab.

Mitchel cast a frown toward Eloise.

One could not discern if he was pleased or mad.

The saleswoman, excited with the potential order, turned to Raegan and urged, "Miss, please take it off." Nicole was infuriated.

What the hell? Eloise was demeaning Raegan right in front of her! Worse still, Eloise even said she would buy those clothes for her housekeeper.

How arrogant! "What did you just say? Did we say we weren't going to buy them?" Nicole asked the saleswoman.

The saleswoman glanced at Raegan and reasoned, "This lady just said no." "I'll buy them." Nicole reached for her card.

Raegan's attempts to dissuade her were in vain.

With a scornful glance at Eloise, who was clinging to Mitchel, Nicole scoffed inwardly.

She found it ironic that Mitchel was a man Raegan had abandoned but was treasured by Eloise.

The saleswoman shot an apologetic look at Eloise and went to process Nicole's payment.

But soon enough, the saleswoman walked over to Nicole and condescendingly said, "Miss, your card seems to have insufficient funds." It was not that Nicole was poor.

It was just that she had given the wrong card.

Realizing her mistake, Nicole awkwardly said, "Oops, wrong card." As she reached for another card, Raegan intervened.

Raegan shook her head and insisted, "Please, don't.

I don't want it." It was self-humiliating to compete with Mitchel who could buy an entire mall.

Raegan was practical and saw no value in such pettiness.

With that, she quickly changed back into her own clothes and handed the clothes to the saleswoman.

Because Raegan was adamant, there was nothing Nicole could do.

Just as they were about to step out, they saw Eloise casually pointing at a selection of clothes and, without even trying them on, asked, "Mitchel, can you buy me all of those?" Mitchel gave a nod nonchalantly.

Eloise's face lit up, and she said with a coquettish smile, "Thank you, Mitchel.

You're so kind to me." "Anything to make you happy," Mitchel replied in an unusually gentle tone.

This made Raegan fall into a trance.

The memory of when they last fucked, how he grabbed her waist and demanded her to moan, flashed across her mind.

Mitchel seemed so different now.

With a wistful smile, Raegan realized that his love, once given solely to her, could easily be bestowed upon another.

As Nicole approached, Eloise cast a haughty look in her direction.

Then, with a smirk, she stood on tiptoe, kissed Mitchel's cheek, and exclaimed joyfully, "I'm so happy!" Raegan was taken aback by their display of affection.

She immediately looked away and composed herself.

Nicole's hackles rose.

Just as she was about to confront Eloise, Raegan held her back and shook her head, urging her to let it go.

Nicole tried, with all her might, to suppress her anger.

Even so, she could not help but glare at Mitchel as they passed.

What a heartless jerk! Once outside, Nicole vented her frustration about Mitchel's demeanor.

"It seems that bastard's really into his new girlfriend.

He even goes shopping with her.

Maybe it's because of her family's success in new energy sector." Raegan, on the other hand, was not concerned with the business dealings.

Sensing Raegan's low spirits, Nicole offered, "If you're not up for shopping, we could go home." Raegan smiled.

"Let's keep shopping for a while." She did not want to spoil the day.

It was not every day Nicole invited her out.

Inside the boutique, Eloise was busy writing down a delivery address.

The saleswoman walked over to Eloise with a warm smile and offered two cups of coffee.

As Eloise reached for a cup, Mitchel suddenly came over and asked, "All set?" Startled, Eloise failed to grasp the cup, spilling the coffee onto the floor.

The saleswoman quickly bowed her head and apologized.

Recognizing her own mistake, Eloise waved at the saleswoman dismissively.

It was not the saleswoman's fault, after all.

Mitchel, however, seemed displeased and demanded, "Where's the manager?" The male shop manager approached and bowed respectfully.

"Sir, what can I do for you?" Mitchel's gaze shifted to the saleswoman, and he coldly stated, "Her service was unsatisfactory." Flustered, the saleswoman hurriedly explained, "Sir, I...

[didn't mean to spill the coffee." She cast a glance at Eloise with a pitiful expression, hoping Eloise would help her prove her innocence.

Eloise, equally shocked, chimed in, "Mitchel, it's okay, I..." But before she could finish, Mitchel fixed the manager with a stern look.

"How did your store even become part of this mall?" The shop manager lowered his head and asked, "What would you like me to do, sir?" "Fire her," Mitchel curtly said and then left the store.

The saleswoman was left dumbfounded.

Her brief moment of triumph from the deals vanished, replaced by shock and fear.

On the verge of tears, she tried to follow Mitchel, but the manager held her back.

"This customer is a top-tier one," the manager explained.

"I'll send the surveillance footage to our headquarters for review.

Go home for now." Meanwhile, Eloise looked unsettled.

She had a feeling that Mitchel had done that not in her defense but in

Raegan's.

' At this moment, she quickened her pace to catch up with Mitchel and then reached out to grasp his arm.

But then, Mitchel turned sharply and gazed at her with an icy gaze.

"I don't like being touched.

Don't do that again." Eloise's eyes turned red, and her cheeks burned as if she had been slapped.

The truth was, she did not actually kiss him earlier.

Mitchel had deftly avoided her.

She had made loud noises on purpose because she was afraid of losing face.

But she did not realize she had crossed his boundaries.

Mitchel did not wait for her and marched ahead.

Eloise forced herself to calm down and hurried after him.

She could not ruin this shopping trip, especially given the efforts of Mitchel's father on her behalf.

Meanwhile, Raegan and Nicole were shopping at a cosmetics store on the first floor.

After a while, Nicole excused herself to use the restroom, so Raegan wandered around while waiting.

A few steps away, Raegan spotted a wallet on the ground.

It was a simple black Kraft design, adorned with a short-name logo.

She recognized it at once.

Raegan was reluctant to pick it up at first.

But as she pondered, she thought of the potential risk to Mitchel if his identity documents got lost and fell into the wrong hands.

With that, she picked up the wallet, intending to hand it over to the reception desk so they could inform its owner.

However, before she could take a few steps, she saw Mitchel standing by the railing and talking to someone on the phone.

Eloise was nowhere in sight.

Not wanting to cause a scene, Raegan gently tugged on his sleeve to get his attention.

She was about to say something when he suddenly shook her hand off and snapped, "Don't touch me." Mitchel's action surprised Raegan.

His forceful motion caused Raegan to stumble and fall and the wallet to fly out of her grasp.

Pain seared through Raegan's hand.

She must have scraped her skin on the floor.

Moreover, her ankle throbbed, possibly sprained.

Hearing a yelp, Mitchel impatiently turned around.

His expression shifted to shock upon seeing Raegan on the floor.

He immediately extended his hand to help.

But then, Nicole happened to emerge from the bathroom and pushed him away.

Nicole had seen how Mitchel mercilessly pushed Raegan away.

Without a second thought, she rushed up to Mitchel and jabbed her finger at him.

"Are you a man or not? How could you hit your ex-wife?!" Mitchel's face turned pale.

He wanted to approach Raegan and apologize, but Nicole blocked his way.

At the same time, Eloise came out of the restroom.

Upon hearing from Nicole that Raegan was Mitchel's mysterious ex-wife, she stood there, utterly stunned.

She feared Raegan might attempt to rekindle her relationship with Mitchel.

It was not impossible, considering Raegan was pretty.

Without thinking, Eloise rushed to Nicole and snapped, "How dare you push him! Don't you have any manners?" Indignant on Raegan's behalf, Nicole retorted, "I'd push him again if I could.

He's a jerk!" Eloise then glared at Raegan and began berating her.

"So, you're Mitchel's ex-wife.

Have you no shame? How could you show up at his office when you're already divorced? Have some self-respect.

Don't bother Mitchel.

Don't stoop so low." The noise around them grew.

For a moment, Raegan felt a wave of dizziness.

As the scene before her appeared to recede, Raegan's memory took over, and she recalled the times Mitchel had done similar things but with Lauren.

She narrowed her eyes and stared at him for a long time.

Mitchel at this moment overlapped his image from her memories.

Mitchel had not changed, and she always ended up enduring the pain.

"What are you talking about? You're the one obsessed with Mitchel.

Raegan left him," Nicole sneered.

Nicole and Eloise's argument escalated, drawing the attention of everyone around.

"Nicole, please, no more fighting," Raegan interjected.

Her voice, though not loud, cut through the heated exchange.

She limped forward, picked up the wallet, and extended it toward Eloise.

With a resigned smile, Raegan said, "He dropped his wallet.

I found it and intended to return it.

Please, don't misunderstand.

Not everyone wants to get back with their ex." With those words, Raegan grasped Nicole's hand and walked away, avoiding Mitchel's gaze.

As Raegan walked away, her feet ached, and her steps were rigid.

But she was determined not to show her discomfort.

She focused on walking with as much grace as possible and masked any sign of pain.

Meanwhile, Mitchel looked visibly upset.

Eloise handed over his wallet and muttered, "Your ex -wife's friend is so aggressive.

It makes me think your ex-wife must be difficult, too.

It's good that you're no longer together." As she spoke, she felt a sudden chill.

She looked up and met Mitchel's icy stare.

"Who said you have the right to judge?" he snarled, which sent shivers down Eloise's spine.

"Mitchel, I..." Mitchel had no interest in listening to her and cut her off with a cold look, "Raegan never chased after me.

It was always the other way around." Eloise's heart sank, and tears welled up in her eyes.

"How can you say that, Mitchel? Your father said I'd be your wife..." "He doesn't make my decisions," Mitchel replied sharply.

Not wanting to talk to her anymore, he took his wallet and dismissed her bluntly, "Leave now.

| don't want to see you again." At the entrance of the mall, Nicole noticed Raegan's swollen ankle and felt a surge of anger toward Mitchel.

Raegan's condition worsened with each step.

With a sigh, Nicole supported Raegan and offered, "I'll bring the car around.

Wait for me here." As night fell, the dim street lights flickered on.

Standing at the door, Raegan was engulfed in sadness.

Then, she felt something cold on her face.

She touched it and realized they were tears.

Before she could ponder further, Nicole's car headlights illuminated her.

Not wanting Nicole to see her tears, Raegan quickly wiped them away.

In the car, Nicole tried to lighten the mood with humor.

A few moments later, she peered into her rearview mirror and frowned.

"Doesn't that guy in the car behind us look like that jerk Mitchel?" Raegan glanced back and saw a silver luxury car.

It was hard to identify the driver.

Knowing Mitchel's collection of cars, Raegan could not be certain it was him.

Nicole could not see the driver clearly as well, so she just offered a reminder.

"Raegan, I can't stay over tonight.

Make sure to lock your door and stay safe, okay?" Raegan nodded.

"Okay." Just then, her phone buzzed with a new message.

Raegan opened it and saw it was from Henley, asking about her decision to translate a book.

She could not recall discussing this with him.

Suddenly, an idea occurred to her.

She glanced at the silver car still trailing them and typed a reply.

"Are you free? Can you come over to my place to discuss it?" "Sure.

I'm close by.

I'll be there shortly," Henley replied almost immediately.

"Meet me at my door." After Nicole dropped her off at her apartment, Raegan went upstairs to her unit to find Henley already waiting.

She opened the door and invited him, "Come in, please." As they settled in, Raegan "accidentally" spilled coffee on him.

The next moment, she looked at him and asked, "Do you want to take a shower?"

Chapter 176

Ask His Ex-wife To Stay Single For Him Henley was not born yesterday not to know what it meant to take a bath in a woman's house.

He looked at Raegan's bare face.

She had radiant skin, a pair of almond eyes, and rosy lips.

She was still very pretty, even without makeup.

As the warm light shone down on her, he could see the fine hair on her delicate face.

This made her lovelier in his eyes.

No normal man would not be charmed by Raegan's beauty.

And Henley was not an exception.

After staring at Raegan for a while, he felt his lower abdomen tightened.

He was aroused.

His deep-set eyes were fixed on her as he asked, "Is it convenient for you now?" The way Henley stared at her made Raegan feel a bit awkward.

She looked away and murmured, "I'm sorry, Henley." She must admit that she wanted to take advantage of him at first.

But when she thought about it, she immediately realized it was wrong.

After all, it was her own problem.

She should solve it by herself.

With this realization, Raegan stood up and said, "I'll get you a towel." But when she turned around, Henley suddenly grabbed her wrist.

She looked at him in confusion, only to see that his eyes shone.

He said, "Let me help you." When Henley saw the confusion on Raegan's face, the corners of his mouth curved into a smile.

He added calmly, "I'm your boyfriend, right?" Raegan wasn't sure if she was only imagining things, but she seemed to hear some coaxing in his voice.

Before Raegan could reply, Henley stood up and took off his coat.

Then, he began to unbutton his shirt.

"I'm going to take a shower." While Henley was in the bathroom, the doorbell rang.

Raegan walked to the door and checked through the peephole.

It was Mitchel standing outside.

She was a little hesitant to open the door.

This time, Mitchel knocked directly.

Raegan was startled.

What if her neighbors would be disturbed? At the thought of this, she quickly opened the door.

As soon as the door was opened, Mitchel's eyes fell directly on Raegan's face.

Her cheeks were pinkish and tender.

She must have just taken a shower because her hair was still wet.

She was already in her nightgown.

It had only been a few days that Mitchell hadn't seen Raegan, but he already missed her so much.

He felt like he hadn't seen her in months.

But what about her? Did she miss him even a bit? In fact, she happily went shopping with her friends.

When he bumped into her at the mall, she just ignored him.

She treated him like a stranger.

Now that he was in front of her at the door of her apartment, he still felt her strong indifference.

His heart ached.

It was as if it was being pricked by thousands of needles.

Mitchel didn't expect that when Raegan said she wanted to put an end to their relationship, she really meant it.

She wasn't just throwing a tantrum.

She didn't hesitate to draw a clear line at him.

At the thought of this, Mitchel clenched his fists tightly.

He said in a low voice, "I didn't mean to push you away today.

I didn't know it was you." Raegan didn't seem surprised when she heard this.

She nodded and said, "It's no big deal." She knew Mitchel didn't hold a grudge against her.

There was no need for him to embarrass her in public.

She must admit she was a bit upset back then.

But it was only for a moment.

She soon forgot about it.

That was because she no longer had any expectations for Mitchel.

Such kinds of things didn't affect her.

But who did he want to get rid of at that time? Did he mistake her for Eloise? Raegan didn't want to think about the answer anymore.

It was none of her business, anyway.

After all, Mitchel's mind was inherently unpredictable.

He was difficult to understand.

Raegan's indifference crushed Mitchel's heart even more, But he didn't dare to be too aggressive this time.

He was afraid of scaring her, so he could only pretend to be calm.

He looked at her ankle and asked, "How's your ankle? Does it still hurt?" "I'm fine," Raegan replied briefly.

She sounded very cold.

And because of this, the anger in Mitchel's heart instantly surged.

He suddenly grabbed her wrist and said, "You don't have any..." Mitchel's voice trailed off.

Then, he pushed Raegan away.

His eyes fell on a man's coat on the sofa.

Also, the sound of water in the bathroom attracted his attention.

He felt like he was slapped heavily on the face.

His face turned even colder and gloomier.

He looked at Raegan with narrowed eyes.

"Who is in there?" Raegan didn't answer.

Mitchel leaned over and pressed his handsome face against hers.

He demanded harshly, "Answer me." Raegan looked at Mitchel calmly and_ replied indifferently, "Mr.

Dixon, first of all,] am not your employee.

I don't have to report anything to you.

Besides, I have nothing to do with you.

So, you have no right to meddle in my business." These words ignited Mitchel's anger even more.

He sneered, pushed Raegan away, and turned around to go to the bathroom to confront the guy inside.

However, Raegan blocked his way and said coldly, "Mr.

Dixon, this is my place.

You don't have the right to do things at will." Mitchel clenched his teeth.

He was now overwhelmed by anger.

"Raegan, how can you cheat on me like this?" Raegan looked at him as if she was looking at a lunatic.

"Mr.

Dixon, I'm still so young.

Isn't it normal for me to fall in love again? And we're divorced.

How can you accuse me of cheating? Besides, you have those women around you.

And what right does a man have to ask his ex-wife to stay single for him?" Mitchel was so angry that he was at a loss for words.

He must admit that when it came to Raegan, he was helpless.

He shouldn't have been irritated by her in the first place.

And he shouldn't have promised her to end their relationship back then.

He stared at her.

His eyes were as deep as a bottomless pit.

He threatened, "'Raegan, have you forgotten the consequences of provoking me?" But Raegan didn't show even the slightest trace of fear.

Instead, she smiled and said, "Mr.

Dixon, don't forget about your promise.

I hope you can be a man of your word.

Otherwise, I will really look down upon you." These words sounded very familiar to Mitchel.

Raegan mimicked Eloise's words in the shopping mall today.

Obviously, Mitchel's new girlfriend was jealous, and she regarded Raegan as her rival.

Mitchel pursed his thin lips tightly.

His body tensed with rage.

He had no choice but to swallow back the words he wanted to say.

The disgust and avoidance in Raegan's eyes were very apparent.

At this moment, all the arrogance and conceit in his body shattered.

Mitchel swallowed hard, making his Adam's apple bob up and down.

He explained, "It's not what you think it is.

Eloise and I are just..." Mitchel paused for a while.

Suddenly, he didn't want to say anything more.

After all, he knew that Raegan was not interested in hearing the truth.

She didn't care whether he was seeing someone or not.

After being silent for a while, Mitchel finally opened his mouth again to say something.

However, the door of the bathroom was opened with a clatter.

Then, a familiar voice sounded.

"Raegan, can you get me a bath towel?" The expression on Mitchel's face drastically changed upon hearing this.

Chapter 177

That Woman Has Nothing To Do With Me However, Raegan remained composed.

She turned around, grabbed a bath towel, and handed it to Henley.

When Henley emerged with the towel, surprise flickered across his face at the sight of Mitchel.

Nevertheless, he swiftly regained his composure.

"Why are you here so late, Mr. Dixon?" Henley's words stunned Mitchel, who couldn't help but look at Henley in disbelief.

Henley reached out to playfully ruffle Raegan's hair and said in an indulging voice, "Why don't you invite Mr. Dixon in for a seat?" But Raegan responded expressionlessly, "It's quite late." They interacted so intimately and acted as if Mitchel didn't exist.

Mitchel's thin lips pressed into a tight line, and his eyes betrayed a hint of redness.

He looked at Raegan and questioned, "Did you two sleep together?" Raegan was momentarily taken aback by the intensity in his dark eyes.

Mitchel pulled Raegan closer, his anger palpable.

"Answer me.

Did you sleep with him?" Henley attempted to free Raegan from Mitchel's grasp but was forcefully pushed away.

In a fit of anger, Mitchel raised his fist, aiming for Henley.

Reacting quickly, Raegan pushed Mitchel away and said coldly, "Mitchel, if you lay a finger on him, I will make you regret it!" Mitchel stopped his impending punch and looked at them.

A bitter smile suddenly appeared on his lips.

How absurd! He couldn't believe Raegan and Henley had truly been together all along.

Furthermore, his investigations led him to believe that their relationship was a charade, a facade maintained for the benefit of Henley's family.

Hence, he was unfazed by Raegan pretending to be Henley's girlfriend, confident he would win her back one day.

However, everything had crumbled before him.

Raegan and Henley were indeed together.

This was Henley, the man adoring and pestering Raegan during their marriage.

The same guy who had jeopardized their marriage multiple times.

It could have been any guy, but definitely not Henley.

Mitchel felt a mix of disgust and nausea.

He slowly lowered his fist.

The desire to hit Henley had already disappeared.

He just shot Raegan a disdainful look and said, word by word, "You make me sick." Raegan's face went pale at his words.

With a cold glint in his eyes, Henley interjected, "Mr. Dixon, please show some respect to my girlfriend." But Mitchel brushed off Henley's words like an irritating fly.

A sardonic smile played on his lips as he looked at Raegan.

He then turned around and left.

As Mitchel's figure retreated, Raegan felt a sensation akin to having her heart snagged by a fishhook.

It took Henley calling her twice to bring her back to the present.

Henley put a hand on her shoulder and asked, "Are you okay?" Raegan sidestepped his touch awkwardly and muttered, "I'm fine." Henley withdrew his hand, but his eyes underwent an indescribable change as he looked at her.

Oblivious to the change in his eyes, Raegan turned around, retrieved Henley's clothes from the dryer, and handed them to Henley.

Henley's gaze darkened.

"What if he comes back later?" It was a subtle proposal, suggesting he could spend the night since there were two bedrooms.

Moreover, it would be a good opportunity to deepen their relationship.

Raegan shook her head definitively and said, "Don't worry.

He won't come back." The look in Mitchel's eyes before he left conveyed finality.

This time, they were really over, and Raegan was certain of it.

This was the outcome she had expected when she decided to involve Henley.

After getting dressed, Henley noticed Raegan seemed a bit worn out, so he didn't say anything more.

He simply handed her the book that needed translation.

This was a favor Henley was doing for Raegan.

One of his foreign clients was into this novel and was willing to pay big bucks for a translated version.

However, his language was rare, and finding a translator was like searching for a needle in a haystack.

Thankfully, Henley recalled Raegan's proficiency in this foreign language while they were in college.

Raegan had once been chosen by the school to act as a translator for a visiting delegation from that country during a cultural exchange.

What he didn't realize back then was that Raegan had picked up this rare language not out of pure passion but because of the lucrative translation opportunities it presented.

Back then, her grandmother's health was failing, and Raegan needed funds not only for her expenses but also for medical bills.

Given the saturation of more common languages in the job market, she focused on mastering this lesser-known language to ensure financial stability.

Raegan couldn't help but feel grateful to Henley for this opportunity since she was preparing to study abroad and needed a lot of money.

In a soft tone, she said, "Henley, I'm sorry about today.

You have done so much for me, and I shouldn't take advantage of you for my benefit." Sensing her sincerity, Henley, initially hesitant to say anything, found himself impulsively asking, "Raegan, would you consider being my girlfriend?" Raegan looked at him in surprise.

Wearing a faint smile, Henley clarified, "I mean, a real couple." Raegan was confused when she heard that.

She couldn't help but ask, "Don't you already have someone in your heart?" "I can't be with her anymore.

She is happy now, and I want to find my happiness too.

Let's give it a shot.

What do you think?" Henley was quite good at hiding things he wanted to hide.

A handsome man could easily win people over, especially when his eyes were clean and pure.

This sudden confession left Raegan stunned.

But she assumed Henley wasn't too keen on her and didn't take his proposition seriously.

She politely declined, "I'm sorry, Henley.

I'm not looking to be in a relationship right now.

You are amazing, and you deserve someone better." "Raegan, don't underestimate yourself.

You excel in every aspect in my eyes." Henley's words were open and sincere.

He sounded like he truly appreciated her.

Before Raegan could respond, Henley continued with a smile, "As you venture onto a broader stage in the future, there will be plenty of men pursuing you.

Don't turn me down immediately.

Give me time to prove myself.

Then, you can decide whether to accept me or not." Raegan's cheeks flushed in response to his words.

Rarely had someone confessed to her with such passion.

This was a completely new experience for Raegan, something she had never experienced with Mitchel.

After all, Mitchel and she were from different social worlds.

Mitchel was someone out of her league.

Even though Mitchel never looked down on her, Raegan always felt at a disadvantage in their relationship, as if she didn't deserve him.

Back when she was younger, numerous suitors pursued her, but at that time, she prioritized her studies.

To fend them off, she fabricated a story about having a boyfriend in a different city, leaving her admirers disappointed and backing off.

Marriage narrowed her social circle even further, limiting her interactions with men.

At that time, romantic considerations were furthest from her mind.

Henley's words sounded reasonable, and he didn't press her to accept him immediately.

The final decision was hers, leaving Raegan unsure of how to decline him.

Before she could say anything more, Henley gracefully left, not giving her the chance to voice her thoughts.

When he got into the car, the kindness on Henley's face vanished instantly.

He noticed that every time he got close to Raegan, his head would ache, causing discomfort.

Furthermore, this unease had been escalating, unsettling his nerves and clouding his mind.

He was always adept at keeping his thoughts to himself.

He would never reveal his true feelings, no matter how badly he wanted something.

He would first lay out a detailed plan and make his prey approach him voluntarily.

He relished the feeling of having complete control over everything.

However, this time, he felt no satisfaction.

He only had an uncontrollable impulse.

He was anxious and frantic, yearning to possess Raegan as soon as possible.

Glancing back at the window, a smile played on Henley's lips, but it held no warmth.

Only an icy coldness and malice lingered.

Meanwhile, Raegan wasn't deeply affected by Mitchel's hurtful words.

That night, she burned the midnight oil, immersing herself in translating the book.

Completing this assignment promised a_ hefty paycheck of three hundred thousand dollars.

This money could help her solve the current predicament.

After the divorce, Raegan understood that only through hard work could she gain the strength to choose and protect herself in times of trouble.

She couldn't afford to be idle and endure abuse from others.

With this in mind, her desire to pursue further studies abroad intensified.

She knew that only by becoming strong enough could she prevent anyone from bullying her again.

In the dimly lit bar, Mitchel nursed his drink, drowning in a sea of despair.

Luis and Jarrod, his drinking companions for the evening, sat nearby.

Luis cleared his throat, looked at Mitchel, and asked, "What's wrong this time?" Mitchel brushed off the question.

However, Luis smirked and continued, "Let me guess.

Did Miss Benton get on your nerves again?" Eloise's relentless pursuit of Mitchel was no secret.

It was mainly because Eloise was so high-profile that she expressed her love for Mitchel on the social platform every single day.

In the tight-knit world of the wealthy, gossip traveled faster than light.

Despite Luis' prodding, Mitchel remained stoic.

"Is it something to do with Raegan?" Luis tried another angle.

"Her?" Mitchel finally responded, a sneer forming on his lips.

"That woman has nothing to do with me." His words dripped with coldness, cruelty, and unwavering determination.

It was the first time Luis had heard Mitchell speak of Raegan in such a manner.

Chapter 178

Not Love Him Mitchel said those words seriously, but Luis found them unbelievable.

"You claim she has nothing to do with you.

But have you forgotten that you often go back to her and harass her again and again?" Mitchel's grip on the wine glass tightened.

It was as if he wanted to crush it.

"This time, it's true.

From now on, whatever she does will have nothing to do with me." Luis still wanted to say a few words to comfort Mitchel.

He asked, "What did Raegan do to you this time?" Before Mitchel could answer, Jarrod snorted.

"Hey, it's just a woman.

Why still bother? What you need to do is find a couple of women to play with.

Believe me, you will forget about her completely." Mitchel put a cigarette between his fingers and said indifferently, "I'm not interested." Jarrod raised his eyebrows.

"What's wrong? Don't tell me you can't be attracted to anyone else aside from her." Mitchel looked at him with a frown.

"It's not like that." But actually, he didn't know.

After all, he had never tried it with anyone else.

But Jarrod seemed right.

Only Raegan could arouse him.

He had no interest in other women at all.

Mitchel's face darkened.

He put the cigarette in his mouth irritably, took a long drag, and blew a mouthful of smoke.

Luis kicked Jarrod lightly and snorted.

"hey, don't stir up trouble.

What if I find you a woman now? Will you sleep with her?" Jarrod raised his eyebrows again.

"Of course! Do I have any reason to refuse? Since you want to introduce several women to me, I am more than willing to accept your kindness.

"Really, huh?" Luis kicked Jarrod again.

He smiled and continued, "Do you think I don't know you and Miss Lawrence have been intimate recently? What do you want to do? Reignite the flame of love between you two?" Jarrod shook his head, "Of course not.

I'm Just in the mood to play with her recently." But when Nicole's image flashed in his mind, Jarrod's Adam's apple bobbed up and down.

Luis was right.

He had been sleeping with Nicole a lot recently.

Since she confessed that she still had feelings for him, it seemed something had changed in their sexual activities.

He couldn't deny the fact that he became a little addicted to it, and it was not only to vent his desire like he did before.

Luis looked at Jarrod with narrowed eyes.

"Oh, man! Brag and bounce!" Jarrod tilted his head.

"It's perfectly normal for men to love sex.

Not everyone is preparing to become a celibate monk like you." Luis rolled his eyes at Jarrod, who was deliberately shifting the topic to him.

Jarrod laughed at his reaction.

"I'm actually wondering if your tool can still work." Luis smiled wickedly and said deliberately, "Do you want to give it a try?" A wave of disgust surged in Jarrod's heart.

"Fuck off!" Jarrod picked up the glass and drank it up.

"Guys, I'm leaving.

You continue the fun." Luis knew Jarrod walked out in disgust.

But he didn't mind it.

He turned to Mitchel and said, "I think you should let go of Raegan for now.

It's only momentary, anyway.

It's more important to focus on the matter with your father.

Make him let down his guard.

Once he feels at ease, he'll surely contact that illegitimate son.

Then, you can catch him and put him in the open.

It's better to deal with him openly than in secret." Seeing that Mitchel was noncommittal, Luis didn't know how much of their conversation Mitchel had absorbed.

Luis sighed.

"As for Miss Benton, don't be too hard on her.

Just bear with her these days." Mitchel remained expressionless.

Luis couldn't read his mind.

Luis rubbed his temples with his fingers and complained, "Why did I invest in your family's shares? You, the major shareholder, don't even worry about your family business.

While I, a nobody, worry every day that your father will hand the company to his illegitimate son." Mitchel said indifferently, "You got nothing to worry about.

Even if Alexis hands the company to his illegitimate son, you can still withdraw your shares.

You won't suffer a significant loss." "You...

Mitchel, you are hopeless." Luis looked frustrated.

"Think about my words.

I can see Miss Benton is quite satisfied with you.

I never ask you to accompany her in a considerate way.

But please, don't always wear that gloomy face and be indifferent to her.

Try to communicate with her normally." Luis paused, recalling his experience in dealing with women.

Then, he added, "When a woman has you in her heart, you only need to say a few casual words, and she will soften.

But once she loses you in her heart, she won't care about anything you say or do." Luis' words somewhat hit Mitchel.

Indeed, Raegan no longer had him in her heart.

Aside from totally getting rid of him in her heart, she also learned to stab him deep in his heart.

Fortunately, he sobered up and _ regained his composure.

After smoking a cigarette, his mind became clearer and calmer.

"Since Alexis wants the new energy project of the Benton family so much, I need to play along with him and ensure he negotiates this deal as soon as possible." Luis raised his eyebrows.

"Are you suggesting putting on an act?" "No, not a fake one.

I'll make a real one." Mitchel tapped the table with his slender and beautiful fingers.

"The members of the Benton family are not stupid.

They won't link the company's development with their daughter's marriage.

Present them with a win-win situation, and they'll naturally be attracted." Luis breathed a sigh of relief when he heard this.

Indeed, Mitchel hit the target directly every time he made a move.

Luis said casually, "If you are as clear-headed as this when it comes to your relationship with Reagan, you wouldn't have ended up in a divorce." Sure enough, God was fair.

When He gave people extraordinary skills, he also balanced them with weaknesses.

Mitchel rubbed his forehead, looking irritable again.

He frowned and said unhappily, "Don't mention her.

As I have said, she has nothing to do with me." He said those words again.

Luis just smiled without saying anything.

He believed that if a man really felt this way, he wouldn't keep emphasizing it.

Repeating it over and over again was no different from deceiving himself.

Jarrold went straight to Oasis Apartment.

This was one of his many properties.

And recently, he let Nicole stay here so he could come to her anytime.

When he arrived downstairs, he immediately noticed the dim yellow light on the eighteenth floor.

It was an indication that Nicole was at home.

He stood there looking up at the light while smoking.

An indescribable feeling rose from the bottom of his heart.

Although he still hated her, he sometimes thought it was good for them to go on like this.

Jarrood stubbed out his cigarette and entered the apartment building.

He took the elevator in a good mood.

He had inexplicable and unspeakable anticipation to see her.

Jarrood was about to open the door when his phone suddenly rang.

He received two video clips.

His brows furrowed slightly.

He squinted and clicked the videos.

The first video showed Nicole and Raegan chatting while eating at a mall.

"Nicole, do you still love Jarrod?" Raegan asked.

Nicole replied, "I'm not out of my mind yet."

I'd rather love pigs and dogs than love him.

I will never love him.

I just found an effective way to deal with him." Raegan frowned and said worriedly, "Don't do anything foolish.

If you offend Jarrod, I'm afraid he'll hurt you." Nicole smiled.

"Don't be deceived by Jarrod's appearance.

He only looks formidable on the surface.

But the truth is, he is still as naive as before.

He is easy to deceive." Then, the video abruptly stopped.

It only took thirty seconds for Jarrod's mood to change dramatically.

But he seemed calm, clicking the second video.

It was a video of Nicole having breakfast with a young man by the roadside.

They were eating pizza while chatting and laughing happily.

They looked like a couple.

Jarrod knew who sent these videos to him.

He forwarded the second video to Alec, followed by a voice message.

"I want all the information about this man in five minutes." Then, Jarrod put his phone back into his pocket and pushed the heavy door open expressionlessly.

Chapter 179

I Don't Want To Hear Your Lies In the room, Nicole stared at the blood she had coughed up into the trash can.

Its red hue was stark and unsettling.

Not long ago, a doctor diagnosed her with a severe gastric ulcer and warned her of a_ potential progression to stomach cancer if not treated promptly.

Recently, she had been frequently drinking with her potential clients.

Nicole had become known as someone who could handle an impressive amount of alcohol.

However, it was not that she never got drunk.

The truth was, she often retreated to the bathroom to vomit and maintain her sobriety.

Otherwise, she would seem vulnerable when alone.

The routine of forced vomiting and enduring acid reflux had inflicted significant damage on her stomach.

The doctor recommended she run a_ further examination tomorrow.

She must admit, she was terrified about the result.

What if she had stomach cancer? She was an only child, and her parents were not in good condition.

If they learned she was ill, it might be a blow to them.

Nicole forcefully pushed these worries aside.

With that, she tidied up the trash can, concealed its contents with waste paper, and masked the odor with an air freshener.

With that, she prepared several dishes and waited for Jarrod to return.

Knowing Jarrod usually arrived home late, she delayed cooking.

Almost immediately after sending him a message, she received his reply that he would be home in ten minutes.

"Home?" Nicole mused.

This word echoed in her mind as she read his message.

Jarrod's home with her? This was merely a place for him to get laid with her.

At the shopping mall today, Raegan seemed to want to say something but stopped on a second thought.

Nicole figured Raegan must be worried about her after seeing her bruises and scars.

To ease Raegan's worry, Nicole assured her Jarrod was easily fooled by her and that there was no need to worry about her.

In all honesty, even Nicole did not believe her own words.

She resented Jarrod.

If it were not for him, the Lawrence family's business would not have suffered, sparing her from the obligation of drinking with clients.

After all, this was the very cause of her illness.

But ever since she confessed her love for him, Jarrod's behavior had somewhat surprised her.

While still intense in the bed, he rarely degraded her now.

There were times when they interacted like any normal couple, and heartwarming moments, like today, happened from time to time.

Had Jarrod changed for good? Nicole did not like having such expectations.

Even if he had changed, she could not forget about Jamie's presence.

All Nicole had ever wanted was a simple and content life.

That was all.

While Nicole was in deep thought, the door swung open.

Jarrod had returned.

Her face lit up with joy at the sight of Jarrod.

At this moment, she walked up to him with a beaming smile and greeted, "You're back." On the contrary, Jarrod was standing at the door and staring at her with cold eyes.

Nicole was about to take his coat when suddenly, she sensed something was amiss.

"You're quite the actress, aren't you?" Jarrod uttered in disdain.

"What?" Nicole froze.

Before she could react, his eyes bore into her with a chilling intensity.

Jarrold smirked.

"Put on something sexy and come out with me." Nicole was stunned.

Confused as to what Jarrod was talking about, she stammered, "But you haven't eaten what I made..." Before she could finish, Jarrod brushed past her, walked over to the table, and waved his hand.

Crash! Jarrod yanked the table cloth and overturned the table with a sinister smile on his face.

"I've had it." Even though Nicole was not the brightest of the bunch, she could sense that something was wrong.

She glanced at the mess on the floor and asked with forced calm, "Jarrod, what's wrong?" Without glancing at Nicole, Jarrod pulled a piece of clothing from the wardrobe and flung it in her direction.

"Just wear this," he commanded.

Nicole stared at the garment in shock.

Jarrood bought it for her to wear in bed.

How could she possibly wear it in public? "What are you waiting for? Get changed," Jarrood ordered, his voice cold and commanding.

"Or should I call your mother to help you?" His words sent shivers down her spine.

"I...

I'll get changed," Nicole whispered with quivering lips.

She changed into the clothes right in front of Jarrood and slipped on an overcoat.

Jarrood cast a disdainful glance at her and pushed open the door.

Nicole, however, remained behind.

When he turned around, he found that Nicole was squatting on the porch with beads of sweat forming on her forehead.

She was in pain again.

She had waited for him to return without eating anything, leading to a painful stomachache.

Crouched and panting heavily, Nicole pleaded, "Jarrood, could we go out tomorrow? I have a stomachache..." Jarrood looked at her, devoid of sympathy, thinking she was just putting on an act.

Her acting looked convincing.

How foolish of him to feel pity for her.

Was he going to fall for her tricks again? Jarrod stared at her with narrowed eyes and said in an icy tone, "If you don't want to go out, maybe I should ask your mother if she's free to accompany me." As soon as he said these words, he reached for his phone to make the call.

"I...

I'll go," Nicole said, struggling to suppress her discomfort.

Jarrold looked at her with utter contempt.

Although feeling unwell, Nicole climbed into Jarrod's car.

He drove to the club at full speed.

As soon as Nicole stepped out of the car, she could not hold back anymore and vomited.

The acid reflux caused intense pain.

Nicole wiped her mouth with a wet tissue and was shocked to find out she had vomited blood again.

When the pain somehow subsided, Nicole straightened up to find Jarrod had already entered the club without even looking back at her.

Nicole followed Jarrod in a hurry.

But when Jarrod saw her come in, he still pressed the door close.

The abrupt movement of the elevator nearly made Nicole vomit blood again.

Jarrood's eyes held a mocking glint as he stared at her.

Nicole felt a pang of pain in her heart.

She wanted to know why he was acting this way.

Their relationship was improving, wasn't it? How could his behavior change suddenly? After hesitating for a long time, she finally asked, "Jarrod, what's wrong? If there's something on your mind, can't you just talk to me about it?" The elevator doors slid open, and Jarrod stepped out.

But just as he was about to enter a chamber, he stopped.

"Nicole, do you really think you can fool me again?" "T didn't..." With a mocking smile playing on his lips, Jarrod played a video in front of Nicole.

The conversation between Nicole and Raegan was audible.

All of a sudden, Nicole's face drained of color.

"Jarrod, you've got it all wrong.

What I meant was..." Before she could finish, Jarrod grabbed her by the neck and pinned her against the wall.

"I don't want to hear your lies.

Just do as I say." Nicole, gasping for air, turned a shade of purple and was unable to utter a word.

This video was taken out of context.

She had been referring to a memory from school, a time when Jarrod was innocent and gullible.

She used to make up stories about boys giving her love letters, just to see Jarrod get jealous and ignore her.

Back then, Jarrod was naive and easy to trick.

Nicole had not meant to imply that Jarrod was still easily fooled.

She just thought he might have retained some of his old traits.

Seeing her struggling for breath, Jarrod released her.

Nicole collapsed to the floor, gasping.

Jarrod glowered at her.

"I've given you a few days of peace.

Have you forgotten what it's like to be in torment?" Nicole looked up at him with despair and hurriedly explained, "It's not what you think, Jarrod.

I was just..." Jarrod sneered and arrogantly used the toe of his shiny leather shoe to lift Nicole's chin, an act that was utterly demeaning.

"Seeing your hypocrite face makes me sick," he said with utter disdain.

Nicole's lips quivered, but no words came out.

She knew arguing with him was futile.

Whatever she said, Jarrod would not believe her.

With this thought in mind, she braced herself for the impending ordeal.

"Get up," Jarrod commanded.

Nicole forced herself to her feet.

In Jarrod's eyes, every move she made was to deceive him.

Jarrod glanced at Nicole with revulsion, pushed the door open, and walked into the room.

Inside, several middle-aged men stood to greet Jarrod.

Jarrod acknowledged them with a nod and took his seat.

These men were CEOs of their respective companies.

Though older than Jarrod, they were aware that Jarrod was more powerful and influential than them.

Recently, they were eager to collaborate with Jarrod on a lucrative project.

However, they had yet to agree on terms as Jarrod's proposed price was exceedingly low.

Jarrod's shrewdness often rubbed people the wrong way.

But they had no choice but to engage in discussions with him.

During the meeting, Deniz noticed Nicole standing at the door.

He turned to Jarrod and politely asked, "Jarrod, is she your girlfriend?" "Deniz, your vision must be failing," Jarrod replied with scorn.

"She's not my type.

She's here for your entertainment." The implication was clear to everyone.

She was merely a whore.

Despite the warmth of the room, Nicole felt a chill.

It was only then that she realized Jarrod's intentions.

The brief sense of warmth she had felt earlier that day shattered with his words.

A bitter smile crossed Nicole's face.

She had been deluded to think Jarrod had softened up when getting along with her.

He had never taken the time to listen to her side of the story, not even a single word.

In Jarrod's eyes, Nicole's sorrow was nothing but an act.

At this moment, his dark and foreboding gaze fell on her, and he demanded, "Aren't you going to start undressing?"

Chapter 180

His Threat Suddenly, Nicole's complexion drained of color.

Was Jarrod unaware that beneath her coat, she only wore her underwear as he instructed? Removing her coat would be akin to standing naked for all to see, wouldn't it? In the past, Nicole had joined clients for dinners, but always dressed in her professional attire.

Being a Lawrence, people would only dare to mock Nicole with words, never mistaking her for a mere whore.

But now, Jarrod seemed poised to tarnish her good name in this entertainment place.

The other two men perked up.

"Stop acting so prim and proper.

We're not here to watch you hide behind that coat.

Off with it, and make it quick." "Yes, entertain us well and you'll be handsomely rewarded." Their expressions were filled with unsavory intent, making Nicole reel as if she had been struck across the face.

Jarrood, watching her frozen stance, let out a sardonic laugh.

"Let's remember, Miss Lawrence hails from a respectable family.

Perhaps we should allow her a moment to consider." "Really? That's rather dull.

Maybe we should find someone else to entertain us for the time being?" With a gesture from Deniz, a group of barmaids entered, dressed in revealing attire and drawing all eyes.

Deniz pointed out two particularly striking women, instructing them, "Take special care of Mr.

Schultz." These two women were well-trained and walked toward Jarrod as instructed immediately.

Their eyes lit up when they saw Jarrod.

Such a dashing guy was seldom seen here.

They approached him unabashedly and settled on either side, hands provocatively on Jarrod's legs.

"Mr.

Schultz, what would you like to do now?" Deniz chuckled at their forwardness.

"You're both quite fortunate to attend to a man of Mr.

Schultz's caliber." Jarrod didn't dismiss their advances, enveloping them with an arm each and boldly finishing the drink nestled against one's curves.

The wine's aroma lingered as Jarrod squinted his eyes at Nicole and, with a mocking smile, he toyed with his phone.

"Miss Lawrence, should I get your family's permission for you?" Nicole's heart seemed to lurch at the mention of her family.

Suddenly, Nicole felt a grip around her throat, stealing her breath away.

She was certain Jarrod intended to torment her this evening.

If she failed to appease Jarrod, he might unleash his fury upon her family.

Was she to ingratiate herself with these men, like a whore? A scornful smile crept across Nicole's face.

Very well, she would comply with his desires.

She shed her bulky coat, unveiling her slender legs and smooth skin.

Her undergarments scarcely concealed her curves.

The barmaids in attendance all inhaled sharply.

Their alluring attire was meant to charm the patrons, yet they stood no chance against Nicole's unveiled elegance.

As anticipated, every man's gaze clung to Nicole.

Nicole was undeniably a good-looking woman in terms of her appearance.

Even in mere undergarments, Nicole exuded an undeniable presence, starkly unlike the barmaids.

Casting aside her dignity, Nicole approached those men, seated herself alongside them, and lifted a wine glass.

"My apologies for the breach of conduct on my initial day.

Allow me to offer amends," she declared.

With that, Nicole downed her wine in a one gulp, her tongue delicately catching the remaining droplets, a vision of allure.

Nicole held the undivided attention of those men.

Such a prize she was! Jarrod, witnessing Deniz's greedy stare, felt a shadow cross his striking features, a surge of displeasure rising within.

Jarrod lifted his hand to massage his temples, convincing himself he just found Nicole's behavior repulsive.

The gloomy expression in Jarrod's eyes deepened, and he looked rather pale even with the company of two barmaids.

His gaze swept over Nicole with a frigid air, anticipating her next move.

Meanwhile, Deniz, lost in his desire, withdrew several thick bundles of cash from his briefcase, shoving aside the barmaid next to him.

He beckoned Nicole over.

"Come, take a seat here.

These will all be yours if you attend to me well." Nicole, after a swift swallow of wine, winced as a sharp pain flared in her stomach.

From the corner of her eyes, she saw Jarrod's shirt carelessly undone by the barmaids whose hands were roaming his chest.

His features were alight with pleasure, signaling his contentment.

"I'll certainly do my utmost to please you tonight," Nicole responded with a beguiling smile, sliding into the seat beside Deniz.

Deniz moved quickly to hold Nicole's waist, bringing her into his arms with a fervent touch.

Nicole's brow furrowed briefly before smoothing.

Deniz's breath, heavy and tainted, washed over her as he voiced his approval.

"I like women who are open and uncomplicated like you." Nicole's lips pressed together, a wave of nausea rising.

Masking her discomfort as a bid to drink, she deftly managed to dodge Deniz's advances.

"Mr.

Miller, allow me the honor of pouring your drink." Deniz, gripping her delicate wrist, tilted back his head to drain the glass, then lurched for Nicole.

Her smile still enchanting, Nicole offered, "Another glass for you, Mr.

Miller?" As Deniz touched Nicole's soft hand, he inquired, "And your name, darling?" With a hint of scorn flickering in her eyes, Nicole answered, "Nicky will do." That name struck a chord in Jarrod, his brooding eyes turning stormier.

Nicky...

It was Nicole's nickname during their tender days of affection, when she declared to him earnestly, "You're the only one in this life to call me Nicky." But now...

How could Nicole allow this old man, whom she had only just met a moment ago, to address her in such a manner? Jarrod's throat tightened, his composure slipping.

"What a slut!" he muttered to himself.

The other men, enthralled by Nicole's charm, began to compete in their offers, flinging cash onto the table, one even audaciously tossing a stack of cash at Nicole's face.

Nicole was shocked, feeling as though her face was on fire.

These drunk men complained, "Mr.

Miller, don't keep holding her.

Nicky's here for our enjoyment." "Indeed, let's have fun together." Never before had Nicole endured such public disgrace.

Previously, Jarrod's torment had been private, but now he had pushed her into the open, subjecting her to the crowd's derision.

Despite her inner turmoil, Nicole maintained a facade of cheerfulness.

Nicole knew Jarrod's only desire was to witness her utter humiliation, to satiate his own sense of satisfaction.

Complying with his wishes would only tighten his grip on her and hasten the downfall of the Lawrence family.

Nicole was acutely aware that she could not afford to gratify Jarrod.

In times of despair, it was common for people to endure beyond their perceived limits.

And Nicole was no exception.

At this moment, her outfit was quite revealing, giving her a vulnerable appearance, yet her resolute dignity stayed intact.

Even in the lowly role of a whore drinking with these disgusting men, Nicole commanded attention, reigning supreme over the establishment.

Surveying the greedy faces in front of her, Nicole raised her glass with a smile and assured, "Don't be concerned, gentlemen.

Nicky will be here to keep you company tonight." With each word, she downed glass after glass, using the liquor to ward off the lecherous advances.

Yet, she couldn't fend off everyone.

A series of uneven bruises marred her skin.

Some left harsh pinches, branding her with red, swollen imprints.

Nicole, however, uttered no complaints.

She had faced far crueller treatment at Jarrod's hands.

By comparison, these men were almost kind.

Nicole's slightly drunk state only added to her allure in the eyes of the onlookers.

She cast an involuntary glance at Jarrod, then quickly diverted her gaze.

With renewed resolve, she topped up her glass and went around, bottle in hand, toasting each man.

Finally, under alcohol's sway, Nicole approached Jarrod with a full glass in hand.

"Mr.

Schultz, Nicky wishes you..." Her words slurred as she attempted the toast.

She tilted her head back, emptying her glass, indifferent to Jarrod's stern countenance.

Jarrod's expression turned stormy, having lost sight of the fact that he was the instigator of this debacle.

He regarded her as a shameless woman, entertaining these men in such attire, acting no better than a whore.

He was livid.