

Unbreakable 181

Chapter 181

I Didn't Expect You To Like This Type A palpable tension quickly enveloped the chamber.

Yet, Nicole remained oblivious, her spirits high as she jovially indulged in drinks with Deniz, Korbin, and the rest.

Her flirtations came effortlessly, her alluring gaze enhancing her charm far beyond those barmaids.

Eventually, Deniz lost his self-control.

He was prepared to risk everything for Nicole's whims.

Overcome with desire, Deniz pulled Nicole over and pressed her against the sofa.

The other drunk men, fueled by jealousy and alcohol, clumsily approached.

"IT want her, too..." "Deniz! Sharing is only fair, don't you think..." Their lecherous smiles broke into a predatory leap toward Nicole.

Bang! A bottle hurled at Deniz's head interrupted the chaos.

In a split second, a trickle began from his scalp.

Deniz's blood soon splattered onto Nicole's face, turning her stomach.

With nothing ingested earlier, Nicole's retching brought up only the vile taste of blood.

Deniz's head was a gory mess, his blood mingling indistinguishably with hers.

Clutching his head, Deniz cursed furiously, "Who hit me? Who's the bastard?" Another bang followed.

Deniz was struck once more.

His cries soon filled the room.

The other two men collapsed, their yells for security filling the air.

"Security...

Where are the guards? Where are they..." Jarrod, cleaning his hands of the wine stains, rose with a bottle of red wine in hand and roared at them, "Fuck off!" Confused, those men couldn't comprehend Jarrod's rage.

However, deciphering his anger was less important than escaping.

They supported each other, stumbling out.

Those barmaids scattered as well.

Then, Jarrod advanced toward Nicole.

Nicole reclined on the sofa, her sneer unwavering at the sight of Jarrod.

Splash! Jarrod doused Nicole with the red wine, erasing the blood that wasn't hers.

With a firm grip, he seized her chin.

Jarrood's teeth clenched as he growled, "Have you come to your senses yet?" "Ahem..." Being choked by the red wine, Nicole found herself speechless, her response coming only as a fit of coughs.

"Nicky?" The pressure of Jarrood's hand increased, seemingly intent on crushing her jaw.

"Nicole, you truly are remarkable, aren't you? How can you be so utterly shameless?" "Isn't this exactly what you desire, Mr.

Schultz?" Upon his return, Jarrood had sought every way to degrade her.

Nicole felt baffled by Jarrood's current fury.

Simultaneously, a searing pain gnawed at her stomach, contorting her face in agony.

Clutching her stomach, battling both intoxication and pain, Nicole managed to say, "No recognition for such an obedient person like me? You're quite mean, Mr.

Schultz." "Shut up!" Jarrood's hands showcased prominent blue veins.

He stripped off his suit jacket and draped it over Nicole.

Witnessing this, Nicole sneered, "Ah, Mr.

Schultz, do you also want to fuck me?" Her hand lifted to tally, though her mind swam in a haze.

"You'll need to join the queue then.

Deniz, Korbin, and...

There are five before you." At that moment, Jarrood boiled over with rage.

He yelled in frustration, "That's enough, Nicole!" Nicole slurred, "If that's your wish, you'll need to pay, Mr.

Schultz! They've all given me money.

Your turn now!" Jarrod's rage erupted like a volcano, seething to his very crown.

A cold mask replaced his typically attractive visage.

"You crave it that much? Very well, I shall oblige!" With that, Jarrod flung the jacket off with the ferocity of a wild animal.

Rage blinded him.

There was no trace of mercy in his gaze.

His only thought was to make Nicole suffer.

The wrath consumed Jarrod, overshadowing his genuine emotions.

Again, he was impressed and swayed by such a lowly woman like her.

How foolish! His grasp tightened, his teeth sinking into Nicole's neck viciously.

He laughed at himself silently for falling for Nicole's trick again.

This heartless creature who had betrayed, wounded, and fooled him, now mocked him further! He resolved he would not let her go lightly this time! At the very least, she should witness the torments of hell! Nicole, enduring the fiery torment within her stomach, gritted her teeth in defiance.

"Is that the extent of your prowess, Mr.

Schultz? Resorting to such rude actions with women, huh?" Jarrod snorted dismissively at her words.

"Rumors had it that you've fallen for a man.

Is that so?" Nicole came back to her senses abruptly and denied it at once, "No, that's not true." Jarrod's sneer deepened as he probed, "This man, is he Roscoe Watts by any chance?" Nicole's frame tensed up immediately at the mention of his name.

Jarrold's eyes narrowed, a glint of jealousy betraying his cool demeanor.

He dressed swiftly after concluding his business.

Looking down at Nicole, he suggested, "Shall we go see him now?" Nicole's expression congealed at his words.

Striving for composure, she clarified, "Jarrod, Mr.

Watts is merely my doctor, nothing more.

Please, don't cause him any distress." Jarrod's gaze was frosty as he replied, "Mr.

Watts? Well, I wouldn't have thought you preferred younger men." "Stop it, Jarrod! Have you lost your mind?" Nicole burst out.

"Lost my mind?" Jarrod's voice was biting.

"We'll see just how mad I am when we meet Mr.

Watts." He then scooped up his suit from the floor, wrapped Nicole in it, and hoisted her over his shoulder.

Nicole fought back in vain, shouting, "Jarrod, you monster! Let me go!" Ignoring her protests, Jarrod tossed her into the car and sped off to the hospital.

Coincidentally, Roscoe was attending his shift in the emergency room, unaware of the impending storm.

Nicole, gripped by a sinking feeling, implored Jarrod again, "I've told you, there's nothing between Mr.

Watts and me.

I swear it." Jarrod glanced at her agitated features and snapped, "Spare me your lies!" The next moment, he yanked Nicole into the emergency room.

Bang! Nicole hit the floor.

Roscoe, alarmed by the commotion, rushed to assist Nicole, asking with concern, "Nicole, are you alright?" "Mr.

Watts, we barely know each other," Nicole whispered, withdrawing from his touch.

Roscoe reeled from her rejection, but the sight of Jarrod pieced everything together.

In a professional tone, he inquired, "How may I assist you, miss?" Nicole clutched the suit to herself, revealing bruise-marred legs.

She remained silent.

Jarrold's voice was laced with malice as he turned to Roscoe.

"Can you treat a torn wound?" Roscoe met Jarrod's taunting look with detachment.

"Of course." Jarrod's smirk twisted as he dared.

"Then examine her.

I'm eager to witness it." "I'll arrange an infusion for the patient first, then tend to the wound," Roscoe stated, typing into the computer before instructing Jarrod, "You can fetch the medicine now." With a cold smile, Jarrod departed.

Roscoe maintained his distance, opting to stand by the computer.

He asked Nicole, "How can I help you? What do you want me to do?"

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Such A Madman Nicole remained silent, simply shaking her head in response.

Shortly after, Jarrod entered with medication in hand.

Observing the space between Nicole and Roscoe, a flicker of curiosity crossed Jarrod's eyes.

Jarrold extended the medicine to Roscoe, questioning, "Does she need to start with an infusion or should she be applied with the medicine first?" Handing the medication to a nurse, Roscoe instructed, "She can apply the medicine at home.

Start with an infusion for now." Jarrod's eyebrows lifted in surprise.

"Aren't you going to apply medicine for her yourself?" Looking up, Roscoe's voice was soft but firm.

"No. If you require assistance, the nurse is available." Undeterred, Jarrod's voice carried a hint of implication.

"I'll take care of the application myself." Roscoe appeared not to register Jarrod's words, turning his attention back to his work as the nurse finished administering the fluids.

Jarrod grabbed a cigarette and glanced at Roscoe from a short distance.

Roscoe, with his good looks and black-rimmed glasses, appeared innocent and non-threatening, much like the campus heartthrob.

A cold smirk crossed Jarrod's face as he mused over Nicole's possible attraction to this type of men.

He pondered whether Roscoe had sex before.

He didn't know whether Nicole and Roscoe had an affair or not.

The only thing clear to Jarrod was their shared moment over breakfast.

Leaning casually against the door, Jarrod fiddled with his cigarette, probing with a smile, "Roscoe, you know Nicole.

Why act as if you don't?" Without glancing up, Roscoe responded honestly, "Given her four monthly hospital visits, she's hard to forget.

I asked her once if she needed to call the police, but never again." Jarrod was taken aback.

Nicole's frequent hospital visits were news to him.

His encounters with her were intense, consumed by passion, leaving him uncertain if her discomfort was a result of their intimacy or something deeper.

Preferring not to see her face, to spare himself the distress, he would ask her to turn away each time.

Jarrold had more questions for Roscoe but was interrupted by an attractive nurse who approached Roscoe.

"Dr.

Watts, it's for you." The nurse hastily placed it down and retreated shyly.

Roscoe remained still, and noting Jarrod's idleness, he suggested, "You might consider purchasing some liquid nourishment like porridge for your girlfriend.

She's had nothing but an apple since noon." Jarrod was stunned.

He did not deny the term "girlfriend".

Exiting the room, he instructed Alec to purchase some porridge.

Once acquired, Jarrod placed the steaming bowl on the bedside table near Nicole.

Nicole, slightly drunk though not noticeably so, jerked her head away in a startled motion as Jarrod approached.

"What are you doing?" Jarrod had intended to procure a new set of clothes for her and even considered asking Alec to drop some off.

However, the thought of Roscoe prompted a change of heart.

Bowing his head, Jarrod's warm breath brushed against Nicole as his hand roamed without restraint.

Leaning in, he murmured, "I want you." "Jarrod, choose the time and place wisely for your advances.

This is a hospital,' Nicole chastised, gripping his hand firmly.

But her strength was no match for his.

She glared, issuing a warning, "If you dare to cross the line, I will..." "What will you do?" Jarrod retorted, pinching Nicole's cheek, causing her lips to pout and teeth to flash in protest.

His gaze grew heavy.

He hadn't found satisfaction in the chamber earlier, and her involuntary pout seemed alluring to him.

Nicole winced from the pinch, her tolerance evident in her furrowed brow.

Observing her usual furrowed brow, Jarrod felt a twinge of compassion.

Yet, his sympathy waned as he recalled her repeated deceptions.

With a cold stare, Jarrod held Nicole's chin firmly.

"This is what you want.

Can't you handle it now?" he taunted.

Disgust swept through Nicole.

He was audacious, caring little for the occasion and the surroundings.

Closing her eyes, Nicole exhibited a vulnerability seldom seen, whispering, "I can't...

I'm in so much pain now..." Jarrod's scoff was bitter.

"Then moan.

If it pleases me, I might just release you." Suddenly, Nicole's gaze lifted to the white hospital walls, her realization dawning.

Jarrold wanted Roscoe to overhear her moan.

He wanted to degrade her and test their bond.

In a different time, Nicole would willingly share intimacy with Jarrod and avoided the sting of disgrace.

Yet, having been subjected to such degradation, her sense of dignity seemed worthless now.

A sharp ache in her abdomen served as a grim reminder of her possibly fleeting life, casting doubt on the necessity of maintaining her pride while enduring such agony.

With a deft movement, she caressed the coarse tips of Jarrod's fingers with her tongue.

Her lips parted ever so slightly, releasing a sound that was both alluring and pitiful.

"Mmm..."

Mmm..." After a minute of her charade, Jarrod commanded, "Enough." Jarrod's lips were a firm line, his gaze icy with unfulfilled yearning.

He realized he didn't want anyone else to hear her voice.

More than that, he yearned to silence her completely, to possess her in a way that left her soundless.

This overwhelming urge agitated him.

Nicole scoffed.

"Finished so soon, Mr.

Schultz? Others might question your prowess." Jarrod's eyes grew darker and his smothered desire rekindled.

With a sardonic laugh, he shot back, "Damn it! Nicole, don't provoke me." His mock was sharp.

"If I were incompetent, you wouldn't be hospitalized now." At his words, Nicole's defiance seemed to crumble.

Pain still racked her body.

She knew better than to rile up this madman.

Jarrod's phone pierced the tension with its ring.

Without hesitation, he answered, "Honey." Amidst her haze of discomfort, Nicole discerned the caller's identity.

It was Jamie.

Then, Jarrod's voice took on an unusual softness as he said, "I'll be there in no time.

Just stay put." Once the call ended, Jarrod addressed Nicole, who was still hooked to her IV, "Alec will take you back." Nicole turned away, too entangled in her emotions to reply.

Jarrod's eyes remained cool, unaffected by her silence.

"Don't pretend to be jealous.

Your acting disgusts me," he sneered, then strode out without a second glance.

Alone, Nicole exhaled in relief.

She reveled in the thought that Jamie's needs might keep Jarrod away tonight, granting her a rare peace.

She drifted into a light doze only to be startled awake by a cold sensation on her legs.

"Who's there?" Her ankle was suddenly seized, and she locked eyes with Roscoe's attractive face, his actions clear.

A wave of shyness washed over her flushed features.

In his usual deep tone, Roscoe murmured, "Let me tend to your wounds, Nicole."

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Roscoe Roscoe grasped Nicole's ankle gently, yet his touch was steady and did not interfere with his task.

Clad in disposable plastic gloves, Roscoe applied an ointment that brought a cooling relief and numbed the pain.

The sensation was so comforting that Nicole found her toes involuntarily curling, her pulse thudding audibly in her ears.

Roscoe's expression remained detached throughout the procedure.

Once he finished with the ointment, he discarded his gloves in the trash bin, along with the porridge Jarrod had brought, without a second glance.

He exited briefly, returning with a thermos in hand, and proceeded to elevate the bed.

"Nicole, would you prefer to feed yourself, or shall I assist?" he inquired, his politeness unwavering.

Nicole, still somewhat dazed from the treatment, only registered his question when he repeated it.

She reached out slowly.

"I can manage on my own." As her fingers brushed against his, Roscoe insisted, "Stay still.

I'll handle this." Roscoe set up a small table, expertly transferred the porridge into a bowl, and fetched a spoon.

Nicole couldn't help but notice the pristine beauty of his hands, his nails short and clean, his veins subtly pronounced against his clenched fists, signaling strength.

Her cheeks flushed with heat.

This wasn't the first time he had tended to her wounds.

As Roscoe handed her the spoon, Nicole's hunger surged, especially for the shrimp-corn porridge, her favored dish.

She began to eat with an earnest appetite.

After the meal, Roscoe cleaned up the table and returned the bed to its original position.

"You should rest now, Nicole.

I'll be here to look after you," he offered.

But Nicole's head shook in denial.

"No, Roscoe." Roscoe's gaze was intense as he watched her silently.

Nicole turned her face away, not daring to look at him.

She said, "My father's support for your education was one thing.

You don't owe me for the help you've given.

You see, anyone entangled with me lately seems to suffer." Roscoe listened without a flicker of emotion across his face.

When Nicole paused, he voiced his thoughts, "Nicole, I was disheartened when you didn't recognize me before." Nicole recalled their encounter at the hospital's safe corridor, but her mind was a haze back then, thanks to Jarrod, leaving no space for Roscoe's image.

The last she'd seen Roscoe, he was a young teen of fifteen, one of many in a crowd where her father had taken her to aid the underprivileged, and Roscoe hardly stood out.

She didn't remember him.

Six years had passed by.

Now, Roscoe was an intern at the hospital.

Gazing down at her, Roscoe probed, "Nicole, do you love that man?" Her response came swift and sure.

"No." It was only at this moment that Nicole grasped the truth.

Her affections had clung to an untainted Jarrod, not the monster who refused to let her parents go without a second thought.

Caught in a reverie, Nicole felt Roscoe's touch steering her gaze back to him.

"Nicole, I dressed your wounds, hoping you'd understand my intentions," he murmured.

Roscoe's eyes were clear and compelling, making Nicole find it hard to stand his gaze.

Sensing his next words, Nicole averted her eyes.

She didn't want to drag anyone else into her turmoil.

Thus, before Roscoe could voice his thoughts, Nicole interjected, "Roscoe, to me, you're like a little brother.

Though I hold no love for him, my bond with him is complex.

You've turned out well, and that would please my father.

Let's leave it at that..." With that, Nicole suggested they keep things as they were, effectively rejecting him.

Just as Nicole tried to turn her face away, Roscoe grabbed her arm gently.

He remained silent, gazing at her briefly.

Suddenly, Roscoe bowed his head, halting just before his thin lips met Nicole's.

With a soft grin and a whisper, Roscoe vowed, "Nicole, once I surpass that man, you will be mine." Left alone, Nicole's mind reeled.

What the hell? In her eyes, Roscoe was still a little boy.

But now, his words somewhat unsettled her.

On a Friday morning, Raegan got a message from Bryce, requesting her address to pick her up.

She sent her location to him.

She made her way downstairs after learning Bryce's arrival.

A few paces from the door, she spotted a black off- road vehicle.

Bryce lounged in the passenger seat, beckoning her over with a curled finger.

Raegan pulled open the door and climbed aboard.

To her surprise, Eloise was seated in the back, her presence almost tangible with hostility.

Eloise's eyes narrowed at the sight of Raegan.

She turned to Bryce, questioning sharply, "Bryce, is she your tutor?" Bryce merely grunted in response.

The air was thick with tension.

Eloise harbored dislike toward Raegan, and Raegan disliked Eloise's presence.

Raegan took a seat, pressing herself against the door, creating as much distance as possible from Eloise.

Eloise's gaze landed on Raegan's modest backpack and her lips twisted into a sardonic smile.

"Are you going to have a trip like this?" she taunted.

Raegan simply nodded.

Eloise's laughter rang out, tinged with malice.

Anticipation for the weekend's adventure began to bubble within Eloise.

As the vehicle pulled away, Raegan's eyes drifted to the front row, where Mitchel took the wheel.

Mitchel had swapped his usual suit for a casual navy windbreaker and sunglasses, his new attire lending him an air of rugged charm.

Taking in Bryce's and Eloise's outfits, a realization dawned on Raegan.

They were headed for a mountain trek.

Yet, Bryce had kept this from her, no doubt to throw her off balance.

Determined to make the best of the situation, Raegan decided against overthinking.

She rested her head against the window, feigning sleep.

The journey was long, and perhaps thanks to Mitchel's skilled driving, Eloise drifted into sleep, her head resting against the window.

As for Raegan, she remained awake with her eyes closed, acutely aware of Eloise's head now resting against her shoulder.

To avoid any awkward eye contact with Mitchel, Raegan continued to feign sleep, resisting the urge to shove Eloise away.

After a while, the car's consistent motion made Raegan feel inclined to nap.

She mused on how Mitchel's driving had changed since Eloise entered the picture, his earlier haste replaced by a considerate pace.

Upon arriving, Raegan stirred from her light doze.

Unlike Eloise, who was deeply asleep, head on Raegan's lap, arms encircling her waist.

Raegan nudged Eloise, who remained unresponsive.

Suddenly, the back door swung open.

Mitchel loomed into view, tapping Eloise's back to wake her up.

But Eloise, disoriented from her abrupt awakening, lashed out with a slap across Raegan's face.

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Playing Hard To Get Eloise had hardly applied any force, yet Raegan's delicate skin couldn't withstand even that mild slap.

In the brief silence that followed, realization dawned upon Eloise.

Eloise observed Raegan's reddened cheek, then her own palm, and understood the cause.

Attracted by the noise, Bryce confronted Eloise with a fury akin to alion's, "Eloise, have you lost your mind? How could you hit her like that?" Although Bryce bore no fondness for Raegan, he still defended Raegan.

After all, he was the one who brought Raegan here with him.

If any reprimand was aimed at Raegan, it should come from him, not others.

Eloise had intended to apologize to Raegan.

She was frank but never malicious.

But as soon as she heard those questioning from Bryce who was younger than her, she retorted immediately, "Why the outrage? It was unintentional." "Then offer her your apologies," Bryce insisted.

Bryce's anger seemed to eclipse Eloise's, and he looked poised to force an apology by grabbing Eloise's collar.

Terrified, Eloise sought refuge behind Mitchel, clutching at Mitchel's garment in her anxiety.

Mitchel intercepted Bryce's hand with a scowl, his voice icy.

"Calm yourself.

It was an accident." Bryce winced at the pain in his hand, incredulous.

"Mitchel, you're taking her side?" "Yes, is that an issue?" Mitchel's gaze grew frostier.

"Are we proceeding with our hike or not?" Initially, Raegan didn't mind at all, aware that Eloise didn't do it on purpose.

However, witnessing Mitchel's overt protection over Eloise shifted something within her.

She knew the feeling of being defended was undeniably pleasant.

Eloise, grinning broadly, trotted behind Mitchel and taunted Bryce with a face.

Bryce was seething with anger.

He had believed he could have some fun when Hector was away, but he hadn't anticipated that Hector would assign Mitchel to watch over him.

Moreover, Mitchel, the typically occupied CEO was monitoring him personally and even joined his hiking with Raegan.

Such misfortune! Raegan found Bryce's defending her startling.

She was somehow moved, bolstering her resolve to better his opinion of her.

"What's the plan, exactly? Could you tell me now?" Raegan inquired.

Bryce stood, one hand on his hip, gesturing toward the mountain.

"See that peak? If you can withstand two days and a night at the summit, I'll fulfill any request you have." "Deal." Raegan's agreement came swiftly, without a trace of doubt.

With a smirk, Bryce warned, "Just so you're aware, I'll only provide you with a tent.

You need to manage yourself.

No food or drink from me." He eyed Raegan's modest backpack, adding with gravity, "It's not too late to concede and step down." Raegan's response was firm.

"Don't worry.

I've got this." Bryce's scoff was clear.

"Cry all you want on the mountain.

No one will escort you down." Raegan disregarded his taunts and set off.

Bryce was completely taken aback.

The trail was treacherous, a challenge to navigate.

Despite a not-quite-healed sprained ankle hampering her, Raegan's stamina was commendable.

She was an accomplished distance runner in her school days.

In contrast, Bryce, climbing for leisure, had hired help for his gear, allowing him to ascend with ease.

Eloise, on her first mountain climb, was abuzz with excitement, chatting eagerly with Mitchel.

Her enthusiasm was infectious, though it soon waned, replaced by a weary silence.

Initially trailing, Raegan steadily gained on the group.

Exhausted, Eloise called out for a break, parched and fatigued.

Bryce, too, showed signs of exhaustion, his forehead beaded with sweat.

As they drank, Raegan pushed on, announcing, "I'll continue upward." Impressed, Bryce nodded, resting with Eloise at the trail's edge.

Further up, Raegan's thirst intensified.

She reached for her water bottle, but a sudden rustle halted her.

The wilderness was unnerving.

She turned around, only to recoil at the sight of Mitchel's looming figure.

Raegan was teetering on the brink of a fall, but Mitchel's swift hand caught her.

The next instant, Raegan tumbled into Mitchel's embrace, the water bottle escaping her grip.

Surrounded by jagged rocks, a fall could be disastrous.

Instinctively, Raegan clung to Mitchel, her face against his sturdy chest.

And there, against him, she heard the rhythmic assurance of his heartbeat.

Raegan took some time to recognize the overly close nature of their stance.

She inhaled sharply and leaped away from Mitchel's embrace.

Her reaction made Mitchel's attractive features darken.

He said harshly, "Drop this trick.

The mountain's crowded, and I have no interest in you." Raegan had opened her mouth to express gratitude, but his words stopped her cold.

Her complexion lost its color.

Nearby, a group of climbers cast meaningful looks at Raegan, mistaking her for someone craving for a one-night stand.

Disturbed by their stares, Raegan shot Mitchel a glare, turned around, and ascended silently.

She soon noticed the same group of men taking a break ahead.

Their gazes were unsettling.

Opting to wait for Bryce, Raegan stopped.

However, those men approached Raegan as she halted.

A sudden anxiety gripped Raegan when one taunted, "That dashing man just rejected you.

Maybe you'll prefer my company.

We'll enjoy ourselves.

What do you say?" Another man chimed in, "Don't think about having this lovely lady all to yourself." They were not only flirting with her but even attempted to take advantage of her.

With a face etched in caution, Raegan retrieved her walkie-talkie, a gift from Bryce, and called out, "Bryce, where are you now?" Silence answered.

The battery was dying, and those men had noticed.

One quipped, "No fear, we're decent folks.

We can negotiate a price." Anger whitened Raegan's face, and her resentment toward Mitchel deepened.

His words had painted her wrongly in these men's eyes.

Gripping the pepper spray in her backpack, Raegan asserted, "Move aside.

I need to find my partner." One of the men intercepted her and mocked, "You little har.

Your partner deserted you just now." Raegan's demeanor hardened.

"Do you wish to verify my honesty?" Those men had come for leisure, not trouble.

When laying eyes on the stunning Raegan, they attempted to flirt with her.

But they harbored no ill intents.

One relented first, saying, "Easy, miss.

No offense intended." As he coaxed his friend away, he reassured Raegan, "All clear.

You can go." However, the man halting in Raegan's track lingered, his eyes fixating on Raegan.

With a few steps forward, Raegan noticed his gaze still following her.

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Waiting For Her To Ask For Help After a while, Raegan spotted Mitchel propped against a tree, stealing glances at her as she descended.

Avoiding any interaction, Raegan opted to tread further down and settled in the shade, anticipating Bryce's arrival.

The midday sun scorched the hillside, igniting a thirst within Raegan.

Unfortunately, the only water bottle was gone.

The prospect of enduring two days under such conditions seemed daunting, especially under the assumption that Bryce would deny her water, unless she conceded defeat.

As Mitchel made his descent, Raegan shut her eyes, subscribing to the mantra “out of sight, out of mind”.

Yet, as he walked by, a scent she knew all too well wafted toward her.

The sound of something striking the ground prompted Raegan to open her eyes.

Mitchel had left a water bottle behind.

She puzzled over why she'd never before considered his littering impolite.

The bottle, caught in a sunbeam, seemed to have water rippling inside.

Skeptical, Raegan blinked hard, only to confirm it was indeed half-full.

Frozen in place for minutes, her resistance finally crumbled, and she moved toward the bottle.

Upon retrieving it, Raegan’s expression was a mix of relief and confusion.

She consoled herself with the thought that Mitchel was as fit as a fiddle.

The sun's rays made the water glisten, tempting her parched throat.

With resolve, Raegan unscrewed the cap, tilting her head back to drink without her lips grazing the bottle.

She dared only a few sips from the half-full bottle.

No sooner had Raegan set the bottle down than she noticed Mitchel, who returned and stood before her, eyes narrowed and arms folded.

His expression was like she was a pervert for taking the mineral water he'd been sipping.

A sudden coughing fit overtook Raegan, her cheeks flushing with red.

Mitchel extended a hand, prompting Raegan to clutch the bottle defensively to her chest, hastily asserting, "I'll pay you back once we're off this mountain." Mitchel's outstretched hand paused midair, and in a frosty tone, he replied, "No need." His darkening expression led Raegan to surmise he desired no further dealings with her.

The sentiment was mutual.

Besides, to a CEO, one bottle of water was trivial.

Mitchel's gaze darkened as he watched Raegan cautiously stow away half a bottle of water in her bag.

The tension in the air was palpable when Bryce and Eloise approached.

Bryce's disheveled blue hair made him look particularly ghastly.

Upon seeing Mitchel, Bryce pushed Eloise toward Mitchel with a sense of urgency, exclaiming, "Mitchel, you are the one who is supposed to look after her." If it weren't for Eloise who had clung to his arm and dragged him along, Bryce would have ascended earlier.

Eloise was disheartened.

Had she known how exhausting the day would be, she would never have accompanied Mitchel here to take a trek.

Clinging to Mitchel's arm, Eloise pleaded in a sweet tone, "Mitchel, I'm tired.

Can you escort me back?" Mitchel gave her a brief glance and offered, "I'll arrange a ride for you." Eloise's expression soured instantly, interpreting his words as an intention to send her back alone.

Previously, Mitchel had expressed a desire not to see her, which had left Eloise weeping all night, her eyes puffy with tears.

With no alternative, Eloise's parents had implored Mitchel to at least consider Eloise a friend.

Eloise, stubborn as ever, wasn't quick to change her mind about adoring Mitchel and needed time to cool off.

Mitchel, for the sake of Eloise's parents, hadn't expelled Eloise but instead invited her to join the mountain trek.

Now, it seemed Mitchel was subtly declining Eloise's advances.

But Eloise refused to give up so easily, especially with the presence of Mitchel's ex-wife who possibly waited for a moment alone with Mitchel.

Gazing at Mitchel's striking features, Eloise shook her head determinedly.

"I'm not leaving." She was smitten with this handsome man, having never met anyone who rivaled Mitchel's allure.

Mitchel simply looked at Eloise and kept silent.

Noon had arrived.

Bryce unpacked an assortment of fast food, urging everyone to help themselves.

His challenging stare at Raegan seemed to dare her to confess her hunger.

Raegan turned away, ignoring them.

Soon, the tantalizing smell of food wafted through the air, and Raegan's stomach growled.

She retrieved beef jerky from her bag, rationed it, and ate just enough to satiate her hunger.

Her foresight in packing practical items in her small bag was proving beneficial.

By evening, they had reached the mountain's summit.

While Bryce directed the workers to set up camp for him, he left Raegan to fend for herself.

As others rested in their erected tents, Raegan struggled with the hammer, which slipped and struck her hand, eliciting an involuntary cry of pain.

She looked up through tear-filled eyes, seeking Mitchel's assistance habitually, only to be met with his scornful gaze.

Ashamed, she quickly averted her eyes, chastising herself for such a lapse in judgment.

How could she have forgotten Mitchel's profound disdain for her? As dinner time approached, Eloise stepped out of her tent and summoned Mitchel, "Mitchel, come and eat.

Bryce has brought a feast of food and beer." Being offered with sorts of foods, Eloise started to get on with Bryce.

Mitchel glanced at the Raegan and sensed his patience wearing thin.

He anticipated her imminent plea for assistance.

With a scoff, he departed without a second thought.

Once Raegan perceived Mitchel's departure, she allowed herself to unwind and settled onto the ground.

A bitter smile played on her lips, pondering her own expectations.

Raegan had been self-reliant for so long that she managed to pitch the tent by herself after much effort.

Having trekked the mountain all day, her body felt the pangs of hunger and thirst, leaving her exhausted.

Ignoring everything else, she crawled into the tent and surrendered to sleep.

The quiet rustle eventually roused Raegan.

She turned on her flashlight and called out, "Who's there?" Hearing footsteps outside, Raegan wrapped herself in a blanket of fear, too scared to remain alone.

Grasping her spray for protection, she peered out of the tent to find nothing amiss.

Yet, the thought of sleep eluded her.

Her tent was vulnerably positioned at the edge.

After a moment's hesitation, Raegan moved toward Eloise's tent which was safely nestled at the center.

Standing near Eloise's tent, Raegan caught the sound of Eloise's voice inside.

"Mitchel, stop that.

It tickles..." The voice cut through Raegan, a frigid gust chilling her to the core.

She stood frozen momentarily.

Regaining her composure, she retreated.

Wasn't it normal for Mitchel to be intimate with another woman? After all, they were divorced.

Driven by desire, he was not one to refrain.

Her thoughts were abruptly interrupted as a hand clamped over her mouth in the darkness.

Startled into full alertness, Raegan fought back fiercely.

But the assailant seized her hair with a vice-like grip, pulling her into the shadows.

Chapter 186

Be On The Verge Of Despair Raegan's head throbbed where her hair had been ruthlessly grasped, and a hand clamped over her mouth stifled her cries.

The pain was too intense for her to utter a sound.

Eventually, the assailant halted.

A rag was roughly thrust into Raegan's mouth, and her wrists were bound tightly with a thick rope.

Shadow shrouded the man before her, his eyes gleaming with a lewdness that sent shivers down Raegan's spine.

It was only then that Raegan realized she wasn't alone with the assailant.

There was another.

In the dim light of the moon, she recognized them as the ones who had harassed her in the daytime.

Fear seized her.

The man who had previously feigned kindness now leaned in close, his voice a disturbing whisper.

"Don't be scared, little girl.

I've no desire to harm you.

Comply, and I'll ensure you're well looked after." The other man wore a far more menacing look, brandishing a sharp Swiss Army knife with a threatening snarl, "Defy us, and I won't hesitate to mar that pretty face of yours." The chill wind whipped around Raegan, tossing her hair wildly as her complexion turned ashen with terror.

"Did you hear that?" the man with the dagger questioned, his lecherous gaze roaming unchecked over Raegan's ample bosom.

Regaining her composure, Raegan could do nothing but nod continuously while a visible shiver ran through her body.

The terror within her was so overwhelming, it rendered her thoughts incoherent.

Noticing her fright, the two men's wariness diminished considerably.

They believed that wielding their daggers wasn't necessary to intimidate fragile young girls like Raegan.

With a grin, one man caressed Raegan's soft cheek, murmuring, "Such a good girl, indeed." "Enough, Silas, we should get moving.

"My patience is wearing thin," the other grumbled, his rough exterior starkly evident as he began to disrobe.

The sight of Raegan earlier had ignited an impatient lust within him.

They had been unable to shake Raegan's attractive image since they spotted her at noon.

It was only because of Silas' keen observation, noticing the man Raegan had argued with lingering nearby, that they had bided their time.

Eventually, these two men had slipped away from their group and trailed Raegan up the mountain, stealthily waiting for the moment to pounce.

Silas, observing the other's scant attire of just shorts, let out a laugh and playfully chided, "Neal, you're in quite the hurry.

"Try not to scare the little girl." Neal responded with a chuckle, "Think she's startled by this? Just wait.

"There's scarier stuff on the way." Raegan, witnessing Neal's advance, violently shook her head and wept, as though she were desperate to convey a message.

This piqued Silas' curiosity.

He halted Neal, suggesting, "Hold up.

Let's hear what she has to say." Impatient, Neal spat out a curse, "What's gotten into you? Quit dragging this out." Silas reassured, "No need to worry.

Her friends are out cold.

Nobody's going to search for her." With those words, Silas moved closer to Reagan, crouched before her, and warned, "I'm about to remove the towel.

Make a sound, and I'll make sure you regret it.

Got it?" Reagan sensed that beneath Silas' mild exterior lurked the most indecent of nature.

Silas masqueraded as a kind soul under the sun's gaze.

Reagan's affirmation came through tear-stained eyes, radiating fear and vulnerability.

As Silas removed the towel from her mouth, Neal gripped the dagger, his vigilance etched into his stern features.

His look was so intimidating that any scream from her would prompt an instant slash to her throat.

Taking a deep breath to steady herself, Reagan whispered through her tears, "Sir, I'll be compliant...

Very compliant.

Please don't hurt me.

Spare me.

I... I'll do whatever you ask." Her quivering, tearful voice caused both men to be captivated.

To them, she was such a rare find.

Her voice was so appealing that they hesitated to silence her again.

The mere thought of her screaming excited them.

Pleased, Silas caressed Raegan's pale face with a lewd smile, saying, "Don't worry.

If you comply, you won't suffer much.

We'll be very gentle..." As he spoke, his hand trailed down from Raegan's cheek to her neck, then creeping further...

His rough touch felt like venomous scorpions skittering across her skin.

Raegan shuddered, her skin crawling.

Her voice quivered as she pleaded, "Sir, can we not do here?" Silas cast a wary look at Raegan.

Raegan complained, still trembling, "The ground is littered with stones.

It's unbearably uncomfortable." Silas surveyed Raegan and noticed her feet were bleeding, leading him to surmise she must have stumbled earlier.

Moreover, the ground was indeed strewn with rough, uneven rocks.

Neal, growing increasingly impatient, gripped Raegan by the collar, exclaiming with annoyance, "You're exasperating.

I'll begin first." With that, he hauled Raegan toward a smoother area.

Raegan's tears flowed as she implored in a hushed tone, "Neal, please, ease up.

Don't pull me.

The ground is scattered with stones.

I can walk on my own." Her gentle voice caused Neal to lose his composure.

There was something about being called by name by a lovely, melodious voice that everyone found endearing.

Neal ceased dragging Raegan and instead gestured toward a clearing, instructing tersely, "Lie down quickly.

The cold is biting." He took off his pants, and the mountain's drastic shifts in temperature from day to night had him shivering.

Obediently, Raegan nodded and advanced, keeping her hand struggling against the grip of the rope.

The binding Silas had secured earlier wasn't too tight, and her wrists were slender, allowing her to loosen most of it already.

Reaching the clearing, she crouched down submissively, using the veil of night to fully free herself from the rope.

Neal, fraught with urgency, demanded, "Why crouch? Just lay down." In a whisper, Raegan responded, "This position is more suitable." Neal laughed lightly.

“Impressive.

You're even familiar with this position...” While speaking, he roughly seized Raegan's hair, his voice taking on a rough tone.

"Come on, make it quick.

I've been waiting all day and I'm losing patience...” "Alright, Neal," Raegan agreed without a second thought, an undertone of eagerness in her voice.

Neal eyed her with suspicion.

But before he could discern her true intentions, a searing agony erupted from his groin.

"Ah! What have you done?" he cried out.

Neal fell, writhing on the ground, his moans reminiscent of a pig in its final throes.

Through the haze of his pain, Neal caught sight of Raegan holding a bloodied sharp stone.

“Bitch, you'll regret this...” he hissed.

However, before he could utter another word, Raegan brought the stone down on his forehead with a heavy thud.

Bang! The sound of stone against skull was excruciating.

Neal's face, now smeared with blood, took on a ghastly appearance in the shadowy night.

Realizing Neal was defenseless, Raegan tossed the stone aside and fled into the darkness.

Neal, grasping for breath, muttered, "Silas...

Silas..." By the time Silas reached him, Raegan was long gone.

Neal, bloodied and covering his crotch, slowly rose to his feet with Silas' support.

His voice was laced with venom as he spat out, "That bitch dared to play tricks on me! We'll split up and hunt her down.

I'll rip her apart with my own hands..." Raegan made her way through the woods, the darkness obscuring any sense of direction.

Fearful of discovery by those two men, she kept silent, resisting the urge to call out for help.

Seeking refuge, she found a hidden hollow in the land to conceal herself.

The nocturnal symphony of animal cries, bird calls, and the occasional stone tumbling resounded around her.

To admit she wasn't frightened would be a lie.

Shivering with terror, Raegan was drenched in a cold sweat, her head spinning.

Clutching her knees, she pinched her thighs in a bid to maintain alertness.

She attempted to anchor her thoughts on something, anything that might offer solace.

Yet, her mind was besieged by thoughts of Mitchel, longing for him to notice her absence and rescue her.

Deep down, she realized the futility of such hopes.

Mitchel was likely enjoying himself, and his disdain for her was so profound that even if he was aware of her plight, the likelihood of him coming to her aid was nonexistent.

As exhaustion threatened to overwhelm her, a sudden blaze of light cut through the darkness.

A surge of hope flooded Raegan, the possibility of someone rescuing her momentarily blinding her to reality.

But before a word could escape her lips, a voice crushed her newfound hope to dust.

"Little bitch, you think you can hide here from us?" Neal hissed through clenched teeth, his desire to tear Raegan apart palpable.

"your end is here.

I'll take my time, savoring every second until your final breath," he taunted.

With Silas in tow, Neal advanced toward Raegan with deliberate steps.

Engulfed in dread, Raegan found herself without an escape, teetering on the brink of despair.

Then, from the shadowy embrace of the forest, a voice reached out.

"Raegan..."

Chapter 187

I Won't Let Go Of You Again Raegan first thought she was already hallucinating because she was very eager to be saved.

But then, the voice came again.

She could not be mistaken this time.

"Raegan, can you hear me? Where are you?" The voice sounded like an angel, and it was very familiar to her.

Raegan shouted with all her strength, "Mitchel, I'm here!" But suddenly, the man in front of her covered her mouth with his hand.

She could only let out a muffled groan.

Then, Silas and Neal helped each other to drag her somewhere else.

Raegan struggled desperately.

But her strength was no match for the two strong men.

They dragged her into the darkness.

However, Raegan didn't intend to give up.

While the two men dragged her, she used her heels to leave long traces on the ground, hoping someone would see it and save her.

At this moment, Silas noticed that something was wrong.

He pulled Raegan's hair so hard that she felt like her scalp was about to be torn apart, making her even more powerless.

Raegan was so exhausted that she almost wanted to give up.

Suddenly, a gust of wind blew, and one of the men dragging her let out a miserable cry.

"Ahi" It turned out that Silas was kicked away.

At this moment, an incomparably terrifying anger overflowed in Mitchel's narrowed, deep-set eyes.

His kick was so powerful that Silas couldn't even groan.

Then, Mitchel's extremely cold and sharp eyes turned to Neal.

His beautiful, thin lips moved, and the words that came out of his mouth were gloomier than his expression.

"You will go to hell!" Neal's face turned deathly pale at once.

He was still in a daze when Mitchel grabbed the back of his neck and threw him away.

Then, he squatted in front of Raegan and stretched his arm to her.

But he suddenly remembered that she didn't like his touch, so he withdrew his hand silently.

"Are you hurt?" Mitchel asked softly.

He frowned, and his voice slightly trembled.

Raegan looked at his face and saw his nervous and concerned expression.

For a long time, she had been masked by a pretense that she was tough.

But at this moment, there were no signs of toughness in her.

Tears streamed down her face uncontrollably.

She felt so aggrieved that she threw herself into Mitchel's arms.

What she did made Mitchel's heart skip a beat.

He reached out without hesitation and held her tightly in his arms.

"Why are you here until now?" Raegan asked between sobs.

She was so shocked that she forgot the unbridgeable gap between them.

There was only one thing that mattered to her at this moment.

Mitchel came.

He saved her.

Finally, he came for her.

But for Mitchel, her question was like a sharp knife that pierced his heart, reminding him of that moment when she was kidnapped before.

Actually, he didn't get even a wink of sleep.

He knew very well that it was not safe for a woman to camp in the mountains.

Although he was still mad at Raegan, he couldn't help worrying about her, especially her safety.

Therefore, he stayed next to Raegan's tent to guard her.

But later, he felt really sleepy, so he went away to smoke.

After smoking, he returned to her tent and continued guarding her quietly.

But soon, he found a hair clip on the ground.

He remembered clearly that Raegan was wearing it.

A bad hunch surged in his heart.

He immediately checked the tent, only to find Raegan was nowhere in sight.

Mitchel's heartbeat went abnormally fast.

He was very anxious, Bryce drank a lot at dinner, so it was useless to call him.

Mitchel had no choice but to wake the delivery workers up to help him look for Raegan.

Fortunately, Raegan had left a lot of struggling traces on the way.

These traces helped a lot for him to locate her successfully.

It was a good thing that Mitchel found Raegan in time.

If he was a few minutes later, the consequences would be unimaginable.

Raegan's miserable situation broke Mitchel's heart.

He held her tightly with one hand and gently patted her back with his other hand.

His big palm, which had always been steady and powerful, was trembling slightly at this moment.

He said in a low voice, "I'm sorry.

It's all my fault." At this moment, everything about Henley and all the betrayals didn't matter anymore.

All Mitchel could think of was how lucky he was.

Fortunately, Raegan was still in his arms, safe and sound.

This was the only thing he wanted in this world.

This time, he didn't want to let her go again, no matter what.

Raegan snuggled in Mitchel's arms.

She couldn't think of anything.

She just hugged him tightly.

Mitchel came right in time to save her.

This had soothed the fear and panic in her heart.

He was now the embodiment of her guardian angel.

Mitchel and Raegan were so immersed in their mixed emotions that they didn't notice Neal behind them crawling over sneakily.

Raegan hit Neal's crotch with a stone, and it was bleeding profusely.

The pain had numbed him.

He wasn't sure if he was already disabled.

Now that Raegan and Mitchel hugged each other in front of Neal, a strong trace of hatred filled Neal's heart.

He pinned all the blame on Raegan.

If she had not attracted him by her beauty, he wouldn't have ended up like this.

For him, Raegan ruined his life.

So, to avenge himself, he would drag her down with him.

At the thought of this, a fierce light instantly flashed through Neal's eyes.

He raised the dagger in his hand and aimed it at the back of Raegan's head.

The cold moonlight reflected on the sharp blade, which attracted Mitchel's attention.

Mitchel shouted, "Watch out!" Mitchel's pupils shrank violently, and he pushed Raegan away.

But it was too late to stop Neal.

The sharp dagger directly stabbed into Mitchel's left chest.

When Neal saw that he failed to stab Raegan, he seemed to be possessed by a demon.

He pulled out the knife with great strength, turned to Raegan on the side, and pounced on her crazily.

Neal was no different from a madman now.

He shouted through clenched teeth, "You, bitch! I will kill you!" Neal raised the dagger again, and the sharp blade was about to stab Raegan's face.

Suddenly, there was a loud bang.

It turned out that Mitchel rushed over and pounced on Neal, regardless of his bleeding chest.

Before Neal could react, Mitchel bent his elbow and smashed Neal's neck hard.

It was a fatal blow.

A crisp sound echoed.

The bone on Neal's neck broke.

Neal rolled his eyes and fell to the ground, wriggling crazily.

Then, he lay motionlessly like a dead fish.

Mitchel still ignored his bleeding chest.

He turned to Raegan, held her shoulder, and asked, "Are you hurt somewhere?" When Neal pounced on Raegan, Mitchel didn't see everything clearly.

He was very worried that Neal might have hurt her somewhere.

But since he had been moving violently, he bled profusely, and his shirt was now soaked in blood.

When Raegan saw this, her lips moved as if she wanted to say something.

But she couldn't make a sound at all.

She could only shake her head desperately.

Mitchel was stained with bright red blood.

It looked terrifying.

Her tears instantly streamed down her face like a waterfall.

At this moment, Bryce's voice sounded from a distance.

Mitchel's furrowed brows finally relaxed.

He raised his hand and touched Raegan's face.

"Don't cry.

I'm all right." But after saying this, his hand fell like a falling leaf.

Chapter 188

He Is Hurt Because Of Me Raegan's face turned pale with fright upon seeing this.

She held Mitchel's back with tears streaming down her face like a waterfall.

She said in a trembling voice, "Mitchel, wake up! Don't scare me.

Please..." Blood still oozed out of Mitchel's chest.

The excessive blood loss made his handsome face look deathly pale.

This made Raegan panic even more.

She called his name again and again.

"Mitchel, please don't sleep.

Stay with me.

Talk to me, please.

Talk to me, okay?" "Hey, stop crying, silly girl...

It doesn't hurt...

Don't worry..." Mitchel's hands were too weak to move, but he was still conscious.

He heard Raegan's cries.

He knew that she was crying because she was worried about him.

At the thought of this, his lips curved into a contented smile.

Suddenly, his wound didn't hurt so much anymore.

It was as if he became immune to the pain.

He felt that she still cared about him, and he was overjoyed.

She probably didn't know how much he had been hurting.

During this time, Raegan had ignored him and tried every means to distance herself from him.

For him, this was more painful than being stabbed by a sharp knife.

It was just that Mitchel was used to hiding his emotions since he was a child.

So now, he couldn't show them naturally like ordinary people did.

He could only cover them up with indifference.

"Raegan, I am also grieving for the loss of our baby..." Mitchel tried hard to squeeze out the words from his pale lips.

But every time he spoke, it seemed to use up all his strength, making him exhausted.

"Raegan, I'm sorry..."

"Can you forgive me?" After their divorce, the topic of the loss of their baby was like a taboo between them.

They all tacitly avoided mentioning it.

But now, Mitchel wanted to tell Raegan everything in his mind.

His sadness might not be as obvious as others.

But it didn't mean he was not sad.

He was sorrowful inside him.

After all, it was his first child.

Tears streamed down Raegan's face while listening to Mitchel.

She said, "I forgive you..."

I forgive you...

As long as you make it..." When she lost her baby, she really hated him.

She hated him so much that she wished him to die.

But Mitchel risked his life again and again to save her.

Raegan was so moved that the hatred in her heart for him slowly disappeared.

Now, she only wanted him to be alive and be with her.

Mitchel forced a smile with difficulty.

"I'll keep that in mind.

You can't go back on your word." Raegan kept nodding.

She said between sobs, "I promise, I won't go back on my word.

Stop talking now." Raegan's tears kept streaming down uncontrollably.

She couldn't stop crying.

She wanted him to talk because she was afraid he would lose consciousness.

But she was also worried that he would use up his strength if he kept talking.

Mitchel did his best to remain conscious.

His consciousness only began to blur when he saw Bryce approaching them.

He knew Raegan was safe now.

When Bryce arrived and saw the scene, he immediately asked his men to tie up Silas and Neal.

Then he contacted the nearest police station.

Due to the severity of the accident, the police mobilized their emergency rescue helicopter and sent Mitchel to the hospital.

Raegan never left Mitchel's side until they arrived at the hospital.

While waiting outside the operating room, Raegan called Luciana and informed her about what happened to Mitchel.

Soon, Luciana arrived at the hospital.

Luciana looked at Raegan, who was covered with blood, and then at the closed door of the operating room.

Nervous, she asked in a trembling voice, "Raegan, how is Mitchel now?" Before Raegan could answer, tears welled up in her eyes, Then she said between sobs, "He...

He was stabbed by a knife." Luciana's face instantly turned pale upon hearing this.

She choked with sobs and asked, "Was he injured in any vital parts?" Raegan shook her head.

"I don't know.

But he was stabbed in his left chest." Upon hearing that Mitchel was stabbed in his left chest, Luciana felt so weak that she staggered.

Her face turned even paler.

Mitchel's wound was close to the heart and lungs, which were all important organs.

Raegan was quick enough to hold and support Luciana.

She looked at Luciana with tears in her eyes and said, "Luciana, I'm sorry.

It's all my fault...

Mitchel was hurt because of me." Luciana's heart was so painful that she could hardly breathe.

She said anxiously, "What happened exactly?" Raegan was still crying.

But she did her best to retell the whole story in a hoarse voice.

Luciana was silent for a moment.

Then she said, "Hey, don't blame yourself, okay? It's not your fault.

You are Mitchel's wife, so he must protect you." Mixed emotions overwhelmed Raegan's heart.

Back then, they hid the divorce from Kyler and Luciana.

But this time, she didn't want to lie to Luciana anymore.

"Luciana, I'm so sorry.

Mitchel and I have been divorced for a long time." Luciana was stunned for a moment.

When she finally realized Raegan's words, she looked at Raegan with eyes opened wide in disbelief.

"What? You...

You have been divorced?" Raegan looked at Luciana with red eyes and nodded.

"Raegan, how can you do this? Mitchel only looks cold on the surface.

But he has a warm heart.

And most importantly, he loves you," Luciana said disappointedly.

Luciana liked Raegan very much.

But the person lying on the operating table right now was her only son, and he was seriously injured.

How could she not feel heartbroken? Raegan pursed her lips.

She couldn't find a word to refute Luciana.

She understood Luciana's feelings.

Even if Luciana beat and scolded her now, she would not complain.

Luciana looked at the closed door again and then at Raegan.

Suddenly, she felt a sharp pain in her heart, and she fainted.

Raegan was shocked.

She quickly squatted down.

Luciana, what is wrong? Please wake up.

Please..." Raegan held Luciana and tried to wake her up.

But Luciana didn't respond.

Raegan panicked and shouted, "Doctor! Help! Somebody help!" Soon, a doctor arrived, and Luciana was sent to the emergency room.

Fortunately, Luciana's condition was not serious.

After she was given first aid, her heart rate returned to normal.

The doctor said she would be fine after some rest.

Raegan breathed a sigh of relief.

After making sure that Luciana was resting well in the ward, she returned to the hallway outside the operating room and waited for Mitchel to come out.

When Bryce arrived at the hospital, Mitchel was still in the operating room.

Eloise wanted to come over for Mitchel, but her father didn't allow her to do so.

At this moment, Bryce looked depressed.

He had already informed Hector about the accident.

Hector didn't say anything, but Bryce knew what awaited him.

Once Hector came back, he would definitely be punished severely.

However, it was not the right time to worry about himself.

Mitchel was in a more dangerous situation.

Bryce stole a glance at Raegan, whose clothes were in a mess.

Her face was deathly pale, and her feet were soaked in blood.

Looking at her made him worry more.

Bryce slowly leaned over and said in a somewhat guilty tone, "Raegan, why don't you rest first? I'll stay here and wait for Mitchel." Raegan stared at the door of the operating room and said, "You don't need to do this.

I didn't complete your challenge.

When your father comes back, I will talk to him and take the initiative to resign." She was so regretful now, and she couldn't help blaming herself.

If she hadn't taken up Bryce's challenge of going a mountain trek, all of these wouldn't have happened.

Mitchel wouldn't be severely injured.

The surroundings became quiet.

Bryce didn't say anything more.

He was at a loss for words.

Finally, the door of the operating room was pushed open from the inside.

The doctor told them that Mitchel was already saved from danger.

But he still needed to stay in the ICU for observation because the knife almost stabbed his heart, and he had lost too much blood.

Hearing this, worry-stricken Raegan stayed at the ICU door the entire night.

She didn't get even a wink of sleep.

It was almost noon the next day when Hector rushed to the hospital.

Raegan was still outside the ICU, and Bryce didn't dare to leave.

But in the evening, Bryce could no longer stand his sleepiness, so he took a nap.

Hector was in a thin suit without a coat.

Apparently, he came here directly as soon as he got off the plane.

Hector didn't talk to Bryce.

Instead, he went straight to Raegan and extended his hand to feel her forehead.

Raegan subconsciously dodged when she felt his touch.

However, Hector grabbed her arm.

Hector stared at her abnormal red face and said, "You have a fever.

I'll call the doctor to check on you." Raegan struggled, but failed.

She said weakly, "No need.

I'm fine." Seeing that Raegan refused to leave for treatment, Hector called a nurse to take her away directly.

Then, he said to Raegan, "I will let you know as soon as Mitchel wakes up.

I'm sure you're the first person he will look for when he wakes up.

If you keep refusing the treatment, you will only infect him with your disease." Upon hearing this, Raegan had no choice but to compromise.

Hector went on to comfort her, "Go ahead and see a doctor.

Don't worry.

I'm here." As soon as Raegan disappeared from his sight, Hector strode to Bryce and slapped Bryce hard in the face.

Chapter 189

You Don't Deserve My son The impact was brutal.

Bryce's mouth was a bloody mess, and he stumbled, slamming against the wall with tremendous force.

A muffled impact resonated in the room, a painful punctuation to the moment.

Bryce, however, didn't utter a word.

He gritted his teeth and pushed himself upright.

Hector, usually the epitome of calm, now wore an unmistakable mask of anger.

His eyes glowed with fury.

"Bryce, maybe I have pampered you too much.

That's the only explanation for your utter disregard for other people's lives!" Bryce's mouth twitched, but he didn't say anything.

"Your cousin is lying in the hospital.

If anything happens to him, you are going to answer for it!" Fear finally crept into Bryce's eyes.

His gaze dropped, and he stammered, "I'm sorry.

I...

didn't mean...

| never expected something like that would happen..." Hector's tone turned icy.

"You are sorry? Save it for yourself.

I'm disappointed in you." Bryce's face paled at his harsh words.

Hector continued, "I have raised you up on my own and doted on you for years since | felt sorry for your mother's death.

Now, it looks like I made a mistake.

Look at yourself.

Do you really deserve your mother's sacrifices?" Bryce raised his bloodshot eyes and asked, "Is it true? Did my mother die because of me?" Hector had never spoken of Bryce's mother for many years.

This made Bryce believe that he had been abandoned.

Bryce grabbed Hector's arm, desperation in his voice.

"Tell me everything about my mother!" Hector's gaze turned cold.

"I promised your mother I would tell you everything when you are old enough to take care of yourself." Bryce suddenly shouted, "But I want to know now! Why are you keeping it from me? Tell me, right now!" However, Bryce's request didn't affect Hector.

Hector shrugged off Bryce's hand and said casually, "You can head back now.

You are not needed here." With that, Hector walked toward the doctor's office to inquire about Mitchel's condition.

"Hector." Bryce's voice came from behind him.

With a wry smile, Bryce asked, "I'm not your biological son, right?" Bryce had secretly taken a paternity test when he was thirteen years old.

The results revealed that he and Hector had no blood relations.

Bryce had kept this secret to himself for five long years.

Today, he finally let it out.

Hector halted briefly, then walked away without uttering a word.

Frustration etched across his face, Bryce slammed his fist into the wall.

Blood immediately seeped through his fingers.

Bryce leaned against the wall for what felt like an eternity before turning around.

To his surprise, Eloise stood behind him.

Eloise wanted to say something but hesitated.

However, there was undisguised pity in her eyes.

Obviously, Eloise had overheard their conversation just now.

She hesitated for a while, then stammered, "I'm sorry..."

About last night in the tent..." Bryce's expression changed abruptly, and he snapped, "Get lost." He pushed Eloise away and left without a backward glance.

Eloise, fraught with sorrow, burst into tears immediately.

The night before, she and Bryce had played drinking games in the tent, eventually drinking more than intended.

At some point, she caught a whiff of a familiar fragrance reminiscent of Mitchel's cologne.

In a haze, Eloise reached out and clung to the person next to her.

From what she could recall, she seemed to lean in for a kiss.

Beyond that, her memory was a blur.

When others woke her up in the middle of the night, she found herself sharing the same tent with Bryce.

As she stirred, she absentmindedly touched her lips, unsure if she had kissed Bryce.

Ugh! If she kissed Bryce, that would be a major loss for her! It was her first kiss, and she couldn't even remember how it felt.

How did this happen? No way! It couldn't be true! Moreover, Bryce disliked her.

Well, the feeling was mutual.

Eloise was lost in a whirlwind of thoughts.

Meanwhile, Raegan passed out after getting hooked up to an IV.

The fever and intense stress knocked her out for the entire night.

Even in her sleep, she felt a bit uneasy, waking up with beads of cold sweat on her forehead.

Raegan glanced out the window at the blinding sunlight and questioned the nurse who came in to check her IV infusion.

Only then did Raegan realize she had been out for a long time.

Ignoring the nurse's advice, she yanked out the infusion tube and sprinted to the ICU.

In the ICU, she questioned the doctor and learned that Mitchel had been moved to the VIP ward.

So, Raegan turned on her heels and made her way straight to the VIP ward.

She hadn't fully recovered from the fever.

Before long, she was breathless, and her forehead was slick with sweat.

Arriving at the VIP ward's door, two stern-faced bodyguards blocked her path.

"Sorry.

Can you let Mitchel know that Raegan wants to see him?" Raegan pleaded.

With an impassive expression, the bodyguard coldly said, "Miss, we have received orders that no one is allowed to enter the room." Raegan was taken aback when she heard that.

Didn't the doctor say Mitchel had regained consciousness? Did it mean Mitchel didn't want to see her? This thought left Raegan feeling a bit dejected.

But she wasn't ready to give up, so she sat on a bench next to the elevator.

She figured she would feel less guilty if she was closer to Mitchel.

She stayed there until nightfall.

Raegan skipped meals but took occasional bathroom breaks.

Even the bodyguards rotated shifts.

After waiting for what felt like an eternity, Raegan couldn't shake the feeling that Mitchel was avoiding her.

Approaching the stoic bodyguard, she implored, "Can you please pass on a message? I'll leave once I know Mr.

Dixon is okay." The bodyguards remained unyielding, just like the ones on the previous shift.

"Miss, we are Just doing our job.

Please don't make things difficult for us." Turned down once again, Raegan decided to try her luck with Luciana.

The elevator doors slid open as soon as she turned around.

A poised middle-aged man emerged, his hair impeccably groomed and an air of seriousness surrounding him even before he spoke.

Casting a glance at the man, Raegan felt a spark of familiarity.

Without much thought, she turned to walk toward the elevator, but the man stopped her.

"Hey, hold on a minute!" Pausing, Raegan looked at him inquisitively.

"Yes?" Alexis narrowed his eyes and looked at her up and down.

"Are you Mitchel's ex-wife?" He had done some digging on Raegan and had a photo of her.

Her real-life appearance surpassed the beauty captured in the photo, making it easy for him to recognize her.

Judging by Alexis' tone, Raegan guessed his identity and nodded affirmatively.

"I'm Mitchel's father," Alexis stated, offering a brief introduction.

Raegan reciprocated with a polite greeting.

"Nice to meet you." However, Alexis looked at her coldly and said, "Mitchel married you without informing us." Raegan was caught off guard by the revelation.

She had assumed Mitchel had discussed their marriage with his family, and Luciana had never mentioned otherwise.

Perplexed by why Alexis brought it up now, Raegan held her breath, patiently waiting for him to continue.

"When I was abroad, I got wind of your divorce.

Frankly, I see it as a blessing for him." Alexis paused, then continued, his words oozing contempt, "The Dixon family is respectable, and you don't deserve my son." His tone dripped with contempt, leaving Raegan visibly pale.

Chapter 190

Mitchel's Heroic Deed Alexis noticed Raegan's pale face and thought he had been right about her being easily panicked.

However, as he recalled how Mitchel would dare disobey him for her, he clenched his teeth in anger.

Yet, Alexis had no idea that Mitchel's injury had occurred while saving Raegan.

He assumed it was an accident, which made him less conceited.

"Now that you two are divorced, you should distance yourself from Mitchel and stop pestering him," Alexis snarled.

Alexis' eyes shone with contempt as he continued to berate Raegan, "No self-respecting woman would be as annoying as you!" Alexis would not bother with someone as insignificant as Raegan.

However, what Mitchel said the other day had revealed his deep concern for Raegan, which greatly troubled Alexis.

Though Mitchel and he often disagreed, Mitchel usually remained indifferent to him and seldom directly defied him.

Now, seeing Raegan in person, Alexis realized why Mitchel had been acting out of character.

He suspected Raegan's beauty had bewitched Mitchel.

Therefore, he was determined to take control of the situation before it got worse.

As Alexis turned to leave, Raegan clenched her fists and spoke up.

"I understand your concerns for Mitchel, but I disagree with you." Alexis stopped in his tracks and turned back to face Raegan with a dark expression.

Raegan lifted her gaze and continued in a neutral tone, "I don't think there's anything shameful about my background." Despite her humble background and losing her parents at a young age, Raegan never lost hope, nor did she see herself as less than anyone.

On the contrary, she considered herself lucky to have a caring grandmother, who loved her dearly.

Her inferiority around Mitchel stemmed from his exceptional achievements in all aspects.

In his early twenties, Mitchel earned a double major bachelor's degree abroad and set a record in his early Wall Street career.

Mitchel's accomplishments in the business world were unmatched globally, especially considering his young age.

Of course, the difference in their family backgrounds played a role, but Raegan's primary goal was to grow stronger.

She did not necessarily aim to match him, but to excel in her own field.

Alexis did not expect Raegan would have the courage to challenge his words.

Suddenly, Alexis' expression darkened even more, and his eyes brimmed with scorn.

"Young lady, don't be so naive.

Let me tell you something.

People like you, born without privilege, will never stand equal to those born with a silver spoon!" His words, though illogical, were often effective.

Anyone lacking mental resilience would quickly succumb to his words that were designed to brainwash and belittle the individual.

However, Raegan had faced many challenges over the years.

Despite life's hardships, she remained resilient and optimistic.

She would not be brought down by Alexis' bullshit.

"If you deem yourself as a man of high status, I hope your mindset matches it.

You know, it's rude to look at others through such a narrow lens," Raegan calmly retorted.

This implied that Alexis was the kind of person who stood tall yet looked down on others.

Alexis' expression darkened at her mocking words.

Clearly, he had not anticipated Raegan's articulate response.

The next second, Alexis lost his composure and began to curse vehemently, "Don't fool yourself into thinking my son will defy me just because you two spent two years together.

Cross me, and I'll make you disappear from the face of the world." His words carried an unmistakable threat.

He meant if Raegan dared to defy him, he would finish her.

Alexis' viciousness took Raegan by surprise.

No wonder Mitchel rarely spoke of his father.

The gap between them was insurmountable.

As Raegan said nothing, Alexis assumed she was intimidated and scoffed.

"As for your two-year marriage with him, I'll take it like Mitchel had summoned a prostitute for his needs.

You've had your taste of a wealthy life.

Now leave, and don't you dare come back to Mitchel." His crass words filled Raegan with disgust.

Raegan fixed her gaze on Alexis and asked pointedly, "Tell me, what are you so afraid of?" Alexis faltered for a moment.

The truth was, he said those harsh words for fear Raegan might reunite with Mitchel, which would derail his plans.

"Me, afraid? Don't be ridiculous.

You think you can intimidate me?" Alexis retorted with false bravado.

"To tell you the truth, Mitchel came to me last night, asking me to discuss an engagement with the Benton family.

The wedding ceremony will be held soon enough." Engagement? Mitchel planned to propose to Eloise Benton? Raegan felt as if she had been struck by lightning.

If Mitchel was set on marrying Eloise, why had he risked his life for her and spoken those heartfelt words to her? Noticing Raegan's shocked expression, Alexis sneered with satisfaction.

How dare this woman challenge him! She had clearly overestimated herself.

"As Mitchel's father, it's only right for me to remove any nuisances for my future daughter-in-law, unless..." Alexis looked at Raegan with contempt and continued, "You intend to be Mitchel's mistress." His words, laced with disdain, made Raegan feel as though she was in a pressure cooker.

Her hands trembled uncontrollably, and it took quite an effort to regain her composure.

At this moment, Raegan pursed her lips and shot back, "You don't have to worry about it.

I refuse to be anyone's mistress.

Once Mitchel is engaged, I will not show up in front of him again." Seemingly pleased with her response, Alexis nodded and warned, "Remember your promise!" Just then, the elevator doors opened.

Raegan looked over and saw a familiar face stepping out of the elevator.

Trailing behind the crowd was a girl in a coat and bud hat.

Her features charming and youthful.

Raegan recognized her at once.

It was Eloise.

The woman leading Eloise bore a resemblance to Eloise.

It must be her mother.

A wave of emotions hit Raegan.

Learning of Mitchel's upcoming engagement was one thing, but seeing Eloise in person felt like a fresh wound.

How could she forget Eloise's sweet and flirtatious voice in the tent when Mitchel risked his life to save her? For a moment, Raegan felt as though an invisible hand had slapped her.

Her heart sank with grief.

Perhaps Mitchel's heroics were driven by guilt over the baby, not the feelings Raegan had hoped for.

At this moment, Raegan quietly stepped aside and let them pass.

In an instant, Alexis' demeanor transformed in Eloise's presence.

He shook hands with the middle- aged woman and greeted her warmly, "Mrs.

Benton, what brings you here?" "I came after hearing about Mitchel's heroic deed.

I wanted to see if he's recovering well," Polly replied.

Upon hearing her words, Raegan's complexion lost its color once more.

A heroic deed? It turned out that that was how they described the incident.

Well, it would not be appropriate to suggest that Mitchel had left his fiancée behind to save another woman.

"Your thoughtfulness is much appreciated," Alexis gratefully expressed.

"It's the least I can do.

After all, our families will be united soon." As Polly spoke, she placed a deliberate emphasis on the word "family".