

## **Unbreakable 211**

### Chapter 211

Kneel Down And Apologize! Instead of showing anger, Jamie said in a cheerful tone, "Several banks have already issued statements.

They say your Lawrence Group can't repay their loans and plan to take forcible actions.

The Lawrence family is doomed!" This news hit Nicole like a bolt from the blue! Her face lost all color, and her body shook uncontrollably.

The Lawrence family was over.

What would become of her parents? The employees? How would they make up for the loss? Jamie stared at Nicole, who was visibly shaken.

Even so, she remained dissatisfied.

With a slight smile, Jamie added, "It's not just the end for your family.

Your father might end up a defendant.

He'll have to prepare for jail if he can't pay back the money!" Nicole's mind buzzed, and breathing suddenly seemed like the hardest task.

Jamie gazed at Nicole, her eyes glinting with a dangerous intensity.

"Nicole, don't you find it strange? The order issues with Saatchi and the Roissy Group seemed to come out of the blue.

And it's not just them.

Estford and Rudrichst also declined the products from your company, right?" Nicole sharply turned to face Jamie and asked in an icy tone, "What do you mean?" With Jarrod gone, Jamie dropped her

sweet and gentle facade.

She wore a smirk and explained, "Jarrod told me how hard you worked to secure those orders, especially drinking with clients.

But have you ever considered that from the very beginning, those orders were prepared by him for you?" Nicole's expression shifted dramatically, and her lips quivered as she asked, "What are you trying to say? Be clear!" "Just think about it.

Why did all those orders go amiss exactly on my birthday? Why not the day before or after? Have you not noticed any connections?" Jamie's birthday...

The orders went wrong...

At that moment, Nicole felt like she had been struck by a barrage of arrows, each revelation a piercing wound.

"You...

Did you plan this all along?" Nicole asked, her voice trembling in disbelief.

She had secured all those orders a month ago.

If Jamie's words were true, then Jarrod had been laying a trap from the start and watching her every move.

And she, blissfully unaware, had celebrated each successful negotiation! Jamie sneered, "Looks like you're not as dim-witted as Jarrod made you out to be.

You do have some brains.

The plan to ruin the Lawrence family began the day he came back.

But for him, simply using his power to crush your family wouldn't be fun and satisfying.

So, I suggested a more entertaining game.

| let you be the one to unwittingly bring down your own family.

As for why it had to go awry on my birthday, it was his way of proving his resolve.

Like he said, you're nothing more than a disposable toy to him.

In his eyes, you're completely worthless!" In a flash, Nicole's eyes reddened with fury and pain.

She believed she was saving the Lawrence Group.

But in reality, she was leading them into an even deeper pit.

Little did she know, she had become an executioner who single-handedly brought about the downfall of the Lawrence Group.

Jamie smiled at Nicole's look of despair.

As if the bombshell was not enough, she added in a gentle tone, "Oh, I almost forgot.

My wedding with Jarrod will still take place as planned.

You didn't actually believe that Jarrod's promise of a three-year arrangement with you was sincere, did you? He had already told me about it a long time ago.

He was only using you for his amusement, a pastime." Nicole suddenly felt like she couldn't breathe.

She tried to speak, but each breath she drew felt like a poisoned blade slicing through her throat.

The overwhelming sensation filled her senses with the scent of blood surging and rendered Nicole speechless.

Everything...

Everything was a set up.

It was all a trap set by them to destroy the Lawrence family! From beginning to end, she was the clown on their stage, entertaining two devilish demons! Her naivety had cost the Lawrence family dearly.

And now, her father might face imprisonment.

Just the thought of this made Nicole's head throb as if it were being ripped apart.

Jamie laughed mockingly.

"Oh, and considering your father's health, he'll probably die in prison.

You better start planning his funeral.

Wait, prepare for two.

Your mother isn't doing well either, so be ready." Nicole saw red.

In a fit of rage, she lunged at Jamie and knocked her to the ground with her hands clasped tightly around Jamie's throat.

"I'll kill fucking you!" Nicole bellowed.

Nicole's mind was consumed by a single thought.

She got to kill Jamie.

Her heart was filled with hatred.

She loathed Jamie and Jarrod with all her entire being.

They had resorted to such vile methods to destroy the Lawrence family.

Moreover, they even cursed her parents, promising them untimely deaths.

Nicole swore to herself she would kill them.

First Jamie, and then Jarrod! She would kill these two demons, even if it cost her life.

Then, she would die with no regret.

"Ah!" Jamie exclaimed in horror.

Jamie had only intended to provoke Nicole so that Nicole would collapse and seek death.

However, she never expected Nicole to lose it and go for her.

Nicole's grip on Jamie was unexpectedly strong.

Driven by madness and hatred, Nicole was merciless as she strangled Jamie, who was now pounding the floor in a desperate attempt to get help.

But the bodyguards remained outside the door, seemingly oblivious to the noise inside.

This was Jamie's own doing.

Jamie had wanted to witness Nicole's breakdown with her own eyes and relish in her suffering.

That was why she instructed the bodyguards to ignore any noise they heard.

Now, her plan had backfired.

Jamie flailed her arms helplessly, but it was in vain.

Nicole, seemingly to be possessed by a vengeful spirit, had an astonishing grip on Jamie's throat.

"Jamie, you're evil.

You deserve to die! Don't worry.

I'll make sure Jarrod joins you in hell.

Both of you are demons who belong in the deepest pits of hell for eternity!" The redness in Nicole's eyes intensified.

She looked as though she had descended into madness.

The world was so unfair! Innocent people suffered, while the wicked thrived.

If that was how the world worked, Nicole decided she would take justice into her own hands.

She was ready to exchange her last breath to rid the world of these two demons.

It was a sacrifice worth making.

Under Nicole's relentless grip, Jamie's strength waned, her eyes began to lose focus, and her breaths turned shallow.

Suddenly, a loud "thud" echoed through the room.

The door burst open.

Jarrood swiftly entered the room in his wheelchair.

With surprising strength, he lifted Nicole, who was lost in her frenzied state, and forcefully tossed her aside.

Then, he bent down to scoop up Jamie from the ground.

"Jamie! Jamie, wake up!" Despite his weakened state from the spear attack, Jarrood's actions were decisive.

The spear that had hit him was custom-made and designed to deliver a significant impact while causing minimal damage.

It had missed his vital organs, allowing for a relatively good recovery.

Nevertheless, he still needed a wheelchair for mobility.

Jamie gasped for breath, followed by a series of coughing fits.

After catching her breath, she clung to Jarrod and sobbed uncontrollably.

"Jarrod, you saw it!" Jarrod's gaze fell upon the two purple marks on Jamie's neck.

His eyes grew cold and clouded with darkness.

Meanwhile, Jamie continued to cry and make a scene.

"She wanted to kill me, Jarrod.

She's dangerous.

We need to call the police and get her arrested.

She should rot in prison, just like her father!" Nicole's bloodshot eyes seemed to blaze with even greater intensity at the mention of her father.

She hated herself for not having enough strength and unsuccessfully silencing Jamie once and for all.

With a glare that could cut through steel, Nicole hissed through clenched teeth, "My only regret is not killing you.



If I had another chance, I] wouldn't hesitate to strangle you again!" Nicole's words, laced with deep loathing, caused Jarrod's eyes to narrow into dangerous slits, and a storm brewed on his handsome face.

"Nicole, kneel down and apologize to Jamie," he commanded in a calm yet icy tone.

## Chapter 212

You Two Will Eventually Go To Hell When the door opened, the scene where Nicole was tightly strangling Jamie appeared before everyone's eyes.

And Nicole admitted it herself.

Nicole's intent to harm Jamie was undeniable.

If Jamie persisted in filing a lawsuit against Nicole, the latter would definitely have been sent to jail.

However, this was not the result Jarrod wanted.

So, he planned to let Jamie vent her anger and convince her to let this matter go.

At this moment, his mind was a mess.

But he tried to justify to himself that sending Nicole to prison would not be as entertaining as personally tormenting her himself.

The fall of the Lawrence family was just the first step.

Besides, Nicole's parents were still alive and well.

Nicole's family was still complete.

In his case, both of his parents died when the Schultz family was in trouble.

Even though he was rich and powerful now, he could never bring their lives back.

Jarrold saw that Nicole's face turned pale, but he ignored it.

He convinced himself that she was a deceitful, hypocritical liar.

She didn't deserve his pity.

Besides, he was reminded of all his sufferings.

During his most difficult times abroad, he even had to fight with dogs for food.

What Nicole had gone through was nothing compared to what he had experienced.

Suddenly, Nicole raised her head and burst into laughter.

"You want me to kneel in front of her? Dream on, Jarrod!" She only knelt to Jamie on the cruise ship earlier because she was forced by her responsibility to save the Lawrence Group.

But she had already lost the Lawrence Group.

What else did she have to fear? Jamie held Jarrod's arm tightly and snapped, "Jarrod, she has admitted hurting me herself.

Why are we keeping her here? I came to see her out of goodwill, but what did she do? She attempted to kill me.

She even said she wanted to kill you, too.

Jarrold, this lunatic must be locked up right away.

She is dangerous." Nicole was so disgusted by Jamie's hypocritical words that she wanted to vomit.

Nicole suddenly burst into laughter.

"Ha-ha! Out of goodwill? Tell it to the Marines! You told me the details about how the two of you conspired against me, how you manipulated me to make the Lawrence family go bankrupt, and how you cursed my parents to die early so that I could prepare their funeral in advance.

That was all your goodwill.

Jamie, I must say that you are just so full of goodwill." The expression on Jamie's face drastically changed.

Naturally, she wouldn't admit it.

"What nonsense are you talking about? I never said those words.

How dare you slander me!" Jamie was a newly recognized socialite in Ardleys.

How could she allow such uncouth words to spread and destroy her? Nicole was not in the mood to argue with Jamie.

She looked at Jamie fiercely and said, "It's okay if you don't want to admit it.

God is watching, anyway.

He knows what you have done.

And one thing is for sure.

You two will eventually go to hell." Jamie could no longer take Nicole's words.

She stepped forward and raised her hand high.

Two crisp slap sounds echoed in the room.

She slapped Nicole twice.

They were so hard that blood immediately oozed out of the corners of Nicole's mouth.

Jamie even cursed, "You bitch!" After hitting and cursing Nicole, Jamie was not satisfied yet.

She felt like she had not vented her anger enough.

She raised her hand again, but someone suddenly grabbed her wrist.

Jamie turned her head and saw Jarrod staring at her with a gloomy face.

He said in a low voice, "That's enough.

Let's go.

Leave her alone here." Jamie's expression instantly darkened.

Tears welled up in her eyes.

"Jarrod, what are you doing? How can you let this murderer go just like that?" Jarrod's handsome face turned slightly cold.

"I don't want to hear it anymore.

Forget it for now.

It's not yet the right time to deal with her." Jamie couldn't believe her ears.

Nicole almost strangled her to death, but Jarrod wanted to let Nicole go that easily.

"I don't want to argue about this anymore.

Just listen to me, okay? Let's go," Jarrod said gently as if he was coaxing her.

Jamie was livid, but there was nothing else she could do.

She could only stomp her feet in anger.

Suddenly, she thought of something.

She turned to Nicole and said gleefully, "Oh! Your father is also in this hospital, right? I heard that many people came to him, demanding money and causing a scene.

The hospital will not let him stay here much longer." As soon as Jamie said this, Nicole rushed out of the ward without looking back.

Jarrod's expression changed slightly.

Although he was in a wheelchair, he had the urge to chase after her.

Jamie noticed his reaction.

Of course, she wouldn't allow him to do it.

She immediately grabbed his arm and said between sobs, "Jarrod, my neck hurts so much, and I feel dizzy.

I'm scared.

What if there will be aftereffects? Please take me to the doctor." She knew that Jarrod would never leave her alone when she said she wasn't feeling well.

He cared for her that much.

True to form, Jarrod suddenly stopped moving.

He said, "Can you still walk? Should I ask Alec to bring a wheelchair for you?" Jamie did her best to suppress her smile.

She was satisfied with the result of her acting.

She said coquettishly, "I really feel dizzy.

I don't think I can walk." Jarrod called Alec, who immediately pushed a wheelchair into the ward.

He then asked, "Where is my walking stick?" Alec went out for a moment.

When he returned, he was already holding a custom-made, pure black walking stick with a luxurious golden dragon head on the handle.

It looked particularly stylish and domineering.

Jarrold took it and used it to stand up, leaving his wheelchair behind.

He looked taller in his tailored black suit.

And now that he was holding the walking stick, he was indescribably more handsome, giving off the air of a disabled boss.

Jamie watched him with fascination in her eyes.

No wonder she had fallen head over heels for him.

He was so handsome that even a walking stick became a fashion accessory when he held it.

Jarrold turned to Alec and ordered, "Take Jamie for a thorough examination.

Make sure not to miss a single area." Jamie's eyes widened in shock.

She looked at Jarrold and asked, "Jarrold, aren't you coming with me?" Jarrold ruffled her hair perfunctorily and said, "I have something to deal with.

Please be obedient, okay? Go with Alec so the doctor can check on you.

Then, you rest well." After saying this, he quickly walked out of the ward with the walking stick.

He had no idea how Jamie looked behind him.

Her face contorted in anger, and she pursed her lips tightly with hatred in her eyes.

He had something to deal with? And he expected her to believe him? Jamie knew Jarrod left in a hurry because he was afraid that Nicole would be in danger.

Nicole was definitely a bitch.

She deserved to die.

However, Jamie wouldn't let Nicole die so easily.

Jamie's lips curved into a malicious smile.

She clenched her fists tightly and murmured to herself, "Nicole, I will destroy everything you have first.

Then, I will make sure you suffer the most embarrassing and excruciating death." At this moment, Nicole had already reached her father's ward.

She found that the small ward was already crowded with people.

All those relatives who used to fawn over her father and crave for shares and dividends of the group, now surrounded her father's hospital bed.

The sycophantic expressions on their faces before were now replaced by arrogance and disdain.

Their attitude had completely changed.

Nicole saw her father lying in bed with his mouth wide open.

However, he couldn't speak.



He only gasped for breath.

Nicole's mother suddenly knelt on the floor and begged, "Please, stop harassing my husband.

He's still in bad condition.

Let's stop arguing here.

Can we talk outside?" Instantly, the ward was in an uproar.

"Your family is already like this, but he still dares to stay in the hospital.

Do you have money for medical treatment?" "That's right! He doesn't deserve to spend money on hospital bills.

If he doesn't pay us back soon, we'll throw him out." A fat woman was even more enraged.

She stepped forward and grabbed Nicole's mother's hair directly, attempting to pull off her earrings.

When Nicole saw this, she rushed forward, pushed the fat woman away, and shouted, "Stay away from my mother.

Don't you dare touch her!" But she was too late.

The fat woman had successfully pulled off the earrings, making her mother's ears bleed.

It looked horrifying.

Nicole couldn't bear it.

She wished she could take her mother's pain.

If she was the one who was hurt like this, she could manage.

But seeing the blood in her mother's ears, she felt like her own flesh was being torn apart.

The pain in her heart was unbearable.

It was so painful that she could hardly breathe.

She felt like she was about to die at any moment.

"Ahhh!" Nicole screamed desperately.

She was so consumed by agony.

But this scene did not arouse pity or sympathy from the crowd.

Their only concern now was their money.

Since the Lawrence Group had gone bankrupt, they thought their money had been wasted.

They had totally forgotten how they had morally coerced Nicole's father into selling the shares of the Lawrence Group at a low price.

Then, someone spoke up from the crowd.

"Stop pretending to be pitiful.

Do you think it can help you escape from your debts?" "That's right! Nicole, you are responsible for this situation! You have to deal with this crisis.

If you hadn't insisted on doing it your way, the Lawrence Group wouldn't have collapsed." These words ignited the anger in everyone's hearts.

Some of them rushed to Nicole and grabbed her hair.

The others pulled her clothes and trampled her like a stray dog.

Nicole's mother rolled her eyes.

She was so angry that she fainted.

Suddenly, there was a loud bang.

Everyone turned their heads and looked in the direction where the noise came from.

It turned out that someone threw a phone on Nicole's head.

The heavy metal casing caused a bad gash on Nicole's forehead.

In an instant, blood oozed out and dripped down her face, covering her eyes.

"You all stop it!" A deep voice suddenly sounded at the door.

Then, everyone felt an intimidating aura.

The clamorous crowd instantly quieted down.

They all froze in place.

Nicole's eyes were covered with blood.

But despite the

Chapter 213

She Is In A Critical Condition But the silence in the ward didn't last long.

Soon, the crowd came back to their senses.

When they saw Jarrod come in with the help of a walking stick, they didn't feel even the slightest sense of threat.

Suddenly, a middle-aged wretched man stepped forward, looked at the disheveled yet stunning Nicole, reached out, and grabbed her hair violently.

He sneered coldly, "Nicole, if you don't have money to pay us, why don't you sell yourself? You are undoubtedly beautiful.

Many men will definitely want to sleep with you.

You can serve several of them in one night.

Then, you should be able to pay your parents' debts and..." Before the wretched man could finish his words, a dark silver light directly hit his face.

Then, there was a loud thud.

It was followed by a muffled voice.

It turned out that the base of Jarrod's walking stick hit the man's face.

It was so hard that it created a sharp gust of wind.

That glimmer of silver light came from the silver ornament embedded at the base of the black walking stick with a golden dragon head on the handle.

In an instant, the man spat out a mouthful of blood.

Four of his front teeth flew out.

He writhed in agony on the floor.

His distorted face looked horrible.

Everyone in the ward was so shocked that they stood rooted to the spot.

They could not believe the man with a pale face and weak appearance possessed such incredible strength.

Fear surged in their hearts, and no one dared to approach Nicole anymore.

But if they thought it was over, they were wrong.

Jarrod's walking stick sounded on the floor.

Jarrood walked up to the wretched man and said word by word, "I told you not to touch her." After saying this, he curled his lips slightly.

His grip on the handle of his walking stick tightened.

Then, he gently lifted it and thumped it down again.

But its base didn't hit the floor.

Instead, it firmly pressed against the wretched man's palm.

Then, Jarrood turned and ground it.

"Ahhh!" The man felt like his hand was about to break.

The excruciating pain made him scream like crazy.

He was very scared, thinking he would lose his hand.

Suddenly, the crowd covered their noses and made a disgusted sound.

They saw that the man's lower body was soaking wet, and a puddle of yellow liquid surrounded him on the floor, emitting a foul smell.

The wretched man was so scared that he wetted his pants.

Everyone's faces instantly turned pale.

Someone asked in a low voice, "What is this? Are you trying to scare us? Is this the way of avoiding the debts?" Jarrod suddenly turned and fixed his eyes on the man who spoke.

The man was so scared that he trembled all over and quickly stepped back.

Jarrod casually threw his suit on Nicole's shoulders, covering her almost exposed allure.

Then, he said calmly, "Wait for the Lawrence family's response before you make a move.

And instead of resorting to this kind of method, go through legal procedures." When Nicole heard this, she felt so disgusted that she wanted to throw up.

The culprit was acting self-righteous in front of everyone and lecturing them on how to collect debts from the victims.

If only these people knew how absurd the situation was.

Nicole clenched her fists tightly to suppress the urge to spit blood on the spot.

She said slowly, "Our Lawrence family will definitely pay you back.

If worst comes to worst, we still have some assets we can sell.

Just give us enough time." Someone shouted, "What other assets are you talking about? Everyone knows that your capital chain has collapsed.

You can't even pay your eighty-million-dollar loan in the bank.

How can you pay us?" "If I say we will pay you back, we will.

Just trust me this time." After saying this, Nicole slowly stood up, pulled off Jarrod's coat disgustedly, and threw it into the trash bin.

She saw that Jarrod's face turned sullen, but she ignored it.

She continued, "You won't be able to get a penny here now.

Give us some time.

We will sort out this matter." Jarrod looked at his coat in the trash can with a darkened expression.

His brows furrowed tightly.

He suddenly thumped the floor with his walking stick and shouted, "You all get out of here!" As soon as Jarrod said this, several bodyguards in black came out from behind and dispersed the crowd.

The wretched man could not stand up, so the bodyguards dragged him out.

"Wait a moment..." Nicole stopped the bodyguard.

Her eyes shimmered with endless charm as she looked at the wretched man and said, "Mister, don't forget what you said Just now.

I'm looking forward to your introduction of wealthy men to me." Jarrod's handsome face darkened even more.

"Nicole, are you really that shameless?" He was furious.

How could she boldly discuss dirty deals with another man right in front of him? He didn't expect her to be this flagrant.



Nicole adjusted her tattered dress and smirked.

"Mr.

Schultz, you keep on plotting against me because you want to see me degrade myself and \_ struggle desperately, right? Are you still not happy with what you're seeing now?" Jarrod's eyes dimmed, and his expression was terribly gloomy.

Yes, he should be happy with this, right? After all, this plan had excited him from the beginning.

But why didn't he feel that way now? Instead, he lost interest in it.

All he had in his heart now was endless hatred for Nicole.

He hated her for her lack of principles, for her flirting with others, and her numerous admirers.

He hated her so much that he wanted to restrict her to his side.

That way, she could not wander around and leave heartlessly at will.

"Mr.

Schultz, please leave now.

Your wish has already come true.

As you can see, the Lawrence family is already miserable.

You can see it on TV, the Internet, and social media.

You don't need to come here and personally witness it." Suddenly, Nicole felt exhausted.

She found everything so meaningless that she didn't want to deal with it anymore.

If God really existed, why didn't He help her even once? On the outside, her back was straight.

She stood with her head held high.

But deep inside her, she was rickety and defeated.

What could be more soul-crushing than pushing her beloved family into hell with her own hands? This was undoubtedly a huge blow to her.

It was so huge that it made her think of ending her life.

After everything she had gone through, she felt sick and tired of her life.

Unfortunately, she couldn't die yet.

She could only die after she had arranged everything.

When that time came, perhaps she would choose a sunny day, face the sea, and bury herself.

"Nicole, stop!" Jarrod shouted furiously.

But Nicole just turned a deaf ear to him.

Perhaps she was not interested in dealing with him anymore.

She walked forward in a daze, not knowing where to go.

Her mother was sent to the emergency room, and her father was left alone in the ward.

No one was there to take care of him.

She needed to find a private nurse to be with her father all the time.

She also had to pay for her parents ' medical expenses.

The hospital would not give her situation any consideration.

No matter what, she had to settle the hospital bills.

Suddenly, Jarrod grabbed Nicole's wrist.

She turned and met his furious eyes.

"I told you to stop!" Jarrod exclaimed.

"What else do you need? Our agreement is over." Nicole shook off Jarrod's hand.

She was so disgusted with him that she didn't even want to look at him.

But before she could react, he forcefully pulled her into his arms.

Then, he raised her chin with his finger, stared at her eyes, and said something that even he himself found hard to believe.

"It won't be over." Nicole still locked her eyes with his.

His words didn't make her waver at all.

An unexpected hint of compassion appeared on Jarrod's face.

"But you can beg me.

Maybe..." "Beg you? You want me to beg you?" Nicole chuckled sarcastically.

"What do you want me to beg you for? To spare the Lawrence family? To let you and I continue our secret affairs? For you to humiliate and trample my family all over again? Or to let you send my family back to hell once more?" After saying this, a bitter smile appeared on Nicole's face.

"Jarrod, don't expect me to do it.

I will never be fooled by you again." Nicole had long realized that her tactics were useless against him.

So, she had given up hope and stopped trying.

Nicole's only focus now was to ensure that her parents lived their remaining days and years on Earth in peace.

"Let go of me.

Your touch disgusts me." Nicole struggled to break free.

However, Jarrod held her even tighter.

She had no choice but to press his left shoulder injuries.

Jarrod frowned and let out a muffled groan.

The part she had pressed against was the wound he got when he had protected her from being injured.

Immediately, fresh blood stained the gauze and wetted his shirt.

He now felt she really hated him.

Jarrod pressed his thin lips into a straight line.

He endured the pain for a moment.

Finally, he dragged her into an empty ward regardless of the wound on his shoulder.

Then, he locked the door.

Suddenly, he pushed Nicole down.

She was unprepared, so she staggered and fell to the floor.

Jarrod crouched down with his walking stick, approached her, and said coldly, "Nicole, it seems you have forgotten how it feels to have sex with someone you disgust." After saying this, he reached out and loosened his tie.

Nicole's heart skipped a beat when she saw this.

She already knew what he wanted to do, so she tried to get up and escape.

However, Jarrod grabbed her ankle with one hand and dragged her forcefully.

There was a loud bang.

Nicole fell hard, and she felt a sharp pain in her chest when her body hit the floor.

Jarrod didn't mind the dirt on the floor.

He leaned over, grabbed the back of her neck, and exhaled hot breath next to her ear.

He warned menacingly, "I want you to understand this clearly.

I can crush your entire family as effortlessly as squashing an ant." Jarrod always knew how to threaten her effectively.

Sure enough, Nicole stopped struggling upon hearing this.

She was dying, so she no longer feared death.

But her parents...

After Nicole stopped struggling, she was now like a lifeless fish.

She was dry, dull, and boring, making Jarrod lose interest.

He grabbed her chin and forced her to face him.

"Aren't you considering to serve those other dirty men? Practice with me now.

Once you become good at it, I'll be your first customer.

I will pay you handsomely." Then, he took out a card and said coldly, "One hundred thousand dollars for one time.

I'll immediately transfer the money to you." Suddenly, a crisp sound echoed in the ward.

\_ Jarrod slapped Nicole's face hard with the card.

She felt pain, but it was nothing compared to the humiliation she had suffered from him.

One hundred thousand dollars? Nicole's chest heaved violently.

She felt like the air around her seemed to get thinner, making it difficult for her to breathe.

All Jarrod wanted was to trample on her, humiliate her, and degrade her.

The more she tried to save face, the more he became interested in her and wanted to torment her.

Since this was what he wanted, why didn't she let go of her worthless dignity and do her best to disgust him? At the thought of this, Nicole smiled and said, "Oh, Mr.

Schultz, you are so generous.

Why don't you settle your previous accounts as well? Since you've been deceiving me, then there's no need for us to continue our agreement..." Nicole realized that she could no longer count on her fingers the accounts she and Jarrod had to settle.

Suddenly, she felt a headache.

She said, "Let's consider it a package deal.

Settle the old debts for ten million dollars.

Otherwise, there's no need to negotiate." Jarrod's eyes instantly turned cold.

"Do you really think you're worth ten million dollars?" Nicole, who had long lost her sense of shame, smiled and said, "Why? Does the rich and powerful Mr.

Schultz want to avoid paying his debts? Ten million dollars is actually just a small amount.

But it's up to you whether you want to pay or not." The floor beneath her was cold, but she was unperturbed.

"Don't blame me for not reminding you.

If you don't pay, all you can get is a lifeless body.

An emotionless whore." Nicole only talked about money.

At this time, she was really bringing their relationship to the level of a transaction.

And this only made Jarrod even more disgusted and resentful.

Sure enough, she was still the same old Nicole Lawrence, who liked belittling others and manipulating their emotions.



She hadn't changed at all.

Jarrood snorted coldly.

After his journey through hell, would he still allow himself to be deceived by her false facade? He said derisively, "Nicole, your cheapness is truly beyond my imagination." However, these words no longer had much impact on Nicole.

It was as if she could allow him to insult her all he wanted.

It was like her flesh was being cut with a knife every day, and she became immune to the pain.

So, would she still feel anything when someone suddenly slapped her? A slap was nothing compared to the other injuries she had gotten from him.

Jarrood's eyes turned bloodshot.

His fingers pinched her slim waist, and he pulled her down.

Then, he said coldly, "Fine! I will pay you.

But make sure you are worth this money." He then grabbed her neck, covered her lips with his, and kissed her fiercely.

Actually, it couldn't be considered a kiss.

It was more like an assault meant to suffocate her.

While Jarrood's lips and tongue continued exploring Nicole's mouth, he tore apart her remaining clothes.

His movements were rough and violent, causing his wound to burst open.

Blood flowed down his shoulder, but he didn't care about it.

He was like a madman, devouring her ferociously.

It was as if nothing else mattered to him at this moment.

Tears subconsciously welled up in Nicole's eyes.

She didn't know if it was because of pain or hatred.

Why did he always force her to be entangled with him? She really hated it.

At this moment, there was a knock on the door.

Then, Jamie's voice came from outside.

"Jarrod, are you in there? I am feeling unwell.

Can you accompany me? Jarrod..." Jamie knocked on the door again.

It seemed she wouldn't stop knocking until she saw Jarrod.

In fact, Jarrod had arranged for bodyguards outside the door before taking Nicole to this ward.

But the bodyguards didn't dare to stop Jamie, thinking Jarrod cherished her so much and couldn't afford to offend her.

After all, Jarrod didn't blame Jamie even though he was shot by her.

This was clear proof of how important Jamie was to Jarrod.

Yet, despite this, Jarrod seemed to be obsessive with Nicole and always spent time with her.

Actually, the bodyguards supposed Nicole beat Jamie in terms of figure and appearance.

Jamie couldn't hold a candle to Nicole when it came to charms.

Nicole's hot and curvaceous figure was indeed alluring.

Jamie's voice outside the door was not too loud.

It was as if she didn't want to embarrass Jarrod.

But she could clearly hear the intense movements inside.

Even a fool would understand what Jarrod and Nicole were doing.

Jamie clenched her fists tightly, and her eyes were full of hatred.

She assumed that bitch Nicole seduced Jarrod again.

She cursed Nicole internally for being shameless, not sparing even a place like the hospital to flirt with Jarrod.

Inside the ward, Jarrod continued what he was doing.

It seemed he had no plans of stopping.

He yearned for Nicole so much, feeling like it had been a century since the last time they had sex.

It was as if he was addicted to her.

Once he got a taste of her, he could no longer suppress his urge.

He couldn't stop himself from wanting more.

Worse still, he couldn't bring himself to shift his interest to others.

It was like she was the only drug he could get addicted to.

The inexplicable emptiness that engulfed him could only be filled when he was with her.

And the more she desperately wanted to leave him, the more he wanted to conquer her in bed.

Jamie was still outside the door.

She kept knocking, and her face grew paler and paler.

Everyone knew what was happening inside.

If she stayed any longer, she would only be humiliating herself more.

Then, Jamie remembered her birthday on the yacht.

That day, she overheard Jarrod talking with someone on the phone, wanting to cancel the plan.

Fortunately, she had already bribed those people to make a move in advance.

They had already declined all the products from the Lawrence Group, making the Lawrence Group suffer.

Moreover, news about the issues with the Lawrence Group was deliberately spread out, adding to Lawrence's burdens.

Once everything was set in motion, it was difficult to undo.

After that, Jarrod became restless.

He was no longer in the mood to accompany her.

Later, he even stopped Nicole from getting on the yacht.

When Jamie recalled all this, her face turned even paler.

A terrible idea occurred to her.

Did Jarrod stop Nicole from getting into the yacht to protect her? Was he afraid that she would make trouble for Nicole? Before, Jarrod's attitude toward Jamie was always perfunctory.

And now, although he knew she was just outside the door, he still chose to continue getting laid with that bitch Nicole.

Jamie didn't expect that the situation would escalate to this point.

A sense of unprecedented panic spread in her heart.

Why was Jarrod behaving like this now? The only reason she could think of was that his feelings for Nicole had reignited.

Perhaps even Jarrod himself didn't realize that he took revenge on the Lawrence family crazily because he wanted to conceal the fact that he still loved Nicole.

At the thought of this, fear overwhelmed Jamie.

To Jarrod, he always assumed it was Jamie who helped him out during his most difficult times.

This was the only thing Jamie could hold on to in her relationship with Jarrod.

What if one day, Jarrod found out that the person who had really helped him was Nicole? How would he deal with her? Jamie stared at the locked door with eyes filled with viciousness.

She had to do something.

Before Jarrod could discover the truth, she must get rid of Nicole.

Inside the empty room, Nicole still lay on the cold floor.

Her face was unusually pale.

But Jarrod turned a blind eye to it.

He was merciless now.

But when he was about to go on, the woman under him suddenly started convulsing.

It was a kind of uncontrollable seizure.

Jarrold frowned when he noticed Nicole's unusual expression.

He reached out to feel her forehead.

It was cold.

He cupped her pale face in his hands and shouted, "Nicole!" There was a tremor in his voice that he didn't even notice.

Finally, Nicole stopped convulsing.

But it didn't end there.

Soon, she began to vomit blood.

A large amount of blood flowed out of her mouth uncontrollably.

In an instant, Jarrod felt like his mind was hit by a meteorite.

All his thoughts were burned out.

He was so flustered that he didn't even care about the sharp pain in his shoulder anymore.

He threw his walking stick away, picked up Nicole, and ran toward the door.

It was only then that he realized that Nicole was as light as a feather.

Her entire body was weightless.

"Damn it! Nicole, wake up! Just hold on.

I'm taking you to the doctor." His voice was filled with anger, desperation, and an undeniable panic.

Fortunately, a doctor happened to pass by the corridor.

He immediately took Nicole and rushed to the emergency room.

Jarrold was outside the emergency room, pacing back and forth in a daze.

His heart was beating wildly.

Even at this moment, he still refused to admit that he was worried about her.

He tried to convince himself that he only panicked simply because he hadn't tormented her enough yet.

Suddenly, the doors of the emergency room were opened from the inside.

A nurse hurriedly approached Jarrod and said worriedly, "Are you the patient's family member? The patient is in a critical condition.

She needs an immediate operation.

Please sign this consent form so we can proceed with it."

Chapter 214

Advanced Gastric Cancer Jarrod's heart nearly skipped a beat at the news.



Critically ill? Who? Nicole? How could it be? Yes, Nicole had always appeared slightly too thin.

But to say she was critically ill seemed far-fetched.

Jarrold still remembered how Nicole often claimed that despite her fragile appearance, she was as strong as a bull.

At this moment, Jarrold stared at the nurse with a darkened expression and snarled, "Watch your words!" The nurse was taken aback by the intensity in Jarrold's eyes.

Upon regaining her composure, the nurse responded with a hint of dissatisfaction, "Sir, this is a hospital.

We don't joke about these matters.

The patient has advanced gastric cancer and is currently suffering from severe bleeding.

If you're not eligible to sign the necessary documents, please contact the patient's family immediately!" Jarrold's mind was suddenly ablaze with shock and disbelief.

He gripped the nurse's wrist tightly with a nearly crushing force and, with quivering lips, he demanded, "What did you just say? Say that again!" The nurse frowned and repeated, "The patient has advanced gastric cancer.

Didn't you know that?" As she spoke, she tried to free her wrist from his firm and painful grip.

Clank! Jarrold's black-gold walking stick, adorned with a dragon head, clattered to the floor.

Jarrold staggered backward, and his tall frame leaned against the wall for support, preventing himself from collapsing.

His mind reeled as if struck by bullets, and the pain rapidly seared through him.

Moreover, his body felt like it was on the brink of explosion.

Advanced gastric cancer? No, it couldn't be true! He must've misheard.

Nicole was devious.

How could she be ill and, worse, in critical condition? The idea of Nicole being sick was absurd to him.

Didn't those evil people have long lives? In his mind, someone as vicious and scheming as Nicole should outlive even a turtle.

How could she be seriously ill? Yet, Jarrod's thoughts were interrupted by the nurse's anxious voice.

She urged, "Sir, the patient is in an extremely critical condition and could go into shock at any moment.

Every minute we delay increases the danger.

Are you her family or not?" Inside Jarrod's head, a voice repeatedly said that this couldn't be possible.

But his eyes couldn't deny the words on the surgery waiver form.

Deteriorating condition.

Life-threatening condition.

Critically ill notice.

It felt like an eternity passed before Jarrod managed to find his voice again.

And when he spoke, his words came out as if he were in a dream.

"She...

I'll sign for her!" "Are you her relative?" the nurse asked, adhering to hospital protocol.

"Only spouses or immediate family members can sign according to the regulations." "I..." Jarrod moved his lips, struggling to form the words.

"Her parents are in a coma.

I can be responsible for her." Without a family member's signature, the hospital procedures would become exceedingly complex.

But the hospital would never deny someone's treatment.

During Nicole's operation, Jarrod anxiously waited outside.

His mind raced back to the time when the nurse said a patient with advanced gastric cancer would show signs of illness.

Jarrod strained his memory and tried to recall any instance where Nicole had shown signs of discomfort.

She did seem in pain sometimes during their intimate moments.

Yet, back then, the more painful she was, the more he wanted to torment her.

He remembered that after their sexual intercourse, Nicole would often spend a long time in the bathroom.

But he hadn't thought much of it at the time.

To make matters worse, he even took her out to drink on several occasions.

In order to secure certain business deals he had assigned to her, Nicole had drunk desperately, continuously, for days until she secured them.

This just happened quite recently.

Jarrold realized she might already have suffered from advanced gastric cancer at that time.

It turned out she couldn't bear it anymore, which was why she finally revealed her discomfort to him.

It wasn't an act.

She was really ill sick.

But he had never believed her, not even once.

As Jarrod gazed at the closed doors of the emergency room, he realized despite his wealth and power, there were things beyond his control.

He once thought he hated Nicole, at times even wishing for her demise.

But now, as he faced the possibility of losing her, he only had one thing in mind.

She must live.

If she survived, he could make an effort to let go of his hatred.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, the doors of the emergency room swung open.

Jarrood abruptly stood up.

The sight of Nicole being wheeled out struck him with a piercing pain.

In that dizzying moment, his strength gave way, and he collapsed to the ground.

Unnoticed at first, a trickle of fresh blood began to seep from beneath his coat.

"Jarrod!" Jamie cried out as she rushed to wrap Jarrod, who had collapsed on the ground, in her embrace.

Then, she called out at the top of her lungs, "Doctor!" Soon after, the medical staff arrived to attend to Jarrod.

They hastily cut open his black shirt and discovered that his shirt was soaked with layers upon layers of blood.

Moreover, thick scabs had formed and stuck to the fabric.

"Are you kidding me?" The doctor exclaimed with a frown, "It's a fresh wound! It looks like he's been bleeding continuously but chose to ignore it.

Does he want to die?" As Jamie watched the scene unfold, she clenched her hands into fists.

Men's words truly couldn't be trusted totally.

Jarrold once promised he would cherish her in his lifetime.

However, he was willing to throw his life away for that bitch Nicole.

It was only when Jarrod was finally receiving medical treatment that Jamie entered Nicole's ward.

There, Jamie happened to meet the doctor in charge.

"Are you with the gentleman who was just admitted?" the doctor asked upon seeing Jamie.

"Yes, I am.

And the patient here, Nicole...

She's my best friend," Jamie replied, her voice tinged with feigned sadness.

"Is it true that Nicole has advanced gastric cancer? Is there any hope for her after the operation?" Just before Jarrod fainted, Jamie had caught a glimpse of Nicole's surgery waiver.

A part of her wanted to laugh hysterically at the thought of Nicole's impending death.

The doctor fell for Jamie's mock sorrow and tried to offer some comfort.

"Her illness is severe.

The chances of recovery after the surgery are low.

We recommend focusing on end-of-life care to minimize her suffering." Jamie felt a rush of elation inside, but her face was a mask of profound sadness.

"She has a previous admission record for a scheduled abortion this Saturday.

It's important she receives proper nutrition before that procedure," the doctor added.

"Abortion?" Nicole repeated, clearly taken aback.

Seeing her surprise, the doctor asked with a frown, "You didn't know?" Jamie quickly composed herself and replied as calmly as she could, "Of course, I know.

You don't have to worry about her not getting the right nutrition.

I'll take care of her." Once the doctor left, the smile that had been on Jamie's face vanished.

Abortion? Was this bitch Nicole pregnant with Jarrod's child? Or was it someone else's? Jamie's gaze fell on Nicole's still-flat abdomen.

If the child was Jarrod's, Nicole would manage to get rid of it.

How could this wrench carry Jarrod's child! Jarrod had never been intimate with her.

Despite her attractiveness and skills in bed, Jarrod had always insisted on waiting until after their marriage.

But then, a thought struck Jamie, bringing a sly smile to her face.

It seemed even fate was on her side.

Regardless of whether the child was Jarrod's or not, she could use this to her advantage! Upon reading about the incident involving the Lawrence family online, Raegan immediately tried to reach Nicole.

But her calls went unanswered.

After an anxious night, Raegan decided to go to the hospital where Nicole's father was admitted.

There, Nicole's mother informed Raegan that Nicole, too, had been admitted to the hospital.

Nicole had explained to her parents beforehand that she had a minor stomach ulcer.

Upon entering Nicole's ward, Raegan's gaze fell upon Nicole's gaunt features, and a wave of sadness washed over her.

"Nicole, why have you become so thin?" she asked with concern.

Nicole weakly smiled and reassured Raegan, "It's nothing.

Stomach ulcers can be like this.

I'm not able to eat much and can only have liquid food.

Just think of it as a weight loss program." As they continued their conversation, Raegan retrieved a card and handed it to Nicole.

Puzzled, Nicole asked, "What's this? Didn't you already return the 300 grand I lent you?" Raegan placed the card in Nicole's hand and explained, "There's 5 million in this card.

I know it might not fix everything your family is facing, but it should cover the salaries of your employees." "Raegan, how did you get five million?" Nicole asked in disbelief.



## Chapter 215

Remarry "Did you borrow this large sum of money from Mitchel?" Nicole asked, her expression etched with concern.

Then, she pushed the card back to Raegan and said, "I don't want it! Please return the money to him as soon as possible.

Don't sacrifice yourself for me." Raegan shook her head resolutely.

"No, I didn't borrow money from him.

I actually sold the painting I painted in college, the one named 'Yearn.'" "What? You sold that masterpiece?" Nicole was taken aback by this revelation.

The painting was a poignant portrayal of Raegan's mother, a window into her dreams.

Raegan had invested months, pouring her heart and soul into resurrecting that dream, piece by painstaking piece.

Back then, Nicole had found it beautiful and casually shared half of the photos on a foreign social platform.

To her surprise, someone expressed interest in buying it and wanted to meet the artist.

However, Raegan declined the offer, prompting her to delete the post.

Nicole didn't expect Raegan to sell the cherished painting for her sake.

Rejecting the money, Nicole insisted, "I can't accept this.

Go and take your painting back." "Just keep it," Raegan insisted.

"I sold it on a website, and both parties are not allowed to share personal information.

Buying it back is impossible now." Back then, an interested party offered three million dollars for the painting after Nicole uploaded it online.

When Raegan uploaded it on the website this time, the price suddenly soared to five million with two competing bids.

It seemed strange that the buyer kept asking to meet Raegan, but she always declined.

Raegan exercised caution, well aware of the different and sometimes unpredictable nature of people online.

Once the painting was sold, she immediately deleted her account on the website.

Despite Nicole's reluctance, Raegan suggested, "Didn't I sell my apartment before? I've been living in your apartment.

Consider this money as me buying your apartment.

From now on, I won't have to pay rent, okay?" Nicole responded, "But it's not fair for you.

My apartment wouldn't fetch even three million.

It's barely worth a shade over two million." Undeterred, Raegan insisted, "If you keep saying that, it's like you are questioning our friendship.

Consider the remaining money as my investment in your family's company.

If it fails, it's on me.

But if it succeeds, you can give me dividends yearly, alright?" Nicole was moved by Raegan's kind offer so she didn't decline anymore.

After all, she did need the money to weather the storm.

With the five million from Jarrod, she now had a total of ten million, enough to tide her over for a while.

Her heart warmed.

She felt content in the knowledge that lifelong happiness stemmed from family and steadfast friends.

If the Lawrence Group could overcome this challenge, Nicole still had an apartment in her name as a fallback.

In the event of any unforeseen circumstances, she planned to have her parents transfer it to Raegan's name.

She couldn't bear to see the one who genuinely cared for her endure any losses.

Concerned, Raegan asked, "Has Jarrod been causing you trouble lately?" Nicole's gaze flickered, not wanting to worry Raegan.

"No, don't overthink it." Nicole hadn't expected Jarrod to be more fragile than herself.

As a cancer patient, she had already regained consciousness, but Jarrod remained in a comatose state due to complications from his injuries.

The two conversed for some time.

Raegan soon left the ward since she had classes in the afternoon.

After her classes, Raegan returned home with freshly bought ingredients, intending to whip up some nourishing soup for Nicole tomorrow morning before heading to class.

Upon exiting the elevator, she saw a message from Henley on her phone informing her of a new translation job for a minority language he had arranged for her.

The pay wasn't as high as the previous one, but it was still considerable.

Henley suggested she pick up the materials at his place the next day.

Raegan smiled and replied, "Okay." She felt a sense of relief at the thought of almost having enough money for her planned studies abroad.

However, when she took a few steps forward, she accidentally bumped into someone.

Stepping back, Raegan looked up to see a tall figure and froze for a moment.

Mitchel towered over her, immediately catching sight of Henley's messages on her phone.

His expression darkened instantly.

Perplexed, Raegan asked, "Why are you here?" She thought she had made her stance clear the previous night.

Mitchel, a man of pride, wouldn't come looking for her again, or so she thought.

"What? Am I disturbing you?" His words dripped with sarcasm, leaving Raegan perplexed about what she had done to upset him again.

They should go their separate ways since their relationship had already ended.

Sighing, she replied, "Yes, you are disturbing me.

Mr.

Dixon, didn't I make everything clear yesterday?" Mitchel's eyes narrowed.

"Is it because of Henley that you don't want to remarry me?" Raegan furrowed her brow.

"Can you stop involving others in this?" Mitchel's face darkened even more.

"Well, I see you have been enjoying your time chatting with him." Raegan was rendered momentarily speechless.

She then realized he might have seen their recent chat history.

Yet, it was merely a work-related discussion.

There was nothing going on between her and Henley.

After the previous incident, Raegan confessed that she had deceived Mitchel.

She and Henley had never been together.

Perhaps Mitchel had never fully trusted her from the start.

Now that a future together was out of the question, he was free to think what he pleased.

"Think what you want." Raegan didn't bother explaining and was about to open the door.

Behind her, Mitchel's once handsome face abruptly turned cold.

He held the doorknob before forcefully turning her around and pressing her against the door, his lips descending on hers.

"Mmmm..." The items in Raegan's hand fell.

Before she could resist, her lips and tongue were captured by Mitchel.

His intensity was palpable as he fervently sucked and nibbled on her tongue as if trying to extract something through the kiss.

Her mouth was inundated with his invasive breath.

Such an aggressive kiss was highly uncomfortable.

Raegan resisted, delivering a hard punch to his chest.

In an instant, her hands were firmly restrained by him and pressed against his chest.

Beneath her palms, she felt the powerful and rhythmic beats of Mitchel's heart.

The air around her was saturated with his clean and cold scent.

Raegan's breath grew shallow, feeling light-headed and faint.

She attempted to kick him away with her feet.

Unfortunately, her legs fell short against Mitchel's height.

Her kicks barely grazed his shins.

They were more of a tickle than anything else.

Mitchel finally released Raegan when her face took on an unusual shade of red.

But his tone remained stern.

"Hurry up and breathe." Raegan widened her eyes and gasped, finding it hard to believe what she had just heard.

What did he mean by that? Mitchel smiled and gently said, "I haven't finished kissing you yet." Raegan couldn't help but curse, "You bastard!" Pressing her hands against the door, Mitchel held her waist and said, "You didn't complain when you were drunk.

I decided I couldn't let you take advantage of me for free.

I need something in return." Infuriated, Raegan retorted without thinking, "Even if I was drunk, you enjoyed it too!" Mitchel pressed his leg against hers, teasing, "You enjoyed it too." Feeling his leg's unwelcome presence, Raegan shot him an annoyed glare.

"If we both enjoyed it, how did I take advantage of you?" "If that's the case, why don't you marry me again?" Mitchel suggested.

Only then did Raegan realize the trap she had fallen victim to at the hands of this cunning man.

Mitchel raised his knee, lightly brushing it against her leg.

His gaze was penetrating as he said, "Come back to me.

I can do it even better than that night." Raegan's face flushed when she heard him say that.

Suppressing her racing heart, Raegan exclaimed firmly, "That's impossible!" Suddenly, Mitchel's handsome face darkened.

He looked at her lips and demanded in a \_ hoarse, menacing voice, "Say that again?"

Chapter 216

Your Wife With Another Man Raegan lowered her head.

With eyes glistening with tears, she spoke with a soft yet resolute voice.

"Even if I say it ten times, my answer will remain the same." Raegan and Mitchel had faced numerous trials and the disapproval of Mitchel's parents.

All these signs seemed to scream that Raegan's love for Mitchel was a lost cause.

"Then there's no need to say it again." Mitchel lowered his head, cradled her face, and kissed away her tears with his lips.

"Don't say it again.

I can't bear to hear your refusal." Raegan felt the urge to resist.



However, Mitchel held her so close that she felt he was trying to meld her into his very being.

"I know you don't mean it.

But please, don't reject me this soon.

Promise me you'll think it over, okay?" Mitchel's hands, which were clasping her, trembled slightly.

He was usually so proud, but he lowered his pride for the woman in front of him.

He felt diminished, humbled even, by his own actions.

A single word from Raegan could knock him down.

Once Mitchel was gone, Raegan opened the door and collapsed onto the ground.

The tears she had been holding back now cascaded freely.

Despite her constant reminders to herself not to succumb to temptation, being close to Mitchel stirred something deep within her.

Right now, she hated herself for her lack of resolve.

She was afraid of being shattered beyond repair after being deeply entangled with him and falling for him once again.

The following day, Raegan went to the hospital to bring soup for Nicole.

Before going out, she carefully applied light makeup to hide the dark circles under her eyes.

Upon arriving at the hospital ward's door, Raegan inadvertently caught the doctor's words from inside.

"The decision of whether to keep or terminate the pregnancy lies solely with you.

I hope you consider it carefully." Raegan stood frozen in shock.

It was not until the doctor walked out that she entered.

At this moment, she met Nicole's gaze and asked in a voice tinged with disbelief, "Nicole...

Are you pregnant?" Nicole's expression wavered, and she asked in surprise, "You heard it?" Raegan nodded and took a seat.

"Whose child is it?" Nicole hesitated for a moment before saying a name.

"What?" Raegan exclaimed in utter shock.

"How could it be? How could you and Jarrod..." Nicole buried her face in her hands and, with tearful eyes, looked up at Raegan.

"Raegan, will you look down on me?" Nicole had kept this secret bottled up for so long, feeling no one to confide in or understand her.

She felt engulfed in darkness and burdened by a weight too heavy to bear alone.

Deep down, she wished she had never met Jarrod.

Raegan wrapped Nicole in a tight embrace, her nose tingling.

"I won't judge you.

| know you wouldn't intentionally destroy someone else's relationship." After being friends with Nicole for years, Raegan knew Nicole all too well.

Raegan was certain Nicole would never intentionally meddle in another's relationship, no matter how strong her feelings were toward that person.

There was only one explanation.

Jarrold had forced Nicole into this situation.

Nicole cried on Raegan's shoulder for a long time and recounted the events following Jarrod's return.

Nicole had always been the type to share joys but keep her sorrows to herself.

Even now, she omitted the worst of Jarrod's actions.

Yet, Raegan gritted her teeth in anger after hearing Nicole's revelation.

"Jarrod is such a bastard! How could he hurt two women Just like that?" Looking at Nicole, now so frail that her cheeks had hollowed, Raegan felt a deep sorrow.

"What are you gonna do now?" Raegan asked gently.

"If I say I want to keep the baby, would you think poorly of me?" Nicole replied with a sob.

At first, Nicole had considered having an abortion without a second thought.

However, after consulting with her doctor, she learned that the chances of survival from the stomach cancer surgery were a mere ten percent.

Her condition had worsened faster than typical cases.

In other words, there was a 90% likelihood that she wouldn't make it.

Given these odds, the surgery seemed almost inconsequential.

If she chose traditional treatment, perhaps she could hold on until the baby was viable for a cesarean section at seven and a half months.

Nicole hoped to give her parents lasting comfort and something of herself to hold onto.

She wanted this to help ease her parents' sorrow and give them the strength to go on without her.

"No, the baby is innocent," Raegan reassured Nicole.

Nicole's pregnancy reminded Raegan of the baby she had lost, and a wave of sadness surged within her again.

After a moment of silence, Raegan asked, "Will you tell Jarrod about the baby?" Nicole shook her head.

"No, I can't let him know." She feared that if Jarrod found out, he would insist on an abortion.

After leaving the ward, Raegan unexpectedly saw Mitchel in the corridor.

Jarrod was also admitted to this hospital, so it was likely that Mitchel had come to visit him.

Raegan's first reaction was to avoid him.

She couldn't explain why, but meeting Mitchel filled her with apprehension.

Maybe she was tired of saying those insincere words over and over again.

Later that afternoon, after her classes, Raegan met up with Henley.

They had agreed to have dinner together at a nice restaurant.

Just as they were about to enter, a greasy-faced man approached and patted Henley on the shoulder with a smirk.

“Well, isn't this Mr.

Brooks, fresh from Wall Street.” Henley's expression turned grim.

He lowered his head and whispered to Raegan, “He's my former colleague.

Let's go.

Just ignore him.” However, the man wouldn't let the two of them go.

Back when he and Henley were in investment banking, Henley had always outshone him.

And now, he would not let this chance to mock Henley slip away.

He blocked their path and jeered, “Having dinner with your girlfriend, huh?” Raegan was about to retort when she noticed the man's leering look turning toward her.

"Little beauty, did you know he was fired from his company for breaking the rules? Being fired by his former company means he's trash.

No investment bank in the country will hire him again.

You won't have a future with him.

You'd be better off with someone like me." The man's words made Henley's usually calm demeanor turn cold.

At this moment, he protectively pulled Raegan behind him and addressed the man, "Aldo, watch your language and stop bothering my friend." "How can you be so sure she prefers you? You don't even have a decent job," Aldo retorted with a sneer.

He turned to Raegan and said, "Hey, beauty, come with me.

I'll treat you to a life of luxury, unlimited credit cards, anything you want." Henley didn't even spare him a glance and pulled Raegan along.

"Don't mind him.

Let's go." Despite Henley's outward calm, Raegan could feel the tension in his grasp.

She was aware of why he was fired, and it was unjust.

Not only did he have to endure false accusations, but he now had to tolerate derogatory remarks from a scum like Aldo.

At the thought of this, she paused and addressed the man, "You're Aldo, right?" "Yes!" Aldo grinned from ear to ear.

"So, pretty lady, have you come to your senses? Come with me." Raegan looked at his outstretched hand with apparent disgust and calmly retorted, "Having manners is a good thing.

Maybe bring some along next time you go out." Aldo was momentarily stunned and then realized Raegan was insulting him.

The next second, his face reddened with anger.

"Who are you calling uncivilized?" Raegan rolled her eyes at him.

"Whoever keeps going on and on here, that's who." Aldo pointed an accusing finger at Raegan and snapped, "You bit...

Who do you think you are to look down on me? I'm way better than this loser you're with." He had intended to use more offensive language.

But since they were at a classy restaurant, he bit back the rest of his tirade and endured Raegan's insults.

"Aldo, you've got it all wrong.

It's not that I look down on you.

I simply don't care about you at all." Raegan offered him a sardonic smile.

"And another piece of advice.

Ease up on the perfume.

It's too much.

No amount of fragrance can mask the stench of being a scum." Raegan's words, though politely phrased and free of curses, left Aldo seething and stomping his feet in anger.

Without waiting for his response, Raegan gracefully walked into the restaurant, giving no chance for Aldo to react.

Henley, on the other hand, remained where he was and watched Raegan's retreating figure, seemingly lost in thought.

Aldo tried to regain his composure and let out a chuckle.

"Well, well, I didn't expect that pretty lady to be so feisty." Henley looked back and cast a cold, piercing look at Aldo.

The intensity of his gaze instantly silenced Aldo.

Once they were seated, Henley handed Raegan the translation materials and expressed his gratitude.

"Raegan, thank you for standing up for me back there." "Henley, we're friends." Raegan brushed it off as no big deal.

She lifted the materials in her hand and added, "You've helped me too." Henley studied her with an intense, yet inexplicable gaze.

Having worn a mask for so long, taking care of others had become second nature to him.

This was the first time someone had jumped to his defense.

Moreover, she didn't even think it was anything special.



The nonchalance in the tone of her voice moved him.

At this moment, Henley had made up his mind.

The idea of having Raegan by his side did not seem so bad after all.

As someone who had dwelled in darkness for too long, the warmth Raegan exuded was irresistible for Henley, and it stirred a deep desire to grasp and maintain that warmth.

Henley casually picked up a dessert with a serving spoon and offered it to Raegan.

"I remember you mentioning plans to go to Swynborough to further your studies, but you had to postpone, right?" Raegan merely nodded in response.

"Well, we're heading to the same place.

I'll be working there next month.

Would you like to come with me? I'll give you a tour." This was the second time Henley had mentioned going abroad, offering to keep Raegan company.

Raegan took a moment to consider and then responded, "If I decide to go abroad, I'd like to challenge myself and live on my own." Her words were a polite decline.

Although Henley was an excellent man, she preferred not to lean too heavily on him.

Henley just smiled and didn't say anything further.

At this time, from Luis' vantage point on the second floor, he spotted Henley and Raegan below.

He quickly took out his phone, captured a few photos, and sent them to Mitchel.

He even mischievously added an emoji and typed a message, saying, "Your wife is with another man." Despite seeing multiple "typing" indicators on WhatsApp, Mitchel sent no reply.

Sensible as he was, Luis sent over the location details.

A few moments later, he peered downstairs again.

Chapter 217

I Want To Lock You Up In the restaurant, Raegan and Henley were in the middle of their meal.

None of them spoke.

It was as if they were focused on each other's food.

Suddenly, a violinist approached their table and started playing.

Raegan listened quietly, thinking it was the restaurant's marketing strategy.

After the violinist played the song, she nodded in satisfaction and thanked him.

Suddenly, the violinist magically produced a large bouquet of red roses and handed it to Raegan.

Raegan was stunned.

She only stared at the bouquet without taking it.

The violinist noticed this, so he said, "Miss, congratulations! You are one of the lucky customers chosen for our second-anniversary promo.

These beautiful roses are for you." Since the bouquet was part of the restaurant's event, Raegan no longer hesitated.

She took it from him.

At this moment, Henley suddenly stood up, walked around the table, and approached her.

Then he took out a jewelry box from his pocket and opened it.

There was a shiny diamond bracelet inside.

He asked in a gentle voice, "Raegan, will you be my girlfriend?" Raegan was taken aback, not understanding what was going on.

Why would Henley suddenly ask her to be his girlfriend? All the customers in the restaurant suddenly applauded and cheered, "Say yes! Say yes!" Raegan was so embarrassed that she wanted to dig a hole and hide.

She asked in a low voice, "Henley, what are you doing?" She wanted to ask him what kind of drama he was trying to play.

He didn't even inform her in advance.

Henley raised his eyebrow slightly.

He said half-jokingly, "Don't you get it? I want you to be my girlfriend." "What?" It was only then that everything finally dawned on Raegan.

She hurriedly waved her hand.

"I...

No, I can't." Henley's eyes darkened slightly.

He sighed softly.

"Raegan, that woman at nine o'clock has been chasing after me from abroad to here.

I want her to know I have a girlfriend, so she will stop pestering me.

Can you help me?" "Henley, I..." Raegan didn't like to lie.

Last time, she only agreed to pretend to be Henley's girlfriend because she had no choice.

Now, he was asking her to do it again.

She felt it was already a heavy burden on her.

Raegan was still hesitating.

But the cheers around her didn't stop.

She also noticed that the woman at nine o'clock seemed to be staring at them intensely.

Suddenly, she was in a dilemma.

But amidst the cheers, Raegan heard some boos from the crowd from time to time.

She turned her head and saw Aldo, who had mocked Henley earlier.

He gave them a thumbs-down, and he was booing disdainfully.

Henley lowered his gaze and \_ smiled \_ self- deprecatingly.

"If it's really difficult for you, forget it.

Don't force yourself." After saying this, he put away the jewelry box and stood up stiffly.

Upon seeing this, Raegan's heart instantly softened.

Henley had helped her a lot.

Now, he was only asking her a small favor.

She felt it was unreasonable to refuse him.

Besides, she didn't want Henley to lose face in front of a scumbag like Aldo.

She held Henley's arm and quickly whispered, "Okay." Henley's eyes lit up at once.

He kneeled and gently put the bracelet on Raegan's wrist.

"Raegan, I want to lock you up for the rest of my life." It was only then that Raegan realized that the bracelet was in the shape of a lock.

She didn't know if it was only her imagination.

But when Henley said those words, there seemed to be coldness in his eyes.

But it was so fleeting that it was not easily discernible.

When she observed closely, she saw that his handsome face was still as warm and affectionate as ever.

It was as if those words and expressions had never existed.

The doubts in Raegan's heart had not yet dissipated when she suddenly saw a familiar tall figure at the door of the restaurant.

It was Mitchel, standing there in a domineering manner.

His cold eyes were fixed on her, and she felt his gaze pierced through her.

The way he looked at her made her feel like she had done something disgraceful.

Instantly, the air inside the restaurant seemed to become thinner.

Before Raegan could react, Henley suddenly reached out and hugged her.

Raegan panicked.

She instinctively tried to push him away to break free.

But unfortunately, he hugged her so tightly that she couldn't even move him.

It seemed Henley hugged her in response to the cheers of the crowd.

Then he whispered in her ear, "Raegan, just for a moment." Raegan's body stiffened.

Her breath was filled with a sense of a completely unfamiliar and refreshing fragrance.

It wasn't unpleasant, but it made her instinctively repel it.

The gaze from Mitchel in the distance seemed to create a big hole in her body, making her restless.

Fortunately, Henley didn't hug her for a long time.

He soon let her go.

Henley obviously wanted to hold Raegan's hand, but she dodged by taking the bouquet of flowers.

Henley noticed it, but he didn't show it on his face.

He pretended to be calm and said, "Let's go." Since Mitchel stood tall at the door, there was no way for Raegan to avoid him.

After all, this restaurant only had one door for the customers.

So, she had no choice but to walk forward.

Henley seemed to notice Mitchel now and paused for a moment.

Then, he wrapped his arm around Raegan's waist and greeted, "Mr.

Dixon, you're here too.

What a coincidence." His words and actions were obviously provocative.

While looking at them, Mitchel's eyes darkened.

His body emanated an intense coldness.

He snorted coldly, "Do you enjoy taking over?" The contempt in his words made Raegan clench her fists.

Mitchel turned and fixed his eyes on Raegan.

He asked deliberately, "Do you want to sleep with me tonight?" Raegan's face instantly turned as pale as a sheet.

He must have deliberately waited for her here to humiliate her.

She exclaimed angrily, "How can you be so shameless?" Mitchel curled his lips coldly.

"It seems you have forgotten our intimate moments in the car and the hospital ward."

## Chapter 218

Don't Touch My Woman Mitchel, clad in a sharp suit, exuded elegance and nobility even when he spoke harsh words.

Raegan's face drained of color, and her body trembled.

However, Mitchel seemed indifferent to her reaction.

His gaze shifted to Henley with a hint of mockery.



"Should I congratulate you for being her boyfriend? You seem quite skilled at being the other man.

It's as if this isn't the first time you've wrecked other people's marriages." His words dripped with jealousy.

Nonetheless, Henley seemed unfazed.

Raegan, on the other hand, had reached her limit and burst out in anger.

"Mitchel, when will you stop this absurd talk?" Mitchel arched an eyebrow and retorted, "What did I say that's not true? Or have you forgotten the specifics already?" Raegan was at a loss for words.

She knew that if she denied his accusations, this mischievous man would elaborate on the details.

Watching the bickering between Raegan and Mitchel, a strange sensation washed over Henley.

Mitchel appeared calm on the outside.

However, as a man, Henley sensed something else and could tell that Mitchel was enraged.

Mitchel didn't even bother hiding it.

Henley raised his eyebrows and held Raegan's hand.

The softness of her touch briefly stirred his heart.

He had always kept his distance from women.

He would rather solve his needs by himself.

Under the influence of his mother, he looked down on all women and repulsed them.

However, Raegan changed his perspective.

He no longer felt the strong aversion he once had.

At this moment, he firmly grasped her hand and smiled at Mitchel.

"Mr.

Dixon, Raegan is now my girlfriend.

I'll take good care of her.

] don't care about her past.

But there's something! should thank you for." Henley then paused for a brief moment, and the smile on his face seemed to widen.

"Thank you for letting her go, giving me the chance to get close to her." Mitchel's expression darkened, his anger unmistakable.

If it weren't for the fear of upsetting Raegan, he might have attacked Henley right then and there, regardless of the consequences.

Henley's grip on Raegan was unyielding.

Raegan looked up at Henley and was greeted with a warm, affectionate smile.

To anyone watching, it seemed as if they were exchanging amorous glances.

Actually, Raegan was taken aback.

Henley's acting was impressive.

The warmth and affection in his smile appeared genuine.

However, she was not comfortable with Henley provoking Mitchel.

She knew all too well how dangerous it was to infuriate Mitchel.

When Henley's grip loosened, she seized the opportunity to pull her hand away and urged, "Let's go." As Raegan withdrew her hand, Henley's expression dimmed slightly.

When he was about to follow her, Mitchel intervened.

Mitchel grabbed Henley by the collar and lifted him slightly off the ground.

Mitchel's eyes turned icy, and he said with emphasis, "Unfortunately, I never let anyone touch what's mine." When Raegan turned around, she saw Mitchel grab Henley by the collar and was about to hit him.

Seeing this, her anxiety spiked.

"Mitchel!" she called out to him, but he seemed deaf to her voice.

Instead, his aura grew even colder.

In a desperate move, Raegan opened her mouth and sank her teeth into Mitchel's arm.

Unfortunately, her effort was in vain.

Mitchel's suit proved too tough, and she only ended up hurting her own teeth.

Mitchel froze, and the coldness that enveloped him intensified.

Raegan had bitten him, all to protect another man.

In an instant, his anger flared.

With his eyes burning with rage, he demanded, "Let go of me!" Raegan, unable to speak at the moment, glared at him with a clear message: release Henley first.

She couldn't just stand by and watch Mitchel unjustly beat someone up.

At last, Mitchel released his grip on Henley.

But then, he scooped up Raegan, slid his arm under her legs, and hoisted her onto his shoulder.

Then, the large bouquet of roses from Raegan's grip fell discarded on the ground and petals splayed out in disarray.

With an icy expression, Mitchel stepped over the flowers, crushing the petals beneath his feet.

The roses, once beautiful, were now damaged.

Their crushed petals release their essence onto the floor.

Henley's eyes grew cold.

Just as he was about to go after them, Matteo intervened.

Henley's facade of gentleness vanished.

He took off his glasses and, suddenly, launched a powerful punch at Matteo.

Although caught off guard for a second, Matteo returned the punch.

Soon after, the two began to grapple fiercely.

Meanwhile, Mitchel paid no mind to the chaos behind him and carried Raegan to the car.

As he carried Raegan, she desperately pounded on his back.

She did not even bother to care about her image as she shouted at the top of her lungs.

"Mitchel Dixon, put me down!" But Mitchel paid no heed to her protests.

He opened the car door and, with a heavy thud, threw her onto the back seat.

Thankfully, the car seat was upholstered in genuine leather, cushioning her fall and reducing the pain of the impact.

Dazed, Raegan instinctively crawled toward the car door.

But just as she reached the door lock, her ankle was suddenly seized and yanked backward.

Mitchel climbed into the car, grabbed her foot, and pulled her into his embrace.

With a definitive "click," the car door locked.

Furious, Raegan grabbed his collar and delivered a resounding slap to his face.

"Mitchel, are you crazy? Let me go!" Mitchel leaned in and tried to restrain her flailing hands.

But Raegan defensively clutched her clothes close and shifted her body as far away from him as she could.

Mitchel's expression turned darker in response.

He then lifted the hand that was holding her ankle, making her straddle his legs.

Her thighs pressed against his slender waist, and she found herself kneeling on the car seat, trapped in his embrace.

Raegan was wedged between the front seat and Mitchel's chest with no room to move.

In her nervousness, her lips brushed against his Adam's apple, a place that was completely off-limits.

Overwhelmed by fear, Raegan's breathing became erratic.

She tried to lean back to create some distance, but this only resulted in her getting closer to his lower body.

All of a sudden, Raegan's face flushed.

This jerk...

That area...

Scared and angry, she blurted out the only thing that came to mind, "You have no shame!" Mitchel's breathing was uneven.

And when he spoke, his voice was slightly hoarse.

He leaned in, bit Raegan's lip, and warned her, "If you provoke me further, I'll use you to put out the fire." "Mmm..." Raegan winced under the sharp pain of the bite, and her body felt as if it were on fire.

Her humiliating position only fueled her anger further.

She desperately wanted to slap him, but he firmly held her hands.

At this moment, fear and fury threatened to overwhelm her.

"You're quiet now.

It's my turn to settle the score with you," Mitchel whispered in her ear.

Raegan shot him a glare.

"What score do I have with you?" With a grim expression, Mitchel grabbed her chin and forced her to look at him.

"Who said you could say yes to him?" Raegan's eyes flickered with a myriad of emotions.

She didn't feel the need to explain her actions to him.

So, she chose to provoke him, hoping he would release her.

"He and I are both single.

Why can't I say yes?" "I don't allow it.

Break up with him immediately." "Why should I listen to you? We have nothing to do with each other..." Mitchel's hands, defined by strong knuckles, clenched tightly, and he argued through gritted teeth, "We just slept together.

How can you say we have nothing to do with each other?" Raegan winced slightly from the pain from his grip.

Infuriated, she provoked him further.

"Mr.

Dixon, are you that naive? Does a one-night stand count as a relationship? If anything, it should be called bed partners." "Bed partners?" Mitchel repeated.

His dark eyes locked onto hers, and he sneered, "So, you're not gonna break up with him?" "It's none of your business." Raegan defiantly turned her head away.

In truth, she was tense because of how close they were.

Just then, a faint noise came from outside the car.

Raegan looked up to see Henley and Matteo near the car.



Henley was trying to get closer while Matteo was holding him back.

Thankfully, the car windows were tinted, preventing anyone outside from seeing the inside.

The thought of being seen in such a position made Raegan feel like she'd never be able to face anyone again.

At this moment, she faced Mitchel and demanded, "Let me go now." Mitchel, too, saw the two men outside.

He leaned in closer to Raegan, and his lips curled into a slight smirk.

"Are you scared?" Before Raegan could respond, he suddenly bent down and bit her neck with deliberate force.

His hot breath, coupled with the sensation of his lips and teeth, made Raegan tremble.

Mitchel wasn't biting hard, but he was sucking and lightly licking the area.

His tongue left a scorching, feverish trail.

Raegan's skin prickled with goosebumps, and her eyes reddened in anger.

In retaliation, she bit down on his neck.

She didn't suck and instead delivered a merciless revenge.

Mitchel groaned in response and was even more excited.

Then, he responded more fiercely on Raegan's neck.

The wet feeling from Raegan's neck seemed to resonate throughout her entire body.

"Hmm..." Overwhelmed, Raegan pushed Mitchel away with all her might and pressed her elbow against his chest.

Mitchel let go of Raegan and brushed his fingers on his neck, which was wet and sticky with blood.

She had bit him so hard that blood oozed out.

Mitchel looked at her with narrowed eyes.

Then, with a deliberate and sensual motion, he smeared the blood from his neck onto her lips.

"If you don't break up with Henley, expect more moments like this.

You'd better get used to it," he warned, his voice low.

Raegan, whose lips were stained with his blood, was appalled.

Her expression shifted, and she exclaimed in disgust, "You pervert!" She raised her hand to slap him, but Mitchel was quicker.

He caught her hand mid-air and then secured her other hand as well, pinning both above her head against the car window.

"Yes, I'm a pervert," Mitchel admitted with asly smile.

"Now, let's do something kinky and give those outside a show." As soon as he said these words, the car jolted.

## Chapter 219

Long Time No See Despite the tinted car windows, one could still see a shadow through the glass.

Being pressed against the car window by Mitchel, Raegan couldn't help feeling ashamed and angry at the same time.

She tried to kick Mitchel away, but he held her tightly and pressed her under him.

As Raegan struggled and Mitchel held her in check, the car shook violently.

Mitchel's eyes narrowed.

He said in a low voice, "If you keep struggling like this, the car will shake more violently, attracting more attention from those people outside the car." A trace of panic surged in Raegan when she heard this.

She finally stopped struggling.

She instinctively wanted to look outside to check if there were any passers-by in the parking lot, but Mitchel grabbed her waist abruptly.

She struggled so hard just now that her blouse was inadvertently lifted, revealing a small part of her slender waist.

So when Mitchel grabbed her, his cold fingers touched her soft skin.

Instantly, he seemed immersed in a hot spring.

The warmth of her skin excited his every nerve.

He leaned closer to her ear and whispered in a deep and sexy voice, "What will other people think when they see the car wobbling like this?" Raegan's face instantly flushed.

It was only now that she realized what she did.

Indeed, the car shook violently just now in the parking lot, and other people must have noticed it, probably assuming they were making out in the car.

Raegan was so angry that she trembled all over.

"You...

Are you out of your mind?" Mitchel must be grateful that she was not good at cursing people.

She could only stare at him furiously with her watery eyes.

Her rosy lips slightly parted.

Because of the intense atmosphere just now, she couldn't help gasping softly.

Little did she know that her angry face looked so tempting in Mitchel's eyes.

Mitchel's eyes darkened.

He reached out and slowly kneaded her full lips.

Then, he said in a cold voice full of warning, "Be good.

Break up with Henley immediately.

Otherwise, I will do something in front of him next time." He was serious.

Every time he thought about Henley's being Raegan's boyfriend, he could not restrain the anger in his heart.

Even he didn't know what he would do if he saw Raegan with Henley again.

At this moment, Mitchel was unusually patient.

He whispered in her ear, "I won't allow you to be with other men." Mitchell's hands felt gritty due to regular workouts.

When he pressed his fingers on Raegan's lips, Raegan couldn't help trembling as if she was electrocuted.

Raegan's face instantly flushed.

Her toes couldn't help curling up.

She felt so embarrassed that she lowered her gaze, unable to meet his eyes.

She said, "My arms are sore.

Please let go of me first." Mitchel raised his eyebrows slightly.

He couldn't help teasing, "That's all you've got?" He was amused, being reminded of something.

Every time they made out in bed, she would also complain of being tired.

Raegan immediately understood what Mitchel meant.

She was so angry that she wanted to pat him with the hand he had just let go.

But before her palm could land on him, he grabbed it at once.

"Save your energy for later." After saying this, Mitchel rolled down the car window and ordered Matteo to start the car.

Raegan was startled, thinking that Henley was still there waiting for her.

She subconsciously lowered her head and slid down the seat, almost descending to Mitchel's feet.

But what she did was tantamount to covering her ears and stealing the bell.

After all, Henley knew that she was in the car.

However, Raegan had her own reason for hiding.

At this moment, her neck was covered by hickeys, and her hair was in disarray.

She was too ashamed to let anyone see her like this.

Her reaction made Mitchel's face darken.

He reached out and attempted to pick her up.

But Raegan pulled the edge of his trousers nervously, looked up at him with her beautiful eyes, and hurriedly shook her head.

Mitchel's Adam's apple bobbed up and down.

He looked at Raegan for a moment and threw the bracelet Henley had put on for Raegan out of the window.

This move was even worse than any verbal insult.

Mitchel then rolled up the window without saying anything.

Meanwhile, the car drove away steadily.

When Raegan sat up, she saw Henley outside, squatting down stiffly and picking up the bracelet from the ground.

She was instantly overwhelmed with guilt.

Had it not for Mitchel's sudden appearance, she would have returned the bracelet to Henley personally.

Henley shouldn't be treated like this.

Raegan was so angry that she pursed her lips and snapped, "Mitchel, what are you doing? How can you throw my things away?" Mitchel's eyes darkened.

"So what? If you like it, I will buy you ten of it." He remembered the ring he had customized for her.

She didn't seem to like it, and she refused it.

So, he threw it out of the window.

That night, he walked out angrily.

However, he didn't immediately leave.

Instead, he hid in the dark downstairs.

He saw with his own eyes that Raegan went downstairs, looked for the ring, and picked it up.

When Mitchel thought of this, his eyes lit up, and he smiled complacently.

Raegan stared at him as if she was looking at a lunatic.

She continued angrily, "This is not about whether I like it or not.

That's so rude of you." Mitchel raised his eyebrows.

"What? Do you want me to respect him? Do you really think he deserves it?" For Mitchel, Henley was just the shameless other man who tried to steal Raegan from him.

Henley was a relationship wrecker.

Why should Mitchel respect such a bastard? Raegan was astounded by Mitchel's words.

She looked at him with her mouth slightly gaped open.

Suddenly, she felt that they were from two different worlds.

It was so difficult for her to communicate with him.



But Mitchel misunderstood Raegan's reaction.

He thought she treasured that bracelet because it was from Henley, and this made him even angrier.

Before Raegan could react, he grabbed her waist and made her sit on his lap.

Raegan felt uncomfortable, and she struggled hard.

But he held her even tighter and warned in a low voice, "If you don't want me to do anything to you now, stop struggling." Raegan froze.

Thinking of the embarrassment moments earlier, she pursed her lips tightly and stopped resisting.

The car finally reached Raegan's apartment.

Raegan was about to get out of the car, but Mitchel suddenly stopped her by grabbing her.

He whispered, "Break up with Henley as soon as possible.

Do you hear me?" Raegan didn't say anything.

She quickly opened the door and rushed out of the car as if she was running for her life.

Mitchel watched her flee with a darkened expression.

He was not in a hurry, anyway.

Anyway, he had plenty of ways to have Raegan break up with Henley.

"Go," he ordered indifferently.

Soon, the black luxury car disappeared in the darkness of night.

As soon as Raegan entered the apartment building, she took out her phone, wanting to send a message to Henley.

She thought for a while, not knowing what to say.

In the end, she only made a simple apology.

Raegan waited, but Henley didn't reply.

She couldn't help frowning, assuming he must be mad at her.

She thought she would explain it to him another day.

As for the so-called break-up that Mitchel asked her to do, she found it ridiculous.

She and Henley were not in a relationship.

How could they break up? When Raegan arrived at the door of her apartment unit, she fumbled for the keys in her bag.

When she found them and was about to open the door, she heard a slight noise behind her.

The keys in her hand fell to the floor with a bang.

Raegan didn't look back.

Instead, she slowly crouched down and pretended to pick up the keys.

But she stealthily looked in the direction where the noise came from.

Then, she saw a pair of red high heels behind her.

Her whole body froze for a moment.

When she came back to her senses, she heard a familiar voice.

"Raegan, long time no see." Raegan turned her head slowly, and her eyes widened in an instant.

How could it be her?

Chapter 220

Lose Contact Raegan's mind went blank.

She felt like she was struck by thunder, and all the blood in her body was drained.

She stared at the woman, and her lips trembled several times.

In the end, she only uttered, "Tessa Lloyd..." When Raegan spoke these two words, it was as if she had poured out her deep-rooted resentment.

This callous woman was the person who viciously took the life of her unborn child.

"I'm impressed! I didn't expect you to recognize me at a glance," Tessa sneered in a coarse and hoarse voice.

It was as if her throat was scorched by searing tongs, sounding eerie in the dead of night.

Tessa wore a mask and a\_ broad-brimmed hat, covering half of her face.

So, she was a bit surprised that Raegan recognized her by just looking at her eyes.

Anger surged and overwhelmed Raegan's heart.

She clenched her fists so tightly that her knuckles had turned white.

She glared at Tessa and said through clenched teeth, "How dare you show up here!" Tessa's eyes were full of malice.

She retorted sinisterly, "Ha-ha! Why don't I dare to show up? You ruined my life! Do you honestly think I will let you off the hook?" As she spoke, her voice was full of madness.

Raegan alertly reached for the pepper spray in her bag while trying to divert Tessa's attention.

"Tessa, you are a wanted criminal now.

If I were you, I would surrender and stop making things worse." Tessa stared at Raegan with bloodshot eyes and laughed cruelly.

"Ha-ha! You wretched woman! I'm here today to drag you to hell." As Tessa spoke, she swiftly pulled out a spray bottle and aimed it at Raegan.

A peculiar fragrance filled the air.

Raegan instinctively covered her mouth and nose, but it was too late.

Raegan had already inhaled some of it, making her feel dizzy.

She leaned against the wall and staggered backward.

Raegan fumbled for the pepper spray in her bag, only to realize it was missing.

She panicked, unable to recall where she had put it.

Raegan began to see phantoms in front of her.

But she didn't want to admit defeat.

She slammed her bag against Tessa desperately, hoping to get away.

But unfortunately, Tessa evaded it effortlessly.

Tessa watched Raegan struggle desperately.

She smiled sinisterly.

"Stop struggling.

You're only wasting your energy.

Do you think you can escape from me?" The spray she used was commonly known as the one -minute knockout.

Even a strong man or a fierce beast wouldn't last for a minute once exposed to it.

Raegan's attempt to cover her mouth and nose was futile.

The drug was so strong that it would still affect her.

Tessa was safe only because she wore a specially designed mask.

Tessa leisurely watched Raegan stumble toward the elevator while counting unhurriedly, "Thirty-nine...

Thirty-eight...

Thirty-seven..." At this moment, Raegan's hallucinations intensified.

She could barely stand up when she arrived in front of the elevator.

She knelt on the floor and reached for the down button.

Raegan heard a ding.

Then, the elevator doors opened.

Raegan mustered all her strength and crawled in with difficulty.

She fumbled for her phone in her pocket, wanting to call the emergency hotline.

But when she looked at the screen, everything was blurry and shadowy.

Suddenly, a slap sound echoed in the corridor.

It turned out that Raegan slapped herself hard to remain sober.

But her hand had weakened.

Her slap was more like an attempt to relieve an itch.

But she didn't want to give up just like that.

The next thing she did was bite her wrist so hard that fresh red blood oozed out, feeling her mouth with the taste of blood.

Finally, before the elevator doors slowly closed, she managed to press a number.

The next moment, a slender hand grabbed the elevator, stopping the elevator from closing its doors.

Tessa stood there, still counting down.

"Three...

Two...

One...

"I got you!" Tessa cackled with a harsh and unpleasant laughter.

Before Raegan totally lost consciousness, she shouted, "Tessa!" Then, everything turned black, and she fainted.

Inside the black luxury car, Mitchel accidentally touched something on the seat.

He picked it up and found it was pepper spray.

His handsome face twisted with displeasure.

It must be Raegan's.

Did she buy it to stop him from approaching her? At this moment, his phone rang.

He turned his head and looked at it on the seat next to him.

When Mitchel saw the name flashing on the screen, he froze, and his brows furrowed.

He couldn't believe it for a moment.

What made Raegan call him out of the blue? He quickly picked up his phone and answered it.

He couldn't hide the excitement in his voice.

"What's ou But there was only a faint buzz on the other end of the line.

Suddenly, a hoarse and unpleasant laughter echoed, reminiscent of a scalded duck throat.

Mitchel's eyes narrowed, and the expression on his flawless face froze.

Before he could come back to his senses, the call ended.

"Turn the car around! Go back to the Purple Magnolia Apartments," Mitchel ordered with a darkened expression.



Then, he instructed Matteo, "Check Raegan's whereabouts." Matteo was stunned when he saw the unusual anxiety on Mitchel's face.

He sensed something was off with Raegan.

Matteo opened his laptop and immediately contacted the IT Department to trace Raegan's exact location.

He had gotten the results in five minutes.

Matteo turned to Mitchel with a solemn expression and reported, "Mr.

Dixon, her phone signal was last detected at ten-fifteen in the Purple Magnolia Apartments.

Then, it was cut off." Mitchel's company's IT Department had advanced technology capable of tracking a phone's location, whether it was turned off, submerged in water, burnt, or damaged.

However, when the signal was cut off, it was an indication that a skilled hacker was involved, blocking the signal.

Mitchel's expression turned cold.

He ordered sternly, "Get in touch with the team assigned to locate Tessa.

See if there's any updates." Matteo immediately made a phone call to check.

Ever since Tessa disappeared, Mitchel had arranged for some people to track her down.

The latest news they got was that she was in the coastal area.

After a few minutes, Matteo reported to Mitchel, "Mr.

Dixon, Tessa is no longer in the coastal area.

She is likely in Ardlens." Mitchel immediately exuded an icy aura, reminiscent of a devil having crawled from the depths of hell.

He said in a frigidly cold voice, "She must be the one who kidnapped Raegan.

Keep searching for her." At this time, Mitchel had already arrived at the apartment Raegan lived in.

Mitchel strode purposefully toward the elevator.

In the corridor, he saw a beige shoulder bag lying quietly on the floor.

Its contents were scattered.

Mitchel stood tall, staring at the bag with a calm expression.

But his trembling hands betrayed his emotions.

He was always a calm problem solver.

But for the first time, he was panicky about Raegan's being kidnapped.

Matteo quickly caught up with Mitchel and reported, "Mr.

Dixon, all the surveillance videos of her departure have been deliberately destroyed.

It will take time to retrieve them." Mitchel's brows furrowed tightly.

When he regained his composure, he instructed, "Tessa must have used a car to take Raegan away.

Check all the surrounding roads.

Monitor them one by one meticulously.

Now." Raegan felt she was in a deep slumber for a long time, tormented by nightmares.

In her dream, there were flashes of white light.

It was as if someone was taking pictures of her.

She struggled to open her eyes but could only discern a towering silhouette.

The silhouette slowly approached Raegan, giving her a clearer view of a man's features.

Her vision was hazy, and she thought it was Mitchel.

Tears welled up in her eyes.

She tried her best to speak.

"Mitchel, is that you?" The towering man paused.