Unbreakable 211

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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.

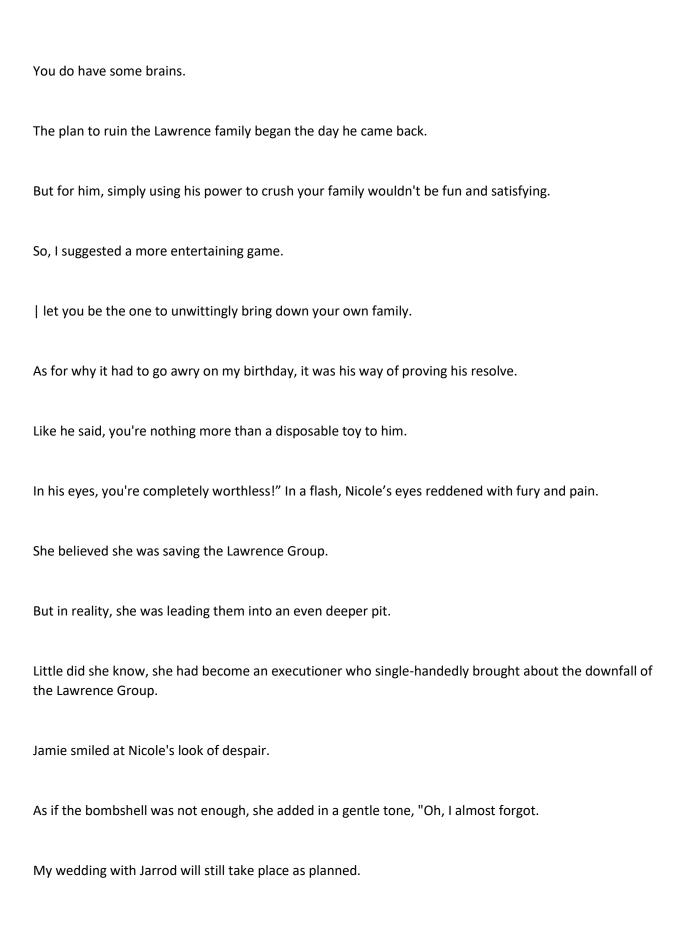
He'll have to prepare for jail if he can't pay back the money!" Nicole's mind buzzed, and breathing suddenly seemed like the hardest task.

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 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.

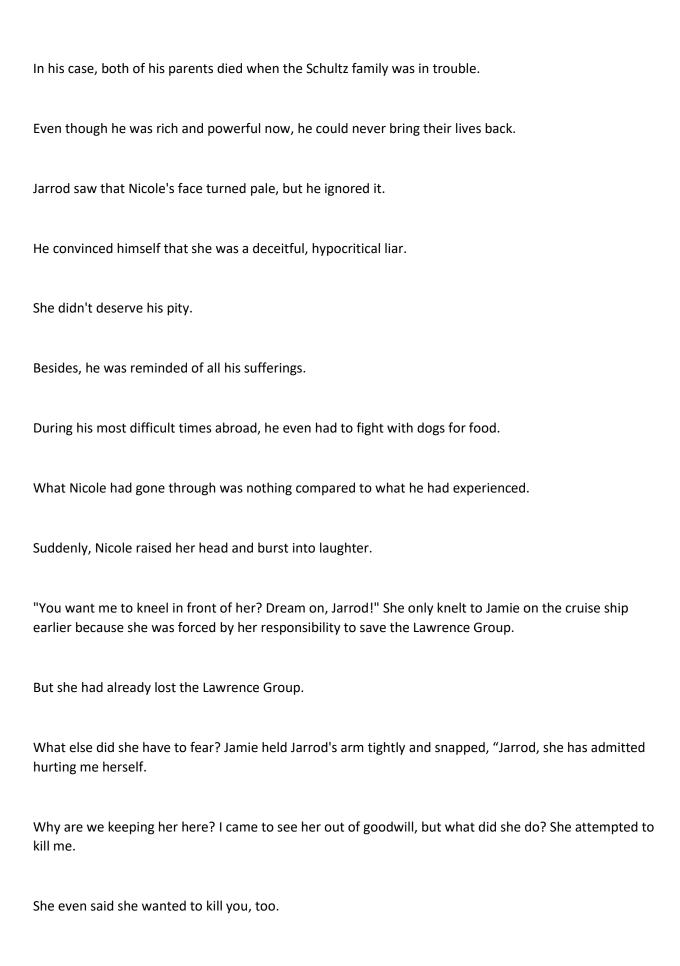
Your mother isn't doing well either, so be ready." Nicole saw red.
In a fit of rage, she lunged at Jamie and knocked her to the ground with her hands clasped tightly around Jamie's throat.
"T'll kill fucking you!" Nicole bellowed.
Nicole's mind was consumed by a single thought.
She got to kill Jamie.
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.

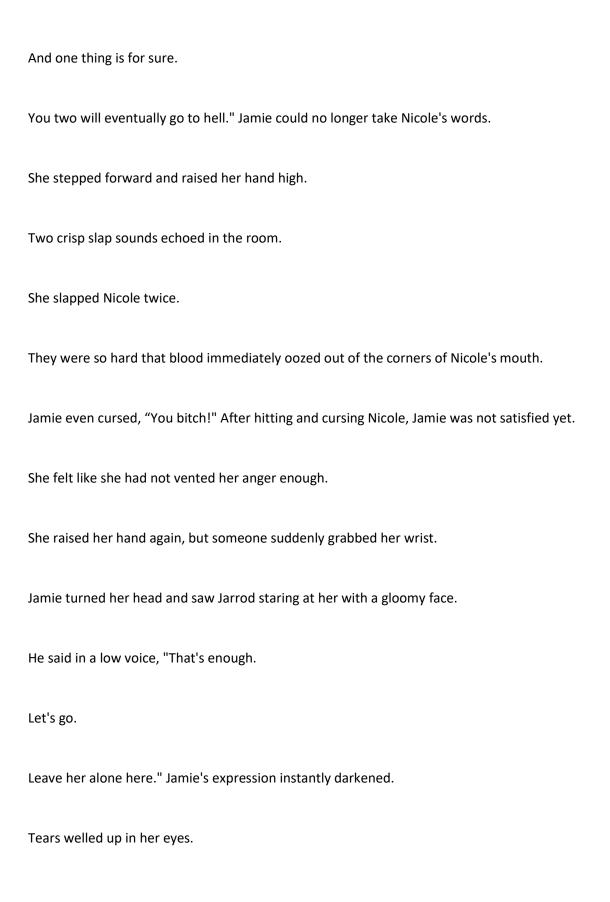
She looked as though she had descended into madness.
The world was so unfair! Innocent people suffered, while the wicked thrived.
If that was how the world worked, Nicole decided she would take justice into her own hands.
She was ready to exchange her last breath to rid the world of these two demons.
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.
Jarrod 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, Jarrod's actions were decisive.
The spear that had hit him was custom-made and designed to deliver a significant impact while causing minimal damage.

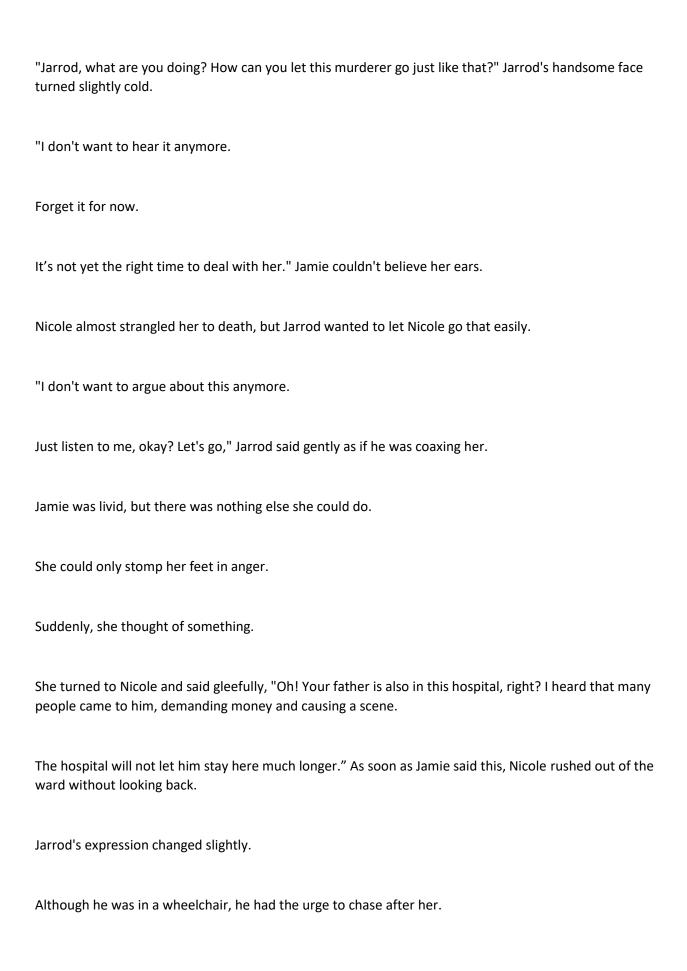
It had missed his vital organs, allowing for a relatively good recovery.
Nevertheless, he still needed a wheelchair for mobility.
Jamie gasped for breath, followed by a series of coughing fits.
After catching her breath, she clung to Jarrod and sobbed uncontrollably.
"Jarrod, you saw it!" Jarrod's gaze 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.



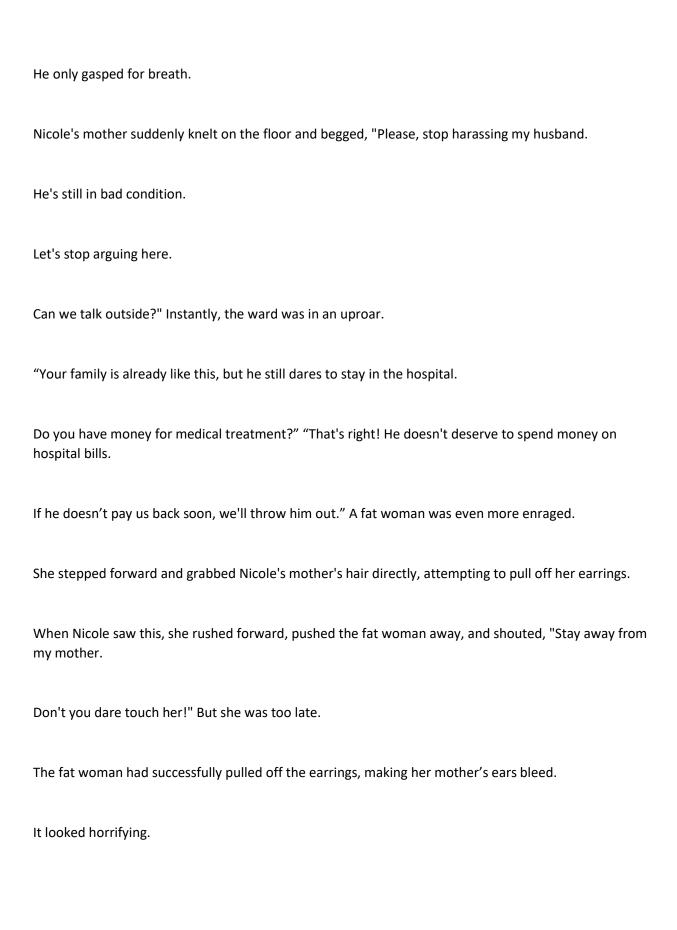
Jarrod, this lunatic must be locked up right away.
She is dangerous." Nicole was so disgusted by Jamie's hypocritical words that she wanted to vomit.
Nicole suddenly burst into laughter.
"Ha-ha! Out of goodwill? Tell it to the Marines! You told me the details about how the two of you conspired against 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 Ardlens.
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.

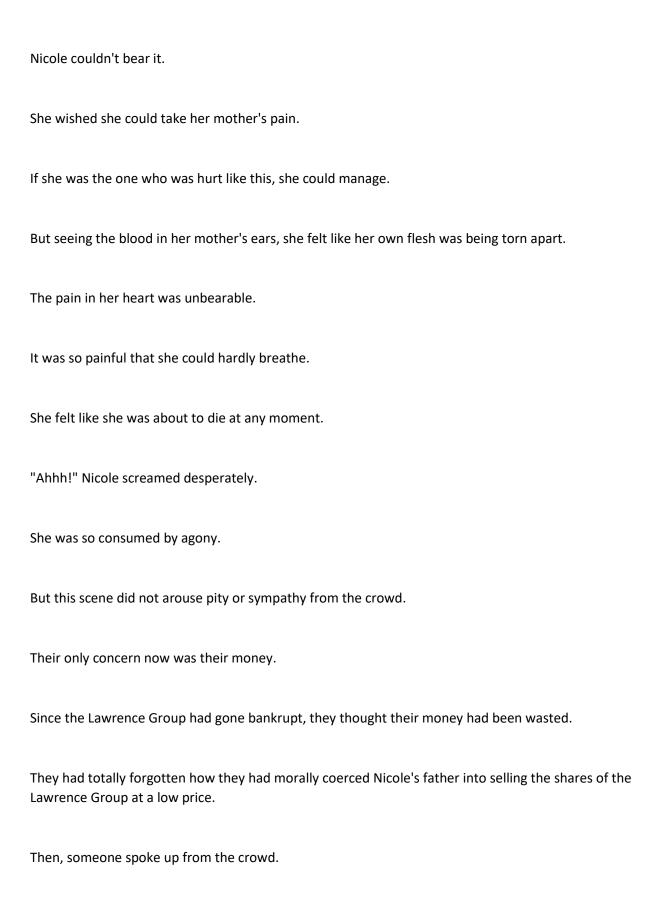


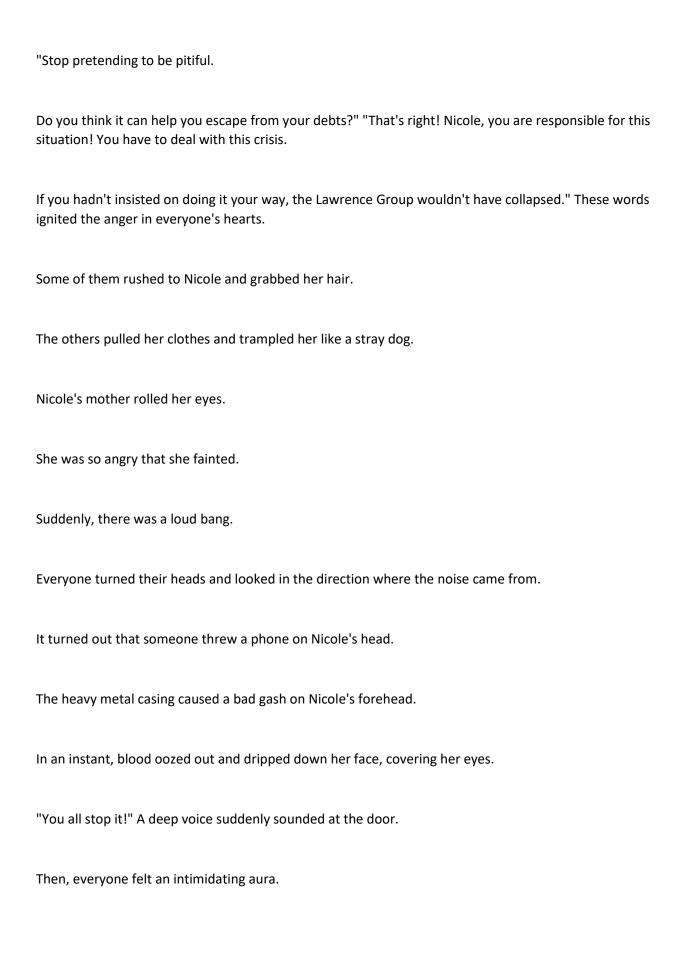


Jamie noticed his reaction.
Of course, she wouldn't allow him to do it.
She immediately grabbed his arm and said between sobs, "Jarrod, my neck hurts so much, and I feel dizzy.
I'm scared.
What if there will be aftereffects? Please take me to the doctor." She knew that Jarrod would never leave her alone 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 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.

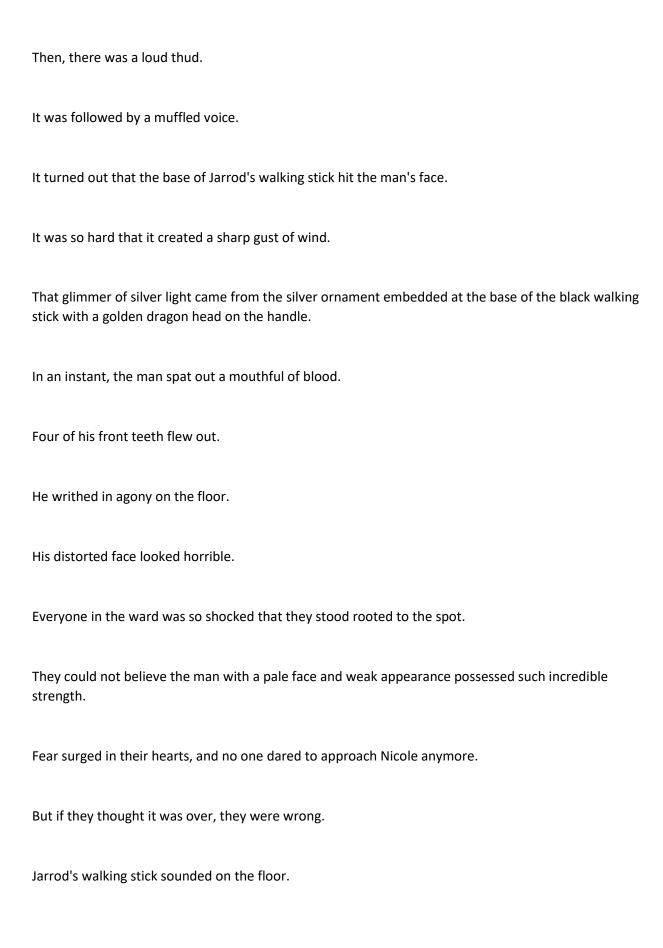
Her face contorted in anger, and she pursed her lips tightly with hatred in her eyes.
He had something to deal with? And he expected her to believe him? Jamie knew Jarrod left in a hurry because he was afraid that Nicole would be in danger.
Nicole was definitely a bitch.
She deserved to die.
However, 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.







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.



Jarrod 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, Jarrod 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.

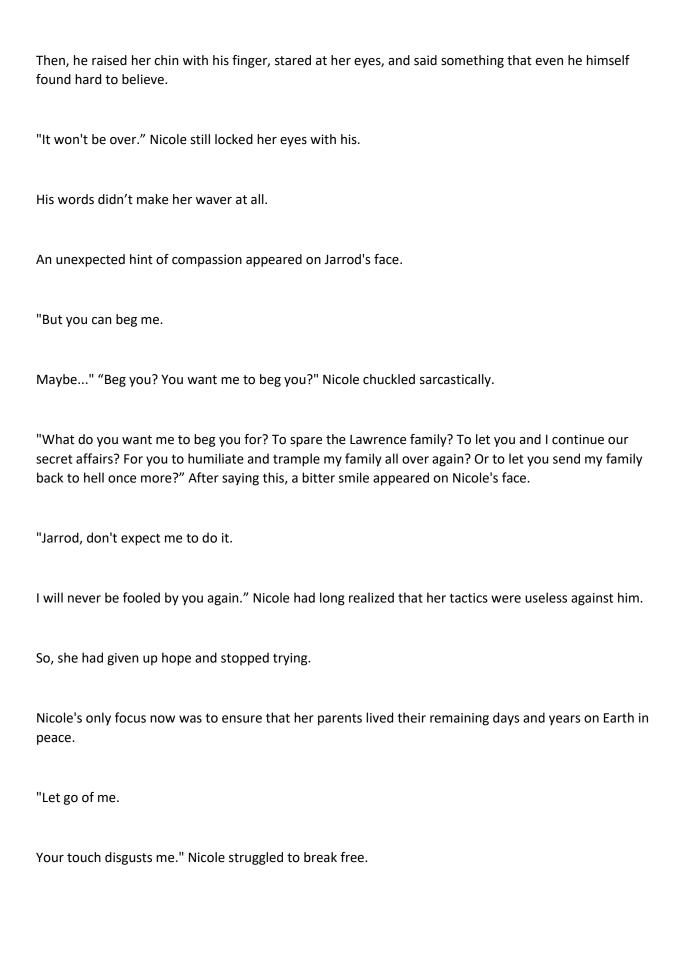
How can you pay us?" "If I say we will pay you back, we will.

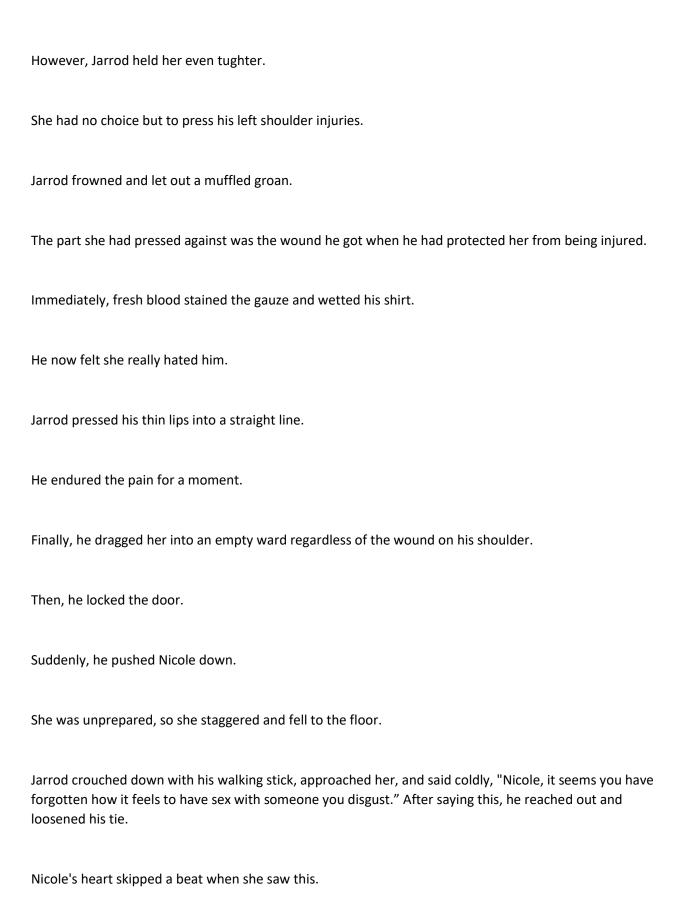
Just trust me this time." After saying this, Nicole slowly stood up, pulled off Jarrod's coat disgustedly, and threw it into the trash bin.
She saw that Jarrod's face turned sullen, but she ignored it.
She continued, "You won't be able to get a penny here now.
Give us some time.
We will sort out this 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.





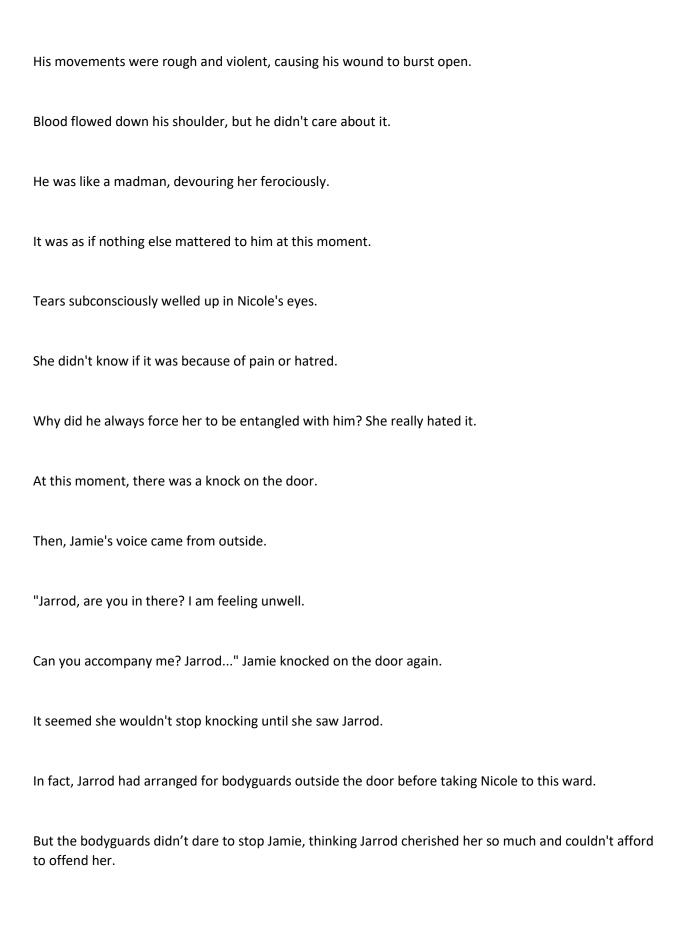
She already knew what he wanted to do, so she tried to get up and escape.
However, Jarrod grabbed her ankle with one hand and dragged her forcefully.
There was a loud bang.
Nicole fell hard, and she felt a sharp pain in her chest when her body hit the floor.
Jarrod didn't mind the dirt on the floor.
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.
1 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

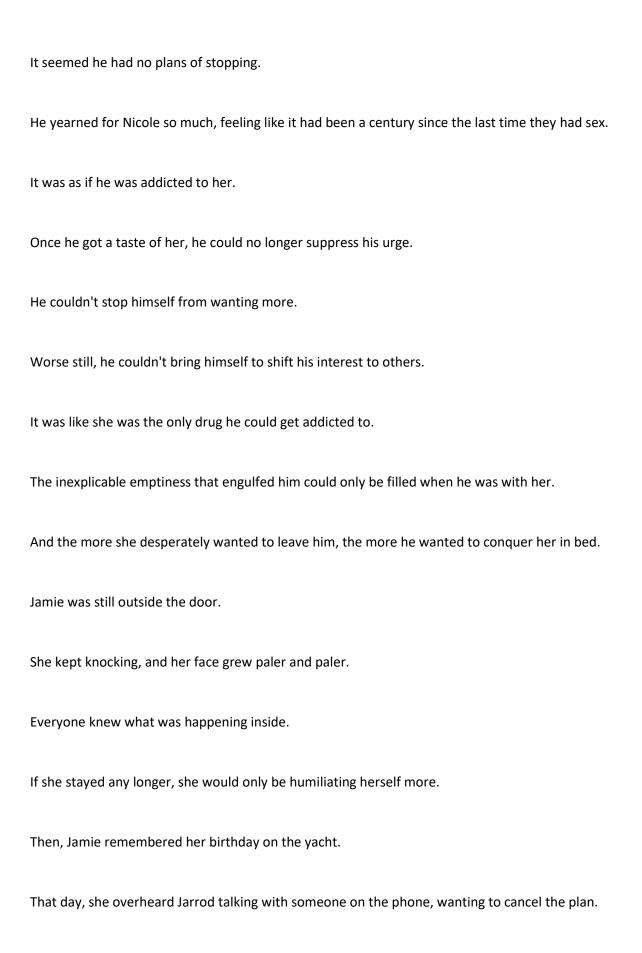
the accounts she and Jarrod had to settle.

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



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.



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.

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.
Jarrod 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.

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

At this moment, Jarrod stared at the nurse with a darkened expression and snarled, "Watch your words!" The nurse was taken aback by the intensity in Jarrod'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!" Jarrod'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! Jarrod's black-gold walking stick, adorned with a dragon head, clattered to the floor.

Jarrod 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.
Jarrod 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.
She was really ill sick. But he had never believed her, not even once.
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,
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.

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.
Jarrod 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.

Jarrod 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, | 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.



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 Isay 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.
Jarrod 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.

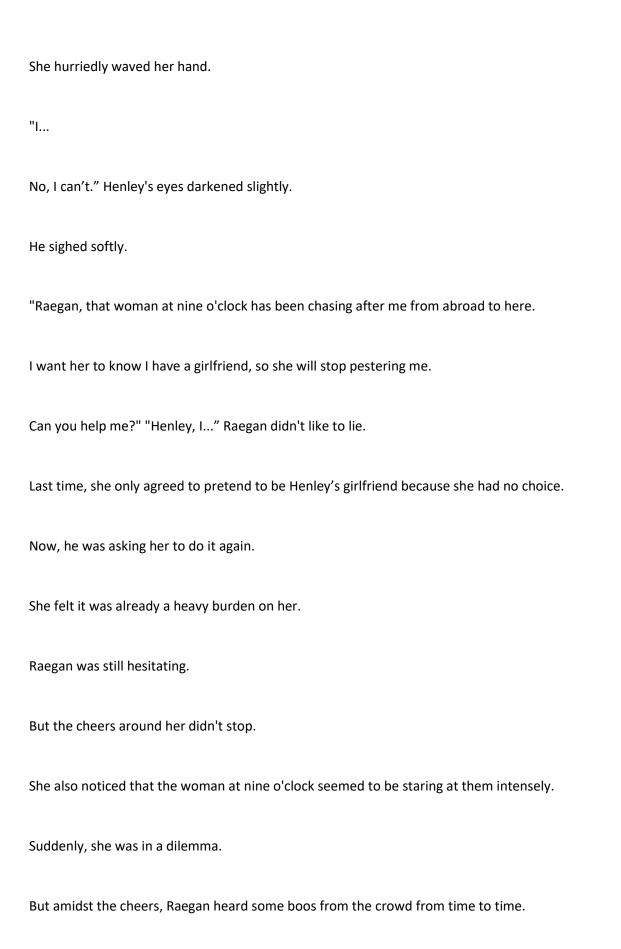
This was the first time someone had jumped to his defense.

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.

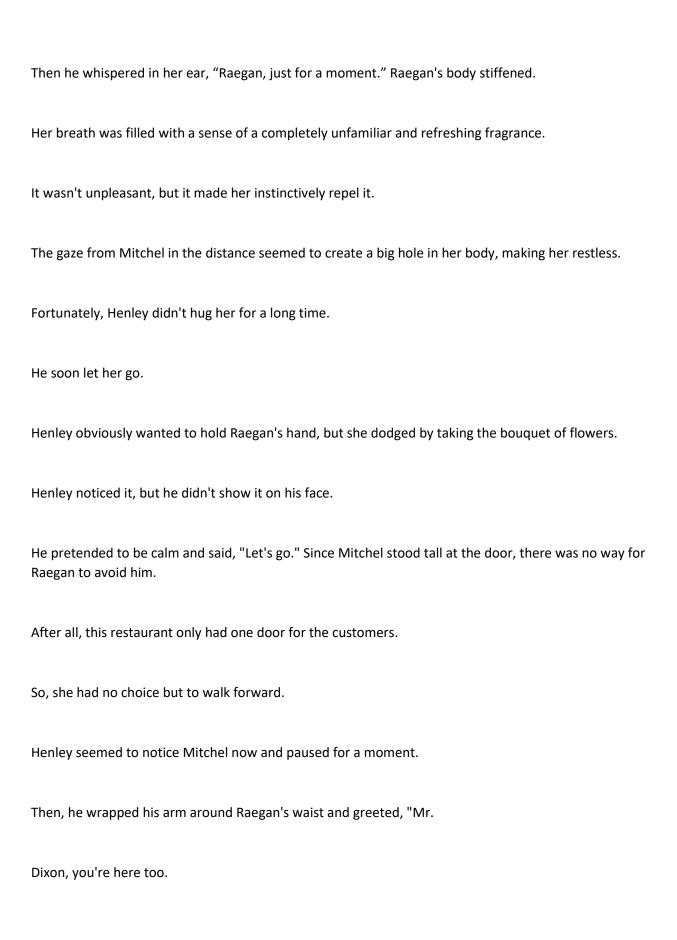
He quickly took out his phone, captured a few photos, and sent them to Mitchel.
He even mischievously added an emoji and typed a message, saying, "Your wife is with another man." Despite seeing multiple "typing" indicators on WhatsApp, Mitchel sent no reply.
Sensible as he was, Luis sent over the location 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 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.

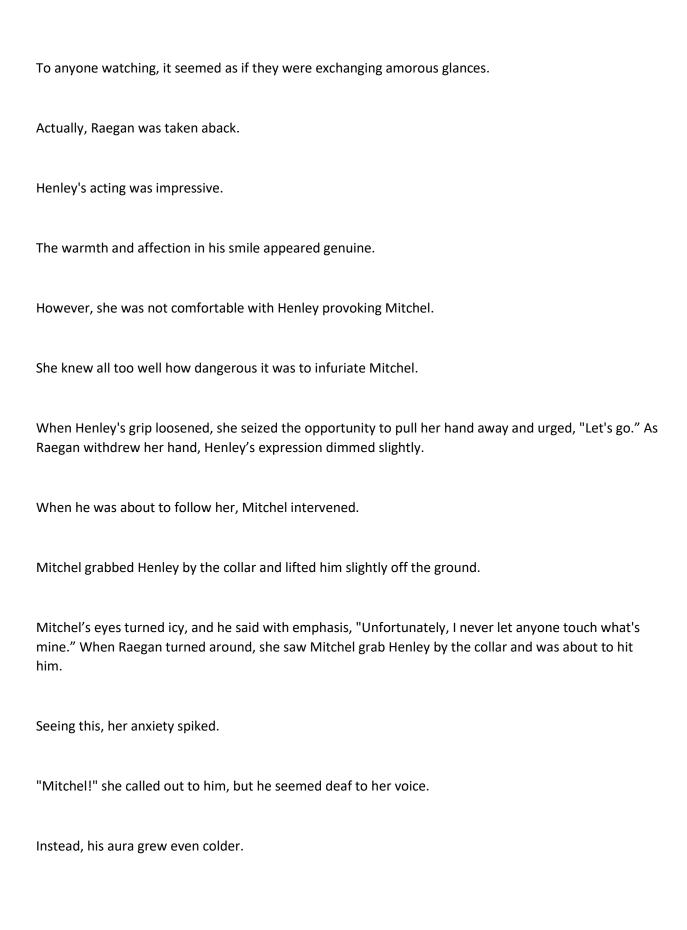
But when Henley said those words, there seemed to be coldness in his eyes.
But it was so fleeting that it was not easily discernible.
When she observed closely, she saw that his handsome face was still as warm and affectionate as ever
It was as if those words and expressions had never existed.
The doubts 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.



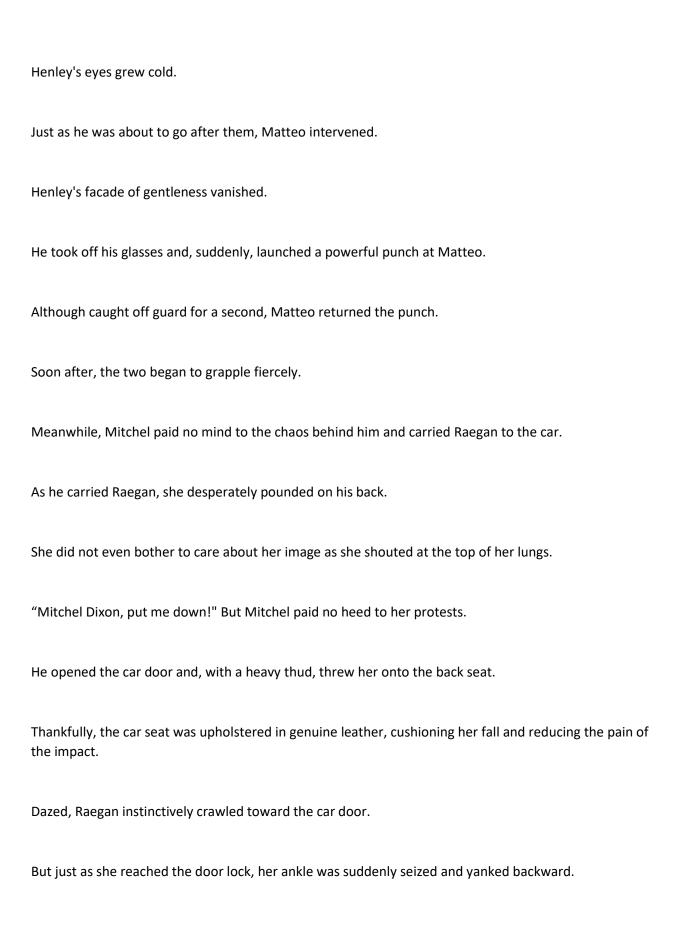
What a coincidence." His words and actions were obviously provocative.
While looking at them, Mitchel's eyes darkened.
His body emanated an intense coldness.
He snorted coldly, "Do you enjoy taking over?" The contempt in his words made Raegan clench her fists.
Mitchel turned and fixed his eyes on Raegan.
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.



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.



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.



So, she chose to provoke him, hoping he would release her.
"He and 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.
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.
30 milen mitener gradded her, me cold impera toddied her solt skill.

Instantly, he seemed immersed in a hot spring.

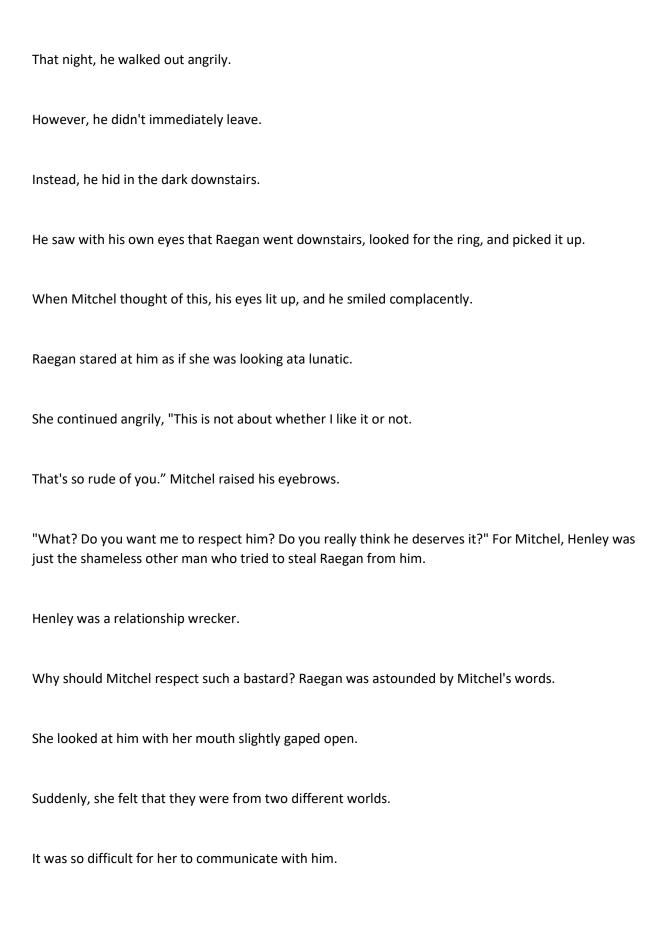
The warmth of her skin excited his every nerve.

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.

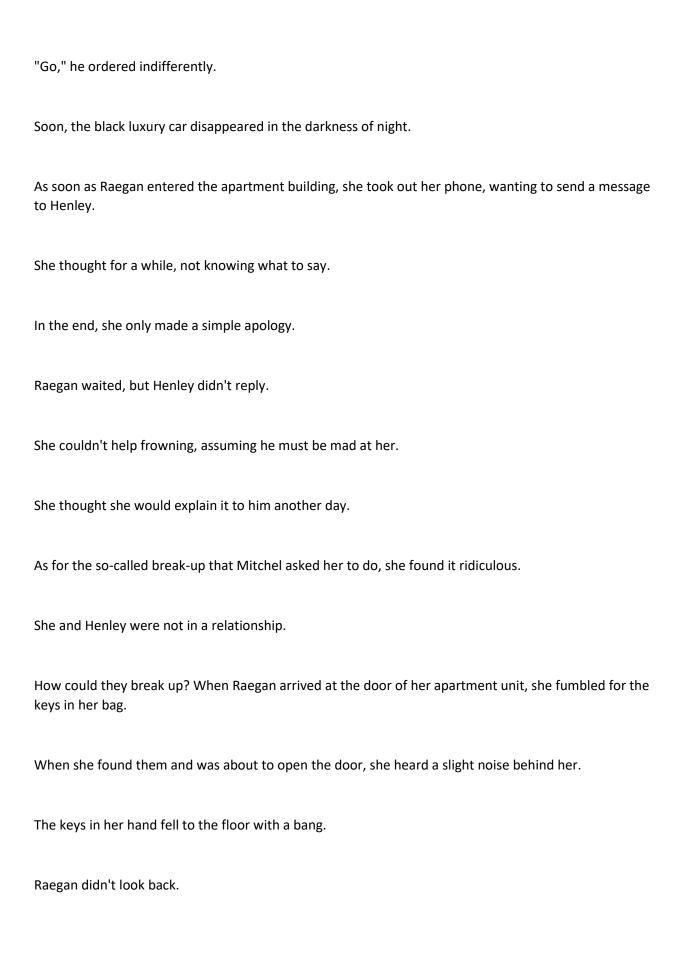
Otherwise, I will do something in front of him next time." He was serious. Every time he thought about Henley's being Raegan's boyfriend, he could not restrain the anger in his heart. Even he didn't know what he would do if he saw Raegan with Henley again. At this moment, Mitchel was unusually patient. 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.

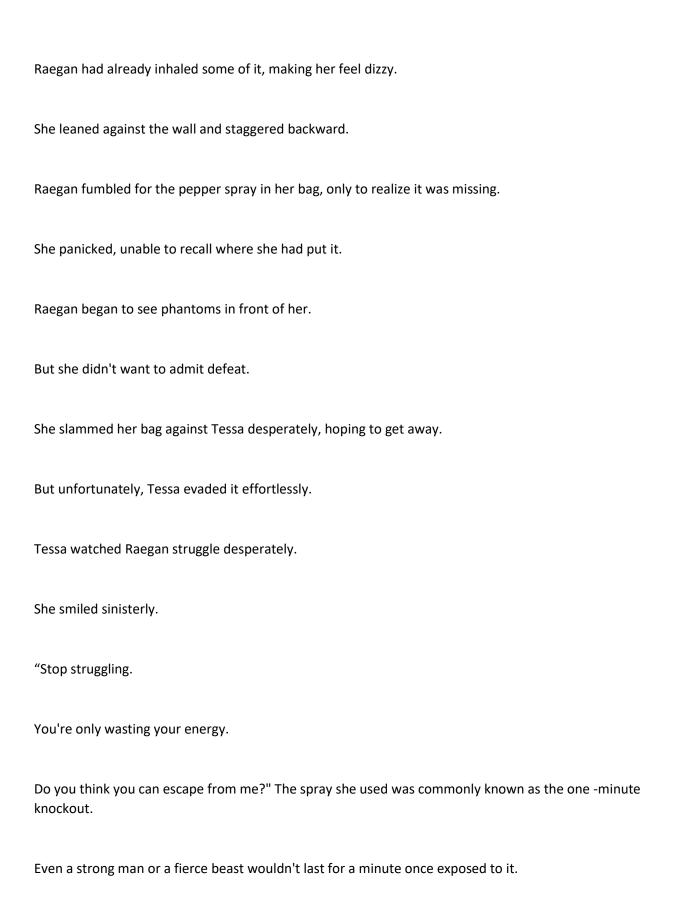


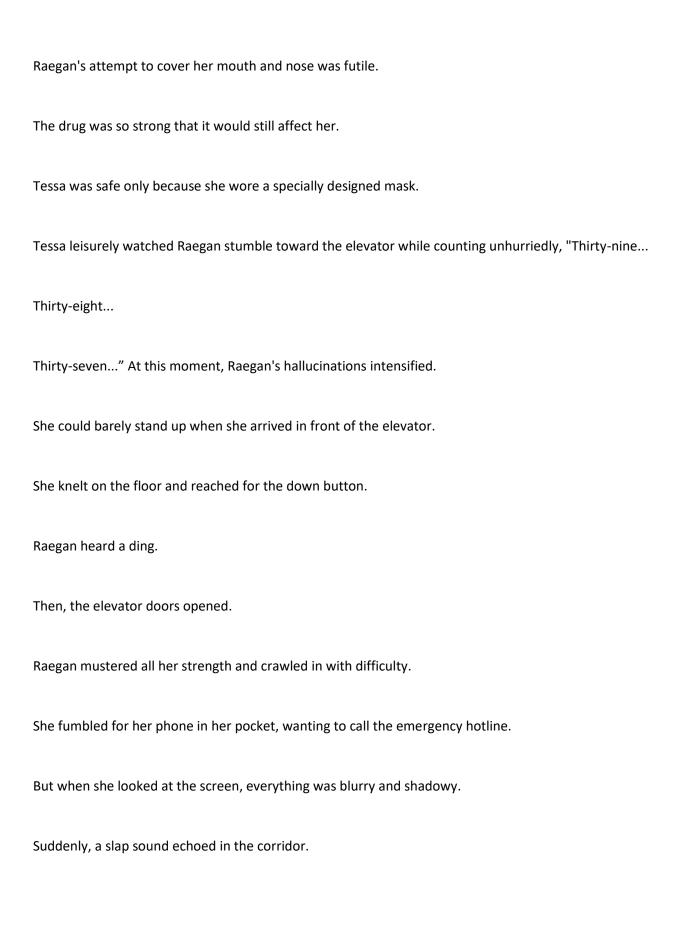
But Mitchel misunderstood Raegan's reaction. He thought she treasured that bracelet because it was from Henley, and this made him even angrier. Before Raegan could react, he grabbed her waist and made her sit on his lap. Raegan felt uncomfortable, and she struggled hard. But he held her even tighter 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.



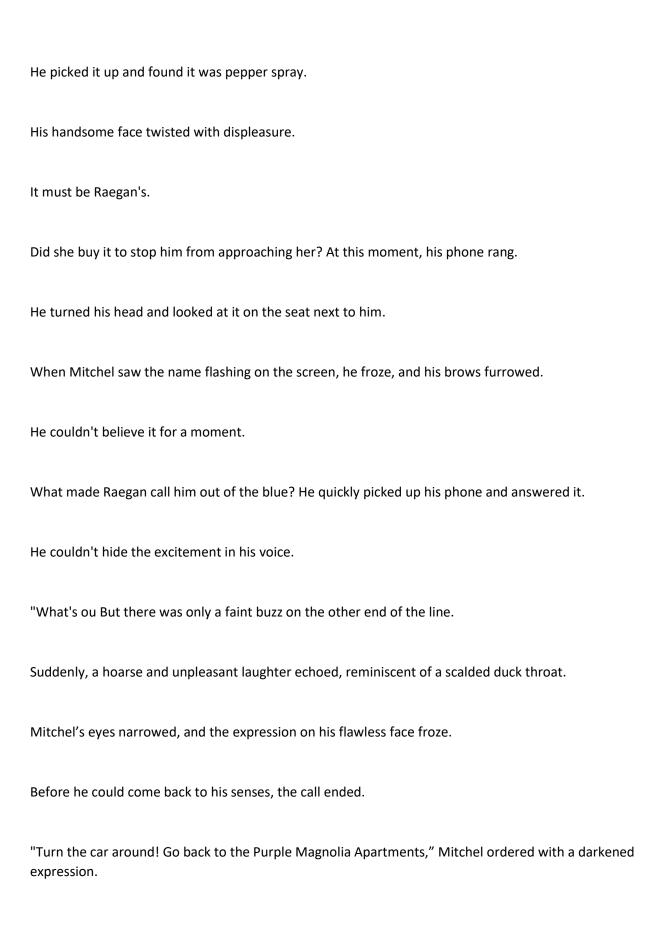
Instead, she slowly crouched down and pretended to pick up the keys.
But she stealthily looked in the direction where the noise came from.
Then, she saw a pair of red high heels behind her.
Her whole body froze for a moment.
When she came back to her senses, she heard a familiar voice.
"Raegan, long 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.





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.



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.