

Unbreakable 461

Chapter 461

Raegan felt both humiliated and enraged. She couldn't be as brazen as he was. With a forceful kick, her lips quivering with emotion, she spat out, "You're despicable, Mitchel!"

Unfazed, Mitchel used his long legs to pin the restless woman beneath him, replying with a sardonic grin, "Why don't you take a closer look, then?"

The room was filled with tension and noise, unbeknownst to them, clearly audible to the man lurking just outside.

Henley stood just outside the ward, his face suggesting he could almost visualize what was happening inside. His mind painted a vivid picture. It was a man's hands caressing a woman's slender, pale waist, doing something.

Unable to contain his disgust any longer, Henley scoffed and walked away.

Two hours had elapsed.

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Flushed and disheveled, Raegan found herself paralyzed despite her hands being free.

Mitchel's shirt was far from its usual crisp appearance. Seeing Raegan's clothes in tatters, he tossed a spare shirt from the closet her way.

"Put this on for now. I'll have Matteo bring you something more suitable later."

Defiant, Raegan hurled the shirt back at him. Her cheeks flushed as she seethed, "Bastard!"

She blamed him for her lack of clothing.

Mitchel's anger seemed to subside. His eyes narrowed into icy slits as he inquired, "You're using such strong words?" Raegan fixed her glare on him, lacking further words to convey her anger.

The only curses she knew were already spent on this bastard.

Mitchel adjusted his disheveled attire and suggested, "Perhaps you should expand your vocabulary. It might make for more interesting conversation during sex."

Enraged to the point of tears, Raegan retorted, "Who says there will be more sex between us?"

Mitchel's eyes twinkled mischievously as he leaned in, pinching her cheek softly.

"Then with whom do you plan to have sex?"

"It's none of your business," Raegan snapped, still fuming over Mitchel's earlier comments at the café. Those words had left her feeling humiliated.

She attempted to free her hand from his grasp, but he tightened his hold on her. Mitchel's eyes narrowed, emanating a dangerous glint. "Aren't you satisfied?"

Before Raegan could muster a response, he seized her chin and kissed her on her lips.

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Gripping her restless hand, he kissed her passionately, their Lips and teeth clashing as though he intended to consume her very essence.

Raegan struggled involuntarily but realized she was drained of energy.

Fearing for the baby's well-being, she ceased her resistance.

After what seemed like an eternity, when Raegan felt her tongue go numb, Mitchel finally released her. Catching her breath, she finally mustered the energy to reprimand him, "Mitchel, have you lost your mind?" His kisses were always so ferocious, as if driven by primal desire.

Mitchel squinted at her.

"I'm teaching you how to speak."

In other words, he was cautioning Raegan that Loose words came at a price.

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The thought that she had dared to leave with another man infuriated him again.

Grasping her tightly, he issued a chilling warning, "If you ever dare to be with another man, I'll chain you up like a dog. Stop flirting with other men."

Raegan was perplexed. When had she ever flirted?

It wasn't entirely Mitchel's fault for thinking so. Raegan's eyes were captivating and innocent, but they possessed a mischievous twinkle, as if beckoning someone closer.

Annoyed by his embrace, Raegan felt increasingly uncomfortable. She scowled and said, "Let go of me."

Mitchel remained unyielding. Leaning in, he kissed her again. "Not a chance."

Doubts about the paternity test nagged at him. After his flare-up, he began to sense that something was off.

Although the conclusive results were still pending, he knew that whoever was pulling the strings would soon be exposed. He had initially come to apologize to her, but events had spiraled out of control.

He claimed to be disciplining her, yet not once had he harmed her.

Rather, he went out of his way to ensure her comfort.

Lowering his voice, tinged with a hint of charm, he said, "I was the one doing all the work just now. Weren't you the one enjoying it?"

Mortified, Raegan shoved him away.

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"How dare you!"

But Mitchel only tightened his grip on her. He kissed her hair, caressed her cheek, and murmured, "I'm sorry. Can you stop pissing me off and confronting me?"

Raegan paused, bewildered by his sudden change of tone.

He seemed to have sensed something off about that test.

Raegan assumed he was trying to placate her, solely for the sake of the baby.

"I'm not pissing you off. | know my worth. | won't overstep," she replied.

It had been too long since she truly understood him. He was soothing her, not out of love, but out of possessiveness. Should she even slightly cross his boundaries, he'd withdraw his affection, making her pay for her supposed transgression. Hope had long since left her heart for him.

No longer could she endure the indignities stemming from his distrust.

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She longed for only one thing. It was divorce.

Mitchel sensed the hint of sarcasm in her words. He didn't anticipate immediate forgiveness in the first place.

He'd angered her, so he had to win her back, however difficult.

He kissed her forehead, declaring, "It's on me. I'll settle it for you in two days."

Once he uncovered the culprit, that person would not go unpunished.

But Raegan was indifferent. Whatever the outcome, she just wanted to affirm the legitimacy of their baby.

Her baby deserved to come into this world with dignity.

She said, her voice tinged with apathy, "Once we resolve this, we should discuss divorce."

Mitchel was shocked. Moments earlier, they were locked in intimacy. The next second, she was coldly talking about ending their marriage. His fury reignited.

Clenching his teeth, he seethed.

"Do you not feel anything, Raegan?"

Didn't you just sense my restraint, all for you? And now you want to leave?"

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"Mr. Dixon, when did I ask for your service? You're imposing this on me. Are you not content?" Raegan was now fully alert, impervious to his manipulative words.

With a squint of his magnetic eyes, Mitchel dipped his head and nipped at her neck as if dispelling his frustration. Yet, he did it gently, desiring closeness rather than harm.

He declared defiantly, "I won't divorce you, and I don't want to hear you utter that word again!"

Raegan shoved him back, declaring flatly, "If that's the case, there's nothing left to discuss. I'll clarify things with your grandpa tomorrow."

"Have you lost your mind?" Mitchel's voice seethed with anger, his eyes flashing dangerously.

"I won't irritate him. I'll just let him know I want a divorce.

That's it, nothing complicated."

Raegan's resolve to get a divorce further vexed Mitchel.

"Do you always have to be this defiant, Raegan?"

Feeling that arguing further would be futile, Raegan decided it was better to speak directly with his grandfather. ANGELA'S LIBRARY

Seeing that she had made up her mind, Mitchel sneered.

ALL right. Fine. A frosty smile crossed his lips.

"Then you're grounded. You're not leaving this place."

Raegan's expression altered instantly.

“You plan on locking me up again?”

The word “again” made Mitchel wince. He had made similar threats in the past but never followed through.

But right now, he couldn’t think of anything better. He’d have to wait until he’d taken care of things and could muster the energy to tangle with her before he could set her free.

But he didn’t say these words. She’d defied him too often, and he had to rein her in.

Regaining his composure, he flatly stated, “It’s not about you. I simply want my family to be safe.”

Hearing his twisted logic, Raegan’s eyes reddened.

“Mitchel, even if we are a couple, you have no right to confine me to this ward!”

“Remember this, Raegan, we are married. And Henley isn’t someone you should associate with.”

Just then, Mitchel’s phone buzzed. He glanced at it but didn’t pick up.

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Raegan knew it was a call from Lauren.

“Why don’t you distance yourself from Lauren? She’s no better,” she shot back.

Mitchel furrowed his brow.

“That’s a different story.”

Raegan nearly chuckled. Didn’t Mitchel have a closer relationship with Lauren than she ever had with Henley? At least Henley had never overstepped his bounds, nor shown any particular interest in her.

But Mitchel had always treated Henley poorly. And he asserted that it was different.

“Alright, if you’re so adamant about not divorcing and it’s not the same thing, then you’re staying here with me in the hospital today.”

Aware that Mitchel was likely headed to see Lauren after leaving the ward, Raegan felt a surge of frustration. Since Mitchel didn’t want to get a divorce, he should at least do something to show that he meant it.

He was well aware of her disdain for Lauren, yet he continued to hurt her by seeing Lauren over and over again. Why, then, wouldn’t he just end their marriage?

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“Don’t make a fuss, Raegan. I have important matters to attend to,”

Mitchel said evasively.

“So are you telling me that I shouldn’t make a fuss when knowing you’re going to see Lauren?”

Mitchel fell silent. He did intend to see Lauren, but not without a reason. He was to demand answers from her.

“Mitchel, don’t treat me like a fool. She’s in love with you and wants to marry you. You know it very well. You don’t grant me a divorce, yet you still keep seeing her. Do you think it’s fair for me?”

“I’ve already told you I don’t have any feelings for Lauren. I visit her out of a sense of guilt, nothing more,” Mitchel retorted, lips tightly pressed.

“But do you realize the innocent girl you’re so worried about isn’t as virtuous as you think? She told me that I was nothing but a plaything to you, a means to satisfy your lust. That you didn’t want to father my child, only hers. My presence was just to keep your grandfather happy!” Raegan spat out.

Mitchel’s face tightened, but he said nothing as if pondering whether Raegan was telling the truth.

Seeing his expression, Raegan’s heart sank further into despair.

Mitchel would never believe her.

Lauren's audacity stemmed from the unwavering support she received from Mitchel.

After a heavy pause, Mitchel finally said, “Raegan, I know you've had issues with Lauren since what happened with your grandmother, but I’ve interrogated Tessa. She confirmed that Lauren wasn’t involved.”

“Stop it!” Raegan cut him off, fury nearly bubbling over.

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Mitchel should conclude that she spoke ill of Lauren out of resentment. Ridiculous!

Raegan had hoped that laying it all out might make Mitchel harbor a bit of suspicion of Lauren’s involvement and offer her some semblance of justice.

It turned out that they were all her wishful thinking. She had only embarrassed herself once more.

“Alright, it's all on me then. How could I forget Lauren is as pure as an angel in your heart? How could she possibly do anything wrong?”

Clearly, I’m the one always at fault here!”

“Raegan!” Mitchel rarely found Raegan so irrational. His expression shifted.

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“Lauren is just like a younger sister to me. If it bothers you, I'll reduce my interactions with her in the future.”

“Mr. Dixon, forget about the future. Let's focus on the present. Can you stop seeing her now?”

Without a second thought, Mitchel retorted, “Not today. I have to meet her today. I've got something crucial to ask her.” Though Raegan had braced herself for this, she still felt her heart constricted, almost leaving her breathless.

She slumped onto the bed, drained of the strength to utter another word. She had no desire to continue this meaningless argument with Mitchel.

The feeling was mutual for Mitchel. Their quarrels always left a bitter aftertaste.

“Just rest up here at the hospital, okay? Clear your mind. I'll bring you home when you're better.”

With those parting words, Mitchel exited the ward, positioning two bodyguards at the doorway.

Raegan lay exhausted on the bed, her energy seemingly drained away.

Mitchel was ever the authoritative, self-absorbed man.

Mitchel headed directly to Lauren's place after leaving the hospital.

The center of the Murray family business wasn't at home, and Lauren lived alone. Mitchel was Lauren's only brother-like member here.

After a previous altercation with Jocelyn vexing Raegan, Lauren had pleaded with Mitchel to let Jocelyn stay. He'd agreed then, but his patience was running thin now.

Mitchel entered Lauren's place with a steely countenance. Lauren greeted him, her face bright but her body seemingly frail as she coughed from time to time.

"I've cooked some dishes for you, Mitchel. Have a seat and try them." Standing his ground, Mitchel responded, "No need. I'll be leaving shortly."

Lauren's smile faded into disappointment.

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"It won't take long to have a bite, Mitchel. Can't you sit and eat with me?"

Mitchel stared at her contemplatively before relenting.

"Till pass.

| had already grabbed something to eat at the hospital. You eat.

PlI sit with you."

Internally, Lauren rejoiced. As she had anticipated, showing vulnerability melted Mitchel's resolve.
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She knew Mitchel had a soft spot. Whenever she cried, he'd never hold her responsible for anything.

After their meal, she signaled for the maid to bring tea, but Mitchel declined.

Clapping his hands, Matteo appeared, escorting a tied-up figure who was tossed onto the courtyard ground. Mitchel fixed his gaze on Lauren, his eyes filled with inquiry.

“Is there something you’d like to clarify, Lauren?”

Lauren's mind whirred, momentarily paralyzed with confusion. She wasn't sure what Mitchel was getting at. She faltered, “Mitchel, why is Kyle here? Did he do anything wrong?”

Mitchel arched an eyebrow and responded, “Kyle doctored the confidential documents of the company and attempted to flee after being exposed. Additionally, we found a substantial deposit in his bank account, which was transferred from your account.”

“Teas |...” Lauren stammered, unable to find her words. With a tap on the table from his slender fingers, Mitchel asked impassively, “So, are you in on this or not?” Panic flooded Lauren. Hadn't she asked Kyle to leave the country? How was he captured so quickly? Had he betrayed her?

Just then, Jocelyn rushed out of nowhere, throwing herself at Mitchel's feet and begging for mercy.

Tears streaming, she asserted, “Mr. Dixon, my lady had nothing to do with this. I'm the one who's responsible.” As she said this, she covertly winked at Lauren.

Lauren caught on. If Mitchel had been sure of her involvement, he wouldn't be asking her about it.

In other words, he was still uncertain about it.

Feigning shock, she queried, “Jocelyn, what on earth have you done?”

“| paid off Mr. Palmer to alter the paternity test results for Raegan's child. | just couldn't bear to see my lady suffer. Mr. Dixon, she had no part in this. You can verify with Mr. Palmer if you'd like.”

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Mitchel's brow furrowed. There was no need to question Kyle again.

He'd already tried, and Kyle had remained tight-lipped. That's why he brought Kyle here. It was to see if Lauren was involved in this.

Lauren glanced at Jocelyn with a mournful expression, saying, "Jocelyn, how could you do such a thing? You'd better apologize to Mitchel right away and beg for leniency..."

Jocelyn obediently began to kowtow, her forehead bleeding, her appearance pitiable.

Mitchel intervened, "Enough. This is a matter of corporate espionage."

Lauren's expression darkened at his words.

How could this matter be regarded as corporate espionage? It was merely about falsifying a paternity test. Mitchel was just using this as a pretext. He intended to put Jocelyn behind bars!

With eyes wide open in shock and tears streaming down her face, Lauren reasoned, "Mitchel, Jocelyn just wasn't thinking straight.

Besides, she's old. How could she survive in jail?"

Mitchel's eyes met hers, and his following words sent a chill down her spine.

"Jocelyn gave Kyle two million dollars. Where would she get that much money? | need an explanation."

Two million was not a small amount.

For a maid like Jocelyn, it could be her life's savings.

Who would spend all they had just to set someone up?

Mitchel suspected the money had come from Lauren.

In other words, he did not buy their story one bit.

In a heartbeat, fear washed over Lauren. Tears streamed down her face uncontrollably, her make-up smeared. In desperation, she clutched at Mitchel's trousers and pleaded, "Mitchel, | swear | don't know anything about this. I'm weak. How could | scheme against anyone?"

At this moment, Jocelyn fell to her knees and shuffled forward alongside Lauren.

"My lady, I'm really sorry. | sold your jewelry to get the money. | acted on my own, thinking | was protecting you.

This is all my fault."

"Is that how it is, Lauren?" Mitchel questioned while staring at Lauren with narrowed eyes.

Before Lauren could muster a reply, he added, "Think twice before you answer. This might be your last shot at earning my trust."

Lauren felt as if she had been struck by lightning. She was petrified and at a loss for words.

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Just yesterday, Kyle revealed that Matteo was investigating him. Upon learning this, Lauren bribed him with two million dollars and promised him the cash if he took the fall. On no account could he tell the truth.

Earlier, before Mitchel showed up, Jocelyn had given Lauren an emergency escape plan. If things went south, shift the blame onto Jocelyn.

Lauren had brushed it off at that time. She assumed Mitchel was just suspicious of a fake paternity test. How bad could the situation be?

Previously, a few tears and Mitchel would surely forgive her. But now, it was a different case. Mitchel was deadly serious.

Left with no choice but to follow the plan, Lauren masked her nervous voice with sobs and pretended to reprimand Jocelyn, "Jocelyn, how could you be so vicious? Mitchel has always treated me well. He wouldn't abandon me..."

"My lady, I was out of mind back then. Please, take good care of yourself from now on..." Their collective misery tugged at the heartstrings of anyone listening.

With teary eyes, Lauren turned to Mitchel and pleaded, "Mitchel, Jocelyn's been with me for years and has always been diligent. Could you find it in your heart to forgive her just this once?"

Mitchel shifted his gaze back to Lauren and asked back, "Is there anything else you're hiding from me?" Lauren was caught off guard. She was unsure what Mitchel already knew, so she could only feign innocence. ANGELA'S LIBRARY

"Mitchel, I've never hidden anything from you. Don't you know me inside and out?"

"If you say so." Mitchel withdrew his gaze and turned to Matteo.

"Matteo, leave the rest to the police."

With anxiety written all over her face, Lauren blurted out, "Mitchel, wait..."

Mitchel cut her off with an icy stare.

"Lauren, people should pay for their mistakes."

Lauren was stunned and silenced by his cold gaze.

At this moment, she was brimming with hatred. Raegan was unscathed despite all her schemes, while she was losing a trusted servant.

Jocelyn's loyalty to her was beyond doubt. Jocelyn's family were puppets of the Murray family.

Without such a loyal servant, it would be hard to carry out her schemes in the future.

Once Matteo took Kyle and Jocelyn away and the tension deflated, Lauren felt herself on the verge of breaking down. She lunged forward and wrapped her arms around Mitchel, wetting his shirt with her tears.

"Jocelyn's gone. Mitchel, you're the only one | have." Mitchel's frigid eyes met hers as he gently pushed her away.

"Lauren, I've arranged for you to see a specialist in Swynborough. He can provide a complete cure for what ails you."

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A wave of panic washed over Lauren. The truth was, she had recovered a long time ago. She was injected with a new type of medicine in Swynborough to make her look sick and win Mitchel's trust. If he sent her to another doctor in Swynborough, her secret would be revealed.

"Mitchel, the healthcare here in Ardilens has been gentle and effective. I'm not in pain anymore. Can't | just continue my treatment here?"

"| want you to recover fully as soon as possible. This isn't up for discussion," Mitchel firmly said.

Lauren froze. She sensed the unyielding steel in his voice and knew better than to argue. She would have to play her cards carefully from here on out.

It was not entirely a bad thing, though. Going abroad with Mitchel for treatment could provide an excellent opportunity to deal with Raegan.

At this realization, she looked up at him and weakly said, "I'll do as you say, Mitchel. Once I'm better, we can start a family. Maybe then, your mother won't be so hard on me."

Angela's Library

Truth be told, Lauren had zero desire to have kids. Besides, she never liked children. But if having a child was the golden ticket to earning a man's affection, then so be it.

And didn't Raegan's pregnancy earn Mitchel's attention? Well, she didn't mind that if it worked.

Mitchel was silent. A few moments later, he just frowned and said, "Once you're cured, you should focus on living well." Lauren assumed he meant living a good life with him.

"When do we leave?" Lauren asked, elated.

"The day after tomorrow. I've already spoken with your father to arrange for someone to pick you up and look after you for the surgery."

Lauren's heart skipped a beat and she panicked.

"What do you mean, Mitchel? Aren't you going to be there with me?"

"You'll be staying in Swynborough from now on, and your family will accompany you there," Mitchel explained, his voice devoid of emotion.

It was like a bolt from the blue. Lauren was utterly stunned. It took her a moment to grasp the weight of Mitchel's words.

Her face drained of color, and she felt Like she had been slapped across the face.

"Mitchel, are you... Are you sending me away?" she stammered.

“Lauren, the arrangement of this surgery is the last thing I’ll ever do to take care of you,” Mitchel stated flatly.

While Lauren looked like she had seen a ghost, Mitchel was nonchalant.

It was obvious that this was not a spur-of-the-moment decision.