

Unbreakable 551

Chapter 551

“No. We will both wait here.”

Raegan was not a fool. How could she get a divorce alone?

“There’s an important contract waiting for me to sign. Can you compensate me for my loss?” Mitchel said with a frown. “You...” Raegan glared at Mitchel. She knew he did it on purpose.

Any contracts of the Dixon Group were worth hundreds of millions. Of course, she couldn’t afford to compensate him. When Mitchel saw Raegan’s reaction, he felt much better. He said in a clear voice, “If you can’t afford it, I’ll leave now.” Who wouldn’t know he was evading?

Mitchel clearly knew that Raegan would disappear from his life as soon as she got the divorce certificate.

If she hadn’t threatened him with her life, he would never let her go.

At this moment, the staff suddenly shouted, “The system problem has been fixed. No. 24, are you still here?”

Raegan’s heart skipped a beat at what she perceived as the most beautiful sound on Earth. She snatched the ID card from Mitchel’s grasp and slapped it down on the table.

“We’re here!”

In that instant, Mitchel’s towering figure seemed to crumble.

Shortly after, the divorce certificates were placed before them.

Raegan calmly slid hers into her handbag.

Mitchel, on the other hand, stood as if lost in a fog. His face turned a shade paler at the sight of the official document. For the first time, he despised the walls that surrounded them.

Raegan took the divorce certificate for Mitchel and shoved it into his arms.

“Don’t hold up the line.”

The paper felt like fire against Mitchel’s chest, burning far deeper than the skin.

He remained rooted to the spot. By the time he returned to his senses, Raegan had already gone out. Mitchel hurried after her. When he saw her getting into a taxi, he, in desperation, grabbed her hand. Raegan jerked and tried to shake off his grip. As it turned out, he had seized her injured right hand.

“Ouch! Let me go!” Raegan cried while glaring at him.

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Pained by the coldness in her stare, Mitchel held her hand tighter and offered, “Let me drive you home.”

“No, thank you,” Raegan refused without a second thought.

When the taxi driver saw the standoff, he picked up another passenger and drove off.

Raegan was fuming. Sadly, she was unable to break free from Mitchel’s grasp, so she eventually stopped struggling. Mitchel mistook her calm for a sign of hope. Though a glimmer of hope rose in his heart, he acted tough.

“Do you want me to carry you in my arms, or will you come along without a fuss?”

Raegan was too mad to say a word. Before she could react, Mitchel had swept her up into his car and buckled her in. However, she, quick as a flash, unbuckled the seat belt and lunged for the door.

Mitchel had seen through her and immediately locked the door from his side.

Seething, Raegan turned to him and demanded through gritted teeth, "Unlock the door."

"I'll drive you home," Mitchel insisted.

"Didn't you hear me? I said, unlock the door!" Raegan, with her patience wearing thin, took out her phone and dialed the police right there.

"Raegan!" Mitchel reached out to stop her. He never expected she would actually call the police on him. With his face drained of color and his voice laced with sorrow, he relented.

"Fine. But there's something I want to say to you first.

After that, you can do as you please."

Raegan just stared at him in response.

"Raegan, I only saved Lauren that day to pay off my debt. She once saved my life, after all. I had no idea you'd get hurt. If I had known, I never would have gone after her," Mitchel explained in a hoarse voice.

Raegan remained expressionless. She was neither sad, touched, nor angry.

"Are you done? Can I go now?"

Her words struck Mitchel like a thunderbolt, and pain radiated through his chest.

"Do you really despise me so much you can't stand seeing me?"

"What do you think, Mitchel?" Raegan scoffed.

“Every time I see you, I’m reminded of how you left me in the parking lot to save another woman and how you ignored me when I begged you to save my baby.”

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Raegan tried, with all her might, to keep her emotions in check. She was through with him. She felt neither love nor resentment toward him. Just nothing.

Mitchel’s face went as white as a sheet at her every word. Moreover, he felt as if a sharp blade was lodged in his chest, rendering him breathless.

Though he had agreed to get a divorce because she threatened him with her life, he did not know how to face her for now.

As she prepared to exit the car, Raegan looked at his pale face and said with a faint smile, “Take care. Let this be our last goodbye.”

Her smile was sincere and not forced. It was as if a weight had been lifted from her shoulders. She felt no need for drawn-out goodbyes.

After all, she wanted nothing but for their paths never to cross again. To her disappointment, she might see Mitchel again. The terms of their divorce required discretion to keep it from Kyler.

As long as Kyler wanted to see her, she would pay him a visit. It was inevitable for her and Mitchel to see each other, even if she tried her best to avoid him.

Meanwhile, Mitchel was left grappling with his emotions. The smile Raegan wore was unbearable to him. It was a silent reminder of all he had lost.

As he watched her receding figure, a bitter taste filled his mouth.

But then, slowly, darkness overtook his sight. Before he knew it, he slumped over in the car, unconscious. But before he lost consciousness, he saw Raegan look back at him.

Mitchel was somehow relieved. At last, she had cast a glance his way.

But the truth was, Raegan did not turn around. It was just his imagination.

When Mitchel's eyes fluttered open, he found himself staring at the white ceiling of a hospital room. Matteo had brought him here.

Mitchel had not slept for days. With exhaustion taking its toll on him and his surge of anger, he vomited blood and passed out. "Has she come by?" Mitchel asked. The first thing he thought of when he woke up was Raegan.

Of course, Matteo knew very well who Mitchel was talking about. He could not help but be flustered as Mitchel stared at him expectantly.

Regardless, he had no choice but to speak the truth.

"No, Mr. Dixon."

"But did you tell her I'm here?" Mitchel queried with a flicker of hope in his eyes.

"Yes, I've called her."

"And what did she say?"

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Matteo recalled what Raegan had said and recounted it to Mitchel verbatim.

"She said, 'Isn't he in the hospital? Why call me? I'm not a doctor. You'd be better off calling Luis. And, Mitchel and I are divorced. There's no need to update me on his condition.'"

Matteo reported everything to Mitchel without sparing any details.

After a long, deafening silence, Mitchel bellowed, "Leave!"

The door clicked shut behind Matteo, but the sounds of distress from within the room reached him nonetheless.

He sighed deeply and mused on the perils of love. From what he had witnessed, he vowed to avoid marriage himself. Meanwhile, after returning to her house in Crystal Bay, Raegan did not go out for a whole week.

The hospital had not been a place of rest for her. But now that the divorce was over and she was in her own space, she surrendered to sleep. She indulged in a carefree lifestyle, eating just once a day, and spent most of the past three days sleeping.

As the days slipped by, Raegan turned her attention to unresolved matters. She reached out to Cara and informed the latter she could no longer work for her studio.

Cara tried to persuade Raegan to reconsider. Raegan, however, remained steadfast. It was not that she did not want to, but because she figured it was impractical for her to work, given her injured right hand.

Her hand's recovery remained a question mark. A designer was supposed to pour time and energy into her crafts. Sadly, her right hand might just fall short of what the job demanded.

Upon learning of Raegan's injured hand, Cara expressed her understanding and assured Raegan that the door would always remain open for her.

In the following days, Raegan, unwilling to be idle, began searching for jobs online. She narrowed her options to two potential paths: a translation service and a renowned educational institution.

Both fields seemed accessible to her in her current condition.

Upon hearing of Raegan's divorce, Nicole reached out. Nicole expressed her frustration of being previously barred from visiting Raegan by Mitchel's overzealous bodyguards.

Once Nicole learned from a doctor acquainted with her that Raegan had been discharged, she called Raegan at once. Raegan said she wanted to just stay home and take a _ rest.

Nevertheless, a week later, Nicole arrived at her doorstep, determined to whisk Raegan away to celebrate.

The celebration venue was, of course, in the bar. Nicole indulged in her usual fare. Raegan, feeling more like herself again, joined in with a selection of cocktails.

Several drinks deep, Nicole's emotions spilled over. She clung to Raegan and cried, "How could you even think of jumping off a building for that jerk? He's not worth your life!"

When Nicole recalled the doctor's alarming update, she felt her heart lurch with fear. To ease Nicole's distress, Raegan shared the truth.

"I didn't intend to jump. It was just the quickest route to divorce I could think of.

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I figured if Mitchel didn't relent, I'd find another way. Thankfully, he gave in to the divorce without it coming to that."

"Really?" Nicole, with her eyes wide open, continued to complain, "Do you realize how terrified I was when the doctor told me you were about to jump? You scared the shit out of me."

"Don't worry. I won't do anything stupid. He's not worth it," Raegan assured her.

Nicole's response was a mix of relief and admiration. She wrapped Raegan in a warm embrace and said, "I've always known you're strong.

You're not the type to let a man like that drag you down."

"Of course not. I made a promise to my grandma to live well, and I won't let myself suffer for someone else's mistakes. So you don't need to worry. I'll look after myself. I won't give a damn about him from now on."

Their moment of solidarity was broken by a sneering voice from behind.

"Oh, the tales women spin."

Upon hearing the voice, Nicole's face turned as white as a sheet.

She turned around and saw Jarrod. Next to Jarrod was Mitchel.

Jarrod smirked and said with scorn, "Well, here's the woman you've been brooding over. It seems she's so indifferent to you." Overheard Raegan's words, Mitchel's face turned gloomy.

On the other hand, Raegan's face turned pale. After being with Mitchel for two years, she already knew him well. He hated people who lied to him.

But she also thought she wouldn't have much chance to get in touch with this superior CEO of the Dixon Group in the future, anyway. So, it didn't matter if he hated her. In fact, it would be best if he hated her so much that he wouldn't want to see her.

By then, she could have a peaceful life.

Nicole stepped forward, directly blocking Raegan behind her. Then she looked at Mitchel and warned, "You have caused Raegan so much misery.

So, what's wrong with her wanting a divorce? If someone makes my life miserable, I will kill him with my own hands."

Raegan was Nicole's best friend, so Nicole would naturally defend Raegan. Besides, Raegan was innocent. It was Mitchel who had done wrong to Raegan.

Mitchel's face was still cold, but he didn't say anything.

Raegan had not seen him for a week. She noticed that he'd lost a lot of weight, and his face looked a little sickly.

She remembered the day when Matteo told her that Mitchel vomited blood and fainted. She thought it was Mitchel's trick. But now that he was in front of her, it seemed to be true.

This was the first time she had seen his frail side. She admitted that she felt sorry for him. After all, she had loved him for ten years, and she still loved him until now. It was difficult for her to be totally indifferent to him.

Raegan knew herself. Her problem was that she was too easy to be softhearted. She could not be too ruthless to others.

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Even if Mitchel looked sick, it didn't affect his noble temperament at all. He was still very handsome despite his sickly appearance.

Raegan thought he would at least ask her some questions, so she had prepared herself to answer them. However, it didn't happen. Instead, he just glanced at her with a little fierceness, and then he completely ignored her. He strode away from her as if he didn't know her.

Back then, after they got their divorce certificate, Raegan said to Mitchel that they should never see each other again. Was this his response to her words?

But this was what she wanted, right?

Why did she still feel sad when she saw his indifference?

Time was really a terrible thing. Many emotions that had been kept for a long time came out naturally.

Raegan took a deep breath and blinked a few times.

She convinced herself that it was a good thing. If they didn't have any contacts, they would forget each other sooner.

Jarrood glanced at Mitchel and saw his cold look. Then he stood by Nicole's side and whispered, "I still have something to settle with you later."

Nicole froze, and her face turned pale upon hearing this. Since Nicole and Raegan were both drunk, Nicole called a designated driver to take them home. She let the driver send Raegan home first, then asked the driver to send her to Jarrood's apartment.

When she was already in front of the door, she felt very uneasy. She had no idea what awaited her inside, but she knew that Jarrood had too many ways to torture people.

She closed her eyes and took a deep breath to calm herself down.

Then she reached out and pressed the doorbell. The door opened automatically.

As she walked into the apartment, she kept reminding herself to be good. She had to be obedient so that things would end quickly. Then she could leave.

Jarrood was still in his suit. He stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling window with his back to her.

When he heard her come in, he turned around and looked at her with cold eyes, making her feel like he had just crawled out of hell.

“Well, I must say that you’ve done a good job with your little tricks. Jarrod’s tone was flat. But for some reason, it made Nicole feel even more scared. Nicole couldn’t guess what he knew, so she had to play dumb.

“What do you mean?”

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Jarrold took out a stack of photos and threw them on her face. The sharp corner of one of the photos even cut her ear. “The night before yesterday, it was Korbin from the Capital Company.

Yesterday afternoon, it was Mr. Freeman. And this noon, it was Jerry.

What a tight schedule.”

He paused. But without waiting for her answer, he disdainfully asked in a low voice, “Nicole, are you sure you have entertained all of them?”

Nicole felt like she was struck by lightning. Her mind went blank, and she couldn’t think of a word to retort.

It turned out that Jarrod knew all about her making allies.

She panicked, thinking she was doomed this time.

Nicole was so scared that she turned around and was about to run out.

She didn’t have time to think about anything.

But before she could take a step, Jarrod quickly grabbed her neck and pressed her face hard against the French window. He pressed his thin lips against her ear from behind and asked coldly, “Where did they touch you?”

Nicole was terrified. Her face was pressed hard against the thick glass, making her feel like it was about to deform. And she felt that Jarrod was tying up her hands behind with a chain.

He must be going crazy again. What if he would kill her this time?

At the thought of this, Nicole trembled all over. She struggled while explaining, "No, they didn't touch me."

Would Jarrod believe Nicole? He hated people who resisted his control, so he was blinded by anger now.

"Do you know what | hate the most? It's when other people touch my toys."

Jarrod looked at Nicole with gloom in his eyes. He stretched out his long arm and took a bottle of champagne from the wine rack. His handsome face was filled with cruelty.

"Since you are dirty, | must disinfect you."

Suddenly, Nicole's mind went blank again.

When she came back to her senses, she roared angrily, "Jarrod, are you crazy? Let go of me!"

Jarrod sneered, pressed his long legs against hers, and said coldly, "What do you think?"

While still pressing Nicole's head against the glass, Jarrod's slender fingers pressed the champagne's cork down and shook it vigorously, waiting for the fine bubbles to rise.

Nicole's eyes widened. Fear surged up in her heart. She cursed, "Jarrod, you are a fucking crazy dog!"

He was actually worse than a crazy dog. How could she be obedient to him if he was like this? Suddenly, there was a plop. The champagne lid had already popped out.

The pungent alcohol spurted out and sprayed onto Nicole's head, face, and body. Her eyes were hit by the liquid, making her feel like she was going blind.

Every hair on her body was stimulated to stand up.

Behind her, Jarrod smiled sinisterly. He looked like the devil from hell.

He was happy to see her pale expression. Seeing her look miserable, all the malice was revealed in his eyes. "We are just getting started. Please bear with me."

Nicole tried her best not to cry. But at this moment, tears streamed down her pale face uncontrollably. She just couldn't stop them from falling. Her legs went so weak that she knelt in front of the French window and leaned against the transparent glass for support.

Jarrod's apartment was on the eighth floor, which was not very high. When she looked down, she saw the security guards patrolling the alleys.

She wished they would raise their heads and look up. Then, they would see what crazy things were happening beside the window.

Nicole thought Jarrod was done. But to her surprise, he took a goblet, shook the remaining champagne, slowly poured it into the goblet, and handed it to her.

He looked at her and smiled. "This champagne is very expensive. You shouldn't waste it." Nicole glared at him and cursed, "Jarrod, you are a fucking dog!"

As soon as she said this, Jarrod grabbed and pinched her jaw hard to open her mouth forcibly and directly poured the champagne into her mouth.

Nicole choked on a mouthful of champagne and coughed violently.

Since she couldn't stop coughing, she couldn't swallow it. The liquid oozed out from the corners of her mouth. She was overwhelmed by the smell of alcohol. And she was helpless in the face of his anger.

Jarrold smashed the empty goblet against the window. Shards of glass flew in all directions, and some hit Nicole, cutting the skin on her arms.

He squatted down, held her chin, and turned her face to him. "If 'm a fucking dog..."

After being choked by alcohol, Nicole still coughed and even gasped for breath. She couldn't answer him.

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Jarrold stretched out his hand and patted her face.

"How about you?"

What are you?"

His tone was full of contempt and disgust.

There was pain in Nicole's eyes. It felt terrible to be tortured by Jarrold. And he had been doing this to her for a long time. At this moment, she decided to throw caution to the wind. She cursed directly, "Jarrold, you are nothing but an animal!" Jarrold instantly flared up. He pinched her chin hard and snapped, "I dare you to say that again!"

Nicole looked at him and added coldly, "Jarrold, you are only capable of bullying women. | look down upon you." Jarrold's dark eyes turned cold. He grabbed her neck, pinched it hard, and slammed her against the glass.

"It seems you haven't learned enough lessons."

It took a long while for Jarrod to quench his desire.

Then he got up and went to the bathroom to take a shower.

After coming out of the bathroom, he leaned against the headboard lazily, reached for the cigarette box on the bedside table, and took one cigarette. He put it in his mouth, lit it, and took a deep drag.

He blew a mouthful of smoke, shrouding his handsome face. His eyes were fixed on the motionless figure on the floor. He said lightly, "Miss Lawrence, that's all you've got?"

Since Nicole lay on the floor naked, she felt so cold that she trembled all over. Her body was covered with red and purple marks. She knew she had no way out, so she let it be.

Three years? No, it wouldn't last that long. If Jarrod continued to torture her like this, it would only take at most three months for her to be killed by him.

Especially now that he found she had come in contact with the former partners of the Lawrence family. Her road ahead would only become more difficult.

If she wanted to pull off a success, she must first make him let down his guard.

But what should she do? He was stubborn, and he didn't believe anyone that easily.

What if she used a combination of hard and soft methods?

Nicole was still lost in thought, pondering what to do next, when her face was suddenly pinched up. The tears that were about to fall hung up on the corners of her eyes.

At this moment, she looked aggrieved and fragile. She seemed to lose all her strength.

Jarrood stared at her. This time, the sternness in his eyes faded slightly. He said in a casual tone, "Do you think you're wronged?"

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Nicole noticed the change in his emotions and decided to take advantage of this opportunity. She squeezed out more tears and said angrily, "Jarrod, do you only know how to make a woman suffer? Shame on you! A real man should be able to satisfy a woman in bed, not the other way around."

Jarrood sneered coldly, "And do you think you deserve it?"

His words annoyed Nicole even more.

She retorted, "Why don't you untie me? So I can let you know whether I deserve it or not?" Jarrod raised his eyebrows, looking a bit surprised.

"Are you sure?"

Nicole retorted impatiently, "You keep talking so much nonsense. Why don't you dare? Are you scared?" "Ha-ha!!"

Jarrood laughed sinisterly. He squatted down and untied the chain on her hands.

"Let's see..."

Before he could finish his words, Nicole pushed him to the floor.

Anger immediately rose in his eyes.

He was about to get up when she suddenly pounced on him and covered his lips with hers. She even stuck her tongue out and pried his mouth open, wanting to give him a passionate French kiss.

Nicole was not that good at kissing. Jarrod didn't know this because although they had had sex many times, they seldom kissed. After all, kissing was for couples who loved each other. There was no love between them, so it was not appropriate for them. But Nicole had no idea that her unfamiliarity with it would arouse Jarrod even more.

Jarrod's eyes darkened. Soon, he responded to her kisses and even deepened their entanglement.

Of course, his kissing skills were much better than Nicole's.

But Nicole didn't like it at all. In the eyes of the outside world, Jarrod was a handsome and successful businessman. But for her, he was a disgusting animal. He was the devil who ruined her and her family.

He was not satisfied with destroying her fantasies and shattering her peaceful life. He also drove her family into a corner.

She had no choice but to save herself first.

Jarrod was about to move his hand down when Nicole suddenly stopped him. She gave him her most charming smile and said, "Let me do it for you this time. What do you think?"

She only repeated what he had said to her.

But Jarrod's eyes instantly lit up. Sure enough, men are all the same. They all liked excitement.