

Unbreakable 1551

Chapter 1551

With Roscoe's back now to her, Nicole set to work. She meticulously cleaned the lacerations with iodine, applied clotting agents, and began to wrap the gauze around his torso.

Nicole's delicate touch seemed to cause Roscoe to stiffen, a sign that such care was foreign to him. After Nicole finished with the bandage, Roscoe donned a white T-shirt hastily.

Nicole, in a moment of boldness, caught his hand, her question piercing the silence. "Roscoe, is it me that you want?"

The interplay of light and shadow in the room highlighted the clean lines of Roscoe's face, a stark contrast to the charged atmosphere between them.

Nicole's voice, barely above a whisper, carried an undeniable allure as she leaned in close. "I'm here, ready to be yours. Is that what you desire?"

Nicole couldn't bring herself to accept his sacrifice and selflessness. The thought of easing her conscience through such an exchange crossed her mind, acknowledging her own fears of his genuine, unguarded feelings.

She knew it was folly, trying to awaken him from what she saw as a pointless pursuit with the bait of her own charm.

With a natural magnetism that needed no enhancement from cosmetics, Nicole's eyes held their own power. Her appeal was undeniable, potent even, and for someone like Roscoe, who seemed so unversed in matters of the heart, it could prove overwhelming.

Pressing for an answer, Nicole challenged the very foundation of Roscoe's actions. "Is this you've been striving for?"

Roscoe's expression shifted into one of icy detachment, his demeanor chilling as expected.

Nicole, trying to ignore the ache spreading through her chest, pressed on. "Roscoe, I can be yours tonight, but it comes with a condition. We end this afterward."

Gone was the naivety of youth from Roscoe's features. He regarded her with a discernment honed by experience.

When he met her gaze, a laugh broke from him, unexpected and jarring.

"Alright, let's do it," he agreed, surprising her.

A ripple of panic washed over Nicole. The man before her was an enigma, changed from the Roscoe she once knew.

Despite the shift, Nicole maintained her poise, her hand curving around the nape of his neck, her facade unwavering.

They found themselves locked in a tacit standoff, each waiting for the other to concede defeat first.

Roscoe's stubbornness matched her own. His frustration was palpable.

He caught her hand firmly, pinning it against the wall, his proximity closing in, his tone roughened. "Nicole..."

The way he uttered her name was undeniably charged, a daring move in their tense exchange.

Nicole willed her nerves into submission, seeking an inner tranquility. She held onto a sliver of certainty amid the tension.

Roscoe, in spite of his ire, would not hurt her. Yet, she dared not reveal her apprehension. Roscoe's eyes, a gravity unto themselves, held her gaze, his breath mingling with the air between them.

Chapter 1552

This closeness, this charged moment, was beyond Nicole's wildest scenarios. The Roscoe she knew, once easily flushed with embarrassment, had matured. His proximity sent a flutter through her lashes, a reflex she couldn't still.

But then, Roscoe's advance halted. He redirected the moment's intensity into a soft caress on her cheek. His voice, barely above a whisper, carried a weight. "Nicole, this is a game to you. Enough." He released her and departed, his departure as swift as a shadow fleeing the dawn.

Roscoe remained in his car outside, succumbing to exhaustion only in the deepest hours of night. And when the first light crept across the horizon, Nicole's eyes opened.

Drawing the curtains aside, she caught sight of Roscoe, finding a makeshift refuge in his car, a silent sentinel in slumber.

Nicole readied herself for the day, her mind on the documents she had left upstairs.

With her plans set, she descended the stairs and gave a passing glance to the car, a silent testament to the night's turmoil.

Resolved to face what lay ahead without dragging others into the fray, Nicole made her way first to her residence and then to the company.

Stepping out of her car, her path was abruptly blocked. Lifting her gaze, she met Alec's stern countenance.

"What is it?" Nicole inquired, a trace of concern threading her voice.

Without a word, Alec signaled. Swiftly, bodyguards closed in, pinning Nicole's arms in a firm grip. Alec, seizing the moment, slid into her car, rifling through her possessions.

He emerged with a sealed envelope in hand, the sight of which darkened Nicole's expression with anger and dread.

She lunged for the envelope, but Alec was resolute.

"Miss Lawrence, you're coming with us," Alec commanded, and there was no room for argument in his tone.

Nicole was taken to a hospital room.

Jarrold was not dressed in a hospital gown. Instead, he was wearing a gray casual suit with a black t-shirt underneath. He had paired this with a silver watch, giving him a particularly young and handsome appearance.

Alec respectfully gave the encrypted file to Jarrod before quietly exiting the room, locking the door behind him.

Nicole didn't even think about trying to escape. She knew that no matter which corner of Ardlens she hid in, Jarrod had the resources to find her.

Jarrod sauntered over to Nicole. His V-necked t-shirt revealed his collarbone, making him look seductive and dangerous at the same time.

His eyes glinted with a hint of desire. "Where were you last night?"

Nicole didn't answer, prompting Jarrod to step closer. With an icy expression, he demanded, "Were you with another man?"

Nicole still didn't reply. "Are you going to remain silent?" Jarrod raised one eyebrow and extended his slender fingers, muttering, "Let me check."

Chapter 1553

Nicole automatically retreated, but she couldn't escape his clutches.

Jarrod firmly wrapped his arm around her waist and lifted the hem of her dress.

A wave of anger surged within Nicole. She spat out, "Jarrod, get lost! You crazy lunatic!"

Getting the answer he was looking for, Jarrod softened his tone slightly as he withdrew his arm.

"Luckily, you didn't betray me." If she had, he might have lost control over himself and would have erased all traces of the other man from her by fucking her.

Nicole was hit with an overwhelming urge to kill Jarrod. She kicked his calf with everything she had and pulled away from him, furiously cursing, "Get lost!"

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Jarrod appeared unfazed by the pain. He continued gazing at her and remarked, "Nicole, you're quite something."

His voice was deep and menacing. It was clear that he wasn't complimenting her.

Nicole remained silent and continued listening as he pressed on, "I'm not dead. Are you disappointed?"

"You know the answer." Nicole scoffed.

Jarrod stood a few feet away, his handsome face now contorted with rage. "Where did you want to send this document?"

"Of course, I wanted to send it where it was supposed to go," Nicole replied.

"Interesting." A small chuckle escaped Jarrod's Lips.

Jarrod had given Nicole numerous chances. If she displayed even a hint of remorse, he was ready to find a hundred reasons to convince himself to power on and continue being a sucker for her.

However, she showed no hesitation. She wasn't concerned about the pain she had put him through. She only cared if he was dead.

Jarrod's expression was no longer frosty. It was now hideous and terrifying, so dangerous that there were no words to describe it.

"You made concessions and stayed in the villa to look after

me, just so you could steal this document and use it against Lowe?"

"You're pretty smart," Nicole brazenly taunted. She wasn't surprised that Jarrod had figured it out.

After all, the Hampton and the Schultz families were close. Lowe must have gone to Jarrod after suffering a loss.

However, Lowe was probably distracted by other matters at the moment.

Nicole had leaked scandalous videos of Lowe on the Hampton Group's official website just a few minutes ago. The Hampton Group must have descended into chaos. By now, his scandals must have already gone viral on the internet.

Containing this situation was going to prove to be challenging for the Hampton family. They would definitely trace the source of the leak.

Jarrod had broken off his engagement with the Hampton family for Nicole, and now he was indirectly responsible for sullyng Lowe's reputation for Nicole again.

The wedge between the Hampton and the Schultz families had grown deeper.

Hampton family's efforts to protect themselves would, undoubtedly, aid in sending Jarrod to prison. The Hampton family was not an innocent party in the contract incident.

Chapter 1554

Nicole took great pleasure in seeing them fight each other and suffer the consequences of their actions.

Jarrod easily understood her little tricks. The funny thing was that while he was racking his brain on how to treat her well and make her stay by his side, she was scheming on how to hit him where it hurt the most and how to deliver the fatal blow.

With narrowed eyes, Jarrod scoffed. "You went through all this trouble just to get me imprisoned, didn't you?"

Jarrod's dark eyes glittered dangerously, as if one look could destroy the light in someone's eyes. Nicole was not intimidated, her expression calm as she remarked, "Mr. Schultz, you must be tired of acting alongside me."

In fact, the reality had finally dawned on Nicole. Jarrod was also acting. Otherwise, how could he have so much knowledge of her plan to steal the documents? Logically speaking, Jarrod should have caught her red-handed when she handed the files to Lowe. Unfortunately, he hadn't expected he would pass out in the bathtub, which allowed her to escape.

Jarrod's present composure showed that he was confident he was in control of the entire situation.

Nicole smirked to herself. This man was about to pay the price for his arrogance.

Nicole extended her hands and fixed Jarrod's suit, as if brushing off some dust, and taunted, "You're a very talented actor, Mr. Schultz.

Putting the effort into you was worth it."

Jarrod didn't smile or display any annoyance. His expression instantly turned stony. Stepping forward, he extended his arm and gently grabbed Nicole's chin. There was a chilly undertone to his voice as he said, "Nicole, I'm giving you one last chance. If you declare that you're willing to stay with me and will never get involved with other men again..."

Jarrod paused, his expression saying that he was making a big sacrifice. His fingers gripped her chin tighter and he enunciated each word forcefully, "I'll let this matter go."

Nicole felt that Jarrod's brain was malfunctioning. Things had reached this point, yet he was still speaking so unrealistically.

Even if she had said so, could her words be trusted? Was there any meaning of the vows or promises made between two people with such deep-rooted animosity? Their relationship was like a shattered mirror. No matter how hard they tried to fix it, the cracks remained, making the person Looking in the mirror appear ugly.

“Let the matter go?” Nicole reined in her anger, but her trembling eyelashes betrayed her fury as she spat out, “Tell me, Jarrod. How should I get even for my father’s death? I wish you were dead, but you stand in front of me and tell me to let it go?”

“Nicole, I didn’t have any hand in your father’s death, and I never sent anyone to deliver that document to him,” Jarrod protested. He wasn’t a man who usually explained himself, but that incident from years ago was his biggest regret.

If Wesson hadn’t died, they wouldn’t be such bitter enemies now. If it had only dawned on him earlier that his love for Nicole was greater than his hatred, perhaps their relationship could have been salvaged. Unfortunately, it was too late now.

Nicole laughed humorlessly and remarked, “You want to pin the blame on Jamie, don’t you?”

Jarrod didn’t reply, but his eyes said everything he wanted to.

“If it weren’t for you, would Jamie hate me so intensely? Would the thought of harming my father even cross her mind?” Tears dripped down Nicole’s face as she laughed while recalling the past, her heart clenching painfully.

“Jarrod, this is karma. Meeting you was the biggest mistake of my life!” Nicole declared. Jarrod finally understood. There was no way for them to reach a consensus, no chance to reconcile. Nicole only desired his miserable end.

At that moment, the door was thrown open with a loud bang.

Chapter 1555

Alec rushed in, looking panic-stricken. “Mr. Schultz, several police officers have arrived downstairs.”

Jarrod peered at Nicole with intense eyes.

Nicole grinned. “Jarrod, did you really think I’d fall for such an obvious trap?”

Nicole had left the documents at home, arranged for someone to pick them up later, and sent them to the police. Meanwhile, she carried an encrypted file envelope as a decoy, leading Alec to capture her.

Hearing this, Alec ripped open the file envelope on the table, finding it empty. Enraged, he grabbed Nicole, pinning her down and restraining her hands. “You dare deceive me, you wretch!” His knee pressed down firmly, his expression fierce.

Having survived through cunning and force alongside Jarrod for years, Alec had hidden his true self under suits and ties. But deep down, he was still the ruthless enforcer who inspired fear.

With his knee pressing down, making it hard for Nicole to breathe, Alec threatened, "You've got some nerve, setting Mr. Schultz up. I'll end you right now!"

Nicole, unable to move and struggling to breathe, refused to plead for mercy from such a person. To her, Alec was no different from Jarrod.

"Release her," Jarrod ordered icily.

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Alec, upset, argued, "Mr. Schultz, this woman has caused you so much pain. Please, don't be soft on her again. She's heartless!"

Finally, Alec expressed his worries.

Jarrod had endured a harsh life for the past five years, punishing himself for his past actions. Alec had hoped Nicole's return would bring some improvement. But instead, she seemed determined to harm Jarrod, showing no mercy.

Alec's intense hatred for Nicole was evident. He wouldn't think twice about ending her life if Jarrod ordered it.

"I told you, release her." Jarrod's tone brooked no argument.

Reluctantly, Alec obeyed.

On the ground, Nicole struggled for breath, coughing uncontrollably.

Jarrod stepped forward, offering a hand to help her up.

But Nicole slapped it away, repulsed. "Don't act like you care!"

Still, Jarrod grabbed her hand, pulling her forcefully into his arms.

Nicole's face went pale, protesting, "What are you doing? "Let me go!"

Jarrod seemed unperturbed, as if her scheme was expected.

Then, an unexpected visitor arrived. It was Roscoe, who had heard of Nicole's capture and fought his way in, worried for her safety.

Seeing Nicole struggling, Roscoe seemed ready to confront Jarrod, but was blocked by Alec.

Having already fought off the guards, Roscoe was no match for Alec.

Chapter 1556

"Nicole, don't worry. The police are here..."

At Roscoe's words, Jarrod's expression darkened. Roscoe and Nicole seemed quite intimate.

Nicole, witnessing Alec's aggression against Roscoe, glared at Jarrod.

"Make him stop!"

Jarrod was deeply irritated by her demand. His jealousy ignited, turning into rage as he held her tighter.

"Let me go!" Nicole continued to resist.

Then, Jarrod's anger morphed into a sinister grin, overwhelming in its intensity. He said to Roscoe, "Watch closely. See who she belongs to."

Then, with a forceful grip, Jarrod seized Nicole by the neck, pinning her against the wall, and ki*sed her fiercely, almost lifting her off the ground.

The ki*s, aggressive and dominant, caught Nicole off guard, feeling more like a punishment than an act of affection. Her struggles were futile against his superior strength.

Meanwhile, Roscoe grappling with Alec at the door, yelled, "Release her, you lunatic Jarrod finally let Nicole go after his forceful demonstration.

Cupping her cheeks, his eyes tinged with red, he chillingly grinned.

"Nicole, you can't beat me, and I won't ever release you again."

His tone was cold, like a curse, sending chills down Nicole's spine.

At that moment, law enforcement officers reached, asking, "Is Mr. Jarrod Schultz here?" Jarrod let go of Nicole, composed. "That's me."

The officers flashed their badges and then stated, "Mr. Schultz, we've received reports implicating you in financial fraud and illicit backstage dealings. Please come with us for questioning."

"Okay," Jarrod responded calmly, without resistance.

Passing by Alec, Jarrod instructed, "Take care of her."

Take care? Alec was seething, wanting nothing more than to be rid of Nicole. But he wouldn't disobey Jarrod, nodding. "Understood."

Jarrod glanced back at Nicole, his smile unexpectedly gentle.

Nicole couldn't understand what amused him. Feeling a cold shiver, she watched his calm departure, deepening her unease.

At that moment, Nicole saw once again the unyielding, ruthless Jarrod, who stopped at nothing, showing no vulnerability. This realization weighed heavily on her, making her feel weak.

Roscoe immediately supported her, his face full of concern. "Nicole, what's wrong?"

Feeling drained, Nicole leaned heavily on Roscoe's arm. Everything felt surreal to her.

Chapter 1558

Financial crimes could lead to more than ten years in prison, but they weren't punishable by death. Although Nicole believed Jarrod was responsible for her father's death, without direct action, the law couldn't touch him. She never wished for Jarrod's quick death. She wanted him to see his empire crumble around him. She wanted him to be crushed, to live a life that was worse than death. That was what she wanted for her revenge.

Alec, not expecting Nicole to be so informed, quickly went from mocking to looking at her with deadly seriousness. He warned, "If anything happens to Mr. Schultz, you'll regret it!"

With that, Alec hurried off.

Nicole moved to the window to see Jarrod being led away, surrounded by flashing cameras. She

breathed out a sigh of relief. It wasn't a total loss. If all went well, Jarrod could be looking at more than ten years behind bars.

In ten years, Jarrod's empire would likely fall apart, and his name would be forgotten among the Ardleys. No matter what ended up happening to Jarrod, the Schultz Group was on a path to sure decline.

Unless the Hampton family went out of their way to save Jarrod, it was pretty much over for him. But it seemed unlikely the Hamptons would go to such lengths for Jarrod.

Downstairs, through the clear window of the car, Jarrod looked up, almost as if he knew Nicole was watching his downfall.

Since the officers arrived, Jarrod hadn't let his emotions show, not once looking like he was defeated or embarrassed.

Even now, sitting in the car with his legs crossed and leaning back a bit, anyone who didn't know better might think Jarrod was on his way to an important meeting, not to the police station.

Jarrod's hospital room was on the fifth floor, so looking up from the ground, a person might seem as small as an ant.

But Jarrod looked up intently, as if Nicole and he were standing right in front of each other.

Nicole stepped away from the window, no longer interested in watching.

Her job was done. With Jarrod convicted, she and Austin could finally be together without fear. This was the life she had always wanted but never thought possible. Now, it seemed like it was within their grasp.

Roscoe noticed Nicole's thoughtful look and offered comfort, "Nicole, I've handed in that document. With these extra charges, there's no way he can get out of it."

Nicole felt a twinge of guilt. She had promised herself she wouldn't drag others into this mess, yet here was Roscoe, caught up in it all.

She turned to face him, taking in his kind, honest face. He used to be an angel, concerned only with helping others, but now he was caught up in these worldly troubles because of her.

"Roscoe, once Jarrod is out of the picture, stay away from the Watts family. They're bad guys, and you are not one of them," Nicole said earnestly.

The Watts family's actions had left scars on Roscoe, proof of their harshness.

"Okay," Roscoe replied, his eyes bright and sincere. "Nicole, it's going to be alright."

But could it be? Despite her plan, Nicole couldn't shake off a lingering sense of unease, especially remembering Jarrod's final threat. "I won't ever release you again!" That phrase haunted her, sounding almost like a curse.

Raegan spent three days in Mitchel's ward, but Mitchel hadn't woken up yet. His fever came and went, stubbornly refusing to disappear.

The doctors explained the severity was due to a broken rib piercing an important organ. Though the surgery was timely, the post-operative infection was concerning. It was important for him not to get another fever. If his fever came back at night, he would have to be moved to the ICU.

Raegan looked after Mitchel all night without barely sleeping.

At dawn, Janey called, expressing her longing for Raegan and Mitchel.

Raegan talked to Janey for a bit, trying to comfort her.

After the call, Raegan went back to Mitchel's side to check his temperature. It was 98.78 degrees Fahrenheit! She was relieved to see that his fever hadn't come back. The tension she'd been feeling all night started to fade.

Raegan sat at the bedside, caressing Mitchel's face, and whispered, "Mitchel, please wake up, okay? Let's wake up and have a happy life together..."

Mitchel didn't move.

The sadness in Raegan's heart grew little by little. She clasped his wrist, pressing it gently against her cheek to feel his pulse. The rhythmic thumping was a soothing presence.

Then, out of nowhere, a loud crash. Someone barged into the ward, flinging the door wide open. "I've come to see my son. Dare to block me again, and you'll wish you hadn't!" Luciana's voice echoed sharply.

Caught off guard, Raegan released Mitchel's hand and quickly stood up.

At the sight of Raegan, Luciana stopped in her tracks, her eyes wide with disbelief.

Time had not been kind to Luciana. She looked as if she had aged years in just a few moments. Her complexion was ashen, a stark contrast to the woman Raegan remembered.

Thinking back, Luciana had pushed for their separation but never truly hurt Raegan. With politeness, Raegan began, "Mrs. Dixon, I..."

But before Raegan could get the words out, Luciana charged forward and slapped Raegan across the face.

Raegan held her cheek in shock, rooted to the spot, unable to respond.

Matteo, equally stunned, reacted quickly. Before Luciana could strike again, he caught her arm, his voice firm. "Ma'am, this is not right!"

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"Let me go!" Luciana fought back hard, her rage showing no signs of cooling down. She pointed directly at Raegan's face, scolding, "This is all your fault! Since your return, my son has been stuck in bed. Keep away from him!"

Raegan felt the sting of the slap across her face, leaving her dazed.

It appeared that Luciana had just learned of her return.

Matteo tried to interject. "Please, ma'am. Miss Foster has been looking after Mr. Dixon for the last few days, and he's been aware of her return."

"Get out of my way!" Luciana's outburst was too much for Matteo to manage. "You can't even look after your boss properly. What good are you as an assistant?"

Matteo chose not to answer back, silently taking the criticism. After all, this woman was Mitchel's mother.

Having berated Matteo, Luciana then turned her anger toward Raegan, throwing her purse at Raegan while sharply demanding, "And you, leave now!"

raegan dodged the purse, a chill surfacing in her eyes. This side of Luciana was unfamiliar to her. Luciana's unruly actions were a far cry from the refined lady in her memory.

Raegan hadn't responded to the slap because she acknowledged that Mitchel's injury was indeed her fault. She could sympathize with a mother's anguish over her child, but that didn't mean she would accept being treated poorly. "Mrs. Dixon, I'm staying until Mitchel wakes up. We can either get along, or you can go."

Luciana was livid, struggling to keep her rage in check. "What gives you the right? You're just someone my son got over, and now you're telling me to leave?"

Every word hit Raegan like a bullet. This was, after all, a woman she had once been fond of, who had once treated her kindly, like a mother.

Raegan decided to stay out of a shouting match with Luciana, wanting to keep things quiet for Mitchel's sake. She turned to Matteo, asking, "Matteo, can you help her calm down? Let's keep it down."

Matteo nodded, trying to soothe Luciana. "Ma'am, Mr. Dixon needs his rest. Why don't you take a little break, and I'll let you know as soon as he wakes up?"

"Why do I have to go?" Luciana retorted. "If anyone should leave, it's her, the outsider. I'm his mother, after all."

"However, Mr. Dixon made it clear he wanted Miss Foster here," Matteo explained. "He won't be happy if he learns Miss Foster is mistreated."

Luciana hesitated, aware that crossing Mitchel could backfire. Their rocky relationship made her think twice. But then she remembered the prediction from a fortune-teller. "I'm not going anywhere. She's the one who should leave. She brings bad luck to Mitchel."

Advancing, Luciana attempted to push Raegan away, shouting, "Stay away from my son. Don't even get near him!"

Raegan, caught off guard, tripped but managed to catch herself on a table.

Matteo quickly stepped in to help her.

Cheers erupted from outside just then. A man dressed in a black suit walked in, his voice dripping with sarcasm. "Quite the show we have here."

Luciana's attitude changed the moment she saw the man. "Why are you here?" she demanded.

The man brushed off her question and walked straight up to Raegan.

He looked deep into her eyes for what seemed like an eternity before he finally said, "Raegan, it's been a while."

Raegan gazed back at the man she recognized, feeling as though her past and present

were colliding. She whispered a name she hadn't said in a long time, "Henley... What brings you here?"

Raegan thought he was left in a comatose state. How was he standing here?

Henley, noticing her astonishment, gave her a warm smile. "Raegan, I've come back," he announced.

Raegan was at a loss for words. Surprise was all she felt. Despite Henley's current gentle

appearance, she remembered too well his obsession with possessing her.

Luciana, who loathed the sight of Henley, particularly for his resemblance to Mitchel, snapped, "Leave now. You're not wanted here!"

Raegan was trying to figure out what was going on. Why did Luciana seem to hate Henley so much? When had they first met?

Then it all made sense. As Henley walked toward Luciana, who clenched her hands tighter with each step, her nervousness was evident.

Henley stopped in front of Luciana and called her by a name that surprised everyone. "Mom, why are you saying this? I should come visit since my brother's sick. It hurts to hear you talk like that."