

Unbreakable 2271

Chapter 2271

Vicki was well acquainted with Deniz's deceitful and malevolent nature. This outcome, however unfortunate, served a greater purpose.

If Nicole were thoroughly ruined, Jarrod's interest in Nicole would wane.

Satisfaction washed over Vicki. This twist of fate unfolded precisely as she had envisioned. She harbored no doubt that Jarrod would recoil from Nicole once he beheld the aftermath of Deniz's actions. Surely, he would be repulsed at the very sight of Nicole. After all, despite Deniz's worthlessness, he was infamous for his lecherous and debased conduct within their social circle.

Pondering this, Vicki found Austin even more endearing. She tenderly caressed his slumbering visage and whispered, "You owe your life to your mother."

Under the assumption that Nicole was tormented terribly by Deniz, Vicki decided against harming Austin for the time being.

Deniz's countenance flushed crimson with fury upon ending the call with Vicki.

The realization dawned upon Deniz that Vicki had indeed schemed to make him a scapegoat. How cunning and deceitful she had been!

Deniz was not one to tolerate being exploited. He made a solemn vow to seize an opportunity to strike back at Vicki.

Nicole maintained her composure, exuding a sense of calm as she awaited Deniz's response. She knew she had emerged victorious in this bout.

Sure enough, Deniz's gaze betrayed no intention of harm as he looked at Nicole once more. He realized that Nicole was important to Jarrod, which was why Vicki had put so much effort into setting Nicole up.

Deniz dared not lay a hand on Nicole, fearing Jarrod's reprisal.

Jarrod's nature dictated an unwillingness to relinquish what was once his, even if he had cast it aside, and should someone dare to do so, they would meet a swift demise.

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Deniz had already learned a bitter lesson before, and he couldn't risk enduring another one. A lifetime of worldly wisdom ingrained in him the principle of never stumbling twice over the same obstacle.

Should he provoke Jarrod anew, his fate would be sealed.

"What do you want?" Deniz inquired, cutting straight to the chase.

There was no need for beating around the bush at this juncture.

Its not about what I want. Youve seen through the situation. Miss Hampton simply wants to make you the scapegoat should anything go amiss. You got away this time, but what about the next? Nicole countered.

Deniz's eyes narrowed, revealing a sly demeanor. Do not think you can have sway over me because of this. I have no dealings with Miss Hampton. Since she tries to scheme against me, I wont go easy on her!

Nicole chuckled at his words. Deniz, you truly have a talent for joking.

Disregarding Deniz's sour expression, she pressed on. Unless you cut ties with the Hampton family, you wont stand a chance against Vicki, Wayne's beloved daughter. Especially considering she's got a formidable fiancé like Jarrod, who's about to become her husband. You'll find it even harder to deal with her.

Deniz hadn't anticipated Nicole's profound insight, comprehending every aspect of the situation. She proved to be a truly formidable adversary. Yet, he stubbornly refused to admit it. Even though Vicki is impressive, I dont depend on her for everything.

Deniz found it absurd. He had long surpassed the age of succumbing to weakness when challenged. He was certain no one possessed the power to best him.

Nicole flatly replied, I understand you dont rely solely on Vicki, but it appears you lean on Lowe from the Hampton family, correct?

Deniz's countenance stiffened, and he muttered curses under his breath. Nicole seemed to possess uncanny mind-reading abilities. How did she possess such insight?

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Deniz remained silent, waiting for Nicole to speak and see what tricks she would pull.

Undeterred, Nicole said, Have you been keeping up with what's going on with the Hampton family? It seems like Lowe has made some major mistakes lately, causing quite a stir within the family. Even the board of directors has had some negative things to say about him. On the other hand, Vicki seems to be really good at building relationships within the company and getting things done. Her reputation for being kind and generous has earned her a lot of praise from the board of directors.

Deniz, sharp-witted as ever, comprehended Nicole's implication without difficulty. In essence, Lowe lacked the popularity and influence within the Hampton family's enterprise that Vicki possessed. Nicole simply hinted he had aligned himself with the wrong individual.

Yet, Deniz refused to allow Nicole to dupe him so easily. He had not forgotten Nicole's family's industrialist roots before Jarrod's return from abroad. Since returning, Jarrod had dealt Nicole's family several cruel blows, leading to their bankruptcy.

It was a tragic turn of events indeed. Despite being Jarrod's adversary, Nicole had borne his child. A perplexing circumstance, to say the least.

Deniz remained unaware of the intricacies, including how Jarrod forced Nicole and the circumstances surrounding their child's birth.

He merely glimpsed the surface and remained oblivious to Nicole's genuine significance to Jarrod. Had he been aware, he would have refrained from laying a finger on Nicole.

For now, Deniz grasped Nicole proved to be exceptionally intelligent and competent.

Deniz narrowed his eyes and grunted, Don't try to sow seeds of division here. It's been a long-standing tradition in our country to pass family businesses to sons, not daughters. Considering the Hampton family's size, are you suggesting they hand the control over to Vicki?

Nicole retorted, You seem unaware. Let me give you some examples. The president of the Fletcher Group passed the business to his capable daughter. Similarly, the president of the Wilson Group did the same. It's clear that the world has evolved, and clinging to outdated beliefs only makes you appear ignorant.

You! Deniz seethed with anger at her words, but ultimately restrained himself, merely pointing at her without taking further action.

He continued, The families you mentioned all had daughters as their sole heirs. Had they not passed the businesses to them, they likely would have donated them.

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That's true. But why do you assume Vicki can't be the sole heir?

Nicole countered.

This assertion prompted Deniz to pause momentarily. Though absurd, it was not entirely implausible.

While Lowe was indeed the sole male heir of the Hampton family, his penchant for trouble was well-known. Only recently, he had nearly jeopardized his reputation.

Deniz had witnessed Lowe's erratic behavior countless times, and the rumors surrounding Lowe were indeed exaggerated.

Wayne, weighed down by stress, now carried heart medication for emergencies. The extent of Lowe's disquietude was evident for all to see.

Nevertheless, as long as Lowe remained in the picture, Deniz assumed Wayne would steadfastly refuse to pass the reins of the Hampton Group to another.

Just then, Nicole interjected, You know, these days, society is full of surprises. It's really tough to be sure that Lowe will manage to wait until Wayne retires without any unexpected problems popping up.

Hearing Nicole's words, Deniz almost slapped his thigh in agreement.

Lowe was such a jerk. Honestly, if one decided to kill him, it wouldn't be a challenge. It really just boiled down to whether anyone actually wanted to do so.

After all, Lowe had offended so many people. Anyone with a hidden agenda could easily find those Lowe had tormented, and manipulate them into eliminating him. All it would take was the promise of some perks, and theyd willingly take Lowe out.

Once Lowe was out of the picture, Wayne would have no other option but to hand over the company reins to Vicki.

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So, have you ever considered that Miss Hampton might already be aware that with and shes a countermove youre aligned Lowe, plotting

Nicole mimed a throat-slashing gesture and then articulated each word deliberately, By having others do the dirty work!

A shiver ran down Denizs spine. The motion Nicole had made with her hand was so vivid. It felt as though a blade had actually grazed his neck.

For the first time, Deniz had realized the depth of Nicoles capabilities. Her insights were sharp, and she excelled at pinpointing the essentials.

So, what do you want me to do? Deniz inquired. His voice carried a hint of respect as he said to Nicole without him even realizing it.

He was utterly impressed by her intelligence and couldnt help but admire her.

Lets collaborate, Nicole proposed. You should realize that aligning with the Hampton family isnt a sustainable strategy. If trouble arises, Lowe wont have your back. In fact, hell be the first to cast you aside.

Deniz nodded in agreement. Both Lowe and Vicki, the half-siblings, were known for their cunning and lack of reliability.

Lowe wanted to bring down Vicki, but Vicki had Jarrod as her backing.

Left with no choice, Lowe had to weaken Vicki through other means, like exploiting Deniz.

Lowe had instructed Deniz to inform Jarrod and Vicki about Nicoles whereabouts on separate occasions. His aim was to sow discord between the engaged pair.

Given Vickis wary attitude toward Nicole, it was clear that Lowes tactics were working. Nicole proved to be an effective weapon against both Vicki and Jarrod.

Reflecting on this, Deniz lost his reservations and asked, What do you suggest for our collaboration?

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Nicole replied, Keep working with Lowe and gather some incriminating information about him for me.

Upon hearing this, Deniz felt bewildered. He inquired with a hint of suspicion, If youre after Vicki, why are you gathering dirt on Lowe?

Nicoles true target was indeed Vicki. Yet, Vicki proved overly cautious. Even during their chat in the hospital, Vicki used a device to jam smart devices, blocking any attempt to record her.

Moreover, Vickis phone was secure against recording, and her messages self-destructed, leaving no trace behind.

Furthermore, Vicki had loyally cared for Jarrod for years without a hint of scandal.

Uncovering dirt on Vicki was tough, and even if they managed, Vicki had ways to slip through the net.

Vickis handling of degrading Nicole while making Deniz the scapegoat showed her ruthless efficiency. Targeting Vicki was tricky, and any impact seemed minimal.

Thus, the strategy was to focus on Lowe. Rumors had it that the Hampton family was involved in shady dealings underground. If Lowe were to slip up, get arrested, and the media got wind of it, the Hampton family would crumble.

If the Hampton family fell apart, Vicki marrying Jarrod would become increasingly unlikely. Jarrod, keen on maintaining a clean reputation, would choose to protect his image over standing by Vicki if scandals surfaced.

Indeed, Nicole was determined to keep Vicki from becoming Austins stepmother. She could not bear the thought of such a malevolent woman influencing Austin.

When the moment arrived, Jarrods assertions about the stable emotions between him and Vicki were destined to be refuted. Vicki was hardly the right person to care for a child, yet Jarrod was blind to this. Wasnt that a mistake as well?

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Nicoles eyes sparkled with anticipation. Turning to Deniz, she declared, As long as you assist me in securing what I need, I promise you a clean getaway from this chaos, and well both profit immensely.

Deniz scoffed. Are you kidding me? Do you really think you have the means to pull that off?

His skepticism was palpable. He found it hard to believe that Nicole, seemingly so frail and insignificant, could be his ticket out of this mess and into wealth.

Undeterred, Nicole asserted, I assure you, the suburban project will be yours.

The suburban project? Deniz repeated, taken aback. That was a lucrative venture. Securing it meant a secure future. But

That's the Schultz Group's undertaking. How on earth can you secure it? Deniz doubted Jarrod would willingly part with it, especially for Nicole, a woman Deniz deemed beyond her prime. Besides, Jarrod's primary focus was always on maximizing his profits.

Nicole challenged, Deniz, are you willing to bet with me and see for yourself?

Deniz examined Nicole's face. Despite her ragged outfit, her eyes sparkled with unwavering confidence. Maybe there was more to her than met the eye.

On impulse, Deniz nodded and said, Alright, let's have that bet.

Winning could potentially transform his life. Even if Nicole was deceiving him, he had nothing to lose.

Deniz gave Nicole a frosty look and warned, Keep your word. I'll trust you for now, but if I catch even a hint of deception, you're dead meat!

Unshaken, Nicole simply responded, I'll be here.

You've got guts, Miss Lawrence, Deniz remarked sarcastically.

By the way, I recall that Mr. Schultz took your child away, he added casually.

Deniz chuckled darkly, his face creased with sinister lines. I hope your wish to be reunited with your child comes true soon.

His words served as a stark reminder to Nicole that her life, while negligible to her, still held value as leverage through her child.

That child was her weak spot.

Nicole's fingers clenched tightly, pain throbbed through her heart, threatening to spill blood. Everyone knew a child was a mother's weakness, and exploiting that vulnerability was unfailingly effective.

Livid, Nicole felt that these despicable people, engaging in such vile acts, surely deserved punishment under the law!

With a subtle lift of her mouth's corner, careful not to let Deniz see her strain, Nicole said, Deniz, don't worry. The person plotting against you is also on my blacklist. We're in this together.

Deniz grunted in response and muttered, I certainly hope so. Then, he slammed the door as he left.

Nicole's body rocked slightly before she collapsed onto the sofa.

Such a narrow victory amid the dealing with Deniz. At last, she had succeeded in aligning this menacing figure as her ally.

Nicole's father had once advised her that before she was strong enough to tackle a problem alone, it was wise to turn potential threats into temporary allies. This alliance might yet yield some unforeseen benefits.

Just then, Jemmas voice pierced the air from outside the door. Mr. Miller, have you had enough fun? Nicoles heart pounded wildly. It seemed Jemma had positioned outside the chamber for a while just to catch Deniz when he walked out.

Nicole was uncertain whether Jemma worked for Vicki. Something in Jemmas demeanor felt off, elusive like a shadow at dusk. She observed that Jemma portrayed two distinct personas. The one visible to the world was merely a mask. It was difficult to determine if the concealed side harbored good intentions.

Fortunately, Deniz navigated the situation with finesse. His voice was steady and calm as he addressed the issue, These girls youve introduced are inadequate. They lack the basic skills in hospitality! Jemma, its essential that you train them more effectively.

Jemma replied with a smile, her tone light yet laced with an undertone of seriousness, I hear your discontent, Mr. Miller. Tonight, dinner is on me. I admit my failure in their training. Please, your anger would only sadden me deeply.

Jemma endeavored to mollify Deniz.

Deniz found solace in her assurances.

Though it seemed Jemma was disadvantaged, she was actually quite shrewd. ALL the business here turned a neat profit. She skillfully offered clients small favors with each transaction, a tactic that ensured the longevity and prosperity of the business.

In reality, they sacrificed nothing. The money one wealthy patron spent was cleverly used to satisfy another. This strategy was marketing genius.

A smile spread across Denizs plump cheeks as he praised her, Jemma, your efficiency keeps our operations smooth. Without your efforts, Kingbel Club wouldnt enjoy its current success.

In a humble tone, Jemma responded, You give me too much credit, Mr. Miller. Im merely a small part of this vast enterprise.

Her voice brimmed with gratitude as Jemma added, Without Kingbel Club, I wouldnt have the

comfortable life I cherish today

As Jemmas voice faded into a whisper, Nicole caressed her chest, feeling the steady beat of her heart as it calmed.

Having lost Austins custody, Nicole understood that without power, everything was at risk. The only way to secure a normal, safe existence for her child was to dismantle the power of these influential figures. She was determined not to give up, no matter the circumstances. Now, her sole purpose was to see these arrogant tyrants toppled from their pedestals.

Before Nicole could rise, the door to the chamber swung open.

Jemma entered the room. She glanced at Nicole and noticed her torn clothes but showed no reaction.

You cant expect me to pay for todays expenses. Theyre on you,
Jemma declared. Her voice carried a sharp, slightly sarcastic edge.

Nicole got to her feet and responded compliantly, Thats fine, Jemma.

Observing her compliance, Jemma felt a wave of relief and couldnt help but sneer, The key to handling matters is knowing your limits. Venturing beyond them is not only self-destructive but also ridiculous and harmful to others.

It felt both like a caution and a reminder. Nicole turned her gaze toward Jemma.

Jemmas gaze was intense and inscrutable, making it difficult to discern her thoughts.

If Jemma truly sided with Vicki, then this was a veiled threat.

However, Nicole sensed that Jemma wasnt one to simply follow orders.

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Jemma possessed a mysterious aura, seasoned with time, like someone bearing a deep-seated story.

I understand, Jemma, Nicole replied. She was indifferent to Jemmas implications. Her focus was solely on planning her next move.

As Nicole turned to leave, bloodstains were visible on her back.

Jemma halted her departure, asking, What happened?

Nicole saw the reflection of the bloodstains in a mirror behind her.

They werent severe, likely from being shoved against the table by Deniz earlier. She was unfazed by the situation and responded indifferently, Its nothing.

Dont come to work for the next few days, Jemma instructed.

Hearing this, Nicoles anxiety spiked. She quickly responded, Its okay, Jemma. This injury isnt serious. I can continue working as usual.

Nicoles worry stemmed from a fear that Vicki might learn of her rest and use it as an excuse to harm Austin, thus threatening her further. Additionally, Kingbel Club, part of the Hampton familys enterprises, held her interest. She saw an opportunity to uncover any illicit activities that might help hasten the downfall of the Hampton family. Moreover, she was puzzled about Melissas true identity and eager to dig deeper.

What are you thinking? Im not showing concern for you! Jemma raised her eyebrows and clarified, I meant that your service was lacking. You should spend a few days on training to improve.

Course? Nicole was puzzled.

Jemma explained, We offer special training for newcomers here on various skills, including wine service and communication. Come see me tomorrow to start your lessons. Dont assume itll be easy. If you dont perform well and make mistakes, Ill double your fines!

Nicoles tension eased. She realized Jemma was directing her toward training rather than taking time off. She was agreeable to this arrangement since it meant she could remain at the club for her next step.

Nicole conveyed her readiness, Okay, Jemma. Ill begin training tomorrow.

Seeing no reason to reproach Nicole further, Jemma departed.

Nicole retreated to the staff restroom, relieved to find single rooms that spared her the awkwardness of idle chit-chat.

Her body was sore from several collisions just moments ago. With no more workload for the day, she decided to lie down briefly before returning.

However, her rest was short-lived as a knock at the door interrupted her.

Nicole quickly sat up and said, Come in.

The door opened to reveal the petite, delicate girl from the chamber earlier. Her innocent appearance belied her expertise, as Nicole recalled how skillfully she had served wine, her movements graceful and alluring, a stark contrast to her demure look. Clearly, she was experienced in the clubs ways.

The girl offered a tube of ointment, advising, Miss, this ointment works well for bruises. Please, feel free to use it.

Nicole hesitated to accept, wary of using unknown products. Politely declining, she responded, Thank you, but Ill manage. Its not that serious.

Understanding Nicoles caution, the girl reassured, Dont worry. Jemma gave this to me before. Its meant for our injuries. It really helps.

With this assurance, Nicole reluctantly accepted the ointment, careful not to spurn the offered kindness.

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The girl, naturally sociable, took a seat and initiated a conversation. My name is Elodie Bryant. Whats your name, Miss?

Nicole simply pointed at her name tag and replied, You can call me by this name.

Unfazed by Nicoles reluctance to reveal her true name, Elodie understood in their profession, everyone had their own tales and secrets to keep. So, I will call you Cherry.

Elodies persistence stirred a hint of suspicion in Nicole.

Nicole opted to observe first and then responded politely, Thats fine.

Elodie seemed amiable, quite the contrast from her demeanor in the chamber. She was notably enthusiastic. Cherry, did Deniz bother you later? she asked.

Nicole eyed Elodie skeptically, wondering whether Elodie was Vickis spy. Was Elodie probing for information to report back to Vicki?

Nicole wasnt just being overly cautious. Knowing Vickis methods, it was likely Vicki would have someone in the club monitoring her every move.

Wishing to keep her own counsel, Nicole replied uneasily, That person He wasnt very good.

Her answer was deliberately vague, neither fully criticizing nor praising Deniz, leaving much to the imagination.

Elodie didnt pry further. Instead, she rambled on, But you were lucky to escape any trouble. Deniz is really vile. He tends to hassle the new people here. Hes overweight and not pleasant to look at. He often demands that we do repulsive things

Elodie continued, but Nicole had no desire to hear more about Denizs misdeeds.

Rubbing her forehead, Nicole longed for some peace.

Noticing Nicoles pale face, Elodie said, Cherry, I hope I didnt disturb your rest. Ill leave now. Take care.

Just then, someone called out for Elodie. She responded and turned back to Nicole, saying, Cherry, Ive been here over a year. If you ever need advice or have questions, just ask me. I know all about whos troublesome and whos generous here.

Elodies forwardness was overwhelming for Nicole, who simply nodded and responded, Okay.

Ill be off then, Cherry.

With Elodies departure, tranquility returned to the room.

Lying on the bed, Nicoles thoughts drifted to Austin. Her concern for him prevented her from resting. At ten oclock, she received a photo on her phone of Austin sleeping peacefully.

This was Vickis assurance. As long as Nicole worked here, a photo of Austin would arrive every two days.

Looking at the small figure in the photo, Nicole caressed it with her fingers, her eyes misting over. Austin, Im sorry you have to go through this.

Time seemed to fly.

Nicole visited Kingbel Club daily, but Jemma only set up training for her.

The training was easy, and the instructor was kind. She primarily taught Nicole how to harness her feminine allure.

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After recuperating for a few days, Nicole had almost fully regained her strength. It was then that Jemma summoned her to start working.

Nicole mastered a series of graceful maneuvers under her teachers guidance. Although she couldnt drink alcohol, she was adept at engaging the clients with her conversation.

And not every client at Kingbel Club was like Deniz. Some just wanted basic service. Nicole would serve them drink and water on the side.

During this period, Nicole rarely crossed paths with Melissa due to differing schedules. However, from what Elodie shared, Nicole gathered that Melissa had been at the club for quite some time.

Melissa had previously crossed a significant client and had accumulated a substantial debt to the club, which she had yet to clear off.

Melissa was a solitary figure who would smile at the guests but would immediately make a sour expression once she stepped outside as if the world owed her something. No one wanted to be in a group with her.

The resemblance between Melissa and Nicole was uncanny, yet unexplained.

Everyone knew Melissa had undergone plastic surgery, but nobody knew whom Melissa had modeled her previous appearance until Nicole arrived.

With Nicoles arrival, things took a peculiar turn. Melissas face seemed like a copy of Nicoles, but since it was artificial, it ended up looking like a distorted version of Nicole.

Melissa applied heavy makeup daily, unable to face her reflection without it. The surgery had left several areas of her face misshapen.

Nicole purposely timed her arrival to coincide with Melissas work shifts, hoping to chat with Melissa. However, Melissa consistently dodged her. It seemed Melissa wanted to keep their interactions to a minimum, almost as if Melissa was scared of Nicole.

Perplexed by Melissas evasive behavior, Nicole decided to watch her discreetly.

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Nicoles observation paid off.

Melissa ate with her left hand, and she often ran her little finger through her hair. The way she moved and sat reminded Nicole of someone. But Nicole heard that person had vanished a while back.

Nicole followed Melissa to her room. Just as Melissa was closing the door, Nicole pushed inside.

Ah, who are you? Upon recognizing Nicole, Melissas initial anger softened slightly, and she pleaded, Please leave. You shouldnt enter someone elses restroom without asking.

Ignoring the request, Nicole sat on the edge of the bed, gazed at Melissa intently, and slowly said, You are Jamie.

It seemed like ages since anyone had called Jamie by that name.

It appeared Jamie had been hiding here all these years, and shed altered her face to resemble Nicoles.

Nicole was utterly baffled. Why would Jamie choose to look like her?

What could Jamie possibly want?

Why did you change your appearance to match mine? Whats your plan?

Nicole asked.

Initially, Melissa appeared somewhat flustered, but she quickly regained her composure, rolling her eyes as she retorted, This is my natural face. Who told you I changed to look like you?

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Natural face? Nicole gently lifted Melissas chin. Your nose looks unnatural, and your chin seems fake. Your eyes are stretched upwards. Are you trying to say you were born like this?

Nicoles taller stature, by ten centimeters, made her look down at Melissa, leaving Melissa feeling belittled.

Melissa struggled unsuccessfully to free herself.

Nicole, tall and formidable, easily maintained her grasp.

This disparity explained why, despite their similar features, Melissa seemed like a flawed imitation of Nicole.

Nicoles stunning and captivating appearance needed some height to match its allure. A shorter height would seem a bit odd as her face didnt quite match her stature.

Are you some sort of famous beauty? Why do I want to resemble you?

Melissa said with a ridiculous and laughable tone.

Nicole released her grip coldly, causing Melissa to stumble backward.

Im not known for my beauty. Im simply unique, Nicole stated firmly, crossing her arms and smiling icily. Let me take a guess. You altered your face to catch Jarrods eye.

Melissas gaze shifted uneasily. Youre making things up. I dont know Jarrod, and he doesnt know me.

But Nicole was confident about her speculation, judging from Melissas flickering eyes and her automatic reaction at the mention of Jarrod. This wasnt the behavior of someone unfamiliar with Jarrod, but rather a response tinged with hidden emotions.

Could it be that youre still in love with Jarrod? Nicole asked.

Nicole probed further.

Nicole was taken aback. Back then, Jarrod showed no mercy toward Jamie, yet Jamies affection for him persisted despite her injuries.

It suggested an unusual degree of masochism.

Melissa, steadfast in her denial, asserted, I dont know what youre talking about. Dont make wild guesses. Im not who you think I am. I dont understand your words.

With that, Melissa abruptly left the restroom. Her hurried departure suggested she was escaping.

This made Nicole more certain that Melissa was actually Jamie.

Nicole was intrigued. After being disfigured by Jarrods brutality, Jamie had likely fled. Given Jarrods relentless nature, it was unlikely he had ceased his search for Jamie. Her ability to remain hidden, possibly with the aid of cosmetic surgery, implied she had assistance. Who could Jamies helper be? And what motivated him to aid Jamie?

A shadow passed over Nicoles expression as she returned to her restroom, secured the door, and retrieved a device resembling an earphone from her bag.

Earlier, while pinching Jamies chin, Nicole had covertly attached a listening device to the underside of her collar. Now, she only needed to wait for Jamie to make a call to uncover the secrets of her prolonged concealment.

Soon, Jamies anxious voice filled the earphone. Hello, its me.

Who told you to call me! The response was harsh and impatient. The raspy voice obscured their identity, leaving Nicole uncertain of their gender.

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I I was discovered, Jamie stammered.

What ?

Nicole found out Im Jamie. What should I do? In a panic, Jamie sought guidance.

Did you confess? the voice inquired.

No, Jamie replied, her voice trembling. I denied it. I insisted I wasn't her.

That's all that matters, the voice responded dismissively.

Jamie was still uneasy. But she seems certain that I am Jamie.

Jamie and Nicole had interacted frequently before, so it wasn't surprising Nicole recognized Jamie.

Just don't confess. Remember, Jamie is supposedly dead, and there's no trace of her left. You're Melissa now, and no one can prove otherwise, the mysterious voice instructed.

This person had orchestrated everything for Jamie. Back when staging Jamie's death, all records of Jamie's existence were erased. Now, even if suspicions about Melissa being Jamie arose, no evidence could confirm her true identity. All traces of Jamie were gone.

Reflecting on this, Jamie felt reassured. Even though Nicole suspected, what could Nicole really prove? She couldn't.

Feeling calmer, Jamie responded, I understand.

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Don't worry about Nicole. She's inconsequential and detests Jarrod. She won't interfere with our plans.

Yes, sir, Jamie acknowledged.

Upon hearing Jamie address the caller as sir, Nicole speculated the mysterious voice might be male.

Has Jarrod visited recently? Have you managed to administer the medicine? the voice inquired further.

Nicole gasped at the revelation. Was this person planning something against Jarrod?

Jamie answered, He hasn't been around for a while, and even if he does show up, it's hard for me to get close to him. He seems to despise me.

The voice responded with a disdainful snort. You're really useless! You claimed you'd be able to approach Jarrod once your appearance was altered, but you're still ineffective!

Jamie refrained from defending herself and apologized meekly, I'm sorry, sir. I've failed you.

Go and make contact with Nicole immediately, the mysterious voice commanded.

Why, sir? Jamie questioned.

Seeing Nicole filled Jamie with anxiety, her past cruelty against Nicole vivid in her mind. Now that Nicole knew her true identity, Jamie feared the repercussions.

Jamie had barely managed to avoid Nicole before, and now she was expected to approach Nicole. Jamie hesitated.