

Unbreakable 2281

Chapter 2281

Only in this way can you have a chance to get close to Jarrod and administer the medicine, the mysterious voice explained. The medication requires precise dosage. Even one missed dose is unacceptable. Do you understand?

Jamie, unable to voice her concerns, simply nodded and replied, I understand, sir. I will follow your instructions.

You'd better, the voice responded, as if reading Jamie's mind.

The voice then issued a chilling reminder, Remember, you've also taken the medicine. Your fate is in my hands!

A shiver ran down Jamie's spine as she nodded vigorously. Yes, sir. I understand. I'll do my best.

End the call. From now on, do not contact me unless I initiate.

Okay, okay, Jamie hastily replied.

After several beeps, the line went dead.

Taking a deep breath, Jamie sat on the bed, clenching her fists.

Why should I get close to that woman? I wish she were dead! Jamie muttered to herself in the restroom, her voice tinged with hysteria.

Jamie's mutterings oscillated between wishing death on Nicole and Jarrod and cursing Jarrod's cruelty. Yet, in her vitriol, Nicole detected a trace of lingering affection for Jarrod.

This revelation was unexpected. Nicole had never imagined Jamie still harbored feelings for Jarrod. Jamie was really going mad.

From what Nicole had gathered, the mysterious individual was instructing Jamie to administer some kind of drug to Jarrod. The exact nature and effects of the medicine remained undisclosed, but Nicole surmised it wasn't lethal. It required multiple doses to be effective, suggesting it was intended to exert control.

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Yet, the reason behind this desire to control Jarrod eluded Nicole.

Nicole stored the earphone away. Regrettably, the thin film eavesdropping device she'd placed on Jamie had a significant flaw. It would malfunction if exposed to water. If Jamie were to remove her jacket and wash it, the device would be rendered inoperative. She was cut off from further information.

Nevertheless, Nicole now understood that whoever was manipulating Jamie shared her objective to confront Jarrod. An adversary of her adversary might be considered an ally.

With this shared purpose, Nicole decided to keep watch for the time being.

However, the emergence of Jamie added complexity to the situation, revealing another antagonist in the shadows.

Despite everything, Nicole could not dismiss the memories of past grievances she had suffered because of Jamie. Such malevolence could not go unchallenged.

Two days later, Nicole was tending to her usual evening shift.

A familiar, regular customer was there, a reliable individual who seldom caused any disturbances.

Midway through her duties, Jemma interrupted her.

The VIP in chamber 888 requests your service. Please attend to them,

Jemma directed.

Chapter 2282

Well Nicole was still holding the wine bottle, refilling the customers glass.

She was reluctant to leave yet since recently, every patron seemed to be linked to either the Hampton or Schultz families.

In the chamber, a group of people were deeply engrossed in a business discussion, openly conversing in front of Nicole, under the assumption that she wouldnt comprehend their complex topics.

Yet, Nicole grasped every detail with surprising clarity and was genuinely intrigued by their conversation. For her, grasping the intricate relationships between the Hampton and Schultz families was essential.

Noticing the commotion, one of the customers turned to Jemma, his voice laced with annoyance. Hey, Jemma, are you really taking Cherry away?

With an apologetic smile, Jemma responded, A customer requested Cherrys presence.

The mans brow furrowed, displeasure etching his face. Shes excelling here, and youre pulling her away just on someone elses whim? Do you think I cant cover the bill? he snapped, his voice sharp.

Where did that come from! I would never assume such a thing. That would be absurd, Jemma hastily said.

Then why remove her from my table? You think less of me? His voice grew heated, the tension palpable.

Holding her chest as if wounded, Jemma replied with exaggerated distress, Sir, youre truly misjudging me. I explained to them the significance of having a prior reservation, but it wasnt

feasible. There's a young lady celebrating her birthday over there. They're trying to keep the celebration light and joyful. What if I offer you an extra drink on the house to make up for it?

Confronted with the mention of a birthday, the man hesitated and then relented slightly. Okay, but let this not recur.

Absolutely. Jemma's smile was tinged with relief as she guided Nicole away from the escalating scene.

As she exited the chamber, Nicole queried, Jemma, who exactly asked for me? She hadn't been working here long, and only a handful of customers knew her. Was there really someone requesting her specifically?

Jemma responded without looking up, her voice light, You'll find out when you get there.

Nicole trailed behind Jemma, a sinking feeling telling her this might spell trouble. As they pushed the door open, her fears were confirmed.

Standing there was Doreen, a face all too familiar.

Doreen wasn't alone. Two other women, likely her friends, accompanied her.

Nicole suspected that Vicki must have told Doreen she was here.

The look in Doreen's eyes told Nicole about her intention of causing trouble.

Seeing Nicole hesitate at the doorway, Doreen sneered, Why are you standing there? Come and serve me.

With no room to refuse, Nicole approached.

Pour me a glass of water first, Doreen commanded impatiently.

Nicole picked up the water pot, poured the water, and carefully offered it to Doreen.

Please, enjoy it. Nicole maintained her professional demeanor, showing utmost respect to Doreen.

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However, Doreen simply covered her mouth with her hand, declining the water without a word.

Nicole stood, holding the glass, as minutes stretched into an eternity and her back started to throb with pain.

Just then, one of Doreen's companions sighed heavily. Do you even know the rules here? Doesn't everyone know that Kingbel Club offers kneeling services? Hurry up and kneel down!

It seemed Doreen had whispered something to her friend, who now appeared determined to make Nicole's job difficult in order to appease Doreen's anger.

Nicole responded calmly, The kneeling service is provided by specially trained staff who wear red tags. I wear a yellow tag, indicating I do not offer that service. You were aware of this when you called for me.

I dont care about that. I want you to kneel now! her friend demanded arrogantly.

Nicoles expression remained composed as she firmly replied, Im sorry, but I do not provide kneeling service.

You bitch, really Doreens friend muttered, stepping forward to push Nicole. Unable to tolerate the provocation, Nicole pushed back.

The woman, caught off guard, stumbled and fell back onto the sofa.

How dare you push me! she screamed, her voice filled with rage, as she looked ready to attack Nicole.

Nicole braced herself to leave, defending against the womans aggressive advance. Offending Doreen wasnt an option, but evading the immediate threat was essential. She knew she might face a reprimand from Jemma, but that was preferable to escalating the conflict further.

Before Nicole could sidestep the altercation, Doreen intervened unexpectedly, pulling her friend back.

Nicole was taken aback. Such intervention was uncharacteristic for Doreen. Dont create a scene, Doreen

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instructed. This is my birthday party, and guests are arriving.

Her friend, begrudgingly acknowledging the occasion, nodded. Despite her anger, she couldnt spoil Doreens celebration. She shot Nicole a menacing look. Just you wait, she warned.

Nicole chose to ignore the threat. As she was about to tell Doreen she would have someone else serve them, the door swung open again.

A burst of light spilled into the room, accompanied by the distinct sound of leather shoes tapping the floor.

The footsteps were unmistakably familiar. Nicole turned and was met with the sight of Jarrod, clad in a crisp suit and polished leather shoes.

Nicole hadnt seen Jarrod since their last encounter at the hospital.

Following that meeting, when Nicole had gone to settle the medical bills, Alec had made it clear that Jarrod would sever all ties with her and cease managing any of her affairs. Regarding their child, Jarrod was adamant about not relenting and forbade her from any visitation.

Given their stark differences in status, if Jarrod chose to vanish from Nicoles life, he could indeed make it happen.

Nicoles attempts to contact the nanny had failed, likely because Jarrod had restricted her phone access.

Nicole was left in the dark about Austins condition, relying solely on snippets of information from Vicki. She persevered, working tirelessly at the club to gather information and to lower Vickis guard.

At that moment, Jarrods eyes met Nicoles, his look intense and unreadable.

Doreen, visibly thrilled, stood up. Jarrod, youre here

Chapter 2284

Mm, Jarrod answered indifferently.

Please, take a seat, Doreen urged, her enthusiasm undimmed as she welcomed the woman behind him. Vicki.

Only then did Nicole realize that Jarrod and Vicki had arrived together.

Naturally, as Doreens uncle, Jarrods presence at Doreens birthday celebration was expected.

Vicki, dressed in a light pink gown that accentuated her elegance and grace, seemed taken aback to see Nicole. She covered her mouth in surprise, exclaiming, Miss Lawrence, why are you here?

Nicole reflected on how Vickis acting skills had improved significantly as she had become adept at masking her true feelings.

Im working here, Nicole responded succinctly.

Working? Vicki appeared surprised. Miss Lawrence, are you in need of money? I recall you were a high achiever. How did you end up working here?

Every profession has its value. I actually find it quite fulfilling here, Nicole replied, maintaining her composure.

Vickis tone softened. Miss Lawrence, are you facing some difficulties?

No. Nicole smiled as she spoke, her gaze laced with a hint of mockery.

Impatient, Doreen interjected sharply, Vicki, you know, some people are just naturally lowly. They revel

in it, serving in lowly positions. Dont waste your breath trying to uplift them. Theyre content here, serving a multitude of men without ever repeating.

Nicole remained silent, but Vicki could barely contain her delight.

With her skills in masking her emotions, Vicki furrowed her brows and chided Doreen, Dont talk nonsense.

Then, Vickis expression softened into a slight smile. Thats good to hear. If you ever face any difficulties, remember you can tell me. Since you and Jarrod were classmates, we can definitely help.

Nicole nodded in acknowledgment but chose not to add anything further.

Vicki, pleased with how she had handled the situation, produced a jewelry gift box and presented it to Doreen. Doreen, this is a gift your uncle and I selected for you. See if you like it.

Doreen accepted the box eagerly. I love it! I know Ill Like anything you choose! she exclaimed, opening the box to reveal a luxurious jade necklace from a high-end brand.

This was no ordinary item. It required a diamond-level membership for purchase.

The necklace perfectly matched Doreens style, and she beamed. Thank you, aunt.

Vicki blushed slightly. Doreen, dont call me that. Its not yet.

Its not far off. Youll soon be my aunt, and Im just getting used to it, Doreen interjected playfully.

Ah, you little rascal. Vicki chuckled.

Doreen pulled Vicki down to sit beside her before imperiously commanding, Now, pour wine for my uncle and future aunt.

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Resigned to her fate for the evening, Nicole approached, knelt down, and filled the wine glass to the brim before offering it to Jarrod.

Please, she said.

Jarrod stared blankly, seemingly lost in thought, and made no move to accept the glass.

Please, Nicole repeated, yet Jarrod remained unresponsive.

At that moment, Vicki took the wine glass from Nicole, saying, Sorry, he doesnt drink anymore. Hes also quit smoking recently. Were preparing

Vicki trailed off, but Doreens excitement filled the gap. Are you guys planning for a baby? This is the perfect season for it, and the timing will be just right. Its wonderful how well youve planned everything!

Vickis cheeks flushed a deep red, and she glanced downward, clearly shy by the attention.

Meanwhile, Jarrods expression remained cool, showing no signs of excitement about the prospect of becoming a father of Vickis child.

Nicole listened to this exchange, a wave of happiness washing over her. They were trying for a baby, and if they succeeded, they might return Austin to her..

With this hopeful thought, Nicole served Vicki a glass of water, keeping it plain.

Vicki accepted the water and studied Nicoles face, pleased with her discretion.

After taking a sip, Vicki turned to Doreen. Have you made a wish yet?

Of course not. I was waiting for everyone, Doreen replied.

One of Doreens friends chimed in, Everyones here now. Doreen, make your wish and light the candles.

Wait. Were still missing someone, Doreen interjected.

Nicole felt an inexplicable flutter in her chest at those words. As she had anticipated, the next arrival was Roscoe.

Roscoe seemed surprised to see Nicole, perhaps expecting her to be working in a managerial role rather than as a barmaid, judging by her uniform.

Roscoes face remained stoic, his emotions concealed, as Doreen rushed toward him with giddy excitement, clutching his arm. Roscoe, youre finally here! Miguel said youve been tied up with a project. Has it been very tiring?

With a cold detachment, Roscoe withdrew his arm and slipped his hand into his pocket, thwarting Doreens attempts to hold onto him.

Ever since Roscoe suggested calling off the engagement, Doreen had been seething with anger. For three days, she gave him the silent treatment, but eventually, her frustration got the better of her. She had hoped Roscoe would apologize, yet he showed no regret, seemingly resolute about his decision.

Doreen, gripped by panic, reached out to Miguel to vent her frustrations.

To her expectation, Miguel was unaware of the tension between them.

Upon learning of the situation, he chastised Roscoe harshly.

However, for the first time, Roscoe had challenged Miguels authority after his memory loss. He questioned, Did I really love Doreen? Could you be deceiving me? How could I ever love someone like her?

Chapter 2286

Miguel, taken aback by Roscoes questioning, scrutinized Roscoes expression, wondering if he was onto something.

Miguel had been quite content with the current Roscoe who had lost his memories. Roscoe was compliant, a stark contrast to his former rebellious self who disregarded the Watts familys interests

and handed over vital documents regarding the cooperation with the Schultz family, even eloping with Nicole.

Miguel was relieved by this more manageable version of Roscoe.

If not for the doctors warnings about the adverse effects of the drug, Miguel would have continued the treatments indefinitely, ensuring Roscoe wouldnt reclaim the fragments of his memory loss.

The doctor had cautioned that Roscoes memory loss was temporary and unpredictable and Roscoe could regain his memories at any moment, though it could also take years, or even decades.

Miguel hadnt anticipated signs of Roscoes memory returning so soon.

It had been such a brief time. He stroked his beard and lied, Why would I deceive you? Remember, you were the one who chased after Doreen. Now youre the one claiming shes not good enough? Youve tarnished her reputation. Who will marry her now?

Roscoe remained skeptical. I believe I have better judgment. I wouldnt fancy someone known for cruelty.

Miguel was at a loss for words. He demanded that Roscoe apologize to Doreen, but Roscoe stood his ground. Ive done nothing wrong. I wont apologize.

Enraged, Miguel swung his cane at Roscoe, who dodged swiftly, causing Miguel to fall and subsequently be hospitalized.

Seeing Miguel in a weakened state later, Roscoe relented somewhat, agreeing to make an effort to get along with Doreen.

This birthday party marked Roscoes first meeting with Doreen since that tumultuous argument.

Doreen, sensing Roscoes aloofness, clenched her teeth tightly. She had noticed Roscoes attention fixed on Nicole earlier, sparking jealousy and rage. Her plan had been to show Roscoe the demeaning nature of Nicoles job.

However, Roscoes actual presence and the way he looked at Nicole only fueled Doreens jealousy and anger.

Despite Nicoles modest uniform, Doreen viewed her with disdain, convinced Nicole always appeared seductive regardless of attire.

Trying to mask her frustration with flirtation, Doreen said, Roscoe, were all waiting for you to blow out the candles.

The couch was a three-seater. With Vicki and Jarrod occupying one end, Roscoe had no choice but to sit beside Doreen.

As Nicole approached with a long lighter to ignite the candles, Doreen interrupted sharply, her tone harsh as she commanded, Give me the lighter.

Nicole meekly passed the lighter to Doreen, who dismissively gestured with her hand and snapped, Move aside!

To Doreen, this was her moment, her birthday wish, and she was not going to let Nicole spoil it.

Acknowledging the command, Nicole stepped back to the corner. Despite her retreat, she could feel the weight of many eyes on her.

Nicole bowed her head, her eyes fixed on the floor. There were those among the crowd who wished her harm. Their stares burned into her, intense and unwavering.

Doreen made her birthday wish and grabbed Roscoes hand, cheerfully suggesting, Roscoe, lets blow out the candles together, okay?

Roscoes response was a tense hand. Doreen felt the stiffness but didnt release her grip. Instead, she held on tighter. She understood the dynamics at play. Roscoe wouldnt dare let go of her hand in front of Jarrod, for fear of repercussions from Jarrod.

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Predictably, Roscoe attempted to pull away, but finding no success, he stopped trying. He silently blew out the candles, deciding to act without Doreen.

I have taken care of it, Roscoe said curtly, disregarding the upset look on Doreens face.

Doreens expression hardened. She forced a smile and murmured, Thanks, Roscoe.

Instead of replying to her words, Roscoe withdrew his hand when Doreen was briefly distracted.

At that moment, Nicole happened to lift her head, meeting Doreens gaze. Doreens expression softened to a mocking smile as she motioned to Nicole and said, Come and cut the cake.

Instead of calling Nicole Miss Lawrence, Doreens tone implied disrespect, suggesting that Nicole was not worthy of her politeness.

As Nicole stepped forward with the plastic knife to cut the cake, Doreen abruptly intervened. Ah! Stop!

Nicole halted, turning to face Doreen.

Have you washed your hands? Doreen scoffed. With all the people you meet, who knows what youre carrying? Now you want to cut the cake? Think of the germs you might spread.

Nicoles hand trembled, and her face drained of color.

Vicki relished the scene, noticing Jarrods inscrutable expression, uncertain of what to make of it.

Vicki feigned concern and stepped in. Dont be upset, Miss Lawrence. Its just that Doreen likes things

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clean. Its not about you. With the crowd you deal with daily, shes just being cautious. Please, wash your hands and then come back to cut the cake.

While Vickis words seemed diplomatic, they subtly underscored Nicoles occupation at the nightclub, casting her in a negative light.

Her supposed mediation only embarrassed Nicole even more.

But the subtlety of Vickis manipulation went unnoticed. ALL eyes were on Doreens difficult behavior.

A barmaid beside Nicole gently took the knife, offering, Go wash up. Ill take care of this.

But before Nicole could respond, Doreen snapped at the barmaid, Who told you to interfere? Youre just as unclean. Wait for her to finish washing and then let her handle it.

Nicole listened to this and continued washing her hands, her face betraying no emotion. She knew this spectacle was exactly what Vicki relished. Vicki had orchestrated her employment here to degrade her.

If enduring humiliation would keep Austin safe, then Nicole was prepared to bear it. It was clear Vicki reveled in seeing her degraded, and she was resigned to fulfilling that role.

Vicki observed Doreens overbearing behavior and inwardly shook her head. Though this was the drama she wanted, Doreens antics were foolish and laughable.

Wasnt it obvious that Roscoe had been uncomfortable since his arrival, his brow furrowed in displeasure? Doreens aggressive demeanor would only alienate men further. Yet, she seemed oblivious, continuing to displease Roscoe.

If it werent for Doreens influential uncle, Jarrod, the Watts family might have long ceased tolerating her jealous fits.

But Doreens folly was precisely what Vicki counted on.

Nonetheless, Vicki praised Doreen effusively, complimenting her beauty today.

Chapter 2288

Doreen, buoyed by the flattery, grew even more conceited.

When Nicole returned to cut the cake, Doreen deliberately asked Roscoe, Roscoe, do you know what I wished for just now?

Roscoe remained silent, his indifference palpable. He regretted trying to get along with Doreen. How could he have ever been drawn to someone so quarrelsome and aggressive? Those rumors of him once falling for her must be incorrect.

Lately, Roscoe had been haunted by dreams of a woman with eyes Like butterfly wings and a smile that dazzled brighter than the stars. She was unlike ordinary girls, her spirit free and courageous. Quite admirable. In his dreams, his love for her felt overwhelming.

But upon waking, her face eluded him, and a sense of loss pervaded his thoughts. He couldn't recall who she was, but he was certain it wasn't Doreen.

Noticing Roscoe's silence, Vicki prodded, Doreen, what did you wish for? Jarrod and I are very curious.

Feeling less isolated, Doreen replied, I wished for Roscoe and me to start a family soon.

Vicki laughed behind her hand. Calling that a wish? You're already close to making it happen.

Vicki playfully nudged Jarrod. Seems like Doreen can't wait. Roscoe is so desirable that Doreen wants to tie the knot soon, or someone might snatch him away.

Though the comment was light-hearted, it unsettled Doreen. She managed a smile. Vicki, you're teasing me again.

Vicki grinned, pleased. No, it's wonderful you've found your love. Jarrod and I are truly happy for you.

Nicole sliced the first piece of cake and offered it to Doreen.

This time, Doreen accepted it without fuss and then pointed at Jarrod, saying, The next piece is for my powerful uncle.

Vicki's expression momentarily tightened. One couldn't expect much from a fool, but showing displeasure over a piece of cake was beneath her.

As Nicole presented the cake to Jarrod, he hesitated, scrutinizing it instead of accepting it immediately.

Nicole's arms grew weary from holding the plate, and what had been a lively moment turned awkward.

Everyone's eyes were on the cake.

Vicki, unable to stand the tension and feeling slighted, quickly said, Jarrod doesn't enjoy sweets. I'll eat it on his behalf.

As she reached for the cake, Jarrod suddenly took it from the bottom of the plate and set it on the table.

Vicki's face stiffened further.

Maintaining her composure, Nicole continued to distribute the cake.

When Nicole handed a piece to Vicki, Vicki fixated on Nicole's hand, her mind racing. Had Jarrod's fingers brushed Nicole's when he took the cake?

Please, enjoy it, Nicole said to Vicki.

It took Nicole's reminder for Vicki to snap out of it. She managed a forced smile and replied, Thanks.

Nicole kept handing out cake slices. When it came to Roscoes turn, Doreen intercepted and snatched it from Nicoles hands, asking, Roscoe, see if its any good?

It was likely the Watts family who arranged this cake.

Roscoe stayed silent but accepted the cake. He didnt want to embarrass Doreen in front of everyone. Hed address it later with Miguel, no matter how he felt about it now.

Doreen was delighted. As Nicole handed out cake to Doreens friends, Doreen exchanged glances with them, and they caught on instantly.

Once Nicole finished serving, Doreens friends launched a cake assault, smearing it all over Nicoles face. Hey, watch it.

Everyone assumed it was all part of the birthday fun.

But then, Doreens friends took it too far, relentlessly smearing cake on Nicoles face, making it hard for her to breathe.

Hey, ease up, guys! This is how a birthday celebration runs!

Doreens friends smeared the leftover cake all over Nicole, leaving her looking disheveled, with cake plastered on her face and hair, resembling a clown.

Roscoe frowned, displeased, about to speak up when Doreen let out a surprised cry. Oh my gosh!

To everyones astonishment, Doreen pulled a ring from her mouth. The diamond sparkled.

Roscoe, this is the surprise you planned! Overjoyed, Doreen hugged Roscoe tightly, tears welling up in her eyes. Oh, Roscoe, youre amazing!

The ring, also set up by the Watts family, caught Roscoe off guard.

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When he spotted the sparkling gem, he instinctively glanced at Nicole.

Despite the cake coating, Nicoles eyes seemed to hold a hint of sorrow.

It was as if a string in Roscoes heart had snapped. He felt like he was on the brink of recalling something hed long forgotten. What was it

Wow! Its no surprise were all here to see this. Roscoes really considerate, Vicki added.

Doreen was ecstatic, paying no mind to Roscoes shocked look. She slipped the ring onto her finger and embraced Roscoe once more, brimming with emotion.

Vicki wiped her tears and said to Jarrod, Doreens happiness is contagious. Im genuinely happy for her.

Jarrold stayed silent, eyeing Nicole. He noticed every detail, even the way she squeezed her hand. He almost scoffed inwardly. Nicole never begged him over Austins custody, seemingly indifferent to her own son. Yet, here she was, so invested in Roscoe. It was absurd!

Since things were heading this way, Jarrod decided to push it further.

He clapped his hands, rose to his feet, and announced, Roscoe, Ive just learned that your family wants to advance the wedding to just ten days from now. Congratulations. Ill organize the best team for a lavish wedding ceremony!

It all happened so quickly and unexpectedly.

Roscoe was in shock, feeling like his heart was being torn apart. He felt like he knew it was all wrong, but couldnt protest. It was like being trapped by an invisible force, unable to break free, yet unwilling to surrender.

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Doreens friends sprayed champagne wildly in celebration.

Nicole got drenched in champagne and wine, but she wasnt in a celebratory mood like everyone else. She felt an indescribable chill within.

Nicole didnt know what to say. While she hoped Roscoe wouldnt reclaim the fragments of his memory loss, it was evident Doreen wasnt the right match. If Roscoe ended up with Doreen, hed be under the thumb of the Watts family and Doreen.

Nicole could already see Roscoes pain and struggle when Doreen was around, and what about the future? If one day he remembered the past, itd bring even more suffering. Knowing Roscoe as she did, she pitied him. Though it hadnt occurred yet, if Roscoe remembered, itd be devastating for him.

After the chaos, everyone had knocked back quite a bit, with Roscoe being pressured to drink a lot. Jarrod and Vicki had a few glasses too.

Doreen and her friends had the most and were nearly passed out.

Doreen embraced her friend, mistaking her for Roscoe, and showered her with affection. Roscoe, I I love you so much, she stammered, her words trailing off into a mix of emotions. You mean Youre I just love But it seems like you dont care about me.

She let out a nervous giggle. But, hey, youre still here with me. Youre still mine

With that, Doreen wrapped her arms around her friend and planted a kis on her friends cheek, her breath coming out in an eerie, wailing sound that made Roscoe frown.

Roscoe didnt even glance her way, feeling increasingly uneasy. He pressed a hand to his chest and stumbled out of the chamber.

Nicole watched Roscoe leave, stunned. It seemed like nobody else had noticed Roscoes departure. With mixed feelings, she followed Roscoe out, catching sight of his figure disappearing around the corner.

As Nicole rounded the corner, she spotted a dark figure smoking by the window. The dim lighting made it hard to see, but she could make out a faint silhouette.

She hesitated for a moment before gathering her courage to speak.

Roscoe?

The silhouette seemed to freeze, as if acknowledging her presence.

Nicole asked, Are you sure about marrying Doreen? Take your time to think it over! And if you're hurting, it's okay to

Her words trailed off as she noticed the silhouette turning around, a familiar and daunting visage. It was Jarrod.

And then? Jarrod sauntered closer, his tone dripping with condescension.

Before Nicole could utter a word, Jarrod seized her chin, forcing her face upward. With a sneer, he taunted, Then you want him to be with you?

Umm Nicole let out a faint sound of discomfort as his grip tightened, furrowing her brows.

Ignoring her discomfort, Jarrod inched closer, compelling her to retreat until her back met the wall. Nicole, you've got some nerve, trying to lure Doreen's fiancé. You ought to seek my permission first.

Anger clouded Jarrod's rationality. Fortunately, he had ordered his bodyguards to monitor Roscoe. As soon as they spotted him emerging from the chamber, they swiftly escorted him to the hotel.

Jarrod glanced at Nicole, her face smudged with cake, resembling a mockery, yet she made no effort to tidy her appearance. Instead, she hastened to locate Roscoe. Did she have any clue how ridiculous she appeared?

Jarrod chuckled coldly. Roscoe's Doreen's man now. You used to preach about morality and fairness. What's your game, acting like some brazen mistress?