

Unbreakable 1741

Chapter 1741

The woman cheerfully introduced Nicole to Jarrod, “Mr. Schultz, here’s a lovely lady who also wants to thank you.”

Jarrood’s gaze was calm and penetrating as he looked at Nicole, who appeared lifeless, and he offered a slight smile. “Oh? Thank me for what?”

Caught off guard by his question, the woman turned to Nicole and urged, “Miss, what would you like to thank Mr. Schultz for? Please, he’s right here...”

The harsh white light illuminated Nicole’s face, accentuating the blue veins beneath her pale skin. Her face was unnaturally pale, almost ghostly, which was alarming.

The woman’s happy mood faded as she noticed Nicole’s ghostly appearance. She grasped Nicole’s hand and asked, “Miss, why are your hands still so cold? Should we get you to a hospital?”

Nicole felt utterly weak but told herself to stay composed. She could not afford to break down just as Jarrod had been freed.

“Are you feeling unwell?” Jarrod asked as he reached to take Nicole’s hand from the woman, his voice softer than usual.

“Don’t touch me!” Nicole, like a startled bird, quickly stepped back and glared at Jarrod with wide eyes.

Nicole’s eyes, filled with loathing, revulsion, and resolve, showed no sign of thankfulness. The woman, her mouth hanging open, realized she might have misunderstood the situation.

Moved by compassion, the woman supported the weak Nicole, saying, “Miss, don’t be scared...” The mood suddenly became tense.

The woman hesitated to say more, realizing her good intentions might have led to this awkward situation. Mr. Schultz was regarded as a decent man, and Nicole with a troubled look seemed far from malicious.

It was unclear who was truly good or bad here.

“Jarrod!” A cheerful woman’s voice pierced the uneasy silence.

Vicki, dressed in a flowing white designer gown, briskly walked up and handed a bouquet to Jarrod, saying, “Jarrod, congratulations on your exoneration.”

Jarrood accepted it, simply replying, “Thank you.”

Vicki, pleased just to receive his gratitude, suggested, “You should really treat me to a nice dinner.” Jarrod glanced briefly at Nicole before focusing on Vicki, his expression becoming tender. “Let’s go.”

The pair then walked away together.

Nicole felt as if her whole body was drenched in sweat, her legs shaky. Thankfully, the woman was there to support her.

Nicole belatedly realized she had miscalculated. Completely missed the mark! She had not even considered Vicki, which was incredibly foolish of her.

The woman, seeing sweat bead on Nicole's forehead, showed her concern.

"Miss, perhaps we should go to the hospital."

"No, thank you." Nicole withdrew from the woman's grasp and quickly followed the path Jarrod and Vicki had taken.

Chapter 1742

As Nicole chased after Jarrod to the door, his silver sports car, with Vicki already seated inside, had started up. "Jarrod!" Nicole shouted.

The silver sports car sped off without pausing, leaving a trail of arrogant smoke.

Nicole clenched her fists. He had definitely seen her. Yet, he drove off, his face smug as if he had already triumphed.

This deepened Nicole's worries, fearing Jarrod might harm Roscoe. Her hands shook so violently that driving was impossible. She hastily flagged down a taxi and rushed to Roscoe's workplace.

In the taxi, Nicole replayed the day's events over in her mind.

She figured the Hampton family would have harbored resentment for Jarrod and wouldn't lend a helping hand to him because of the humiliation caused by Jarrod and his harsh ways of dealing with the relatives of the Hampton family. Coupled with the blow Lowe's disdainful behaviors had brought, she guessed the Hampton family would defend themselves at all cost, turning a cold shoulder to Jarrod's dilemma.

Nicole had guessed correctly on all counts except for Vicki. Vicki was fond of Jarrod and might seek her family's assistance for Jarrod's pickle. Jarrod's brief exchange with Vicki previously had confirmed her suspicions.

Jarrod was exceptionally vindictive, and Nicole was sure he had already figured out how to deal with her.

She knew what was on his mind. It felt like a sinister game of cat and mouse, where Jarrod enjoyed

prolonging the chase before striking a devastating blow. However, he would not show the same patience toward Roscoe.

Plus, Roscoe's decision to turn against the Watts family and present that evidence would spell disaster for him.

As Nicole watched the Landscape recede through the car window, she made a firm decision. She had to protect Roscoe. He was such a kind soul who had greatly supported her. If anything happened to him because of her, she would never forgive herself.

The taxi finally pulled up in front of the building where Roscoe worked.

Nicole stepped out of the taxi and headed for the entrance but the receptionist blocked her path.

"Miss, I'm sorry, do you have an appointment?"

"No, I'm looking for..." Nicole paused, struggling with the formality.

"Mr. Watts."

"I'm sorry, he didn't come to the office today," the receptionist informed her.

Nicole felt a knot form in her stomach and asked urgently, "What about yesterday? Did he come here then? When did he leave?"

“I’m sorry. I can’t disclose his whereabouts,” the receptionist replied, shaking her head. Nicole recalled her phone conversation with Roscoe from the previous day. He had told her he was still at work and hadn’t left for home yet. If he hadn’t returned home last night, then surely something must have gone wrong.

The more Nicole pondered, the more her fear grew, causing cold sweat to bead on her forehead. After finishing a phone call, the receptionist noticed Nicole frozen in place and asked, “Miss, may I have your name? I need to register it.”

“Nicole Lawrence.”

“Miss Lawrence, correct?” The receptionist’s voice lifted slightly in inquiry.

“Yes,” Nicole responded, oblivious to the receptionist’s look of surprise.

Chapter 1743

The receptionist opened a work memorandum, glanced from it to Nicole’s face, and then snapped it shut. “Miss Lawrence, Mr. Watts left the company at 1:32 a.m. this morning.”

Nicole gave the receptionist a puzzled look, unsure why the latter was now sharing such precise details.

The receptionist offered a smile of apology. “Mr. Watts had instructed that should Miss Lawrence visit, we were to call him immediately and keep no secrets.”

The receptionist had already marked Nicole’s arrival as a priority.

A wave of paleness washed over Nicole’s face. She was overwhelmed by Roscoe’s thoughtfulness and his attention to detail. She quickly left Roscoe’s company and hailed a taxi to his apartment.

Upon speaking with the building’s security guard, Nicole found out that Roscoe hadn’t come home yet.

Nicole’s complexion turned ashen. Roscoe had vanished after Leaving his office. But at that time, Jarrod was still incarcerated. Who could be acting on his behalf?

Suddenly, a name popped into Nicole’s head – Alec. It had to be him.

Nicole then took a taxi to Jarrod’s company, but as expected, she didn’t find him there. Jarrod was having a meal with Vicki somewhere else.

Nicole requested to see Alec specifically, but the receptionist told her Alec was tied up. Nicole decided to wait in the lobby.

Eventually, Nicole noticed Alec descending the stairs, apparently about to leave for an errand.

Nicole felt an urge to confront him but stopped herself. After Alec departed, she followed him in a taxi. She watched as he parked at a tea house and casually sat down for tea.

Nicole instructed the taxi to drive past and continued surveilling Alec.

A short while later, Alec returned to his car, and Nicole, now disguised in a baseball cap, slipped into a black car. It was too conspicuous to follow in a taxi, so she had asked her assistant to find a less noticeable car.

Soon after, Alec parked his car at an entertainment club. Once he entered, Nicole slipped inside and booked a chamber. She methodically searched each chamber, tracing the path Alec had taken.

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Nicole's search continued until she opened the final door. There sat Alec, casually drinking with two women by his side.

As the door opened, Alec, seemingly anticipating her arrival, called out loudly, "Miss Lawrence, come in and join us for a drink!"

Nicole's hand shook slightly. Since Alec had spotted her, there was no point in hiding. She realized Alec had been misleading her on purpose.

Nicole walked in, stood by the table facing Alec, and got straight to the point. "You kidnapped Roscoe, didn't you?"

"You mean your lover? What makes you think I did so?" Alec lifted his wine glass, sipped slowly, and smirked. "I haven't seen him.

Alec's expression seemed to taunt Nicole, "I know something you don't."

Alec chuckled, adding, "Miss Lawrence, you're such a lousy detective. I must say you've really gone all out for your little lover."

"He's not my Lover," Nicole stated sharply, correcting Alec. "You don't need me to remind you that kidnapping is a crime, right? Mr. Schultz just got out of jail. Do you want to end up there?"

Alec smirked. "Who said I kidnapped him? Didn't I already tell you..."

Chapter 1744

He paused, adding teasingly, "I haven't seen him?"

It was clear Alec was toying with Nicole. He never liked Nicole, deeming the latter unworthy of Jarrod's affection. Despite all the tenderness Jarrod gave Nicole upon her return, she didn't hesitate to harm Jarrod if granted by chance. Furthermore, Nicole even had the mood to date Roscoe on Valentine's Day while Jarrod was still behind the bars!

Alec doubted Nicole would ever be bothered by the suffering Jarrod had experienced in the prison. She was simply a heartless woman!

With a smug look, Alec assumed Nicole would be in for a tough time now that Jarrod was released, untouched by those charges. The idea of Nicole and Roscoe trying to topple Jarrod was utterly ludicrous.

Alec, draping an arm around a woman beside him, casually remarked, "Your little lover worked late last night. He must be exhausted. Do you ever wonder why he puts in such long hours? Is it to provide a better life for you?"

Nicole's lips pressed tightly together, her silence unyielding.

Alec gave a theatrical sigh and murmured, "What a pity..."

Nicole clenched her fists and asked icily, "Pity?"

"Well. . ." Alec began, only to leave his sentence unfinished. "Never mind.

"What do you want from me?" Nicole demanded.

Alec shifted slightly and chuckled. "Miss Lawrence, your questions are so stiff, completely lacking any sincerity."

Watching Alec eye the bottle of imported wine on the table, Nicole grabbed it and took a large swig, draining more than half.

“Is this enough?” The strong alcohol scorched Nicole’s throat, making her wince and cough slightly. She slammed the bottle down and stared at Alec, her eyes steely, “Alec, are you satisfied now?” Alec couldn’t help but think Nicole might be unhinged. The drink was indeed strong. He had intended to make things difficult for her, but he didn’t expect her to down two-thirds of the bottle so quickly.

Seeing Alec silent, Nicole grabbed the remaining half of the bottle and emptied it in one gulp.

“Stop drinking!” Alec’s expression twisted in frustration. He cursed internally. Jarrod hadn’t yet decided what to do with Nicole. Nicole had a stomach condition. If she drank herself to death, he would be held responsible.

Nicole swayed and clumsily bumped into the table before collapsing on the floor in front of Alec. Alec was dumbstruck and blurted out, “Damn it! Don’t you dare die here...”

“Shut up!” Nicole abruptly stood up, thrusting a fruit fork close to Alec’s neck as if ready to strike. The two women beside Alec screamed and covered their mouths, while Nicole shot them a fierce look. “Drop your phones, go to the bathroom, and lock yourselves in.”

The two women, accustomed to avoiding trouble, knew better than to get involved in situations that didn’t concern them. They quickly dropped their phones and dashed into the bathroom, locking the door behind them.

Alec, overwhelmed with anger, shouted, “Are you out of your mind? How dare you!”

“Where is he?” Nicole intensified her pressure, drawing a small line of blood from Alec’s neck.

“Tell me, where’s Roscoe? Did you take him?”

Alec suppressed his urge to curse, realizing that the enraged Nicole might actually go through with her threat. “I didn’t take him,” he snapped back.

Chapter 1745

“Then how did you know he worked Late?” Nicole demanded.

“I’ve been tracking you for days. I know about his Late nights, and I’m aware of your Valentine’s Day date. I’ve even taken numerous photos and videos, which I’ve shown to Jarrod,” Alec revealed everything, silently anticipating how Jarrod would handle her.

Nicole was focused solely on locating Roscoe. How could he just vanish like that?

Alec claimed he hadn’t captured Roscoe, but Nicole suspected Alec knew more. Otherwise, Alec wouldn’t have tricked her like this, and his expressions and tone suggested he knew something.

Losing patience, Nicole demanded, “So where did Roscoe go after you followed him last night?”

“He was taken away in a black MPV,” Alec answered.

“Who?” Nicole narrowed her eyes and pressed, “Who took him away?”

Alec’s mood soured. “Do I look like your detective? Why should it matter to me who took him? I have no reason to follow him.”

Alec scoffed. “I wish he was dead.”

In Alec’s mind, Roscoe’s constant battles with Jarrod were unforgivable. He wouldn’t even blink if

Roscoe died.

“Who are you trying to intimidate with this tiny fork?” Alec brushed Nicole’s hand aside disdainfully. “I don’t believe you have the guts to stab me.”

As Nicole released her grip, the small fork clattered to the floor.

Nicole couldn’t imagine anyone but Jarrod having a reason to abduct Roscoe.

“Move, you’re in my way,” Alec muttered, wiping his neck. “Don’t worry. I won’t lay a finger on you unless Mr. Schultz says so.”

Nicole unlocked the restroom, and the two women dashed out, screaming.

Leaning heavily against the wall, Nicole felt a wave of nausea. With a harsh cough, she expelled the alcohol she’d just downed. She sank down, feeling utterly spent.

Just then, Alec’s phone buzzed to life. He took the call, answering with a few curt “yes” nods, and then ended the call.

Approaching Nicole, whose face was washed out with fatigue, Alec said icily, “Miss Lawrence, Mr. Schultz wants a word with you.”

Nicole’s gaze was unfocused, indifferent to his statement.

Alec went on, “He’s aware you’re worried about Roscoe and has offered to take you to him.”

Nicole jerked upright suddenly, a stabbing pain surging through her stomach as though a knife had twisted inside her, her body convulsing with the intensity of the pain.

Alec laughed lightly. “No need to hurry. You’ll be reunited with him soon enough.”

Nicole followed Alec to a stately private club, its facade exuding grandeur.

Inside, Jarrod was the picture of composure, leisurely drinking tea.

Chapter 1746

His once unkempt stubble was now neatly shaven, lending him a slimmer appearance and a more chiseled look.

Adorned with gold-rimmed glasses and perusing financial reports, Jarrod exuded an air of sophistication. Upon noticing Nicole, he offered a smooth smile. “You’ve arrived?”

Nicole had no time for pleasantries. “Jarrod, where is he?”

“Have you eaten?” Jarrod posed a question that seemed off-topic.

Nicole’s mouth fell open, astounded by his indifference. Her eyes filled with desperation. “Jarrod, answer me. Where’s Roscoe?”

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Jarrod glanced at Alec, inquiring, “Has she eaten?”

Alec shook his head, recounting how Nicole had downed a significant amount of liquor and retched it all back up.

Jarrod set aside his financial reports, commanding, “Get her some porridge.”

Alec departed to carry out the instruction.

Nicole, unable to mirror Jarrod’s calm demeanor, pressed him, “Jarrod, what do you mean by all

this?" Jarrod had promised she could see Roscoe, yet here she was, left waiting. And why was he arranging for porridge to be made? What was happening?

With Jarrod remaining mute, Nicole's patience snapped. "The schemes that landed you in jail were all my work. If you're seeking vengeance, direct it at me. Leave those who are blameless out of it. You must be aware that there is nothing between Roscoe and me."

Nicole was desperate to make clear the nature of her relationship with Roscoe. She was aware that her current predicament could spell trouble for anyone connected to her. She was acutely aware of Jarrod's tendency for spite and vindictiveness.

As Jarrod sat there, silent, Nicole's unease mounted. She hastened to add, "Valentine's Day was a mix-up. It wasn't a date..."

Her voice broke into a fit of coughing.

When Nicole finally caught her breath, Jarrod chose that moment to speak, his tone relaxed.

"You're quite the chatterbox, aren't you? Starting to feel scared?"

Jarrod spoke slowly, his presence always feeling a bit intimidating.

Nicole confronted Jarrod firmly, pressing her lips together. "Jarrod, I was behind the evidence presented by Roscoe. Now that you're back, if you have any complaints, they should come to me."

Just then, a waiter knocked and entered with a bowl of porridge and some sweet side dishes.

Jarrod's face showed no emotion as he said, "Sit down and eat."

Nicole thought Jarrod had lost his mind during his time away. Did he really expect her to sit down and eat? And with Roscoe missing, how could she even think of eating?

The worry was clear in Nicole's eyes as she replied icily, "Jarrod, I need to see Roscoe."

Previously, Nicole would have never brought up Roscoe in front of Jarrod, fearing Jarrod's volatile reactions.

This time, however, Jarrod was surprisingly calm, maintaining his composure as he softly suggested, "Eat first and then we'll talk. Don't you realize you have a sensitive stomach?"

This did nothing but heighten Nicole's anxiety. She clenched her teeth, her frustration growing. "I won't eat. I'm not hungry. You promised I could see Roscoe if I came here."

Chapter 1747

The mention of Roscoe's name again made Jarrod turned frosty. He tapped his fingers on the table, his voice cold as he warned, "I'll say this one last time. Eat your meal, or else..."

He stood up and walked over to Nicole, towering over her. "I wouldn't mind feeding you myself."

"I eat, and then you let me see Roscoe?" Nicole asked, taking a step back with a hint of caution.

"Can I trust you, Jarrod?"

Jarrod let out a mocking laugh. "Do I really have no credibility in your eyes?"

"Not an ounce," Nicole answered plainly. After all, Jarrod was always unpredictable.

Jarrod chided her, "Nicole, can't you be a bit fairer?"

Jarrod lightly pinched her chin, examining her face before chuckling.

"At least I'm not like you, trying to poison me. One minute you're sweet, the next, you're a traitor."

He was alluding to the time when he was stabbed, and despite her hidden motives, Nicole had

tended to him.

Jarrold was shrewd, always conscious of Nicole's numerous plots against him. In the end, Nicole didn't bring herself to poison him, perhaps due to her conscience.

Nicole disliked his touch. It felt either too aggressive or too personal. She moved to the table and finished a bowl of porridge.

After a day filled with hunger and drinking, the porridge soothed her stomach remarkably. Nicole's complexion gained some color. She lifted the lid to serve herself another bowl, planning to finish it off.

Just as she was about to eat, Jarrod stopped her. "No more," he said, his voice tinged with disapproval as he took the bowl from her.

"Your stomach can't handle too much at once."

It was no secret to Jarrod that Nicole had had part of her stomach removed.

However, it was unexpected how his voice seemed to carry a hint of concern. Under normal circumstances, he would probably be livid at her. When something didn't seem right, it usually meant something was off. Nicole couldn't shake off a deep-seated unease about why Jarrod was being so composed.

Yet, her unease was short-lived, as things soon became clearer.

Jarrold suggested, "Now that you're full, how about a show to help with digestion?"

As Jarrod smiled meaningfully, Nicole's sense of alarm deepened.

"Whoosh!" The curtains in the hall drew back automatically. Behind them, a clear glass wall offered a full view of the room beyond.

There, Nicole saw Roscoe, who had been missing since the previous day.

He was huddled in a corner, bound by a thick, long chain. His clothes were torn and bloodied, hanging in tatters, and his knees looked severely damaged, revealing the bone beneath.

Even in that state, the torture went on without stopping.

Beside Roscoe, a shirtless bodyguard dressed in black swung a metal chain with relentless force.

Chapter 1748

"Snap! Each lash rang out, clear and painfully sharp. The sound buzzed in Nicole's ears, drowning out everything else in her world."

"Jarrod..." Her lips shook uncontrollably, her voice faltering.

"Jarrod, please, let him go. He's innocent... Please, just let him go!"

Nicole clutched at Jarrod's sleeve, her entire weight leaning on him, who seemed devil-like, as she screamed, "Let him go! Jarrod! Please, let him go!" Her eyes were red, her voice

raspy from her desperate pleas.

Jarrold's expression remained stern, his handsome face showing no sign of empathy for her hysteria. "Nicole, I've been too lenient with you in the past. It's time you grew up."

A mocking smile played on his thin lips, cold and unsettling. "You should realize that not all mistakes can be made right, nor can every betrayal be forgiven."

Nicole's pupils dilated, her face turning ghastly. The man before her resembled a cold snake, finally unleashing his venomous words. It was the real Jarrold, no doubt about it! Nothing like the man who received accolades in court.

"Jarrold, what gives you the right to hit someone? You're breaking the law, you..."

Before Nicole could finish, a burst of laughter cut her off.

"Oh, Nicole, you really are endearingly naive." Jarrold yanked Nicole close, pinning her in his arms, his gaze as chilling as a serpent's.

"Right now, I'm the law-abiding Mr. Schultz. Do you think I'd engage in such unlawful acts?"

Nicole gasped for air under his hold, squirming with all her might, her face flushed with effort.

"Law-abiding? Bullshit! You're a monster! Your act is completely sickening!"

"Sickening you said?" Jarrold suddenly yanked Nicole's hair, forcing her to tilt her head back and freeze. He leaned in and whispered coldly, "I tried being good for you, but once you came back, I realized it's all pointless, completely pointless."

Jarrold had seen through it. Nicole would never forgive him, whether he was good or not. Why would he bother pretending to be a good person then? Was he supposed to be good, let Nicole have the Life she wanted, and just silently wish her well? Jarrold could never bring himself to just stand by and watch Nicole fall for others or lead a life without him.

"Stop it, you maniac! You're going to kill him!" Despite the sharp pain in her scalp, Nicole didn't back down. She kicked and punched, resisting with all her might, though it seemed to have no effect on Jarrold.

Jarrold spun her around to face the window, holding her tightly from behind and forcing her to look inside. "Do you know who took your lover away last night?" he asked.

Nicole stayed quiet, and Jarrold went on, "It was his father."

Nicole's eyes widened in shock. How could it be?

Jarrold explained, "He heard from the Hampton family that I'd be fine, so he decided to send Roscoe away for safety. But Roscoe wouldn't leave, insisting on staying."

"Why do you think he refused to go?" Jarrold asked, watching Nicole's reaction in the reflection of the glass.

Nicole understood she was the reason behind Roscoe's refusal to leave.

Roscoe had promised to never abandon her, under any circumstances.

True to his word, he never broke that promise.

Jarrold resented Nicole's immediate comprehension, hinting at the unique, unspoken connection between her and Roscoe that made him envious.

Jarrold sneered chillingly, "You know, if he had just run away, I might have let the Watts family off the hook. But he had to play the hero."

Jarrold grabbed Nicole's chin harshly and pointed inside, making her focus. "See that? That's one of the Watts family, isn't it?"

Jarrold smirked. "Roscoe's father surely knows his place. I merely took one property off his hands, and he hastily came here with Roscoe, makes a show of discipline right in front of me."

Nicole shivered, her eyes filling with tears, her complexion ghostly pale. It had never crossed her mind that Roscoe's father had ordered the savage beating of Roscoe himself. All for a piece of property, Roscoe's life was deemed worthless. What about everything Roscoe had done for the Watts family? Did it count for nothing?

Reading her thoughts, Jarrold clarified coldly, "To the Watts family, an illegitimate son is nothing compared to their assets."

"You can't treat him like this. He's a person, not an animal!"

Nicole protested.

Nicole banged on the glass in front of her, her sense of helplessness overwhelming despite the proximity. "No one has the right to do this to him!" she exclaimed.

Jarrold laughed at her naivety and responded, "How can the Watts family not have the authority to discipline a troublesome son? Remember, he chose to leave his medical career to come back to the Watts family."

Jarrold slowly unveiled the harsh reality. "His father only instructed us to keep him alive. No other conditions. Even if he ends up disabled, the Watts family would accept him."

Feeling Nicole shaking in his arms, Jarrold tightened his hold on her shoulders, trying to reassure her, "Look, Roscoe's father's decision shows his concerns to Roscoe. The worst scenario is Roscoe becomes disabled, so don't worry too much."

If things were up to Jarrold, the consequences would be far more severe than just being disabled. How could Jarrold be kind and gentle to someone who opposed him! The Nicole standing before him was a

perfect example. Due to his brief hesitation, she had managed to betray him. He should have kept Nicole close, never allowing her the chance to leave his side.

Upon hearing this, Nicole's expression crumbled completely. The chains that targeted Roscoe's wrists and knees were designed not to kill but to incapacitate.

If this continued for a few more hours, not only would Roscoe lose the use of his legs, but his hands, which had once healed and saved lives, would also be beyond saving. No, she couldn't allow this! Her life was a mess already. Roscoe couldn't suffer the same fate because of her! That thought alone could drive her mad, utterly mad!

"Jarrold, what do you really want..." Nicole clutched at Jarrold's lapels, her eyes brimming with tears as she demanded, "What do you really want? Tell me!"

"Did you ever think of today when you betrayed me?" Jarrold's lips curled into a slight smirk.

"Nicole, you know what I dislike the most. You shouldn't have stepped on that. Do you really think his suffering stops here?"

Jarrold's cold smile didn't reach his eyes, making it even more intimidating than his words.

Suddenly, Nicole's legs gave out, and she collapsed to her knees with a heavy thump. "Jarrod, please, let him go. Don't do this to him. It's not his fault. It really isn't..."

Nicole knew exactly who to plead with to make it count. The directive had come from Roscoe's father, who was intimidated by Jarrod, leading to this moment. If Jarrod changed his mind, Roscoe would still have a chance.

Looking down at Nicole, who was pleading from the ground, Jarrod felt not joy but a wave of indescribable frustration. He tilted Nicole's chin, his smile insincere. "Since you're begging like this, I suppose I must give you a chance."

Overwhelmed, Nicole's mind was too clouded to tell if Jarrod was being genuine or just pretending. She grasped at Jarrod's pant leg, her voice shaky. "Thank you, Jarrod. Thank you... I'll keep my promise."

"Don't thank me yet," Jarrod said indifferently.

He then shook off her hand and straightened the wrinkles she had made on his clothes. Turning to Alec, he commanded, "Tell Roscoe that as long as he agrees to go abroad and swears on Nicole's life that he'll never see her again, I'll talk to his father and let him go."

Nicole remained kneeling, motionless. Jarrod was too clever, manipulating the situation to make Roscoe swear on her life. He knew Roscoe wouldn't agree.

Chapter 1750

A haughty smirk graced Jarrod's thin lips. "Look, I've given him a chance. He could be free by now if he agreed."

Jarrod found this choice more intriguing than simply letting Roscoe perish. Human nature was always so fragile. Sacrificing a woman seemed trivial compared to living with a disability. Since Roscoe couldn't bring himself to do so, Jarrod decided to nudge things forward.

Alec relayed the message, making sure it reached Roscoe.

With a special glass between them, Nicole saw everything from her position while Roscoe couldn't. Facing this brutal torture, Roscoe clenched his teeth, silent and unyielding, showing no signs of surrender. As long as he could breathe, he wouldn't give in. His stance was clear. He would never abandon Nicole.

Time ticked by slowly.

Roscoe's steadfast refusal made Jarrod's expression turn increasingly grim.

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Feeling desperate, Nicole threw herself against the glass, pounding on it as she yelled, "Roscoe, just agree! You fool! Just agree!"

Roscoe, though he couldn't hear or see the other side, still sensed Nicole's presence due to the vibrations of the glass.

Roscoe made an effort to turn his head toward the glass, a fragile voice breaking through. "Nicole...

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can handle this. Don't plead..."

"Don't beg him for me.."

Such words only led to harsher beatings.

The enforcer, acting on orders from Roscoe's father, was instructed to silence Roscoe if he said anything that might anger Jarrod. If it came to that, they were prepared to make sure Roscoe couldn't talk at all.

The Watts family had turned prosperous with Roscoe's father's cold-hearted and decisive nature. Despite his affection for Roscoe, should Roscoe couldn't grasp the bigger picture, Roscoe would be reduced to merely another expendable piece in the game.

As the hit connected with his body, a stream of fresh blood burst from Roscoe's mouth. He wanted to curl up in pain, but, not wanting Nicole to see him suffer, he forced himself to bear it.

Despite the killing pain, Roscoe still managed a smile, Looking at the glass which now only showed his pitiful reflection, and murmured weakly, "Nicole, I'm okay..."

His once handsome face was now smeared with blood, making his smile appear grotesque.

Nicole pounded on the glass until her hands turned red and numb.

"Roscoe, you fool! Is it really worth it... Honestly, is it?" Her eyes were red, her voice raw from yelling, and her tears dropped like shattered pearls.

Jarrod was thoroughly displeased. This was not the outcome he had hoped for. Was this some over-the-top scene from a television drama?

Their strong bond only drove him further into madness.

Jarrod remarked to Alec, "He seems quite stubborn."

The next second, the message was conveyed to the other side.

"smack!" The enforcer delivered a brutal blow to Roscoe's face with the chain, all on the command from Roscoe's father, meant to calm Jarrod.