

Unbreakable 1411

Chapter 1411

Yet, Jarrod's dimples, typically associated with charm, now took on a hint of menace. His smile suggested that beneath his handsome exterior lurked a deadly threat.

Seeing her absent-minded look, Jarrod chuckled. "You seem captivated by me. Have you been missing me?"

Nicole felt disgusted. She approached her car with a stern expression, wanting to open the door. But before her hand reached the handle, she felt a strong pull from behind. Jarrod had stepped out of his car, gently grasped her neck, and teased, "Since you don't get in yourself, I'll take that as a sign you prefer me to carry you."

Nicole found his audacity exasperating. Irritated, she inquired, "Where exactly are we going?" Jarrod, clearly in high spirits, quirked an eyebrow and cheerfully suggested, "Join me for a late-night snack."

Just as Nicole was about to rebuke him, her phone rang.

Recognizing the caller ID, her expression turned serious. She brushed off Jarrod's hand, saying, "Hold on. I need to take this call."

Her reaction seemed casual yet intimate. Jarrod's eyes darkened as he finally released her.

Nicole advanced a couple of steps and grabbed the phone near the flowerbed. "Yes, Mr. Steve?"

"Nicole, I need those case documents immediately. Can you send them?"

"Apologies, Mr. Steve. I'm not at the office. I'll forward them as soon as I return," Nicole responded apologetically.

"Understood."

After ending the call, Nicole reflected on Jarrod's ruthless handling of Deniz from the Vipo Group.

That was a move that had been essential for her success in securing the Hampton family project.

Her next target was a close associate of the Hampton Group's chairman.

However, to gain this target's trust, she had to neutralize Jarrod.

Turning back, Nicole noticed Jarrod's gaze on her. Without showing any emotion, she opened

the car door and got inside. "Do you plan to leave me after we eat? Let's hurry. I need to get some sleep," she stated.

Jarrood, not used to her compliance, gave a smile and leaned on the window without driving off.

"Are we going or not?" Nicole asked.

Jarrood fixed a cool stare on her. "Do you expect me to be your driver?"

Nicole, in a surprisingly compliant manner, moved from the back seat to the passenger seat.

Jarrood, considering lighting a cigarette, decided against it upon seeing Nicole beside him.

Right then, he answered a call from his assistant.

Jarrood simply replied, "OK."

Then, he ignited the engine.

Chapter 1412

He inquired nonchalantly, "Not at your job anymore?"

Nicole was startled yet somewhat anticipated his awareness. She admitted openly, "Yes, the constant travel was exhausting. Now I'm helping out at a relative's small business."

"Is your relative in the energy sector?"

Jarrold gave her a sidelong look and commented casually, "It's akin to what your family was involved in previously."

With her heart pounding wildly, Nicole pinched her hand hard to calm herself down. Then, with a hint of emotion, she murmured, "Yes, that's my area of expertise."

Jarrold, sensing her mood, didn't probe further. With a smile, he suggested, "How about some porridge? I know a place that serves excellent porridge."

Nicole wasn't sure if it was her imagination. But Jarrold seemed to deliberately slow down his last words. His intermittent smiles throughout their conversation left Nicole feeling uneasy.

Nicole told herself not to overthink and closed her eyes, avoiding his gaze.

Jarrold adjusted the rearview mirror and glanced at her. His smile had a hint of chilliness.

Before long, they arrived at a posh porridge restaurant.

Jarrold exited the car, grasped Nicole's hand, and led her inside.

Nicole was frustrated. Despite her intentions to manipulate Jarrold, being touched by him made her feel sick. She wished she could shed that touched skin. She came to realize that she couldn't even exploit him effectively.

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Nicole tried to pull away, but Jarrold's grip was firm, and she stumbled into his embrace when he pulled her in.

Jarrold's tone was icy, almost like a threat. "Stop wriggling, or I'll carry you inside."

Nicole ceased struggling. Being carried inside by him would be far worse than her hand being held by him.

Together, they entered the restaurant, appearing to outsiders like a loving couple.

Yet, Nicole's expression betrayed her true feelings: unwilling and somewhat resentful.

Getting inside, Jarrold chose to sit in the main dining area instead of a chamber and ordered, "Bring us Shrimp and Grits, please."

Nicole was momentarily taken aback. Shrimp and Grits... It was the first dish she had ever cooked for Jarrold back in their college days.

Back then, they skipped the cafeteria meals, and she would bring him Shrimp and Grits daily. Jarrold always finished the Shrimp and Grits she made. For three whole months, he never missed a meal she prepared.

Not long after, when Jarrold left, Nicole found herself making Shrimp and Grits every single day, missing him terribly. A week into this routine, she couldn't stand it anymore and felt nauseous.

Nicole marveled at how Jarrold had savored the same dish for three months as if it were a gourmet meal.

Reflecting on their past moments brought a mix of emotions, especially considering their current situation. Nicole internally cursed Jarrold and her complex feelings. She was unsure of Jarrold's intentions of bringing her here tonight.

As the Shrimp Grits arrived, Nicole felt a wave of nausea and looked around for a bin. Her attention was diverted when she noticed a couple entering the restaurant.

The man, stylish in a white shirt and black trousers, exuded a cool charm, It had been ages since Nicole last saw Jarrod, and equally long since she had seen Roscoe.

One question dominated her thoughts at the sight of Roscoe. Was this dapper man really Roscoe? Under the bright lights, Roscoe's clear-eyed gaze confirmed it. He was indeed Roscoe.

Nicole subtly bowed her head, her expression caught by Jarrod's icy gaze.

The young girl with Roscoe eagerly greeted Jarrod, calling him "Uncle."

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Jarrod acknowledged her with a nod.

Doreen, the girl, glanced at Roscoe, intending to introduce him to Jarrod, but noticed Roscoe's attention fixed on Nicole.

Curious, Doreen inquired, "Roscoe, do you know her?"

Roscoe averted his gaze and responded coolly, "No, I don't know her."

At Roscoe's reply, Jarrod arched his eyebrows, and a cool detachment glinted in his eyes.

Doreen's gaze lingered on Nicole, knowing Nicole was the one who had captured Jarrod's heart.

Nicole's beauty was undeniable, with elegantly shaped eyes enhanced by tasteful makeup, and though her attire was that of a typical office worker, it somehow added to her allure.

Doreen couldn't resist a playful jibe. "Jarrod, I was under the impression you had little interest in the opposite sex. Yet, here you are, dining with your dazzling girlfriend."

Doreen's use of "girlfriend" carried a biting tone, especially to Nicole.

Before Jarrod could respond with a smile, Nicole quickly clarified, "That's not the case."

Jarrod's expression stiffened.

Doreen's smile didn't waver as she attempted to diffuse the tension.

"Oh, please, there's no need for upset. I was merely teasing."

She then pulled out a chair. "Jarrod, you wouldn't mind if we shared the table, right?"

Jarrod didn't say anything. Nicole felt a surge of tension but remained silent.

As Doreen settled into her seat, she made a point of inviting Roscoe to join, effectively grouping everyone for the meal.

The arrangement placed Doreen opposite Jarrod, with Nicole facing Roscoe.

The pot of Shrimp and Grits, ordered by Jarrod, filled the air with its enticing aroma. Doreen, attracted by the dish, turned to Roscoe and asked, "This smells wonderful. Would you like to taste this?"

Roscoe, however, was less inclined. "You go ahead. I'll pass."

Chapter 1414

Doreen, pushing a bit, observed, "Really? It seems like you've hardly touched your dinner."

With a cool demeanor, Roscoe replied, "I'm not interested."

Doreen, enchanted by Roscoe's charm, ventured a suggestion tinged with a mix of shyness and excitement, "Why don't we share one pot of Shrimp and Grits?"

The proposition hinted at a closeness that seemed too bold for two people who had just met.

Nicole, stealing a glance at Roscoe, found her vision slightly obscured by the steam rising from the dish, rendering Roscoe's expression unreadable.

Without any objection from Roscoe, Doreen took his silence as agreement and happily ordered the Shrimp and Grits.

Noticing Nicole hadn't dug in yet, Doreen said with a radiant smile, "Please dig in. Don't mind us." Nicole felt a pang of discomfort at the inclusionary us", unable to muster even a polite smile in response.

She understood the connections at play here. Doreen was Jarrod's cousin's daughter.

Jarrold had always felt a deep sense of gratitude toward his cousin for the support during his times of need.

The partnership between the cousin's company and Jarrod's had proven to be mutually beneficial, propelling their business ventures to greater success.

Doreen, being the cherished only child of her family, was accustomed to a certain level of indulgence, which explained her confident demeanor.

Nicole harbored reservations about Roscoe's interactions with the Schultz family, uncertain of Roscoe's intentions and future plans.

The possibility of Roscoe acting for her sake troubled her greatly.

The meal had yet to commence when Jarrod suddenly took Nicole's hand in his, laying their intertwined fingers on the table.

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His hold was firm, Nicole's skin warming under the strength of his grasp.

Attempting to free herself only resulted in Jarrod tightening his grip, causing Nicole discomfort and a faint expression of pain to cross her face.

Yet, Jarrod's demeanor remained detached as he posed the question.

"Why don't you eat? Do you want me to feed you?"

Doreen couldn't contain her excitement, her smile broadening. "Jarrod, this side of you is new to me. So commanding..."

Jarrold, without lifting his gaze, addressed Nicole softly, reminiscing, "You used to prepare meals for me. While this dish might not match up to yours, it's the best I could find. I frequented this place often in your absence."

His words dripped with affection, painting the picture of a man deeply in love.

Doreen was taken aback, realizing the depth of Jarrod's silence held more than she had ever known.

Her surprise was evident as she inquired, "Jarrod, have you been acquainted with her for long?"

Jarrold's response was soft but firm. "She's Nicole."

Chapter 1415

"Nicole!" Doreen gasped, covering her mouth in astonishment. "The very Nicole..."

The revelation hit Doreen. So, the woman before her was precisely the one Jarrod had cherished for a decade.

"I finally get to meet the woman who fascinates Jarrod!" Doreen exclaimed, her words stunning those around her.

Nicole understood Doreen was oblivious to the full story, suggesting her remark was made in innocence. Yet, if Jarrod's doings were driven by mere obsession, it would paint him in a disturbing light.

The steam from Shrimp and Grits clouded their vision, obscuring the tense atmosphere.

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Unseen by others, Roscoe's hands were clenched tightly, his knuckles whitening under the strain. His eyes, usually clear, now appeared misty, the distance across the table amplifying his sense of isolation.

The aroma of Shrimp and Grits was overwhelming for Nicole, giving her a sense of nausea. Her complexion turned increasingly pale as she struggled to free her hand from Jarrod's grasp, her discomfort evident.

Jarrod's expression grew colder with Nicole's evident rejection, his icy demeanor somehow accentuating his allure.

Such stoicism, paradoxically, held a magnetic charm that wasn't Lost on the women of Ardlens, including the waitresses who couldn't help but steal glances at the enigmatic Jarrod.

Doreen, familiar with the attention Jarrod commanded, noted his perpetual aloofness. While his handsome features were undeniably attractive, they sometimes bordered on unsettling. In contrast, she found Roscoe's warm, ever-present smile and handsome appearance more appealing.

In a less crowded setting, Nicole might have given in to her frustration.

As she attempted to pull away, Jarrod's grip tightened even more, his hand pressing into hers. His smile, though charming, carried an unsettling edge as he whispered a veiled threat about Nicole's so-called relative's company's survival into her ear.

Nicole's reaction was one of shock. She raised her eyes to meet his.

Jarrod's expression remained impassive, betraying no sign of the ominous suggestion he had just made. It seemed as if his words might have been a figment of her imagination.

Nicole ceased her struggle, pondering the implications of his statement. Was he aware of something, or was it merely a ploy?

Observing her hesitation, Jarrod's gaze grew more intense. He relaxed his hold slightly but maintained contact, extending his hand to feed her a spoonful of Shrimp and Grits she found repulsive.

After a brief pause, Nicole acquiesced, opening her mouth to accept the food.

Doreen watched the interaction, a mix of amusement and awe on her face. This display of tenderness from Jarrod was unprecedented in her eyes.

Witnessing Jarrod's intense look toward Nicole, Doreen was convinced of his deep affection for Nicole.

Then, with cheeks warming to a soft pink, Doreen's gaze shifted toward Roscoe. "Roscoe..." she murmured, longing for a similar display of care.

Yet, she was mindful of the pace at which their relationship was progressing, given that it was only

their first meeting.

Despite this, her attraction to Roscoe was undeniable, stirring a wish within her to experience the same affection.

Having seen a handsome man like Jarrod, Doreen found it hard to be impressed by just any man.

Despite the attention of numerous wealthy suitors, none caught her interest. Instead, she was drawn to a recently acknowledged illegitimate son of the Watts family, Roscoe.

People said Roscoe wasn't a good match for Doreen.

Chapter 1416

The Watts family, despite their wealth and influence, viewed Roscoe's position as complicated due to his illegitimacy.

Roscoe's brother, the current head of the Watts family, was well over 40. The revelation of a twenty-something half-brother didn't sit well with him. He was against it but couldn't overrule his father's decision to bring Roscoe into the family.

At a social event, Doreen found herself captivated by Roscoe upon meeting him.

When Doreen mentioned this to Jarrod, she didn't anticipate the Watts family arranging a blind date with Roscoe so swiftly.

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Doreen was charmed by Roscoe's bright eyes. Gathering her courage, she attempted to feed him.

"Roscoe, would you like to try this?"

But Roscoe seemed distracted.

With a shy gesture, Doreen moved the spoon toward his mouth, "Roscoe, please try this..."

Then suddenly, "Clap!" The spoon was struck from her hand and fell to the floor.

Doreen was stunned, feeling the sting on her finger. She looked at Roscoe in disbelief, wondering if he was the one who had knocked the spoon away.

Roscoe avoided her gaze and muttered, "Sorry, I didn't notice it."

Doreen's discomfort eased slightly. It seemed Roscoe hadn't done it deliberately.

The incident caught Jarrod's eye. "Doreen, are you alright?" Jarrod inquired, shooting a stern look at Roscoe.

Doreen smiled and said, "I'm fine. I didn't hold it steady and spilled it on myself. I'll go change my clothes."

Doreen cherished her appearance, and she detested any exhibitor stains. Being particular about her appearance, Doreen always carried extra clothes for such situations.

Doreen glanced flirtatiously at Roscoe and asked, "Roscoe, could you fetch my change of clothes for me?"

Roscoe observed Nicole's red lips as she indulged in the Shrimp and Grits, savoring them as if they were the most delectable delicacy in the world. He felt a surge of discomfort.

With a smile, Roscoe took the key and departed.

Jarrod's gaze lingered on Roscoe. Roscoe appeared much calmer and more composed than before.

Loosening his tie, Jarrod regarded Doreen with an expressionless gaze.

"Doreen, it's fine to enjoy his company, but don't get too attached.

He's not worthy of you."

At that moment, Nicole's grip on her spoon tightened.

Doreen was visibly upset by the comment. She sulked. "Jarrod, please don't speak ill of Roscoe. He's a true gentleman and treats me well."
Their acquaintance was barely a day old.

Chapter 1417

Roscoe had hardly talked, being cold to Doreen.
Yet, love often colored one's perception, leading to self-deception.
Jarrod raised an eyebrow, glanced at Nicole, who was focused on her meal, and inquired, "Really? How exactly has he been treating you well?"
Caught off-guard, Doreen feigned bashfulness. "Jarrod, you're being too nosy. Why must you know everything?"
Jarrod, toying with a cigarette, responded quietly, "If it makes you happy, then let it be. But remember, men like him won't just be with you. They'll be with others too."

"Jarrod, what are you referring to?" Doreen feared Roscoe might overhear Jarrod's remark. Moreover, there were other people present.
She disliked Jarrod's disparaging remarks about Roscoe.
Nicole's hands clenched tighter, her discomfort growing since she felt repulsed by Jarrod's attitude.
Observing Nicole's strained hands, Jarrod talked softly, "Thinking an illegitimate son can join our family is wishful thinking on his part.
He is fortunate enough to spend some time with you."
"Jarrod, lower your voice!" Doreen caught sight of Roscoe approaching from the corner of her eye, stirring a pang of guilt within her.

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"Did you feel comfortable with him serving you?" Jarrod looked at Nicole and asked abruptly. His focus was solely on her.

Doreen was puzzled, about to respond when a sudden cough interrupted.

"Ahem..." Nicole's cheeks flushed as she coughed continuously.

Jarrod, offering a pat on Nicole's back, commented coldly, "No rush.

We're just getting started..

His words held a meaningful message.

"Ewww..." Suddenly, Nicole retched.

Jarrod's expression darkened.

The next instant, Nicole vomited.

Nicole's vomiting was so severe that Jarrod was splattered with it.

The undigested food was evident in the mess.

Jarrod's expression turned grim.

"Sorry, I..." Nicole managed to say between gasps, feeling a sharp pain in her stomach.

But she was unable to continue as she vomited once more. “Ugh!”

She quickly stood up, covered her mouth, and dashed to the restroom.

Jarrold, now smelling of the vomit, looked visibly upset.

A waiter approached and suggested, “Sir, we have facilities here where you can freshen up. There’s a room available for you to change.”

Jarrold, his expression unchanging, nodded in agreement. Once he received some clean clothes, he went to change, his mood clearly soured.

Doreen too decided to change her outfit.

Inside the restroom, Nicole managed to expel all the Shrimp and Grits she had eaten. Yet, the nausea lingered.

After exiting the stall, she rinsed her mouth and washed her face, trying to regain her composure.

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When she looked in the mirror again, she saw Roscoe’s reflection.

Roscoe was casually leaning against the wall, hands in his pockets, seemingly waiting for her.

The room fell into a quiet, with neither of them breaking the silence.

Their eyes met in the mirror’s reflection.

Memories of their past life abroad surfaced in Nicole’s mind. Roscoe used to cook for her during weekends and even helped with childcare.

Despite his youth, Roscoe was surprisingly adept at looking after kids. Nicole had always been hesitant to handle the delicate child, but Roscoe naturally had a way with the little one. As a result, Austin grew fond of Roscoe.

Upon reflecting, Nicole acknowledged that her Life shouldn’t be that carefree. Her parents couldn’t find peace. They awaited the day when she would bring them justice.

Behind her, Roscoe’s voice broke the silence. “Nicole, I didn’t.”

Nicole’s heart raced upon hearing him. Just those few words conveyed a whole message to her.

After years of shared understanding, Roscoe knew Nicole grasped his meaning. He was clarifying that he wasn’t in any relationship. Even without her asking for it, he felt compelled to explain.

Stepping closer, Roscoe met Nicole’s gaze in the mirror and affirmed, “Nicole, I will always be faithful to you!”

His love burned passionately, and his promises held formidable strength.

Yet, Nicole didn’t dare to reciprocate his feelings. She was on a challenging path, fraught with obstacles. It wasn’t right to drag anyone else into her troubles.

With a cool demeanor, Nicole responded, “Roscoe, your actions are your own concern, not mine!”

After Nicole’s words, a heavy silence enveloped the room.

Smiling, Roscoe said, “Nicole, I can see that you care about me.”

Nicole seemed to be unaware that whenever she lied, she unconsciously pinched the nail of her index finger.

Roscoe couldn't help but smile upon noticing this. Realizing that she was deliberately provoking him, an act out of her care for him, he felt a surge of happiness so intense that his heart nearly leaped out of his chest.

Nicole was stunned. She hadn't expected that Roscoe wouldn't believe her words at all. With reddened eyes, she uttered with a cold determination, "Don't do all those useless things. You know that I'm perfectly capable of taking care of myself!"

Nicole couldn't comprehend why Roscoe had abandoned his medical career to return to the notorious Watts family.

Nicole had harbored suspicions about Roscoe's true identity long before.

During his time abroad, Roscoe was invariably shadowed by bodyguards.

Since they did not seem to be hired by Roscoe himself, it could only mean that he was from a wealthy background where his mere identity required protection.

Nicole had kept an ear out in her social circle, and heard whispers that Doreen favored the newly returned illegitimate son of the Watts family. However, she hadn't expected it to be Roscoe.

The Watts family's reputation was tarnished, engulfed in a mire of scandals.

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Roscoe was so pure that Nicole had the inexplicable desire to shield him from all of it.

"I won't do anything useless." Aware that this wasn't a good place to talk, Roscoe dropped his voice to a murmur. "Nicole, I'll be waiting for you at our usual spot tomorrow at midnight."

With a solemn shake of her head, Nicole whispered back, "I won't be there."

Roscoe was accustomed to her rejection and the sting of disappointment, and the smile on his face remained unyielding. "Then I'll be there every night without fail."

Nicole was at a loss for words.

Roscoe pressed on, "I noticed the ginger in your porridge earlier.

It's too much flavor for you now, so don't eat it. And don't forget to take your medication when you get home."

Tears brimmed in Nicole's eyes. Roscoe's kindness overwhelmed her. If she continued to refuse him, how would she be any different from Jarrod, a cold-blooded and ruthless person?

Roscoe's and Nicole's reflections swam in the mirror nearby.

Tilting his head slightly, Roscoe brushed away Nicole's tears with his thumb. As his fingers wiped away the tears, he softly asked, "Do you love me, Nicole?"

Nicole trembled nervously.

Roscoe's smile widened, and when he spoke, his voice carried a subdued but unmistakable joy. "You don't need to answer. Time will tell."

Once more, Nicole did not know how to respond. She was hesitant to say anything that would crush his hopes.

Roscoe looked at her and said in a resolute tone, "Nicole, give me some time. I'll grow up."

He pledged to evolve into the partner Nicole needed, someone capable of protecting her. Before Nicole could offer a response, a frigid voice sliced through the air. "What are you talking about?"

Chapter 1420

Jarrold's icy face came into view. He was clad in a suit as cold as his demeanor. His penetrating gaze locked onto Nicole and Roscoe, harboring a hint of danger.

With a shudder, Nicole clenched her fists.

Roscoe, on the other hand, remained calm and composed. "Nothing important."

"Okay," Jarrod responded impassively, his features betraying no emotion. He moved closer, enveloping Nicole in a tight embrace, his arm encircling her shoulder.

Sensing Nicole trembling, Jarrod chuckled. "Your hand feels like ice.

Are you alright?"

His seemingly soothing tone only made Nicole tremble more violently.

Jarrold had an impeccable demeanor and charm, which could easily mislead others into perceiving him as gentle and easygoing.

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Nicole felt disgusted by his touch.

However, Jarrod's grip tightened, and his chilly lips grazed her forehead as he murmured, "Are you coming down with something?"

A chill coursed through Nicole's veins. Every cell in her body was resisting Jarrod. She felt sick. He was going too far! "Let go of me!" she ground out through clenched teeth, her voice a mere whisper against his ear.

Jarrold didn't seem to hear what she said. He curled his lips as he pulled her closer.

To a third person, they seemed to be engrossed in a tender exchange.

Roscoe clenched his fists. His handsome features darkened with fury, and his once-clear eyes were now ablaze with anger.

Spotting Roscoe, Doreen said briskly, "Ah, here you are!"

Drawing closer, Doreen casually linked her arm with Roscoe's, as though they were already an item. Pouting, she said, "I've been searching everywhere for you."

Roscoe remained unresponsive, seemingly oblivious to Doreen's presence.

His focus remained fixed on the pair before him.

Having spent a day with Roscoe, Doreen was accustomed to his quiet demeanor, so his lack of reaction didn't faze her.

Turning to the couple locked in a tight embrace, Doreen flashed a knowing smile and quipped, "Jarrod, spare us the lovey—dovey display, will you? Get a room!"

Shooting a grin at Roscoe, Jarrod said, "Alright, we'll do that.

Enjoy yourselves."

With that, he clasped Nicole's hand and led her away.

This time, Nicole's attempt to break free was in vain. She sensed a burning gaze trailing her, almost

tangible against her skin. However, she knew that there was no hope for her and Roscoe. She didn't want to repeat the same mistakes. It was time to put everything back to the way it was.