

Unbreakable 1521

Chapter 1521

Mitchel, his hair drenched, swept it back, looking strikingly handsome with droplets cascading off him. He brought her to the shore and said softly, "I'm here."

Raegan was momentarily stunned and wrapped her arms around him tightly, breaking down in tears. "You... You had scared me!"

She sobbed and choked, filled with fear. Mitchel was unbelievable! He actually jumped down with her!

She gently pounded on his shoulders, her anger mixed with relief.

"You're crazy, truly crazy..."

After expressing her frustration, she managed a grateful smile.

"Thank goodness you're okay..."

Seeing her cry and then laugh, Mitchel couldn't help but smile. Next, he wrapped his arms around her in a firm embrace. "I'm not losing my mind. I'd lose my mind without you."

Raegan felt a turmoil stir within her. It felt like a crack had opened.

Mitchel held Raegan tightly, his eyes filled with intensity.

Raegan sensed he was shaking. She blinked, unsure of what to make of it at first. It took her a moment to understand. He was scared!

Mitchel's voice was rough. "Raegan, promise me you'll never leave me."

"I..." Raegan was still stunned.

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Mitchel abruptly released her, his gaze dark and chilling. "Promise me!" His tone was commanding with a hint of anger. His frustration was evident! Now that danger was past, it was time to address the issue.

Raegan grasped what had frightened him and softened her tone as she said, "I promise."

Yet, his stern look remained unchanged, his irritation not soothed.

He pinched her cheek, his gaze icy and piercing. "When you risked your life to save the little boy, did you even consider..."

Mitchel meant to ask Raegan whether she had considered him.

Hesitating, he reframed his question. "Did you think of Janey?"

Mitchel's pinch stung. Yet, Raegan didn't flinch, letting him vent his frustration. "I did think it through. My actions weren't meant to be reckless. It was a misjudgment."

If only she had acted quicker, she might have climbed up the tree with Misael.

At the thought of Misael, she asked, "What about the young boy?"

Mitchel's patience snapped when he realized she was still worried about others. He icily replied, "He's gone!"

After saying this, he relaxed his hold on her and turned to walk further into the dense forest. It seemed like he didn't want to see her.

Chapter 1522

“Mitchel. . Raegan grasped the cause of his irritation and hurried after him, her voice soft and soothing.

But Mitchel seemed to not hear her, his expression stern as he strode forward.

Raegan’s calves ached. They had been battered by the rocks, Likely bruised. The quick pace only intensified her discomfort.

“Ah...” Unable to keep up, she let out a sharp cry of pain, louder than needed.

Mitchel stopped in his tracks and turned back, concern evident as he grasped her shoulders. “What happened?”

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Standing there, Mitchel Looked dignified and imposing, with a natural sharpness to his features. Disheveled or not, he was undeniably handsome.

Raegan rose on her toes and ki*sed him on the cheek. “Mitchel, don’t be mad at me, okay?”

Raegan acted almost without thinking. In that split second, she treated Mitchel the way she would adopt with Janey. When comforting words didn’t work, actions of confessing love could do the trick.

Yet, after her ki*s, Mitchel still maintained his poker face, leaving Raegan felt incredibly awkward. Was he still upset? What more she could do?

As Raegan contemplated her next moves, Mitchel looked down at her and suddenly hugged her tightly.

Raegan was taken aback for a moment but quickly raised her arms to hug him back.

Then, she recalled the rocks had hit his back when they fell.

Without thinking, she tried to push Mitchel away to check his injury.

But he wouldn’t let her, hugging her even tighter.

Mitchel looked into her eyes and said, “If you hate me, push me away.”

Raegan’s arms stopped midair. She didn’t try to push him away anymore.

Mitchel whispered, his voice low and rich, right by her ear, “Raegan, I love you.”

The surrounding noise seemed to pause at that moment.

Raegan’s hands shook, and she asked, confused, “Why...” She meant to ask why did he confess his love for her at a time like this.

Mitchel’s voice shook a bit as he said softly, “I was scared I’d never get the chance to tell you. Just actions aren’t enough. I truly love you.”

Raegan was stunned, unsure of how to react. Feeling a mix of emotions, from being touched to feeling guilty, she felt she should respond somehow. “Thank you.”

Mitchel wished to convey that he wasn’t after her gratitude, but her love. Yet, he wondered if expressing such a desire would come off as too demanding. His deep eyes locked onto hers, his voice low and earnest. “Raegan, promise me you won’t leave my side again, okay?”

The man who usually appeared so confident and in control was now asking her with such humility.

Raegan experienced a turmoil inside. From the instant Mitchel risked himself saving her, she had let go of the past and decided against dwelling on those disheartening issues.

Chapter 1523

In the past, Raegan repeatedly warned herself not to fall for Mitchel again, those painful moments serving as a painful reminder. Yet, the more she restrained herself, the more her emotions grew wildly within her.

Upon her return, as they resolved their misunderstandings one after the other, Raegan couldn't help but develop feelings for Mitchel.

Mitchel had always been there for her, supporting her quietly and treating her kindly all this time. Even when she was put off by his controlling nature, he made efforts to change for the better.

Since her feelings for him were undeniable, why not just give them a shot? Instead of dwelling on the past, she decided to follow her heart. Perhaps time would tell whether they were meant to be. Regardless of the outcome, at least they tried to get along, preventing the regret from entering the picture.

Finally, with a newfound resolution, Raegan gave a soft yet decisive nod. "Mitchel, let's give us a shot."

"What did you say?" Mitchel couldn't believe his ears and put his hand near her mouth. "Bite me. I'm not sure if I'm dreaming or having an illusion"

He seemed to be overwhelmed by the happiness brought by her words, feeling the joy was surreal. A twinge of pain touched Raegan's heart, her eyes shining. "Mitchel, don't make me sad again." She didn't want her trust in him to be misplaced.

Mitchel's eyes gleamed, his mouth shut tight, as he chose to remain silent. The next moment, he bent down quickly, drew her in, and gave her a gentle, lingering ki*s.

Following the ki*s, he cupped Raegan's face, his voice rough with emotion. "I'll love you every moment until the end of my days."

Raegan wasn't fond of such talk. They had just agreed to give their relationship a try. Such promise seemed to weigh too much.

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She looked up at him. "Please, don't talk like that."

Mitchel simply smiled and held her closer, resting his head on her shoulder.

Then, Raegan felt her neck wet. She trembled slightly and realized he had shed a tear. Without uttering a word, she embraced him tightly.

Only when her hand brushed against his skin did she pause and pull away, her voice filled with worry, "Mitchel, is your back hurting?"

She vividly remembered the rock striking him. Mitchel's complexion had visibly paled from the blow.

"It doesn't hurt anymore." Despite his pale face, Mitchel managed a smile. "Just knowing you're safe is all the healing I need."

Raegan, unconvinced by his stoic facade, recalled the size of the rock that had hit him, something she doubted anyone could shrug off.

With concern in her eyes, she started to undo his shirt to inspect the damage. “I need to see for myself.”

Mitchel stopped her by pressing her hand against his chest, his tone playful. “Why the hurry? Are you into doing this outside?”

Focused on inspecting his injury, Raegan attempted to free her hand.

“What’s wrong with being outside?”

Mitchel quirked an eyebrow. “We’ve got spectators. Doesn’t that bother you?”

Chapter 1524

Raegan blinked in confusion. “What?”

With a sly smile, Mitchel leaned closer, his tone teasing. “If you’re really into it, we can find somewhere private once we’re home. I will surely let you enjoy to the fullest.”

Only then did Raegan realize what he referred. Her cheeks flamed with embarrassment, she retorted, “Who’s interested in that? You’re the one who is!”

“Yes, I am,” Mitchel admitted nonchalantly. “But the rescue team will be here any moment.”

The guards arranged by Mitchel had spotted them before they had fallen down. The sound of a helicopter buzzed in the distance, Likely coming their way.

Mitchel pinched Raegan’s cheek gently, his voice low and husky. “I won’t let others see my wife.”

Raegan’s face blushed a deep shade of red. She was done dealing with him.

Mitchel saw her frustrated look and felt a wave of tenderness wash over him. He understood Raegan’s concerns.

Each breath he took sent a sharp pain through his back, a harsh reminder of his injury. He didn’t want Raegan to be worried, so he bore the pain silently.

He had to hold on until the helicopter arrived. Out here in the wilderness, he felt a constant unease.

In an attempt to lighten the mood, Mitchel teased, “You know, a ki*s from you might just be the cure I need.”

Raegan’s cheeks turned even redder, annoyed. “Enough with the jokes.”

“I’m serious,” Mitchel replied.

He leaned in, his hand gently caressing her cheek, smiling. “Ready to give it a shot, my little miracle cure?”

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Raegan’s ears turned bright red, and she pressed her lips together, visibly struggling.

Just then, the sound of a helicopter’s engine filled the air above them.

Mitchel released her, murmuring, “You owe me one.”

Shortly afterward, they boarded the helicopter together.

Mitchel draped a blanket around Raegan and then sat down, staying quiet and upright.

Raegan, having seen him joke around before, thought the rock might not have hit him that seriously.

However, even before they landed, Mitchel began to show signs of distress. He broke out in a cold sweat with rapid breathing and pale face.

Upon reaching the hospital in town, a local doctor quickly cut open Mitchel’s shirt, revealing a sight that shocked Raegan.

Mitchel's back was covered in bruises, making it hard to tell what his skin originally looked like. The area around his shoulder blade was particularly bad, with large patches of black and purple that looked like they were rotting.

Chapter 1525

Raegan's tears flowed freely as she realized the extent of his injuries. They were much worse than she had feared.

It made sense now why Mitchel had sat so straight on the helicopter.

Lying down seemed impossible for him.

Raegan couldn't begin to understand how much pain he must have been in, trying to keep her spirits up with his jokes.

After getting a shot for the pain, Mitchel passed out.

The doctor, after examining an X-ray, announced, "He's got twelve broken ribs. Our hospital isn't equipped to handle this. He needs to be transferred to a larger facility immediately."

Twelve ribs of Mitchel's were broken. But one man only had twenty-four ribs in total.

Raegan couldn't fathom the agony Mitchel must be in, her heart nearly breaking with the thought. She accompanied Mitchel to the ambulance, her eyes filled with tears.

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If Mitchel hadn't acted to save her, he wouldn't have gotten hurt so badly. The rock would have struck her if he hadn't shielded her.

Surviving a fall into the deep pond below would have been doubtful after such a hit. No wonder it took Mitchel so long to resurface from the bottom of the lake.

Raegan shuddered at the thought of the sheer willpower it must have taken him to swim up and then, despite his pain, carry her to safety.

Upon reflecting, Raegan realized his position was slightly awkward, indicating the extent of his pain.

After forty minutes, Mitchel was transferred to a more advanced hospital.

Matteo hurried over from Ardlens upon learning Mitchel's injuries.

Inside the hospital room, Mitchel lay unconscious and pale, his hand hooked to an IV drip.

Observing Mitchel's condition, Matteo was uneasy. Mitchel had not yet recovered from previous injuries, and now he had new ones. Only Iron Man could take such torment.

Raegan was confused about the doctor's remarks concerning Mitchel's condition. Mitchel was gravely hurt, yet the doctor was particularly worried about his poor blood clotting. Mitchel was known for his robust health, seldom falling ill. What could have caused such a drastic decline in his health?

Raegan approached Matteo, who was on his way out. "Matteo, the doctor said Mitchel's blood isn't clotting properly. Do you have any idea why?"

At this, Matteo's face fell. Mitchel had been scheduled to have blood tests with a specialist overseas, but those plans were now off the table.

Matteo had never encountered such a medical issue before. He pondered whether the syringe had struck in Mitchel was starting to cause complications. However, he couldn't disclose this to Raegan

since Mitchel had disapproved.

Nonetheless, Matteo didn't want Mitchel's efforts to go unnoticed. He paused and then said to Raegan, "Miss Foster, Mr. Dixon had assigned me to look into those targeting you. We think the Maxwell family may be involved. In pursuit of this, Mr. Dixon had traveled to Aurora, tirelessly seeking contacts but to no avail.

Mr. Dixon had been pushing himself hard, sleeping less than twenty hours over several days. This extreme lack of rest was bound to take a toll on his health."

Raegan's heart skipped a beat, realizing she had been too caught up in her charity work to notice Mitchel's condition.

Chapter 1526

Mitchel's trips, which she thought were for business, were actually his way of protecting her, tirelessly investigating despite his own responsibilities, all without telling her.

Tears filled Raegan's eyes, as she grasped the extent of her oversight concerning his dedication.

Matteo, noticing Raegan's guilt, softened his expression. He knew what information to share and what to keep to himself. With Mitchel's health in jeopardy, alerting Raegan to potential threats might heighten her vigilance, ensuring her own safety. The last thing Mitchel wanted was to see any harm come Raegan's way.

Matteo added, "Miss Foster, I'm sharing this to urge you to be more vigilant for your safety and to show you that Mr. Dixon has been unwavering in his commitment to you. He's been protecting you with great effort, choosing not to burden you with these issues, but his care for you is deep and sincere."

Raegan bit her lip, her throat tightening with emotion. She feared that even uttering the slightest sound would unleash a torrent of tears. Mitchel had quietly done so much for her, always ensuring her safety, without ever seeking recognition. What a fool he was.

Matteo went off to get in touch with Luis, troubled by the decline in Mitchel's condition, which used to be robust. The pressing issue was whether the decline was due to the effect of the syringe.

Matteo wanted Luis to bring the oversea doctor to Ardlens and diagnose Mitchel's condition.

Raegan remained by Mitchel's bedside, not leaving him for a moment.

In the evening, she tenderly cleaned his face with a warm cloth, her fingers carefully outlining his features.

For so long, she had never taken the time to observe him.

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Mitchel's lashes were indeed long, lending him a look of innate affection. His straight nose and well-defined jawline were striking.

There wasn't a single aspect of him that wasn't appealing.

As Raegan touched his lips, often seen as a sign of sternness, she felt overwhelmed by his deep love. Tears filled her eyes as she softly said, "You big fool..."

Nicole got back to Jarrod's place after her day's work. She had been staying here for some days now. She had brought her clothing over for daily needs.

During mealtime, a servant mentioned Jarrod was in a video conference. Therefore, Nicole didn't go up to check on him. These past few days, Jarrod's condition has slightly improved. Barely able to get out of bed, he started dealing with the backlog of work. Nicole respected him for his work ethic. In terms of dedication to work, Jarrod was among the best. It was a relief to see him getting better. Once he was fully on his feet, she planned to leave. While eating, Nicole thought about her upcoming deal with Mr. Hampton. It wasn't ideal for her to attend in person, but there was no suitable candidate. After thinking it over, she decided she would have to do it herself. Planning the deal required meticulous preparation. With her mind elsewhere, Nicole barely touched her food, eating just a little.

Chapter 1527

Back in her room, Nicole decided to bathe since Jarrod was occupied with his meeting. She carelessly placed a nightgown on the bed and started to remove her dress. She struggled with the zipper of her two-piece top, which was stuck halfway. Despite several attempts, it wouldn't move. Feeling slightly frustrated, Nicole yanked at it again, but it remained stuck. "Need help?" Jarrod's deep, calm voice surprised her from behind. Nicole's heart chilled as she swiftly spun around, only to find Jarrod standing there, his entrance unnoticed. Jarrod was sitting in a wheelchair, looking at her with a slight squint. "What were you so engrossed in thinking about?" She hadn't noticed his entrance at all. Jarrod had always been suspicious. His previous words carried an undertone of doubt. Nicole's heart skipped a bit. She looked away with feigned empty eyes to hide her panic. Nicole observed that Jarrod's gaze, usually piercing, now held an unusual innocence as he took in the sight of her exposed back, adding an unintentional allure to the moment. () Jarrod stared unabashedly at Nicole, openly conveying his desire. It was such an intense gaze. Nicole was stunned for a moment. She thought that if Jarrod was not confined to the wheelchair, he would have pinned her down to the bed by now. She looked at him indignantly and blurted out, "How dare you enter someone else's room without permission!" As she spoke, she tried to fix her dress. However, she struggled with the stuck zipper. She had no choice but to drape her nightgown around her neck as a temporary shield. When Jarrod saw this, his thin lips curled slightly. "What do you mean by someone else's room? He wheeled his wheelchair closer and smoothly stopped in front of Nicole. "What's here isn't mine?"

Nicole knew what he meant. He was implying she was also his possession. Of course, she wouldn't allow him to dominate the conversation. She smirked and retorted sarcastically, "Mr. Schultz, delusion is an illness that urgently needs treatment."

Jarrold remained unfazed, exuding a confidence as if victory was already his. He fixed his eyes on her back again, and the corners of his lips curved. "Are you sure you don't need my help?"

Nicole was frustrated. She felt her efforts were as ineffective as punching cotton. No matter how much she talked back, he continued at his own pace.

"Thanks, but no need," Nicole said through clenched teeth. "Please go out. I want to take a shower."

"Do you mind if I join you?" Jarrod asked casually.

Nicole looked at him speechlessly. She thought he was too shameless.

"Mr. Schultz, please have a bit of decency. Besides, is your wound no longer painful?"

Her icy tone reminded him of what had happened the last time he wanted to get close to her.

Much to Nicole's surprise, Jarrod was more amenable today. He only nodded in agreement without making things difficult for her. "ALL right. I'll just wait for you, then."

Chapter 1528

Nicole was stunned for a moment. She looked at him in confusion.

Wait for what?

After thinking for a while, she realized he wanted to wait for her to finish taking a shower, so she could help him take a bath.

These past few days, Jarrod was bedridden, so Nicole personally attended to his hygiene. In exchange, she was free to go out. But she must return at night to help him with his personal needs.

Each time, Nicole complied through clenched teeth. Luckily for her, Jarrod's injuries were still healing, preventing him from any sudden movements, leaving him to lie there passively.

Even if Jarrod erected, Nicole managed to maintain a calm composure and unwavering eyes. That was because she imagined him as one of the cadavers used by her professor in her anatomy class in college. It was just that those cadavers were respected. But Jarrod was a dark and decaying cadaver. Since Nicole knew what he was waiting for, she said impatiently, "Alright. Get out now."

Jarrold nodded and wheeled his wheelchair toward the door. Before going out, he said, "By the way, the doctor said I can bathe in the bathtub. Help me fill it later."

Nicole was rendered speechless. So, that was it. No wonder his mood was unusually good today.

Nicole was so annoyed that she lost the desire to take a shower.

Since she couldn't open the zipper, she tore it off forcefully. Her good mood was ruined by Jarrod's words.

She quickly rinsed her body and changed. Then, she stormed to Jarrod's room without even drying her hair. Whether she liked it or not, she had to bathe him, anyway.

Since Jarrod could now bathe in the bathtub, it meant his body had almost recovered. If that was the case, she must endure. She couldn't falter at the last step.

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Nicole pushed the door open and walked in. Jarrod was on the bed, reading a financial magazine. She went directly to the bathroom to fill the bathtub.

The bathtub was large, and it had six faucets discharging water at the

same time. In ten minutes, the bathtub was filled with enough water.

Nicole turned around and was about to call Jarrod when she bumped into his wheelchair. She was

startled, not knowing that he had already silently wheeled behind her like a ghost.

Nicole clutched her chest in fright and exclaimed.

When Jarrod saw her reaction, he only commented dryly, "Absent-minded."

Nicole stared at him as if scrutinizing him. Did he know something, or was he just making a casual remark?

Every time Nicole was near Jarrod, she felt like she was a radar, constantly alert to his presence.

She was filled with nothing but suspicions. It was a sad reality.

Sometimes, she really didn't understand him. She knew Jarrod suspected her motives. But despite this, he still wanted to be with her. It was as if he was keeping a traitor by his side. Was it simply an illness?

While Nicole was still in a daze, Jarrod began to untie his silk robe, revealing a well-defined and muscular chest and abdomen.

Nicole quickly covered her eyes. "Jarrod, what are you doing?"

"Take a bath," Jarrod replied casually.

Chapter 1529

Nicole got even more irritated. "That's not what I meant."

The corners of Jarrod's mouth curved into a faint smile, finding her reaction amusing. She had touched his body several times these past few days while cleaning him. But she still couldn't look at him now.

Wasn't it a bit late?

His eyebrows quirked. "I don't have a habit of bathing with my clothes on."

Nicole thought for a while. He had a point. However, the situation was different. When he was still bedridden, and she had to wipe his body, she could pretend he was just a cadaver. But now, he was totally awake and actively getting into the bathtub to bathe.

She couldn't help frowning. "Since you can get up, why can't you bathe yourself?"

Instead of answering Nicole's question, Jarrod asked, "Why are you still shy when you see my body?"

Nicole was rendered speechless. How could she not be shy? She retorted angrily, "Since you can get up, I'm done with my job. I will go back to my house tomorrow."

Jarrod replied calmly, "My wound has not fully healed yet."

"Not healed? You can even walk without crutches now," Nicole countered.

Jarrod looked at her and said meaningfully, "You know that I still need crutches."

His wound had only healed slightly. The stitches had just been removed, and his flesh was still fresh and pink. It was not pleasant to look at. Instead, it was scary.

After thinking for a while, Nicole decided to treat Jarrod as a breathing corpse. "Then, keep your underwear on, and I'll only scrub your back."

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"I'm not wearing any." Jarrod confidently stood up with his crutches and let his silk robe fall to the floor. He was completely naked.

Nicole's face flushed at once. "What's wrong with you!"

Jarrold stood upright without his crutches and said calmly, "You know what's wrong with me." Nicole thought it wasn't just his stomach that was injured. His brain must be sick, too. At this moment, Nicole's politeness vanished.

While looking at Jarrold's naked body, her shyness was replaced by a barrage of unspoken expletives. "Jarrold!" she exclaimed through clenched teeth.

"What? Are you not satisfied?" Jarrold coolly raised an eyebrow, his presence imposing.

Nicole was rendered speechless. Was he really out of his mind?

Satisfied with what? Sure enough, Jarrold's craziness should never be underestimated.

Nicole did her best to suppress the urge to throttle Jarrold and said coldly, "Jarrold, I can't help you bathe like this. I mean a normal bath. What do you think of me?"

Jarrold had grown impatient, but he did not want to make more trouble.

So, he suggested, "Wrap a towel around me."

Chapter 1530

He was making the biggest compromise. Otherwise, why would he take a bath with his underwear on?

Nicole took a bath towel and threw it at Jarrold. But he didn't catch it. Instead, he let it fall to the floor. He raised an eyebrow and ordered arrogantly, "Give me a new one and wrap it around me."

Nicole stood there silently.

Jarrold scoffed. "Since you don't abide by the agreement, I guess I also don't have to, right?"

Nicole was tempted to throttle Jarrold, but she took a deep breath to fight back the urge. She grabbed a towel and wrapped it around him from behind.

But as she did, her fingers accidentally brushed against his skin.

She felt his tense and tight muscles were as hot as a kiln.

Nicole ensured Jarrold was covered before she looked at him and said softly, "Go ahead. You're ready."

Jarrold glanced at her before stepping into the non-slip mat and easing into the bathtub. When he first submerged himself in the water, he felt like countless sharp needles pricked his skin.

Nicole squatted beside him, pressed his shoulder, and _ said solicitously, "Submerge your whole body. The water's temperature is just right. The doctor said a hot soak is good for you."

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Jarrold's brows furrowed tightly. The water's temperature was just right? Damn! It was even too far from warm. It was actually almost scalding. The bathtub was filled to the brim with almost boiling water. There was not a single drop of cold water mixed into it.

Nicole must do it on purpose.

When Nicole saw Jarrold's efforts of suppressing his anger, she relished her moment of victory. She won this round. "Is something wrong? Are you not satisfied with the bathtub I prepared for you?" she asked in a voice dripping with sarcasm.

Teasing was a backhanded compliment, and Nicole had a gift for dishing it out. She threw Jarrold's words right back at him, leaving him dumbstruck.

Actually, Nicole didn't mix it with cold water because Jarrold was still on the road to recovery. If he soaked in cool water, his condition would only worsen. The cool water might only hinder his

recovery, and she'd be stuck nursing him. It would only make her plans harder to pull off.

But she was unwilling to assist him in taking a bath, so she decided to give him a little dose of his own medicine. Anyway, it wouldn't cause him any serious harm. It would only make him feel distressed for a while. After all, how much damage could a little bit of heat truly inflict?

The heat in the large bathtub dissipated quickly, as well as their time to talk. At this moment, the water's temperature had already cooled down to only one hundred and eighty degrees Fahrenheit. Jarrod endured it. He lay there with his eyes closed, not saying anything. His whole body had turned rosy red from the heat, but he never complained.

"Are you kidding? You personally prepared this bath for me. How can I not be satisfied?" Jarrod's voice was calm, but he was obviously enduring. His wound had a fresh scab, and it became itchy when exposed to hot water. The discomfort made him want to scratch it and tear his limb apart. In a fit of pique, Jarrod reached out his lanky arm and yanked Nicole, who was watching the proceedings with glee, into the bathtub.

"Ah!" Nicole screamed in shock.

The water in the bathtub overflowed from the impact, drenching the floor.

"Jarrod, you bastard!" Nicole roared furiously, her entire body soaked to the bone.

Fortunately, the water had already cooled down a bit. The heat was tolerable.