

## Unbreakable 1531

### Chapter 1531

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Nicole wriggled, attempting to sit up, but was yanked down and settled onto Jarrod's lap, his arms snaking around her from the back.

Nicole was so angry that she trembled all over. She grabbed the rim of the bathtub, desperately trying to stand up.

Jarrold just tightened his grasp, pinning her firmly in place. Then, he leaned closer to her ear and whispered, "Didn't you need to assist me in bathing? Just relax, okay? I promise not to behave Like a bastard."

His touch made Nicole's muscles stiffen.

It took her a while to react. She said through clenched teeth, "You jerk!"

But Jarrod just ignored her. The treasure he had longed for was now in his grasp. How could he not be pleased? A contented smile crept across his face. "Whatever you want me to be, I'll be."

For a moment, Nicole's breath caught in her throat. Jarrod's touch sent shivers down her spine. She felt Like countless snakes crawled on her body. It gave her goosebumps.

The steam from the bathtub billowed around the bathroom. Since Nicole was drenched, her nightgown clung to her body, outlining her delicate and perfect curves.

Such an alluring sight caught Jarrod's eyes, and he found it extremely attractive. Instantly, a burning sensation overwhelmed his lower abdomen.

Nicole's brow furrowed with anger, her voice tinged with disgust as she demanded, "Let me go, you shameless bastard!"

But Jarrod refused to let her go. He fixed his eyes on her.

Unfortunately, he couldn't vent his desire on her, so he could only endure it. He said hoarsely, "Bathe me properly, and I promise not to touch you."

Nicole was seething with anger, knowing she could no longer hurt him like before. Besides, his punishment was severe. No matter how hard she endured it, her efforts would be in vain once he became alert.

Nicole was left with no choice. She reluctantly grabbed a towel and snapped, "Fine! I'll bathe you. Jarrod responded with a satisfied grin. He let go of Nicole, held the rim of the bathtub, and leaned back, enjoying her ministrations.

When Nicole had to lather his hair, she could only face him because her posture was inconvenient. Jarrod kept his eyes shut, saving her from his piercing stare.

Although Jarrod's face was cold, he was still as han

dsome as ever.

Every part of his facial features was chiseled and sharp. They were so perfect that they were difficult to ignore. But what good was a handsome face if he was a beast? He was a perfect example of the old saying, "A human's heart is inherently wicked."

Jarrold was so selfish that he imposed his dark thoughts on Nicole.

If Nicole obeyed, he'd toss her a bone like she was a trained pet.

If she resisted, he would lock her in a cage and torment her until she yielded.

After living abroad for three years, Jarrod's last shred of humanity wore away. What was left in him now was only the devil's spawn.

Nicole must have washed Jarrod's hair so long that Jarrod had gotten impatient. He suddenly opened his eyes.

Chapter 1532

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Their gazes met in the murky glow of the bathroom. And Jarrod saw the undisguised hatred in Nicole's eyes. The way she looked at him, it was as if she wanted to tear his flesh off his bones. It was only then that Jarrod realized this was the real Nicole, no disguise or pretense.

Nicole's loathing for Jarrod was as undiluted and resolute as it could be, an engulfing fire that left no space for uncertainty.

Jarrod's smirk was like a beacon of detached amusement, illuminating his lips with a mix of charm and mischief. "Well... Is that the kind of Look you give someone you want to kill?"

Nicole was past the point of mincing words. It wasn't like Jarrod didn't know she hated him. "What else could it be?" Nicole retorted coldly. "Do you expect me to look at you affectionately as if I'm in love with you? I'm in love with the thought of you being six feet under."

Jarrod reached out and stroked her chin with his index finger. He frowned slightly and said, "You are always defiant. Tell me. How would you like to be punished?"

Nicole brushed off his hand and sneered, "Do you think you can still intimidate me? I'd better die sooner than yield to a man like you."

"Really?" Jarrod replied, his voice taking on a darker hue. He brought her hand to his lips, his eyes never leaving hers. "Nicole, don't provoke me. You know the consequences," he said softly, a hint of threat in his voice.

But Nicole didn't show any signs of fear. Instead, she got angrier and snapped, "What do you think you're doing?"

"Quenching my thirst," Jarrod replied bluntly. He wasn't after her assistance in bathing him. Being a man with such fierce desires, years of abstinence were taking their toll. He needed to quench his thirst, one way or another.

The water temperature in the bathtub was still high, but Jarrod's body was even hotter. It was like a furnace that threatened to consume them both.

Nicole was taken aback for a moment. She didn't expect him to say such a thing shamelessly. She felt so disgusted that she wanted to throw up.

Jarrod held her hand even tighter and said in a hoarse and seductive voice, "Just stay still. I won't enter you."

The tension in the bathroom grew thicker. Nicole was like a puppet, following Jarrod's words. Fortunately, he kept his promise and did not enter her.

A low growl broke out from his throat. He was so overwhelmed by his desire that he couldn't help biting her neck gently. He ki\*sed her hair and whispered softly, "Let's not fight anymore. You don't have to love me back. But please, allow me to love and cherish you. Let's give us a shot."

Nicole was utterly shocked. How could Jarrod be so ridiculous? She was at a loss for words for a

moment.

Jarrold thought she took in his words and added in a soothing tone, "Nicole, Listen to me. I will love you the way you Loved me before.

Just give me a chance to show it to you. We still have a long life ahead of us. We can take it one step at a time."

With a gentleness that was unlike him, Jarrod made an earnest plea to Nicole.

Nicole couldn't help but chuckle at his words. Long life? One step at a time? Where on earth did Jarrod get the audacity to say these words? After trampling on her dignity, belittling her self-worth, and plotting to kill her family, why didn't it seem easy for him to say these things? How dare he coax her like this!

Nicole's silence led Jarrod to believe she was considering his words.

He didn't hold her that tightly but embraced her from behind, inhaling her scent.

Jarrold dreaded the thought of losing Nicole. Aware of her intent to harm him, he was still drawn to her irresistibly.

Jarrold was clueless about love. Only in Nicole's presence did he sense it, but he missed it.

He admitted his mistakes and the consequences, yet couldn't bear to release Nicole. He was ruthless. Only death could hinder his persistence. Nicole's love wasn't necessary for him. His love for her was enough.

## Chapter 1533

In a low, raspy voice, Jarrod pleaded "Nicole, let's leave the past behind. I'll make you feel love again.

Jarrold never backed down, not once. No matter how tough things got out there, he refused to bow his head. Yet, in front of Nicole, he repeatedly humbled himself, seeking her forgiveness. Her forgiveness might ease his desperation.

But Jarrod overlooked a crucial fact. The woman in his embrace had no resemblance to the Nicole in his memory. Nicole, who once loved him wholeheartedly, had long gone.

While Jarrod's guard was down, Nicole swiftly raised her elbow and forcefully pressed it against his wound with precision.

She emerged from the water with a splash as she stood up. Looking down at Jarrod, she noticed his handsome face was pale with pain. He covered his wound and fell into the bathtub.

"Jarrod, your love sickens me! You're just as disgusting! Everything you say makes me feel nauseous! Don't dare say such disgusting words to me again! You have no right to speak of love with me! A new beginning? Do you think you deserve it?" Nicole didn't mince her words, her hatred for him evident.

In others' eyes, Jarrod was a young, promising entrepreneur and a captivating man steadfastly devoted to his ex-girlfriend. But to Nicole, he was simply a nuisance, relentlessly bothering her. Sharing the air with him made her feel sick!

"Jarrod, true love is equal. Those who truly love each other show respect. Unlike you, using dirty tactics to get your way! You'll never understand what love truly means!" she declared.

The disgust in Nicole's eyes wounded Jarrod deeply. It hurt even worse than a knife in the heart.

Nicole's words had a point. Jarrod didn't know how to love. Yet, he hadn't felt this strongly for any other woman since losing her. He wanted Nicole. He yearned for her body, her heart, and all of her! He wanted her to be with him forever.

And what about Nicole? From what Jarrod had gathered, she chose a quiet life overseas, finding love with someone new. If she had remained hidden, he might been lonely all his life. But she returned, only to try to flee from his side again. That was unacceptable to Jarrod.

ALL of a sudden, Jarrod grabbed Nicole's leg, pulling her forcefully back into the water.  
"Splash!"

Nicole fell back into the water, struggling to get up, but Jarrod swiftly push

ed her back under. She was pinned down, her head against the tub's edge.

Jarrod easily suppressed all of Nicole's struggle and resistance in the water.

Despite his wounds, Jarrod remained a strong man. His strength was abundant enough to dominate a delicate woman Like Nicole. With a firm grip on her jaw, he rasped, "Tell me, who really understands love?

Who do you love?"

Jarrod pressed against Nicole, his cold, dark eyes staring into hers as he questioned in a cold tone, "That bastard from the Watts family?"

Nicole couldn't help but scoff at his words. Jarrod never changed.

He'd point fingers but never saw his own faults. Roscoe had become his target. Whether she brought him up or not, she couldn't prevent Jarrod from making things hard for Roscoe.

Thankfully, Roscoe wasn't alone. With the support of the Watts family, Jarrod wouldn't have the power to harm him. If Roscoe were just a regular man, he'd found himself in a fatal "accident" before long.

Confronting Jarrod's gaze, Nicole said, "Jarrod, you are so pathetic.

Truly laughable. Do you really think you stand a chance against him?

Chapter 1534

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My feelings for you vanished the moment you returned to hurt me!

You're aware I don't love you, yet you insist on keeping me close due to the so-called love. Want to know what I think of you? I find you pitiful and delusional. Despite knowing you're nothing to me, you still chase after me. It's shameless."

These words felt like icy daggers piercing Jarrod's heart. His physical strength was undeniable, yet these words seemed to drain his strength. Indeed, Nicole was correct.

Jarrod was aware of Nicole's lack of feelings for him, yet he couldn't restrain his urge to keep her by his side. Even when he misunderstood the situation and assumed Nicole had turned against him when he needed her, his profound love for her remained unyielding. It was just that he didn't dare to admit it five years ago. But deep down, he recognized his love for her. Even if she were to kill him a hundred times, a thousand times over, he'd still love her. He couldn't help but love her.

As the water in the bathtub slowly cooled, Jarrod's grip softened little by little. He whispered, "Nicole, please, no more words. Just stay away from that man and don't betray me. Anything you ask, I'll comply. Just don't be with other men or betray me. I'm begging you.

Otherwise, I'll lose my mind!"

Jarrold would truly lose his mind if Nicole were to be with another man or betray him. He had no clue what he would be capable of by then. The thought of harming Nicole in a moment of madness terrified him. He feared he wouldn't be able to control himself. Thus, he begged her.

Gently, Jarrold released Nicole's chin.

Without any hesitation, Nicole bent her knee and hit his wound hard.

Caught off guard, Jarrold sank back into the water with a pale face.

"Jarrold, mark my words. My goal is to make your life miserable. I won't think twice about it." With those words, Nicole stood up and left decisively. She didn't glance back to see him sinking into the water.

At this point, Nicole wouldn't blink even if Jarrold met his end right there.

Nicole returned to her room and secured the door. Still anxious, she placed a chair against the door for extra security.

She showered once more, scrubbing her body until it turned bright red.

Overwhelmed, she collapsed onto the bed and forced herself to fall asleep. Tomorrow marked the start of the show!

Nicole had a long sleep. It was already almost nine in the morning when she woke up the next day. She was so exhausted that her body desperately craved rest.

When Nicole sobered up, she realized she was already late. She rushed to the bathroom and quickly washed up. Then, she went to open the door. She found the chair she propped against the door last night was still there.

While opening the door, she recalled what happened between her and Jarrold last night. She couldn't help wondering what she would do if Jarrold refused to let her leave.

When she went out of her room, she noticed it was eerily quiet outside.

Nicole found it strange. The villa usually started to get busy at this time.

Jarrold took his medicine four times a day, and he must take one now.

She wondered where the maids were. Shouldn't they be busy running around at this time?

Strangely, the villa looked deserted today. Even Alec was nowhere to be seen.

When Nicole arrived downstairs, she overheard two maids talking in the kitchen.

Chapter 1535

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"What happened to Mr. Schultz? I heard noises last night. It seemed he was rushed to the hospital."

"I saw it with my own eyes. Alec found him unconscious in the bathtub. He must have been submerged in the water for a long time because when Alec pulled him out, he was so pale. He looked lifeless.

It was terrifying. Alec performed CPR for half an hour before Mr. Schultz showed signs of consciousness. But he feared Mr. Schultz's brain would be damaged from lack of oxygen, so he rushed Mr. Schultz to the hospital."

Nicole was utterly shocked. So, that was it. Jarrold hadn't been able to get out of the

bathtub last night. That explained the silence when she left last night. He must have passed out after her attack.

At this moment, one of the maids said, "You know what? That Miss Lawrence Mr. Schultz brought home seems a jinx. Ever since she arrived, his condition worsened. He only slightly improved for a few days and then got severe again. Now, he even drowned in the bathtub. Isn't it too strange?"

"Yeah. Poor Mr. Schultz. If Alec hadn't found him, he must have been dead by now."

"Indeed, such bad Luck."

After this, Nicole didn't hear their voices anymore. They must have returned to their work.

Nicole remained frozen, pondering. Jarrod almost died last night. She should be happy, right? But why couldn't she feel any sense of joy in her heart? Instead, the thought of his close encounter with death sent shivers down her spine. This wasn't right. She shouldn't feel this way.

Nicole convinced herself not to feel anything. She wanted nothing but for Jarrod to die miserably. But an accidental death wasn't what she wished for him. After all, a man like Jarrod never feared death.

What Nicole wanted was for Jarrod to suffer in prison for the rest of his life until he realized his mistakes and repented his sins.

For an arrogant person like him, such a life was far worse than death.

Nicole was still in a daze. Before she knew it, she was already outside Jarrod's room. No one was around his room. It was most likely that his bodyguards followed him to the hospital. After all, he had many enemies.

Nicole subconsciously reached out and held the doorknob. And she was surprised when she was able to twist it. His room wasn't locked.

Actually, she was not allowed to enter Jarrod's room, except when she n

eeded to take care of him.

At first, Nicole wondered why Jarrod chose to stay in this place.

But after staying here for several days, she finally understood.

Jarrod stayed in here more often because of its security. The security in this place was exceptionally tight, making it difficult for outsiders to enter. There must be some important and confidential documents here.

Suddenly, Nicole remembered something peculiar about the headboard of Jarrod's bed. It was like there was a hidden door.

At the thought of this, she walked in and gently closed the door behind her. Then, she fumbled with the headboard while trying to recall what she had observed.

Eventually, she found a hidden button. It Looked like a switch. She pressed it, and the entire bed moved sideways, revealing a spacious secret room.

Then, a golden cabinet glowed in the dark. Nicole's eyes lit up when she saw it.

She approached and stood in front of the cabinet. However, she found it was locked. And it wasn't just any ordinary lock. It was a retina scanner door lock. In short, no one could open it except Jarrod.

## Chapter 1536

Disappointment washed over her immediately.

As she turned to leave, a glass cabinet on the other side caught her attention.

Nicole walked to it and observed. There were several shelves inside filled with items deeply connected to her. Some were her graduation project, graduation photo, the scarf she had knitted for Jarrod, a lunchbox she used to bring him meals, and many more.

There were too many items, and she couldn't even remember some of them. She scanned her memory until she recognized they were the ones she had given him. Everything was meticulously preserved and arranged inside the cabinet. Besides, the cabinet itself was spotless.

Obviously, someone had been cleaning it regularly.

Since this secret room was not accessible to anyone, it only meant that Jarrod was the one cleaning it every day.

Suddenly, Nicole felt her heart was tugged by something. These items reminded her of those happy times they shared before. Jarrod was so good to her during those times.

They both loved basking in the afternoon summer sun, sharing some good stories. In autumn, they used to walk hand in hand on the road covered with autumn leaves. They enjoyed watching the beautiful flowers that bloomed in spring, and they cuddled together on snowy winter days to keep each other warm.

But one day, everything suddenly changed. Life turned Jarrod into a monster. He began to hate her and deliberately trampled on her.

And now, she was no longer different from him. Hatred had corroded her heart and mind.

Nicole knew it was Jarrod's goal to turn her into a monster like him.

Finally, he succeeded. They were now the same kind. No matter what, she could no longer live a normal life. Those ordinary days she had longed for were now out of reach.

Nicole was lost in thought for a while. She didn't even realize that tears were already streaming down her face uncontrollably.

Suddenly, several approaching footsteps sounded outside. Then, a maid said, "Alec, you're back." "Yeah..." Alec only hummed in response.

Nicole panicked. She hurriedly came out of the secret room and pressed the button for the bed to return to its original place.

As soon as she did this, the door of Jarrod's room was pushed open from the outside.

When Alec saw Nicole inside, the expression on his face drastically changed. He frowned and shouted sharply, "Who allowed you to come in here?"

Nicole was flustered, feigning calmness. "Who else? Jarrod scheduled me to feed him medicine at this time."

Alec fixed his sharp eyes on Nicole, almost as if he could see through her.

Nicole put on a calm facade. She met his gaze and asked, "Where is Jarrod?"

Alec asked mockingly, "Miss Lawrence, don't you know?"

"Know what? Did he leave? Where did he go?" Nicole played dumb.

After all, she really didn't know Jarrod passed out if she hadn't overheard the maids' conversation. To avoid trouble, she didn't admit knowledge voluntarily.

## Chapter 1537

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Besides, Nicole guessed Alec didn't know she had something to do with Jarrod's drowning incident. Otherwise, he would have detained her in that dark room.

Alec asked expressionlessly, "Since when did you start to care about Mr. Schultz, Miss Lawrence?"

Annoyed by his sarcasm, Nicole turned to leave, saying dismissively, "Talk or don't."

This reaction, fitting Nicole's usual demeanor, unlikely aroused Alec's suspicion.

As Nicole walked out, Alec called after her, "Mr. Schultz passed out in the bathtub last night. Does it have anything to do with you?"

Nicole scoffed. "Do you really think I'm as ignorant of the law as you? I'm not stupid to risk my future just to harm him."

What happened Last night was not intentional. It was Jarrod who pressed her under the water first. She only fought back to defend herself. How could she have known he was so frail that he'd pass out in the bathtub and almost died?

Alec only came back to get Jarrod's medicine. He was in a hurry and didn't wish to engage further with Nicole. He said coldly, "If you care for him, visit him in the hospital. He hasn't woken up yet."

Nicole's brow was furrowed as she said, "If he hasn't woken up, why should I go and visit? I need to be back at the office today. Jarrod had granted me so."

Alec snorted and replied, "Do as you please."

Alec knew Nicole didn't care for Jarrod. It wasn't his first time witnessing her indifference. Having her around only led to problems.

However, since Jarrod had instructed not to harm her, Alec felt his hands were tied.

Nicole turned away, feeling her heart race. She had expected Jarrod to throw a wrench in her plans, but luck was on her side. With Jarrod hospitalized and Alec distracted, she had the upper hand.

Today, Nicole left the estate with just a driver to take her.

The usual security team was mostly at the hospital, leaving the estate with just four guards. Thus, she left without anyone tailing her.

Suppressing her emotions, Nicole observed as the car slowly departed from the villa.

In the rearview mirror, the white "prison" dwindled into the distance until it disappeared altogether.

Nicole looked away determinedly. She vowed not to come back to that place.

Before exiting the car, Nicole said to the driver, "There's no need to wait for me today. I'll pay a visit to Mr. Schultz at the hospital later."

The driver nodded and left.

Nicole spent her afternoon at the office and then went on her own to the underground parking lot. She got into an unremarkable black sedan.

Moments later, she emerged in a black leather outfit, donning a black helmet, and straddled a matching motorcycle.

With a slight lean, she sped off. She arrived at a swanky club and parked the motorcycle in its garage.

Nicole followed a route she had carefully chosen and took a private lift to go up. She picked this club to meet Mr. Hampton for their deal because its public setting meant he wouldn't dare kidnapping her in plain sight.



## Chapter 1538

When she got to the VIP room, two guards in black suits tried to search her.

Nicole quickly stepped out of their reach. She said in a cool tone, "I've already informed Mr. Hampton. No searches."

Her voice, altered to sound neutral, and androgynous by the helmet's voice modifier, carried through the room.

The guards exchanged glances, and one went to get further instructions. He came back shortly and motioned for her to enter.

Nicole opened the door and stepped in.

Loud music and smoke filled the room. Two women in minimal clothing danced provocatively, entertaining the guests.

Mr. Hampton from the Hampton Group was there, lounging on a sofa with a woman in scanty clothes draped over him, involved in an overtly sexual act.

Nicole's expression showed her disapproval, but she was ready for this. It was no secret that Mr. Hampton enjoyed seeking thrills. He had made advances on nearly every young female employee and many wives within the Hampton Group. His personal Life was a mess, with too many scandals to count.

Mr. Hampton's notorious behavior was well-known among their social circles.

But the Hampton Group was under the firm control of Mr. Hampton's father, who valued the family's image so much that he even gathered a team just to deal with Mr. Hampton's private issues. Strictly forbidding Mr. Hampton from meddling with company staff, external affairs were left to his discretion, so long as they didn't impact the company.

Normally, Mr. Hampton wouldn't bother with common scandalous photos, relying on the team to handle such matters.

However, what Nicole held was particularly damaging. Inside were compromising photos of Mr. Hampton and his cousin's wife. It was a scandal big enough to cause an uproar. Significantly, this cousin's wife was still an employee of the Hampton Group.

Committing two major taboos, Mr. Hampton surely wouldn't dare involve his father to handle this. "Quit your sucking. We have a guest." Mr. Hampton, tipsy, pushed away the woman atop him.

Mr. Hampton's mother had been a renowned actress, and he got his good looks from her. Yet, in the dim lighting, his pale complexion, the noticeable dark rings under his eyes, and the array of fresh and fading love bites on his neck hinted at a man worn out by his indulgences.

Mr. Hampton took notice of Nicole clad in black attire and helmet, his interest piqued. Nicole's curvy figure caught his attention. Her figure in the motorcycle gear was uniquely captivating, a blend of bold and enticing.

He let out a laugh. "What a beauty we have here!"

Approaching Nicole with a chuckle, Mr. Hampton said, "Come over here.

Let's have a nice chat..."

The mix of booze and cigarette smoke around Mr. Hampton was off-putting. Nicole made a face and dodged him effortlessly.

Mr. Hampton ended up grabbing a dancer instead, mistakenly fondling her. Irritated, he shouted, "What's wrong with you? Didn't you hear me call you?"

“It appears Mr. Hampton is otherwise occupied,” Nicole stated, making a move to exit. Just as she reached for the door, Mr. Hampton ordered, “Hold it!”

#### Chapter 1539

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Even with Nicole’s face hidden by the helmet, there was something about her that made Mr. Hampton feel threatened. He softened his tone.

“You’ve got quite the spirit. Who said I was occupied?”

Nicole responded, “If you’re willing to talk, then let’s have the room to ourselves.”

Mr. Hampton, amused, remarked, “Seems like you want some privacy with me. Sure, I’ll play along.” He signaled for others to leave.

Melissa, who had been clinging to him, whined, “Mr. Hampton, can’t I stay with you?”

But Mr. Hampton’s decision was final. He waved his hand dismissively.

“Out, all of you!”

Melissa collapsed to the floor, her eyes brimming with tears from the agony. She shot a bitter look at Nicole.

Nicole froze at the sight of Melissa’s face. The resemblance between Melissa’s face and her own was uncanny.

Before Nicole could get a better look, Melissa quickly crawled toward the door.

This act seemed to please Mr. Hampton. He said, “Melissa, you always know what to do. Make me happy later, and you’ll get your reward.”

With a grin, Melissa responded, “Absolutely, Mr. Hampton.”

Then, echoing what she had done before, she clumsily opened the door and made her exit.

Nicole felt a wave of revulsion at the scene. The similarity between her own appearance and Melissa’s was particularly disturbing.

Now it was just Nicole and Mr. Hampton in the room.

Mr. Hampton, struggling to maintain his balance, slouched on the sofa, watching Nicole. “Where’s the thing?”

“Where’s your item?”

Mr. Hampton grew impatient. “How do I know you’re not deceiving me?”

Nicole replied, “It’s clear I wouldn’t have it on my person. Show me the papers, and I’ll guide you to where they can be safely destroyed.”

Mr. Hampton narrowed his eyes. “And why should I believe you?”

Nicole shot back, “I have no trust in you either. When there’s mutual distrust, the one with the upper hand sets the terms.”

“You sure have a way with words.” Mr. Hampton burst out laughing.

Suddenly, his tone shifted. “Grab her!”

#### Chapter 1540

Two bodyguards in black quickly emerged from a hidden door.

Mr. Hampton’s once light-hearted attitude shifted to a more threatening one. He had made arrangements to take Nicole down.

But Nicole had anticipated his actions. She wasn't naive. With swift motion, she dashed forward, her wrist flipping elegantly, pressing a cold, gleaming dagger against Mr. Hampton's throat. Mr. Hampton seemed unfazed by this sudden threat, underestimating Nicole. He yelled at his bodyguards, "Hurry, take her down!"

The bodyguards, well-trained, exchanged looks and coordinated their attack, attempting to ambush Nicole from both sides.

Nicole, however, was quicker, her dagger moving decisively. Her movements were swift, fierce, and accurate.

Blood flew in the air.

Mr. Hampton groaned in pain, angrily shouting, "Curse you, woman!

You're asking for trouble!"

Seeing Nicole's seriousness, the bodyguards paused, their main job being to protect Mr. Hampton.

Nicole said coldly, "Lowe, if you show no kindness, expect none in return!"

"Damn it!" Lowe was livid. He had planned to severely punish the one who threatened him, imagining cutting off the other party's limbs and tongue.

Initially attracted to Nicole's figure, Lowe had thought to take advantage of her before dealing with her. But now, he found himself outmatched by her.

Lowe demanded, "What the hell do you want?"

"I came here because you're willing to strike a deal with me,"

Nicole replied calmly. "I just want to retrieve what's mine and give you what's yours. It was supposed to be a straightforward trade, but you made it complicated."

Lowe, puzzled, asked, "Who are you exactly, and why are you after those documents?"

"People often ask a lot of questions when they're in danger," Nicole said with a mocking tone.

Lowe cursed again.

Nicole, not interested in small talk, made her point clear. "I'm short on time. Hand me those documents in half an hour, or else a very embarrassing video of yours will go public tonight."

"I'll hand them over. I will!" Lowe, realizing the gravity of his predicament, grimaced. "I didn't say I wouldn't hand them over. Just be cautious with that blade. If you end up stabbing me, you're not getting out of here in one piece!"

"Twenty-nine minutes and thirty-five seconds left." Nicole started counting down right then and there.

Lowe was at a loss for words. He thought she was crazy! He signaled his bodyguards with urgency.

"Get those documents over!"

"As you wish, sir."