

## Unbreakable 1541

### Chapter 1541

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One bodyguard departed, while the other stayed, watching Nicole closely.

Nicole sensed Lowe was looking for a chance to turn the tables. She ordered, "He needs to leave, too."

Trying to defuse the tension, Lowe jokingly raised his hand. "What's the matter? You scared?"

But Nicole quickly seized his hand, pushing him down with her knee on his neck, the dagger's tip dangerously close to his artery.

Lowe howled in pain, "Stop! It hurts..."

Nicole's expression was cold as she looked at the bodyguard.

"Thinking of trying something?"

Lowe's attempt to communicate with his bodyguard ended in failure.

Neither the bodyguard nor Lowe dared to move.

Pinned against the couch, Lowe shouted at the bodyguard, "Get out!"

The bodyguard swiftly exited.

Nicole kept Lowe pinned down, her knee on his neck against the couch for a full fifteen minutes before letting him go.

Lowe, drained of any resolve, lay sprawled on the sofa. He was just a spoiled playboy, enfeebled by a life of extravagance. His knack for intimidation hinged entirely on the adept bodyguards his father supplied.

Gasping, Lowe wheezed. "Enough, I'm spent." It felt like his neck had snapped, every twitch sent bolts of agony through him, keeping him contorted. Who on earth was this wild woman?

A knock interrupted the tense atmosphere.

Nicole kept her dagger aimed at Lowe and said with authority, "Enter!"

The bodyguard who had left earlier came back in, holding a brown file envelope.

"Drop it here and leave," Nicole directed.

The bodyguard looked at Lowe for order, who angrily dismissed him.

"Just go, you're no help!"

Lowe was frustrated that his bodyguards couldn't handle Nicole, leaving him in this predicament.

He hoped Nicole just grabbed the documents and left.

Nicole picked up the file envelope. Seeing the handwriting she recognized dimmed the light in her eyes, bringing a shadow over them.

Tears fell like shattered crystals. She mouthed silently, "Dad..." It was as though an immense weight was on her chest, causing deep sorrow.

Her helmet hid her face, keeping her vulnerability from Lowe's view.

### Chapter 1542

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Nicole's hands shook, but she gathered her composure. After securing the file envelope, she zipped up her jacket and warned, "Lowe, let me leave without trouble, or you're done for!"

Lowe, drained of energy, nodded. "Go ahead, but remember your promise to me."

"Once I'm safely away, you'll get what I promised," Nicole responded.

"Okay." Lowe, still under Nicole's control, was escorted out of the room.

Outside, eight intimidating bodyguards in black awaited, all giving Nicole wary looks.

"Let them step inside the room," Nicole commanded.

"Enter, all of you."

The eight men made their way into the VIP room. Once they were inside, Nicole locked the door from the outside and deliberately broke the keypad.

Lowe found himself admiring her tactical moves.

Nicole then guided Lowe toward the underground garage where she had parked her motorcycle.

As they approached the elevator, they encountered a woman in distress.

Her face was smeared with blood, her lips swollen, and her body bore the marks of a prolonged assault.

Blood gushed from her mouth as she continued to whimper and plead, "Someone, please, help me, help me..."

Such incidents were not uncommon in these types of establishments.

Nicole's main goal was to exit the club without any complications.

She needed to leave the club safely.

The wounded woman clung to Nicole's legs, pleading desperately, "Please save me. Don't leave me behind..."

Witnessing her battered state, Nicole couldn't bring herself to forcefully shake her off.

"Save me, save me, save me..." The woman's tremulous cries persisted.

Unable to turn a blind eye, Nicole nudged Lowe into a corner of the elevator and reached out to pull the woman in.

But as her hand made contact, a sudden force yanked Nicole downward.

The woman's sorrowful facade vanished as she brandished a shattered bottle, aiming a vicious stab at Nicole's throat.

Nicole acted swiftly, lifting her arm to fend off the strike. The bottle sliced through her arm, and blood gushed forth immediately.

The sound of the knife in Nicole's grip clattering to the ground echoed in the room.

Chapter 1543

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Lowe wasted no time in rising to his feet and dashing outside. He then bellowed down the hallway,

"Damn it! Come here now!"

The woman scrambled to her feet, wielding the bottle as if to stake her claim. With a sugary tone, she said, “Mr. Hampton, I expect a reward. I want to be your ally in ensnaring more women like this.”

It dawned on Nicole that this deceitful woman was none other than Melissa, who bore a striking resemblance to her. The telltale marks of cosmetic surgery prompted Nicole to ponder whether this was a deliberate act.

Lowe leered, patting Melissa’s backside. “Absolutely! Melissa, you’re invaluable. You’ll surely relish what I have in store.”

Overhearing their exchange, Nicole grasped the gravity of the situation. This wasn’t the first time Melissa had abetted Lowe’s nefarious deeds.

Melissa likely employed similar tactics to subdue other girls into submission for Lowe. Their sinister partnership was evident.

With a steely gaze, Nicole clutched her wound, poised to pursue Lowe.

But the sound of approaching footsteps halted her.

Nicole quickly hit the elevator button to seal her escape.

Melissa attempted to intercept Nicole at the elevator door, but Nicole’s kick sent her sprawling.

“Ouch!” Melissa’s cry echoed as she collided with the wall.

As the elevator doors began to close, Lowe’s frustration boiled over.

“Lock down every exit! We’ll find her, even if it means dismantling this place. She’s as good as dead!”

The bodyguards spread out, each moving to secure an exit.

Four bodyguards followed Lowe down to the underground parking

area.

Nicole, upon reaching her motorcycle in the garage, wasted no time and hopped on.

The trail of blood from her wound left a clear path behind her. Her only choice was to accelerate and break through the blockade.

The moment Nicole ignited the motorcycle, Lowe appeared. Observing Nicole gearing up to flee, he gestured firmly and commanded, “Block her path!”

Immediately, numerous guards emerged, forming a tight circle around Nicole, their shields in hand, closing in on her.

Nicole, gritting her teeth against the pain in her arm, revved the motorcycle, its engine roaring defiantly. She knew they wouldn’t let her leave without a fight. Her only option was to break through their ranks.

The engine of the motorcycle growled louder. She twisted the throttle, attempting to speed up, but the motorcycle skidded and crashed to the ground.

Nicole was thrown off, landing hard.

The cause was soon apparent. Nails were scattered across the floor, puncturing both tires of her motorcycle.

Nicole lay there, wracked with pain, feeling every inch of her body scream in agony.

Chapter 1544

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"Why aren't you running now?" Lowe taunted, crouching beside her.

Nicole's mind was alert, but her body was unresponsive. The fall had been severe, leaving her feeling completely numb.

With a muted thud, Lowe then delivered a punch to Nicole's abdomen.

His strength might not have been formidable, he still possessed enough strength to land a blow that hurt.

The punch left Nicole feeling a pang of pain, and she held her stomach and stifled a grunt.

A bitter taste filled her mouth, causing her to cough and sputter relentlessly.

"Curse you for daring to attack me!" Lowe sneered. "You'll pay for this here and now. And then, it'll be their turn."

Lowe paused, his finger tracing up Nicole's arm before picking up a drop of her blood and tasting it. He then smiled, seemingly pleased.

He commented on the sweetness of Nicole's blood.

Lowe's hand drifted from her arm to her chest, articulating slowly, "I'm going to savor this."

As he talked, Nicole felt him gradually unzip her leather jacket. The skin beneath her collarbone became exposed, and the document she had fought so hard to secure was being taken from her. Panic flooded her thoughts. No, no, no!

In desperation, Nicole lifted her head and bit down hard on Lowe's hand.

"Ouch!" Lowe howled in pain.

Reacting swiftly, he grabbed Nicole's head and slammed it against the floor.

With a bang, the impact sent a jolt of pain through Nicole's head, causing her vision to blur.

Lowe, struggling to pull his hand away, sat nursing his wound, his face twist

ed in agony.

The bodyguards gathered around him, assessing his injury.

Seizing the moment, Nicole quickly zipped her jacket back up and, clutching the document, made a break for it.

Lowe, enraged, pushed a bodyguard aside and bellowed, "Catch her!"

The bodyguards were quick to respond, with one grabbing Nicole by the neck just steps away from freedom.

Exhausted, Nicole couldn't muster the strength to fight back.

Then, suddenly, the sound of a harsh horn cut through the chaos, drawing everyone's attention.

The rumble of an engine followed.

A sleek black motorcycle burst onto the scene, its headlights blinding the onlookers.

In a flash, the motorcycle had rushed to the front of Nicole.

Chapter 1545

The rider, clad in black, extended his hand and said, "Come on. Get on."

The invitation was a beacon of hope. Nicole clung to the rider's hand like it was her lifeline. With

his assistance, she mounted the motorcycle.

“Hold on to me!” the man in black instructed.

Lowe immediately sensed trouble and bellowed, “What’s going on? Catch them!”

Jolted into action, the bodyguards quickly formed a ring around the motorcycle, much like before. But the motorcycle showed no fear. It accelerated, lifting off the ground and soaring over the head of a bodyguard.

This display of skill left everyone watching in awe. They were taken aback that their combined efforts couldn’t halt the motorcycle’s escape.

Livid, Lowe cursed, “Damn it! What a bunch of failures!”

Despite two lines of defense at the exit, the man in black broke through them effortlessly.

Overcome with rage, Lowe kicked a nearby bodyguard and yelled hysterically, “Failures! Useless! All of you, completely useless!”

The kick was so forceful that the bodyguard’s mouth bled. Driven by his rage, Lowe grabbed a nearby parking sign and started beating the downed man with it.

The surrounding bodyguards dropped to their knees, too scared to utter a word.

Lowe’s fury wasn’t new. In his fits of anger, he would often pick someone at random to punish severely. He didn’t cease his assault until his anger was somewhat appeased.

The beaten man on the ground was so severely injured that he stopped groaning.

Only then did Lowe, exhausted, stop. Gasping for breath, he accepted a stool someone offered and sat down. “Whoever catches up to them gets a five-million reward!”

His eyes glowed with a sinister mix of madness and a desire to destroy. “I’ll finish her off!”

The scene then transitions to the street, where the motorcycle was rapidly advancing.

Three black cars were in close pursuit.

Before long, the chase intensified as more cars joined the pursuit.

Lowe had mobilized nearly all his men to capture them.

Nicole’s wound continued to bleed, but she clenched her teeth and clung to the man ahead of her.

The night enveloped the surroundings, and the road remained serene, with few passersby. That was why those cars pursued them so boldly.

Yet, the man in black was adept at evading. He skillfully led two cars to a slope, causing them to stall. Then, he steered onto a narrow dirt path, rendering the pursuing cars ineffective.

Only four motorcycles managed to keep up, their riders as determined as hungry predators.

## Chapter 1546

Suddenly, a swiftly flowing river, about seven or eight meters wide, loomed ahead of them.

Crossing it on horseback was out of the question.

The man in black stopped abruptly at the river’s edge.

The four motorcycles caught up, their riders taunting and jeering.

They started to sneer, employing a tactic known as psychological warfare, aiming to weaken the other party’s defenses through contempt.

The louder they yelled, the more thrilled they grew. After all, capturing Nicole and the man in black were valued at five million, and they were on the brink of claiming it. Everyone was eager to claim the prize.

Facing the pursuers, the man in black’s expression hardened, and he asked Nicole, “Do you trust

me?”

Nicole, without a second's doubt, nodded.

“Hold me tight,” he instructed.

Then, with a burst of speed, the motorcycle leaped forward, heading straight for the river!

The nearly frantic speed of the motorcycle, resembling a hurricane, caused the man's shirt to billow.

Then, to the astonishment of onlookers, the motorcycle took off. It ascended into the air. From one side of the lake to the other, it landed gracefully on the grass before speeding away.

The pursuing bodyguards remained undeterred. They assumed accelerating would do the same magic.

After revving their engines in preparation, the lead motorcycle rider endeavored forward. The motorcycle ascended into the sky, only to suddenly descend. The bodyguard and the motorcycle collided forcefully with the water.

Soon, the turbulent splashes quieted, and it appeared as though both the motorcycle and its rider had vanished beneath the lake's surface.

The other three motorcycle riders refrained from attempting such feats any longer. They neglected

to search for their fallen comrade, opting instead to turn their heads and look for a path to the opposite shore.

On the opposite side, the black motorcycle accelerated from a narrow path onto a main road.

After approximately thirty minutes of travel, the journey came to a halt beside a quaint villa, its walls adorned with climbing roses.

The man steadied himself by placing a foot on the ground and instructed, “Hold on me tightly.”

Before Nicole could fully collect her thoughts, he effortlessly lifted her from the motorcycle. Her body still hadn't regained its composure from the previous whirlwind.

As she was being transported, her senses began to awaken.

Just as she was about to speak, instead of placing her on the ground, the man positioned her sideways on the motorcycle.

Nicole used her hands to steady herself on the seat.

The man carefully removed her helmet, hanging it on the handlebar, before attending to his own.

Before Nicole stood a handsome face, nearly flawless in its composition.

## Chapter 1548

Roscoe examined it and, fortunately, found the clothing to be durable, with the wound not too severe. He then applied disinfectant before carefully bandaging it with gauze.

“I need to take a shower,” Nicole said. She was thoroughly coated in dirt from head to toe.

Despite the impact of the fall from the motorcycle, her specially crafted leather jacket mitigated the severity of her injuries, sparing her from anything too serious.

Apart from experiencing mild numbness all over and nursing a wound on her arm, Nicole was fortunate to have escaped any significant injuries.

“Alright, just be cautious not to wet your arm,” Roscoe cautioned in response.

Nicole ascended the stairs.

In this modest villa, her grandparents' bedrooms were located downstairs, with two bedrooms

reserved upstairs for the convenience of Wesson, Dora, and a young Nicole.

As Nicole stepped back into the room that once held the memories of her childhood, she found herself overwhelmed with conflicting emotions.

The room had been meticulously maintained, and as she opened the wardrobe, she was taken aback by what she found. The wardrobe overflowed with garments, each pristine with its tags still attached.

The wooden door emitted a faint creak as it swung open.

Nicole shifted her gaze and spotted Roscoe reclining against the door frame, his hand casually tucked into his pocket. His towering frame and elongated legs commanded attention.

Upon registering her astonishment, a subtle blush graced Roscoe's handsome features as he explained, "During my business travels, whenever I encountered something fitting for you, I made the purchase."

Over time, the wardrobe reached its capacity, brimming with an abundance of garments.

Nicole perused the garments, each bearing the emblem of luxury brands, ranging in value from tens of thousands to hundreds of thousands.

Roscoe, in contrast, was not inclined toward donning designer apparel.

His typical attire comprised suits and shirts sourced from a select niche brand, their prices spanning from a few thousand to tens of thousands. He was fully aware that she wouldn't wear those garments, yet he remained steadfast in his decision to purchase them.

Maybe it was due to her triumphant securing of those documents, leaving her in high spirits. Or perhaps it was the calm relief that washed over her after narrowly escaping danger. Nicole quipped with playful humor, "Roscoe, should I ever find myself short on funds in the future, I could simply sell off these clothes and enjoy a comfortable lifestyle for a few years."

Even at a 30% discount, the timeless designs of these high-end clothes would undoubtedly attract a crowd eager to purchase them.

Roscoe chuckled warmly, reassuringly adding, "Don't worry about that. I have the skills to support you and Austin."

Upon hearing these words, Nicole lapsed into silence. Roscoe consistently demonstrated selflessness, always prioritizing Austin's well-being without hidden agendas.

A hush settled over the air for a brief moment.

The topic was so profound that it left one at a loss for words.

"Please, put these on," Roscoe broke the quietness and offered Nicole some clothes.

Chapter 1549

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Nicole couldn't possibly sleep in her soiled attire after showering.

Therefore, Roscoe kindly provided her with a black T-shirt and a pair of gray sweatpants, which belonged to him.

Nicole stood there in a daze for a moment. It felt a bit strange to wear his clothes.

Roscoe reassured her, "They're new. I washed them but haven't worn them yet."

During times when there were no tasks from the Watts family, Roscoe would often spend the night

here, leaving some of his belongings downstairs.

His explanation made Nicole feel a bit melodramatic. After all, they were just clothes. Even if Roscoe had worn them, so what? She accepted them graciously and replied, "Thank you."

Roscoe then passed her a bottle of lotion, suggesting, "You might want to apply this to your feet and elbows later."

He observed those areas of Nicole's had been grazed.

"And additionally..." Roscoe paused, retrieving a document from his pocket and passing it to Nicole. "These are confidential dealings between the Watts and Schultz families. It might prove useful to you."

With those words, Roscoe exited, shutting the door behind him.

Nicole gripped the document tightly, her thoughts racing. Despite the unlawful nature of the situation, Roscoe's actions unquestionably constituted a betrayal of the Watts family.

The weight of the document in her hand suddenly felt burdensome, causing her hand to ache. What repercussions would Roscoe face if the Watts family discovered his actions... She refrained from contemplating it.

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After showering, Nicole emerged from the bathroom.

Nicole donned Roscoe's attire. However, they proved excessively long, prompting her to knot the T-shirt at the side and roll up the pants to expose her ankles.

Following a blow-dry session, she felt parched, possibly from the steam. Hence, she descended to the kitchen for water.

As Nicole entered the living room, she noticed a faint smell of blood. It was quite strong.

She glanced downward and spotted her recently removed jacket. The scent appeared to emanate from it.

With a single hand, she raised it, examining it closely. Dried bloodstains adorned the chest of the black leather jacket. Its matte finish had obscured them from her notice previously.

Yet, she hadn't sustained any injuries. So, could this blood be...

Nicole pivoted and made her way to Roscoe's door.

Finding it unlocked, Nicole swung it open without a second thought.

"Roscoe, what..." she began, but the sight before her cut her words short.

Roscoe was perched on a stool, clumsily dressing wounds that marred his back. A deep laceration ran from his shoulder to his lower back.

Struggling to reach the injury, his efforts to apply medicine were ineffective, and the bleeding hadn't stopped.

Chapter 1550

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Nicole's eyes stung with unshed tears at the sight.

As Roscoe noticed her gaze, he hastily covered up and tried to rise.

"Stay seated," Nicole insisted, her voice thick with emotion. She reached out, touching his shoulder gingerly.



Roscoe sank back down, attempting to downplay his injuries. "It's nothing, really. It's just now that I've seen it..."

Nicole, her tone laden with disbelief, pressed, "Do you take me for a fool?"

In the midst of a heavy silence, Nicole's voice trembled slightly.

"Is this from the parking lot incident?"

Her mind flashed back to the guards, their hands wielding sinister, blade-Like weapons, which she had first mistaken for whips.

Those very weapons were intended for her, but Roscoe had intercepted the blow, taking the hit in her stead.

When Nicole broached the subject, Roscoe dismissed it with a stoic front. "It's nothing. I've weathered worse."

Nicole, driven by concern, unbuttoned his shirt, revealing the grim reality of his injuries. It confirmed Jarrod's words. Roscoe's existence within the Watts dynasty was fraught with hardship.

As she reached out, Roscoe caught her hand in a tender grasp, stopping her. "Careful, you'll soil your hands," he cautioned.

Nicole bowed her head, noting the crimson that had already transferred to her skin.

With quiet care, Roscoe wiped her hand clean, ensuring no trace of the ordeal remained on her.

Suddenly, Nicole felt a constriction around her heart, and a peculiar sensation pricked at her nose.

She had thought she lost the ability to connect with others emotionally, assuming she had hardened herself into someone unfeeling and callous under Jarrod's influence.

Yet, amidst her inner turmoil, she yearned to understand his motives.

Doubt gripped her. She feared the answer might reveal a lack of any real purpose behind his actions.

Tears spilled from Nicole's eyes, landing on Roscoe's skin. In a hushed tone, she whispered, "It's not worth it, Roscoe..."

Roscoe's composure faltered. The once skilled surgeon was momentarily at a loss, his hands fumbling as he tried to comfort her. "Nicole," he uttered softly, a plea in his voice.

Brushing away her tears, Nicole mustered a smile and took charge.

"Turn around. Let me see to those wounds," she insisted.

Roscoe's protest was faint. "There's no need for that."

"Don't argue. Just turn around," Nicole persisted, not willing to take no for an answer.