

Unbreakable 1731

Chapter 1731

The room fell silent.

Mitchel, seated at his desk, and the two executives beside him looked at Raegan with puzzled expressions.

Raegan had not anticipated that Mitchel was genuinely busy.

The two executives seemed to assume Raegan as Mitchel's romantic interest. They wasted no time in fumbling for an excuse to depart.

After receiving a cool, detached look from Mitchel, Raegan nervously lowered her gaze and said, "Please go ahead with your work. I'll wait inside."

With that, Raegan took the snacks and made her way into the Lounge.

There was no turning back now. Having come this far, she could not leave without achieving something.

Raegan had not expected Mitchel's meeting to extend so long.

As the meeting dragged on, Raegan grew tired. Initially sitting upright on the sofa, she gradually slumped over and fell asleep. But the sofa was not a comfortable place to sleep.

Half-asleep and half-awake, Raegan barely opened her eyes and noticed a tall figure standing before her.

Suddenly, Raegan felt as if she had been transported back to the past. Instinctively, she reached up and curled her fingers around Mitchel's neck, her voice sleepy yet playful. "Why are you only now arriving? I've been waiting for you for so long."

Mitchel seemed taken aback by her gesture, and his hands remained still.

Raegan then rested her head against his chest, comforted by the familiar scent of cedarwood.

But then, his harsh voice broke through her reverie. "Get up."

Raegan snapped awake. How had she confused reality with a dream? She froze and then remembered her goal was to reconnect with him and revive their past relationship.

And here she was, pretending to be intoxicated. Even though it was an act, she knew she couldn't squander this moment. With renewed determination, she tightened her grip around Mitchel's neck and said in a playful, tipsy voice, "No, I won't get up unless..."

She playfully wrapped her legs around his calf, teasing him, "Unless you carry me."

Mitchel's lips tightened, and he stared at Raegan intently, his eyes turbulent as if stormy seas churned behind them.

Perhaps it was the lingering smell of wine that made Raegan's head spin slightly. At that moment, her heart raced, feeling as though she were truly inebriated. How else could the man who haunted her dreams and consumed her thoughts day and night stand right before her? How long had it been since she felt his strong chest or embraced him fully?

At that moment, Raegan nearly wept with relief, grateful to have Mitchel back. Despite the suffering, she was still thankful because he was here, alive. "Mitchel, thank you for coming back." Raegan longed to embrace Mitchel and weep, telling him how much she missed him.

But Mitchel's tone was sharp and chilling. "Stop acting and get up."

It was as if a cold splash of water had been thrown on Raegan's face, her arms stiffening before dropping to her sides.

"This is not a salon, Miss Foster. Please refrain from entering without permission next time," Mitchel admonished.

Chapter 1732

Mitchel's piercing gaze swept over Raegan, his authoritative presence overwhelming, making Raegan inexplicably tense.

Mitchel added, his tone stern and unyielding, "This lounge included, understood?"

After an exhausting day, Raegan was met only with his indifference, and a surge of grievances rose within her. She raised her head, locking eyes with him, and said with restrained emotion, "You previously assured me that I could come and go as I pleased, including this lounge."

"That was in the past." Mitchel straightened himself and laughed coldly. "Do you really take every word from a man at face value? Miss Foster, are you that naive?"

"Mitchel, are you being this harsh just to drive me away?" Raegan held his icy gaze, her expression firm. "I won't be driven away by you."

"Just to drive you away?" Mitchel disdainfully glanced at her. "Miss Foster, do you really think you're that important..."

Suddenly, Raegan silenced his cold words by ki*sing him. Her defiance peaked. He might resist her, but could he resist her touch?

Without hesitation, Raegan wrapped her arms around his neck and leaned in, ki*sing him passionately.

Mitchel's lips were as cold as ever, showing no warmth. Mimicking his earlier actions, Raegan tried to coax his lips apart with her tongue.

When he didn't relent, she resorted to biting his Lips.

Mitchel seemed to only snap back when the taste of blood mingled between them, and he pushed her away forcefully.

A trace of blood on Mitchel's lips seemed to add to his allure and soften his aura.

Raegan faced him boldly, unflinching. "Thirty seconds. You let me ki*s you for thirty seconds without pushing me away. Are you really daring to say that you don't have any feelings for me? That you despise me?"

For someone truly loathed, even three seconds would be unbearable, let alone thirty seconds.

Mitchel compressed his Lips and remained silent.

Raegan clenched her fists, her face set with determination. "I don't know what difficulties you've faced, but it's unfair to push me away without a word. Why do you assume I depend on your shelter? We've faced challenges that most people will never encounter. Our resilience should surpass anyone's. Don't make decisions for me. I'm capable of handling anything."

Ignoring his cold, detached look, Raegan reached out and took his hand firmly. "Mitchel, we've

already faced life-and-death situations together. What challenge can't we conquer next?"

Mitchel's usually stoic face briefly showed a trace of emotion at her words, but it quickly turned into a mocking and icy look. His intense gaze sharpened. "Miss Foster, you hail from a wealthy family. Can't you grasp the damage to your reputation after uttering those words?"

These words cut deep. Those who knew Raegan would attest that despite her outwardly lighthearted demeanor, she greatly valued her reputation. She adhered to strict moral codes and was sensitive. If not for Mitchel, Raegan might have stormed out long ago. However, the memory of him boldly driving a car filled with explosives for her sake held her back. Raegan couldn't bring herself to leave since Mitchel had gone great lengths to save her.

Her fists clenched as she stated firmly, "Let me be clear. I came here ready to face your harsh words. You might fool others, but not me."

"Interesting..." Mitchel chuckled, his eyes reflecting a mix of arrogance and detachment. "I simply don't love you anymore. Why persist in asking for a reason?"

His tone was calm and controlled, as though he could easily see through her. "What kind of falsehood do you want me to concoct? Why not just tell me?"

Raegan's hand trembled slightly, unnoticed. "Mitchel, can't you just tell me the truth?"

Chapter 1733

Raegan was trying to convince herself that her persistence had merit.

"I have already given you the truth." His response was measured, crushing Raegan's hopes. "But you only accept the words that fit your beliefs. Continue to deceive yourself if you must."

Mitchel picked up his jacket from the edge of the sofa and began to put it on. As he was about to leave, he paused and turned to look at her. "Besides, self-deception is a sort of illness. I recommend you consult a competent psychologist."

Raegan's face turned ashen, her heart felt as though it was being ripped apart, the pain seeping deep into her bones. He was leaving his own office because she was here.

Raegan clenched her fists, unable to suppress her question. "If your feelings are as fleeting as you claim, then why did you risk your life for me by driving that explosives-laden car without a second thought?"

Raegan fixed Mitchel with a stern look, emotion trembling in her voice. "Why would you take a knife for me up on that mountain? And jump with me into that chasm during the landslide? Weren't you ready to die alongside me then?" Her voice broke as he walked away. "If not love, what do you call this? What on earth could it be?"

At that moment, Raegan seemed wild with passion, and she was indifferent to it. If Mitchel hadn't repeatedly been her savior, valuing her well-being above his own, would she have found the strength to look at him now after he had turned her away?

Silence fell heavy in the room.

Mitchel broke the stillness at last, his tone weighed down with sorrow. "Once, I was driven to win your admiration, but now..."

Without regard for the color draining from Raegan's face, Mitchel stated coldly, "That's no longer the case."

His dismissive words negated all that he had expressed before.

“Pestering only leads to annoyance. It’s best if you just leave me alone.” Mitchel didn’t linger for her response and walked out of the lounge. The door closed with a resounding thud. Raegan curled up on the couch in the vast space of the lounge, feeling forsaken. He had departed with no backward glance, indifferent to her safety as she would have to make her way home alone. A chill settled in her heart as she realized he no longer held any affection for her.

After some time, Raegan descended the stairs. Her entry point had been the underground garage. It stood as her sole pathway out now. The vehicle that had brought Raegan here had long gone, and she had no choice but to walk toward the garage’s exit by herself. As darkness enveloped her, the heavens opened, soaking her through. Raegan stepped out into the torrential rain, unprotected and without an umbrella. She had not thought to arrange for a ride home. As Raegan moved through the rain, it felt like icy blades were piercing her shoes, making her shiver uncontrollably. Suddenly, a barrage of angry honks broke the quiet. Raegan tried to dodge out of the way, but her feet betrayed her, causing her to fall forward. Desperate, she thrust out her elbows to cushion the fall, but the ruthless gravel below tore at her skin, sending sharp pains shooting through her. The driver of the car behind her lowered his window, yelling, “Are you blind? Think this road belongs to you?” Raegan had been on the crosswalk, yet now the hurried driver seemed intent on blaming her. A deep pain in her belly sapped her will to respond. She held her stomach and sank down into a flower bed beside the road. In the distance, beneath the cover of a camphor tree, stood Mitchel, imposing in his neat suit, shielded from the rain by an aide with an umbrella. Mitchel’s eyes turned into narrow beams, ablaze with anger. “I want every detail on that car,” he commanded. “The driver ignored pedestrian rights, crossed on red, and was on the phone while driving. Penalize him for every infraction and fine him heavily. No mercy.” “Understood, sir.” The new assistant, stepping in for the well-known Matteo, gave a compliant nod. He promptly pulled out his phone, taking notes with serious focus.

Chapter 1734

The driver had clearly erred in his judgment by being rude to Raegan. Mitchel’s stern look became even more severe. “Check if those modified wheels and taillights are legal. If not, notify the authorities.” “Yes, sir.” A cold aura seemed to emanate from Mitchel as he continued, “Delve into his life, his work, his connections, and his routine. Find anything out of order.” The assistant pondered the driver’s grim luck as he added another note to his growing list. It was crucial to obey traffic rules and give way to those on foot. Neglecting these could lead to an arrest for what seems minor, all because one had the bad luck of encountering someone influential. Regret

would be a bitter pill once their world was turned upside down.

Then Mitchel broke the quiet. "Get someone to bring her an umbrella."

The assistant's eyes widened. As Raegan stood drenched in the ceaseless downpour, he thought, "Only when she's already rain-soaked and cold did you decide to bring her an umbrella? Is this the timing of a true savior?"

The assistant kept these thoughts to himself, knowing better than to challenge his employer. With a swift nod, he left to carry out the task.

Mitchel was a statue in the downpour, unmoving. He didn't refuse to move. It was just that his body was frozen by a long lack of motion.

Willpower was the only thing keeping him from sinking to the ground within the rain.

With a mountain of tasks ahead and the clock ticking, Mitchel resolved to offer Raegan what he believed to be the best way forward.

Mitchel sincerely wished that Raegan would decide to move on after this ordeal.

When a stranger stopped to hand Raegan an umbrella, a feeling of comfort enveloped her. She wasn't thinking of harming herself. A good cry had been enough, but there was more at stake now. She was protecting two new lives growing inside her, a daunting task that pressed down on her.

When Raegan called for a ride, she expected the driver, but Erick appeared instead.

Erick had gone to Raegan's villa looking for her, and when he couldn't find her, he was about to ring her. But then, he overheard the driver on the phone with Raegan and decided to set off to retrieve her himself.

Seeing Raegan soaked to the bone, Erick felt a pang of pain. He removed his jacket and draped it over her shoulders. "What's keeping you out here in the rain? And where's the driver?"

As she nestled into the car, Raegan started to warm up, her voice soft and muffled. "It's not the driver's fault. I told him to leave."

Erick looked at her, sensing something was off. "Did you come to look for him again?"

"I just... I am not reconciled... I simply can't accept it," she whispered, her voice breaking into sobs.

Raegan had presumed Mitchel would spend the rest of his life with her after his miraculous survival from the explosion, only to be faced with his stark admission that his love had faded. How could she release Mitchel, the man who had ensnared her heart, whom she held dearer than anyone else?

"He claims his love has faded, but why can't that sink in?" Raegan's trembling voice was heavy with tears. "It doesn't make sense. How could he just fall out of love with me?"

"Raegan..." Hearing her distress, Erick felt a deep sorrow. Within him stirred a strong urge to confront Mitchel immediately, despite Mitchel's mother's critical condition.

"I'm probably being stubborn, but I have this nagging feeling that he's looking out for me by being cold to me. He might try to prevent harm from coming my way. It must be hard for him to push everyone away and deal with it all by himself..." Raegan's tears flew out uncontrollably.

In Erick's presence, Raegan dropped the facade of being strong. She surrendered to her emotions, crying openly. "I can't bear the thought of living with regrets..."

"Raegan, I'm with you, no matter what path you take." Erick, who could never stay indifferent to Raegan's distress, gave in at once.

Raegan, through tears, barely voiced her concern, "I feel Like he's hiding something. Just promise you won't confront him."

Looking into her eyes, Erick promised firmly, “Unless he hurts you, I’ll keep out of it. But if he crosses that line, I won’t just watch.”

Raegan’s gaze fell, and her words came out hollow. “He’s cut me out of his life.”

Chapter 1735

“Raegan, let go of the guilt from his past favor. Do you recall the times when you were children...”

Suddenly, a series of beeps interrupted them. Erick turned the ignition, and the car hummed to life as they began to move forward.

Erick noticed Raegan’s spirits hadn’t lifted, so he took a different tack. “I’ve got some news about our mother,” he said.

Hope sparked in Raegan’s eyes. “Really?”

He nodded. “A while back, a part-time housekeeper claimed she saw our mom at a house. I’d been to the address but found nothing. The previous residents had moved, and their current whereabouts were unknown.”

It was a clue, albeit a small one, after years of uncertainty about Casey’s fate.

The housekeeper had offhandedly referred to Casey as a “sleeping beauty,” a detail Erick chose to keep to himself, wishing not to weigh Raegan down with more worries.

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“That’s incredible,” Raegan managed to say, her tear-stained face brightening slightly with the news. Her belief that their mother was out there, somewhere, remained unshaken.

Erick soothed Raegan by running his fingers through her hair. “I’ll find her. Don’t fret.”

They arrived home after a half-hour journey.

Completely spent, Raegan slipped into the solace of a steaming bath and then surrendered to a deep, restorative slumber.

A fresh start awaited with the morning light, and Raegan braced herself to greet it with fresh energy. With Jarrod now confined within the prison’s walls, Nicole stepped up to lead, taking control of the company’s helm. The energy initiative, once stagnant under Wesson’s watch, now pulsed with new life, transformed yet invigorated.

Clearing Wesson’s name would be a Herculean task unless Jarrod owned up to his actions. Even if the stain were expunged, it would be an uphill climb to restore the Lawrence Group to its former glory.

Nicole had let go of such dreams, recognizing Wesson’s true aim to drive the energy industry toward the common good. By making strides in the energy field, she would, in essence, be honoring her father’s vision.

That evening, as Nicole left the office late, she was greeted by Roscoe’s presence.

Roscoe was a vision in his khaki coat, capturing the attention of passersby at the entrance of the building.

Nicole recalled the time at the hospital when Roscoe, amid his residency, had caught the fancy of numerous nurses. Yet, he had always kept his distance, unknowingly breaking hearts along the way. The sunset threw a soft glow over Roscoe, bathing him in a light that softened the edges of the day. Watching Roscoe, Nicole's mind danced with thoughts that were almost lyrical in their nature. "He moves with a grace and finesse that echo a masterpiece, each gesture as if refined by the hands of an artist," she mused.

Approaching with a bright smile, Nicole asked, "What brings you here?"

Roscoe responded with a warm smile, "I've come to take you out for dinner."

"Dinner?" Nicole paused, not one to keep track of festive dates.

Suddenly, she realized the younger colleagues had hinted at special plans for the evening. "Is there some occasion?"

Chapter 1736

Roscoe offered a gentle reminder. "It's Valentine's Day. I was hoping we could enjoy dinner together, rather than be alone."

A light of comprehension dawned on Nicole. "Ah, now I understand."

Roscoe looked at her with a hopeful expression. "Are you free to join me tonight?"

"Yes, I can make it," Nicole responded.

As Nicole walked toward Roscoe's car, he courteously held the door for her, carefully ensuring she entered without a bump.

Seated inside was a bouquet of white roses, perfectly arranged and waiting.

Nicole gazed at them, visibly touched.

"These are for you," Roscoe announced, smiling warmly. "It's a nice tradition I've picked up. Adds a touch of celebration, doesn't it?"

Gratitude warmed Nicole, and her smile was genuine as she inhaled the scent of the roses. It was a surprise that buoyed her mood. Flowers, after all, had a certain charm, and this bouquet was no exception.

Nicole had weathered many storms, but now she stood resilient, ready to embrace joy without a backward glance.

On their drive, Roscoe inquired about her dinner preferences, "What's your preference for dinner?"

Nicole answered without much thought, "I'm easy to please," her eyes briefly skimming the news on her phone.

They arrived at a restaurant that was a quiet oasis in the evening bustle. Once settled at their table, the meal was served promptly, each dish a blend of lightness and flavor.

Roscoe broached a different subject. "I've been looking into Jarrod's situation," he mentioned. "The Hamptons have taken some hard hits lately. With the recent Lowe incident, they're backed into a corner. We've got enough evidence to make a solid case this time."

Nicole's ease wouldn't come until Jarrod's fate was sealed. After all, Jarrod had a knack for turning the tides in the Schultz family's favor, skyrocketing them to prominence in no time.

Jarrod's talent for converting setbacks to wins made Nicole wary of bringing Austin to her side,

suspecting Jarrod might still have tricks at hand.

With the court date on the horizon, Nicole's anxiety mounted day by day. "We can't lose sight of what's happening in the Hamptons now," she said, a gentle nudge in her tone.

Dragging Roscoe into the fray hadn't been Nicole's plan, yet his decision to expose the Watts' and Schultzes' illicit activities meant he was now deeply involved. Their focus had shifted to safeguarding those close to them.

"I have it covered," Roscoe reassured her.

Wanting to steer away from somber topics, Nicole aimed to inject a bit of levity. "Hasn't your father been playing matchmaker for you lately?" she asked with a playful smile.

Roscoe gave a small smile. "He's tried a few setups, if only to keep off my back."

Reading the nuances in his face, Nicole felt a wave of empathy. "So none worked out?" she inquired gently. "I really think you should look for someone. Better not remain single like me."

Love had once left Nicole so scarred that she had shut its door permanently.

Roscoe's gaze held a complex blend of yearning and caution. "Can't you see how much you mean to me?" He'd never been so drawn to others all the while.

Chapter 1737

"I'm aware, and that's exactly why I'm telling you this," Nicole said, her posture firm. She knew some matters demanded confrontation for clarity.

She addressed him with a note of solemnity, "Roscoe."

Roscoe felt a twinge of worry at her serious tone. "There's no hurry," he replied quickly.

Nicole pressed on, it's not about haste. You should know I'm not planning to get married."

A shadow of sadness passed through Roscoe's voice. "Understood."

Nicole continued firmly, "So please, don't linger around for me. Find someone who can give you joy. That's the only way I'd find ease. Understand?"

Distress etched on Roscoe's features. "Nicole, I'm not going to find anyone else. I mean it. Let's just live like this for the rest of our lives."

Nicole's concern was masked by frustration. "So you'd prefer I can't find ease?"

"I won't force you, and you can't force me," Roscoe stated flatly.

Nicole sighed, weighed down by the moment. "Roscoe, you're dear to me, like family. I wish for your happiness."

Looking her in the eye, Roscoe's voice was even. "You're not just family to me. And I'll respect your choices."

Nicole's words felt futile. Roscoe was set in his ways, and no argument swayed him.

"Let's just drop it," Nicole conceded, feeling defeated. With Jarrod's situation still up in the air, it was too soon for such talks.

Later, as Roscoe stopped the car at Nicole's place, he called out as she exited, "Nicole, hold on."

Turning back, Nicole faced him.

“Your heart’s moved past Jarrod, hasn’t it?” Roscoe inquired.

At the topic of the feelings for Jarrod, Nicole felt a surge in her stomach. It seemed even her body was embarrassed by her past affection for him. And it made her feel sick!

Roscoe noticed Nicole’s pallid expression and tightened his hold on the steering wheel slightly, saying, “Forget it. It’s not important anymore.”

Roscoe assumed whether Nicole still had feelings for Jarrod was not that important. After all, true love involved acceptance and tolerance. Would he give up his unrequited love for Nicole just because she did not return his feelings? Not gonna happen. Thus, he was not overly concerned about this question.

Roscoe cleared his throat and suggested, “Just get inside. It’s windy out here.”

After making this suggestion, Roscoe started the engine, and amidst its whirring, he suddenly heard Nicole say. “I don’t love him anymore.”

Aside from the engine’s hum, the surroundings were silent.

The night breeze softly brushed Nicole’s face, casting soft, flickering lights upon her, which made her eyes appear particularly captivating. Despite the turmoil in her heart, her outward beauty showed she was still quite young and lovely.

Roscoe’s lips lifted upward slightly as he said, “I hope everything goes well with Jarrod’s trial.”

After a few seconds, Nicole said, “Roscoe, I will never love again in my life.”

Chapter 1738

Her voice was gentle yet distinctly audible. A profound sadness permeated her soft voice.

Nicole had once been a girl who eagerly sought love, but after suffering such degradation and pain, she had Lost the courage to love and be loved. Sometimes, she even questioned whether she deserved this fate. She and Jarrod were like two wounded souls, constantly vying to inflict more pain on each other.

Jarrod had no intention of releasing Nicole, just as she had no plans to let Jarrod go. Their story was bound to end tragically.

“It doesn’t matter,” Roscoe said gently, looking at her. “Nicole, even if you can’t love anyone anymore, it doesn’t matter.”

Roscoe understood her meaning. She was saying that she could no longer love anyone, him included.

“I will always be with you,” Roscoe stated solemnly.

“You’re too naive.” Nicole found it difficult to convince Roscoe any further, as she had exhausted all approaches, and he remained as stubborn as ever.

Nicole had resolved that once the issue with Jarrod was settled, she would move with Austin to a secluded place to turn a new page and live a life away from the public eye. Once Austin had safely grown up, her mission would be fulfilled. Her obligations to this world would be concluded.

Roscoe said to Nicole gently, “Just go inside. It’s quite cold tonight. Don’t catch a cold.”

Nicole nodded and entered the building.

It wasn’t until Roscoe watched for a moment after the Light of Nicole’s apartment turned on that he slowly rolled up the car window and drove off.

The day of Jarrod’s trial finally came.

Nicole attended the hearing, dressed elegantly in a red dress complemented by a black hat.

The doors closed without Roscoe appearing, and Nicole, feeling somewhat bewildered and uneasy, sent Roscoe a message. "Are you busy?"

Roscoe had promised the previous night to accompany her to the trial, and he would have informed her if something urgent had arisen. He wouldn't simply vanish without an explanation.

After waiting a few minutes without a response, Nicole thought about calling Roscoe to see what was happening.

But just as Nicole was about to unlock her phone, a side door opened.

Jarrold was led out from within. He was dressed neatly, his demeanor composed. His handsome face betrayed no signs of distress.

If not for the stubble around Jarrold's chin, no one would guess he had been confined for nearly two weeks.

As soon as Jarrold sat down, his gaze found Nicole in the back row, and a knowing smile spread across his lips.

Nicole's body instinctively reacted with a shiver, and goosebumps appeared on her skin.

"Miss, are you alright?" Noticing Nicole shiver and turn pale, the woman sitting next to Nicole couldn't resist expressing her concern.

Nicole managed a weak smile. "I'm fine. Thank you."

The woman, exuding warmth and familiarity, inquired, "Miss, are you a friend of Mr. Schultz?"

Chapter 1739

Nicole shook her head, "No."

"Oh, so you're like me?" the woman asked.

Nicole looked over, puzzled by what the woman meant.

The woman found Nicole attractive, though her pale face gave her a somewhat sorrowful appearance. This evoked sympathy from the woman.

"Like someone Mr. Schultz has helped," the woman clarified.

At this, Nicole's smile stiffened, making her face suddenly seem forced.

Unaware, the woman continued, "I run a noodle stall outside the Vijaya Temple. Two years ago, I had an accident and broke my leg. Mr. Schultz learned about that and got me a prosthetic limb. He has taken care of my business ever since. He visits the cemetery beside the temple four times a year and always brings me gifts."

Nicole's complexion became even whiter. "Vijaya Temple you said?"

The graves of Nicole's parents were in the cemetery beside Vijaya Temple.

"Yes, I was widowed young and never had children due to health issues." The woman joined her hands in a prayer pose and added, "Later, the elders at Vijaya Temple welcomed me, and I've been selling noodles at the temple gate to tourists."

The more Nicole observed the woman, the more familiar the woman appeared.

She realized the woman was exactly the noodle vendor from the entrance of Vijaya Temple.

The woman continued, "I noted Mr. Schultz has come to pay respect four times annually without fail. I heard those gravestones belonged to his girlfriend and her family. Later, rumors surfaced that his girlfriend was actually alive, leading to her gravestone being removed, but he still continues to pay respect to her family."

Nicole's head began to throb. She bit her lip, wishing the woman could stop speaking. However, the woman, looking at Jarrod with admiration, smiled and said, "You probably have no idea how much good Mr. Schultz has done. Back then, Vijaya Temple lacked funds to operate normally. The situation worsened with those senior monks' illness, facing the looming fate of the temple leaving deserted. It was Mr. Schultz who paid for their medical care. I heard he also supported many schools and orphanages. Those he helped, knowing he visited the cemetery beside Vijaya Temple often, visited the temple and made it popular since then."

The woman gestured toward a group of people, explaining to Nicole, "See, all these individuals have been aided by Mr. Schultz. Mr. Schultz is accused of economic crimes, but none of them believes it. Mr. Schultz uses his wealth for charity. How could he be doing anything wrong..."

Nicole's body started to shake, and she stuttered, "Please... Stop talking."

The woman noticed Nicole's distress and worriedly inquired, "Miss, what's wrong? Do you need me to call an ambulance?"

"It's nothing... I just need to step outside for a moment," Nicole replied.

Nicole looked around and observed that everyone in the courtroom was looking at Jarrod with appreciation.

A chilling sensation washed over Nicole instantly. The man she viewed as a great villain was perceived by others as a benevolent figure, which was utterly absurd and laughable!

As Nicole rose to leave, she stumbled, causing a disturbance.

Jarrod's attention turned toward her, and she instinctively clenched her fists. A buzzing noise filled her ears, drowning out the judge's words.

Nicole hurried out of the courtroom, reached the hallway, and leaned against a pillar, gradually sliding down to the floor. Her heart hammered wildly as if it were trying to escape her chest. It felt as if her entire world had been flipped on its head.

Chapter 1740

To others, Jarrod was a hero, but to her, this notion was Laughable!

How he had mistreated her... He had degraded her, forcing her to entertain corpulent businessmen as if she were their mistress, often dealing with multiple men simultaneously. He had slapped her, compelled her to jump into the ocean as if she were fish food, and even when she was wracked by sickness and her body was frail, he showed no mercy.

The flood of horrific memories overwhelmed Nicole. The man praised by others was nothing but a demon to her, a true embodiment of hell, cloaked in a haze of deception!

Unbeknownst to Nicole, in the five years she had been absent, Jarrod had indeed attempted to live up to the virtuous image others saw in him, and he rather enjoyed the role.

Yet, Jarrod's obsession was deep and long-standing. In his interactions with Nicole, he had always behaved unusually. He could not tolerate Nicole not loving him, nor could he handle her loving someone else.

When Jarrod learned Nicole might have feelings for others, he felt so enraged that he wanted to

destroy everything, including both their lives.

Thus, there were no purely good or bad people. One viewed as virtuous by some may be considered wicked by others.

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Nicole, unsure how long she had been soothing herself, felt her heartbeat slow to a more normal pace. She slowly got to her feet and called Roscoe, but there was no response, even after the third call.

It was unlike Roscoe to vanish without leaving a message. A sense of discomfort began to tighten around Nicole's heart.

At that moment, the loud noise of the crowd filled the hall.

Nicole noticed the woman she had talked to earlier emerging, signaling that the court session had ended.

How had the hearing finished so quickly? Nicole's discomfort intensified. She hadn't felt this disturbed since the day her father had leaped from a building.

"Miss..." The woman noticed Nicole, approached her with a warm greeting, and asked with concern, "How are you feeling now? Any better?"

"Much better."

"That's wonderful to hear," the woman responded. "You seem so much better now that the good news has come."

The woman joined her hands together, a habit she picked up from spending much time around the temple.

Still uneasy, Nicole asked, "Good news... What good news?"

"Oh, you haven't heard?" the woman said, her face lighting up with happiness. "New evidence has emerged. Someone had framed Mr. Schultz. He didn't even handle those contracts."

The woman clasped Nicole's cold hands, her voice filled with excitement. "Mr. Schultz has been cleared of all charges."

Nicole's body went rigid, her hands turned even colder. Cleared...

She had thought of many possible outcomes, even speculated about Jarrod's future after being released.

Considering Jarrod's wealth and the nature of his alleged crimes involving financial contracts, Nicole figured he might just pay a fine and serve a few years at most. But she never expected his release to happen so soon! It was too quick, beyond belief. In just a few days, Jarrod was free and untouched by the charges.

The woman, assuming Nicole shared her joy, smiled and said, "You're happy too, right?"

Would you like to meet Mr. Schultz? He's over there receiving congratulations from many people. Let me take you to him!"

The woman led the unresponsive, zombie-like Nicole through the crowd, oblivious to Nicole's daze.