

## Unbreakable 1751

### Chapter 1751

---

The enforcer was merciless, yanking on the chain so hard that it tore flesh and sent blood flying. That blow was enough to mar Roscoe's features permanently.

"Ah! Ah!" At last, Nicole couldn't bear it any longer and let out a scream.

However, she did not collapse. Rather, she dragged herself toward Jarrod, struggling every inch of the way.

Her tears clouded her sight. She couldn't make out the path ahead, yet the scent of evil was unmistakable, even with her eyes shut.

In the chaos, Nicole had shattered a bowl and now gripped a fragment of porcelain in her hand.

With a desperate thrust, she tried to strike Jarrod, but her feeble body only managed to graze Jarrod's shin. It was a minor wound, merely a scratch.

Nicole realized her current strength was insufficient to harm Jarrod, but her loathing was intense, and she didn't know how else to express it. She clenched her teeth tightly and yelled, "Jarrod, go ahead and kill me! Kill me! What's the point of torturing him? If you dare, just kill me!"

Jarrod seemed unaffected by her challenge. He stooped, took the piece of porcelain from her hand, and, pulling out a handkerchief, he gently wrapped her injury.

EagleNovels

"Nicole, how long has it been?" Jarrod sighed, caressed her hair with a semblance of pity, and said, "You still haven't learned, have you? Well, this time, I'll make sure you do."

With those words, Jarrod got up and moved indifferently toward the door, ready to leave.

But Nicole could not, and would not, let him leave through that door.

If he left, it would spell disaster for Roscoe. That simply could not happen. It was out of the question!

Nicole lunged at Jarrod once more, grabbing desperately at his legs, shaking as she pleaded, "Jarrod, I'll do as you say. From now on, I'll always obey... I won't even think of defying you again. Please... Just vent your anger on me. Please don't do this to him... I can't bear to owe him any more... I really can't..."

Nicole knelt on the floor, tears streaming down her face, her voice filled with a low, earnest plea. Seeing Nicole fully yield, Jarrod experienced no pleasure. He was not a kind man, nor was he compassionate.

His tough experiences overseas had convinced him that those in power must never show weakness. Showing mercy could eventually lead to his downfall.

Nicole and Roscoe had plotted against him, and they needed to be taught a lesson. Yet, his intention was not to see Roscoe dead.

After all, the dead linger in memory longer than the living. He didn't want Nicole to carry the memory of Roscoe for the rest of her life.

"Nicole, you should understand..." Jarrod crouched once again, his voice unusually soft. "I don't really wish to punish you, but you never seem to learn. If I don't make this memorable, you'll take

risks again, and my patience is wearing thin.”

“It won’t happen again. I promise I won’t...” Nicole gripped his arm, her eyes watery and red as she pleaded with bitterness.

Jarrold was familiar with her assertive, resolute nature. Her current vulnerable state, paired with her beautiful and appealing face, was truly pitiful.

Nicole’s eyes, pure and crystal clear, seemed particularly captivating when filled with tears.

Jarrold knew he needed to teach Nicole a lesson strong enough to quench any future rebellious thoughts.

Yet, at that moment, he felt an overwhelming desire just for her.

Chapter 1752

---

Jarrold was not one to deny his own urges. It had been five years since he had been intimate with a woman, and now, he found himself losing control.

Jarrold reached out, took hold of her chin, and pressed his Lips to hers in a deep ki\*s.

Caught off guard, Nicole’s eyes widened before she began to struggle with all her might.

Her resistance only drew a more intense, forceful ki\*s from him, biting her lips until they bled.

The metallic taste of blood lent a perverse thrill to the ki\*s.

Nicole, beautiful like a captivating dahlia, seemed all the more alluring and irresistible for Jarrold.

Throughout the past five years, despite his desires, Jarrold had never sought solace with another woman. He had restrained himself, keeping his yearnings confined to dreams of Nicole, until reality seemed to fade away.

Nicole’s vigorous resistance led Jarrold to throw her forcefully to the floor. He spit out some blood, his lips stained a violent red, giving him the appearance of a demon. “Nicole, it seems you still don’t grasp the gravity of your situation.”

His frustration at having his moment of desire disrupted soured his mood significantly. Jarrold, clearly agitated, brushed his handsome face and reached for the door handle.

“Don’t!” Nicole clutched at him again. “Don’t leave... Not here...”

After a brief hesitation, she made a decision. “Change the place, Jarrold. Let’s go somewhere else.”

Jarrold glanced at the large glass behind Nicole and the scene unfolding beyond it. Then, he realized her intent. His lips curled into a sinister smile as he slowly said, “I think here is just fine.”

Nicole’s face instantly turned paler than snow.

Taking his time, Jarrold leisurely wiped the tears from her face and said, “Since you’re uncertain, let’s wait here until you’re ready, shall we?”

“Click.” The sound of the door unlocking made Nicole shudder.

“Don’t leave.” Nicole held onto Jarrold, straightened up, and her clean, pretty fingers reached for his belt.

She had been intimate with Jarrold on many occasions. She knew exactly how to satisfy him.

Every action she took was precisely calculated to arouse him, sending a continuous rush of pleasure through his brain.

Jarrood was aware that he had completely subdued Nicole. This version of Nicole, so vulnerable and appealing, was utterly irresistible to him.

"Thud." A muted thud echoed.

Jarrood pinned Nicole against the crystal-clear glass.

Nicole, catching sight of Roscoe on the other side, tensed up completely, like a tightly wound string. "Don't..." Her weak and broken cries fell to the floor, unheard.

The sound of Jarrood's labored breathing seemed devilish as he taunted, "Nicole, look what your stubbornness leads to. After all your struggles, you still end up beneath me.."

His demeaning words and actions mixed together, grinding down what little was left of Nicole's dignity. She felt reduced to less than human. Merely an outlet for release, or worse, treated like a neglected animal.

The pain was so intense that Nicole even curled her toes.

Chapter 1753

---

In this grim scenario, no joy was found. Only pain dominated. Both were expressing deep, unresolved rage.

Time seemed to drag, replaying Nicole's life in slow motion. Before she met Jarrood, her life was joyful, like a garden in full bloom.

After meeting him, it turned endlessly dark. Perhaps it was time to stop dragging others into this bleakness. Before she lost consciousness, Nicole considered this.

But clinging to her earlier plea, Nicole weakly murmured, "You had promised me to let him go..." Her words only provoked harsher treatment from Jarrood.

EagleNovels

Eventually, Nicole could no longer stand and slid down slowly.

Her collapse stirred no compassion in Jarrood. He believed he had been merciful enough. They were after his life. And he desired only Nicole.

Jarrood draped his suit jacket over Nicole's bruised form, covering the traces of his frenzy. After this ordeal, he was convinced Nicole would never think of betrayal again. That was his objective.

In his view, if he couldn't possess something fully, he preferred to destroy it. If things became unsustainable, he would be the one to end Nicole's life, not allowing her to be with another man.

When Nicole regained consciousness, it was two days later. Her body, already delicate as porcelain, had been thoroughly crushed and battered, nearly broken.

As she came to, her first reaction was to desperately search for Roscoe.

Seeing Nicole silently weeping, a nurse hurried to fetch Jarrood.

Jarrood walked in from outside, and Nicole immediately questioned him, "What about Roscoe? Did you release him?"

Jarrood's expression turned stormy instantly. "Nicole, do you think I have endless patience?" Her

first actions upon waking were to cry and inquire about Roscoe.

Regardless of Jarrod's irritation, Nicole simply grasped his fingers, asserting, "You made a promise. You can't go back on your word."

Internally seething, Jarrod struggled to maintain his composure. The doctor described Nicole's condition as akin to a hollowed-out tree trunk, seemingly intact on the outside but thoroughly devastated on the inside. She needed careful attention and less stress. Perhaps then, she might live a few more years.

Enraged by the doctor's prognosis, Jarrod demanded that the hospital director dismiss the doctor. What sort of incompetent doctor was he?

How dare he make such statements? How could Nicole's condition be this critical? Nicole was merely in her twenties. How could her life be reduced to just a few years?

Yet, the doctor's remarks sowed a seed of doubt in Jarrod's mind. He abhorred such pronouncements and chose not to hear them anymore, nor did he seek additional medical opinions for Nicole. Nevertheless, he quietly arranged for a nutritionist to oversee Nicole's dietary needs. A variety of health supplements were meticulously prepared for her.

Too distressed to read Jarrod's mind, Nicole persisted, "Jarrod, I'm asking you a direct question." Without realizing it, Nicole had clasped Jarrod's whole hand.

This act slightly lifted Jarrod's spirits. He responded calmly, "Don't worry. He's not dead. His father took him back to recuperate."

Nicole's anxious heart began to ease. Once she recovered, she could confirm this herself. Plus, she doubted Jarrod would lie on such a matter.

## Chapter 1754

"Also, his father wanted to express his thanks for you." Jarrod added in a taunting tone, "He thanked you for sparing Roscoe."

Nicole knew Roscoe's father wasn't genuinely grateful. His message was a covert instruction for her to stay away from Roscoe and cease all contact.

Nicole hadn't intended to reach out to Roscoe anyway. Knowing he was safe was sufficient for her.

Jarrod, taking a large spoonful of nutritional soup from the nurse, dismissed the latter with, "You can leave now."

After the nurse departed, Jarrod settled himself beside Nicole and began to feed her, spoonful by spoonful, with patience that seemed uncharacteristic.

"I don't want to eat." Nicole was visibly reluctant.

"Is it because I'm the one feeding you?" Jarrod inquired. His voice was steady, but his eyes revealed his true feelings.

Nicole knew better than to provoke Jarrod. Being confined by him would only complicate her situation further. She had vital tasks to attend to. Keeping this in mind, she stifled her nausea and continued eating.

Jarrod appeared pleased. As he continued feeding her, he abruptly remarked, catching her off guard, "The doctor mentioned you had a cesarean section five years ago."

At this, Nicole began coughing intensely. Her body didn't scar easily, and the mark from the surgery had been effectively minimized with advanced scar removal treatments, making it virtually invisible.

However, a thorough medical examination would reveal its presence.

's

"What's the hurry?" Jarrod patted her back, his expression remaining impassive, and then he continued, "Nicole, you didn't secretly keep that child, did you?"

At that moment, Nicole felt as though she had been struck by lightning. Jarrod's tone was not inquisitive but assertive. She tried to remain composed and answered, "Jarrod, have you lost your

senses? You know what happened to that child, don't you?"

Yet, Jarrod remained skeptical, his tone icy as he persisted, "Nicole, the child from five years ago wasn't terminated, was it?"

Back then, Jarrod was too shocked to confirm whether the bloodied scene was indeed his child.

Given the situation, when Nicole told him, he believed her.

With today's advanced technology, Jarrod felt Nicole wouldn't dare to claim another's child as his. So, he believed the claim of the miscarriage of his child.

However, a conversation with the doctor the day before raised Jarrod's suspicions, prompting him to look into the doctor who had allegedly conducted the abortion on Nicole five years ago.

What he found was alarming. The doctor in question had felt suddenly dizzy during the procedure and, assuming an abortion was minor, had let a nurse step in. The procedure went well, but it wasn't the doctor who carried it out. Whether the procedure had been tampered with remained a mystery. Jarrod attempted to track down the nurse, only to find out she had moved abroad and disappeared, flaunting newfound wealth before she left. This suggested that someone had paid the nurse off.

The more Jarrod pondered, the more he sensed something wasn't right.

At the time Nicole was said to have the abortion, it was too early for a cesarean section. The doctor back then had described it as a medical abortion with a follow-up cleaning, so it didn't add up that doctors now found evidence of a cesarean.

It was impossible for Nicole to be carrying someone else's child at that time. The undeniable truth was that Nicole had secretly given birth to the child.

Jarrod suddenly grabbed Nicole by the collar, giving her no time to react, and demanded, "Nicole, where have you hidden my child?"

His intense, oppressive tone left Nicole dazed for a moment. The very next second, she raised her hand.

Chapter 1755

---

"Smack!" A loud slap echoed as Nicole's hand struck Jarrod's face with force.

Jarrod's face twisted to the side from the impact. Immediately, his handsome features turned icy cold. "Nicole, you're seeking death..."

"Jarrod!" Nicole cut him off sharply, her voice booming. "The nerve of you mentioning that child! Yes, I kept him."

Nicole confessed she was the one who had paid the nurse to secretly keep the child. Back

then, the doctor had insisted on a procedure, but the nurse had noted, "This child is resilient. It might survive."

Half-conscious, Nicole had clutched the nurse's hand, whispering faintly, "Five million. Please save my child!"

At that time, Nicole handed over the Star Sea Diamond, a ten million worth gift from her father, Wesson.

Partly motivated by money and also moved by pity, the nurse managed to keep the child. Later, Nicole cleverly manipulated Jarrod's ego, responding to him in a way that made him never doubt what had really happened, and he believed her completely. Then came the accident at sea, where, by some miracle, the child survived.

Eventually, Jarrod emerged from his shock, overwhelmed by a surge of emotion. He grabbed Nicole's shoulders and demanded, "Where? Where is the child?"

"Jarrod, have you forgotten about my illness then?" Nicole replied.

's

"At eight months pregnant, my condition deteriorated, and I had no choice but to undergo a cesarean section. He was too weak and struggled to get the nutrients he needed from me. At last, he didn't last a week in the incubator."

Jarrod's face showed his heartbreak. An eight-month-old child, gone just like that?

Nicole added with a cold laugh, "If you had believed me about my illness instead of continuing to stress me out, would our child have died from malnutrition?"

Jarrod pressed his lips together, lost for words.

"So, what are you trying to say now?" Nicole's tone was unforgiving.

"Are you trying to show that you're a heartless killer who caused your own child's death?"

After a painful silence, Jarrod finally said, "No, that's not what I meant..."

Jarrod wanted to explain that he never intended for the child to die.

He had even pictured a future with the child.

The tragic death of his parents had turned Jarrod against the idea of marriage and having kids. He thought he'd never have children in his life. He didn't want to pass on his misfortune. He was dark, violent, not the kind of man who could be a good father. Yet, if the child truly belonged to Nicole and was born for him, Jarrod began to feel a small surge of anticipation.

However, his growing hope was crushed by Nicole's cold laughter.

"Jarrod, the child died because of you. Really living up to your name, aren't you?"

Jarrod's hands slowly dropped, admitting silently that Nicole still had power over his emotions.

---

Despite being enemies, they understood each other too well.

After a pause, Jarrod broke the silence. "It's just a child. We can have another."

At those words, every fiber of Nicole's being shook, her hand lifting to slap Jarrod again, but he caught her wrist.

Jarrod, looking into her pale face and dry lips, softened his tone as he said, "If you want, we can try for another child. But for now, it's important you heal."

"Jarrod?" Nicole looked at him as if she were watching a stranger, emphasizing each word as she declared, "I love children, but that has nothing to do with you, got it? And you think too highly of me. Is my body even capable of having a child now?"

What Nicole really meant to say was that someone as ruthless and cruel as Jarrod, who belonged in hell, had no right to be a father.

She wasn't swayed by his sudden concern for the child. The moment things didn't go his way, he'd threaten her with the child. She understood him all too well.

Jarrod realized bringing up the topic wasn't wise, given Nicole's health. He changed the subject.

"You know, adoption is pretty straightforward these days. We can adopt a child if we want to start a family."

Nicole chuckled. "Jarrod, do you think of a child as some kind of toy for your entertainment?"

She couldn't hold back anymore. "Someone like you shouldn't have children!"

Jarrod, known for his short temper and having faced Nicole's scorn repeatedly, struggled to keep calm. But then, he recalled her reaction when they had sex intercourse in front of the glass.

Men shared a common weakness. They could tolerate a lot once they knew a woman remained untouched. Jarrod was delighted about Nicole's purity.

Finally, Jarrod just tightened his fist in his pocket and said coldly, "Get some rest."

Nicole let her eyelids fall, pretending not to hear, and gave no reply.

Jarrod took one last look at her before walking out of the room.

The door slammed shut, and only then did Nicole lift her heavy eyelashes, gazing in the direction where Jarrod had exited. Jarrod was too suspicious. His suspicions about the child hadn't faded.

Nicole knew it was only a matter of time before Jarrod found out about Austin. The situation was dire. She needed to leave with Austin immediately. To slip away without Jarrod noticing, she had to take a drastic action that would completely captivate his attention. This would mean destroying both her reputation and his.

After another week of rest, Nicole requested to be discharged from the hospital.

Concerned about her health, Jarrod sought the opinion of a new doctor, given that the previous one had been dismissive. The new doctor advised more carefully, "It's best for the patient to recuperate at home and make sure she fully recovers."

The new doctor's words didn't emphasize how bad Nicole's condition was.

Jarrod, slightly at ease, inquired, "How much longer does she need to continue her medication?"

The doctor answered, "Three to five months, with monthly check-ups at the hospital."

Jarrod nodded and instructed Alec to pick up the medication before he went back to Nicole's ward.

Nicole had very little to pack since she hadn't brought much to the hospital. Jarrod had provided everything.

---

Jarrold stared at Nicole and asked flatly, "Would you prefer to stay at the Oasis or go back to the villa we used last time?"

Feeling a chill at his words, Nicole felt trapped. Both options seemed like prisons to her. After hesitating, she asked, "Can I just stay at my own house?"

Jarrold smiled, a hint of amusement in his expression. "You're still recovering. It would be better if you stayed close by so someone can take care of you," he explained gently.

This was a polite way of saying Nicole didn't really have a choice.

Jarrold was determined to keep Nicole close and wouldn't take a no for an answer.

Nicole's eyelashes drooped, and she murmured resignedly, "I'll move to your place at tomorrow night. I need to go back to my home tonight to sort things out."

"What do you need to pack? I'll have someone take care of it."

Jarrold intended not to burden Nicole, especially since she hadn't fully recovered yet.

Unexpectedly, Nicole lost her temper. She spun around sharply, her eyes like clear pools locking onto him. "Jarrod, do you really need to keep me by your side in such a controlling manner? Can you even understand how this feels? I feel like a captive, with no say of my own!"

Jarrold pressed his lips together, his face growing darker. "That's not what I meant."

"Then what was it?" Nicole demanded, her eyes welling up. In a moment of distress, she briskly wiped away her tears, her voice trembling. "Yes, I agreed to obey you, but now I'm just asking for one night at my own home. You can't even allow me that. Do you see me as a person?"

Nicole knew if she insisted on going home for the night, Jarrold, with his suspicious nature, would likely say no. But her teary eyes and the sad look on her pale face softened his stance, making him lower his defenses.

Jarrold's eyebrows furrowed slightly, his tone becoming softer. "I didn't say you couldn't. So, tomorrow night then. I'll come to pick you up." For the first time, he made a concession.

"Let's go. I'll take you home now." Jarrold moved to put an arm around her shoulders, but Nicole, still upset, quickly turned away, rejecting his attempt at comfort.

"Don't want to leave?" Jarrold, surprisingly gentle this time, simply smiled, bent down, and picked Nicole up in his arms, carrying her out of the hospital room.

"Hey! Nicole, taken aback by his sudden action, instinctively held on to his neck, annoyed. "Jarrod, put me down."

Jarrold, feeling cheerful, laughed quietly, teasing her, "Thought you didn't want to walk?"

"I never said that. I just..." Nicole cut herself off and fell silent abruptly.

Jarrold followed Nicole's gaze and saw, across two corridors, Roscoe sitting in a wheelchair, his face devoid of emotion as he was wheeled away for a checkup.

As if sensing the gaze, Roscoe turned his head with a deep look. Yet, his gaze wasn't meant for Jarrold. It was fixed on Nicole, who was in Jarrold's arms.

Seeing their exchanged looks, Jarrold felt a surge of jealousy. "What are you staring at?" he asked sharply.



“Nothing,” Nicole replied softly.

Nicole was the first to look away, but Jarrod noticed her rigid face.

There had been a time when Nicole’s eyes held only Jarrod. However, time and misunderstandings had erased the possibility of such moments.

#### Chapter 1758

With her gaze now cast downward, Nicole could still feel the intensity of Roscoe’s pure gaze on her, stirring a sense of guilt.

She was glad that the glass that day blocked any sound. But this was just self-deception. Roscoe likely knew she was raped by Jarrod then.

Soon, Roscoe was wheeled away, disappearing from their sight.

Jarrod was overwhelmed with emotions. Without a word, he hurried to the elevator, escorting Nicole to the car.

As Jarrod settled Nicole into the passenger seat, his anger surged, and he leaned over her assertively, his lips brushing against hers.

“Mmm...” Nicole found it hard to breathe under his sudden embrace.

Her lips were sealed, her breathing labored and painful.

Nicole raised her hand to push Jarrod off, but the difference in their strength was too much.

Helpless, she tried to scratch his face with her nails, which she had let grow over the last few weeks, leaving a long scratch near his ear.

The pain snapped Jarrod back to reality. He roughly grabbed her chin, his anger boiling over. “Why were you looking at him? Wasn’t the lesson from that day enough? Or do you think he needs more beating?”

Nicole’s lips were bleeding, and moving them caused her pain. “Jarrod, you’re worrying over nothing,” she said lightly, wiping the blood off and suddenly letting out an ambiguous laugh. “A dirty woman like me isn’t worthy of him.”

Her voice was soft, yet filled with a deep sense of self-loathing and scorn. This only fueled Jarrod’s anger even more. Dirty? He had been with her, and she felt dirty?

Just as Jarrod’s rage was about to explode, Nicole grabbed his tie, pulling him close and whispered in his ear, “That’s right. You’re too filthy, and you’ve tainted me...”

Nicole targeted his prominent Adam’s apple and viciously bit down as if releasing her frustration.

Afterward, she wiped her mouth, scornfully adding, “Now we’re both dirty.”

This action surprisingly calmed Jarrod’s fury. He was no ordinary man.

He required unusual approaches.

Jarrod’s Adam’s apple bobbed as he chuckled softly. “Isn’t that fine? We’re perfectly suited for each other.”

Then, Jarrod knelt in front of her seat, trapping her between his legs, with his other leg stretched out too far.

He cupped her face with his hands, leaned down, and ki\*sed her deeply, more tenderly than before, with a touch of curiosity. There in the open parking lot, without even closing the car door, he desired her openly and intensely.

Nicole was irresistibly attractive to Jarrod, almost too much so.

Nicole was shocked and then quickly became angry with Jarrod. “Jarrod, are you even human?”

Jarrold had the audacity to suggest having sex right here, with the car door still open. That was insane!

Jarrold fought to keep his desires in check, considering Nicole's health and deciding to hold back. "I'll spare you today, but once you're healed, you'll make up for it, right?"

Nicole wished she could just ignore him. He was definitely losing it.

Jarrold made his way back to the driver's seat and calmly started the engine.

Jarrold was visibly relaxed. He assumed Nicole's failed attempt to bring him down wasn't a complete bad thing. The suffering he had endured in the prison, coupled with the injuries Nicole had caused him, seemed to lessen his sense of guilt toward her. He had already retaliated, and now he felt they were ready to move on and start anew.

## Chapter 1759

The car finally pulled up to Nicole's apartment, and Jarrold insisted on walking her to her door.

Nicole looked at him cautiously, worried that he might still have intentions to get laid with her, and said softly, "You can come to the doorstep but not inside."

Jarrold chuckled at her unexpectedly shy gesture and replied with a cough, "I've been up for several nights. I'm too tired for anything else."

"Who would believe that!" Nicole retorted as she stepped into the elevator. Jarrold's desire was too apparent moments ago.

Jarrold stopped in his tracks and then followed her, his grin growing wider. Since Nicole's return, he hadn't laughed this much, yet his mistrustful side remained. He questioned, "Nicole, are you up to something?"

Nicole averted her gaze, her face a mask of sarcasm, and responded, "You already suspect me. Even if I say no, would you believe it?"

Jarrold didn't reply but posed another question. "Can I trust you?"

The silence stretched between them, and Jarrold's dark eyes deepened as he repeated, "Can I trust you, Nicole?"

's

"Jarrold, the biggest mistake of my life was meeting you. Now that my parents are gone and my reputation ruined, do you really think I can say I don't hate you?"

Jarrold watched Nicole silently, not surprised by her answer.

Nicole gave a bitter smile. "I'm limited in what I can do since I can't stand against you. I don't even know how long I have left to live. I can't fight anymore, and I give up. From now on, you can do whatever you want with me. Is that okay?"

Her voice was hollow and weak, and her pale face made her seem even more exhausted, as if even her breath was strained.

In an instant, Jarrold's doubts disappeared.

Nicole's voice was low as she added faintly, "I've said my piece. Whether you believe it or not is up to you."

The elevator dinged and the doors slid open.

Nicole stepped out, but suddenly, her arm was yanked back. The next moment, Jarrold pressed her against the wall of the elevator.

Nicole instinctively closed her eyes, bracing for pain that didn't come. Jarrold had placed his hand on the wall, softening the impact to her head.

Jarrold lowered his gaze to meet hers, whispering, "Nicole, I often don't intend to hurt you. But whenever you look at another man, I want to gouge out that man's eyeballs! I've come to realize that this obsession and possessiveness only occurred when I was with you. Maybe I never truly hated you. All this time, I just wanted you by my side."

Nicole looked at him, her lips curling into a mocking smile. She wanted to say something, but he pressed his fingers against her lips.

"I know nothing I say now can undo the damage I've caused to your soul. But if you truly want to stay, I promise I'll try to change."

Jarrold raised his hand to cradle the back of her head, pressing her head against his chest and holding her close. In a low, raspy voice, he said, "Nicole, let's spend our lives just like this, forever."

Even if hatred was all that remained in her heart for him, he couldn't bear to let her go.

Nicole let him hold her without resistance, perhaps too weary to protest. Her eyes, cast downward, were unexpectedly serene. She concealed her hatred, burying it deep and far away.

For the first time upon their parting, Jarrold had felt something different stir within him. Blocking the doorway with an outstretched leg, he smiled at Nicole and teased, "Not letting me in?"

Chapter 1760

---

Nicole looked stern as she replied, "You just gave your word."

Jarrold simply stepped in to hold her face gently and ki\*sed her fervently.

Just as Nicole's anger was about to boil over, he let go with a chuckle. "I know."

Jarrold then stepped back, leaning casually against the doorframe with a hand in his pocket, the picture of relaxed elegance. "I'll come to pick you up tomorrow night."

Nicole's answer was the emphatic sound of the door slamming shut.

EagleNovels

Gazing at the shut door for a few seconds, Jarrold burst out laughing and walked away.

Unbeknownst to him, Nicole had been intently watching through the peephole. She only diverted her gaze when she saw Jarrold step into the elevator and descend. Quickly, she moved to the window to make sure his car was leaving.

Once the black Maybach exited the community gate, Nicole swiftly opened a cupboard, punched in the safe's password, and retrieved an obsolete phone. She dialed a number. "I've got a 6 a.m. flight lined up. Start packing now. A car will be here soon to pick up you and Austin. Another one will be waiting when you land. We'll regroup once we get there."

After ending the call, Nicole took out the SIM card, burned it with a lighter, snapped it in half, and flushed the pieces down the toilet. She then shattered the phone casing with a knife handle and

stuffed it into a garbage bag to dispose of later.

Next, Nicole grabbed the suitcase she had packed earlier, changed into black nightwear, took the trash bag, and left her apartment.

With caution guiding her, Nicole avoided the underground garage.

Instead, she headed to the community's temporary parking area and Slipped into an inconspicuous Volkswagen.

She opted to exit through the back door, but as she neared the gate, she noticed the security guards were not the usual ones. Their demeanor was too professional for the typically slack security staff. The guards stood up sharply at Nicole's car.

Feeling a tremor in her hand, Nicole managed to keep the car steady.

Instead of driving straight out, she feigned confusion like a visitor searching for a parking spot.

Glancing in the rearview mirror, she saw one of the guards headed straight toward her car.

Nicole sped up, abruptly stopping the car at the next corner, and jumped out without even grabbing her Luggage.

Footsteps sounded closer and closer.

A chill ran down Nicole's spine. She should have known that Jarrod wouldn't trust her. Her recent confessions were a sham, designed to lower Jarrod's guard and test whether he trusted her.

The thought of being caught again filled Nicole with dread. She hadn't fully recovered from previous injuries. What new torments could Jarrod devise? Plus, Jarrod might locate Austin soon.

With his suspicious nature, Jarrod would intensify the search for Austin.

Fear gripped Nicole like never before. With no chance to flee, she attempted to hide in the bushes.

However, before she could conceal herself, a man grabbed her waist and yanked her back. She collided with a firm chest.

Nicole's heart raced, her whole body shaking as she prepared to defend herself.

Suddenly, the man covered her mouth, and a familiar voice whispered, "It's me."