

Unbreakable 1101

Chapter 1101

A grave ambiance hung heavy in the bar.

Seated at the bar, the three men engaged in a silent bout of heavy drinking.

After the initial round, Luis seamlessly initiated the second round without a pause.

Observing Mitchel downing one glass of alcohol after another, Luis was confused. He finally spoke up, his voice tinged with surprise.

“What’s eating you?”

However, Mitchel remained silent, his countenance as frigid as ice.

“Isn’t it a reason to celebrate now that Raegan’s back? Why the long face?” Luis inquired, his curiosity piqued.

At that moment, Mitchel abruptly asked, “Is it possible for a woman’s pregnancy to last for two years?”

A sudden clink of glass on the table resonated through the air.

Luis burst into laughter at his words. “Now that’s defying common sense, isn’t it? You know, I once heard of this woman who didn’t give birth until eleven months into her pregnancy, and that’s already an exceptionally rare case. Now, you’re pondering if it’s even possible for a woman to carry a fetus for two years. Are you losing your marbles?”

Mitchel felt disheartened after hearing Luis’ words. Overwhelmed, he grasped the glass and downed its contents without uttering a word.

“Have you seen Raegan’s child?” Luis asked, sensing something.

Mitchel nodded stoically.

Luis nonchalantly inquired, “So, who does the little one take after?”

Upon Luis’ query, Mitchel reminisced thoughtfully. Janey possessed round eyes, long eyelashes, and an oval face, bearing a striking resemblance to Raegan, especially when she smiled.

“I’d say she takes after Raegan more,” Mitchel finally replied.

As for Kabir, Mitchel had investigated, even laying eyes on Kabir’s photograph. Although reluctant to admit it, Kabir bore a faint resemblance to Raegan, leaving Mitchel uncertain about whether Janey took after Raegan or Kabir. However, in his view, Janey’s appearance leaned more toward Raegan’s.

Out of the blue, Jarrod interjected, “Have you ever considered the possibility that the little girl might be yours?”

If Raegan could miraculously survive after that car incident, then it was within the realm of possibility that Janey belonged to Mitchel.

Hearing that, Mitchel felt a twinge of irritation and took a sip

of his wine. Naturally, he had harbored doubts and conducted a thorough investigation concerning the paternity of Janey.

Following Erick’s mention of Janey’s biological father, Mitchel had already delved into the matter. He had seen Janey’s birth certificate, scrutinized the hospital’s medical records, and even reviewed the video footage from the delivery. All the evidence appeared crystal clear and indisputable.

Following Raegan’s tragic incident, Mitchel had finally come to the undeniable conclusion that the baby in Raegan’s belly couldn’t possibly be Henley’s. Henley had always been wickedly cunning.

Those words might have been designed to haunt him for the rest of his life.

Yet, there had never been enough time to discuss many things with Raegan. She had simply vanished out of the blue after that car incident.

Judging by Mitchel's expression, Luis could tell that Mitchel must have conducted an investigation. Reclining on the sofa, he remarked, "If you've already uncovered the truth, why resist the divorce? What are your intentions regarding the little one?"

Chapter 1102

After all, the Dixon family had yet to welcome any grandchildren. If Mitchel refused to divorce Raegan, it would undoubtedly involve custody battles over Janey.

With Mitchel's grandfather's passing, Alexis had taken control of fifty percent of the Dixon Group's shares. Luis doubted Alexis would accept Raegan's child, whether it was biologically Mitchel's or not.

Every time Janey crossed his mind, Mitchel experienced an inexplicable sensation. It felt as if his heart brimmed with warmth.

Putting his arm on the armrest, Mitchel stated with unwavering resolve, "If Raegan doesn't object, I'd like to formally adopt the little girl and welcome her into the Dixon family."

Luis was rendered speechless by that declaration. He hadn't anticipated Mitchel's willingness to embrace Raegan and another man's child. It was truly beyond his expectations.

Clinking his glass against Mitchel's, Luis advised, "Don't mention this idea to Raegan."

Mitchel raised an eyebrow, puzzled. "Why not?"

"You fool!" Luis chuckled, chiding, "Put yourself in her shoes. Do you think Raegan will be delighted if she discovers you're planning to take her child away from her?"

Luis wanted to add that Mitchel's intentions were quite obvious, given the expression on his face.

Luis arched an eyebrow. It appeared that Raegan's child must be exceptionally adorable. He resolved to meet Janey when he had the chance.

Midway through their drinking spree, Jarrod's phone abruptly rang.

Uncertainty filled the room as Jarrod's countenance darkened while conversing on the phone.

After concluding the call, Jarrod rose abruptly and exited.

Luis gazed at Jarrod's departing figure and released a heavy sigh.

Since Nicole's passing, Jarrod seemed trapped in perpetual torment.

Luis had made futile attempts to persuade him.

Eventually, Mitchel spiraled into a similar abyss.

Observing his two closest friends grappling with profound melancholy, Luis couldn't help but feel helpless.

Fortunately, Mitchel had summoned the strength to lift his spirits, driven by his mother's presence.

Finally, a glimmer of hope appeared on the horizon.

The only way to assuage Jarrod's guilt was to attend to Nicole's mother during the latter's final moments.

Meanwhile, there were busting sounds in the area. Jarrod arrived at the club. He began kicking open

the doors, one by one.

Initially, the revelers inside were startled by his aggressive entrance, but their astonishment quickly gave way to enraged curses.

Jarrold paid no heed to the verbal barrage and continued his search, moving on to the next room.

Observing Jarrold's violent outburst, the club's manager, Jemma Acosta, grew fearful. She hurried over, lit a cigarette, and attempted to pacify Jarrold.

Chapter 1103

"Mr. Schultz, what brings you here today?" Jemma inquired.

Jarrold's handsome features darkened as he regarded Jemma.

With a half-lit cigarette dangling from his lips, Jarrold asked icily, "Where can I find Melissa?"

Upon hearing his question, beads of cold sweat formed on Jemma's forehead. Damn it!

How could that conniving woman secretly inform Jarrold?

"Melissa, she's..." Jemma began, stammering.

After a moment's hesitation, Jemma continued, "Melissa requested a leave for tonight. She mentioned attending a friend's birthday party."

"A birthday party?" Jarrold inquired, his tone devoid of emotion.

Jemma responded resolutely, "Yes, she's most likely at the birthday party right now."

Behind Jarrold, waiters were busy delivering drinks to the various rooms, attempting to soothe other patrons. This sight infuriated Jemma.

Jemma silently cursed. What a conniving woman Melissa was! Melissa was simply asked to keep Korbin company. How dare she inform Jarrold?

Though she dared not provoke Jarrold, who was known for his ruthlessness, Jemma vowed to teach Melissa a lesson today. She harbored no intentions of showing any mercy to Melissa.

Jarrold sneered, "Are you absolutely certain?"

"Yes, Mr. Schultz! It's undeniable that she. she said but was cut off.

Before she could complete her sentence, Jemma's feigned smile twisted into sheer terror.

"Ah! Stop!" Jemma screamed in a state of panic. The next instant, she watched Jarrold enter a chamber with an expression as cold as ice.

Without a word, Jarrold seized an ashtray from the table and ruthlessly smashed it onto the head of a portly man.

A resounding crash filled the room.

Blood covered that portly man's head. His cries of agony reverberated within the chamber.

Jarrold casually took a drag from his cigarette, casting his face in an eerie, demon-Like shadow beneath the dim light. Arching an eyebrow, he questioned with malevolence, "Are you absolutely certain that Melissa is at a birthday party?"

Jemma's heart skipped a beat, and she hurriedly said, "No, no! It's entirely my fault! Melissa is in

Chamber Eight. She's right there. Oh my God, Mr. Schultz! I beg for your forgiveness!"

Jemma was in a state of panic. She screamed and pleaded, tears streaming down her face, "Please show me some leniency. I promise never to do it again, please!"

In response, Jarrod paid no heed to Jemma and strode away.

Something was happening in Chamber Eight.

An overweight elderly man attempted to take advantage of a young woman. Before he could make any progress, a loud disturbance at the door disrupted his vile intentions.

Chapter 1104

The next thing he knew, he was forcefully ejected from the room.

On the couch, the young woman trembled like a frightened bird. When she laid eyes on Jarrod, a spark of hope ignited within her. "Jarrod, thank God you're finally here!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, I apologize for being late," Jarrod responded.

Gazing at Melissa's face with deep affection, Jarrod treated her with a tenderness that resembled his interactions with Nicole.

Consequently, tears welled up in Melissa's eyes.

ALL at once, Jarrod's hand hung suspended in the air, and the atmosphere shifted abruptly.

Perplexed, Melissa experienced a sharp pain in her chin.

Jarrod fixed Melissa with an icy stare and grasped her chin, compelling her to meet his gaze. "Save your tears."

Melissa's tears failed to mirror Nicole's when she wept.

Melissa's chin throbbed from Jarrod's tight grip as if it teetered on the verge of being crushed.

Beads of sweat trickled down her forehead, and Melissa shivered under the weight of his cold demeanor. Tears welled up in her eyes, yet she dared not let them fall.

Jarrod scrutinized Melissa's face with care. It was her eyes that bore a striking resemblance to Nicole's. Both of them possessed captivating eyes. Nicole's eyes exuded confidence and a hint of fearlessness, even in humility.

In contrast, Melissa, who had spent her youth in the brothel, had developed a persona of submission and flattery. Despite their seemingly similar eyes, Melissa's were steeped in sycophancy and compliance.

Melissa's eyes mirrored Nicole's to an uncanny degree, yet their personalities stood worlds apart.

After enduring the pain for an extended period, Melissa felt she had reached her limit. If Jarrod persisted, his bare hand would undoubtedly crush her chin.

Just before she could utter a sound, Jarrod lowered his eyelids and released his grip.

Melissa crumbled weakly to the floor, her heart racing with a frantic tempo. She considered herself fortunate that her chin wasn't made of plastic. Otherwise, it might have been contorted beyond recognition.

Jarrod sat upright, his long legs casually crossed, and issued a cold command, "Fetch the wine."

Trembling, Melissa poured the wine. Jarrod downed glass after glass with effortless ease, quickly finishing two bottles.

The wine packed quite a punch. As the alcohol began to take its toll, Jarrod's vision blurred, and Melissa before him increasingly resembled Nicole, who once spent days and nights by his side. Jarrod muttered, "Nicole... Nicole..."

It wasn't the first time Melissa had heard that name. From the very first time Jarrod had ordered her to spend the entire night with him, she was forbidden to utter a word. He simply gazed at her face. He forbade her from displaying any emotion. No laughter, no tears, and certainly no sound was allowed. Back then, she had understood that she must remain silent. Making a sound would shatter the illusion that she resembled that woman.

Jarrod's lids drooped, and he possessed deep-set eyes. His Lashes weren't particularly thick, but they were long, and his neatly trimmed hair gave him a suave, icy charm.

There was no denying that men like Jarrod exuded undeniable masculinity.

Chapter 1105

For individuals like Melissa, getting close to Jarrod was an impossibility. Yet, every woman had, at some point, envisioned herself as Cinderella, always hoping for a prince to come to their rescue. Melissa poured another glass of wine and extended it to Jarrod.

That time, Jarrod didn't take the glass but raised his gaze.

Jarrod locked his eyes onto Melissa's face. As if enchanted, he lowered his head and downed the wine directly from the glass held in her hand.

Melissa turned away, preparing to refill the wine.

A sharp shatter of broken glass broke the silence.

Jarrod forcefully wrested the glass from her grasp. Then, he swiftly reached out, gripping her throat, and pressed her down onto the sofa.

The abruptness of the action left Melissa somewhat frightened as she stared at Jarrod with wide-open eyes.

Jarrod's cold countenance seemed to undergo a sudden transformation.

In a husky whisper, he murmured into Melissa's ear, "Nicole... Nicole..."

He uttered nothing else, merely calling Nicole's name. He continued to repeat Nicole's name, his voice rough and seductive.

Jarrod was slightly inebriated at that moment, and the deep affection in his eyes proved nearly irresistible.

Even though Jarrod called out another woman's name, the affection enveloped Melissa like a net descending from the heavens, trapping her. She was willing to be taken as another woman.

Unmindful of the peril that loomed within Jarrod, Melissa boldly extended her hand, encircling her arms around his neck, and slowly leaned in, her scarlet lips approaching.

The gap between their lips narrowed to a mere finger's width. Close enough to feel each other's breath.

Melissa's fragrance caused Jarrod to furrow his brow. The scent was strange and vulgar, unlike Nicole's.

Jarrod promptly pushed Melissa away and turned toward the sofa, massaging his temples with

slender fingers.

Melissa was taken aback but refused to let this precious opportunity slip through her fingers. If Jarrod were to engage in intimacy with her, she could escape from the company of those odorous, portly elderly men. Perhaps he would even whisk her away.

Summoning her courage, Melissa began to unbutton her shirt, revealing her tender skin. She gradually sank to her knees before Jarrod.

The moment her slender fingers extended, Jarrod's voice turned frigid.

"Get lost!"

Melissa was left dumbfounded. The sound of shattering glass resonated in her ears.

A shard of glass whizzed past Melissa's face, crashing into the LCD screen behind her, fragmenting into pieces.

Jarrold wiped his blurred eyes, his voice akin to that of an ice-cold ogre. "Get out!"

Chapter 1106

The expression on his face was so horrifying that it sent shivers down Melissa's spine, rendering her legs weak.

Without even a chance to don her clothes, Melissa hastily scrambled out.

As soon as Melissa managed to escape, Jemma delivered a swift kick to her. "You fool, do you honestly believe that man would whisk you away just because he glanced at you?"

Kneeling on the floor, Melissa trembled and replied, "Jemma, I never entertain that idea."

"Humph! You've tried and now you give up!" Jemma extracted a bundle of bills and flung them onto Melissa's face. "If you can't cover tonight's losses, I won't let you off the hook!"

Confronted with the staggering amount, Melissa was so terrified that tears streamed down her face.

She kept bowing in supplication. "Jemma, I realize my mistake! Please, show some mercy!"

Melissa knew she couldn't possibly afford such a sum.

"You brought this upon yourself! Don't overestimate your worth. We only require you to entertain the guests with drinks. Yet you dare to reach for the stars!" Jemma scoffed. "Can someone like you really expect a meteoric rise?"

If Melissa hadn't made such a colossal blunder and aspired to reach great heights, how could she have incurred such a substantial loss?

In their line of work, they couldn't afford to cross the high rollers. Even if Jarrod conducted himself in such a manner, they had to maintain a facade of obsequiousness.

Observing Melissa's innocent countenance, Jemma sneered, "If you follow him, you'll be even more wretched than you are here."

Why would a man accustomed to resting beside lifeless bodies every day be swayed by an inconsequential, impoverished extra?

Melissa was forcibly escorted away by the security personnel.

Jemma stared at Jarrod's handsome visage. He was undeniably attractive, but the unsettling rumors surrounding him sent shivers down her spine. Shaking her head, she hastily walked away as if a ghost was chasing after her.

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It was the late hours of the night when Jarrod emerged from the club.

His steps were unsteady, and he swayed, navigating the world in a daze.

Leaning against his car, Jarrod ignited a cigarette and dialed Alec's number. "Come get me." He

needed to return home and be with Nicole.

After ending the call, he glanced up at the sky. The moon hung round and luminous, much like the night when Nicole had departed.

Then, out of nowhere, something happened.

A slender silhouette appeared and slipped into the blue luxury car parked by the entrance.

Jarrold's tall, statuesque frame tensed, and the cigarette between his lips plummeted. That face. That face!

Jarrold lunged forward like a cheetah in the obscurity of the night.

The blue luxury car roared to life and sped away, with Jarrold in hot pursuit.

Jarrold was far from sober. If he were, he might have noticed that the car wasn't racing away, almost as if it were teasing him.

Chapter 1107

Every time hope seemed within reach, the car would accelerate away.

Finally, Jarrold's strength ebbed, and he crumpled to the ground, his knees bearing the brunt.

Struggling to place his hand on the pavement, he attempted to rise, but the alcohol-induced deluge of hallucinations clouded his mind with countless phantoms.

The blue car came to a halt.

When the door swung open, a pair of long, slender legs descended, clad in black high heels, and approached Jarrold.

The black heels paused before Jarrold.

Jarrold's face remained plastered to the ground. He lifted his gaze ever so slightly, tracing from her slender legs to the captivating countenance of the woman.

"Nicole!" Jarrold uttered a single cry, refraining from a second one.

He shook his head vigorously as if trying to ascertain whether this was a mirage or reality. Was the woman he actually seeing now was Nicole?

Jarrold hadn't dreamt of Nicole in five years. Nicole had been so cruel, refusing to appear in his dreams once.

Jarrold's posture resembled that of a supplicant kneeling before the woman's feet.

Her alluring crimson lips parted and closed. "Jarrold."

The voice sounded familiar. Jarrold's eyes welled up with instant crimson.

With his palms pressed to the ground, Jarrold struggled to rise and clasp the woman in his arms.

But at that very moment, the woman in black high heels planted her foot on the back of Jarrold's hand.

Her voice, as frigid as ice, cut through the air. "Look at yourself."

Then, she paused, twisting her high heel on the back of Jarrold's hand as if seeking to pierce his palm. "You resemble a stray dog now!"

With those words, she sauntered away in her black high heels.

"Nicole!" In the end, Jarrold managed to cry out her name. "Don't abandon me!"

His mouth was tinged with blood, his voice raw and ragged.

The blue luxury car's taillight flickered before him, casting a more pitiful shadow upon him. "Stay." His plea was engulfed by the car's roaring departure. "Please don't leave me..." Tears welled up in Jarrod's eyes and streamed down his cheeks as he screamed into the wind. Yet, there was no response.

Chapter 1108

Not until Alec arrived.

For the remainder of the night, Alec drove Jarrod all over Ardlens in a relentless quest for Nicole. The following morning, the sun graced the horizon with its presence.

Alec hesitated before speaking. "Mr. Schultz, you must be suffering from a hangover after all that drinking. Perhaps some medication will help you feel better."

In truth, Alec suspected that Jarrod might have had a hallucination during his binge drinking. After all, Nicole had been gone for five long years.

Jarroed sat in the rear seat, his black shirt smudged with mud, his handsome countenance overtaken by an unmistakable disappointment.

Gazing at the bloody stain on the back of his hand, he insisted, "I'm certain she's returned."

Hearing those words, Alec continued to harbor doubts about Jarrod's perception. If Nicole were truly alive, then who was the lifeless body resting in Jarrod's residence?

Alec didn't dare to delve any further into that unsettling line of thought. The more he pondered, the more chilling it became.

Raegan was on her way to the studio.

Upon entering the car, Raegan was surprised to find Erick in the driver's seat. "Erick, what brings you here? Aren't you swamped with work today?"

"Well, I thought I'd give you a ride to the studio."

Erick appeared to be in a somber mood, and a small cut marred his Lips.

Noticing the injury, Raegan inquired with curiosity, "What happened, Erick? Did Janey accidentally scratch you?"

"No big deal. I just had a little accident," Erick replied.

Raegan, still concerned, asked, "How could you be so careless?"

Erick gingerly touched his face, still feeling the sting in the corner of his mouth. He regretted indulging in that glass of wine the previous night.

However, Erick swiftly brushed aside that thought and turned his attention to Raegan. "How's everything been with that man lately? Has he been causing you any trouble?"

Understanding that Erick was referring to Mitchel, Raegan nodded and replied, "I'm doing fine. Don't worry."

Dealing with Mitchel wasn't much of a challenge for Raegan, aside from the occasional moodiness. In any case, a month would pass by swiftly, and she didn't think Mitchel would take back his promise.

After one month, once the divorce was finalized, she'd have no further dealings with him.

Recalling the resolute look on Mitchel's face, Erick couldn't help but worry for Raegan. He vividly remembered the scene when Raegan lay lifeless in the hospital bed. Erick didn't want Raegan to have frequent contact with Mitchel.

As Raegan's elder brother, Erick valued Raegan since she was the youngest member of the Foster

family. While she should have been the family's cherished and spoiled member, Raegan had endured considerable hardship due to Mitchel.

If it weren't for Raegan's determination to fulfill their late mother's unfinished work, Erick would never have allowed Raegan to come back to the homeland where she bumped into Mitchel.

Chapter 1109

““Raegan, what about I help you find a lawyer? Just because the Dixon Group's legal team is formidable doesn't mean they're invincible,”

Erick suggested.

When it came to the lawsuit, it was easier said than done.

In reality, Raegan had thoroughly researched the Dixon Group's legal team, who hadn't lost a case in years.

Just contemplating the uncertain outcome and the protracted Legal process left Raegan feeling as if she were walking on eggshells. She had no recollection of Mitchel anymore, but legally, she was still his wife. As long as she thought about it, she freaked out.

Raegan contemplated for a moment before saying, “Erick, allow me to give it a shot. If it doesn't work out, I'll heed your advice and seek legal counsel for the divorce.”

“Alright. If you ever need anything, don't hesitate to reach out, okay?” Erick assured Raegan gently.

“Don't worry, Erick. I'll manage.”

As Raegan was about to exit the car, a thought crossed her mind. “Do you happen to know any eligible bachelors? I'm thinking of setting Elin up on a date,” she inquired.

“What do you mean?” Erick asked, puzzled.

“If you happen to know anyone suitable, you could introduce him to Elin.”

“Did Elin request your assistance in finding a potential date?” Erick inquired, his brow furrowing.

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Raegan nodded, saying, “I mentioned it once, and she didn't object to the idea.”

Raegan couldn't quite discern if it was just her imagination, but she sensed a somewhat displeased expression on Erick's face.

Simultaneously, Erick's response came impatiently. “Why don't you focus on your own issues first?”

His words implied that she should refrain from getting involved in Elin's matters.

However, Raegan couldn't shake her concern that if Dayton resurfaced and harassed Elin again, there might be no one to protect Elin.

As Raegan stepped out of the car, another thought crossed her mind, and she turned to Erick. “Has Stefan returned from his business trip?”

Stefan Clifford, Erick's longtime friend and classmate, had recently come back from his travels.

Stefan was not only wealthy but also a handsome bachelor.

Observing Erick's less-than-enthusiastic expression, _ Raegan contemplated taking matters into her own hands and playing matchmaker between Stefan and Elin.

"Yes, he got back yesterday. Why the sudden interest in Stefan?"

Erick replied flatly.

With a sly grin, Raegan replied, "Oh, no particular reason. Just make sure to drive safely."

With that, she turned away, her matchmaking scheme already in the works.

Chapter 1110

Raegan retrieved her phone from her pocket and sent a message to Stefan. "Hi, Stefan. Are you busy?"

A swift response came from the other end. "Nope." "What's up?" Stefan sent two consecutive texts.

"I'd Like to introduce you to a lovely young lady. How about dinner tonight?"

After sending the lengthy message, there was a moment of silence from the other end.

Stefan's reply finally came through as Raegan was about to finish her workday.

"Sure, sounds great," Stefan replied via text.

Observing that, Raegan let out a sigh of relief. She had been worried that Stefan might decline her invitation. Little did she anticipate that everything would proceed so seamlessly.

"Excellent! See you around then," Raegan messaged Stefan.

At that moment, another message popped up on the screen.

It was a message that came from Mitchel. "What are you up to?"

Raegan sent a quick reply that read, "Working."

After that, she got swamped with work and didn't have a chance to glance at her phone.

Then, evening came.

Raegan met Stefan at the restaurant while, unfortunately, Elin got caught in traffic.

The two of them waited for a bit. After a while, Elin called Raegan, explaining that she couldn't make it to the dinner due to an emergency.

Hanging up the phone, Raegan glanced at Stefan apologetically. "I'm sorry, Stefan, but it seems my friend won't be able to join us tonight. She got caught up in something urgent."

"No worries at all." Stefan, surprisingly, seemed unruffled by the change of plans. He wore a relaxed expression as he responded.

Raegan flashed a reassuring smile. "Regardless, dinner's on me tonight. Feel free to order whatever tickles your taste buds."

"Deal."

The two of them proceeded to have an enjoyable meal together.

Out of nowhere, a waiter elegantly placed a high-end wine bottle on their table.

Raegan was well aware that the exquisite vintage alcohol must have carried a hefty price tag.

With a puzzled look at the waiter, Raegan was unsure what to make of the extravagant wine.

However, the waiter quickly clarified, "It's a present from the gentleman upstairs."

In response, Raegan instinctively raised her eyes and met Mitchel's intense gaze from above.

