

Unbreakable 1191

Chapter 1191

Jarrold taught Alec boxing and self-defense. Together, they forged a path in their careers abroad. Alec silently vowed to remain loyal to Jarrold for the rest of his life.

It seemed Jarrold momentarily emerged from his delirium upon hearing Alec's voice. Jarrold managed to push Alec away, murmuring as if in a trance, "Nicole had said she might forgive me as long as she's satisfied..."

Nicole's words consumed Jarrold. As he spoke, blood continued to flow from the corner of his mouth, making it seem as if his throat was filled with shards of glass.

Even breathing became a form of torture for Jarrold. Each breath felt like thorny vines were being driven into his throat. His entire body ached, the pain so intense that he thought death might be a kinder fate.

"Mr. Schultz! She is playing a trick on you! Please, snap out of it!"

Alec implored, his voice filled with concern and desperation.

"Not possible!" Jarrold's voice, hoarse and growling, cut through the sound of the rain. "Nicole won't play tricks on me. She just won't..."

The rain intensified, pouring down as if to engulf everything in its path.

Alec, watching Jarrold's pale, trembling form, felt a deep sense of sorrow.

Jarrold was battling extremes of heat and cold, a challenge even for the strongest of bodies. To make matters worse, the doctor had warned that given Jarrold's current state, he could suffer spasms or even die unexpectedly at any moment.

Alec considered forcibly taking Jarrold to the hospital, but he knew all too well Jarrold's stubborn streak after working with Jarrold for eight long years. He understood that, despite the potential to save Jarrold's life, forcibly taking Jarrold away might leave Jarrold with a lifetime of regret and depression.

Alec couldn't bring himself to act against Jarrold's wishes.

Alec surmised Jarrold's stubborn nature had widened the rift between him and Nicole.

As an assistant, Alec witnessed Jarrold had secretly done so much for Nicole and couldn't bear to leave her. However, what Jarrold did and told Nicole told a different story.

With a heavy heart, Alec wiped away his tears, turned around and left.

Meanwhile, on the top floor of the Exhibition Center, Nicole had just woken up from a comfortable sleep after a massage.

Nicole received a message from Raegan, saying Raegan had returned home to take care of Janey, who felt unwell.

Drawing the curtains, Nicole noticed the stormy, dark weather outside.

A glance at the clock told Nicole had slept for four hours. A dull ache in her stomach served as a reminder that she hadn't taken her nightly medicine.

As Nicole reached for her handbag, her handbag accidentally fell to the floor, scattering several differently colored medicine bottles.

Nicole stared at the empty handbag and the bottles on the floor, a sense of stun washing over her. While other women's bags were filled with makeup, jewelry, and other treasured items, hers was always packed with pill bottles.

She had undergone a partial gastrectomy and was on medication. This treatment was new, and the effects of the clinical trials were uncertain. Many in her experimental group hadn't survived beyond three months.

Miraculously, Nicole was the lucky one who had surpassed the critical five-year mark. However, this didn't guarantee her recovery. For the rest of her life, she would have to continue taking these classified medicines and endure their side effects.

Chapter 1192

The side effects were not mild. They included frequent panic attacks and vomiting. Moreover, Nicole had lost her sense of taste.

Everything she ate seemed bland, yet she had to pretend it was delicious to blend in with others. Her physical discomfort was a harsh reminder that she needed to take her medicine as soon as possible.

Nicole swallowed the pills without any water.

The dry, hard pills scratched her throat, sending a sharp pain down her esophagus. Oddly enough, this pain brought Nicole a sense of relief.

Devoid of taste and battling various physiological side effects, Nicole felt like a walking corpse. Yet, this pain was a constant reminder that she was still very much alive, a living, breathing human. It also served as a motivation not to give up. Her enemy was still out there, and she couldn't allow herself to perish without seeing justice done. She had to not just survive, but thrive, to witness the downfall of the man who had caused her so much suffering.

After some time, Nicole made her way to the underground parking lot.

She got into her car, buckled her seatbelt, and started to drive out of the parking space. Just as she exited the parking place, a figure suddenly darted in front of her racing red car, landing on the engine hood.

Nicole slammed on the brakes, the sound echoing harshly in the confined space. Thankfully, she wasn't driving fast, but the car still skidded a few meters with the figure on the hood.

With a dull thud, the car finally came to a stop, and the figure was thrown to the ground in front of the vehicle.

Seeing Alec on the ground took Nicole by surprise.

Just as Nicole was about to call for an ambulance, Alec, hobbling, made his way toward her. "Miss Lawrence, I'm okay."

Nicole gave Alec a thorough look and noticed he had no clear injuries, though he was limping. It seemed the rain might have lessened the impact of his fall.

With a slight squint, Nicole said firmly, "You need to see a doctor.

I'm going to call the police to report this, just to avoid any problems later."

"Miss Lawrence!" Suddenly, Alec shouted. "Miss Lawrence, please, don't worry about me. I'm here to ask you to visit Mr. Schultz."

Nicole faced Alec with an indifferent gaze and remained silent.

Tears filled Alec's eyes as he struggled to speak. "Miss Lawrence, Mr. Schultz has been kneeling at

the entrance for eight hours. He almost suffered from heatstroke earlier, and now he's out in the pouring rain. He's coughed up a lot of blood, and his body can't take much more.

Alec was desperate to persuade Nicole, yet he wasn't lying. If Jarrod kept this up, he would indeed collapse.

"And why should that concern me?" Nicole asked, her tone uninterested.

Hearing that, Alec was taken aback. He found himself at a loss for words.

After a short pause, Alec continued, "Miss Lawrence, because of what you mentioned, Mr. Schultz is out there, kneeling at the entrance."

"That's ridiculous. Is Mr. Schultz some kind of loyal pet? Why would he listen to me like that?"

Nicole mocked.

Chapter 1193

Alec didn't know how to respond. "Miss Lawrence, are you aware of what Mr. Schultz has endured these last five years? Apart from his job, Mr. Schultz always comes home on time. He's also been keeping close to your belongings. He's gotten seriously sick with pneumonia, occasionally coughing up blood and struggling to breathe. I've tried convincing him to seek medical attention countless times over the years, but he refuses. He's been punishing himself daily..." Alec said, his voice heavy with sadness.

Thinking about Jarrod's ordeal over the last five years brought Alec to tears. He couldn't fathom how Jarrod could inflict such pain on himself, as if enduring the suffering was Jarrod's way of coping with his guilt.

"Miss Lawrence, I'm not asking you to forgive him. But right now, you're the only one who can save Mr. Schultz," Alec pled humbly.

Through tears, Alec continued, "Miss Lawrence, considering Mr. Schultz's suffering these past years, please, have mercy and save him."

"Save him?" Nicole replied with a cold, sarcastic smile. "Would you forgive someone who drove your father to suicide? Would you forgive someone who destroyed your family and your life? Would you forgive someone who pushed you to the hell?"

Her questions were laden with deep resentment.

Alec couldn't find the word to retort. As Jarrod's assistant, he was aware of Nicole's past sufferings. He noticed Jarrod's reluctance and indecisiveness. But for Nicole, those days were filled with sheer despair.

Feeling utterly helpless, Alec implored, "Miss Lawrence, please, we're talking about a human life here."

Nicole scoffed. "And what's so precious about Jarrod's life? Did he ever hesitate when he destroyed my family?"

Alec found himself without words to respond. Though Jarrod wasn't directly responsible for Wesson's death and Dora's illness, their tragic fate was deeply entwined with his actions.

Unexpectedly, Wesson chose to end his life by jumping from a building, mirroring the fate of Jarrod's father.

"In this world, no one is above anyone else. Every life is equal.

That's why Jarrod must face the consequences of his actions!" With those words, Nicole got into

her car.

As Nicole rolled down the window, she gave Alec a chilling look and said, “You wouldn’t understand the pain unless the knife was in your own flesh. You chose silence before, so stay silent now. But if you cross the line again, I won’t hold back.”

Suddenly, Nicole remembered she had a message for Jarrod. “Alec, tell Jarrod I’ll hold the funeral for him if he doesn’t survive this ordeal.”

With that, Nicole accelerated her red sports car away.

Alec didn’t dare to block the car’s path. He stepped aside, watching the red car speed off into the distance. Then, he made his way back to the square.

Despite the rain, Jarrod knelt with a posture more rigid than any statue.

As Alec approached, he noticed Jarrod pressing the wound on his leg with his thumb.

The rain had washed the wound, turning it pale. Without the blood, it resembled a piece of drowned, lifeless skin.

It was clear that Jarrod wasn’t thinking straight. His lips moved slightly, trying to form words, yet no sound came out.

Trying to read Jarrod’s lips, Alec grasped Jarrod was still uttering Nicole’s name.

Unable to hold back his emotions, Alec knelt down, bursting into tears. “Mr. Schultz, I’m so sorry... I couldn’t find Miss Lawrence...”

Alec lied. He had hesitated to share the truth, unsure if Jarrod could take it.

Chapter 1194

“I know you’ve found her... Jarrod managed to say, despite the struggle.

After all, it was Jarrod who had trained Alec himself. Since Nicole had shown up, Alec couldn’t overlook her presence.

This was the first time Alec had lied to Jarrod, and Jarrod didn’t want to confront him on this.

Jarrod smile looked more painful than tears. “She didn’t want to see me, right?”

Alec hung his head, feeling guilty, and replied with a strained voice, “Mr. Schultz, I’m sorry. I couldn’t convince Miss Lawrence...”

“What... What did she say?” The moment Jarrod asked, his lips started to bleed.

Ignoring the pain, he persisted in a faint voice, “Don’t hide the truth from me. I can handle it. Just tell me what she told you...”

Alec only dared to lie to Jarrod once. With Jarrod seeing through the lie, Alec had no other option but to come clean. He relayed Nicole’s words exactly as she had said them.

Hearing Nicole’s words from Alec, Jarrod felt her deep resentment.

Even though Jamie was the one who had stolen the contract and delivered it to Wesson, which caused Wesson to commit suicide with the burden of guilt, it was Jarrod who chose to keep the original copy deliberately, wanting to bind Nicole by his side with it.

Had Jarrod destroyed the contract like he had promised Nicole, maybe Wesson wouldn't have felt driven to intense despair.

But back then, Jarrod felt trapped without any other choices. He couldn't think of any way to make Nicole willingly stay by his side other than threatening her...

After spending years away from home, Jarrod had lost touch with how to genuinely love someone. He was at a loss on how to show his affection. He just couldn't bear to let Nicole leave him.

Jarrodd only came up with a solution of forcing her to stay by his side, believing it to be the best approach. But he realized too late that he was mistaken about it all...

Rain drenched Jarrod's face, soaking him through. If his actions were wrong, what would have been the right thing to do? After the death of his parents, marked by resentment, no one had ever guided him on the distinctions of right and wrong.

Rain clung to Jarrod's eyelashes. With a raspy tone, he inquired, "Is that everything?"

Alec shuffled and hesitated, avoiding Jarrod's gaze. Eventually, under the intensity of Jarrod's stare, Alec said in a low voice, "Miss Lawrence mentioned she will hold the funeral for you if you don't survive this ordeal."

The bitterness in the air was palpable, even amidst the downpour.

Poof! Jarrod coughed up blood once more. The blood trickled down his lip, staining his shirt. His body began to convulse.

Jarrodd had been kneeling firmly for hours. Under the influence of Nicole's words, he finally fell to the ground.

"Mr. Schultz!! Mr. Schultz!" In a panic, Alec reached out, catching Jarrod just in time.

Jarrodd, almost six feet two inches tall with a hefty build, had passed out.

With every bit of strength, Alec rushed to get Jarrod into the car.

They got to the hospital soon after.

Chapter 1195

Seeing Jarrod's pale complexion, the doctor urgently said, "Quick, get him to the emergency room now!"

Inside the operating room, Jarrod was on the surgery table, twitching without control, as blood trickled from the corner of his mouth, a distressing sight.

After examining him, the doctor announced, "He's coughing up blood, has severe muscle spasms, swollen legs, and is struggling to breathe..."

It's heart failure, resulting from his previous chronic lung disease!

Where's his family? They need to sign the critical condition form immediately!"

Suddenly, the assistant nurse shouted, "Doctor, he's got no pulse!"

And then, a piercing sound cut through the silence.

Next to the surgery table, the medical monitor tracking Jarrod's vitals emitted a long, chilling beep.

Alec, standing outside, felt shocked by what the nurse said.

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Jarrold hadn't taken great care of himself, yet he was generally healthy, aside from the previous infection of pneumonia.

Alec never imagined Nicole's few words could endanger Jarrod's life.

In a daze, Alec asked the nurse, "I'm his assistant. Is it possible for me to sign the form for him?"

The nurse seriously answered, "This is a matter of life and death, so you'd better inform his family to sign it."

"But Mr. Schultz doesn't have any relatives."

The nurse asked in confusion, "Isn't he married?"

Alec simply shook his head.

"What about his parents?" the nurse further asked.

"They've been gone for a long time." Alec answered.

The nurse, Looking concerned, was surprised Jarrod had no relatives.

After all, Jarrod was quite handsome and didn't seem like he'd have any trouble finding a wife for himself. Why hadn't he found someone to marry?

The nurse passed the form to Alec, saying, "The patient is quite fragile right now. You sign it and see if there are any of his close friends or remote relatives who could come over. It'd be good to reach out to them as soon as you can."

After all, heart failure was an unexpected sickness, and nobody could foresee what might happen.

The nurse simply wanted to give Alec a friendly reminder.

Following that, the medical staff shut the operating room door.

Clutching the form, Alec felt overwhelmed and uncertain about what to do. Remembering the nurse's suggestion, he pulled out his phone and called a number.

Chapter 1196

In the Sunshine Apartment.

After showering, Nicole dressed in a bathrobe and walked barefoot on the carpet.

She had just opened a bottle of red wine placed on the window Ledge.

She poured herself some wine and gazed at the distant neon Lights through the French window.

The city appeared vibrant in the darkness of the night. In contrast, her life seemed quite unfulfilling.

Nicole sipped the red wine, then quickly finished the glass.

Even though she didn't really savor the taste, she felt a bit tipsy after chugging a whole glass of wine.

She enjoyed being in a calm setting while under the influence of alcohol. At times, with alcohol, she'd even imagine that her parents were still alive, their family living happily just like in the old days.

Without those cheerful memories before Jarrod entered the picture, Nicole doubted she could endure the lonely nights.

From the lofty heights of a building like Sunshine Apartment, gazing down from the window would make people feel a bit dizzy.

This was the same height from which Wesson had jumped.

Every night, upon returning here, Nicole would spend time by the window, recalling those sufferings she and her family had endured.

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Those challenging times served as her motivation to keep living in this new life.

Nicole thought if she had died in that accident, it might have been a blessing for her. It was not easy for her to carry on like this.

She often felt meaningless except for revenge.

Those disheartening past weighed her down like a heavy load. She had carried too much and felt completely worn out...

As Nicole stood in a daze by the window, she noticed her phone vibrating. She picked

“Miss Lawrence, could you come to the hospital right away? Mr. Schultz has been in critical condition...” Alec’s voice crackled through the speaker, sounding flustered.

“He’s not dead yet?” Nicole said mockingly.

Alec seemed stunned by her response. After a brief silence, he replied with a strained voice, “No, he’s in a very serious condition now...”

“What a pity!” Nicole commented nonchalantly. How come Jarrod was still alive? She filled her glass with red wine once more, giving it a gentle shake. She had assumed she had a celebration party to hold.

It took Alec a few seconds to grasp Nicole’s meaning. In an instant, his complexion lost all color.

Alec was uncertain about continuing the conversation. However, he felt an unbearable sadness and sympathy for Jarrod.

Alec pled, “Miss Lawrence, you might not appreciate what I’m about to say, but in the end, it was your words that led Mr. Schultz to kneel in the rain for eight hours. And now he’s dealing with heart failure.

Chapter 1197

How about showing him some compassion? Besides, he has been filled with remorse for his past actions. How could you be so heartless to a dying person..

“Being heartless? If I had known Jarrod was that submissive, I wouldn’t have just made him kneel at the entrance,” Nicole replied, laughing heartily.

Although Alec found Nicole’s tone quite strange, he still said softly, “Miss Lawrence, I didn’t intend to accuse you. It’s just that Mr. Schultz is really unwell right now. He doesn’t have any family, and there was no one to sign the form for his critical condition. I know you are the person he desires to see the most.”

“Don’t get me wrong, Alec. What I mean...” said Nicole with a smile.

After a pause, she continued casually, “If I had known Jarrod was that submissive, I would have told him to go straight to hell.

Someone as evil as him deserves an end like that.”

Alec was caught off guard by Nicole’s words. Obviously, she harbored deep resentment toward Jarrod.

Nicole added, “Alec, if it was your sister who had experienced those things, would you convince

her to forgive that bastard? Do you still see her as someone heartless?"

Nicole's words left Alec utterly speechless. He had to admit that Nicole was correct. He had never tried to understand things from Nicole's point of view. If someone dear to him went through what Nicole had been through, he might feel the urge to seek vengeance and never forgive that bastard as long as he lived.

Nicole was sick of constantly hearing such nonsense words. She said impatiently, "Enough with this. The best news for me would be hearing about Jarrod's death!"

After saying that, Nicole ended the call.

Then, she couldn't help but laugh aloud. What was going on with this world? Jarrod, that evil and crazy man! Because of Jarrod, she had endured immense hardship. The Lawrence Group went bankrupt, her father succumbed to despair and leaped from a building, her mother passed away from depression, and she had lost track of how many times Jarrod had trampled on her dignity in the past.

How could Nicole forgive Jarrod after what had transpired? Someone as wicked as Jarrod should find himself in the depths of hell!

Just because Jarrod felt regret and had a hard time with his guilty conscience, should she forgive what he did to her and her family? If she didn't forgive him, she would be regarded as a heartless and vicious person? Did anyone consider the pain she endured all these years?

Laughing wildly, Nicole suddenly felt a hint of sadness, yet her face showed no emotion. Even if she was heartbroken, it was difficult for her to shed any tears.

The cruelty of people had left her deeply disappointed. She couldn't bring herself to love anyone anymore and couldn't accept the love of others either... It was all because of Jarrod.

Jarrod had shattered all her fantasies about any beautiful things.

The only thing left for her was endless pain. Therefore, no one had the right to ask her to forgive the demon who drove her to despair.

Because of the alcohol, Nicole had a pounding headache.

Right then, her phone rang again.

Nicole furrowed her brow, thinking it was Alec again. She grabbed it with her eyes closed and snapped, "I've said it more than once.

Don't bother me unless he is dead!"

"Are you okay, Nicole?" A concerned male voice was heard.

"Well... I'm fine..." stunned, Nicole replied hurriedly.

Chapter 1198

Then, there was a pause on the other end of the line.

"Nicole, I've booked a flight back. It's next week."

"You're coming back?" Nicole was taken aback when she heard that, and she adjusted herself slightly.

"Well, aren't you glad that I am coming back?" The man sounded a bit disheartened.

"Of course, I'm eager to see you. It's just that I'm a bit surprised,"

Nicole clarified hastily.

“Nicole, I’m heading back, whether you like it or not. After all, I won’t let you face this battle alone.”

“Roscoe, I…”

Having made up his mind, Roscoe interrupted Nicole, “Well, let’s catch up later.”

Nicole felt she couldn’t make the decision on Roscoe’s behalf. At the thought of it, she said, “Okay, see you then.”

“By the way, Austin is coming back with me.”

The mention of Austin reminded Nicole of the darkest days of her life.

Suddenly, Nicole felt a sharp pain in her head and sweat formed on her forehead.

Roscoe explained, “The doctor suggested it’s best for Austin to return to a familiar environment to relax, which will help his condition.”

“Okay, I see,” Nicole replied, her voice low and strained, as she supported her forehead, indicating pain.

Roscoe hesitated before asking, “Nicole, would you like to hear Austin’s voice?”

Nicole found herself unable to speak, feeling as if her throat was constricted and her heart was aching. After a lengthy silence, Nicole responded in a voice cold and devoid of emotion, “No, that’s not necessary.”

Then, she ended the call.

Nicole’s gaze drifted into the distance, a touch of sorrow in her eyes. Suddenly, she felt a cold tear stream down her cheek. At that moment, all her facades crumbled. She had never imagined that one day she would have such complex feelings about a child.

Curling her shoulders in, she lay on the floor, crying in a manner both desperate and helpless. It wasn’t hysterical, but her heart was in agony.

The video of Lauren and Sherry’s fight went viral online, propelling their names to the top of the trending search list for several days. It was, after all, sensational news.

Eager netizens unearthed all the men Sherry had been involved with, revealing they were all married. Notably, they uncovered an alleged ambiguous relationship between Sherry and her stepfather, a revelation that left many fans feeling disgusted.

Sherry’s reputation took a significant hit, losing a vast number of followers almost overnight. Additionally, brands that had previously partnered with Sherry were quick to issue statements terminating their contracts.

Chapter 1199

The fallout was severe. Sherry faced public criticism and was liable for hefty compensations. The funds she had amassed were insufficient to cover the compensations.

The next day, the police made a public announcement regarding Sherry’s husband, Cary Blake, the head of Sino Entertainment, stating his arrest for sexual molestation.

This news marked a complete turnaround in the situation. Those misled folks who had blindly supported Sherry and caused a commotion at Janey’s kindergarten were detained by the police.

Those who had supported Sherry expressed regret for their impulsive actions and posted apologies online.

As a result of these events, Raegan and Crescent studio gained significant media attention.

Numerous companies reached out for collaborations, inundating Crescent with orders. Even regular customers of Alpire Studio showed interest in Crescent, eager for future collaborations.

Lauren, the director of Alpire Studio, was adversely affected by the exposure of her misdeeds.

Although not directly involved in Cary's case, Alpire Studio's stock prices plummeted.

Despite Alpire Studio's overnight statement about removing Lauren from the board, the damage to the company's reputation was irreversible.

Most of the clientele for customized high-end outfits comprised pop stars, affluent women, and executives of large companies.

The fashion design world, known for its diversity, saw customers increasingly open to exploring new designs rather than sticking to a single brand. Crescent's design concept aligned perfectly with this trend, drawing more attention to the studio.

Raegan was exceptionally busy at the studio, but thankfully, Elin was there to assist her. Elin's skills in design and management were a significant aid.

Meanwhile, Janey, still traumatized by the school incident, often woke up in the middle of the night. Consequently, Raegan spent two consecutive nights comforting Janey, resulting in noticeable dark circles under her eyes.

Upon noticing Raegan's exhaustion, Annis suggested she take a nap.

However, it was rare for Raegan to have a day off and she had promised to take Janey to the amusement park, so she shook her head, albeit reluctantly.

Janey was buzzing with excitement. Early in the morning, she began picking out her outfit, laying out a collection of lovely dresses.

Annis eventually chose a red dress for her, complete with a cloak and a small hood, making Janey look incredibly adorable.

Annis, playing along, asked, "Why are you so excited about the amusement park, Janey?"

Janey's reply was immediate and sweet. "Because I can see the person I like."

Puzzled, Annis inquired, "And who might that be, Janey?"

"Daddy Mitchel. He promised to go to the amusement park with me,"

Janey responded cheerfully.

Annis was taken aback by this revelation, as she hadn't heard Raegan make any plans with Mitchel.

Gently patting Janey's head, Annis suggested, "Why don't you play with your baby rabbit for a bit? I'll check if your mommy is ready to leave."

In Raegan's room, Annis relayed Janey's words to Raegan.

Chapter 1200

Raegan was equally surprised. It didn't take long for her to recall Mitchel's comforting words about visiting the amusement park with Janey.

Ever a naive girl, Janey didn't realize the reason Mitchel had said so at that time mainly to comfort her, given Mitchel's tight schedule.

This put Raegan in a tough spot. She assumed Mitchel might not be available, given he was the

CEO of the Dixon Group.

Moreover, Raegan felt uncomfortable at the thought of going to the amusement park with her ex-husband.

With these thoughts in mind, Raegan approached Janey, wanting to negotiate with her.

“Janey, how about going to the amusement park just with mommy today?”

Raegan suggested gently.

At these words, the excited gleam in Janey’s eyes vanished. Unlike other children, Janey was quite sensitive. She assumed Mitchel no longer wanted to accompany her to the amusement park. Trying to hold back her tears, she pursed her lips and gave a sulky nod. It wasn’t that she didn’t want to go with Raegan, but she was upset because Mitchel had promised to join them. How could he just break his promise?

Janey’s disappointment was evident. She took off the cloak she had chosen and retreated to a corner, clutching her toy rabbit.

Soon, Annis found Janey sobbing quietly.

Raegan, seeing this, felt a pang of guilt. Understanding Janey’s sensitivity, she knew why the little girl was so upset.

Annis, unable to see Janey like this, suggested, “Why not call Mr. Dixon and check if he’s available?”

Raegan had no option but to dial Mitchel’s number anyway.

The phone rang for a long time without being picked up. Raegan almost gave up, but the image of Janey’s disappointed face prompted her to try again.

This time, the call connected after a few rings.

Raegan felt a surge of nervousness as she began to speak. “Hey, I’m calling to ask if you’re free...”

Before she could finish, a woman’s voice interrupted from the other end of the line. “I’m sorry, but Mitchel is currently in a meeting,” the voice on the other end informed her.

Raegan was momentarily taken aback. Then the woman inquired, “Is this Raegan Foster?”

Raegan confirmed her identity, and the woman introduced herself, “It’s Katie. We met the other day.”

Raegan recalled the name but had little interest in prolonging the conversation with Katie. She responded politely but briefly, “Well, if he’s not available, that’s all I needed to know. Bye!”

However, Katie seemed keen on continuing the conversation. She said with a chuckle, “Raegan, I recall you mentioning you had no feelings for Mitchel last time. If that’s the case, perhaps you should ask other men to handle your personal matters. Don’t you think? After all, it’s not quite appropriate to keep disturbing someone else’s fiancé, right?”

Raegan could feel Katie’s arrogance even through the phone.

Katie made it seem like Raegan was having an affair with Mitchel.

Right then, Raegan was on the brink of losing her cool and almost hung up. Was Katie actually in a relationship with Mitchel? This question lingered in her mind. If Katie’s words were true, then what was Mitchel’s intention when he pursued her recently? Who did he take her for? What a jerk!

Scumbag! Asshole!