

Unbreakable 1231

Chapter 1231

“Raegan, are you alright?”

Raegan looked visibly shaken, her response weak as she shook her head.

“Are you sure you’re okay?” Erick remained concerned for her well being.

Raegan’s gaze shifted to Mitchel standing behind Erick, clutching the injured shoulder, braced against the car door, his face drained of color.

Wounds were all over Mitchel’s face and body, especially his shoulder.

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The bandage turned red once more as he collided with the door frame.

Raegan felt a wave of sorrow and unease. It was strange... Why did her heart ache so much at the sight of his pain? It was as if a dusty trove of memories within her had been awakened. It appeared to be atop a mountain. Mitchel had once similarly protected her, intercepting the knife that was meant for her..

These fragments of memories triggered a severe headache, overwhelming Raegan. She covered her head with her hands, looking distressed. She said to Erick, “Erick, please, take me away...”

Erick swiftly lifted Raegan and placed her in the car. Victor took the wheel.

Mitchel, his body riddled with wounds, went unnoticed by Erick and Victor.

Mitchel only caught Raegan was eager to depart. Suddenly, his heart felt as if it were being squeezed, contorting his face in agony.

The punches Erick had dealt Mitchel hadn’t brought him to this pain.

Now, he found himself devoid of the strength to even stand. His body felt as fragile as a bubble, easily toppled by the slightest breeze.

Unable to brace against the car, he crumpled to the ground.

Matteo rushed to Mitchel’s aid. The sorrow in Mitchel’s eyes ignited a painful heat in Matteo’s palm.

Matteo’s lips quivered as he murmured, “Mr. Dixon, she shouldn’t be...”

Matteo tried to find words of comfort, yet none came. After all, Mitchel could tell Raegan’s attitude.

Observers could see Mitchel, despite his injuries, held back in the fight since he had heeded Raegan’s words. Even being beaten like that, he still chose to shield Raegan at the critical moment, ignoring his own injuries. Yet, Raegan seemingly didn’t appreciate it.

Matteo extended his hand, offering help to Mitchel up, but the latter rebuffed him.

A haze seemed to envelop Mitchel’s once handsome face. Grasping the door for support, he managed to rise and settle back into the car in silence. He barely acknowledged the blood streaming from his wounds.

Disheartened by Raegan’s seemingly indifference toward him, he was numb to physical

pain.

His heart was burdened with a pain far greater than any physical injury could inflict. He had just begun to experience a profound bitterness.

After what seemed an eternity, Mitchel coughed up blood, which trickled down the corner of his mouth. He slumped against the seat, his eyes shut tight.

“Mitchel!” Matteo exclaimed, bringing the car to an abrupt halt.

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Matteo rushed to assess Mitchel’s condition, finding the latter’s heartbeat weak and his breathing shallow. With hands trembling, he quickly returned to the driver’s seat and sped toward the hospital. Meanwhile, Raegan sat pale and withdrawn in the back seat.

After giving her a glass of warm water and gently coaxing her to drink, Erick asked with concern, “Are you still feeling unwell? Hold on. We’ll be at the hospital soon.”

The image of Mitchel, his upper body soaked in blood, remained vivid in Raegan’s mind. A sharp pang of pain struck her heart. In a feeble voice, she murmured, “Erick, I think I’m starting to remember something...”

“Do you remember anything after falling into the river?” Erick asked, his eyes lighting up with hope.

At that time, Raegan had been taken to a hospital overseen by the Foster family, her body covered in injuries. An anonymous message had informed Erick of Raegan’s identity. Filled with doubt, Erick arranged for a DNA test on Raegan. To his astonishment, the results confirmed she was his long-lost little sister.

Yet, the identity of the person who had brought Raegan to the hospital and how the other party knew her identity remained a mystery.

Most pressing was Erick’s suspicion that the other party might be connected to his mother’s disappearance or, at the very least, knew something about it. He was determined to uncover the truth.

Raegan massaged her temples, attempting to piece together her memories. She recalled the sound of shattering glass and the sensation of being pulled to safety after her fall into the river.

The rescuer’s eyes seemed dark and familiar, but his face remained a blur.

The effort to recall caused Raegan intense discomfort. Her head throbbed violently, her breathing became labored, and her heart raced uncontrollably.

“Raegan! Raegan!” Erick called out in alarm, witnessing her struggle for air. Swiftly, he retrieved an oxygen bottle from the car’s emergency kit and connected it to her.

As Raegan began to stabilize, her complexion remained deathly pale from the ordeal. With a voice tinged with regret, she confessed, “Erick, I’m sorry. I couldn’t make out his face clearly...”

Despite her efforts, the fragments of her memory refused to coalesce further. Her mind felt as empty as a machine that had burned out.

Erick’s heart dropped at the sight. Gently patting Raegan’s back, he reassured her, “It doesn’t matter. You don’t need to think about it anymore.”

The sight of Raegan in distress was more than he could stand.

Clearly, the well-being of his sister outweighed the hidden truths in his heart.

Upon arriving at the hospital, Raegan underwent a comprehensive examination. The results showed she was as healthy as before, except for the injury to her head, which caused nerve pain and disrupted her memories. The doctor recommended allowing time to heal her wounds, advising against forcing her to recall the past if it proved too difficult. Raegan was not severely hurt and soon felt rejuvenated after some rest. It was then that Mitchel came to mind.

Raegan had left abruptly earlier due to a sudden headache and wondered how he was faring, especially considering the injuries he sustained at the hands of her brother. Raegan couldn't help but feel a twinge of guilt. If she hadn't stopped Mitchel from defending himself, he might not have been so badly injured.

Mitchel wasn't typically one to yield so easily, yet he had submitted to her wishes, intensifying her remorse. Overwhelmed by guilt, she eventually reached for her phone to call him. Despite several attempts, her calls went unanswered.

After some thought, Raegan's worry intensified. Could Mitchel be in a coma? She hastily looked up Matteo's number and dialed it.

Matteo picked up promptly, his voice tinged with surprise. "Raegan?"

Without wasting time, Raegan got straight to the point. "Is Mitchel okay? I tried calling him, but got no response."

Chapter 1233

"Mr. Dixon is currently undergoing treatment at the hospital," Matteo informed her.

Feeling a tightness in her chest, Raegan inquired, "Is his condition serious?"

There was a brief silence before Matteo replied, "I'm not certain.

The doctor is still with him."

Raegan's heart sank, and she felt a chill run through her. The possibility of the last incident having severely injured Mitchel weighed heavily on her mind. "Could you let me know the outcome once you find out?" she asked anxiously.

"Of course," Matteo assured her.

Before ending the call, Matteo added, "Well, if you can, please visit Mr. Dixon. Your presence would surely comfort him."

Hanging up, Raegan was consumed by her thoughts, unable to find peace.

Driven by a need to do something, she stood up, quickly dressed, and prepared to leave for the hospital.

As Raegan opened the door, she was met by Erick.

Noticing her actions, rather than resting as expected, Erick asked with a note of concern,

"Where are you going?"

Raegan carried a bit of guilt thinking about Erick's reaction. She waved her hand dismissively and lied, "I only got up to do some exercise."

Erick silently set the food container he was holding down. "Have something to eat first." He had brought over specially cooked stomach-friendly porridge and several light dishes made by their housemaid. Carefully, he arranged them on the table, inviting Raegan to dine.

Approaching the table, Raegan observed the porridge and dishes.

Though simple, each was prepared to her liking.

Erick rolled his sleeves up and began to serve Raegan the porridge, taking care to remove any pieces of ginger.

Raegan wasn't fond of ginger, yet its inclusion in the porridge was beneficial for her health. Thus, Erick had instructed the maid to add ginger, planning to remove it himself before serving.

"Erick, I can manage on my own." Raegan felt slightly uncomfortable.

Erick's tenderness toward her was overwhelming, treating her with great care.

"Make sure you finish all of it," Erick insisted.

Following his instruction, Raegan consumed every bit of the porridge, prompting a smile from Erick.

After eating, Raegan used the napkin Erick offered to clean her face and inquired, "Erick, what brought you back suddenly? Is our father alright?"

Chapter 1234

"He's doing much better. He's been concerned about you and Janey, so he asked me to go back and check on you," Erick replied.

"That's a relief," Raegan responded, feeling somewhat soothed. She had been in daily contact with her father, who reassured her he was fine.

Yet, Raegan worried her father might be concealing his struggles, considering bringing Janey to visit him.

Her father, however, advised against it, citing it wasn't wise for Janey to miss school so soon after enrolling. He knew Janey was enjoying her time here and wished to spare them the hassle of traveling.

"And what's happening with you and that man?" Erick inquired. He had received bits of information from Victor but sought to get the full story directly from Raegan.

Raegan paused to gather her thoughts before sharing the entire incident, including Lauren's schemes to drug her and the subsequent attempt to frame her, thwarted by Mitchel's intervention. She lightly touched on how she had assisted Mitchel with his medical needs.

Back when Raegan helped with Mitchel's injuries, Erick, mistakenly thinking Mitchel was taking advantage of Raegan, delivered punches on Mitchel without hesitation. Raegan's revelation about medical aids made sense.

Erick's brow creased slightly. It dawned on him that he had acted impulsively. Mitchel was, in fact, aiding Raegan in seeking justice.

It had to be said that Mitchel's throwing Lauren into Velvet Alley was a good decision. A mere drugging charge wouldn't lead to a severe sentence, and a competent lawyer could even secure probation.

Such a lenient punishment didn't fit Lauren's crime.

Lauren deserved to face the harsh realities of Velvet Alley, a place without law. The thought of enduring such hardships there was more daunting than imprisonment. The agony there surpassed the fear of death. Survivors from ordeals there often emerged broken, either physically or mentally.

Raegan voiced her unease, "I've been thinking about his condition since we departed."

"So you were planning to go see him just now?" Perceptive enough to speculate what was on Raegan's mind, Erick gave Raegan a look.

Raegan found herself at a loss for words. She hadn't foreseen Erick piercing through her pretense.

Raegan's concern wasn't solely for Mitchel's well-being. More pressing was the fact that Erick had struck Mitchel tons of times, yet Mitchel hadn't responded in kind upon hearing her requirements.

The possibility of Mitchel seeking vengeance once recovered, or his family demanding retribution, weighed on Raegan. Things didn't go Erick's way.

Raegan fretted, saying, "Erick, you struck him. What if he seeks revenge?"

"There's no need for you to fret over this, and you're forbidden from visiting him," Erick firmly dismissed Raegan's worry. He was firm about keeping her away from Mitchel.

Whenever Mitchel saw Raegan, the former's paranoia and possessiveness overflowed. This deeply troubled Erick, who saw himself as Raegan's protector. Reflecting on the hardships Raegan had endured in Ardlens in the past, he felt he was doing the right thing.

"And any help he provides you is his own choice. Don't feel indebted.

He's merely repaying a debt to you." Erick, aware of Raegan's compassionate disposition, feared she might feel obligated to Mitchel.

Deflecting a blade didn't clear Mitchel's wrongdoings so simply.

“Okay,” Raegan agreed, yet her mind wandered elsewhere. She couldn’t shake off the memory fragments of Mitchel stepping in to shield her from harm more than once. Lately, her mind often drifted to past occurrences, with some memories clear and others blurry. Countless times, things she had just recalled would slip from her mind in the next instant. She feared Erick’s concern, so she refrained from disclosing these circumstances to him.

Chapter 1235

Her current apprehension was focused on Mitchel and Erick. Her current worry was over the potential fallout Erick might face due to his rash actions toward Mitchel. Determining Mitchel’s current state became her priority.

Suddenly, the door swung open. Nicole entered the room. “Raegan, are you alright?”
“I’m okay.”

Despite Raegan’s reassurance, Nicole scrutinized Raegan thoroughly, finding comfort only when she was sure about Raegan’s well-being.

With Elin tied up with business affairs and unable to visit the hospital, she had asked Nicole to check in on Raegan. Elin planned to visit after wrapping up her duties.

Sensing the conversation might shift toward topics of feminine interest, Erick chose that moment to exit. Before leaving, he made sure Victor remained posted at the door to watch over Raegan, ensuring she didn’t sneak away.

Upon Erick’s departure, Raegan turned to Nicole, asking, “Nicole, could you assist me in stepping out for a while?”

Nicole, intrigued by Raegan’s words, inquired, “What’s the matter?”

After hearing Raegan’s explanation, Nicole took a moment to reflect and sighed. “It looks like you’re bound to cross paths with him, aren’t you?”

Raegan’s confusion was evident upon hearing Nicole. “Nicole, are you familiar with Mitchel?”

It appeared to Raegan that Nicole held more insights into Mitchel than she did. At times, she found it challenging to pin down exactly what kind of person Mitchel was.

“What? Interested in him?” Nicole said, lightly teasing.

Raegan’s cheeks turned a shade of pink. “No, not really.” Yet, understanding Mitchel better could prove beneficial for her.

Nicole stopped her playful remarks, pausing to consider, and shared, “Apart from Lauren, Mitchel hasn’t been linked to any other women. He appeared to be quite upstanding. However, his current treatment of Lauren suggests a possible past misunderstanding. If he’s being so severe with Lauren now, maybe he had no affection for her in the past.” Reflecting on Janey, Nicole had harbored doubts about Janey’s origins for some time. Despite the Foster family’s impeccable work with the claim of Janey’s parents, Janey’s facial features bore a resemblance to Mitchel. It was only because Janey’s eyes mirrored Raegan’s that this resemblance went unnoticed.

Turning to Raegan, Nicole suggested, "There might be some misunderstandings between you and Mitchel. It wouldn't hurt to try and understand him better."

If Mitchel's past actions toward Lauren were misguided, there might still be room for forgiveness.

After all, loving parents would be good for Janey's upbringing. Aware of Janey's desire for her father, Nicole had come to terms with her own lack of prospects for happiness, yet she wished for Raegan and Janey to find joy and satisfaction. Swiftly, Nicole devised a strategy. She procured a nurse's outfit for Raegan.

Donning the nurse cap, mask, and glasses, Raegan was completely disguised.

As expected, Victor failed to recognize Raegan upon her exit.

Nicole followed suit, locking the door behind them and advising Victor, "Raegan is resting. Let's not disturb her."

Victor acknowledged her instructions.

Once outside, Nicole escorted Raegan to the parking lot before heading elsewhere

Chapter 1236

Nicole's vehicle halted outside a restaurant.

As she entered, Nicole didn't notice a man who brushed past and glanced back at her.

Nicole proceeded to a chamber and opened the door.

The man trailing Nicole peeked through the door's slit, catching sight of a guy inside with a distinct profile.

After Nicole shut the door, the man retrieved his phone to make a call. "Mr. Schultz, I've located Miss Lawrence."

A pause filled the other end of the line.

Then, with a clenched jaw, Alec announced, "She's dining with another man."

In the secluded chamber, a man sat at the head of the table. He wore a white shirt, its crisp collar neatly encircling his pronounced Adam's apple, subtly highlighted by the placement of the buttons. His cool, detached demeanor was softened by a strict, almost ascetic discipline. His good looks were flawless and untouched.

As Nicole entered, the distance in his demeanor disappeared without a hint. A warm smile brightened his perfect face.

"Nicole," he greeted, taking the coat she had just removed and hanging it with care.

"Have you been waiting long?" Nicole asked.

"Not in the slightest. I just got here myself," Roscoe replied.

Once they had taken their seats, Roscoe gestured for the meal to start. The food was served promptly, and they started chatting lightly over the meal.

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Nicole, having a particular liking for deep-sea fish, took an extra two pieces, drawn not by the taste but by their soft, tender texture.

Roscoe, noticing this, switched her plate for one with stomach-friendly vegetables, gently reprimanding, "Nicole, you shouldn't be picky on foods. Eat these first, then you can have another

piece of fish.”

Since Nicole’s surgery, Roscoe had been encouraging her to eat various nutritional foods. He knew that denying her the foods she liked would only lessen both her mood and her appetite.

Nicole dutifully ate the vegetables, despite their lack of flavor, finishing every bite.

Roscoe smiled and suggested, “Nicole, perhaps you should consider placing your company under the auspices of my uncle’s firm. It operates in a sector of Ardlens that often goes unnoticed.”

Nicole shook her head. “Roscoe, let’s not talk about this anymore,” she insisted.

Nicole was firm in her decision to not involve Roscoe further. His assistance up to this point was more than enough. She felt it would be unfair to impose on him any further.

Roscoe rarely challenged Nicole’s choices. At her rejection, a shadow of disappointment briefly crossed his face. “ALL right, but for the specific tasks at hand, I’ll arrange for my uncle’s reliable aide to help you.”

“Roscoe, I really don’t need...” Nicole started to protest.

“Nicole, on this issue, I must insist,” Roscoe interrupted, reaching across the table to hold her hand, his eyes earnestly conveying his desire to swiftly resolve the problem.

Nicole’s hand stayed motionless, her gaze lowered. Roscoe’s hand was as perfect and appealing as his entire being. Her own hands and feet, always cold, found a comforting warmth in his touch, a balm to her spirit. Yet, it was this very warmth that made her reluctant to entangle Roscoe in the complexities and unpleasantness of her problems.

Chapter 1237

Nicole firmly pulled her hand away, ignoring the fleeting look of disappointment in Roscoe’s eyes. “Roscoe, I want to handle this by myself. Could you please look after...” Her voice broke off, leaving the name unsaid. Tears gathered in her eyes as she expressed her deep appreciation, “I’m so grateful to you.”

Roscoe’s response was almost imperceptible. “Nicole, Austin is doing well, better than you think, and he’s stronger than you know. Once we find a good match, he’ll definitely get better. Just focus on your goals.”

Nicole lowered her head, her hands covering her face as she cried softly. “Thank you... Thank you so much,” she whispered, her voice choked with emotion. She was grateful that Roscoe had kept Austin from seeing the flaws in her. She felt she wasn’t a good mother.

Austin was too innocent, and she felt too stained by her past.

Following the birth of Austin, Nicole was overwhelmed by a profound depression. This dark period led her to attempt to end her life on several occasions.

One night, in a moment of despair, Nicole found her hands wrapping around Austin’s thin neck. The hope she had once felt for her son had turned into bitterness. She questioned why he continued to live.

Yet, as she tightened her grip, the sudden cries of her son pierced the silence, snapping her back to reality.

“How did I become so lost?” Nicole wondered.

Roscoe stood up and placed his hands on Nicole’s shoulders, soothing her with gentle strokes. He waited patiently until her sobs subsided.

“Nicole, you’ve done nothing wrong. Don’t blame yourself. I’m sure Austin wouldn’t blame you either,” he assured her, his gaze filled with unwavering support.

“You haven’t done anything wrong. Don’t doubt yourself,” Roscoe reiterated, his voice firm. He then hugged her gently, with a touch so delicate it seemed he feared she might break.

After they had finished eating, Roscoe settled Nicole into the passenger seat before taking the wheel himself.

The vehicle halted outside a grand, high-end hotel.

“You’re staying here?” Nicole inquired.

“Yes, my new place hasn’t been occupied in some time. I’ve had it aired out, but it will be a few days before it’s ready for us to move in. I’ve arranged for the nanny to stay here with Austin in the meantime,” Roscoe explained.

The mention of Austin caused Nicole’s eyelashes to flutter once more.

Roscoe caught this and gently offered, “Nicole, would you like to go upstairs and check on him? Austin is probably asleep by now.”

Meanwhile, Alec was stationed in a car below the hotel, vigilant.

A sleek black luxury car glided to a stop nearby, prompting Alec to swiftly exit his vehicle and approach.

The car window descended, revealing Jarrod’s pale, yet strikingly handsome face.

Following a critical emergency at the hospital, Jarrod developed a fever soaring above 104 degrees Fahrenheit that night, threatening his lung tissue. His lungs, already vulnerable, necessitated a hospital stay of five days to achieve some stability.

Jarrod was still not fully recovered. Despite his doctor’s warnings against smoking, he clung to his cigarettes, smoking incessantly.

Alec relayed to Jarrod all of Nicole’s actions since she had departed from the restaurant.

Lifting his eyelids slightly, Jarrod eyed the shimmering entrance of the hotel and queried, “Here?”

Chapter 1238

Alec confirmed with a nod, choosing to remain silent beyond this.

Some truths were understood without needing to be voiced. Adults visiting a hotel late at night together typically had reasons other than work.

In a swift movement, Jarrod extended his hand, and Alec, understanding the silent command, handed over his phone with hands that shook slightly. He played the video he had just captured. It showed Nicole and Roscoe making their way into the hotel together.

As they climbed the steps, Nicole nearly lost her balance but was quickly steadied by Roscoe. He

then took her hand, holding onto it until they disappeared inside.

Each shift in Jarrod's expression seemed to tighten the noose around Alec's already strained nerves.

He anticipated a storm of rage from Jarrod.

However, even after viewing the entire video, Jarrod's face was devoid of any reaction. His brows remained unknit, his gaze steady.

Then, unexpectedly, a smile crept across his face.

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It was a strange, sudden smile that did nothing to lighten the pallor of his face but instead cast a shadow of moroseness and ill health.

Alec found this smile perplexing and, knowing Jarrod, a bad omen.

Without a word, Jarrod deftly dialed a number with Alec's phone.

After a brief pause, the call connected.

"Hello, who is this?" came Nicole's voice from the other end, soft and seemingly laced with a quiet warmth.

Jarrood, his demeanor serene, spoke her name. "Nicole, did you sleep well?"

Even though Jarrod tried to sound calm, Nicole could still detect the tension in his voice.

Nicole smirked and said, "Mr. Schultz, a wise person wouldn't call at this hour and ruin someone else's fun."

"What if I'm not wise?" Despite looking unwell, Jarrod spoke with a force that demanded attention.

"Mr. Schultz, you used to be so smooth, especially with the ladies.

What happened to your charm and understanding of simple manners?"

"Nicole!" Jarrod's patience quickly ran out. His voice became stern.

"I need you to come outside to meet me, right now!"

Jarrood's eyes turned red. Whether Nicole was playing with him or toying with him, he didn't mind. But the thought of her with another man was something he couldn't stand.

Hearing his tone, Nicole figured out his intentions. He knew she and Roscoe were at the hotel.

Nicole playfully responded, "I'm so sorry, but I'm not wearing anything suitable to come out right now."

There was complete silence on Jarrod's end. There was no sound for a long moment, not even a breath.

Chapter 1239

If it weren't for the call still being connected, Nicole would have thought he had hung up.

Just as Nicole was about to hang up, a deep, male voice stopped her.

"Nicole, are you trying to upset me?"

Jarrood's voice became softer, almost begging. "Well, you've succeeded.

I'm so furious that it hurts everywhere. Please, just come down, will you?"

His pain wasn't just emotional. Every breath he took felt like a stab wound.

He knew her request for him to kneel was nothing but a way of her punishment. Yet, he still knelt until everything went dark...

Even when he was seriously ill, on the brink of death, Alec couldn't convince Nicole to visit.

It was all too clear to him. Even in death, she wouldn't give him a second look.

"Drive you to madness?" Nicole couldn't help but chuckle. "Mr. Schultz, don't flatter yourself. You've read too much into my words."

Nicole didn't wait for his reply, continuing in a mocking tone, "I couldn't care less if you're angry. I'm not idle enough to act just to irritate you. My actions are for my own reasons, for my happiness. Got that?"

Hearing this, Jarrod felt a sharp pain in his chest. He clenched his fist and hit his chest, his voice growing colder, "I can make you happy, too. Don't go looking for anyone else. I know how to make you happy."

Nicole understood exactly what he meant. She felt her face heat up with anger. "Mr. Schultz, calling you shameless doesn't even begin to cover it. To me, you're just a horny animal. Make other women as happy as you wish! Don't have your eyes set on me!"

Nicole's words were like a gentle rain to Jarrod, hardly affecting him. He seemed to find a way to get her to talk more, replying, "Even if I'm a horny animal, I did once make you happy."

Nicole was seething with rage. How had she not seen before just how shameless Jarrod could be? He even seemed to take pride in his shamelessness.

Nicole bit her lip, trying to regain her composure, and said, "Don't interrupt my night hours with others anymore!"

Jarrod's eyes narrowed, his voice filled with urgency. "Nicole, you wouldn't dare!"

"Do you really have to ask if I would?" Nicole retorted. "Mr. Schultz, do you need me to remind you

? It was you who drove the Lawrence family to ruin. My father died by suicide and my mother died of sorrow. Who else is there to blame but you?"

As she spoke of the tragic past, Nicole's hands trembled, struggling to hold onto her phone.

Her first task upon returning was to visit her mother's nursing home, only to discover her mother had passed away long ago.

Her mother's ashes had been placed with her father's, just as Nicole had requested before she left.

Even though Nicole had braced herself for this, the actual words still made her tremble violently. She never thought the terms "ruined and destitute" would ever describe her situation. Why was fate so harsh, leaving her alive only to refuse her the solace of eternal rest in the depths of the ocean? Why did she have to continue living, burdened by guilt? Tears of anger filled Nicole's eyes as she said, "Jarrod Schultz, now that I have nothing left in this world, what else can you possibly take from me? My life? It's insignificant. If you're

bold enough, try to take it, but know that you'll pay dearly!"

Nicole's only purpose in life now was to make Jarrod pay. Perhaps, only then could she finally let go of her burdens...

Chapter 1240

At that moment, Jarrod felt as though his heart had been scooped out with bare hands. He was just an empty vessel filled with bitter sorrow. He said desperately, "It won't come to that, Nicole. Why would I want your life? I want you to return to my side. I promise to treat you well. You must believe me. Your mother..."

Jarrod was cut off by a sharp, male voice from Nicole's end. "The bath is ready."

Those words immediately changed Jarrod's face to one of great annoyance.

Then, the line went dead. Beep. Beep. Beep.

Nicole ended the call abruptly, and the beeping sound seemed almost too keen to cut off their conversation.

Jarrod found himself staring at the overheating phone, moments stretching into what felt like an eternity.

Alec, standing tensely, worried about the fate of his phone. After all, eight phones were ruined in this month alone.

In the blink of an eye, Jarrod's hold on the phone tightened. Under the intense pressure, the phone broke with a crisp snap. It shattered right in his grasp!

Alec's eyes went wide, not because of the ruined phone but because of Jarrod's blood trickling down.

The sharp edges of the broken screen had cut Jarrod's palm, his dark eyes burning with a fierce intensity. He then hurled the phone's remains at the windshield, causing the glass shards to bounce back and cut his face.

The fresh cut gave Jarrod an even more daunting appearance against his already pallid and unhealthy look.

Without a word, Jarrod got out of the car and walked into the hotel, leaving Alec with a simple command, "Find them."

Nicole hadn't planned on taking a bath here, but Roscoe insisted and got a medicinal bath ready for her.

Roscoe gave Nicole a clean bathrobe and noticed she looked different.

"What's wrong?" he asked, his voice clear and youthful because he didn't smoke or drink.

His question quickly snapped Nicole out of her thoughts. She shook off the sadness, her eyes clearing up, and said, "It's nothing."

Roscoe didn't push her for more details. He just nodded and said, "Take your time in the bath. I'll take you to see Austin after he falls asleep."

Austin was having a tough night, unable to settle down even with the nanny trying to help. Roscoe had set up the medicinal bath, thinking it would help Nicole unwind before she went to see Austin.

After the bath, Nicole discovered the hair dryer wasn't working. She called Roscoe over. "This seems to be broken?"

Roscoe checked and found the switch on the socket turned off. After flipping it on, he offered to dry her hair, saying gently, "Let me do it."

Nicole was about to say no, but Roscoe gently took her hand and said, "Nicole, you need to start letting me help you."

Nicole was unconscious when giving birth to Austin, and it took her two years to recover. She moved from deep despair to something that felt more like normal life.

ALL this time, Roscoe had been waiting with patience. He now felt it was time for Nicole to see him differently. He wanted more than just friends.