

Unbreakable 1241

Chapter 1241

Roscoe's sincere gaze made Nicole feel guilty without him even trying.

She wasn't enthusiastic about living on. Yet, Roscoe's future was still full of promise and hope.

Taking a deep breath, Nicole began, "Roscoe, I've caused you so much trouble. I..."

"Let's talk about this later. You will get cold if I don't dry your hair," Roscoe interrupted, not wanting to hear her apologies, focusing instead on drying her hair.

Roscoe understood that it wasn't just about his confessing his love for her. It was about helping Nicole not be afraid to love and be loved again. Even though he knew it would be challenging, he was ready to tackle any obstacles because of his feelings for her.

Nicole remained quiet. Standing in front of the mirror, Nicole caught a glimpse of their reflections. She realized, maybe for the first time, just how much taller Roscoe was, easily a head and more above her. His usual choice of a shirt gave him a slender Look.

But now, fresh from a shower and in a snug white T-shirt, the outline of Roscoe's defined waist and abs was clearly visible through the material. It was a classic example of someone who looked slim in clothes but was surprisingly muscular.

Nicole's face, likely flushed from the warmth of the hairdryer, glowed, highlighting her gentle beauty.

After he finished drying her hair, Roscoe hung around, seemingly reluctant to leave. "Nicole, you know, having you around is never a hassle for me."

Nicole froze for a moment, touched by his words. She had been promised by others many times.

Yet, it was Roscoe's promise that warmed her heart, offering a soft touch of reassurance. He always had a way of comforting her without making it obvious.

After having said so, Roscoe put the hairdryer away and headed out.

"Let's go see Austin."

He moved quickly, almost as if he didn't want to give Nicole a chance to say no.

Watching Roscoe, who usually acted with such maturity and composure, indulge in a few rare moments of childishness brought a sparkle of affection to Nicole's eyes.

Their room was a lavish suite, consisting of two connected rooms.

Upon opening the door, Roscoe discovered Austin already fast asleep.

He moved aside, allowing Nicole to enter, and then he quietly left to give them some privacy.

The room, bathed in soft light, highlighted Austin's remarkable features as he slept. His long eyelashes, prominent nose bridge, and slender lips stood out.

With his eyes shut, he looked remarkably like Jarrod.

Nicole stepped closer, seizing these quiet moments to gaze at and gently touch Austin.

Austin's lips, affected by his heart condition, lacked the rosy tint common among children

his age, displaying a slight purple color instead.

Nicole experienced a whirlwind of feelings, discomfort, sadness, and something indescribable.

She reached out her hand, hesitating, pulling back, then reaching out again.

Suddenly, as if aware of her presence, Austin's small hand caught one of Nicole's fingers tightly, just like he had done the moment he was born. His lips quivered slightly as he whispered, "Mommy..."

Chapter 1242

At that moment, Nicole felt overwhelmed, as if lightning had struck her, her heart aching intensely. Tears she had been holding back began to fall onto her arm. She tried to steady her breathing, softly telling herself, "I'm sorry... Sorry, sweetheart. Mommy has made a lot of mistakes..."

When Roscoe walked in, he saw Nicole asleep next to Austin, curled up in a ball.

Austin's tiny hand was still clutching Nicole's finger. Her eyelashes were damp, a sight that made Roscoe's heart flutter.

He realized Nicole wasn't as cold as she seemed. Her soft side came out when she was by herself. She was dealing with more pain and exhaustion than anyone knew.

Not wanting to disturb her sleep, Roscoe gently covered her with a light blanket and made sure Austin was comfortable before his departure.

Stepping out of the room, Roscoe noticed Nicole's phone quietly buzzing on the table. An unknown number kept calling.

Raising an eyebrow, Roscoe had a pretty good guess about who it could be.

As soon as Roscoe picked up the phone, a man's frantic voice hit him.

"Nicole, get out here right now. I'm telling you..."

"She's sleeping," Roscoe cut in.

There was a pause on the other end, then the sound of the man breathing heavily.

"I need Nicole to pick up the phone!" Jarrod spat the words out, teeth clenched.

Roscoe kept his tone light. "Don't you get it? She's sleeping. But if you've got a message, I'm here to pass it along."

The sound of Jarrod's teeth grinding filtered through the phone. "And who might you be? Who the hell are you?"

Before Roscoe could reply, Jarrod exploded, "Listen up. Don't you dare touch her! Don't move her! Just leave immediately, or I'll make you regret it!"

Roscoe's voice was calm and untroubled, "Do you think you're still the one who could do whatever you pleased in Ardlens?"

Over the last five years, the once dominant Schultz Empire had noticeably declined. The wonders he'd performed in under three years were undone by his own indulgence, leaving many ventures unattended.

Yet, Jarrod remained among the top ten tycoons of Ardlens, his influence diminished but still significant. He was not someone easily challenged.

Enraged, Jarrod asked with a stern voice, "Who are you, exactly?"

Roscoe responded with a light laugh, "My identity isn't important.

Just know, you'll never be with her again."

Jarrod felt those words hit him hard. The thought of Nicole being forever out of his reach was unbearable. He was determined to win her back, refusing to give up.

But Roscoe's following words hit him even harder. "You'd remember you're not worthy of her if you hadn't forgotten what you had done to her and her family." Roscoe's tone was flat.

It was a reminder of Jarrod's previous wrongdoings, a fact that couldn't be undone.

Chapter 1243

Roscoe ended the call without another word. He didn't delete the call history. He wouldn't deceive Nicole. He planned to own up to what he had done.

After a brief pause, Roscoe made another call. Once connected, he said, "Leroy, I'm at the Hilpton and want no disturbances."

With his instructions given, he stared into the night, his gaze turning icy.

Meanwhile, downstairs.

Alec, looking worn out, came to report, "Mr. Schultz, the Hilpton's staff say they can't share any guest details."

Schultz, feeling a storm within and his eyes cold, Jarrod commanded, "By morning, I want the paperwork ready to take over the Hilpton."

Upon Jarrod's instruction, Alec immediately got in touch with the manager of Hilpton. To his astonishment, the manager outright refused to see him.

So, Alec spent the entire night driving, trying every method imaginable except for breaking in, to secure a meeting.

Alec started by proposing to purchase the Hilpton at twice its current market value.

Yet, the manager was not interested, ridiculously stating the hotel was a family treasure handed down since his great-grandfather's time and so forth.

Alec was left scratching his head. How could the Hilpton turn into an ancestral property when it was obviously a chain hotel operating globally? Completely nonsense!

With no other options, Alec raised his offer to three times the value, catching the manager's attention but still getting turned down.

Reflecting on his extensive experience working with Jarrod, Alec sensed something odd about this transaction.

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After all, Jarrod stood as one of the top ten magnates in Ardlens.

The manager of Hilpton was playing out of Jarrod's league.

Yet, the manager dismissed the offer outright, even when the offer was raised to three times the value. It struck Alec as highly unusual. No normal businessmen would pass out the opportunity to make money. It seemed like the manager was keeping secrets.

Left with no alternatives, Alec consulted Jarrod again, who responded with just two words after hearing the situation, "Five times!"

Alec was stunned. Offering five times the price would mean operating at a loss for the next f

ifty years. What sort of agreement was this, practically throwing money away?

Yet, Alec understood if he didn't seal the deal, Jarrod might go as far as to propose ten times the price.

Alec resorted to every strategy he knew, from charm to dogged determination.

In the end, the vast financial offer made the manager cave.

Gone were the mentions of family heirlooms. Although the manager claimed to agree reluctantly, his face betrayed his true feelings with a broad grin.

Clutching the acquisition contract he had fought so hard for, Alec felt the deal was anything but a lucrative one.

Before the break of dawn, Nicole awoke.

Chapter 1244

As Nicole gazed at the peaceful face next to her, she was overwhelmed by a feeling of complete satisfaction.

Her thoughts remained a mystery to outsiders. When she first exited Austin's life, people assumed she harbored strong negative feelings toward Austin.

They were unaware her choice was rooted more in remorse. Nicole was weighed down by remorse for not being the good mother she should have been. Claiming depression as a defense was inadequate.

From the instant her hand reached for Austin's neck, Nicole relinquished her claim to motherhood. Additionally, her notoriety in Ardlens, marred by Jarrod's doings, implied Austin was better off without a mother like her bearing a stained reputation. Austin's future seemed brighter and more promising without her presence. She found comfort in observing him from a distance.

With a heavy heart, Nicole let go of Austin's hand, feeling an emptiness grow with every inch she withdrew.

Upon exiting the room, Roscoe was found asleep on the couch outside.

He chose not to retreat to his bedroom, driven by concern for them.

In slumber, Roscoe appeared serene, his dark hair gently outlining his face, his lengthy yet sparse eyelashes contributing to his refined, graceful look. His androgynous beauty was rare: handsome without being effeminate.

Nicole neared, stooped, and tenderly drew the blanket up to him.

As she retracted her hand, Roscoe's clean, slim fingers clasped hers.

“Nicole, you’re awake so soon?” Roscoe’s voice carried a slight allure in the early hours. Nicole responded with a hum and suggested, “It’s still quite early. Get some more rest.”

Nicole attempted to free her hand, yet Roscoe maintained his grip, softly drawing her nearer. He opened his eyes, revealing a lucid, somewhat raspy gaze, and expressed, “Nicole, I experienced a nightmare.” Their eyes locked. It felt almost audible, the intensity of their stare.

Nicole’s pulse quickened as if captivated by the depth of his gaze. Her lips parted slightly. “What was your dream about?” However, Roscoe didn’t divulge, simply requesting, “Nicole, may I embrace you?” Caught off guard, Nicole’s heart fluttered wildly, speechless, her form already enveloped in Roscoe’s arms. The hug radiated warmth and strength. Shortly after, Roscoe released her, a look of contentment on his face. He had dreamt that she had departed. He had a melancholy dream, and only an embrace from her could soothe his unease.

Chapter 1245

Swiftly, Roscoe got to his feet. “Nicole, you should get ready for the day. I’ll head out to get us breakfast.”

Nicole hesitated. “There’s no need. I usually skip breakfast.”

For her, who could not savor flavors, all food was as tasteless as cardboard, making no meal preferable over another.

Yet, Roscoe saw it differently. He believed she should revisit some of her once-favored dishes. Even without taste, the act of eating cherished meals carried a different sentiment.

Roscoe tenderly took Nicole’s hand, his demeanor gentle yet imploring in a charmingly persuasive way. “Nicole, please stay. The nanny will arrive shortly. Could you wait for me in the adjacent suite?”

Roscoe often gave Nicole a sense of stability, though his younger age sometimes showed through his playful pleading with her.

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His tone was earnest, and paired with his neat, attractive appearance, his playful requests didn’t seem forced or insincere.

Nicole found such appeals hard to resist. It was rare for a woman to withstand the charm of a “younger brother” figure who oscillated between showing strength and vulnerability.

Roscoe was aware of this, reserving such tactics for moments they were most needed. He understood that overdoing it could render it tiresome and ineffective.

Noticing Nicole's reluctance, he assured her, "Just thirty minutes. I'll be back quickly."

The breakfast spot was some distance away. He promised to make haste.

Nicole, reluctant to quash his enthusiasm, conceded with a nod, "Alright, I'll wait for you."

With a broad smile, Roscoe happily accepted the keys and departed.

Upon the nanny's arrival, Nicole, wishing to avoid Austin's gaze, slipped into the adjacent room.

Considering it was still quite early, she opted for a shower. Freshly showered and clothed, she was greeted by the doorbell.

Anticipating Roscoe, Nicole opened the door with a welcoming smile.

"That was fast..."

To her astonishment, it was Jarrod who stood before her.

Nicole's smile stunned instantly.

Seeing her smile, intended for someone else, made Jarrod's heart constrict. A pang of discomfort surged through him, marring his otherwise handsome expression. His expression hardened, and his eyes grew intense, "Has he left?"

Jarrold attempted to enter. Nicole's immediate worry was for Austin in the adjacent suite.

She feared Jarrod might discover Austin's existence. Absolutely not!

Jarrold walked forward, his voice carrying a hint of sarcasm. "Nicole, do you have a good night? You..."

Before he could continue, Nicole forcefully closed the door, locking him on the other side. She pressed her back against the door, her heart racing.

Chapter 1246

His ominous tone filled the air. "One... Two... Three..."

Nicole's fingers were shaking as she reached for her phone, planning to instruct the nanny to take Austin somewhere safe.

Just as she clutched her phone, the door emitted a beep. It swung open.

Nicole spun around, her expression one of sheer disbelief, as Jarrod appeared with a black access card in hand. "How did you get..."

Jarrold, silent, moved closer.

It was then Nicole noticed the recent injuries on his face and hand, his eyes red, suggesting he hadn't slept all night. He appeared quite intimidating.

Secretly attempting to make a call, Nicole kept her cool, saying, "Jarrod, you're breaking into someone's room..."

Suddenly, Jarrod closed the distance, lifting Nicole with ease, and confiscated her phone, placing it in his pocket.

Nicole lashed out in anger, "Jarrod, what on earth do you think you're doing?"

Unaffected, Jarrod, with a driven look, pushed her onto the bed.

He positioned one knee, applying pressure on her legs, half-kneeling, his hands securing her shoulders, effectively restraining her.

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“You jerk! Release me!” Nicole fought back, her nails scratching across Jarrod’s face, adding another wound.

He seemed unfazed, his gaze intense. “Did last night please you?”

“Mind your own business. Get out of here!” Nicole yelled through clenched teeth, looking at Jarrod disgustingly.

Jarrold lowered his head and bit her collarbone hard. Then, he looked at her with bloodshot eyes.

“Tell me, did you enjoy it?”

Although Nicole couldn’t move her body, one of her hands was still able. She raised it and gave Jarrod a hard slap. It was so hard that blood immediately oozed out of the corners of his mouth.

“It’s none of your business. I said get out of here!”

Jarrold’s thin lips were stained with blood, making his cold, handsome face look even more wicked. He caught Nicole’s hand, held it tightly, and asked in a low voice, “Does hitting me make you feel good?”

Nicole sneered, “Of course! It feels so good.”

“Then, this side, too.” Jarrod leaned the other side of his face, held her hand even tighter, and raised it to help her slap him again.

A dull and crisp sound echoed.

Nicole was a bit stunned.

The other side of Jarrod’s face instantly became red and swollen.

Chapter 1247

he slap this time was even harder than Nicole’s first slap.

“Are you satisfied now?” Jarrod asked in a cold voice. His eyes were red and burning with suppressed anger. “If not, continue slapping me to death.”

Nicole saw his face clearly. There were old and new injuries on his face, but he didn’t seem to care. He even wanted her to continue slapping him. She thought he was really a lunatic.

“Jarrod, if you have problems with your brain, go to a mental hospital. Don’t throw a fit here!”

“Just think that I am sick. If you hate me, you can take revenge in whatever way you want. But you can never be with other men.” His dark eyes turned even redder and were fixed on her. He said word by word, “I will never allow you to see any other men. You can’t have meals, hold hands, hug, and sleep with other men. Over my dead body!”

Nicole wanted to continue taunting Jarrod. She wanted to ask, “So what if I sleep with other men?” But before she could say anything, suddenly...

“Waah!” A very soft cry of a child rang out in her ears. It was so faint that even Jarrod might not have heard it.

Nicole trembled all over, and her face turned pale.
Jarrod noticed her strange expression. His brows furrowed tightly.
When he was about to say something, another soft cry came. This time, he heard it. "Waah! Waah!"
It seemed like Austin was being fussy and crying.
"What's that sound?" Jarrod froze. He was no longer pressing on her.
Instead, he wanted to get up and check.
Nicole's mind went blank for a moment. She broke into a cold sweat.
There was only one thing in her mind. Jarrod must never know about Austin.
Nicole suddenly raised her hand and hooked it tightly around Jarrod's neck. She met his surprised gaze and deliberately smiled at him radiantly.
"Where are you going? I haven't had enough fun yet." After saying this, she tilted her head, reached for his sharply defined jaw, and bit it hard.

The sensation made Jarrod's entire body stiffen. The flames of the past instantly reignited. His body trembled uncontrollably. He felt like the fire inside him was about to explode. He instinctively pressed Nicole down, and his lips searched for the right spot.
Nicole pressed her palm against his chin, stopping the closeness. Her eyebrows slightly raised. "Let's go somewhere else. To your house. Do you dare?"
Jarrod stared at her. He paused slightly and looked at her doubtfully.
He was confused by the sudden change in her behavior.
Nicole laughed lazily. While tapping his chin with her fingers, she looked at Jarrod and said provocatively, "Mr. Schultz, how do you spell the word coward?"
The corners of Jarrod's lips twitched. He no longer cared what tricks she was trying to play. He bit her fingers.

Chapter 1248

He licked the tip of her fingers with his wet tongue, smiled wickedly, and asked, "Are you thinking about how to kill me?"
Then, he picked her up and carried her out. Nicole was so startled that she subconsciously wrapped her arm around his neck.
Since they were in a hotel, many people were coming and going. Of course, they attracted other people's attention.
But Jarrod didn't see it as a bad thing.
Nicole, on the other hand, felt uncomfortable. She whispered, "Jarrod, put me down."
Jarrod stood up straight, waiting for the elevator, and chuckled softly. "Can't you take it anymore?"
Nicole glared at him fiercely. "Get lost!"
Jarrod snorted. He was about to say something when the elevator suddenly dinged.
Then, the elevator doors opened.
Roscoe, standing inside the elevator with a carryout bag, looked directly at Jarrod and Nicole.

Jarrold met Roscoe's gaze with a frown. He was about to speak when Nicole suddenly slapped his chin, interrupting him. She asked impatiently, "Are we leaving or not?"

Her slap left a conspicuous red mark on Jarrod's chin. But Jarrod didn't get angry at all. He just hummed in acknowledgment.

Then, a gleam of light flickered in Jarrod's eyes. He looked at Roscoe and asked, "Are you coming down?"

Roscoe glanced at Nicole, shrinking in Jarrod's arms. He replied in his usual voice, "No."

Then, Roscoe stepped out of the elevator. As he walked out, the corner of the carryout bag in his hand brushed against Nicole's leg.

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But no one noticed it.

Nicole saw tofu pudding in the bag. And she knew it was from a stall near the hospital where she once stayed.

She had tasted it many times because Roscoe used to buy it for her when she was hospitalized.

However, she was in Hilpton now. That stall was seventy kilometers away from here. Did he go all the way out to purchase it only because of her liking? Besides, it only took him half an hour to travel back and forth. How did he do it?

Suddenly, Nicole didn't dare to think further. She lowered her head to hide the expression in her eyes.

Before the elevator doors closed, Jarrod suddenly looked down and rested his chin on Nicole's head. He said, "I will punish you well later."

Jarrold's voice was loud enough for Roscoe to hear. He looked back.

Jarrold had his head down, so he didn't see it. But Nicole did. And she saw from Roscoe's look that he was heartbroken. It was like a burning heart forcibly pressed into the bottom of a deep pool and sealed in ice.

At the thought of this, Nicole shivered. Her body turned cold and stiff in an instant.

Jarrold felt this change. He tilted Nicole's head to make her look at him. The corners of his mouth twitched before he asked, "What are you thinking?"

This time, the elevator doors closed.

It was only then that Nicole came back to her senses. She stared at Jarrod, and the corners of her mouth raised. "I'm thinking about how to kill you."

Jarrold seemed pleased by her words. He put her down, pressed her against the elevator wall, and pushed her slightly with his long legs.

He said ambiguously, "You can actually start killing me now."

Leaning against the elevator wall, Nicole stared straight into his eyes and said, "That's boring, Jarrod. Letting you die too easily is no fun."

A light flashed in Jarrod's eyes. The corners of his mouth curved into a wicked smile. He said in a husky voice, "Then, what will be interesting?"

Nicole lowered her head. She didn't say anything and just smiled. She thought Jarrod was acting so arrogantly and above the law. Then, she would let him be defeated by the thing he disdained the most. She would let him face justice under the sun and never be able to

turn around again.

Jarrold must have noticed she was thinking about something. He raised his hand and pinched her chin. His eyes narrowed dangerously. "Nicole, what are you plotting?"

Nicole's red lips curved into a mocking and disdainful smile. "Why?

Are you scared?"

Chapter 1249

Jarrold stayed quiet, his eyes squinting as his gaze met Nicole's, engaging in a silent contest for a few seconds.

His lips barely moved as he whispered, "I worry you're not wild enough. Whatever your plan, whether it's to end me or to push me to my limits, I play along."

Once he finished, he quickly dipped his head, pressing his Lips against hers with intensity. It felt like the relief of rain after a long drought, that known tenderness enveloping him fully. In that instant, he lost all sense of reason!

The one Jarrold had longed for more than five years was really there in his embrace, under his ki*s, and nothing felt more reassuring than that.

Jarrold instinctively shut his eyes, immersing himself in the feeling.

Unexpectedly, Nicole didn't push back, her Lips parting just enough to let his tongue slide in.

With such an invitation, he let go of all control, their mouths and tongues intertwining as he pulled her closer, pressing her firmly against him.

Then, the elevator rang and the doors opened.

Outside, a storm of camera flashes and endless clicking awaited them.

Word had gotten out about Jarrold wildly paying five times the price for the acquisition of Hilpton, and journalists hurried to snag a major scoop.

They hadn't anticipated walking into such a scene right when the elevator doors slid apart.

This was a chance they couldn't let slip by, capturing photos rapidly.

The journalists already imagined their headlines. Jarrold Schultz Splurges a Fortune for Love...

Jarrold's eyes squinted, realizing he had fallen into a trap.

Broadcasting his reckless move of purchasing Hilpton for five times its value would stir up serious trouble for the Schultz business.

At that moment, Jarrold cared for nothing else, turning just enough to protect Nicole from the prying eyes, drawing her into his arms.

He reached out to close the elevator doors.

The elevator started its ascent.

Jarrold turned to her. "Can't go back now. How about staying here? I just bought it. Pick any room you fancy."

Nicole laughed. "You've really lost it."

To figure out which room she was in, he had bought an entire hotel at a financial loss. Only someone completely off their rocker would do something like that.

Nicole mocked, "If I switch hotels, are you planning to buy out each I move to?"

"Maybe. We could check out the beds in various hotels," he suggested, bending down once more to ki*s her.

Nicole pushed him away gently, showing she wasn't interested.

Chapter 1250

Jarrold's look turned frosty. "What's the issue?"

Nicole leaned casually against the elevator wall, glancing at him.

"Lost interest."

Jarrold's gaze was meaningful, his voice soft. "Then how about we head to your room, try out that bed, and find out who can bring you to the peak?"

Nicole's expression turned into a scowl as she looked at him. "You've lost your mind!"

Jarrold responded with a grin, "Madly, but only for you."

A gentle smile flickered in Nicole's eyes. Her actions since she came back were all about testing him, to find out if he still had feelings for her. It appeared that her charm was not lost on him, or maybe it was something deeper.

Yet, these things seemed minor. What really counted was his companies and assets. He might not be so easy to convince.

Nicole concluded with a tinge of sorrow that perhaps it was only her figure he was drawn to. When it came down to matters of importance, Jarrold's more unyielding side came to the forefront. With that in mind, she realizes the full extent of his feelings toward her.

Nicole playfully lifted a finger, tilting his chin upwards. "Keep this in mind, Jarrold Schultz, whether or not I find joy in this has nothing to do with you. You barely even registered as a minor lover."

"Nothing to do with me?" Jarrold allowed those words to escape his lips before acting further.

Without waiting for her response, he reached for the buttons on her chest. "Let's establish some connection then."

Following this, he brought the elevator to a stop. A button was undone swiftly.

A shiver coursed through Nicole. Even if the elevator came to a stop, cameras were still watching.

She gripped Jarrold's arm tightly, her face pale and cold. "How dare you!"

Jarrold laughed even harder, his laughter taking on a mischievous tone.

He lowered his head, gently pressing his forehead against hers in a teasing manner. "Nicole, have you forgotten who I am?"

He tilted his head slightly, a playful smirk on his face. "If it's something I desire, there's no barrier I wouldn't cross."

While talking, his hand continued to explore, moving further without hesitation. He

seemed unwavering in his intentions.

Nicole's body tensed from the tingling sensation, her anger boiling to the point where she could only respond with laughter. Then, she reached out her slim fingers and pinched his chin. "I said no, Jarrod. Are you going to make me?"

Jarrod's deep, dark eyes met Nicole's bright blue ones. Noticing the disdain and chill in her gaze, he hesitated for a brief moment.

She gently tapped his cheek. "Try anything, and I won't hesitate to call the cops on you."

Just when Nicole was sure he would argue, he surprisingly chose to withdraw. His voice was even. "You think you're clever, playing games with me."

It was a declaration, not a question.

Nicole gazed up at Jarrod, her lips curling into a taunting smile.

"And what if I am? Maybe it's time you stopped playing games too."