

Unbreakable 1281

Chapter 1281

“Ding!” The elevator stopped.

One bodyguard dared to ask, “Mr. Schultz, are we getting off?”

“Out!” Jarrod’s shout was full of anger.

The bodyguards quickly went out.

Nicole and Jarrod were left alone in the elevator, with Nicole still without her phone.

As the doors shut again, Jarrod pressed Nicole against the mirror, his breath cold, his voice low. “You seem unhappy. Perhaps we should ‘practice’ now.”

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“I’d rather not. My experiences with you have left a bitter taste.

Now, I seek joy instead.” Nicole laughed, her beauty shining through.

“The young men there treated me like a queen, serving me on their knees. Can you do that, Mr. Schultz?”

Jarrod’s mood darkened, but Nicole stood her ground.

Today’s gathering was a magnet for the elite of the business world, drawing in the traditional Hampton family among others.

Given the longstanding alliance between the Hampton family and the Schultze family, Nicole found a direct approach to the Hamptons blocked. She chose Jarrod as her point of entry instead. Challenging him, despite the risks, seemed the quickest route.

Nicole aimed to incite a spectacle from Jarrod, hoping to tarnish his reputation to the point of being shunned. Should the time come to choose sides, a temperamental CEO Like Jarrod would surely tip the scales against a partnership.

Amid a heavy silence, Nicole braced for a dramatic reaction from Jarrod. Yet, what she got was his deep voice asking, “How should I kneel?”

Nicole was visibly shocked by Jarrod’s declaration, pausing in astonishment.

Jarrod was dead serious, not cracking a smile.

Struggling to express herself, Nicole found humor in the moment. “Mr. Schultz, don’t you know that women these days look for someone who’s got skills? Given your past with numerous women, even if you were to beg...”

She playfully straightened Jarrod’s tie, taunting him, “I wouldn’t give you a second glance.”

Jarrod couldn’t believe he was being mocked by a woman in such a way.

If it were someone else, he would have banished that culprit from Ardlens for good, considering his notorious temperament. Yet, with Nicole, he was at a loss for words,

swallowing his fury.

Nicole's eyes, brimming with sarcasm, seemed to remind him of a past embarrassment he had caused her.

"Nicole, I know you don't mean any of that," Jarrod said, his gaze icy, hiding his feelings.

"Find another way to get back at me. This isn't going to rile me up."

"Mr. Schultz, what makes you think I'm seeking revenge?" Taking advantage of his momentary speechlessness, Nicole snatched her phone back, her smile dripping with sarcasm.

"If you're so keen on seeing the video, I can send it your way."

Chapter 1282

You've recorded stuff before, right? Even showed it to your brother, didn't you?" Nicole mocked. As Jarrod's expression turned frosty, Nicole casually inquired, "Did they all praise how I looked?" Nicole's every word struck Jarrod like a dagger, reminding him of his past actions. How absurd and despicable he was!

"Ding." The elevator reached the ground floor.

Without saying another word, Nicole brushed his hand off, ready to walk away.

As she moved to leave, Jarrod caught her wrist. He cleared his throat, his voice rough. "I messed up before. I'll make it up to you."

Nicole laughed mockingly. "Make it up to me? How, Mr. Schultz? Can you undo death or heal the wounds those events carved into my heart?"

Those were things no one could do.

Jarrod, his voice filled with emotion, said, "Suggest something I can do right now..."

"Just go to hell!" Nicole said sharply. "That's what you can do."

Jarrod felt as though he'd been stabbed in the heart, the pain overwhelming. Though known for being unfeeling, he was at a loss for words.

He whispered, "You know that's not something I can do..."

"Stop talking about making it up to me if you can't actually do anything!" Nicole scoffed, her voice dripping with disdain. "The only way you could make it up to me is if you died a thousand times, leaving not even an intact body behind."

Nicole's words cut like a knife. Her gaze was heavy with unhidden disgust.

Even after she left, Jarrod's face was still ashen.

When Alec approached Jarrod moments later, Jarrod was still standing there alone, staring at the wall, his hand pressed against his chest as if in deep pain. None of the bodyguards dared come close or say anything comforting.

For Jarrod, these moments of solitude and pain had become all too familiar. Lost in his thoughts, he'd feel a sharp pain in his body that no doctor could explain. Being the cause of Jarrod's remorse and pain, only Nicole could have the way to treat him.

After stepping out of the elevator, Nicole raised her eyes to the white ceiling above. A headache pounded at her temples, blurring her vision. She regretted letting her bitterness and anger show so openly.

It had been a rash decision.

At times, her deep-seated hatred felt beyond her control. It was like a ghost was haunting her, slowly tightening its hold on her neck, making her relive her past. This led to countless nights without sleep, filled with excruciating pain. And the source of all her agony was Jarrod.

It was five whole years. From her initial despair and thoughts of ending it all to slowly finding her way back to a somewhat normal life and work.

Five years could change a lot of people and a lot of things. To others, she seemed to have changed.

But Nicole was the only one who knew her heart hadn't healed. It was decaying. Though she was alive, she felt like a walking dead. She took loads of antidepressants not because she wanted to live, but in the hope that she could die someday without any regrets.

As she turned the corner, the bright lights ahead were overwhelming.

Chapter 1283

Nicole held back her tears, steeling herself to be unbeatable. The sleepless nights and living in torment weren't supposed to be hers alone.

After the meeting, Nicole went with some leaders to a buffet dinner.

Nicole's superior was a powerful woman named Archer, who had always been supportive and kind. Before Nicole came back to the country, she had already quit her job.

However, Archer, aware of Nicole's ambition to run a company, invited Nicole to become a partner in a project.

For Nicole, joining the project offered a much better chance than trying to make it on her own. She happily accepted the offer.

Nicole had set up the company in name only, keeping her involvement a secret to avoid raising Jarrod's suspicions. She even used a fake job title to keep her plans under wraps.

Nicole was thankful for Archer's support and gladly helped out with various tasks, such as presenting at dinners.

Midway through the dinner, Archer felt sick and had to leave early, leaving Nicole to keep the partners entertained.

The dinner also featured a social dance event for those who wanted to dance or just chat. At these events, it was common for wealthy young women to approach men they were interested in.

The conference attendees were mostly wealthy, making the single men particularly popular.

Nicole, holding a drink and standing off to the side, noticed Jarrod.

He instantly drew the attention of several women. His perfectly fitted suit and the slightly unbuttoned collar that showed off his collarbone made him stand out.

Jarrod was a memorable sight. Many women sneakily looked his way, clearly showing interest. He was undeniably good-looking and well-off, which made him attractive to those who didn't know

him well.

But Nicole knew his darker side, something not everyone was aware of.

Despite the attention he received, few women actually approached him.

His grumpy appearance turned them off, as they feared he wouldn't be friendly if they tried to start a conversation.

Nicole watched, amused at first, but her mood quickly changed when she saw Jarrod looking her way from across the room. Jarrod walked over, dampening her spirits.

Nicole decided to leave, wanting to avoid any drama with him.

But then, out of nowhere, a poised and attractive girl stepped in front of Jarrod, obviously from a rich family, bravely catching his attention.

With Jarrod distracted, Nicole took the chance to slip outside.

The patio was buzzing, with a barbecue in full swing and big fans spreading cool air around. Guests mingled, holding drinks.

Nicole, her glass almost empty, went to get more of the fruity wine.

It was a plum drink, tangy and sweet, perfectly refreshing without being overpowering.

Chapter 1284

After getting her refill, Nicole looked for a place to sit. Suddenly, she was jostled by someone, causing her drink to splash all over her skirt and some on the other person's shoes.

"You bumped into me!" the man exclaimed. He was a bit on the heavier side and looked unkempt. Mistaking Nicole for one of the staff because of her outfit, he loudly blamed her.

Nicole was not pleased. It was clearly his fault for not paying attention, but he was trying to make it seem like hers. She met his gaze with a cold stare. "Actually, you're the one who ran into me."

"You worthless idiot, can't see a thing..." The greasy old man was mid-insult when he caught sight of Nicole's stunning looks. His eyes, which were dull a moment before, suddenly sparkled.

"Oh, what a beauty..." He looked Nicole over without hiding his interest. "A lady as lovely as you get a pass for anything. But, darling, you've done a number on my back with that bump. How do you plan to make it right?"

The mix of his sleazy voice and his balding head was disgusting.

Nicole immediately recognized the greasy old man as Deniz from the Vipo Group. He was a long-standing supplier for the Hampton family and the likely winner of their latest contract.

Nicole's own company was in the running, just behind the Vipo Group.

Getting Deniz out of the picture could just give her the edge she needed.

They had met years before, but it appeared Deniz didn't remember her.

A cold look passed through Nicole's eyes, indicating she was ready to deal with both past and present grievances.

Nicole looked down, pretending to be shy. "What would you like me to do to make up for it?"

Deniz's excitement was visible, yet he tried to sound serious. "My dear, these shoes of mine are

tailor-made, worth a fortune and you can't find them here.”

Nicole acted surprised, playing the innocent. “Are they really that expensive?”

Deniz laughed. “They are, but I'll let it slide. Think of it as making friends with a lovely lady like you. Just drink a glass in apology to me. How's that sound?”

Nicole was in disbelief. “Is that all?”

“Absolutely, I'll have someone bring the drink right over.” Deniz was visibly excited, particularly because the stunning Nicole before him boasted an impressive figure that easily outshone those of glamorous models.

Having had a few drinks, his desires were fully aflame, practically screaming for an outlet.

Deniz quickly signaled to a waiter, and a doctored drink was promptly served.

Unable to contain his eagerness, Deniz pressed, “Come on. Have a drink...”

Nicole, pretending to be bashful, softly asked, “Sir, are you sure you won't ask for anything in return after I drink this?”

Deniz, thrilled to the core, reassured her with a pat on his stomach, “Of course. I'm a man of my word. I'll even treat you to a new dress...”

Deniz, mesmerized by Nicole's figure and beauty, assumed she would be an easy target, thinking a slight pushback could be easily overcome with a bit of cash. He even entertained the thought of this leading to more encounters.

After all, in his line of work, such transactions were common and usually didn't lead to any trouble.

Chapter 1286

It was Vicki, the daughter of the Hampton family, who was pestering Jarrod.

The Hampton family and the Schultz family shared a close connection.

Vicki and Jarrod had encountered each other on two separate occasions.

Although Jarrod wasn't particularly enthusiastic about Vicki, out of respect for Vicki's father, he made sure not to embarrass her. This gave Vicki the illusion that Jarrod was approachable.

With his identity as a CEO, Jarrod possessed a handsome appearance and a composed demeanor.

Despite being a man of few words with a temper, many women still admired him. Vicki was pleased that most of his admirers didn't dare to make advances.

Having recently returned from abroad, Vicki perceived Jarrod's indifference to other women except for her as his lack of resistance against her advances.

With a sweet smile and a gentle voice, Vicki asked, “Jarrod, shall I invite you to dance?”

Jarrod's line of sight was suddenly blocked. Frowning upon seeing Vicki, he curtly replied, “Go find someone else. I'm in the middle of something.”

He then attempted to pass by Vicki and continued walking forward.

Being rejected in public, Vicki felt embarrassed, and her face darkened. Despite Jarrod's previous

lack of enthusiasm, he had not been so dismissive when her parents were around. She seized Jarrod's arm, insisting, "Jarrod, let me teach you. It's very easy."

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Expressionlessly, Jarrod withdrew his arm and stated, "No."

Vicki faced repeated rejections, her eyes turning red as she pouted.

"Jarrod, my father has returned. He mentioned that I could seek assistance from you. I am entirely unfamiliar with this place. Could you kindly remain by my side?"

Jarrod glanced ahead, realizing Nicole had disappeared. His face darkened, losing his patience.

"Miss Hampton, I'm not interested. Do you hear me?" he coldly declared.

While Vicki remained in a daze, Jarrod had already departed.

Vicki overheard the mocking whispers of women nearby.

"Look, Mr. Schultz is handsome, but he's too cold toward women."

"Ah... Thank goodness I didn't approach him. This is so embarrassing..."

Vicki stood rooted to the spot, her face flushing with anger as she listened to the ridicule of others. Observing Jarrod continue on his path without hesitation, she stamped her feet in frustration before storming off.

Jarrod reached the open space of the banquet hall and scanned the area, but he didn't spot Nicole.

Jarrod strode to the bartender and inquired coldly, "Have you seen a woman with curly hair in a shirt and skirt?"

The waiter was taken aback and pointed at a place not far away, saying respectfully, "There are actually many such women."

Jarrod observed the passing crowd and indeed noticed numerous people dressed similarly. It was a business party, with all the senior executives in attendance.

Chapter 1287

The women's professional attire was nearly identical, blending seamlessly with the corporate atmosphere.

Jarrod stated coldly, "Her eyes are glazed. She is 5.57 feet tall, and her skin is flawless. There is a small brown mole under the corner of her right eye."

The bartender's description struck a chord.

A bartender walking by immediately recollected the charming Nicole from earlier. She had a small mole under the corner of her eye, an attractive feature.

However, the bartender couldn't shake off the image of Deniz standing by Nicole's side. When Jarrod posed the question, the bartender wondered about their connection.

The bartender didn't dare to say anything about Deniz having taken Nicole away, nor did he want to stir up trouble. After a brief hesitation, he replied, "Sorry, I didn't see her."

"You didn't?" Jarrod's eyes turned cold, sending a chill down the bartender's spine.

Being a sensitive observer, Jarrod's intuition hinted that the bartender was not being truthful.

The bartender stammered, "I didn't see..."

Before the bartender could complete his words, his tie was suddenly pulled. With a stern expression, Jarrod said word by word, "Are you sure?"

"I... I saw her." The bartender couldn't withstand the intimidating gaze in Jarrod's eyes. He gestured toward a nearby step and stammered, "She seemed to have gone in that direction with a man just now..."

Jarrold released his grip, turned around, and stormed away.

The bartender gasped, still unable to regain his composure.

On a cobblestone path.

Deniz seized one of Nicole's legs and pulled her into the darkness.

"Let me go!" Nicole fought back, but the vast difference in strength between the man and the woman, coupled with her leg being held by Deniz, hindered her from getting up.

Deniz continued dragging Nicole, taking her farther away from the crowd.

Finally, under the gazebo, Deniz threw Nicole to the ground. He pointed at her and sneered, "You're just a barmaid. Just do whatever I ask you to do! Don't fight back! Do you understand?"

Nicole took a deep breath, sat up, and retorted, "I'm a guest at the party, not a barmaid. Get out of here as soon as possible, or I'll teach you a lesson!"

Her face flushed slightly. She calculated the time. She could resist for at most fifteen minutes after drinking that doctored glass of wine earlier. If she didn't expel it within fifteen minutes, the drug would take effect.

Nicole had intended to gather evidence and have Deniz arrested for a few days. She didn't want to be entangled with him. Yet, she didn't anticipate Deniz recognizing her, mistakenly thinking of her as a "barmaid," complicating the situation. Otherwise, even if she were merely an ordinary waitress, Deniz would not dare to display such arrogance.

But Deniz wasn't convinced by her words. He recalled having seen Nicole. He scrutinized Nicole, confident that his memory served him right. Back then, Jarrod had bashed his head with a wine bottle for Nicole. For a long time, he harbored a grudge against Jarrod.

Fortunately, Deniz maintained contact with the general manager of the Hampton Group. Otherwise, his career would have taken a bleak turn.

Deniz wrongly blamed everything on Nicole. Had it not been for her, he would not have provoked Jarrod, the unpredictable individual who assaulted him, leaving him unable to express his grievances.

Chapter 1288

As Deniz contemplated, anger welled up within him, and he resolved to make Nicole pay.

Deniz, fueled by alcohol, unbuttoned his belt and issued a warning, "If this attracts the attention of the cops, you'll be the first one to get caught. If you still want to stay in Ardlens, you should shut your mouth!"

With a splash, Deniz's gray trousers fell to the ground. He kicked them away and advanced toward Nicole barefoot, an evil glint in his eyes.

“If you cooperate, I’ll spare you from suffering and ensure your happiness...” Before he could finish his words, he lunged at Nicole.

Nicole, who had conserved some energy while sitting on the ground, suddenly lifted her foot abruptly.

“Ahhh!” Deniz howled horribly, resembling a pig that had been slaughtered.

Nicole delivered a powerful kick to Deniz’s private parts.

It was easier for Nicole to target Deniz’s vulnerable area since he was such a heavysset man.

After the forceful kick, Deniz sprawled on the ground, gasping for breath. He erupted into curses, “How dare you! I’ll kill you right away...”

“You’d better go check your penis first,” Nicole retorted with a sneer, rising to her feet and applauding.

She picked up her phone and dialed, making a call right in front of Deniz. “Hello. A person drugged and attempted to assault me at the exhibition center... Yes, this is my contact number. I am the victim.

Okay... I’ll wait here.”

Deniz was caught off guard by Nicole’s audacity to report the incident to the police.

Deniz clenched his teeth and snapped, “You audacious woman! You’re a harlot! Aren’t you afraid of being caught? I was seduced by you.

Don’t talk nonsense! Listen up, I have connections with the police.

No harm will come my way even though you have involved the police.

Withdraw it promptly, or you’ll find yourself in serious trouble!”

Deniz believed that his intimidation would sway a young and attractive woman like Nicole. He fabricated a story, hoping to scare her into compromising. He wanted to avoid getting into trouble. After all, he was the company’s boss, and it wouldn’t be prestigious if news of this incident spread. The pain tormented him, fueling his anger. He continued to curse, “Damn you! I will not only kill you but also your whole family. I will make them suffer...”

Before he could finish his sentence, a loud slap interrupted him!

Suddenly, five distinct fingerprints marked Deniz’s face!

Deniz’s eyes nearly popped out, and he yelled, “How dare you...”

Yet, once again, the sound of Nicole slapping Deniz was heard.

This time, Nicole’s palm connected with Deniz’s face several times.

Chapter 1289

With a cold expression, Nicole stared directly at Deniz. Deniz, still dumbfounded, bore the unmistakable marks of her attack. His face reddened, and the corners of his mouth started to bleed. “Deniz Miller, shut up your fucking mouth! Should you ever employ my family as a threat, I will not hesitate to end you!” warned Nicole.

Deniz didn’t anticipate Nicole knew his name. His expression changed dramatically. He asked

anxiously, “Who are you? How do you know me?”

Nicole responded with a faint smile, “It doesn’t matter who I am.

What matters is that you’ll end up in jail.”

Deniz felt a surge of terror, grasping the tricky situation. Rolling his eyes, he hastily pulled out his watch, some cash, and the gold chain around his neck, tossing them into the swimming pool.

Then, with a malicious and arrogant expression, Deniz burst into wild laughter, taunting, “You shameless woman! Your failed attempt at seduction led you to try stealing my money?”

Deniz gasped and sprawled on the ground. The slaps had been too forceful. The pain in his private parts was excruciating. He was worried it might be broken.

He panted and threatened, “You kicked me badly! I promise I’ll make you pay!”

Deniz’s adaptability hinted at his promotion by the Hampton family.

His mind was filled with various schemes.

However, Nicole remained unfazed, observing his theatrics as if she were watching a clown.

Deniz sensed that something was amiss but couldn’t quite pinpoint it.

Suddenly, he noticed something resembling a white headset on Nicole’s ear, a sight that struck him with familiarity. That was... It looked like a mini camera he had covertly used!

In an instant, Deniz’s face transitioned from red to pale. Pointing at the device on Nicole’s ear in panic, he exclaimed, “You! What’s that?”

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Nicole gestured at the headset with a disdainful smile and said coldly, “Just what you think.”

This was a special Bluetooth headset cleverly disguised as a phone receiver but, in reality, served as a small camera. Its inconspicuous white color made it discreet. It was exceedingly convenient to wear.

“Didn’t you say you’ve got connections? Let me see who will help you this time,” remarked Nicole, flashing a thin smile.

Deniz seethed with anger! He had made that claim solely to intimidate Nicole. Who would have known that she had recorded everything? He was pissed off. Now, there was another charge of falsehood, and the evidence was irrefutable.

Suffocating with anger, Deniz spat out a mouthful of blood.

Nicole’s focus had shifted away from Deniz. With a slight frown and clenched fingers, she felt a burning sensation in her chest, as if fire were coursing through her veins. It was an uncomfortable, itchy feeling, as if ants were crawling under her skin.

She fought the urge to vomit. As long as there was residue from the medicine she had ingested, it could serve as crucial evidence. Now that Deniz had caused a delay, most of the medicine had been absorbed. Attempting to induce vomiting now would only serve to harm her stomach without any meaningful result.

Ensuring that Deniz had no strength to stand up again, Nicole swiftly entered the swimming pool.

The cold water brought a temporary relief. However, it was only a fleeting respite.

After a while, the sensation of ants crawling returned. The only way to alleviate the discomfort was to wade into deeper water, allowing it to cover her upper body as much as possible.

Nicole had to wait until the police arrived and submit the evidence before heading to the hospital. Otherwise, there was a concern that the evidence might be tampered with if given to anyone present. After all, it was easy to buy people's loyalty.

Yet, standing in the water was only a momentary relief. Driven by a burning desire within, she ventured deeper into the swimming pool.

Deniz, lying on the ground, sensed something wrong. Nicole's shoulders had turned red. It was evident that the drug was taking effect.

Deniz knew Nicole's submitting the evidence would make it difficult for him to escape this time. He never saw this day coming.

His eyes glinted with malice. If looks could kill, he would have murdered Nicole with his gaze!

This was a crucial moment. If Nicole didn't die, he would be in serious trouble.

Deniz abruptly raised his hand and bit his arm hard, aiming to activate his strength. For the sake of his future, he was willing to go all out.

Then, gritting his teeth, Deniz tore off a piece of trouser leg. He picked up a cobblestone about the size of a goose egg and wrapped it up with his trembling hands. He aimed it at the back of Nicole's head.

Deniz's eyes radiated malevolence. If he landed a blow, combined with the effects of the drug, Nicole would likely lose consciousness.

Should she faint in the deep water of the swimming pool, today would be her end. Dead men told no tales.

Deniz was prepared to hurl the stone at Nicole.

"Plop!" Someone fell into the water.

Then, the stone Deniz had aimed at Nicole grazed against her shoulder and plunged into the water.

With her vision dimmed, Nicole turned around and witnessed Deniz struggling in the water.

"Help..."

While Nicole was perplexed, a splash of water erupted beneath her.

A man with numerous droplets on his handsome face emerged from the water's depths, seized her wrist, and sternly asked, "Do you want to die?"

Despite how subdued Jarrod's voice was, it resonated with an almost uncontrollable ferocity.

Nicole's fragile frame experienced a forceful pull, landing her in Jarrod's aggressively possessive embrace.

With a stern face, Jarrod barked, "I forbid it!"

Jarrodd's skin radiated scorching heat, much hotter than Nicole's. It was a sensation akin to being engulfed in a blazing inferno, melting into her very core.

Jarrodd's body was rigid, almost mechanical. The familiarity he felt from this embrace seemed to halt his heart. He couldn't bear to relive the heart-wrenching pain from five

years ago. He was determined to ensure Nicole stayed alive.

Nicole attempted to speak, but her face was pressed against his damp chest, rendering her unable to utter a word. She struggled, but it was futile. Jarrod's other hand pressed her back firmly.

A wave of soreness and panic swept over Nicole, lingering in her chest.

With bloodshot eyes and clenched teeth, Jarrod called out, "Nicole!"