

Unbreakable 2181

Chapter 2181

Nicole tensed, then clenched her teeth and answered, Hes my child, mine alone.

At this, Jarrod let out a cold laugh. Your child, very well!

Jarrods tone grew chilling as he echoed her words.

Alec! He called out.

Alec promptly appeared at the doorway, Mr. Schultz, what do you need?

Throw that child out of the window! Jarrod commanded, his voice brutal and merciless.

Alec stood frozen, his body rigid with shock.

Nicoles nails clawed into the carpet fiercely, one fingernail snapping and bleeding, creating a terrible sight.

Are you deaf? Jarrods voice was cold. Do it now!

Alec nodded and said, Alright. He was prepared to follow orders, no matter how extreme, even if Jarrod demanded he cut out his own heart.

No! Dont! Nicoles scream shattered the silence. She couldnt hold back any Longer. Jarrod was pushing her to her limits, forcing her to confess.

Jarrod, have you lost your mind? Nicole yelled in a panic. Thats your child! You cant do this!

She lunged forward and grabbed at his trouser leg, her grip desperate, her cries muffled by despair. Let Austin go. Let him go. Take my life instead. Just spare Austin He shouldnt be raised by someone Like you

Nicole didnt want Austin to accept Jarrods harsh and twisted upbringing. If her child, born amid such struggle, were to become cruel and heartless under Jarrods influence, committing terrible deeds, then she would have preferred her child never existed.

Let him go. Let him be free Nicole continued, her sobs violent and unrestrained.

Jarrod grabbed her out of the blue, his face intense. Nicole, why did you decide to have this child? Was it to harm me, to deal a fatal blow?

Nicole was baffled by his accusations.

Then why have him, only to run off with another man? Jarrods eyes burned with rage. You want my

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child to call another man father? Do you want to die?

His hands tightened around her neck, choking her.

I wish I could die. I truly do. Everyone I love is gone. I have no reason to live! Nicoles emotions swung wildly between sobbing and hysterical laughter as if she had lost her mind.

But he survived. Hes just too resilient. In my frail, disease-ridden body, his vigor truly frightens me. Nicole was referring to Austin. Austins birth process was fraught with danger. Yet, destined to be born, he miraculously made it through.

Jarrood, I despise you. I wish you were dead. Why cant you just die? It would be better if you were no longer alive! Nicole was getting more and more emotional.

Done pretending? Jarrood said with a cold scoff. Too bad. Im very much alive, thriving in fact. And should I die, Ill make sure you come with me, because I love you so much

After uttering these words, even Jarrood seemed surprised by them.

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Then, he burst into mad laughter, looking up. So, Nicole, turns out I damn love you, ha-ha

A towering figure at six feet two, laughing bitterly, tears flowing down his cheeks. He loves her, but her love for him has vanished

Nicole felt only fear. Is this what you call love? Driving me to the edge? This isnt love. Its a possessive obsession. You are utterly selfish, a scumbag, trash, a bastard Nicole threw caution to the wind. With him revealing her secret, she felt like wrecking it all. No need to pretend now.

Jarrood, far from angered by her outburst, actually began to chuckle.

Its fine. I dont need your affection, I have my ways. He said firmly, Nicole, Im taking the child back.

This was an outright threat from Jarrood. He intended to take the child away from her.

On the verge of madness, Nicole exclaimed, By what right? Hes my child! How can you just take him away?

Jarrood threw the paternity test at Nicoles face, his tone icy and merciless. Im the childs father, he said. Nicole, you think you can challenge me? What makes you believe you can take the child from me?

Jarrood was not taunting her. He wouldnt need to exert much effort to legally secure custody of the child. Nicoles medical history alone would testify that she wasnt a fit guardian.

Youve always wanted to leave, to be with that man, right? Jarrood smirked a little, nodding at the door. Theres the door. You can leave right now.

How could Nicole leave? Walking through that door meant fully abandoning Austin and giving up her last chance.

Sitting on the floor, Nicole stared at the paternity report, which revealed a 99.99 match, a cruel irony. Was this child really what Jarrod wanted? No, she suspected the child was just another way for him to control her.

Nicoles eyes glazed over as she managed a bitter smile. Jarrod, are you trying to destroy me?

Those words pierced Jarrod like a knife to the heart. He felt as if something was hollowing him out, corroding him from the inside. His love for her was real, but so was his hatred. Why did she always have to be like a venomous creature, always striking out to wound him?

He looked at her coldly. Do you want to see your mother?

Nicoles empty heart fluttered weakly. Slowly, she turned her head to him like a puppet and let out her words, one by one. What did you say?

Your mothers alive, Jarrod stated.

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Just hearing these words, Nicole deflated like a punctured balloon, all her resistance and defiance vanishing instantly. Jarrod held all the cards now. Her son and her mother.

Nicole was lifted into Jarrods arms like a limp doll, her head resting under his chin as he inhaled her scent, the very one he had longed to inhale.

Nicole, you know what I want. Stop being so stubborn, okay?

Even the doll-like her, held in his arms, could turn his heart, hard as stone, into a complete mess.

Jarrod kissed her hair fervently, his voice raspy. Do you want me to surrender? I will. Just dont run away anymore. Never again.

For the first time, Jarrod had yielded. Even with two trump cards, he felt utterly powerless against Nicole. The idea that she might not be his, that she could leave at any moment, left him on edge.

Locating Austin brought relief to Jarrod. With Austin, he assumed Nicole wouldnt run away. She would be with him forever.

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A sleek black car sped down the asphalt road.

Nicole stared blankly out the window, her eyes reflecting the cold winter night and her own sense of desolation.

From the moment she stepped into the car, she knew things had reached a point of no return. She felt paralyzed, unable to process anything until she saw her mother. Her thoughts were a jumbled mess, her mind a chaotic whirl that felt simultaneously full and empty.

Nicole felt like she was losing herself, as if she was suffering from schizophrenia. She had so many thoughts, yet none seemed to be her own.

It wasn't until Nicole reached the sanatorium that she realized just how close her mother had always been.

Nicole approached step by step, stopping short of the room. What awaited her on the other side was unimaginable, and she couldn't bring herself to face it. The mother she thought had died long ago was still alive.

Nicole stood frozen, dreading that this might be a cruel dream, and that behind that door, she would find nothing. She was afraid the hope she'd clung to shattered once more.

Nicole felt numb as Jarrod held her hand and guided her forward.

That changed when the door swung open.

Dora sat on the hospital bed, calmly watching TV, unfazed by their arrival.

Mom Tears poured down Nicole's face as she rushed forward to embrace Dora.

Mom Mommy Nicole cried, holding Dora tightly, but Dora seemed as lifeless as a mannequin, not even flinching.

Nicole slowly realized something was terribly wrong. She shook her mother's shoulders, her voice rising with urgency. Mom, what's wrong?

Do you recognize me? I'm Nicole, your Nicole

Finally, Dora moved but only slightly, murmuring incoherently and drooling from the corner of her mouth.

Trembling, Nicole looked to Jarrod through her tears, asking, What happened to my mom?

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Nicole had always appeared strong, especially around Jarrod, like an unwavering warrior.

This kind of vulnerability was rare.

Jarrod felt a painful tightness in his chest and was tempted to reach out and hold her. Instead, he said softly, The fact that she woke up is already a miracle

That simple statement conveyed everything. Dora had regained consciousness after being declared brain-dead, so it was unreasonable to expect her to function like she once had.

In the years before, Dora was confined to bed, only blinking occasionally, unable to move any other part of her body.

Eventually, Jarrod secured top-notch doctors and arranged for Dora's care at the best facility. With continuous treatment, she could move her hands and feet and even sit up.

Watching TV was part of Dora's rehabilitation, meant to stimulate her brain, but it seemed to make little difference. Dora remained unresponsive.

Nicole gazed at her mothers familiar face, and memories long suppressed flooded her mind. The kitchen glowed warmly, steam rising from the pot on the stove, her mother cooking while her father set the table. When Nicole came home, their faces lit up with joy.

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Nicole is back Their voices were filled with warmth and happiness.

Another wave of memories came flooding back. She remembered her father in his study, the lamp burning late into the night, and her mother bringing out a bowl of soup that went mostly untouched. Her mother stood there, worry etched across her face.

This was around the time Jarrod had started his attacks on the Lawrence family. Back then, Nicole believed that as long as they stayed united, they could handle anything together. In the worst case, they might go bankrupt, but she could find work and help support her parents.

But she hadnt considered there could be a fate worse than that.

Before long, her father ended up in the hospital, and her mother, who once seemed gentle and caring, was now staying up all night to care for him and snapping at Nicole under the strain of the rumors and her fathers illness.

When Dora slapped Nicole, it hit Dora just as hard. She couldnt comprehend how her daughter could end up being someones mistress.

Her spirit was crushed, and she couldnt bear to face Wesson in the hospital bed.

Sensing the looming disaster, Wesson called Nicole the night before.

Nicole, if I dont make it, you have to stay strong. Take care of yourself and look after your mother.

Nicole broke down in tears. Dad, dont say that. Well be fine.

Even if we have to let the company go, we can pay off our debts little by little until theyre gone. Then, she said naively, The three of us can live simply. Well be together, and we can handle anything

The next day, Nicole found her fathers body lying in a pool of blood, his skull crushed and his leg missing. The once-pristine golden floor that represented her familys legacy was drenched in blood.

With her father gone, it felt like the world had come crashing down.

Nicole had vowed to take care of her mother, but she ultimately failed.

The sight of Dora weighed on Nicole like chains that kept her tightly bound.

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Jarrod placed a hand on Nicoles shoulder, trying to offer comfort.

Ah! Nicole shrieked. To her, that hand was stained with her familys blood.

Jarrods hand hovered in the air, his face contorted with frustration.

Nicoles disgust and hatred toward him were deeply rooted.

Nicole failed to understand why Jarrod couldnt just leave her alone.

Its not good for you to be so scared of me, especially since were going to have to live together, Jarrod said with a twisted smile, his eyes darkened with a menacing glare.

At his words, Nicole scoffed. Have you ever seen enemies live together, Jarrod? Youre out of your mind.

Jarrod replied icily, Its a miracle that Ive managed to keep my sanity all these years.

In truth, he felt he had already lost it long ago. After Nicole sneaked away, he spent many sleepless nights overwhelmed with anger and fear, dreading that she might vanish from his world for good.

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The loneliness dragged him deeper, like sinking into quicksand.

Nicole herself felt she might lose her grip on reality. Her thoughts churned as if her head would explode. Dont you feel despicable? You hid my mother and found Austin, using them as pawns to control me.

Despicable? Jarrod scoffed icily. Maybe I am, but only because you pushed me to it!

Nicole hung her head, numb to his words.

Jarrod grabbed her chin, forcing her to meet his gaze. Dont you realize I could crush you like an ant? Yet, how did you treat me? You stabbed me and stole documents to have me locked up. You tried to kill me. And still, Ive spared you, time and again. While you were cooing with another man, I couldnt sleep and searched frantically for you. Do you even have a heart, Nicole? Did you ever think of me while you reveled in those happy moments?

Jarrod trembled with rage as he spoke. Despite everything, he still couldnt force her compliance. He fixed his intense gaze on her, as if wanting to absorb her entirely. He loved and hated her simultaneously, torn apart by his emotions.

I hate you I hate you Nicole sobbed, her voice muffled.

Jarrod pulled Nicole into his arms, and she immediately screamed, Dont touch me! Dont, dont! Dont touch me!

She pounded on his chest with all her might, but her blows felt Like soft rain to him, barely noticeable.

With determination, Jarrod drew her into his arms, holding her tightly, almost to the point of breaking her delicate frame.

A tear rolled down Jarrods cheek, wetting his lashes. I hate you too, Nicole. Just as much as you hate me. But I cant help it

Why couldnt she just submit for once? Was that really too much to ask? If he didnt stand firm, shed avoid him like the plague. If he didnt act despicably, shed be gone for good.

Jarrold leaned in, pressing his lips against hers roughly. For him, possession was enough, even if love was lacking.

Nicole struggled to pull away, tears streaming down her face like a river breaking its dam. Jarrod, dont touch me Not here. This scene was a throwback to the beginning, back in her fathers hospital room, when Jarrod had acted just as callously. He ignored her parents, decency, and humanity, acting like an animal.

Jarrold looked down at the trembling Nicole and realized he couldnt keep going. He lifted her into his arms and carried her out of the hospital room.

Once inside the car, Nicole curled into a corner, sobbing as if trying to cry out every tear she had. If it were just Austin, maybe she could endure. But she had her mother to consider. She would do anything to protect them, even if it cost her life. Wasnt fate just cruel? How could it be so unfair to her?

Jarrold brought Nicole back to the Oasis Apartment, and she felt like she was returning to a cage.

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Nicole stood hesitantly at the doorstep, unable to move forward.

Jarrold glanced back, his lips curling into a sneer. Whats the matter? Think the place you once lived in is dirty?

Nicole tried to muster her courage, but the thought of stepping inside terrified her. It meant continuing her complicated, tangled relationship with Jarrod. She stared at him from the doorway and said coldly, I want to see Austin. Hes not well.

Jarrolds expression turned icy. You know hes not well? Then you hid him out there for so long?

Jarrold had been too preoccupied searching for Nicole to get Austin checked since his return.

Jarrold didnt have strong feelings for Austin. Jarrolds father had ruled with a heavy hand, and affection in the Schultz family was always scarce.

So, Jarrod resorted to his fathers strict standards, not knowing how normal families functioned. Of course, he wouldnt use a belt for small mistakes like his father had. Austin looked so delicate that even a belt could prove fatal.

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With that in mind, Jarrod resolved to arrange a full medical checkup for Austin the next day.

Jarrold turned to Nicole with a cold expression and said, You hid him away, unable to give him a decent life, and now hes so fragile. I dont think youre fit to raise this child.

Jarrold assumed Austins pallor was due to malnutrition, unaware of the serious illness Austin faced.

Nicoles anger erupted. She snatched off her shoe and hurled it at Jarrold, striking him on the shoulder. What do you know, Jarrold! she spat, glaring at him with a deep, swirling hatred.

Though the impact was minor to Jarrold, his pride couldnt tolerate such a challenge. His expression hardened as he scoffed. What do I know? I know about you cavorting with another man while leaving my son somewhere else with a nanny.

He jabbed a finger at her face, his voice venomous. Nicole, just for that, you dont stand a chance of winning custody!

Why should I hide? Nicole laughed heartily as if the question was the punchline of a joke. Jarrold, why on earth should I hide?

Jarrolds expression contorted with frustration as he faced her, knowing the reasons all too well but refusing to admit his faults.

To him, Nicole was meant to be his, regardless of the time passed or their distance apart.

If you hadnt been so overbearing, would I really need to hide?

Nicole fixed him with a steady gaze. Tell me, do you actually love Austin as a father, or is there some ulterior motive?

Jarrold clenched his fists, his silence a testament to his undeniable intent to keep Nicole by his side at any cost.

You know very well in your heart, dont you? Nicole sneered, her resolve hardening. I wont relinquish custody of my child. Ill gather all the evidence I need and see you in court!

Jarrold almost laughed at the challenge. Suing me? Nicole, youre in over your head.

But Nicole merely smiled, undeterred. Life is a constant battle, Jarrold. Remember the glory you once claimed? Look at you now. This is my victory.

Jarrolds face turned pale. Nicoles words emphasized how the Schultz familys fortunes had waned since the heights he had once restored upon his return.

The Schultz Group, rocked by Nicoles relentless maneuvers, had slipped from the top ten, leaving Jarrold desperate for an alliance with the Hampton family to reclaim their former glory. Yet, with billions still at

his disposal, squashing Nicole seemed as effortless as crushing an ant underfoot.

Reading the contempt in his eyes, Nicole retorted boldly, Even a starved camel is larger than a horse, and even if youre now a hundred, a thousand times stronger than me, I fear you not. I have nothing to lose.

Tragically, both her child and her ailing mother were under Jarrods control. Nicole had tried to persuade Dora to leave with her, but Dora, lost to consciousness, refused to abandon the sanctuary of the sanatorium. That sanatorium had become a fortress for her unresponsive mother.

Left with no other option, Nicole braced herself to meet the challenge, even at the risk of failure. After all, what more did she have to lose? She knew Roscoe shared her resolve.

Roscoe and I are serious. Ive accepted his proposal. In my heart, hes already my husband, Nicole declared with conviction.

With those words, she vowed never to step into the Oasis Apartment, this prison.

Suddenly, a muffled Bang echoed ominously.

Jarrods face flushed with rage as he threw the lamp beside him forcefully.

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It crashed into the mirror-like TV wall, emitting a thunderous crash as both the lamp and the LCD TV shattered into pieces.

After letting off steam, Jarrod left the chaos of the room behind.

Nothing, and no one, was beyond his control.

Nicole fled the Oasis Apartment and took a taxi, as if running away.

The driver glanced at her disheveled state. Where to, miss? he asked.

The hospital, Nicole answered firmly.

The driver wasted no time, getting her swiftly to the hospital.

Nicole exited the taxi and made her way directly to Roscoes ward Leila had mentioned before.

On the second floor, guards arranged by the Watts family blocked the entrance, preventing Nicole from getting in.

Rather than causing a scene with the guards, Nicole stood outside and called out, Roscoe, Roscoe

The guards stood there in shock, not expecting her to pull such a stunt. They were utterly perplexed, determined not to let anyone disturb Roscoe.

Currently, Roscoe was embroiled in a standoff with his family. The Watts family insisted that he needed treatment abroad, yet he resolutely refused. It wasnt about the cost. Rather, the treatment would require a month, and Roscoe couldnt spare the time right now.

Moreover, he was certain that Nicole would come looking for him.

Amidst the clamor outside, a reflective Roscoe smiled. Pushing open the door, he limped toward Nicole, masking his pain to keep her from worrying.

At the doorway, the guards were trying to drag Nicole away from the ward. Enough with the commotion. Keep it up, and I might just lose my temper! a tall man barked rudely.

Unfazed, Nicole stood her ground. Im not troubling you. Im just calling him. If he chooses to come out to see me, thats on him, not you.

The guard, lacking any sense, blurted out roughly, Cut the chatter and back off, or Ill really get physical.

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He even raised his hand, poised to strike.

Stop! Roscoe intervened from behind, his tone authoritative yet devoid of anger. Apologize to her.

The guard was momentarily taken aback, not used to seeing Roscoe display such power. He quickly bowed and offered an apology. Sorry, miss.

Roscoe confidently took Nicoles hand and led her into the ward, with the guards not daring to say another word.

The Watts family had a strict rule about visitors, especially if they werent family. But they also made it clear not to upset Roscoe, as his mood mattered a lot.

Taking Nicoles hand while walking into the ward, Roscoe immediately asked, Have you been eating properly?

Then, noticing her wrist felt thinner as he touched it, he expressed his concern, It seems youve lost weight. He recalled his previous efforts to help her maintain a healthy weight.

Nicole couldnt hold back her tears any longer. Roscoes concerns were always so personal, always centered on her well-being. And he had a unique way of perceiving her emotional state right away.

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I have, Nicole responded, though it wasnt entirely true. She had been eating because Jarrod insisted, and she forced herself to eat to remain strong and look for a way out.

Dont worry about Austin and Dora. Well figure it out together,

Roscoe reassured her.

Nicole was surprised, not expecting Roscoe to already know about the issues involving Austin and Dora.

Roscoe had his own sources within the Watts family. His fathers assistant once owed him a favor.

At that time, the assistants child had a rare and costly illness, and he couldnt afford to show his distress since he relied on his salary for medical bills. Roscoe offered to help when he overheard the assistant talking on the phone. Roscoe even suggested a traditional doctor for his childs condition.

Once the assistants child recovered, his perception of Roscoe significantly improved.

Among the youngsters of the Watts family, Roscoe was considered capable and serious, despite being an illegitimate child. The assistant treated Roscoe with respect, knowing Roscoe might lead the Watts family someday.

The assistant assumed he wouldnt suffer any loss if he had helped Roscoe and Roscoe didnt make it.

So, upon Roscoes return this time, much of the information Roscoe gathered came from the assistant.

Roscoe assured Nicole, looking into her eyes to clarify her confusion, Dont worry. I have my own allies within the Watts family. They wouldnt dare do anything to harm me.

Nicole noticed that Roscoes movements were somewhat clumsy, and his wrist was marked by a deep scar, a lingering reminder of the harsh punishment imposed by Roscoes father. It seemed Roscoe was less concerned about his legs, but his hands were crucial. They were meant to heal and save Lives.

Nicoles heart ached witnessing him struggle to lift heavy objects.

Her voice trembled as she asked, Roscoe, are you planning to get treatment?

Not yet, Roscoe replied casually, showing little concern for his injury. He even pulled his sleeve down to cover the noticeable scar out of Nicoles sight.

Nicoles heart ached, and she hesitantly asked, Wasnt this your final chance? Jarrod had mentioned that Roscoes missing this opportunity could mean no hope for recovery, beyond even divine help.

Jarrod taunted, curious to see how Roscoe would decide this time. He wondered whether Roscoe would

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remain and fight a losing battle, or accept a more ordinary Life.

Realizing he couldnt keep it from Nicole, Roscoe gently touched her head, reassuring her, Its okay. Its not as serious as you think. I can still hold you.

Roscoe embraced Nicole firmly, his voice soft. Nicole, it means a lot that youre concerned about me.

Encircled in his arms, Nicole felt his comforting warmth. To her, Roscoe was like a small sun, endlessly emanating warmth. But she felt like a burden to him.

Roscoe was such a skilled doctor who could have had a bright future even without the Watts familys influence. Even if the Lawrence family hadnt initially supported Roscoe, the Watts family would have recognized him eventually, ensuring his status as a young master with an inheritance well beyond ordinary reach. No matter the life he had encountered, it would not have been too challenging.

Yet, he had chosen the most difficult path. He decided to stay by her side, enduring numerous hardships.

Whenever Nicole wavered, Roscoe would immediately sense it, reassuring her, Nicole, you cant leave me behind. Ill always be your little puppy.

The term Little puppy came about while they were watching a TV show where young, loyal boyfriends were likened to loyal dogs.

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Roscoe had joked with Nicole, declaring he would be her little puppy for life.

With tears welling up, Nicole understood that love was never a balanced transaction.

One often gave more than the other, yet if that giving brought joy and was perceived as happiness, it signified a valuable contribution.

Thus, Nicole simply needed to respond to her little puppy.

Nicole raised her hand, affectionately ruffled Roscoes hair, and affirmed, I wont leave you behind. Things will get better for us.

At the Watts family mansion.

Jarrold sat on the sofa, his leg casually resting on the coffee table.

Mr. Watts, remember what you promised me? he asked, clearly displeased.

Back then, understanding the tight spot the Watts family was in, Jarrod had shown them mercy and left Roscoes father, Miguel, an exit route.

Miguel had been so grateful that he repeatedly expressed his thanks, vowing to ensure Roscoe would part ways with Nicole by any means necessary.

Truth be told, Jarrods motives werent dignified. He wasnt interested in preserving another familys legacy. Hed rather see Nicole and Roscoe part on bitter terms than let Roscoe become a lingering memory in Nicoles mind if Roscoe passed away. He aimed to witness the lovers turn against each other with hate. That way, he could keep Nicole by his side.

Jarrold wouldnt let Roscoe leave a lasting impression on Nicoles heart.

Miguel was annoyed by Jarrods arrogance but had no choice but to tolerate it, lowering his head to reply, Mr. Schultz, Ive kept an eye on Roscoe, but I couldnt prevent Miss Lawrence from reaching out to him. After all, I didnt raise Roscoe. Theres a natural distance between him and me, and I cant afford to upset him too much, right?

Miguels response was a clear attempt to avoid accountability. He was evidently trying to disassociate himself, looking to cut ties.

Regardless of Roscoes preferences for women, as long as the woman Roscoe chose could secure the Watts family legacy, Miguel was unconcerned about her background.

Miguel planned to distract Roscoe with young, attractive secretaries.

He wasn't concerned about Roscoe's loyalty.

To Miguel, Roscoe was just a means to carry on the family legacy.

But now, with Roscoe as his sole heir, he couldn't just watch the vast family fortune potentially fall into the hands of other relatives. Therefore, he had to handle matters involving Roscoe with extra care.

Jarrold responded with a cold scoff, Mr. Watts, are you trying to play games with me? You weren't saying this when you knelt before me. I shouldn't have shown mercy back then.

Miguel, an expert at navigating political games even when he was up to his neck, didn't show any shame even when his tactics were exposed. He stroked his beard and replied with a cunning smile, Mr. Schultz, we're still very grateful for your tip about Roscoe's whereabouts. Rest assured, we're not ungrateful. If you need anything from the Watts family, just say the word, and we'll be at your service without hesitation.

His polished words, however, essentially meant a complete betrayal.

He clearly had no further interest in meddling with Roscoe's personal life.

Bang! With a forceful slap, Jarrold sent the glass flying, striking a decorative vase behind Miguel.

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The vase, a valuable artifact worth millions, shattered instantly.

Miguel's face soured, but he contained himself and remained silent.

He understood Jarrold was furious and needed to express his anger.

Mr. Watts, now that the Watts family has an heir, do you think you can challenge me? Jarrold questioned.

Miguel couldn't openly admit it, feeling internal fury, yet he cautiously replied, Not at all. We've never had such thoughts.

I think that's exactly what you thought! Jarrold responded with a chilling laugh. But remember, just as I was able to secure your family's future, I can just as easily end it. I clearly have that power.

Miguel trembled with fear. Mr. Schultz, please understand, Roscoe is my only heir now. We will exhaust the Watts family's resources if necessary to protect him.

He then added with a diplomatic smile, Let's avoid discussions that could damage our connection. We look forward to continued collaboration. I assure you, any dealings with the Schultz family will be especially advantageous to you from now on.

The state of the Watts family was not much better than that of Jarrold's Schultz Group.

However, with the family line nearly severed, the companys strength diminished, and each member had their own interests, all seeking a share of the Watts family wealth.

Miguel was well aware that many were just biding their time until his death to risk their claims on the estate. Despite his advancing age and the pressures, he saw Roscoe, whom he had previously underestimated, as a new hope. Therefore, he was prepared to do whatever it took to ensure Roscoes safety until his mission was complete.

Jarrood smirked. I doubt your wish to carry on the family legacy will come true.

Jarrood wasnt in the mood for a verbal duel with Miguel. Their thoughts were simply too different.

Jarrood could go after the Watts family, but it wasnt worth the trouble. It would drain his resources and waste precious time.

Mr. Watts, you werent aware that the woman your son loves has fallen gravely ill. Her health is declining rapidly, leaving her unable to bear children, Jarrood said to Miguel.

Miguel was taken aback. He had noticed that Nicole was older than Roscoe but thought it was manageable. After all, age didnt matter as long as she could have children.

At just under thirty, it was hard for Miguel to believe that Nicole couldnt have children. Jarroods

revelation made him rethink everything.

Jarrood continued, You know your son well. Hes a devoted man who would never betray the woman he loves by having children with someone else.

Miguel knew this to be true. Roscoe was so determined and loyal that changing his mind would be nearly impossible. Otherwise, he wouldnt have stood his ground against the Schultz family so stubbornly. But if Nicole really couldnt have children, he needed to consider other possibilities. There had to be another option.

Miguels aged eyes gleamed sharply as he looked at Jarrood. Mr. Schultz, my efforts alone wont be enough. We need your cooperation to have Miss Lawrence come back. What do you say?

Jarrood knew Miguel had decided. Pleased with the outcome, he stood up and declared, Of course, Mr. Watts. We dont need to be rivals. If we work together, the future will be better for both of us.

Of course. Miguel nodded respectfully but remained cautious.

Despite Jarroods words, hed already excluded the Watts family from future partnerships. Miguel was simply too sly.

After leaving, Jarrood began pondering ways to force Nicole back to his side. She had turned prickly and now resented him fiercely.