

# Unbreakable 2201

## Chapter 2201

---

Along the way, she tried to call Roscoe, but her phone calls went unanswered, with the automatic voice telling her the number she dialed didnt exist.

This very way to contact him had been cut off. Nicoles anxiety grew.

Upon arriving, Nicole swung open the hospital room door and called out, Roscoe?

The man in the bed turned to face Nicole, but it wasnt Roscoe. The man looked at her curiously and asked, Who are you?

Nicole felt a pang of disappointment. She replied quietly, Im sorry. I must be in the wrong room.

Before leaving, she paused to ask, Excuse me, do you know when the last patient in this room was discharged?

The man shook his head. I have no idea. I just got here this morning.

My apologies for the disturbance, Nicole said, leaving the room disheartened. She concluded that Roscoes family must have moved him abroad for his treatment.

Back home, she dug deeper into the affairs of the Watts family and confirmed what Jarrod had said. Roscoe was now the only heir to the Watts legacy.

Despite his illegitimacy, Roscoe carried the Watts bloodline and was the rightful heir to the familys wealth. Without Roscoe, the Watts familys legacy would be scattered among distant relatives.

Miguel, always calculating, would surely understand this. Thus, he valued Roscoe and ensured no harm came to Roscoe.

Although Nicole knew Roscoe had been taken abroad for medical care, she couldnt pursue him now. She was embroiled in a custody battle with Jarrod over Austin. Besides, she didnt want to interrupt Roscoes treatment.

She understood Roscoes dedication to his medical career, knowing that even if he no longer practiced, no one desired a diminished quality of life. As he aged, his mobility issues were Likely to increase.

Nicole had initially planned to be with Roscoe during his treatment after sorting out Austins custody. However, it seemed this turn of events was a relief. She didnt know how long resolving Austins situation might take.

.

Roscoes condition was worsening, his hands growing clumsier by the day, and he couldnt afford to wait.

Nicole was confident that if she remained persisted, Roscoe would eventually return to her. She was sure that, unlike others, Roscoe would never leave her behind. He was like Austin, the nanny, and Raegan. They were never the ones to abandon her.

Three days later, the test results arrived. The tests confirmed the medication was for mental health treatment.

Thrilled with the discovery, Nicole immediately reached out to a lawyer, handed over all the details, and trusted them completely with the custody case.

During these three days, Nicole hadn't reached out to Jarrod or seen Austin. Although no sight of Austin broke her heart, knowing the nanny was there with Austin gave her some comfort. Now, it was time for a decisive battle. To win Austin's custody, she needed to be strong.

About a week later, Nicole assumed Jarrod had received the notification. Yet, unexpectedly, the lawyer she had hired returned her deposit and withdrew from the case.

The lawyer Nicole had hired was considered the top choice in Ardlens for custody battles, despite the high fee, because of their proven effectiveness.

To her surprise, even this well-regarded lawyer pulled out.

Nicole tried to confront the lawyer, but the latter avoided her. Deep down, she suspected the lawyer had been intimidated.

She then approached several other firms, but it seemed they had all been warned off. All of them refused her case as soon as they learned it involved Jarrod.

Chapter 2202

---

Left with no other options, Nicole called on Raegan for support.

At the cafe, Raegan held Nicole's hands, her concern evident. Nicole, you look thinner.

Nicole managed a weak smile. Actually, I've put on a bit of weight compared to before.

The weight Nicole had gained under Roscoe's meticulous care had vanished due to recent stress and the strain of not seeing her child.

Raegan shook her head. I can see there's something you need my help with. Just tell me.

After Nicole detailed Jarrod's plan to fight for Austin's custody, Raegan's anger boiled within her, her fists tightening. Jarrod is a real monster! He has done nothing for your child, and now he just swoops in and wants to take the child away from you, denying you access. Who does he think he is?

However, there was not much they could do. Jarrod held the paternity test, along with Nicole's previous medical records and details of Wesson's financial troubles, including Nicole's imprisonment after being wronged. Any of these factors could cost Nicole her custody rights.

Nicole's last hope lay in Jarrod's mental health issues. If it went to court, his condition could prevent him from being a sole caregiver.

I get it. You need a lawyer, correct? Raegan asked.

Exactly. I need someone who won't be intimidated by Jarrod and is experienced in custody cases.

I know just the person. Raegan produced a contact, quickly explaining the situation. The lawyer agreed without hesitation.

Nicole remained concerned, recalling how even the well-known, affluent lawyer she initially hired had eventually backed out.

Raegan reassured her, I've forwarded your details to him. He'll be ready to assist with the legal process by next week. Don't worry about his qualifications. He was formerly a legal advisor for the Dixon Group but left to study abroad for various reasons. His expertise is beyond doubt.

Knowing that the lawyer was from the Dixon Group's undefeated legal team gave Nicole some comfort. And with Raegan's endorsement, it seemed unlikely he would be swayed by Jarrod.

Nicole gripped Raegan's hand, expressing her gratitude, Raegan, I really appreciate your help with this.

Though Mitchel and Jarrod were once close friends, their professional paths had split years ago as they pursued different career paths.

However, in their personal lives, there were still some common threads between them.

.

When Mitchel's previous legal counsel faced off against Jarrod in court, it was bound to affect their relationship in some way.

Don't worry about it. Austin's my godson, Raegan said earnestly, smiling at Nicole. Mitchel values justice over personal relationships. He probably won't mind. He might even try to talk some sense into Jarrod.

Nicole let out a breath of relief. Thank you, Raegan.

Raegan gave Nicole's hand a comforting squeeze. Don't stress. I sort of know Jarrod. I definitely wouldn't want Austin in his care.

Soon after, the lawyer Raegan recommended got in touch with Nicole.

Miss Lawrence, hello, I'm Rhett Bates. Please, just call me Rhett.

Rhett was straightforward and professional, avoiding the usual flattery like other lawyers. He quickly got to the point. Miss Lawrence, I've reviewed your case thoroughly. Right now, your only advantage is the child's father's mental health issue. Without that, winning this case would be nearly impossible.

Chapter 2203

---

Nicole was aware of this. If not, she would have reclaimed her child by now.

Miss Lawrence, are you certain that Mr. Schultz has been medicated in recent years? Rhett asked.

Im sure of it, Nicole confirmed with a nod.

She remembered seeing Jarrod consistently take medication to manage his manic episodes back when they were together, a condition that had worsened after his parents deaths.

Excellent. As long as we can verify Mr. Schultzs mental health condition, Im confident we can win this case, Rhett assured her.

His impressive record at the Dixon Group was testimony to his capabilities. His decision to resign and study abroad was driven by a desire to enhance his skills and contribute more effectively to his country.

Nicole felt a surge of reassurance at Rhetts words, boosting her confidence.

The legal proceedings were slow to progress. By the time everything was set in motion, more than a month had elapsed.

During this time, Nicoles thoughts often drifted to Roscoe, wondering about his ongoing treatment.

One evening, after leaving a restaurant with Rhett, Nicole stood by the roadside waiting for her ride.

Suddenly, she noticed a familiar face. It was Doreen.

Nicole initially intended to ignore Doreen, but Doreen had already seen her.

.

Youre Doreen paused, trying to remember.

Nicole kept her eyes on her phone, waiting for her ride.

Youre the woman who used to follow around my uncle Doreen exclaimed loudly.

Her tone was sharp, especially with many people around at the restaurants entrance. It seemed like she was hinting that Nicole was kept as a mistress.

As expected, the bystanders glances at Nicole were filled with curiosity and scorn.

Doreens intent was obvious. She despised Nicole and seized this moment to humiliate her.

Nicole responded firmly, I have no relationship with Mr. Schultz, not now, not ever. If there was ever any relationship, it was only because they were Austins biological parents.

The official partner of Jarrod has always been from the Hampton family, Doreen sneered. Im just being polite by saying you followed after him. In reality, you were nothing more than his mistress.

Nicoles expression chilled instantly.

Doreen, seemingly oblivious, stared at Nicoles striking appearance and refused to ease her attack. Dont parade as virtuous. You were nothing but my uncles mistress, using your allure to gain the Lawrence familys favors. Unfortunately, theyre too weak to be of any use

These words deeply wounded Nicole. She muttered in her heart, If Doreen only knew the truth, she wouldnt dare speak such foolishness. It was Jarrods unyielding demands that had truly undermined the Lawrence family.

Doreen misinterpreted Nicoles darken face as a sign of defeat, which only fueled her satisfaction. She crossed her arms and sneered, Like father, like daughter. It seems your parents taught you Little about morality, which explains why you meddle in others relationships.

Chapter 2204

---

Her accusations had no foundation.

Nicole, unable to tolerate the slander any longer, raised her hand to strike Doreen.

But suddenly, a firm, cold hand clasped her wrist tightly, causing her face to blanch.

Seeing this, Doreens demeanor shifted dramatically as she clung to the man who had intervened, simpering. Darling, Im relieved youre here. I feared this irrational woman was going to assault me

Doreens fawning tone starkly contrasted with her prior vitriol, making Nicole frown.

Then, a familiar yet cool voice rang out. Miss, what prompted you to raise a hand to my girlfriend?

Nicole looked up, her eyes narrowing to shield against the harsh overhead lighting. As her vision adjusted, she discerned a sharp jawline and a familiar, handsome face. It was Roscoe.

Nicoles eyes widened in shock, and her heart began pounding rapidly.

He had returned? When did he return? She had no idea.

Lately, Nicole had been immersed in the lawsuit, keeping herself secluded at home to avoid accidental encounters with Jarrod. She occasionally checked the financial news and visited her mother at the sanatorium when Jarrod was occupied with work. Sadly, her mother no longer recognized her, only Jarrod.

Now, as Nicole stared at Roscoe, mixed emotions surged through her.

Joy intermingled with a touch of pain from past struggles. Roscoe had always been caring to her, which made the sense of hurt nearly instinctual, her eyes welling with tears that refused to fall.

Roscoe, is your hand better now? Nicole asked, her voice tinged with genuine concern.

Nicole barely acknowledged Doreen standing next to him, focusing solely on Roscoes wellbeing. His recent grip suggested his hand had mended. His posture, steady and firm, indicated his leg was likely healed as

.

well. This observation brought her a sigh of relief.

However, oddly, Roscoes gaze at Nicole was cool and distant, his expression inscrutable, offering her no emotional comfort.

Before Nicole could utter another word, Doreen struck her across the face with a sharp slap.

You wretch! It was bad enough you ensnared my uncle, but now you dare try to charm my man right in front of me? Are you so shameless that you chase after every man you see? Doreens voice dripped with disdain for Nicole.

To Doreen, Nicole had a complicated connection with Jarrod in the past, and now audaciously, Nicole seemed to vie for her partners attention. The nerve of her!

The slap snapped Nicole back to reality. She belatedly realized an unsettling truth. Roscoes gaze was vacant, as if he no longer recognized her. Her heart plummeted. Perhaps the Watts family had manipulated Roscoes memory during his recovery.

Nicoles inner turmoil was cut short as Doreen clung to Roscoe, urging, Roscoe, lets leave this madwoman. Shes nothing but a lewd woman, incapable of going a day without luring a man.

Roscoe looked at Nicole, noticing the tears brimming in her eyes, which sparked an inexplicable unease within him, yet his memories of her remained elusive.

Doreen pulled at Roscoes arm, urging him to get into the car.

Roscoe followed without further comment, heading toward the vehicle.

Impulsively, Nicole reached out and clutched Roscoes arm, her face streaked with tears. Roscoe, its me, Nicole. Have you forgotten me?

Chapter 2205

---

Her tearful appeal was poignant. She appeared fragile and ethereal, her lips a vivid red, her hair like silk, her complexion delicate as a glass orb.

Roscoes mind flickered with a trace of recognition, but it vanished as quickly as it came, shattered by Doreens piercing scream.

Youre crazy! Doreen pushed Nicole forcefully.

Caught unprepared, Nicole stumbled and fell, her knees scraping against the ground, blood soon staining her khaki pants.

Doreen, observing Nicoles frail form, grew concerned she might have caused Nicole serious harm. Aware that Jarrod still harbored feelings for Nicole, she knew any severe injury to Nicole could lead to a reprimand or more.

Doreen hastily tugged at Roscoe, who seemed rooted to the spot.

Roscoe, we need to leave now. This woman is unhinged and could be dangerous

Roscoe looked down at Nicole. For some reason, he found it hard to bring himself to leave with Doreen, his feet rooted to the spot Roscoe! Doreen called out again, irritation clear in her voice. She noticed Roscoes attention was fixed intently on Nicole, which irked her.

Doreen scoffed, wondering what made Nicole so captivating to men. Was it Nicoles slightly fuller figure, her plump lips, or her mesmerizing face? Men seemed ensnared by merely her presence.

Resorting to deception, Doreen clutched her stomach and cried out in agony. Roscoe, my stomach Its unbearable!

Doreen clung to Roscoe like an octopus, and he had no choice but to carry her into the car, leaving Nicole behind without a backward glance.

Nicole sat on the ground, despondently watching the car disappear, tears clouding her vision. Her heart throbbed with a dull pain.

Just then, a passerby noticed Nicoles distressed state and approached with concern. Miss, are you alright?

Such a voice full of worry made Nicoles tears flow freely, large and glistening like pearls.

The passerby was taken aback. Miss, whats wrong? I can take you to the hospital, but Ill need to record the process with my phone in case any tricks are in play.

Nicole, amidst her sobs, managed to say, No, thats not necessary.

She tried to mask the pain in her chest.

The passerby scrutinized her pale face. Are you sure? You seem very unwell.

Im fine. Thank you, Nicole replied, not wanting to dampen the strangers kind intentions. She knew she couldnt go to the hospital, not with the crucial trial just two days away and no room for more complications.

Despite the crushing revelation of Roscoes amnesia, she steeled herself for the challenges ahead.

Summoning her strength, Nicole slowly stood and limped toward a nearby bench to rest.

However, just as she seemed to settle, her strength gave way, and she collapsed from the bench,

.

unconscious.

Alarmed, the passerby shouted for help. Miss! Miss! Can someone call an ambulance?

Nicole was rushed to the hospital.

Chapter 2206

---

As the doctor administered her IV, Nicoles phone rang.

The passerby who had brought Nicole to the hospital picked it up, saying, Hello?

Silence greeted the passerby from the other end, not even the whisper of breath.

Just when the passerby assumed the call hadn't connected, a chilling, authoritative voice demanded, Who are you?

The tone was so imposing that the passerby involuntarily shuddered under its weight. I'm the one who brought the young lady to the hospital. She fainted outside the Peace Hotel, and now she's at a hospital

Before the passerby could finish, the line was cut off with a series of abrupt beeps.

The passerby stood there, puzzled, wondering if concerns over medical expenses had caused the swift hang-up.

Since Nicole's phone was locked, the passerby couldn't access any contacts and decided to stay by her side until she woke up.

About ten minutes later, the passerby heard rapid footsteps approaching. Turning around, he saw a sharply dressed man heading his way. To his surprise, he recognized the newcomer. Mr. Schultz, what brings you here?

Jarrold frowned slightly, not recognizing the passerby, who then introduced himself. I'm Dilan Boyd, a sales representative from Artificial Home Furnishings. We recently submitted a real estate project proposal to your company.

Despite the introduction, Jarrold's expression remained blank, overwhelmed by the many minor figures seeking his attention. He couldn't recall them all.

Dilan understood the situation. After all, the event had been bustling, and his company wasn't well-known. It was no surprise that Jarrold hadn't recognized him or remembered any prior interaction.

Dilan brought it up merely to create some rapport, hoping it might lead to future collaboration.

Was it you who brought this woman here? Jarrold inquired.

After a brief pause, realizing Jarrold was referring to Nicole, Dilan nodded. Yes. I was at the Peace Hotel dining when I noticed this young lady on the ground, her legs visibly injured. I offered assistance, but she declined. However, the moment she stood up, she collapsed.

Dilan tended to be loquacious, especially since he grasped Nicole had to be significant for Jarrold to rush here personally. Jarrold was such a bigwig, after all. Eager to make a good impression, Dilan elaborated

.

without prompting.

She fell? Jarrold interjected with a succinct question.

Dilan explained, Yes, she was shoved to the ground by another woman. It seemed she knew the man accompanying the aggressor and attempted to intervene, which led to her being shoved and verbally abused.



Dilan chose not to delve into the specifics of the altercation, noting only that it was a distasteful exchange. Had it not been for his drivers delayed arrival, he might have missed these critical details.

Later, I found her here, weeping intensely, so I approached to see if I could help, Dilan concluded.

Upon hearing the account, Jarrods expression turned stern. He knew the individuals Dilan described.

Alright, you can leave now. Jarrod dismissed Dilan abruptly, his tone icy.

Observing Jarrods darkening expression, Dilan regretted speaking so freely, thinking his words had somehow offended Jarrod. He chastised himself for his failure to choose his words properly.

Okay, Ill be going then, Dilan said, leaving with a heavy heart.

Chapter 2207

---

As Dilan exited, Jarrods assistant quickly approached him.

Extracting a business card, the assistant handed it over, saying, Mr. Boyd, please send your proposal directly to the department manager using this card.

Dilans spirits lifted instantly. He accepted the card with both hands, expressing his gratitude effusively. The assistants gesture suggested that a well-crafted proposal could secure him the project, potentially earning him a significant commission.

Floating on air with excitement, Dilan gushed, Thank you! Thank you!

His gratitude was so profound he felt he would do anything the assistant asked, be it how outrageous it seemed.

Youre welcome. Mr. Schultz appreciates your assistance today, Mr. Boyd, the assistant responded courteously.

Dilan realized he had indeed aided the right person, someone of consequence to Jarrod. He made a mental note to continue his acts of kindness, believing that such good deeds would bring him fortune, as they seemed to today.

Meanwhile, back in the hospital room, Nicole lay seemingly at peace, her breathing steady.

However, the tears that lingered at the edges of her eyes betrayed her inner turmoil, a silent testament to her pain that Jarrod could not ignore.

A flicker of anger crossed Jarrods features. He rubbed the corners of Nicoles eyes with his calloused fingertips, pressing a bit too firmly as if trying to release his pent-up frustration.

.

Quickly, the skin around her eyes reddened from the harsh friction.

Even unconscious, Nicole seemed to sense the discomfort. She furrowed her brow and whimpered softly.

Jarrold noticed her discomfort and softened his touch, caressing the reddened area gently without further action.

As dawn broke, Nicoles eyes fluttered open to find Jarrods face close to hers. He was seated beside her bed, absorbed in a finance magazine.

Nicole was unsure if he had been there throughout the night or had just arrived.

Startled, she gripped the bed sheets tightly, her eyes wary and searching.

Confusion clouded her mind. She hadnt fully grasped her surroundings.

Yet, she blurted out, What are you doing here?

Jarrold set the magazine aside, his eyes narrowing slightly as he countered, What are you hiding?

Nicoles grip on the sheets tightened, her expression turning stern.

I asked you first!

Jarrold responded with a dismissive snort, Theres not a part of your body I havent seen before.

Nicoles expression shifted dramatically with Jarrods words.

Now fully aware, she recognized she was in the hospital. Memories of events prior to her loss of consciousness flooded back. She remembered seeing Roscoe.

Chapter 2208

---

Nicoles face contorted with mixed feelings of grief and something less than grief.

Jarrold watched her closely, his eyes narrowing. Still dwelling on your fantasy?

His voice carried a chill, mocking edge, revealing his long-held knowledge of Roscoes return and Roscoes memory loss, something Jarrold had likely orchestrated. Not just likely. Certainly.

A profound sorrow welled up in Nicole. She felt she and Roscoe were lab rats, entirely at the mercy of Jarrold and the Watts family, who held power over her and Roscoes fates, dictating life or death without their input. Despite their struggles, the outcome seemed fixed.

With her mind swirling, Nicole had no desire to reflect on any of it.

She gestured toward the door and demanded, Get out.

Jarrolds face subtly shifted. He felt he might have felt undue sympathy for her. Throughout the night, he had watched her restless sleep and nearly allowed his resolve to soften, contemplating whether he should let her meet Austin.

However, he knew that seeing Austin could reignite certain thoughts in her. If he dropped his guard, she might seize the opportunity to take Austin away with her, as she had managed previously.

Thus, he resolved to fight for Austins custody at any cost. With Austin in his grip, Nicole was like a kite bound by its string and wouldnt wander around.

With Jarrod making no move to leave, Nicole swiftly threw off the bed sheets, removed her IV, and climbed out of the bed, ignoring the blood that marked her hand.

Jarrold, his brow creased in disapproval, seized her arm. What are you doing! he demanded.

Her voice dripping with sarcasm, Nicole retorted, Staying in the same room with you is repulsive. If youre not leaving, I will.

Jarrold, known for his short temper, felt his demeanor chill further at her words. So, you dont want to stay with me? Who is it you want to be with? he asked coldly. His sneer was sharp. Your lover? Didnt he abandon you?

Youre behind this, arent you? Nicole accused more than questioned.

Jarrolds silence served as an affirmation.

Jarrold was aware of a side effect from Roscoes treatment, a detail Miguel had kept from Roscoe.

The treatment involved a cellular activation process that induced temporary amnesia. When mixed with

.

specific medications, this could evolve into permanent memory loss.

Although Jarrod was unsure of the exact dosage Miguel had administered, at that time, Miguel had confidently promised that Roscoe would forget everything about Nicole for at least a year.

This assurance was why Jarrod had been willing to let Roscoe wander freely. Otherwise, Jarrod would never have tolerated Roscoes presence.

Within a year, much could change. Roscoe might settle down and start a family, while Nicole, pressured relentlessly, might abandon her feelings for Roscoe. Should Roscoe regain his memories someday, the pain of those recollections would be immense.

Jarrold, ever vengeful, pondered the best way to punish a betrayal.

Yet, he knew that any violent retribution would only ignite a fiercer defiance in Nicole and Roscoe. Sapping their will slowly, a subtler, more insidious approach, seemed far more effective, and it suited his style perfectly.

Jarrold saw Nicoles stubborn defiance as a reaction to Roscoes lingering presence in her life. Killing Roscoe would only deepen her attachment to Roscoe, so Jarrod considered alternative strategies to break her spirit. Without any support, Nicole would have no choice but to be obedient around him.

Observing Jarrolds silent, confident demeanor, Nicoles contempt for him deepened. Jarrod, you consistently find new depths in being vile. Your proficiency in repulsiveness is unmatched, she declared coldly.

---

Unruffled, Jarrods face was a mask of strategic satisfaction.

Remember the last chance I offered you last time? Are you ready to give me your answer now? Will you drop the lawsuit, or use up this last chance?

.

Jarrold was convinced that Nicole, isolated and unsupported, would finally capitulate. Without Roscoe, who was there for her? Raising a child on her own seemed an absurd thought to him.

Clutching her fists, Nicole channeled the pain to quell her burning hatred. Forget about taking Austin from me. I wont let him turn soulless and cold like you. You dont deserve to be a parent.

Jarrolds expression frosted over. He hadnt anticipated her unwavering stance. Roughly, he seized Nicoles collar. Even if I dont deserve it, hes still my blood!

I had no choice! Do you think Id willingly give birth to your child if I could choose? Do you think Austin wants you to be his father if granted a chance?

Nicoles words struck a chord deep within Jarrold. Subconsciously, he felt she despised the child because it was his. She wanted a child with someone else, like Roscoe? Over his dead body!

Fury surged through Jarrold. He gritted his teeth. He would! Many women in Ardlens want my child. You should feel lucky. Otherwise, did you think Id tolerate your audacity?

Nicole Laughed bitterly, tears welling. Youre too confident, Jarrold.

With a sneer, she continued, Just to bear your child, they have to endure being your secret lover, accept your abuses, serve you like a maid, and endure your slaps Hmph!

Coldly, she added, Ardlens doesnt have many degraded women like that! I had no choice. Meeting you is my worst luck, my karma. If I could, Id wish youd ignore me, so I wouldnt have to know you!

Jarrolds figure faltered, retreating a step suddenly.

In an instant, he crushed the glass ruthlessly in his hand, blood oozing from his palm. Tomorrow seemed unnecessary. The confrontation was here and now.

Jarrold lifted his blood-soaked hand, accusingly pointing at her. So, this is your decision? To want nothing to do with me?

Yes, its exactly what I wish for, Nicole stated bluntly.

Jarrold stood frozen, a statue carved of ice. Fine, fine, fine.

After a long pause, Jarrold finally spoke. Ill grant your request, Nicole. Come to court tomorrow, and our dealings will be devoid of mercy. I wont go easy on you again.

Saying those words pained Jarrod deeply. It was evident to anyone that Nicole wanted nothing to do with him, yet he couldn't grasp it.

Repeatedly, he warned Nicole against defying him.

But Nicole merely smiled and replied, Thank you. Love might fade, but not hatred. In Jarrod's presence, the animosity would reignite.

The agony he had inflicted on her was unforgettable.

After a moment's pause, Jarrod left, leaving behind a chilling pool of blood.

Nicole gazed at it numbly. The harm Jarrod had inflicted on her and her family was more than this pool of blood, having drained their family's vitality.

Jarrod stepped into the blinding sunlight, wishing he could snatch the sun from the sky to quench his bitterness.

Chapter 2210

---

Alarmed by Jarrod's pallor and the bloody gash on his palm, Alec hurried over. Mr. Schultz, your hand. Let me bandage it.

Opening the car door swiftly, Alec retrieved the first aid kit.

As Alec started unrolling the gauze, Jarrod snatched it away and clumsily wrapped it around his wound.

You should disinfect it, Mr. Schultz, Alec insisted.

It's fine, Jarrod retorted icily. Disinfect? He was immune to all poisons long ago.

Alec could sense the tension etched on Jarrod's face. Another unpleasant encounter with Nicole must have occurred. Why couldn't she be sensible and appreciate Jarrod's efforts?

Last night, Jarrod had abruptly left an important company dinner for the hospital after a call, leaving the other executives in a lurch.

Despite Alec handling the aftermath, the foreign CEO remained incensed, demanding, What could be so urgent that he had to leave?

Alec attempted to patch things up, yet the CEO remained adamant, compelling Jarrod to come back.

Who could have predicted Jarrod's reaction to be so indifferent? The deal slipped away effortlessly, as though it were inconsequential.

A billion-dollar contract that could have propelled the company to the summit, was failed to secure because of Jarrod's hasty departure for Nicole. It was exasperating, the irrationality of infatuation.

Where shall we go, Mr. Schultz? Alec inquired at last, breaking the prolonged silence.

The Oasis Apartment, Jarrod responded.

.

Alec paused, contemplating the familiar destination. The Oasis Apartment again. It was Jarrod's sanctuary, a place he sought solace whenever the opportunity arose.

Alec couldn't help but feel a pang of sympathy for Jarrod. Ever since that court summons arrived, Jarrod's demeanor had soured, casting a pall over the entire company.

The staff tiptoed around Jarrod, fearing his wrath, knowing that a single misstep could result in a deluge of extra work. Who would dare to provoke him?

Alec assumed Jarrod had likely harbored hopes that yesterday's call would pave the path to reconciliation, explaining his urgent departure. Yet, the outcome remained disappointingly unchanged.

At that moment, Alec grasped the harsh reality that when women ceased to love, they could be unforgivingly merciless.

At the Oasis Apartment, Jarrod bid Alec farewell, instructing him not to wait, before ascending the steps alone.

Alec observed the towering figure vanish into the night, a pang of concern gripping him like witnessing an injured alpha wolf retreat into solitude to nurse its wounds.

The comparison unsettled Alec. After all, wolves were known for their unwavering monogamy.

As Jarrod pushed open the cold door, he was met with a haunting silence. The emptiness echoed his solitude.

The pristine table and floor, gleaming from the recent cleaning, only accentuated the loneliness of his presence.

Pouring himself a drink, he swallowed it down in one gulp before disappearing into the shower, hoping to wash away the fatigue that weighed heavy on his shoulders.