

Unbreakable 2261

Chapter 2261

Their entire relationship was a fabrication, a plot devised by others to ensnare Roscoe.

Doreen had once confided her concerns to Jarrod, who had cryptically promised that things would improve. She was skeptical until Roscoe's father approached her with a proposition that she could marry Roscoe if she followed his guidelines in dealing with Roscoe.

As Roscoe regained consciousness, vulnerable with some memory loss, Doreen played the part of the caring fiancée. She concocted elaborate stories of their supposed past love, stories he accepted as truth due to his amnesia.

Yet, Roscoe always seemed detached toward Doreen. His demeanor around her was often cold.

Despite this, Doreen persisted, believing that his coldness was a small price to pay for being with him. After all, she considered him hers.

Now, Doreen resumed her manipulations, weaving more tales. Roscoe, why are you so harsh with me? You used to speak so kindly and loved me dearly. How could you be so cruel now? she pleaded.

Roscoe only scoffed quietly to himself. Whether before or after his amnesia, he knew he couldn't love someone so adept at deceit. He had attempted to fulfill the roles of boyfriend and fiancé, but it was futile. He didn't just dislike Doreen. He was repelled by her pretense and how she belittled others, treating service staff terribly. Roscoe found all of it repugnant. His doubts deepened.

Doreen, you keep claiming I love you, but I don't feel that way. I can't see myself ever loving someone like you, Roscoe confessed, determined to speak the truth. Compatibility was clearly lacking.

I'll discuss this with my family. I hope you'll do the same. We're simply not right for each other, Roscoe stated decisively.

Doreen expected comfort, but instead, Roscoe delivered a devastating blow.

Roscoe turned to leave after speaking.

Stepping forward, Doreen yelled, Roscoe, let me tell you something! Miguel will kill you if we don't marry!

Unmoved, Roscoe continued walking away.

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Roscoe! she cried out, her anger boiling over as she watched him walk away.

In a fit of rage, she hurled her purse at him, striking his back.

Roscoe momentarily paused when hit but then resumed his departure without looking back.

Doreen, left alone, stamped her feet in frustration. After calming herself, she retrieved her bag, pulled out her phone, and dialed Miguel.

Miguel Roscoe is being unfair Hes talking about calling off the wedding Doreen sobbed into the phone.

Miguel spent a long time trying to soothe her. Eventually, Doreens tears subsided. Okay, Miguel, I was just upset for a moment. Please do not be too hard on Roscoe. Were still getting married, after all.

Miguel reassured her warmly, Youre so understanding. Dont worry. The wedding date is set. You will be my daughter-in-law, and thats final.

Miguels indulgence in Doreen was not solely due to his agreement with Jarrod. He was more interested in the strategic benefits of uniting the Schultz and Watts families. This alliance was too important to risk any disruptions.

Meanwhile, Roscoes phone buzzed as he settled into his car. The caller ID made him scowl, and he quickly turned off the device.

As he rounded the corner, he noticed Nicole standing by the corner, holding a bag and apparently waiting for a ride.

Roscoe initially planned to drive straight past. As an engaged man, he knew it was prudent not to engage with other women until he had resolved his current predicament with Doreen.

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However, the sight of Nicole leaning against a pillar, her figure slender and her eyes reflecting a depth of loneliness, compelled him to stop. He rolled down the window and asked, Miss Lawrence, where are you off to?

Nicole, caught off guard by his presence in the waiting area, hesitated before responding, Home.

She offered no further details. Nicole anticipated Roscoe would drive away following their brief exchange, but instead, he offered, Well, let me give you a ride, Miss Lawrence.

Nicole declined with a shake of her head. Theres no need. I had already booked a taxi.

Roscoe glanced over at the congested streets visible on the screen.

Traffics a mess right now. It could be a while before your ride gets here.

The hospitals location near several schools meant that rush hour was particularly chaotic.

Nicole quickly checked her phone. As expected, the traffic app displayed a swath of red, and her ride was still over twenty minutes away. She needed to be at Kingbel Club by 6:30 p.m. and Vicki had been clear. Being late was not an option.

Behind them, a car honked impatiently. Despite this, Roscoe didnt move.

Feeling the pressure of time and the awkwardness of the situation, Nicole expressed her gratitude, opened the car door, and got into the backseat. Roscoe drove off as soon as she settled in.

Where should I drop you? Roscoe asked once they were clear of the hospital area.

Nicole gave him the Kingbel Clubs address.

Roscoe acknowledged with a nod and kept his eyes on the road, respecting her privacy with his usual quiet demeanor.

They rode in silence, the only sound the hum of the engine. The quiet was palpable as they reached the Kingbel Club.

Nicole got out and turned to him. Thanks for the lift, Mr. Watts.

Anytime, Roscoe replied, his tone courteous but distant.

As he watched her head toward the entrance, curiosity overcame Roscoe.

He called out, Miss Lawrence, just curious, whats your business at the club tonight?

Seeing Nicoles stunned expression, Roscoe clarified, Youre not in a condition to drink right now, and you need to be cautious in your business dealings.

Nicole realized that Roscoe had misunderstood her intentions. He thought she was here for business. She shook her head and said frankly, Im not here to discuss business. Im here to work.

Roscoe remained quiet for a moment.

Thinking he had nothing more to say, Nicole thanked him again and was about to leave.

Miss Lawrence. Roscoe halted her once more. Once Nicole came to a stop, he whispered, Are you having money problems?

Nicole shook her head and said, No, I chose to work here myself. Thank you, Mr. Watts.

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Then, she turned and walked inside. She knew her words might leave Roscoe with a poor impression of her. Since he had forgotten about her and their shared past, his opinion of her didnt matter that much. If he stayed out of her affairs, he would have a better life.

Nicole did it intentionally to make Roscoe misunderstand her. It was better for him to not remember her all the time. This was the last kindness she could offer him.

Watching Nicoles retreating figure, Roscoe was silent.

He couldnt fathom why she would work here. It didnt seem like a place for someone like Nicole. Yet, he didnt know Nicoles reasons for being here and thought it wise not to make assumptions.

His eyes trailed her slender figure. She was so thin. But she stood tall and determined, seeming unbeatable.

Roscoe's expression grew somber. It seemed that each time he saw her, the void in his heart felt a little less empty. He couldn't understand why, nor could he shake off the feeling.

Roscoe watched her enter through the gilded door before he started his car and drove away.

After Nicole walked in, the receptionist asked about who she was looking for.

The receptionist recognized Nicole when she introduced herself, and then made a quick phone call. Shortly after, an older woman, known as Jemma, emerged to greet Nicole. Are you Nicole Lawrence? she asked.

Nicole nodded.

With a cigarette hanging from her lips, Jemma sized Nicole up and instructed, Come with me.

Jemma led Nicole to what seemed like a dressing room and then instructed someone to apply makeup to

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Nicole.

After getting Nicole's makeup done, Jemma had someone fetch her different clothes. When Nicole saw the revealing garments, she blushed and hesitantly asked, Can I not wear this?

The outfit was hardly a dress. It was just a few scraps of cloth stitched together, barely covering anything.

Jemma sneered, You're here to work, not to shop. Put on what you're told!

Nicole calmed herself and asked politely, How should I address you?

Noting Nicole's respectful tone, Jemma softened slightly and said, Just call me Jemma.

Jemma, I understand you want me to help you make money, but this dress will just make me look cheap and won't attract earnings. If I wear something that suits me better, I promise it'll be more profitable for you.

Nicole understood these people were all about money, so being pitiful wouldn't help. Maybe if she discussed the upsides and downsides with Jemma, she could convince Jemma.

Nicole persisted, refusing to give up even in a tough situation. She was determined to find a way out.

Jemma frowned and studied Nicole. While Nicole was definitely attractive, she wasn't flashy. This dress, however, would cheapen Nicole's natural elegance.

After a moment, Jemma decided and said, Choose something yourself. The clothes are over there.

Nicole searched through the options but found little that appealed to her. Eventually, she settled on a shirt and a short skirt that resembled a sexy uniform. Though it was tempting, thankfully, it wasn't too revealing.

Jemma examined Nicole closely and said, You're not the youngest, but you have potential.

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The outfit was undeniably alluring to Nicole.

Even Jemma, who was accustomed to seeing many women, thought Nicole looked both attractive and elegant. Despite her clients' usual preference for younger women, Nicole's distinctive charm and pleasant demeanor made her stand out.

Jemma noted Nicole's soft, inviting eyes. She was confident Nicole would be well-liked by the clients and generate significant earnings.

Seeing Jemma appear approachable, Nicole cautiously asked, Jemma, I'm just a barmaid here, right?

Jemma noticed her anxious expression and reassured her with a smile, Yes, right here, we only chat with clients, have drinks, and keep them entertained.

Okay, I understand. Nicole was a sharp woman. She knew when to speak and when to hold her tongue. Talking to Jemma over some topics was pointless. They were strangers, and she wouldn't get any help from Jemma. She had to depend on herself.

Jemma then suggested, You need a stage name. One of our own, Cherry, just left. How about you take that name?

Okay, Jemma. Nicole agreed. She didn't mind the name. She understood that in this setting, her choices were limited.

Jemma looked at Nicole with a hint of pity. The boss had assigned Nicole to entertain an old pervert tonight. Nicole looked fragile and might struggle with such a client.

Just behave yourself, and you'll be fine. Jemma added, And remember, don't upset the clients. If you do, I can't help you.

I understand, Jemma, Nicole responded.

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Seeing that Nicole got her point, Jemma didn't say anything else. She motioned to Nicole. Come with me.

A chamber's door was slightly open in a corner, and a woman groaning could be heard from inside.

Melissa, that little bitch troublemaker, Jemma cursed under her breath as she shut the door.

As soon as the door shut, Nicole glanced up and spotted a woman lying on top of a man. Nicole only saw half of the woman's face, but she felt a strong sense of familiarity. It seemed like they had crossed paths before. Just a moment ago, Jemma called the woman Melissa.

Nicole mentally noted the name, but before she could ponder it further, Jemma hurried her along.

Nicole had no choice but to follow Jemma.

Jemma led Nicole to a door and instructed, Go inside. It's your first night here. All you need to do is keep this guest company.

Nicole suspected this was the person Vicki had mentioned. Yet, she felt Vicki might have set her up. Despite being prepared, Nicole still felt anxious.

Seeing her uneasy expression, Jemma reassured her, You'll be okay if you're smart enough.

Nicole nodded. Thank you, Jemma.

Jemma opened the door, ushered Nicole inside, and shut it behind her.

The chamber reeked of cigarette smoke, and an old man with a large belly was sitting with his legs crossed on the table, presenting a rather unseemly sight.

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Flanked by two women, the old man seemed quite enjoying himself with the drink they served him. However, the manner in which they served the drinks was quite inappropriate.

Clouds of smoke blurred Nicole's sight, and she hadn't made out the old man yet.

Upon spotting Nicole, the old man clicked his tongue. He dismissively shoved aside the drink that the woman beside him tried to give him and said with a smile, Hey, it's been a while.

Nicole immediately recognized the voice. She stared at his face and sharply drew in a breath. It was Deniz, the one who had previously sexually assaulted her. Vicki had orchestrated this encounter, ensuring he was the one she would meet.

Nicole's heart skipped a beat. Deniz had a deep-seated hatred toward her since he had paid dearly for his previously failed attempt to rape her. It appeared Vicki had delved into her past and employed clever methods to demean her.

Why are you standing there? Come on over here, Deniz called out to Nicole.

Nicole moved closer. Her name tag displayed her new name. Cherry.

Spotting it, Deniz sneered, Oh, so they call you Cherry now? It's a fitting name.

Truly, Nicole's captivating lips mirrored the red, enchanting hue of cherries.

Deniz had been wanting to get laid with Nicole for quite some time.

The tough lesson Jarrod had inflicted on him never outweighed his obsession with her. He didn't expect the surprise Vicki had for him to be Nicole. What a delightful surprise!

Deniz reclined and gestured toward the round breast of the woman close by, saying, See, this is how others serve me drinks. You should do the same.

Nicole stifled her disgust and firmly declined. Deniz, Ill sit with you while you drink, but Im not going to serve you like that.

Splash! In a flash of anger, Deniz snatched up a glass and hurled it at Nicole. Nicole dodged quickly, but she couldnt avoid it entirely and ended up soaked in champagne.

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Deniz scolded her furiously, Who do you think you are? Trying to negotiate with me? Cant you see your own position? You should be on your knees and serve me!

He kicked the two women beside him with his foot and commanded, Kneel Like them. Got it?

I dont understand, Nicole responded calmly as she wiped the champagne off her face.

Thud! Deniz kicked Nicole in a huff, sending her tumbling to the ground. If I hadnt found you in that remote place, you might have lived a fairy tale. Dream on, you bitch!

A metallic taste filled Nicoles mouth, and as she heard his words, a lethal glint flashed in her eyes while she glared at him. It was you! She nearly ground her teeth to dust.

Nicole realized it then. In that remote area with spotty communication, how could Jarrod have possibly located her and Roscoe, much less known to start searching within the country from the outset?

It turned out to be Deniz who found them and told Jarrod.

Deniz boasted, This is thanks to you. If it hadnt been for our incident back then, would I have ever ended up exiled to that small place? He chuckled slyly. And just by chance, I spotted you with that man, killing two birds with one stone. I never imagined he would turn out to be the young master the Watts family had been searching for.

Deniz chuckled viciously. He had gained benefits from the Watts family. It seemed all the hardships he had endured in recent months had not been for nothing.

Nicole clenched her fists. Her hatred for the despicable Deniz burned fiercely within her. She was determined to make this bastard pay!

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With a deep breath to steady herself, Nicole said indifferently, Deniz, youre aware that Miss Hampton arranged for my presence here.

Indeed, Deniz knew. The idea had slipped casually from his lips, and he had never expected Vicki to actually follow through and arrange for Nicole to be here. It was like a dream come true for him.

Vickis arrangements couldnt have pleased him more.

Thats right. She sent you here so I can humiliate you. Deniz grabbed Nicoles chin and violently shoved her back against the table, snarling, Damn, dont you know how to act like a damn barmaid? Must I teach you myself?

The two barmaids nearby were frightened and began to scream.

Infuriated, Deniz snapped, Get the hell out of here!

The two barmaids scrambled out quickly and shut the door behind them.

Once outside, they relayed the situation to Jemma.

Upon hearing their account, Jemma slowly pulled a cigarette from her case, and one of the nearby barmaids quickly lit it for her.

Jemma took a deep drag of her cigarette and stated, If she cant even handle this little issue, then shes of no use and deserves to be bullied.

The two barmaids remained silent and didnt dare to say more.

Jemma was known for her strict principles. As long as her people followed her commands obediently, she would intervene and protect them in times of danger.

But Jemma didnt extend her help to those who defied her. Instead, she made sure they learned their lesson the hard way. Take Melissas story for instance.

Jemma had warned Melissa against stirring trouble and flirting with the wrong men. But Melissa wouldnt listen and set her sights on Jarrod. Her actions backfired greatly. Not only did Jarrod reject her advances, but her antics also ended up costing the club dearly.

Jemma made Melissa shoulder the full burden, and Melissa had been grappling with a hefty debt of

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several hundred thousand dollars to Jemma ever since.

While hooking a wealthy sugar daddy could potentially erase Melissas financial woes, the fierce competition among a sea of beauties made this an uphill battle.

Moreover, given Melissas surgically enhanced features, she might not even catch the eye of these affluent men.

Eventually, Melissa did snag a wealthy pervert man, Lowe, but he was a capricious man with a long list of romantic entanglements. If Melissa hadnt been particularly skilled in the bedroom, he wouldnt have given her a second glance.

Given Lowes unpredictable nature, extracting a large amount of money from him for Melissas debt was nearly out of the question.

Therefore, following that ordeal, everyone began to take Jemmas words seriously. After years in the industry, Jemma had honed an uncanny ability to read people and their motives. She became the gatekeeper of their actions, instructing them on what to do and what not to do. They only unleashed their charms on men whom Jemma approved, but such men were a rarity.

Most of the men who frequented this venue were merely looking for new adventures. They wouldnt be easily swayed by the women selling their charm here.

At Jemmas words, the barmaid who had just walked out seemed to have a sudden realization. She turned to Jemma and asked, Dont you think the new girl, Cherry, looks like someone familiar?

The mention sparked a light of recognition in the other barmaid, who nodded enthusiastically. Yes! She looks like

She hesitated, unable to voice the name, but the barmaid across from her filled in and said, Like Melissa.

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Yes, exactly. The barmaid paused and then added, Its not that Melissa looks like Cherry, but rather that Melissas face is a replica of Cherrys. Thats why Cherry seemed so familiar to me at first glance.

The other barmaid chimed in with a sneer, Shes just a fake trying to mimic the real deal. Next to the genuine article, her flaws are blatantly obvious.

Nicole, known as Cherry, truly had a unique look, far from the typical, manufactured Looks of internet celebrities that seemed to captivate men.

In contrast, Melissas features were way inferior. Had Cherry not been around, Melissas appearance might have been considered decent.

However, in comparison to Cherry, Melissas face paled significantly.

She literally looked unattractive.

What are you talking about? Jemma suddenly reprimanded the two barmaids. She appeared particularly displeased whenever anyone mentioned Nicole and Melissa resembling each other.

The two barmaids stuck out their tongues and remained silent, not daring to speak out of turn.

Jemma, holding a cigarette that had burned down to more than half, hummed and asked, Have you two finished your tasks for today, or are you just chatting?

Scolded by Jemma, the barmaids covered their mouths and said, Well get back to work, Jemma.

Jemma didnt approach the door to the chamber Deniz had occupied until they left. She stood for a moment, listening intently for sounds inside.

The smell of burnt tobacco wafted up as the ash crumbled toward her fingers, but she remained tense and anxious.

Once the room was quiet, she turned and walked away.

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Inside the chamber, Nicoles face had turned pale after Denizs blow.

Her ribs throbbed with pain, each breath a struggle.

As Deniz's mouth neared her, Nicole turned her head sharply away, muttering, 'Don't you remember why Jarrod kicked you out?'

Deniz paused, his expression confused. 'What do you mean?'

Nicole took a moment to catch her breath. 'Jarrod got you expelled, and you've known that for a long time.'

Hearing Jarrod's name made Deniz's desire falter, leaving a bitter taste in his mouth.

Nicole pressed on. 'He did so to give me an explanation, to appease me.'

Deniz's anger ignited as he recalled the humiliation by the pool. 'If it weren't for you, I would've made it in Ardlens!' he spat through gritted teeth.

He lunged forward, ripping at Nicole's clothes. 'Now that Jarrod has Vicki, he won't help you anymore. Let's see where you'll run today.'

With a sharp tearing sound, Nicole's freshly worn uniform split open in Deniz's hands.

Nicole quickly covered herself and slapped Deniz hard across the face.

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Stunned, Deniz grabbed her hair and slammed her head toward the table.

'Bitch! You dare hit me? You're looking for death! You're here to serve me!'

Nicole picked up an ashtray and sneered, 'If you humiliate me tonight, your future will be very miserable!'

Deniz shook his head dismissively. 'You're talking nonsense!'

Nicole's eyes narrowed. 'Jarrod won't let anyone humiliate the mother of his child. Regardless of our relationship, I'm still the mother of his kid. Do you think he'll just sit back if he finds out it's you?'

Deniz hesitated. The thought that Nicole was the mother of Jarrod's child made him pause. Jarrod cared deeply about his image. If he discovered someone messing with his family, he would certainly act.

Having crossed Jarrod before, Deniz knew he needed to be careful.

Sensing the shift, Nicole posed the question. 'Do you really think Vicki arranged for me to come and appease you?'

Deniz's hesitation deepened.

'Why would she?' Nicole continued. 'She's always looked down on you. She's offering you a deal, but it's a trap. She's pushing you to take the blame, and if anything goes wrong, she'll act like she had no part in it. You'll be the scapegoat, won't you?'

Her rhetorical question left Deniz stunned. When he thought about it, it started to make sense. Vicki had always been arrogant and aloof, never trying to please him. Her arrangement felt suspicious.

Deniz became more convinced that Vicki had set him up. If Jarrod asked Vicki about it, she'd wash her hands clean, leaving him as the culprit. Damn it! Vicki was really scheming!

After silently cursing Vicki, Deniz eyed Nicole suspiciously. You're saying all this, but how do I know you're not just trying to trick me? Maybe you just want me to let you off.

Nicole remained calm. Some things don't need an explanation. You can see for yourself whether it's true

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Nicole knew that if she tried to defend herself now, Deniz wouldn't believe her. Rather than argue further, she let him think things over for himself.

Deniz was nearly convinced but still asked, If you're so sure about everything, why didn't you tell Jarrod that Vicki was behind it? She must have used your child to threaten you, right?

Despite Deniz's apparent cluelessness, Nicole didn't think of him as an idiot. Anyone who could build a reputation in Ardlens had to have some smarts.

Deniz pressed further. You say Jarrod values you, right? Then why don't you call him and tell him what happened? Let's see how he handles it.

He insisted Nicole make the call.

Nicole shook her head. I've got important matters here. I wouldn't have come otherwise.

Vicki's tactics weren't formidable, but Nicole chose to comply only to make Vicki drop her guard and ease Jarrod's vigilance. This time, she would be careful and not act impulsively. Her goal was to regain custody of Austin and leave with him, ensuring their safety.

There were still many secrets at Kingbel Club waiting to be uncovered.

Now that she was here as Vicki demanded, Nicole assumed Vicki would lower her guard and wouldn't take any immediate action against Austin, which benefited everyone. Besides, the familiar face she'd seen earlier, the woman named Melissa, was definitely a concern. Melissa must have done the plastic surgery to resemble her look, but from where did Melissa know her, and why was Melissa imitating her?

Nicole knew this situation wasn't as simple as it appeared and felt the urge to delve into the underlying truth.

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Deniz believed neither Nicole nor Vicki. Vicki only appeared generous on the surface. Deniz had seen her type before, and he knew that when such people lost control, they were more terrifying than lunatics. It was best not to provoke women like that.

Deniz's hesitation made him lose interest in Nicole. After all, there were plenty of women in the world. Although Nicole was captivating, she wasn't enough to make him lose his senses. He had just returned to Ardlens and couldn't afford any more mistakes. He had to tread carefully with every decision.

Deniz maintained his suspicion and sneered, I think you're just trying to deceive me.

Deniz was far from naive. With years spent navigating the intricate web of the business world, he had grown as cunning as anyone in his network. His keen observations had sharpened, allowing him to understand the hidden motives of those around him.

You and Vicki are both dreadful. Each of you wishes the other were dead, Deniz remarked.

He chuckled lightly, a hint of irony in his smile. Are you both trying to use me as a scapegoat?

Nicole's expression remained composed, her calmness a stark contrast to the tension in the air. If you doubt my words, I can show you how to verify them.

Deniz's gaze intensified. What method?

With a strategic tilt of her head, Nicole proposed, Call Vicki. Tell her you've tortured me to death. Her reaction will reveal the truth.

Deniz considered this a brilliant strategy. He had never pegged Nicole for both beauty and brains.

Deniz retrieved his phone, the cold device feeling suddenly heavy in his hand, and dialed Vicki's number.

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She picked up promptly. Mr. Miller, what's going on?

Vicki's voice usually carried a disinterested tone when speaking to Deniz, but tonight it was tinged with an eager anticipation, possibly hopeful for news of Nicole's downfall.

Simulating panic, Deniz blurted out, Vicki, something awful has happened.

A surge of joy was palpable in Vicki's initial silence, as if she relished the thought of Nicole incapacitated or worse. She asked, her voice laced with feigned concern, What happened?

Maintaining his act, Deniz's voice trembled. She's dead. Nicole was killed by me.

A heavy silence fell over the line.

As it stretched on, Deniz's suspicions about Vicki deepened. What do we do now, Miss Hampton?

Vicki snapped back to reality and asked, Mr. Miller, what exactly happened? How did she die?

Vicki had considered the possibility that Nicole might be disabled but never imagined Deniz would actually kill Nicole. This outcome was completely unexpected. She could only ask first.

Deniz replied gruffly, I dont know. She was so weak that she died just like that before I could even get started. Its totally unreasonable.

His brusque tone made Vicki frown, though she was listening on the other end of the phone. Still, this rudeness fit Denizs usual manner, and Vicki believed him without question.

She remained silent for a long stretch, wrestling with how to manage the situation. After all, it was she who had orchestrated Nicoles involvement. If Jarrod ever discovered this, it would shatter her carefully crafted image of benevolence and generosity. She didnt want to tarnish her reputation over what seemed a trivial incident.

Vickis prolonged silence sent a chill through Denizs heart. He began to suspect that Nicoles accusations might hold some truth.

Miss Hampton, what should we do? This situation is really awkward,

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Deniz pressed, seeking guidance.

Deniz. Vickis tone shifted noticeably. She no longer addressed him as Mr. Miller, instead uttering his first name with a dismissive tone, as if he were a servant in her household.

Deniz bristled but waited for Vicki to continue.

Vicki said, Why are you telling me this? Im just a young lady. What help could I offer to you? You need to handle this yourself. I dont have a clue about how to deal with such a situation

Deniz countered, Miss Hampton, are you trying to distance yourself? This arrangement was your doing, wasnt it? I didnt realize she was so fragile. If you had warned me about her condition, I wouldnt have been so harsh!

Filled with resentment, Deniz exclaimed, Miss Hampton, youve really put me in a tight spot!

Vicki responded with displeasure, Hey, what are you implying? I didnt set you up. I merely mentioned that Kingbel Club would have a surprise for you. How Miss Lawrence ended up working there is beyond me. I didnt specifically arrange for her involvement.

Vicki had created a safe distance for herself. From the outset, she had planned her moves carefully. She hadnt mentioned Nicole to Deniz at all. She simply suggested he visit the club at night for a surprise. This strategy left her ample space to maneuver and now allowed her to shift any blame onto Deniz.

Deniz was now completely convinced by Nicoles words. Vicki, on the surface, seemed innocent and kind, but beneath that facade, she harbored sinister intentions.

Deniz said coldly, Miss Hampton, stop beating around the bush. Just tell me what I should do next. I recall this woman was once your fiancs lover. If shes dead, I can manage it, but you need to be upfront. Will Jarrods side cause trouble for me over this?

You're spouting nonsense. She belongs to the past. Since Jarrod has been with me, he hasn't once spoken of that woman. You should deal with this matter yourself. I don't want to hear about it anymore. It's unsettling. You're exaggerating such a jest too much. Vicki's words were indirect and evasive, effectively saying little of substance.

Yet, when she suggested Deniz was joking, it was a clear attempt to distance herself from the situation. Should she be questioned by others or the police later, she could claim she thought the entire conversation was in jest. After all, she hadn't been directly involved, so how could it be linked to her? Deniz did it himself.

Deniz saw right through Vicki's tactics. He had manipulated others in the past, but now he found himself outwitted by someone he had underestimated. Indeed, a taste of his own medicine!

Deniz continued to navigate the situation with Vicki. So, you're saying you won't handle this matter, right? I've always been nice to you. When your fiancé left abruptly for that woman, I was the one who told you first. Is this how you repay my kindness?

Deniz intended to make it clear to Vicki that he wouldn't be easily made the fall guy.

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Hey, what are you trying to say? Vicki's tone was now clearly irritated. Although she was relieved that Nicole was gone, she was determined not to get dragged into the mess. Deniz was the perfect scapegoat.

Vicki retorted, I'm not sure what you're trying to say. Why are you bringing your problems to me? We aren't close, and we hardly know each other. When you told me about Jarrod's search for that woman previously, I didn't take it seriously. Jarrod hasn't been involved with that woman. We're about to get married. Please, let's not stir up any trouble.

Fine! Deniz responded, unwilling to prolong the conversation. Had it not been for Wayne's favoritism toward Vicki, he would have made Vicki pay. For now, he had to swallow his anger and treat the entire ordeal as a misunderstanding.

Noticing Deniz's reluctance to continue, Vicki felt a surge of satisfaction. If there's nothing more, I'm going to hang up

As Vicki's words lingered in the air, Deniz's thunderous voice reverberated through the chamber like a tempest on the line. She's moving! She's moving! She's alive! Thank goodness she's not dead

With a swift gesture, Deniz hung up before Vicki could utter a word, ending his charade.

Caught in a trance, Vicki found herself staring at her phone. If her ears hadn't deceived her, Nicole didn't die? Nicole's indomitable resilience was truly remarkable.

The exhilarating thrill Vicki had just experienced, brought by Nicole's so-called death, evaporated like dew beneath the morning sun.

However, Vicki assumed that even had Nicole avoided death's grasp, Deniz's actions would undoubtedly have rendered her crippled.