

## Unbreakable 2351

### Chapter 2351

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Although Jemma had refrained from divulging this to Nicole, she had actually received assistance from the Lawrence family in the past.

However, she had found herself ensnared in the entertainment industry, feeling ashamed for failing to meet the expectations of Nicoles father.

Jemma had been lured into the industry by her first love, who ultimately betrayed her and delivered her into the hands of a powerful man. At a tender age, she was left scarred and incapable of bearing children. She entered the entertainment realm to seek retribution against that influential individual.

Fortunately, Jemma later encountered someone even more influential who assisted her in achieving justice when that influential individual faced a downfall.

Even after attaining justice, Jemma found herself unable to return to her former life.

Nicoles father stood out as a rare beacon of goodness, possessing the sagacity of a merchant and a generous heart. It was lamentable that he had been beset by such misfortune.

With Nicole being the only child, Jemma naturally felt compelled to look after Nicoles well-being.

However, Jemma struggled to come to terms with the fact that she had once received support from Nicoles father yet still ended up in this industry. It felt too humiliating.

Nicole reached out and took hold of Jemmas arm, resting her head against it. I understand, Jemma.

Despite not being as old as a retiree, Jemma had accrued a wealth of experiences, rendering her far more mature than her peers.

At times, Nicole regarded Jemma as an elder sister, yet there were certain matters she couldnt confide in anyone about.

After a moment of hesitation, Jemma gently patted Nicoles head and offered, Take care of yourself, and that will bring me joy.

I will After a brief interlude of gathering herself, Nicole felt considerably more composed. Rising to her feet, she addressed Jemma, Jemma, you should attend to your affairs. Ill do the same.

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Alright.

With that, the two women went their separate ways. Nicole made her way to the chamber indicated by Vicki.

Upon entering, she found Vicki and Doreen awaiting her.

Maintaining a neutral expression, Nicole inquired, Miss Hampton, what do you require of me?

Vicki stifled a laugh behind her hand. I do not need your services. Its Doreen who wishes to speak with you.

Nicole regarded Doreen, detecting a simmering anger in Doreens gaze.

Without warning, Doreen rose abruptly and delivered a resounding slap across Nicoles face. Have you become blind in just a few days? Cant you see me?

Nicoles head recoiled from the force of the blow, her ear ringing painfully.

Doreen had been harboring the urge to deliver this slap for days on end. The time Nicole attended her wedding and caused a scene, Doreen had been on the brink of throttling Nicole to death.

If it hadnt been for Jarrods timely intervention, Nicole would have endured a savage beating at the hands of Miguel, as a means for Doreen to vent her anger.

Jarrods feelings for Nicole remained an enigma to Doreen.

Chapter 2352

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Doreen had heard whispers that Jarrod journeyed to the northern territories to rescue Nicole, thereby incurring the wrath of the northerners.

The north was a perilous realm where its denizens lived by the blade, viewing affluent individuals like them as walking treasures.

Jarrods defiance of these northerners for Nicoles sake was a precarious move. Doreen couldnt shake off the concern that he might face repercussions in the future. It was said that the people from the north were ruthless, and they were unlikely to let such an affront slide.

Originally, Doreen had intended to exact vengeance on Nicole following the wedding, but when Nicole was whisked away by Jarrods men, Doreen refrained from acting recklessly. While she possessed a fearless demeanor and harbored no apprehension toward her parents or anyone else, she couldnt shake off her trepidation of Jarrod.

When Jarrod was angry, he was truly terrifying, disregarding blood relations or familial affection.

Later, Vicki invited Doreen out, saying Jarrod was indifferent to Nicole due to Nicoles actions at the wedding.

Upon hearing this, Doreen immediately came to teach Nicole a lesson.

Nicole remained impassive, enduring the strike as long as it meant she could see Austin. Turning to Vicki, she questioned, Did you summon me here today solely to be struck by her?

Vickis lips formed a pleased smile. The slap was immensely gratifying. It would have been even more satisfying if she could have done it herself. However, preserving her reputation in Jarrods eyes was crucial, even in his absence. She needed to act prudently.

Vicki's animosity toward Nicole fueled this scheme, enlisting Doreen, who shared her disdain, to administer the punishment. Additionally, Doreen's involvement minimized complications, ensuring Jarrod wouldn't hold Doreen accountable.

Plus, everyone recognized Doreen's capricious and irrational nature.

Vicki smirked and replied, "What? I didn't summon you here to be harmed by Doreen, and I would never do such a thing. Don't misinterpret the situation."

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Nicole, more perceptive than anyone else, understood it was no mistake. Vicki cleverly used Doreen as a pawn to express her anger.

Vicki's cunning was remarkable.

Exactly! Doreen chimed in, "Let me make this clear, Vicki has no part in this. I came here to deal with you myself. Who do you think you are, you wretched woman? How dare you cause trouble at my wedding and make things difficult for me? I'll beat you to death!"

Doreen seized Nicole by the hair and slammed her against the table.

Pinning Nicole down firmly, Doreen said, "Today, you'll feel the same humiliation and resentment I endured that day!"

Nicole felt no fear. She was prepared to endure the pain. She fixed her gaze on Vicki and said, "Miss Hampton, I trust you'll keep your promise just as we agreed."

Observing Nicole's miserable state, Vicki smiled and replied, "Of course. I'm the most reliable person you'll meet. I'll keep my word."

Vicki preferred not to be directly involved, so her response was deliberately vague.

As long as Vicki honored her promise, Nicole was indifferent to any manipulations. Otherwise, she would not tolerate Doreen's abuse.

Doreen lifted the bottles of champagne and beer, tipping them over Nicole's head. She taunted, "Don't you enjoy drinking? No worries! Even if you're not a fan of drinking, I'll make sure you develop a taste for it. Enjoy your time!"

The sharp smell of alcohol soaked Nicole's face.

With her eyes closed, Nicole remained passive, not resisting.

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Driven to further cruelty by Nicole's lack of reaction, Doreen slapped Nicole twice. Unsatisfied, she grabbed a bottle, aiming to strike Nicole's head.

But Vicki intervened just in time, grabbing Doreen's wrist. Doreen, haven't I told you? She can't show any visible injuries. It would reflect poorly on you.

Doreen and Vicki weren't concerned about Nicoles well-being, but rather how it might tarnish their reputation as debutantes.

Doreen reluctantly released her grip, and the bottle dropped to the floor, rolling away.

Vicki had made it clear to Doreen that she must not kill Nicole while humiliating and tormenting Nicole without any visible injuries was an option. Otherwise, it would reflect poorly on them.

But Doreen was seething with resentment. At that moment, all she wanted was to end Nicoles life. Back at her wedding, Nicole humiliated her, turning her into a laughingstock. She had thought marrying Roscoe would solve everything.

However, Roscoe wouldn't even let Doreen touch him. Whenever Doreen approached, he grew visibly disturbed, even attempting to strangle her once.

Doreen couldn't shake the dreadful look in Roscoes eyes, reminiscent of a zombie from a movie. He seemed more like a shell of a person, acting erratically. She found Roscoe unsettling and frightening. It seemed only that woman skilled in witchcraft could control his wild emotions.

Doreen no longer dared to be in the same room with him. Her resentment toward Nicole was profound. If not for Nicole, they wouldn't have resorted to such drastic measures just to control Roscoe.

Yet, without those extreme measures, Doreen knew Roscoe would never have married her. Ultimately, all her efforts of trying to make Roscoe fall for her were utterly fruitless.

Doreen couldn't accept this and felt ready to burst with anger. She pushed Nicoles head down, yanking her hair and shoving her head into a trash bin.

Nicoles scalp numbed, losing sensation.

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Doreens fury didn't wane. Instead, it only grew as she took it further, pulling a trash bag over Nicoles head and tightening it until Nicole struggled for air. You bitch! How dare you steal my man! Jarrod has left you, and Roscoe is mine. No ones going to save you now. Its over for you!

Doreen opened and closed the trash bag as if it were a playful act.

Nicole felt as if she were suffocating, teetering on the edge of death. She felt like a broken toy, mercilessly tormented by Doreen.

It became clear that Doreen intended to kill her.

Nicole braced her palms on the floor, her vision obscured by the trash bag. She relied on her hands to find leverage and position her head to catch fleeting breaths.

Nicole found it odd that Vicki hadn't yet attacked her. She had braced herself for Vickis potential attack to unleash the rage just like Doreen. Contrary to her expectation, Vicki simply lounged on the sofa instead.

Nicole frowned. If Vicki still chose not to attack her, her ordeal tonight would be pointless. Knowing Vicki all too well, she had taken an extra precaution by secretly installing a camera in this chamber.

Nicole knew this place better than Vicki and Doreen, understanding exactly how to conceal the camera so it would go unnoticed. If Vicki attacked her, the recording would serve as evidence that Vicki was unfit to be a parent.

As disappointment settled in, Nicole heard a cell phone rang.

Vicki stood up, as though she needed to take a phone call outside.

She was back within two minutes.

The sound of Vicki's high heels clacking made Nicole slightly anxious.

Chapter 2354

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Vicki approached Nicole and stomped on her foot. Why won't you just die, Nicole?

Hatred seethed in Vicki's voice.

Nicole sensed something off with Vicki. Vicki had been calm, just observing the scene earlier. What had changed her demeanor so drastically after the phone call? What could she have heard?

Vicki was furious because a contact at the hospital had informed her that Jarrod was scheduled for a ligation. A ligation? Damn it!

Vicki's face twisted in rage. What was Jarrod thinking! How could he choose to have a ligation? That would mean she could never have his children. Without a child, she feared Jarrod might eventually leave her.

Vicki had thought Jarrod adored children, given his softened demeanor around Austin. How could he decide against having his own children?

Could it be that Nicole was Austin's biological mother so he showed so much care?

It dawned on Vicki that Jarrod didn't want a child except with Nicole. Why? She was far from reconciled. She felt she was no less than Nicole.

People like Vicki, having stuck with the gentle facade for too long, would react desperately when they felt cornered.

In a huff, Vicki pulled out her phone and quickly dialed a number.

Where are you? Get to Kingbel Club now. Hurry.

Trapped in the trash bag, Nicole couldn't make out this phone call.

Vicki then shoved Doreen aside, slowly squatted down and spoke to Nicole, whose head was still in the trash bag. Nicole

Nicole held her breath, straining to hear Vicki's next words.

Vicki's smile was chilling as she uttered each word, I will kill your child. I certainly will.

Now that Jarrod planned to undergo a ligation, Vicki resolved to end Austin's life just before Jarrod's surgery, aiming to force him to relinquish his plan for a Ligation.

Nicole was shocked at Vicki's bold declaration. She thrashed about frantically. No! No! Vicki, what did you promise me? You promised to let me see Austin!

Nicole's cries were muffled by the trash bag, her voice barely audible.

Vicki's laughter echoed loudly. Honestly, I never intended to let your child go.

Vicki's eyes blazed with madness.

After enduring prolonged oppression, when all hope was crushed into despair, a person could transform into someone unrecognizable.

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Your son should never have been born. His biggest mistake was coming from your womb! Nicole, you're the real culprit! Vicki's expression was fierce as she hissed into Nicole's ear.

By this time, Doreen was too intoxicated to make sense of the new side of Vicki. All she could see in Vicki's eyes was an intense focus on Nicole as if driven by a wild desire to torment her.

Vicki! Nicole cried out. In a swift motion, she ripped the garbage bag off her head, her eyes bloodshot, and exclaimed, I will make you pay every last dime. Don't you dare harm Austin! She was almost shouting.

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Just then, Vicki struck Nicole on the head with a wine bottle.

Blood blossomed across Nicole's face like a gruesome flower, lending her an eerie allure.

Vicki slid the bottle across Nicole's cheek, jabbing her occasionally with the bottleneck. The pain was excruciating, and Nicole knew her face was severely damaged. She had been enduring torment for so long that she lacked the strength to fight back. Eventually, she collapsed to the ground.

Vicki's smugness was evident as she taunted, Nicole, you want me to pay the price? With what? You have no power or influence. Your parents are gone. What can you use against me? Sure, you have some money, but is it more than what the Hampton and Schultz families possess? You talk of revenge, but with what resources? I'm really curious.

Do you really want to know? Nicole asked through gritted teeth.

I'm not interested, Vicki sneered dismissively. In my eyes, you're nothing but an ant. I can crush you as I please. You can't possibly do anything to me. You're not even worthy!

Vicki smirked and continued, Once I marry Jarrod, do you think Ill spare you or your child? Ill make sure the Lawrence family is reunited under my terms. Hows that?

Vicki, you will definitely regret this! Nicole snapped, her eyes seething with anger. She lay in a pool of blood and alcohol, her eyes burning with determination.

You think I dont know who your pillar is? Is it Jarrod? Nicole questioned, smirking.

Vickis expression faltered. She hadnt expected Nicole to bring up Jarrod. Indeed, Jarrod was her mainstay and the man she deeply loved.

Yet, her love for him was tainted by his refusal to allow her to become a mother, insisting instead that she raise another womans child. She couldnt accept it. Why did it have to be her?

Back then, Vicki had accepted Jarrods stipulation not to have children with her as a temporary compromise. Without that agreement, she would never have become his fiancée.

Jarrodd was adamant about not having other children than Austin. Vicki had thought she could change his mind after their wedding. If she were careful, she believed she could hide a pregnancy until it was too late for Jarrodd to do anything about it. But she never got the opportunity.

Now, it seemed Jarrodd did not want children at all, except perhaps with Nicole.

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Despite knowing this, Vicki felt compelled to maintain her facade and act like everything was fine. She couldnt just let go of Jarrodd.

Nicole, youre too late. Jarrodd has already moved on from you. Do you think hell still want you after you tried to make a scene at another mans wedding? Can you really expect him to be so shameless?

Vicki challenged.

Vickis confidence was unwavering as she added, Youre just the disgrace of Ardlens. Jarrodd wont want anything to do with you anymore.

Nicole was in a miserable state, yet she mustered the strength to sit up. She leaned against the wall and fixed Vicki with a confident smile.

It seems youre afraid. In fact, youre not just afraid. You know the truth of my words. Youre afraid I will shatter all your expectations, Nicole said, her amusement apparent.

Nicolers calm and steady tone caused Vickis confidence to waver, her heart sinking with each word. This couldnt be happening. It was impossible!

Vicki repeatedly reassured herself that Nicole was just trying to intimidate her. There was no way Jarrodd would want a woman who had feelings for someone else. His pride was too great to tolerate such a slight. It was utterly impossible.

Youre trying to trick me. Vicki laughed as she managed to regain her composure. What can you possibly achieve alone?

Nicoles laughter mirrored Vickis as she retorted, Whether its a trick, you know the answer very well. You must be well aware whether I have the means to act on it.

Chapter 2356

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Vicki remained skeptical.

In Vickis eyes, Jarrod was a detached and proud man with tons of pursuers. How could he possibly accept Nicole, who simply turned a blind eye to his efforts to win her back and opposed him repeatedly for another man? No man could endure such disgrace.

Vicki stood, stepped onto Nicoles hand, and pressed down forcefully.

Nicole was rendered powerless under her weight.

Nicole, I have a gift for you. Do you want to know what it is?

Vicki smirked.

Grimacing in pain, Nicole could only listen as Vicki continued, My brother is eager to meet you. You should entertain him well. If you can please him, I might let you see your son before he dies. How does that sound?

Nicoles face contorted with a mix of horror and despair. She knew of Vickis half-brother, Lowe, and his notorious past.

An incident had left Lowe with erection problems, which in turn twisted his psyche, making him increasingly depraved. He had become an expert at tormenting women, much like eunuchs.

Nicole didnt expect Vicki to have such evil thoughts. She felt too weak to struggle further. Although she had incriminating evidence against Vicki, she feared she couldnt withstand Lowes torment.

As these thoughts raced through her mind, the door swung open. Lowe walked in leisurely.

Vicki, what brilliant scheme have you concocted that you wished to see me? Lowe asked with an eerie calmness. His slicked-back hair and pale complexion gave him a disturbingly gentle appearance.

Though that incident had rendered Lowe impotent, his sexual desires remained unquenched. His long-suppressed urges and perverse indulgences warped his demeanor into something grotesquely peculiar.

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Vicki slowly rose to her feet and clapped her hands. Lowe, Ive prepared something special for you. After all, I know you so well, dont I? she said with a mischievous smile.

Upon seeing Nicoles face clearly, Lowes eyes narrowed in suspicion.



He had suffered multiple times due to this woman, and more importantly, she was indirectly involved in the incident that left him sexually inactive forever.

At that time, Lowe was trying to get intimate with Nicole. Furious, Jarrod sent someone to intimidate him. It scared him so badly that he couldn't even get an erection. At first, he believed he could recover, but now he knew it was impossible. It was all because of Nicole. She was the culprit.

The source of your troubles is right here, Lowe. Why not give it a try and see if she cures your ailment? Vicki chuckled and teased.

What good intentions could you possibly have for me? You're surely plotting some mischief to harm me further, Lowe said, looking at Vicki with wary eyes.

Lowe, why so cautious? Scared that Jarrod will come after you?

Vicki taunted.

Don't worry, he won't, Vicki reassured Lowe confidently.

Vicki sneered, You're my brother. Jarrod wouldn't come after you for a woman he's not involved with, would he?

Lowe chuckled wryly. He retorted, Indeed. If he wants to make me pay, you have to help me resolve it.

Chapter 2357

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Lowe doubted Vicki's words. The last time, he had suffered a lot and became impotent because Jarrod had made him pay dearly due to his failed attempt to get intimate with Nicole.

Despite Jarrod's refusal to acknowledge his doings, Lowe was certain it was Jarrod's instruction. There could be no one else.

Having been punished by Jarrod for merely teasing Nicole, Lowe knew better than to mess with Nicole again. Should he do anything across the line, the consequences could be dire.

Certain individuals stood out distinctly amidst the throng, much like Jarrod. His intense gaze mirrored that of a famished wolf, its hunger unappeased by time, emitting an aura suggesting he could engulf someone whole with a single gulp.

Vicki chuckled. Lowe, your fear is unwarranted. This woman is insignificant, a mere pawn in Jarrod's game, discarded and irrelevant. Why grant her such importance? Her words dripped with contempt.

Jarrod had claimed to leave Nicole alone, yet Vicki was far from content. Her sole desire was to unleash her fury upon Nicole. She blamed Nicole for Jarrod's reluctance to have any other children than Austin and his ensuing psychological aversion to kids. What else could explain Jarrod's sudden desire to undergo a vasectomy? It had to be the witched Nicole!

Lowe remarked, Vicki, your words today are duly noted. Should any issue arise, I'll make sure our dad knows this idea originated from you. Denial serves no purpose. My assistant is listening in.

Vicki seethed with rage at Lowe's caution, nearly consumed by her fury. Lowe displayed cowardice beyond belief. What was he so afraid of? Retribution from Jarrod? Jarrod couldn't possibly harbor such vindictiveness, right? She retorted, Very well, I agree. I assure you, there will be no retaliation from Jarrod. It's absurd how terrified you are of that wench.

Lowe chuckled. It stems from the last incident with Jarrod. Hence, the need for caution.

However, Vicki's suggestion ignited a genuine interest in Lowe. He had experimented with numerous individuals, toys, and methods, all to no avail. The prospect was worth exploring. Since he assumed Nicole was the root cause of his impotence, why not give her a shot? Perhaps it could yield results.

Moreover, despite Nicole's unfortunate circumstances, she still exuded a certain allure toward men. Her drooping, upturned, glassy eyes possessed a captivating quality akin to a fox's, ensnaring hearts and enticing misdeeds.

It came as no surprise that Jarrod couldn't shake Nicole from his mind. Her allure was undeniable.

Vicki may not have grasped the situation, but Lowe was fully aware of what was unfolding. At least once, Jarrod had truly loved Nicole.

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As for now, whether Jarrod was weary of Nicole or not, Vicki's words held no weight, nor did his observations.

However, it had been ages since Jarrod had shown any regard for Nicole. He must have moved on. Since he had moved on, then

Lowe smirked cunningly. Since you've said that, I'll have to put her to the test. Is she truly that captivating, capable of inspiring love and desire?

At this, Vicki chuckled derisively. You men are all the same, drawn to women who are counterfeit and shallow. Your preferences are disappointingly predictable.

Well, Vicki, it's time for you to depart. Don't impede my progress.

Lowe wasted no time in stripping down, eager to commence his endeavor.

Vicki glanced at Nicole, who struggled to remain awake, and remarked, Very well, you carry on and enjoy yourself.

With that, she exited the room, slamming the door behind her.

Lowe removed his shirt, exposing his pale skin and a slight protrusion around his midsection, easily concealed beneath clothing.

It appeared he hadn't devoted much time to exercise and had indulged in a life of comfort.

Approaching the still-dazed Nicole, Lowe lifted her chin, studying her beautiful yet pitiable visage. He sneered, My dear, let's engage in a little diversion. Shall we play a game?

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Nicole remained in a haze, her consciousness fluctuating. Unable to discern Lowes intentions, she could only manage, What What are you doing?

Nicole understood the gravity of her situation. Vickis threat resonated vividly in her mind. Vicki vowed to harm Austin. Such a notion was utterly intolerable! She would never allow anyone to harm Austin!

Nicole clenched a shard of broken glass tightly, piercing her palm and using the pain and blood to fend off drowsiness. She couldnt afford to lose consciousness. Lowe was nothing but a despicable individual.

Before long, Lowe prepared a drink laced with certain additives and coerced Nicole into consuming it. Drink up. Its an aphrodisiac. Later, youll entertain me.

It wasnt that Lowe lacked initiative. He simply couldnt muster it.

Despite entertaining various thoughts about engaging with Nicole, he found himself unable to achieve an erection. If he wished for Nicoles compliance, he had to assert dominance first. That was the only way to make her heed his commands.

Nicole attempted to topple the drink, but Lowe had anticipated her move and seized her wrist, applying a forceful twist.

Nicole weakened, and the broken glass plummeted to the ground alongside her hand.

Lowe chuckled scornfully. Miss Lawrence, I suggest you cooperate. Otherwise, youll face consequences.

He grasped Nicoles chin, compelling her to consume the concoction.

Feigning sincerity, he added, Miss Lawrence, dont feel aggrieved. Jarrod isnt a commendable individual. Hes volatile and perpetually wears a stern expression. I simply dont appreciate such traits. I, on the other hand, treat women with kindness and generosity, far better than him.

Nicoles mouth was held shut, rendering her incapable of forming coherent sentences, only emitting muffled sounds.

Lowe felt content witnessing Nicole consume half of the liquid and clapped his hands gleefully. He continued, Exactly. Theres no benefit in defying me. But if you comply and serve me well, Ill reward you generously

During his speech, he delivered a harsh slap across Nicoles cheek, as if he was slapping a woman in a

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brothel.

The sting of the slap jolted Nicole awake, igniting a fierce gleam in her eyes. If you dare lay a hand on me, you'll regret it! she coldly warned.

Lowe chuckled. Miss Lawrence, still defiant even now. You possess the spirit of a noble lady, steadfast and unyielding. I rather admire it.

Nicole fixed him with a steely gaze and enunciated each word, I'm not jesting. Both you and your sister will pay the price!

Lowe thought Nicole was just being stubborn and pretending to be reserved. He wondered if she would still resist him after the drink took effect.

Taking his time, Lowe chatted with Nicole about various topics, trying to find ways to stimulate himself since he couldn't achieve an erection.

Miss Lawrence, can you tell me why women like you are all interested in someone like Jarrod? Lowe asked sincerely. I'm not that bad, am I? Why do women only care about my money and not me?

Damn it! Jarrod is so cold and treats women poorly. Is it because he has some secret that makes women feel especially comfortable in bed?

Hmm?

Lowe couldn't comprehend why so many women were drawn to Jarrod. He wasn't bad-looking, even if he wasn't as handsome as Jarrod.

Wasn't status and identity supposed to be a man's greatest assets?

Chapter 2359

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Lowe was a well-known wealthy man. Yet, the socialites and club girls he knew couldn't take their eyes off Jarrod whenever they saw him.

But Jarrod didn't even look at them or give them any suggestive hints. Why was that?

Lowe really couldn't understand. He couldn't figure it out.

Nicole responded coldly, You're both not human, so there's no point in comparing.

Lowe chuckled. Well, Miss Lawrence, your perspective is unique. Maybe women just like bad men. I'll be bad to you later and make you feel lost. Then you won't miss Jarrod anymore.

Lowe deliberately emphasized the last sentence. In his mind, he assumed Nicole was Jarrod's woman because of the lesson he had learned last time. He wouldn't easily forget such a huge insult.

Lowe gently flicked the corner of Nicole's clothes and teased, Why do you want to take a man away from my sister? She's been two-faced since childhood, able to manipulate my parents and actually receive praise for being kind. I've suffered so much because of her. Now, I'm starting to think my situation might be her fault.

His tone was full of resentment, revealing years of pent-up anger.

If it wasn't for Vicki's mentioning you, I wouldn't have gotten so angry and said those things to Jarrod. Then, Jarrod wouldn't have had someone mess with me, making it impossible for me to have an erection. It's all because of her! I've suffered so much but still didn't learn my lesson. I shouldn't have listened to her. She's too good at manipulating people. You know, Vicki's reputation in the social circle didn't come from being good, but from getting others to do bad things. She painted herself as the good person, the justice fighter, the noble and elegant Miss Hampton.

Lowe's anger grew as he spoke. He picked up the bottle and took a drink. You see, she brought Doreen here today and stirred up trouble with just a few words with Doreen taking all the blame for today. See how smart she is? Jarrod is Doreen's uncle, so he can't do anything to Doreen. My sister is the smartest and invincible.

As Nicole listened, she began to feel strange. The drink Lowe forced her to take was taking effect. She felt

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hot and uncomfortable. An uncontrollable urge to beg for mercy welled up inside her.

Nicole was on the verge of losing control, her vision starting to blur. Desperately, she grabbed the wine bottle on the table.

Lowe, wary, took a step back and said, Nicole, you're a smart person. Why make me use force? You should know you can't hurt me now. Do you think you can even hold that bottle steady? Your heart must be racing. Do you really think you can hurt me? Don't overestimate yourself.

Bang! A loud crash echoed through the room.

Lowe stood stunned, speechless.

You You He tried to speak but couldn't form a sentence.

Nicole had smashed the bottle against her own head, breaking it and leaving a jagged edge. Blood streamed down from her hair, eyelashes, and nose, creating a strange and frightening sight in the warm light.

Blood smeared her lips, making her look both beautiful and terrifying as she slowly opened her mouth and said, I may not be able to hurt you, but I can hurt myself. Want to play with me? Then play with my corpse. How about it?

Lowe fell back, scrambling away in fear. He muttered, What the hell! Crazy woman! Madwoman! You're as mad as that dog.

How could Lowe play with a dead person? He wasn't that pervert.

She was insane.

Nicole pressed the sharp end of the broken bottle against her neck.

Blood flowed down, making the situation even more perilous.

Do you want to play or not? Nicole asked, her blood-stained Lips parting slightly. Dont be so cowardly, Lowe Arent you fearless? What are you afraid of?

Chapter 2360

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Her voice was a mix of charm and menace, wrapping around Lowes mind and ears.

Lowe backed away until he hit the door, cornered with no escape.

Seeing the glass bottle pressed against Nicoles neck, Lowe screamed, Stop! Stop Please Dont stab! Dont stab Please!

He had surrendered. This woman was too crazy for him to handle. He couldnt deal with her.

If Vicki was a bitch hiding her true nature with a gentle facade, then Nicole was a poisonous scorpion, direct and intense in her threat.

Lowe was on the verge of tears. Why were all these women so terrifying? He couldnt handle them. He wanted to go home. He really did.

Nicole didnt push the bottle further, but she didnt let go either.

She knew she was reaching her limit and might collapse. If Lowe realized she was bluffing, he might do something drastic. She was waiting for the decisive moment. This time, she had to win. She couldnt afford to lose.

Bam! The door flew open with a forceful kick.

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Lowe was sent flying onto the sofa, crying out in pain. What the hell! Which bastard kicked me! Are you blind?

Ouch Ouch He groaned in pain. Not only had he failed to have any fun, but now he was also kicked flying. It really hurt. Why was he so unlucky?

A tall, imposing figure walked in. The man had long legs, wore a single-breasted coat, and exuded a sharp, commanding presence.

An hour ago, as Jemma was about to leave, Nicole stopped her. Jemma She hesitated.

Whats wrong? Jemma turned to face Nicole with a serious expression.

Um, I might run into some trouble later. I need your help with something, Nicole explained.

Jemma gazed at Nicole intently. What seems to be the problem?

Jemma paused, reflecting. Having been in this industry for too long, she felt something amiss with Nicoles seeming dedication. Nicole hadnt fully recovered yet. Was any client this important? Plus, this job was not Nicoles livelihood. Did it demand such commitment?

A sudden realization struck Jemma. Is it the client in the chamber?

Nicoles silence confirmed her suspicion.

Seizing Nicoles wrist, Jemmas anxiety was palpable. You shouldnt go then. Youre not well. Go home for some rest. Ill manage this.

Holding Jemmas hand, Nicole replied, I cant dodge this forever. Austin needs me, and so does his nanny. Its time I took a stand, or Ill regret it.

Her voice steady, Nicole continued, I need you now. Could you help me?

The trust Nicole placed in Jemma was profound, a testament to the inherent kindness that Nicole recognized in her, a kindness that could not stay concealed.