

## Unbreakable 2361

### Chapter 2361

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Despite not understanding its origin, Nicole knew she needed Jemmas kindness now more than ever.

What do you need me to do? Jemma asked.

Nicole responded, Im going to enter that chamber. Im unsure about how what will unfold. If I break a glass, you must

She paused before finishing. Call Jarrod for me.

Jemma reacted with surprise. You mean Mr. Schultz? You want me to call him?

Yes, Nicole affirmed with a deep look. Call him.

Jemma was well aware of the complex history between Nicole and Jarrod.

She had heard numerous accounts of their relationship. While these stories varied, some elements consistently rang true.

Using these fragments, Jemma had constructed a comprehensive narrative. From Nicoles point of view, her disdain for Jarrod was justifiable.

Yet, Jarrods insistence on keeping Nicole close spoke to a different kind of affection. Jarrod and Nicole were both too immature to distinguish love from disdain, a difference that Jemma, with her wealth of experience, understood clearly. Fate, it seemed, enjoyed its irony.

Given Jarrods influence, aligning with him could only benefit Nicole, bringing her security without apparent risk.

And with Jarrods protection, Jemma felt a reduced burden for Nicoles safety.

Having no children of her own and with Nicoles father gone, Jemma had resolved to look after Nicole as her own. She intended to entrust her entire estate to Nicoles management.

You made a wise decision, Jemma commented. Jarrod may be harsh, but his dedication to

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those he loves is unmatched. He shields his own, regardless of the circumstances.

Nicole remained mostly silent, her mind made up to take a risk.

Today, she was determined to prevent Vicki from becoming Jarrods wife. As long as she lived and lacked custody of Austin, she would not allow another woman to step into the role of Austins stepmother.

After all, the wealth of the Schultz family was a dangerously alluring trap. Nicole could not be sure that other women wouldn't succumb to its allure. Interests often dictated actions. Initial agreements might give way to increasing greed over time. Austin could become a pawn, inadvertently inviting peril.

As Nicole moved to depart, she paused, turning back to caution Jemma, No matter what noises you hear, don't come inside.

Nicole had set up to record the chamber. If Jemma entered, it could jeopardize everything.

Remember, only call Jarrod if you hear glass shatter. Do not enter, no matter the circumstances, Nicole instructed Jemma firmly.

Don't worry. I'll follow through, Jemma assured her.

After Nicole disappeared inside, anxiety gripped Jemma. She could hear the muffled sounds of a struggle emanating from the chamber, heightening her concern.

Several times, the urge to intervene overwhelmed Jemma, but she restrained herself, recalling Nicole's directive. She reminded herself to stay calm. Nicole was no fool. She must have had strong reasons for her actions.

Jemma knew she needed to trust Nicole implicitly. After all, Nicole was the daughter of Wesson, a wise man.

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After what seemed like an eternity, the distinct sound of glass breaking pierced the air.

Jemma wasted no time and made the call. The phone rang persistently, stirring fears that Jarrod might not pick up.

Jemma had called Jarrod's personal number. Although securing it hadn't been difficult for Jemma, there was always the chance Jarrod might be away from his phone or dismiss calls from unknown numbers.

Likely, he wouldn't recognize her number.

As the phone continued to ring, Jemma's patience thinned, and she considered driving over herself.

At last, the line connected.

Hello, who is this? The voice on the other end was deep and resonant.

A wave of relief washed over Jemma. It wasn't the irksome Alec on the line. It was Jarrod himself. Thank goodness.

Mr. Schultz, it's Jemma Acosta from Kingbel Club, Jemma introduced herself.

Jarrod responded with a languid tone, clearly relaxed, Yes?

I'm sorry to disturb you at this hour, Mr. Schultz. Here's the situation

Jemma hesitated before continuing, This evening, Miss Doreen Schultz and Miss Vicki

Hampton visited the club. They were in a chamber, seemed to have quite a few drinks, and it got pretty loud. I thought it best to call you to check on things.

Jarrods response was dismissive, his voice deep and unbothered.

Theyre just having fun. Let them be.

But Jemma paused again, unsure how to continue.

Impatient, Jarrod urged, If theres more, say it now.

They had requested Nicole to serve them. Its been a long time, and she hasnt come out yet, Jemma added.

There was a pause on the other end of the line. Jemma couldnt gauge Jarrods thoughts, The silence was total.

Jemma pressed on, Usually, it wouldnt worry me, but with the inspections these past few days, Im concerned. What if Miss Schultz gets too carried away and the inspectors show up? Could that not lead to trouble?

Still, no response came, not even the sound of breathing. For a moment, Jemma wondered if Jarrod had hung up. She ventured cautiously, Mr. Schultz, should we

Yet, the Line went dead.

Jemma stood there, bewildered. What did this mean? Was Jarrod on his way? She considered calling back but remembered Nicoles strict instruction that one call only, regardless of the outcome.

Resisting the urge to dial again, Jemmas anxiety mounted. She decided to wait at the clubs entrance.

Time dragged on, and as Jemma was about to give herself a twenty-minute ultimatum to intervene, a black stretch Limousine sped toward her, arriving in just ten minutes.

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Jemma rushed over and politely opened the car door for Jarrod. Mr. Schultz, you came so quickly

A pair of polished leather shoes hit the ground, and a tall, handsome man stepped out swiftly, his eyes not even glancing at Jemma.

He walked straight ahead.

Jemma got no response, but she stayed calm and unbothered. Anyway, Jarrod was here, and that was all that mattered.

But Alec, who followed behind, gave Jemma a knowing look and said, Jemma, I didnt know you cared so much about your staff. Is Nicole the special one?

The question was a trap, and Jemmas face tightened. She replied coolly, Alec, dont be ridiculous. Im just looking out for Mr. Schultzs family. Socialites cant risk scandals.

She added in a low voice, With all the inspections lately, if it were anyone else, Id handle it. But Miss Doreen Schultz and Miss Vicki Hampton are Mr. Schultzs family, so I need his input, right?

Jemmas explanation was solid, but Alec wasnt buying it. Hed been in the business and entertainment world long enough to know better.

These nightclub managers only cared about money. Money could buy anything, and they wouldnt stick their necks out for a bargirl without a good reason. Moreover, they wouldnt risk upsetting VIPs over a bargirl.

Alec assumed Jemma and Nicole had something going on. The fact that Nicole had worked here so long without trouble said it all.

After all, this place was a playground for the rich. Nicole hadnt survived here by luck. Jemma must have carefully picked her clients.

Some bosses came here just to talk business and didnt mess with the bargirls. But sometimes theyd order a girl to meet a clients needs.

Alec sneered at Jemma, Jemma, I dont care what youre up to. But watch yourself. If you reach too far, you might get hurt. And then

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He paused and whispered in her ear, You might not get back up.

Jemma was stunned, breaking into a cold sweat. Alec had blood on his hands. She could sense it, even through his suit.

That kind of danger came from deep within, and Alec could go from laughing with you to snapping your neck in a heartbeat. It was really scary.

Jemma smiled playfully and said, Alec, you always joke around. Im known for being honest and straightforward. I wouldnt dare have any sneaky plans. Plus, Im all alone. Who would I be ambitious for? I dont need to worry about food or clothes, you know?

Jemmas words were well-chosen. Firstly, she was saying she had no one supporting her and wouldnt scheme much. Secondly, she was saying she was alone and had nothing to lose, so she wasnt scared of Alecs threats.

It was up to the listener to take it how they sounded.

Alec smiled and said, You better mean that. Otherwise. .

He looked dark and scary, announcing, I can dig up whatever dirt I could get.

After saying that, Alec quickly caught up with Jarrod ahead.

Jemma angrily stomped her foot and muttered, You jerk, threatening to dig up my dirt? Youll get whats coming to you!

At this point, Jarrod had rushed to the chamber, kicked open the door, and saw a complete mess.

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However, Vicki and Doreen were nowhere to be seen. Instead, there was Lowe in his underwear and a woman crouching on the ground.

Lowe was rubbing his sore butt, groaning in pain. He looked so lewd, as if he was asking the woman for some special services.

When Lowe spotted Jarrod, his eyes brightened, and he started to speak. Jarrod, youre here at last. This woman

However, before he could finish, Jarrod kicked him once more.

Ah! Lowe covered his head in agony, rolling on the ground. Ouch!

He felt pain and injustice. He was about to declare that the insane Nicole was off his list of desired partners. Why did he get beaten up again? Today definitely wasnt his lucky day. He shouldve just stayed home.

Jarrod walked over to Nicole and knelt down. He lifted her chin and examined her closely. Then, he sneered, Arent you competent? Youve really made a mess of yourself.

Nicole couldnt reply. Her mind was fuzzy, and she felt a surge of heat coursing through her body. She was on the verge of overheating.

Jarrod gazed at her briefly before abruptly releasing her and tossing her aside. He stood up and noticed Jemma at the door. Without uttering a word, he readied to depart.

Alec witnessed this and quickly inquired, Sir, whats the plan?

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Jarrods tone was icy. Thats not your concern. Neither of them has any connection to me.

In other words, Jarrod cut off Nicole and Lowe from his circle.

Neither of them had any relationship with him, indicating his stance on the issue. This meant the club could deal with them however they wanted. He wouldnt intervene.

Jemma furrowed her brow, about to speak when Jarrod interrupted with a question. Jemma, where are they? Naturally, he meant Doreen and Vicki.

Jemma had mentioned that Doreen and Vicki were here and drinking heavily on the phone, but now they were nowhere to be seen.

Jemma was taken aback and then replied, They were here just a moment ago. Im not sure where they went. They had probably left.

You're not sure? Jarrod said icily, If anything happens to them, your club can kiss its existence goodbye.

Jemma was left speechless and started sweating again. She couldn't comprehend how things unfolded to this point, and Nicole hadn't dropped any clues. What was her next move?

Mr. Schultz, please, relax. I'll get someone to find them. Jemma turned to the people behind her, saying, Go find out where Miss Schultz and Miss Hampton are!

Jarrodd dialed Vicki's number and rang her up.

After a beep, Vicki answered right away. Jarrod?

Jemma felt embarrassed. Vicki sounded sober and clear, not like she had been drinking heavily.

But Jarrod didn't seem bothered by Jemma's lie. He simply hummed in response.

Vicki sounded delighted. Jarrod seldom called her, especially late at night.

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Jarrodd's tone was cold and indifferent as he asked, Where are you?

I'm Vicki hesitated and then said, I'm at home.

You didn't go out tonight? Jarrod asked.

Uh No Well, I did go out briefly, but I didn't feel like it, so I returned.

Where did you go tonight? Jarrod asked in front of everyone.

Vicki paused, uncertainty flickering across her face as Jarrod's unexpected interest in her activities tonight caught her off guard.

Normally, Jarrod remained indifferent about her comings and goings, his questions never extending beyond casual pleasantries. Yet today was different. A fleeting thought crossed her mind.

I Vicki hesitated and then ventured, I went to Kingbel Club with Doreen.

She cut herself off there, her understanding of Jarrod's temperament guiding her silence. He was a man of few questions, content with honesty over details. Consistent with Vicki's expectations, Jarrod refrained from probing further after her brief disclosure.

Vicki, her curiosity piqued, pressed him gently, Jarrod, why this sudden interest?

It's nothing, Jarrod responded, his voice casual as he slid his hand deeper into his pocket, the fabric rustling softly. Try to get some sleep early tonight.

Their conversation tapered off there, each unspoken word hanging in the air.

Respecting his wish, Vicki replied, Alright, rest well yourself too.

The phone clicked as the call ended. Immediately, Alec turned to Jarrod with urgency in his tone. Sir, what should we do about Mr. Hampton?

The dilemma of handling the disheveled Lowe, Jarrods future brother -in-law, lying bare and vulnerable on the cold ground, was pressing.

Jarrod eyed the disheveled figure of Lowe on the ground, his voice deep and authoritative as he issued the command, Put him in the car and take him back to the Hampton family.

Understood, Alec responded, his thoughts in alignment with Jarrods directive. Despite their frayed ties, they couldnt afford to let Vicki be embarrassed or become the subject of gossip.

Alec hoisted Lowe up and began to haul him outside, but Lowe was uncooperative, his body limp and heavy like a sack of flour. The evenings events had drained Lowe even further.

Upon reaching the door, Alec looked up, intending to call Jemma for assistance, only to see that she had already moved to escort Nicole out.

Jemma was busy attending to Nicole, who seemed to be ignored by everyone else.

As the manager of the bar girls, it was Jemmas duty to oversee Nicoles situation without overthinking the implications.

Jemma supported Nicole to the doorway. Nicoles face was flushed, her appearance tousled yet retaining an inexplicable allure.

As they passed by, Jarrods gaze lingered on Nicole, his brows knitting together in a frown, his thoughts unreadable.

Without warning, Nicole reached out, grabbed Jarrods collar, and pressed a fervent kis to his lips. Her kis was intense, searing with a heat that lingered on his skin.

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Jemma, caught in the middle, blanched at the suddenness. She found herself trapped between the icy demeanor of Jarrod behind her and the fiery onslaught of Nicole in front.

Jemmas mind whirled with confusion. What What was happening?

Alec halted, staring in disbelief. What on earth was happening?

Having been forced down the doctored drink, Nicole seemed tormented, as if she were on fire. Her mouth was dry, desperately clinging to Jarrods lips as if they were a lifeline in the desert.

Nicole kised Jarrod fiercely, a wild echo of their college days flashing between them.

Nicoles passion was raw and undeniable, a stark contrast to the often coy or refined demeanor of other women. She was forthright and mesmerizing, like a siren drawing Jarrod in.

Jarrod had always been drawn to this vibrant energy in Nicole.

Cherry Cherry Jemma hesitated before saying, Oh my, please dont upset Mr. Schultz anymore.. Whats gotten into you?

Her query seemed redundant since the reason was apparent. Nicole appeared to have consumed some doctored drink.

Clearly, this was Lowes doing. He was known for his underhanded tactics and lack of morals.

With considerable effort, Jemma attempted to pull Nicole away.

Bang! Alec threw Lowe to the ground and hurried over to assist.

Ouch! Ouch! Lowe groaned, the fall sharply bringing him to his senses. He had only been drinking at home that night, not at the club.

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The alcohol left Lowe reeling, and the physical altercation only worsened his nausea, threatening to vomit his dinner. Blood smeared his face, and he couldnt tell whether it was his or Nicoles.

Only then did Lowe realize he shouldnt have trusted the words of that bitch, Vicki. He bitterly regretted trusting her. He vowed to make Vicki pay, but now was not the time. Jarrod was already irate, and he dared not provoke Jarrod further. Jarrod was more daunting than any demon.

Lying on the ground, his vision blurred, Lowe was unaware of the events unfolding behind him.

Meanwhile, Alec steadied Jarrod while Jemma struggled to pull Nicole away.

Alec looked on, puzzled by Nicoles behavior, which was clearly not an act of sobriety.

The whole scene was baffling. It was like a once-in-a-thousand-years strange occurrence.

Alec still couldnt grasp what he had just witnessed. Why hadnt Jarrod pushed Nicole away? Just allowed her to kis him? That wasnt typical behavior for Jarrod.

Jemma, dragging Nicole alongside her, turned to Jarrod with an apologetic look and said, Mr. Schultz, Im truly sorry. Cherry Lost control and disrespected you. I apologize on her behalf. Once shes sober, Ill ensure she apologizes personally. Please dont take this to heart. After all, shes not herself at the moment.

Jarrod remained silent, his lips bruised with a trace of red from Nicoles fervent kis, adding an unintended allure to his already mysterious demeanor.

Alec interjected sharply, You should leave now. An apology? Mr. Schultz doesnt want to see her. Just take her away quickly.

With a strained smile, Jemma replied, Okay, Im leaving.

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Jemma then turned to Nicole and seemingly scolded the latter, her voice loud enough for Jarrod to listen, Cherry, youve really upset me. I cant afford your medical bills, but dont worry. I know plenty



of dashing guys willing to solve your condition without costing a fortune. You won't need the hospital.

As Jemma spoke, she led Nicole toward the elevator.

Alec was rendered speechless by Jemma's words. What did Jemma mean by saying those words? Jarrod had just resolved to distance himself from Nicole, and Jemma's comments appeared to be an attempt to sway Jarrod's decision.

Alec suspected that Jemma and Nicole shared a more complex relationship than it seemed.

Worried that Jarrod might involuntarily be drawn to Nicole again with Jemma's help, Alec decided to intervene.

Noting Jarrod remained rooted to the spot, his eyes fixated on the elevator where Nicole was led, Alec hastily said, Mr. Schultz, let's head this way. The blood over there might stain your shoes.

Alec attempted to guide Jarrod in the opposite direction, no longer concerned with Lowe sprawled on the ground. He decided to let Lowe's assistant handle the drunken Lowe, prioritizing Jarrod's immediate circumstances over anything else.

The air was charged with tension, necessitating a swift departure from the chaotic scene.

Unexpectedly, as Alec reached out to steer Jarrod away, Jarrod swiftly brushed off Alec's hand, moving decisively forward.

As the elevator doors nearly shut, Jemma exhaled softly. Could Jarrod truly be indifferent and just walk away?

The next second, a large hand forcefully stopped the elevator door from closing.

Jemma initially mistook the large hand blocking the elevator door for that detestable Alec. But

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when she recognized the wrist adorned with a million-dollar watch, her heart surged with relief.

She knew it. Jarrod could not resist Nicole's charm. That unexpected kiss had seemingly revived warmth in Jarrod's once cold heart.

Jemma turned to Jarrod with a smile. Mr. Schultz, are you heading down?

Jarrod remained silent, his expression stoic, but Jemma was undeterred. Could you please hold on a moment? We're actually going up, just a quick stop on the second floor.

Jarrod's face was impassive as he glanced at Nicole in Jemma's arms.

Going up?

Ignoring his stern look, Jemma replied cheerfully, Yes, the male escort lounge is upstairs. That's where we need to be.

The mention of the male escort lounge caused Jarrod's expression to turn icy.

Yet, Jemma held Nicole firmly, her grip tightening as she noticed Nicoles feeble resistance. Dont fuss, Cherry. Its not time yet. You can make your choice later Be good. Ill find you a suitable one soon

As Jemma reached to press the elevators close button, a foot blocked the door.

Alec spoke with icy disdain. Who do you think you are, making Mr. Schultz wait? Youre not worth his time. He scoffed. Step out and let us go first.

Jemmas face, previously bright, now clouded over. Having been at the club for many years, she might not be esteemed by the wealthy, but being known as the manager at the club granted her a certain level of respect. She was acquainted with many influential figures who generally treated her courteously. Alec, who had risen from humble origins similar to hers, had no right to demean her in such a manner.

Had the rebuke come from Jarrod, perhaps Jemma would have begrudgingly accepted it. But Alecs scorn was more than she could bear.

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Yet, knowing when to step back was a wisdom Jemma had learned well.

Jemma, with her extensive experience, quickly concealed her irritation, her expression morphing into a conciliatory smile.

Alright, Alec, youre right. I was out of line. Well leave now.

Turning to Jarrod, Jemma said, Mr. Schultz, please

She was about to exit, but Jarrods imposing figure blocked the path.

His voice low, Jarrod said, No rush. Go up first.

Trapped and still supporting Nicole, Jemma had no way out. Since Jarrod had spoken, she saw no need to argue further.

However, Alecs earlier insult still stung, prompting her to retort, But Alec seems upset. Perhaps we should go down first. Its not that urgent. Cherry can wait another minute.

Jarrod raised an eyebrow. Dont mind him.

Reassured by Jarrods response, Jemma allowed herself a small, satisfied smile. She cast a defiant glance at Alec, her smile turning provocative. Her earlier irritation was dissipated a bit.

Alec, catching Jemmas look, clenched his jaw in frustration. This woman was clearly taunting him! He fumed silently.

Despite his anger, Alec had no choice but to follow them into the elevator.

Once the elevator doors closed, the space, now shared with two tall men, felt exceptionally tight, especially with Nicole unsteady on her feet, swaying slightly.

Nicoles cheeks were tinged with an alluring flush as she murmured weakly, Jemma. I feel. So.. Uncomfortable.. Help me..

At her words, the tension in the elevator shifted noticeably.

Jarrold maintained his composure, his expression changing only slightly.

Alecs face, however, turned a deep shade of red, then nearly purple with embarrassment. As a man well-acquainted with the allure of women, he found Nicoles breathy tone almost unbearable.

If not for Jarrods presence, Alecs reaction might have been stronger. He cursed inwardly, acknowledging begrudgingly that Nicole was really attractive.

Nicoles allure was more captivating than any Alec had encountered before, natural and effortless, a genuine sensuality that seemed to emanate from her very core, embodying the quintessence of feminine charm in every gesture and tone.

Jarrold noted Alecs discomfort, maintaining a stoic, unaffected demeanor.

As the elevator reached their floor, the doors slid open to reveal a Lineup of young, handsome men standing at attention. Good evening, distinguished guests, they greeted warmly.

The club had curated a selection of male escorts who combined youthful vigor with rugged appeal, their well-defined physiques appealing to a broad range of tastes.

Known for their charm and ability to entertain, the clubs male escorts offered a welcome reprieve to those seeking to unwind.

However, Alecs expression soured with disapproval. His strong sense of traditional masculinity made it challenging for him to accept men engaged in such work, despite his outward proclamations of job equality. He scoffed. What nonsense, acting so effeminate

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Jemma quickly countered, Alec, you shouldnt say that. Our clubs male servers are all strong and capable. Maybe you should see for yourself.

Alecs expression darkened further. What? See my ass!

Jemma chuckled, mischievously clarifying, What are you thinking Alec? I meant you should see if they are strong with those muscles.

Alec was on the verge of losing his temper. Jemma was unmistakably taunting him! He knew he hadnt misunderstood her intention, not in the slightest!

Jemma, deciding to cease the verbal sparring, felt her arms grow weary from supporting Nicole. Noticing Jarrold obstructing their way, she addressed him, Mr. Schultz, could you please step aside? Its difficult for us to get out.

Jarrold stood resolute, his presence formidable, blocking the view of those male escorts.

Just as Jemma began to lose hope of him moving, Jarrold shifted slightly, allowing them a passage.

Jemmas heart sank. It seemed the nights plan was unraveling.

Jarrolds minimal gesture hinted at his disinterest in meddling with Nicoles situation. So, what brought him into the elevator? Was Jarrold actually here to evaluate the clubs male escorts? A man whose time commanded millions wouldnt normally squander it on such trivialities.

Though confused, Jemma knew she must proceed. Delaying could prompt Jarrold to suspect her motives, and that was a risk she couldnt afford with someone as calculating and unpredictable as him.

To Jemma, compared to Jarrolds complexity, Alec seemed straightforward and readable.

However, Alec was not fooled by Jemmas maneuvers. He sneered, Jemma, whats the delay? Seems like youre hesitant to leave Miss Lawrence to them.

Jemma managed a strained smile. What are you implying, Alec? Thats not the case.

Alec scoffed dismissively. Just make sure youre not harboring inappropriate thoughts. Attempting to sway hearts? Dont you know the human heart is the most unpredictable of all?

Jemma was well aware that Alec was mocking her. She mustered a forced smile and responded, Alec, rest assured, Im not overthinking things. We always serve our distinguished guests dutifully without any inappropriate thoughts.

Alec pressed his lips together, gave a slight nod, and stepped aside.

Jemma attempted to help Nicole out of the elevator, but quickly realized the space was too narrow for both of them to exit side by side. Yet, without her support, Nicole was unable to walk out alone.

It was a tricky predicament.

Not daring to request Jarrold to move aside, Jemma turned to Alec.

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Alec, could you please step out for a moment? We need a bit more space to get out.

Understanding the practicality of her request, Alec stepped out without further objection.

As Jemma tried to maneuver Nicole past Jarrold, she found themselves stuck once again. She strained to pull Nicole through without success.

Supporting Nicole, Jemma couldnt help but feel frustrated.

The usually spacious elevator now seemed oppressively small.

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Jemma didnt want to point out it was Jarrolds fault, but it was clear his broad stance was part of the problem, especially since he was standing sideways, taking up more space.

People like Jarrod had a distinct way of standing that was unmistakable.

Finally, Jemma propped Nicole up against the elevator wall and, after another unsuccessful attempt, she made a request. Mr. Schultz, could you please hold Cherry for a moment? Ill turn around and guide her out.

Jarrodd remained silent, and just as Jemma feared her request would be denied, he surprisingly extended a hand and supported Nicole.

Grateful, Jemma turned around and stepped out, saying while pivoting to pull Nicole out, Mr. Schultz, could you please hand Cherry to me.

Before Jemma could finish her request, the elevator doors began to close.

Caught off guard, Jemma barely managed to react before the doors shut.

Alec, witnessing the scene, briefly panicked. Hey.

Alec reached to press the elevator button, but the elevator was already descending. They would have to wait for the next one.

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Alec, visibly agitated, started pacing back and forth like an ant on a hot pan.

Jemma wasnt entirely sure, but she thought she saw Jarrod subtly press the close button. Did he intentionally close the doors?

The more Jemma pondered, the more convinced she became. Why else would a man of Jarrods stature share the elevator with them if not for Nicole?

Watching Alecs frantic behavior, Jemma turned to those male escorts.

This is Alec, a distinguished guest tonight. Please ensure he is well taken care of.

In this club, male escorts catered not only to female clients but also to male patrons who, for discretion or to avoid the eyes of their wives, sometimes requested male companions.

Upon hearing Jemmas introduction, those male escorts enthusiastically approached Alec.

Alec, lets have a drink.

Alec, lets play some dice.

Alec found himself at a loss for words. Surrounded by several eager, robust men, he had no opportunity to escape. His face turned a shade of green.

Internally, Alec seethed at Jemma, but she had already stepped back into the elevator, waving at him cheerfully. Alec, enjoy yourself!

Enjoy myself, my ass! Alec muttered under his breath.

Alec tried to push away those male escorts, but two more quickly stepped in to fill the gap.

Alec, if you dont like dice, how about rock-paper-scissors..

Yeah, Alec, lets play. Dont just stand there..