

Unbreakable 701

Chapter 701

Finally, under alcohol's sway, Nicole approached Jarrod with a full glass in hand. "Mr. Schultz, Nicky wishes you..."

Her words slurred as she attempted the toast. She tilted her head back, emptying her glass, indifferent to Jarrod's stern countenance.

Jarrod's expression turned stormy, having lost sight of the fact that he was the instigator of this debacle.

He regarded her as a shameless woman, entertaining these men in such attire, acting no better than a whore. He was livid. A palpable tension quickly enveloped the chamber.

Yet, Nicole remained oblivious, her spirits high as she jovially indulged in drinks with Deniz, Korbin, and the rest. Her flirtations came effortlessly, her alluring gaze enhancing her charm far beyond those barmaids.

Eventually, Deniz lost his self-control. He was prepared to risk everything for Nicole's whims.

Overcome with desire, Deniz pulled Nicole over and pressed her against the sofa.

The other drunk men, fueled by jealousy and alcohol, clumsily approached.

"I want her, too.

"Deniz! Sharing is only fair, don't you think.

Their lecherous smiles broke into a predatory leap toward Nicole.

Bang! A bottle hurled at Deniz's head interrupted the chaos.

In a split second, a trickle began from his scalp.

Deniz's blood soon splattered onto Nicole's face, turning her stomach.

With nothing ingested earlier, Nicole's retching brought up only the vile taste of blood.

Deniz's head was a gory mess, his blood mingling indistinguishably with hers. Clutching his head, Deniz cursed furiously, "Who hit me? Who's the bastard?" Another bang followed.

Deniz was struck once more.

His cries soon filled the room.

The other two men collapsed, their yells for security filling the air.

Chapter 702

"Security... Where are the guards? Where are they..."

Jarrold, cleaning his hands of the wine stains, rose with a bottle of red wine in hand and roared at them, "Fuck off!" Confused, those men couldn't comprehend Jarrold's rage.

However, deciphering his anger was less important than escaping. They supported each other, stumbling out. Those barmaids scattered as well.

Then, Jarrold advanced toward Nicole.

Nicole reclined on the sofa, her sneer unwavering at the sight of Jarrold.

Splash! Jarrold doused Nicole with the red wine, erasing the blood that wasn't hers.

With a firm grip, he seized her chin.

Jarrood's teeth clenched as he growled, "Have you come to your senses yet?"

"Ahem..." Being choked by the red wine, Nicole found herself speechless, her response coming only as a fit of coughs. "Nicky?"

The pressure of Jarrood's hand increased, seemingly intent on crushing her jaw.

"Nicole, you truly are remarkable, aren't you? How can you be so utterly shameless?"

"Isn't this exactly what you desire, Mr. Schultz?"

Upon his return, Jarrood had sought every way to degrade her.

Nicole felt baffled by Jarrood's current fury.

Simultaneously, a searing pain gnawed at her stomach, contorting her face in agony.

Clutching her stomach, battling both intoxication and pain, Nicole managed to say, "No recognition for such an obedient person like me?"

"You're quite mean, Mr. Schultz."

"Shut up!"

Jarrood's hands showcased prominent blue veins. He stripped off his suit jacket and draped it over Nicole. Witnessing this, Nicole sneered, "Ah, Mr. Schultz, do you also want to fuck me?"

Her hand lifted to tally, though her mind swam in a haze.

Chapter 703

“You'll need to join the queue then. Deniz, Korbin, and... There are five before you.”

At that moment, Jarrod boiled over with rage.

He yelled in frustration, “That’s enough, Nicole!”

Nicole slurred, “If that’s your wish, you'll need to pay, Mr. Schultz!

They've all given me money. Your turn now!”

Jarrod’s rage erupted like a volcano, seething to his very crown.

A cold mask replaced his typically attractive visage.

“You crave it that much? Very well, | shall oblige!”

With that, Jarrod flung the jacket off with the ferocity of a wild animal.

Rage blinded him. There was no trace of mercy in his gaze. His only thought was to make Nicole suffer. The wrath consumed Jarrod, overshadowing his genuine emotions.

Again, he was impressed and swayed by such a lowly woman like her.

How foolish!

His grasp tightened, his teeth sinking into Nicole’s neck viciously.

He laughed at himself silently for falling for Nicole’s trick again.

This heartless creature who had betrayed, wounded, and fooled him, now mocked him further! He resolved he would not let her go lightly this time!

At the very least, she should witness the torments of hell!

Nicole, enduring the fiery torment within her stomach, gritted her teeth in defiance. "Is that the extent of your prowess, Mr. Schultz?"

Resorting to such rude actions with women, huh?"

Jarrood snorted dismissively at her words.

"Rumors had it that you've fallen for a man. Is that so?"

Nicole came back to her senses abruptly and denied it at once, "No, that's not true."

Chapter 704

Jarrood's sneer deepened as he probed, "This man, is he Roscoe Watts by any chance?"

Nicole's frame tensed up immediately at the mention of his name.

Jarrood's eyes narrowed, a glint of jealousy betraying his cool demeanor.

He dressed swiftly after concluding his business. Looking down at Nicole, he suggested, "Shall we go see him now?"

Nicole's expression congealed at his words. Striving for composure, she clarified, "Jarrod, Mr. Watts is merely my doctor, nothing more.

Please, don't cause him any distress."

Jarrold's gaze was frosty as he replied, "Mr. Watts? Well, I wouldn't have thought you preferred younger men." "Stop it, Jarrod! Have you lost your mind?" Nicole burst out.

"Lost my mind?" Jarrod's voice was biting.

"We'll see just how mad I am when we meet Mr. Watts."

He then scooped up his suit from the floor, wrapped Nicole in it, and hoisted her over his shoulder.

Nicole fought back in vain, shouting, "Jarrod, you monster! Let me go!"

Ignoring her protests, Jarrod tossed her into the car and sped off to the hospital.

Coincidentally, Roscoe was attending his shift in the emergency room, unaware of the impending storm.

Nicole, gripped by a sinking feeling, implored Jarrod again, "I've told you, there's nothing between Mr. Watts and me. I swear it." Jarrod glanced at her agitated features and snapped, "Spare me your lies!"

The next moment, he yanked Nicole into the emergency room.

Bang! Nicole hit the floor.

Roscoe, alarmed by the commotion, rushed to assist Nicole, asking with concern, "Nicole, are you alright?" "Mr. Watts, we barely know each other," Nicole whispered, withdrawing from his touch.

Roscoe reeled from her rejection, but the sight of Jarrod pieced everything together.

In a professional tone, he inquired, "How may I assist you, miss?"

Nicole clutched the suit to herself, revealing bruise-marred legs.

She remained silent.

Chapter 705

Jarrood's voice was laced with malice as he turned to Roscoe. "Can you treat a torn wound?"

Roscoe met Jarrood's taunting look with detachment.

"Of course."

Jarrood's smirk twisted as he dared.

"Then examine her. I'm eager to witness it."

"I'll arrange an infusion for the patient first, then tend to the wound," Roscoe stated, typing into the computer before instructing Jarrood, "You can fetch the medicine now."

With a cold smile, Jarrood departed.

Roscoe maintained his distance, opting to stand by the computer. He asked Nicole, "How can I help you? What do you want me to do?"

Nicole remained silent, simply shaking her head in response.

Shortly after, Jarrood entered with medication in hand. Observing the space between Nicole and Roscoe, a flicker of curiosity crossed Jarrood's eyes.

Jarrood extended the medicine to Roscoe, questioning, "Does she need to start with an infusion or should she be applied with the medicine first?"

Handing the medication to a nurse, Roscoe instructed, "She can apply the medicine at home. Start with an infusion for now Jarrod's eyebrows lifted in surprise.

"Aren't you going to apply medicine for her yourself?"

Looking up, Roscoe's voice was soft but firm.

"No. If you require assistance, the nurse is available."

Undeterred, Jarrod's voice carried a hint of implication.

"I'll take care of the application myself."

Roscoe appeared not to register Jarrod's words, turning his attention back to his work as the nurse finished administering the fluids.

Jarrold grabbed a cigarette and glanced at Roscoe from a short distance.

Roscoe, with his good looks and black-rimmed glasses, appeared innocent and non-threatening, much like the campus heartthrob.

A cold smirk crossed Jarrod's face as he mused over Nicole's possible attraction to this type of men. He pondered whether Roscoe had sex before.

He didn't know whether Nicole and Roscoe had an affair or not.

Chapter 706

The only thing clear to Jarrod was their shared moment over breakfast.

Leaning casually against the door, Jarrod fiddled with his cigarette, probing with a smile, "Roscoe, you know Nicole. Why act as if you don't?"

Without glancing up, Roscoe responded honestly, "Given her four monthly hospital visits, she's hard to forget. I asked her once if she needed to call the police, but never again."

Jarrold was taken aback. Nicole's frequent hospital visits were news to him.

His encounters with her were intense, consumed by passion, leaving him uncertain if her discomfort was a result of their intimacy or something deeper.

Preferring not to see her face, to spare himself the distress, he would ask her to turn away each time. Jarrold had more questions for Roscoe but was interrupted by an attractive nurse who approached Roscoe. "Dr. Watts, it's for you."

The nurse hastily placed it down and retreated shyly.

Roscoe remained still, and noting Jarrold's idleness, he suggested, "You might consider purchasing some liquid nourishment like porridge for your girlfriend. She's had nothing but an apple since noon."

Jarrold was stunned. He did not deny the term "girlfriend". Exiting the room, he instructed Alec to purchase some porridge. Once acquired, Jarrold placed the steaming bowl on the bedside table near Nicole.

Nicole, slightly drunk though not noticeably so, jerked her head away in a startled motion as Jarrold approached.

"What are you doing?"

Jarrold had intended to procure a new set of clothes for her and even considered asking Alec to drop some off.

However, the thought of Roscoe prompted a change of heart.

Bowing his head, Jarrod's warm breath brushed against Nicole as his hand roamed without restraint. Leaning in, he murmured, "I want you."

"Jarrod, choose the time and place wisely for your advances. This is a hospital," Nicole chastised, gripping his hand firmly. But her strength was no match for his.

She glared, issuing a warning, "If you dare to cross the line, | will..."

"What will you do?" Jarrod retorted, pinching Nicole's cheek, causing her Lips to pout and teeth to flash in protest.

His gaze grew heavy. He hadn't found satisfaction in the chamber earlier, and her involuntary pout seemed alluring to him. Nicole winced from the pinch, her tolerance evident in her furrowed brow.

Observing her usual furrowed brow, Jarrod felt a twinge of compassion.

Yet, his sympathy waned as he recalled her repeated deceptions.

Chapter 707

With a cold stare, Jarrod held Nicole's chin firmly.

"This is what you want. Can't you handle it now?" he taunted.

Disgust swept through Nicole.

He was audacious, caring little for the occasion and the surroundings.

Closing her eyes, Nicole exhibited a vulnerability seldom seen, whispering, "I can't... I'm in so much pain now..." Jarrod's scoff was bitter.

“Then moan. If it pleases me, | might just release you.”

Suddenly, Nicole’s gaze lifted to the white hospital walls, her realization dawning.

Jarrold wanted Roscoe to overhear her moan. He wanted to degrade her and test their bond.

In a different time, Nicole would willingly share intimacy with Jarrod and avoided the sting of disgrace. Yet, having been subjected to such degradation, her sense of dignity seemed worthless now.

A sharp ache in her abdomen served as a grim reminder of her possibly fleeting life, casting doubt on the necessity of maintaining her pride while enduring such agony.

With a deft movement, she caressed the coarse tips of Jarrod’s fingers with her tongue. Her lips parted ever so slightly, releasing a sound that was both alluring and pitiful.

“Mmm... Mmm...”

After a minute of her charade, Jarrod commanded, “Enough.” Jarrod’s lips were a firm line, his gaze icy with unfulfilled yearning. He realized he didn’t want anyone else to hear her voice.

More than that, he yearned to silence her completely, to possess her in a way that left her soundless.

This overwhelming urge agitated him. Nicole scoffed. “Finished so soon, Mr. Schultz? Others might question your prowess.”

Jarrold’s eyes grew darker and his smothered desire rekindled. With a sardonic laugh, he shot back, “Damn it! Nicole, don’t provoke me.”

His mock was sharp.

“If | were incompetent, you wouldn’t be hospitalized now.”

Chapter 708

At his words, Nicole's defiance seemed to crumble.

Pain still racked her body. She knew better than to rile up this madman.

Jarrod's phone pierced the tension with its ring.

Without hesitation, he answered, "Honey."

Amidst her haze of discomfort, Nicole discerned the caller's identity.

It was Jamie.

Then, Jarrod's voice took on an unusual softness as he said, "I'll be there in no time. Just stay put." Once the call ended, Jarrod addressed Nicole, who was still hooked to her IV, "Alec will take you back." Nicole turned away, too entangled in her emotions to reply.

Jarrod's eyes remained cool, unaffected by her silence.

"Don't pretend to be jealous. Your acting disgusts me, he sneered, then strode out without a second glance. Alone, Nicole exhaled in relief.

She reveled in the thought that Jamie's needs might keep Jarrod away tonight, granting her a rare peace. She drifted into a light doze only to be startled awake by a cold sensation on her legs.

"Who's there?"

Her ankle was suddenly seized, and she locked eyes with Roscoe's attractive face, his actions clear. Awave of shyness washed over her flushed features.

In his usual deep tone, Roscoe murmured, "Let me tend to your wounds, Nicole."

Roscoe grasped Nicole's ankle gently, yet his touch was steady and did not interfere with his task.

Clad in disposable plastic gloves, Roscoe applied an ointment that brought a cooling relief and numbed the pain.

The sensation was so comforting that Nicole found her toes involuntarily curling, her pulse thudding audibly in her ears.

Roscoe's expression remained detached throughout the procedure.

Once he finished with the ointment, he discarded his gloves in the trash bin, along with the porridge Jarrod had brought, without a second glance.

He exited briefly, returning with a thermos in hand, and proceeded to elevate the bed.

Chapter 709

"Nicole, would you prefer to feed yourself, or shall I assist?" he inquired, his politeness unwavering.

Nicole, still somewhat dazed from the treatment, only registered his question when he repeated it. She reached out slowly. "I can manage on my own."

As her fingers brushed against his, Roscoe insisted, "Stay still.

I'll handle this."

Roscoe set up a small table, expertly transferred the porridge into a bowl, and fetched a spoon.

Nicole couldn't help but notice the pristine beauty of his hands, his nails short and clean, his veins subtly pronounced against his clenched fists, signaling strength.

Her cheeks flushed with heat. This wasn't the first time he had tended to her wounds.

As Roscoe handed her the spoon, Nicole's hunger surged, especially for the shrimp-corn porridge, her favored dish. She began to eat with an earnest appetite.

After the meal, Roscoe cleaned up the table and returned the bed to its original position. "You should rest now, Nicole. I'll be here to look after you," he offered.

But Nicole's head shook in denial.

"No, Roscoe."

Roscoe's gaze was intense as he watched her silently.

Nicole turned her face away, not daring to look at him. She said, "My father's support for your education was one thing. You don't owe me for the help you've given. You see, anyone entangled with me lately seems to suffer."

Roscoe listened without a flicker of emotion across his face.

When Nicole paused, he voiced his thoughts, "Nicole, I was disheartened when you didn't recognize me before."

Nicole recalled their encounter at the hospital's safe corridor, but her mind was a haze back then, thanks to Jarrod, leaving no space for Roscoe's image.

The last she'd seen Roscoe, he was a young teen of fifteen, one of many in a crowd where her father had taken her to aid the underprivileged, and Roscoe hardly stood out.

She didn't remember him. Six years had passed by. Now, Roscoe was an intern at the hospital. Gazing down at her, Roscoe probed, "Nicole, do you love that man?"

Her response came swift and sure.

Chapter 710

"No."

It was only at this moment that Nicole grasped the truth. Her affections had clung to an untainted Jarrod, not the monster who refused to let her parents go without a second thought.

Caught in a reverie, Nicole felt Roscoe's touch steering her gaze back to him.

"Nicole, I dressed your wounds, hoping you'd understand my intentions," he murmured. Roscoe's eyes were clear and compelling, making Nicole find it hard to stand his gaze. Sensing his next words, Nicole averted her eyes.

She didn't want to drag anyone else into her turmoil.

Thus, before Roscoe could voice his thoughts, Nicole interjected, "Roscoe, to me, you're like a little brother. Though I hold no love for him, my bond with him is complex. You've turned out well, and that would please my father. Let's leave it at that..."

With that, Nicole suggested they keep things as they were, effectively rejecting him.

Just as Nicole tried to turn her face away, Roscoe grabbed her arm gently.

He remained silent, gazing at her briefly.

Suddenly, Roscoe bowed his head, halting just before his thin lips met Nicole's.

With a soft grin and a whisper, Roscoe vowed, “Nicole, once | surpass that man, you will be mine.” Left alone, Nicole’s mind reeled.

What the hell? In her eyes, Roscoe was still a little boy.

But now, his words somewhat unsettled her.

On a Friday morning, Raegan got a message from Bryce, requesting her address to pick her up.

She sent her location to him. She made her way downstairs after learning Bryce’s arrival.

A few paces from the door, she spotted a black off-road vehicle. Bryce lounged in the passenger seat, beckoning her over with a curled finger.

Raegan pulled open the door and climbed aboard. To her surprise, Eloise was seated in the back, her presence almost tangible with hostility.

Eloise’s eyes narrowed at the sight of Raegan. She turned to Bryce, questioning sharply, “Bryce, is she your tutor?” Bryce merely grunted in response.

The air was thick with tension. Eloise harbored dislike toward Raegan, and Raegan disliked Eloise’s presence.