

Unbreakable 691

Chapter 691

Sure enough, God was fair. When He gave people extraordinary skills, he also balanced them with weaknesses.

Mitchel rubbed his forehead, looking irritable again. He frowned and said unhappily, "Don't mention her. As I have said, she has nothing to do with me.

He said those words again.

Luis just smiled without saying anything.

He believed that if a man really felt this way, he wouldn't keep emphasizing it. Repeating it over and over again was no different from deceiving himself. Jarrod went straight to Oasis Apartment. This was one of his many properties. And recently, he let Nicole stay here so he could come to her anytime.

When he arrived downstairs, he immediately noticed the dim yellow light on the eighteenth floor. It was an indication that Nicole was at home.

He stood there looking up at the light while smoking. An indescribable feeling rose from the bottom of his heart. Although he still hated her, he sometimes thought it was good for them to go on like this.

Jarrod stubbed out his cigarette and entered the apartment building.

He took the elevator in a good mood.

He had inexplicable and unspeakable anticipation to see her.

Jarrod was about to open the door when his phone suddenly rang.

He received two video clips.

His brows furrowed slightly. He squinted and clicked the videos.

The first video showed Nicole and Raegan chatting while eating at a mall.

“Nicole, do you still love Jarrod?” Raegan asked.

Nicole replied, “I’m not out of my mind yet. I’d rather love pigs and dogs than love him. I will never love him. I just found an effective way to deal with him.”

Raegan frowned and said worriedly, “Don’t do anything foolish. If you offend Jarrod, I’m afraid he’ll hurt you.”

Nicole smiled.

“Don’t be deceived by Jarrod’s appearance. He only looks formidable on the surface. But the truth is, he is still as naive as before. He is easy to deceive.”

Then, the video abruptly stopped.

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It only took thirty seconds for Jarrod’s mood to change dramatically. But he seemed calm, clicking the second video.

It was a video of Nicole having breakfast with a young man by the roadside. They were eating pizza while chatting and laughing happily.

They looked like a couple.

Jarrod knew who sent these videos to him.

He forwarded the second video to Alec, followed by a voice message.

“I want all the information about this man in five minutes.”

Then, Jarrod put his phone back into his pocket and pushed the heavy door open expressionlessly.

In the room, Nicole stared at the blood she had coughed up into the trash can. Its red hue was stark and unsettling.

Not long ago, a doctor diagnosed her with a severe gastric ulcer and warned her of a potential progression to stomach cancer if not treated promptly.

Recently, she had been frequently drinking with her potential clients. Nicole had become known as someone who could handle an impressive amount of alcohol.

However, it was not that she never got drunk. The truth was, she often retreated to the bathroom to vomit and maintain her sobriety.

Otherwise, she would seem vulnerable when alone.

The routine of forced vomiting and enduring acid reflux had inflicted significant damage on her stomach.

The doctor recommended she run a further examination tomorrow. She must admit, she was terrified about the result. What if she had stomach cancer?

She was an only child, and her parents were not in good condition.

If they learned she was ill, it might be a blow to them.

Nicole forcefully pushed these worries aside. With that, she tidied up the trash can, concealed its contents with waste paper, and masked the odor with an air freshener.

With that, she prepared several dishes and waited for Jarrod to return.

Knowing Jarrod usually arrived home late, she delayed cooking. Almost immediately after sending him a message, she received his reply that he would be home in ten minutes.

“Home?” Nicole mused. This word echoed in her mind as she read his message.

Jarrod’s home with her?

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This was merely a place for him to get laid with her.

At the shopping mall today, Raegan seemed to want to say something but stopped on a second thought. Nicole figured Raegan must be worried about her after seeing her bruises and scars.

To ease Raegan’s worry, Nicole assured her Jarrod was easily fooled by her and that there was no need to worry about her. In all honesty, even Nicole did not believe her own words.

She resented Jarrod. If it were not for him, the Lawrence family’s business would not have suffered, sparing her from the obligation of drinking with clients. After all, this was the very cause of her illness.

But ever since she confessed her love for him, Jarrod’s behavior had somewhat surprised her. While still intense in the bed, he rarely degraded her now.

There were times when they interacted like any normal couple, and heartwarming moments, like today, happened from time to time.

Had Jarrod changed for good?

Nicole did not like having such expectations. Even if he had changed, she could not forget about Jamie’s presence. ALL Nicole had ever wanted was a simple and content life. That was all.

While Nicole was in deep thought, the door swung open. Jarrod had returned.

Her face lit up with joy at the sight of Jarrod.

At this moment, she walked up to him with a beaming smile and greeted, "You're back."

On the contrary, Jarrod was standing at the door and staring at her with cold eyes.

Nicole was about to take his coat when suddenly, she sensed something was amiss.

"You're quite the actress, aren't you?" Jarrod uttered in disdain.

"What?" Nicole froze. Before she could react, his eyes bore into her with a chilling intensity.

Jarrod smirked.

"Put on something sexy and come out with me."

Nicole was stunned. Confused as to what Jarrod was talking about, she stammered, "But you haven't eaten what I made..." Before she could finish, Jarrod brushed past her, walked over to the table, and waved his hand.

Crash! Jarrod yanked the table cloth and overturned the table with a sinister smile on his face.

"We had it."

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Even though Nicole was not the brightest of the bunch, she could sense that something was wrong. She glanced at the mess on the floor and asked with forced calm, "Jarrod, what's wrong?"

Without glancing at Nicole, Jarrod pulled a piece of clothing from the wardrobe and flung it in her direction. "Just wear this," he commanded.

Nicole stared at the garment in shock.

Jarrod bought it for her to wear in bed. How could she possibly wear it in public?

"What are you waiting for? Get changed," Jarrod ordered, his voice cold and commanding. "Or should I call your mother to help you?"

His words sent shivers down her spine.

"I... I'll get changed," Nicole whispered with quivering lips.

She changed into the clothes right in front of Jarrod and slipped on an overcoat.

Jarrod cast a disdainful glance at her and pushed open the door.

Nicole, however, remained behind.

When he turned around, he found that Nicole was squatting on the porch with beads of sweat forming on her forehead. She was in pain again.

She had waited for him to return without eating anything, leading to a painful stomachache.

Crouched and panting heavily, Nicole pleaded, "Jarrod, could we go out tomorrow? I have a stomachache..." Jarrod looked at her, devoid of sympathy, thinking she was just putting on an act.

Her acting looked convincing.

How foolish of him to feel pity for her.

Was he going to fall for her tricks again?

Jarrold stared at her with narrowed eyes and said in an icy tone, "If you don't want to go out, maybe I should ask your mother if she's free to accompany me."

As soon as he said these words, he reached for his phone to make the call. "... I'll go," Nicole said, struggling to suppress her discomfort. Jarrold looked at her with utter contempt.

Although feeling unwell, Nicole climbed into Jarrold's car. He drove to the club at full speed. As soon as Nicole stepped out of the car, she could not hold back anymore and vomited.

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The acid reflux caused intense pain. Nicole wiped her mouth with a wet tissue and was shocked to find out she had vomited blood again.

When the pain somehow subsided, Nicole straightened up to find Jarrold had already entered the club without even looking back at her.

Nicole followed Jarrold in a hurry. But when Jarrold saw her come in, he still pressed the door close. The abrupt movement of the elevator nearly made Nicole vomit blood again. Jarrold's eyes held a mocking glint as he stared at her.

Nicole felt a pang of pain in her heart. She wanted to know why he was acting this way. Their relationship was improving, wasn't it? How could his behavior change suddenly?

After hesitating for a long time, she finally asked, "Jarrold, what's wrong? If there's something on your mind, can't you just talk to me about it?"

The elevator doors slid open, and Jarrold stepped out. But just as he was about to enter a chamber, he stopped.

“Nicole, do you really think you can fool me again?”

“I didn’

With a mocking smile playing on his lips, Jarrod played a video in front of Nicole. The conversation between Nicole and Raegan was audible.

ALL of a sudden, Nicole’s face drained of color.

“Jarrod, you've got it all wrong. What | meant was...”

Before she could finish, Jarrod grabbed her by the neck and pinned her against the wall. “| don’t want to hear your lies. Just do as | say.”

Nicole, gasping for air, turned a shade of purple and was unable to utter a word.

This video was taken out of context. She had been referring to a memory from school, a time when Jarrod was innocent and gullible. She used to make up stories about boys giving her love letters, just to see Jarrod get jealous and ignore her.

Back then, Jarrod was naive and easy to trick.

Nicole had not meant to imply that Jarrod was still easily fooled. She just thought he might have retained some of his old traits. Seeing her struggling for breath, Jarrod released her.

Nicole collapsed to the floor, gasping.

Jarrod glowered at her.

“I've given you a few days of peace. Have you forgotten what it’s like to be in torment?”

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Nicole looked up at him with despair and hurriedly explained, "It's not what you think, Jarrod. I was just..." Jarrod sneered and arrogantly used the toe of his shiny leather shoe to lift Nicole's chin, an act that was utterly demeaning. "Seeing your hypocrite face makes me sick," he said with utter disdain.

Nicole's lips quivered, but no words came out. She knew arguing with him was futile.

Whatever she said, Jarrod would not believe her.

With this thought in mind, she braced herself for the impending ordeal.

"Get up," Jarrod commanded.

Nicole forced herself to her feet.

In Jarrod's eyes, every move she made was to deceive him.

Jarrold glanced at Nicole with revulsion, pushed the door open, and walked into the room.

Inside, several middle-aged men stood to greet Jarrod.

Jarrold acknowledged them with a nod and took his seat.

These men were CEOs of their respective companies. Though older than Jarrod, they were aware that Jarrod was more powerful and influential than them.

Recently, they were eager to collaborate with Jarrod on a lucrative project. However, they had yet to agree on terms as Jarrod's proposed price was exceedingly low.

Jarrold's shrewdness often rubbed people the wrong way. But they had no choice but to engage in discussions with him.

During the meeting, Deniz noticed Nicole standing at the door. He turned to Jarrod and politely asked, "Jarrod, is she your girlfriend?"

"Deniz, your vision must be failing," Jarrod replied with scorn.

"She's not my type. She's here for your entertainment."

The implication was clear to everyone. She was merely a whore.

Despite the warmth of the room, Nicole felt a chill.

It was only then that she realized Jarrod's intentions.

The brief sense of warmth she had felt earlier that day shattered with his words.

A bitter smile crossed Nicole's face. She had been deluded to think Jarrod had softened up when getting along with her.

He had never taken the time to listen to her side of the story, not even a single word.

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In Jarrod's eyes, Nicole's sorrow was nothing but an act.

At this moment, his dark and foreboding gaze fell on her, and he demanded, "Aren't you going to start undressing?" Suddenly, Nicole's complexion drained of color.

Was Jarrod unaware that beneath her coat, she only wore her underwear as he instructed?

Removing her coat would be akin to standing naked for all to see, wouldn't it?

In the past, Nicole had joined clients for dinners, but always dressed in her professional attire.

Being a Lawrence, people would only dare to mock Nicole with words, never mistaking her for a mere whore.

But now, Jarrod seemed poised to tarnish her good name in this entertainment place.

The other two men perked up.

“Stop acting so prim and proper. We're not here to watch you hide behind that coat. Off with it, and make it quick.” “Yes, entertain us well and you'll be handsomely rewarded.”

Their expressions were filled with unsavory intent, making Nicole reel as if she had been struck across the face. Jarrod, watching her frozen stance, let out a sardonic laugh.

“Let's remember, Miss Lawrence hails from a respectable family.

Perhaps we should allow her a moment to consider.”

“Really? That's rather dull. Maybe we should find someone else to entertain us for the time being?”

With a gesture from Deniz, a group of barmaids entered, dressed in revealing attire and drawing all eyes.

Deniz pointed out two particularly striking women, instructing them, “Take special care of Mr. Schultz.”

These two women were well-trained and walked toward Jarrod as instructed immediately.

Their eyes lit up when they saw Jarrod. Such a dashing guy was seldom seen here.

They approached him unabashedly and settled on either side, hands provocatively on Jarrod's legs.

"Mr. Schultz, what would you like to do now?" Deniz chuckled at their forwardness.

"You're both quite fortunate to attend to a man of Mr. Schultz's caliber."

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Jarrod didn't dismiss their advances, enveloping them with an arm each and boldly finishing the drink nestled against one's curves.

The wine's aroma lingered as Jarrod squinted his eyes at Nicole and, with a mocking smile, he toyed with his phone. "Miss Lawrence, should I get your family's permission for you?"

Nicole's heart seemed to lurch at the mention of her family.

Suddenly, Nicole felt a grip around her throat, stealing her breath away.

She was certain Jarrod intended to torment her this evening.

If she failed to appease Jarrod, he might unleash his fury upon her family.

Was she to ingratiate herself with these men, like a whore?

Ascornful smile crept across Nicole's face.

Very well, she would comply with his desires.

She shed her bulky coat, unveiling her slender legs and smooth skin.

Her undergarments scarcely concealed her curves.

The barmaids in attendance all inhaled sharply.

Their alluring attire was meant to charm the patrons, yet they stood no chance against Nicole's unveiled elegance. As anticipated, every man's gaze clung to Nicole.

Nicole was undeniably a good-looking woman in terms of her appearance.

Even in mere undergarments, Nicole exuded an undeniable presence, starkly unlike the barmaids.

Casting aside her dignity, Nicole approached those men, seated herself alongside them, and lifted a wine glass.

"My apologies for the breach of conduct on my initial day. Allow me to offer amends," she declared.

With that, Nicole downed her wine in a one gulp, her tongue delicately catching the remaining droplets, a vision of allure. Nicole held the undivided attention of those men.

Such a prize she was!

Jarrold, witnessing Deniz's greedy stare, felt a shadow cross his striking features, a surge of displeasure rising within.

Jarrold lifted his hand to massage his temples, convincing himself he just found Nicole's behavior repulsive.

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The gloomy expression in Jarrod's eyes deepened, and he looked rather pale even with the company of two barmaids. His gaze swept over Nicole with a frigid air, anticipating her next move.

Meanwhile, Deniz, lost in his desire, withdrew several thick bundles of cash from his briefcase, shoving aside the barmaid next to him.

He beckoned Nicole over.

"Come, take a seat here. These will all be yours if you attend to me well."

Nicole, after a swift swallow of wine, winced as a sharp pain flared in her stomach.

From the corner of her eyes, she saw Jarrod's shirt carelessly undone by the barmaids whose hands were roaming his chest. His features were alight with pleasure, signaling his contentment.

"I'll certainly do my utmost to please you tonight," Nicole responded with a beguiling smile, sliding into the seat beside Deniz. Deniz moved quickly to hold Nicole's waist, bringing her into his arms with a fervent touch.

Nicole's brow furrowed briefly before smoothing.

Deniz's breath, heavy and tainted, washed over her as he voiced his approval.

"I like women who are open and uncomplicated like you."

Nicole's lips pressed together, a wave of nausea rising. Masking her discomfort as a bid to drink, she deftly managed to dodge Deniz's advances.

"Mr. Miller, allow me the honor of pouring your drink." Deniz, gripping her delicate wrist, tilted back his head to drain the glass, then lurched for Nicole. Her smile still enchanting, Nicole offered, "Another glass for you, Mr. Milter?"

As Deniz touched Nicole's soft hand, he inquired, "And your name, darling?"

With a hint of scorn flickering in her eyes, Nicole answered, "Nicky will do." That name struck a chord in Jarrod, his brooding eyes turning stormier.

Nicky It was Nicole's nickname during their tender days of affection, when she declared to him earnestly, "You're the only one in this life to call me Nicky."

But now... How could Nicole allow this old man, whom she had only just met a moment ago, to address her in such a manner? Jarrod's throat tightened, his composure slipping.

"What a slut!" he muttered to himself.

Chapter 700

he other men, enthralled by Nicole's charm, began to compete in their offers, flinging cash onto the table, one even audaciously tossing a stack of cash at Nicole's face.

Nicole was shocked, feeling as though her face was on fire.

These drunk men complained, "Mr. Miller, don't keep holding her.

Nicky's here for our enjoyment."

"Indeed, let's have fun together."

Never before had Nicole endured such public disgrace.

Previously, Jarrod's torment had been private, but now he had pushed her into the open, subjecting her to the crowd's derision. Despite her inner turmoil, Nicole maintained a facade of cheerfulness.

Nicole knew Jarrod's only desire was to witness her utter humiliation, to satiate his own sense of satisfaction. Complying with his wishes would only tighten his grip on her and hasten the downfall of the Lawrence family.

Nicole was acutely aware that she could not afford to gratify Jarrod.

In times of despair, it was common for people to endure beyond their perceived Limits.

And Nicole was no exception.

At this moment, her outfit was quite revealing, giving her a vulnerable appearance, yet her resolute dignity stayed intact.

Even in the lowly role of a whore drinking with these disgusting men, Nicole commanded attention, reigning supreme over the establishment.

Surveying the greedy faces in front of her, Nicole raised her glass with a smile and assured, "Don't be concerned, gentlemen. Nicky will be here to keep you company tonight."

With each word, she downed glass after glass, using the liquor to ward off the lecherous advances.

Yet, she couldn't fend off everyone. A series of uneven bruises marred her skin.

Some left harsh pinches, branding her with red, swollen imprints.

Nicole, however, uttered no complaints. She had faced far crueller treatment at Jarrod's hands.

By comparison, these men were almost kind.

Nicole's slightly drunk state only added to her allure in the eyes of the onlookers.

She cast an involuntary glance at Jarrod, then quickly diverted her gaze.

With renewed resolve, she topped up her glass and went around, bottle in hand, toasting each man.