

Unbreakable 891

Chapter 891

When she got there, she immediately asked, "Henley, how are you feeling now?"

Henley's face was still pale. He looked at Raegan with a faint smile and answered, "I'm fine. Don't worry. How about you?" "I'm all right," Raegan replied and changed the topic.

"Henley, would you like to have a cup of water?"

Then, she walked to the bedside table, took the kettle, and prepared water.

"Ah!" Suddenly, Raegan's scream echoed in the ward. Then, she fell to the floor.

"Raegan!" Henley exclaimed in shock.

He was scared out of his wits, not knowing what had happened to Raegan.

Raegan lay on the floor motionlessly. Her body looked stiff. It was as if she had been electrocuted. Henley immediately sat up and reached for the bell.

He rang it to call someone from the nurse station.

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As soon as Raegan heard this, she quickly got up.

She stared at Henley's leg and asked, "Henley, why did you lie to me?"

Henley's face contorted into a frown, and he tried to explain, "Raegan, please hear me out..."

“Was it a misdiagnosis from the doctor?” Raegan shot back.

Henley was taken aback. For a moment, he locked eyes with her. And then, he hung his head slightly and admitted, “Yes.” Tears welled up in Raegan’s eyes. With a trembling voice, she asked, “How could you lie to me?”

Henley dropped his act and smiled faintly.

“Raegan, can’t you see?

I’m in love with you. | want you to stay with me.”

Trembling with anger, Raegan

confronted Henley,

Lies?

“I’ll use any means to keep you by my side,” Henley replied with

“Henley, is this really who you are? | thought | knew you. It turns out | was wrong.” Raegan-araktled her bag and added, “| Sorry. | know you saved me, but what | hate the most is people who lie to me.

I’ll cover the medical bills, but let’s never meet again.”

Henley fixed his intense gaze at Raegan.

Chapter 892

“Raegan, I never meant to hurt you.”

Raegan made her way to the door. Without even looking back once, she spat, "I hate being deceived."

And with that, she left.

As Henley watched her Leave, his eyes darkened and looked sinisterly.

Once the door closed, he mumbled, "Raegan, I'll never let you go."

By the time Raegan got out of the hospital, it was already dark outside.

She recalled the disappointment in Mitchel's eyes when he asked whether she knew Henley's true colors. It struck her how blind she had been.

It was only then that she realized she had never truly known who Henley was.

Though he never had directly harmed her, in retrospect, many of Henley's actions seemed to stir conflict between her and Mitchel. She had been so naive.

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Overcome with emotion, Raegan wanted company, so she headed out to find Nicole.

Meanwhile, Jarrod awoke in the hospital after two days of being in a coma. In his unconscious state, he was haunted by relentless nightmares.

In his dreams, Nicole appeared lifeless and was unresponsive no matter how much he called out to her.

Upon waking, panic gripped him, and he continued to call for Nicole.

Jamie, who was standing beside his bed, heard him. A look of malevolence flashed in her eyes, but she quickly concealed it.

She held Jarrod's hand and sobbed.

"Jarrod, you're finally awake!"

Jarrodd offered a half-hearted embrace to Jamie and then tried to get out of bed.

However, Jamie clung to his arm.

"Jarrod, where are you going?"

"I need to take care of something," Jarrod replied, his mind preoccupied with thoughts of Nicole's illness.

Hatred simmered in Jamie, but she did not show it. Instead, she adopted a softer tone and said, "Jarrod, something happened while you were unconscious."

"What was it?"

"A man came to see Nicole. He says he's the father of her child."

"What did you say?" Jarrod asked, appalled. His expression darkened, and his handsome face was almost terrifying.

Chapter 893

"Nicole is pregnant. And while you were unconscious, she paid off the 80 million loan. I don't know how she got the money. She denies the child is his, but we can't be sure," Jamie timidly explained.

Jamie closely observed Jarrod and was satisfied when she saw his expected reaction. Then, she dropped another bombshell.

“Jarrod, her illness was a lie. She doesn’t have stomach cancer. It’s just ulcers.”

“How do you know?”

Although Jarrod’s expression remained unchanged, a crimson hue spread in his cold, ruthless eyes. It hinted at a deep, unspoken fury that made others shiver.

“Come in,” Jamie beckoned to someone outside. A young nurse then entered.

“This nurse cared for Nicole’s parents. Ask her.”

Jarrod stared at the nurse with an icy gaze and commanded, “Think carefully before you speak.”

The nurse felt as if her soul was gripped by Jarrod’s presence. She feared that a single misstep could be her undoing.

She didn’t dare to fabricate a story and told Jarrod what she had heard.

“Miss Lawrence told her parents that she only had stomach ulcers. I’m not lying. You can go to their ward and verify.”

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In fact, those were Nicole’s words to comfort her parents. Little did she know Jamie would twist them so.

Jamie dismissed the nurse and called in the surgeon Jarrod had met before.

“Doctor, please tell Jarrod about Miss Lawrence’s condition,” Jamie ordered.

With trembling hands, the doctor handed Jarrod the diagnostic report.

“Miss Lawrence has stomach ulcers. She paid me to tell others she had stomach cancer. I’m deeply sorry for the misunderstanding.”

Jarrod’s expression turned even colder. Jamie expected a burst of anger, but to her surprise, Jarrod erupted into laughter.

“So, you still think you’re qualified to be a doctor?”

His laughter was devoid of any warmth.

The doctor, weakened by Jarrod’s laughter, stuttered, “I... I know I was wrong. Please, show some mercy. It was her doing... Her fault...”

Jarrod’s hand shot out and gripped the doctor’s throat with an iron-like grip.

“You are not deserving of being a doctor!”

Clap! Jarrod delivered a slap across the doctor’s face. As if that wasn’t enough, he forcefully threw the doctor to the ground, leaving the latter writhing in agony.

Lastly, Jarrod turned to Alec and ordered, “Verify his story. If it’s true, make sure he can never use his hands again.”

Chapter 894

Such a person had no right to be in the medical field.

Alec nodded and dragged the doctor away.

Jamie patted Jarrod's back and offered reassurance.

"I never thought Nicole could be so devious. She used this ruse to gather money and clear her family's debt, preventing his father from going to jail.

I'm impressed. She planned to kill two birds with one stone!"

Jarrood grabbed his coat and commanded, "You, head back."

"Where are you going?" Jamie curiously asked.

"Wait for me at home, Jarrod curtly replied, offering no further explanation"

As Jamie watched Jarrod away, a sense of triumph filled her. She had prepared unpleasant surprises for Nicole!

Fresh from the shower, Nicole was greeted by the sound of the doorbell.

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Thinking it was a food delivery, she opened the door without a second thought.

To her dismay, it was someone she didn't want to see.

"Nicole, it's been a long time," the man said with a sleazy smile on his face. It was Kieran, a figure from her past she had hoped to forget.

"How did you locate me?" Nicole warily asked.

“I have my ways,” Kieran creepily answered. He then held out a bouquet of flowers and added, “I’ve missed you.”

“Leave this instant. We’re not close.” Nicole pushed the door close.

But then, Kieran’s expression abruptly changed. He kicked the door open, forcefully shoved a bouquet of flowers into Nicole’s face, and venomously said, “Stop acting hard to get, you ungrateful woman! I’ve come to claim you!”

Before Nicole could react, he pinned her to the ground and violently tore her clothes.

Nicole fought with all her strength, but he was too strong. She couldn’t even do anything when he ripped her clothes apart.

Soon, she lay bare.

Out of desperation, Nicole sank her teeth into Kieran’s carotid.

Just then... Boom! A thunderous crash reverberated through the room.

A powerful kick had sent Kieran hurtling backward.

Surprised by the sudden turn of events, Nicole gazed at the intruder in a daze.

Chapter 895

Jarrold stepped into the room, one step at a time. His gaze was cold and ruthless, like a malevolent spirit from the depths of hell.

“Nicole, you astounded me.”

Jarrold’s pitch eyes seemed to cut through Nicole’s disheveled clothes.

He knelt down slowly, his icy fingertips lightly grazing her bruised skin before suddenly pressing hard.

“Ah...” Nicole cried out, her face turning ashen.

Jarrood’s grip didn’t lighten. His hand’s veins stood out as he pressed harder as though he was trying to obliterate the marks with his own force.

His voice was low and tense as he spoke.

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“You’re in such a hurry that you can’t even bother to close the door?”

Nicole understood Jarrod well. She knew he was barely containing his fury.

As her heart raced, preparing to explain, she noticed Kieran, whom Jarrod had just kicked away, charging back in front of her protectively.

“Nicole is my woman. I won’t let you harm her!”

Jarrood raised an eyebrow, his sneer sharp.

“Your woman?”

Kieran, despite trembling under Jarrod’s intimidating presence, stood his ground, driven by the promise of financial gains.

“Yes! She’s my woman, and she’s carrying my child. You can’t touch her!”

“She’s carrying your child? I can’t touch her?” Jarrod echoed Kieran, disbelief turning into mocking laughter.

Only Nicole knew how ominous that laugh was. She pushed Kieran away, rebuking him, “Stop lying! When did I get pregnant with your child?”

Kieran, looking hurt, insisted, “Nicole, you’re just upset. A child needs a complete family. You can’t raise it alone! I don’t care how many men you’ve slept with. I’m sure the child is mine!”

His sincerity seemed genuine as if he truly believed his own words.

Nicole instantly saw through Kieran, suspecting someone must’ve bribed him to slander her.

“Kieran, who paid you to defame me?” Nicole demanded angrily.

“Nicole, did you say that because you’re scared?” Kieran gently patted her back, trying to offer comfort.

“Don’t worry, honey. I’m here for you.”

Honey? The word “honey” made Nicole’s skin crawl, fueling her desire to expose his deceit.

Chapter 896

Jarrold’s patience snapped. He rose swiftly, his fists clenched, and landed a forceful punch on Kieran.

Poof! Kieran spat out two bloody front teeth.

Jarrold, kneeling, gripped Kieran’s jaw and struck his face repeatedly, leaving Kieran bloodied and nearly unconscious.

From the looks of it, Kieran was mere inches away from death.

Nicole, fearing the worst, intervened.

“Stop, Jarrod!”

Her concern was for her reputation, not Kieran’s well-being.

Jarrood, enraged, flung Nicole away, and she landed awkwardly on the sofa.

As she neared the foot of the sofa, Nicole instinctively shielded her abdomen, bending forward and curving her back.

The brunt of the impact was absorbed by her spine, sparing her lower body as she landed roughly on the sofa.

There was an audible crack, and pain radiated through her back, leaving Nicole to wonder if she had sustained a fracture.

“Ouch...” Nicole winced, a sharp hiss escaping her lips. Thankfully, her protective instincts had kept her belly safe from harm.

Jarrood’s fury deepened upon seeing her protect her stomach.

“Are you this worried your honey might die?”

He then grabbed her throat, pinning her against the sofa. His words were harsh and accusing.

“Are you this reckless and horny? What? None of the men in this fucking country could satisfy your needs? You cheated on me and even carried another man’s bastard inside you.”

Jarrood’s voice was a blend of icy contempt and anger, his presence exuding a palpable coldness.

Overcome by the chilling tension, Nicole felt paralyzed, her body refusing to respond.

She frantically tried to loosen his grip around her throat, gasping for air. With great effort, she managed to speak.

“No... It’s not what you think... He burst in and tore my clothes.

She couldn’t finish her words. Her face turned a worrying shade of purple-red, her breaths short and labored, the air in the room feeling thin.

Jarrood’s greatest aversion was betrayal. Anything marked by his touch, he would never relinquish. However, Nicole had betrayed him again and again.

The thought of Nicole’s betrayal ignited a fierce anger within him.

He felt a burning desire to erase the evidence of her infidelity.

Chapter 897

Nicole’s vision blurred, her chest tight, her neck throbbing. She felt disconnected from her own body, overwhelmed by the realization that Jarrod might actually try to kill her.

Was this how her story would end? Would her unborn child share her fate?

Her consciousness waned, tears spilling over her flushed cheeks, tracing paths down to Jarrod’s bloodied hand.

Nicole had fought to conceal any sign of weakness, refusing to cry in front of this merciless man.

Yet, in her final moments of consciousness, she couldn’t hold back her tears.

It was a cruel irony that after struggling so hard to survive, she might die with her name sullied.

Her last wish was to never cross paths with Jarrod in another life...

Then, abruptly, the crushing pressure on her throat was gone.

Jarrod's face, icy and unyielding, bore an expression of contempt.

"Death would be too kind for you."

Nicole gasped for air, her sudden inhales triggering a fit of coughs.

Each cough wracked her body painfully as if tearing her inside out.

Then, a mouthful of blood, dark with clots, spilled from Nicole's lips, a sign of serious internal injuries.

That single cough seemed to sap all her strength, leaving her trembling.

Jarrod's heart skipped a beat, his hand instinctively reaching out to steady her.

But before he could touch her, Kieran, bloodied and battered, lunged forward.

"Nicole, are you alright? Did our baby get hurt?" Kieran cried out in concern.

A murderous glint flickered in Jarrod's eyes.

With a swift kick, he sent Kieran crashing against the wall.

Blood trickled from the corner of Kieran's mouth, followed by a low groan before he lost consciousness.

Jarrold then turned his scornful gaze to Nicole.

“Quite the performance, coughing up blood like that. You seem to have a knack for faking sickness.”

Nicole, barely catching her breath, looked at Jarrod in disbelief.

“Faking sickness?”

Chapter 898

“You used a gastric ulcer to trick me into thinking it was cancer, didn’t you? To buy time, to save your father,” Jarrod accused, his voice dripping with venom.

“Eighty million. How many men did you sleep with to gather this much money? Yet, you still haven’t gotten rid of that child you’re carrying. Remarkable indeed.”

Nicole listened intently to Jarrod’s accusations.

Stomach ulcer? Bastard? Kieran’s sudden involvement?

It all seemed like a well-crafted trap set to entangle her.

She wondered why she warranted such elaborate schemes from others. Even without these accusations, Jarrod’s treatment of her was harsh enough. What was there to gain in all of this?

Keeping her composure, Nicole replied, “Jarrod, did Jamie feed you this story? Stomach ulcer, an illegitimate child, Kieran’s involvement. It seemed she went to great lengths to weave such a complex story.”

“Shut up!” Jarrod’s eyes blazed with fury.

“You have no right to talk about Jamie that way! She’s nothing like you!”

In Jarrod’s mind, Jamie had flaws, but not to the extent of orchestrating such a scheme.
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“Jarrod, a simple check can confirm whether I have stomach cancer. As for the child...”

Nicole paused, her heart heavy. She had wanted to give birth to the baby to ease her parents’ agony when she met her demise because of the cancer one day. But if Jarrod knew, he would never let her keep it.

Jarrod’s gaze was icy as he cut her off, “Lost your words? You probably don’t even know who fathered the child. Since you crave such a lifestyle, I’ll grant you that wish!”

Suddenly, he scooped her up effortlessly. He was startled by her lightness. She felt no heavier than a child. Nicole, unsure of his intentions, panicked. “Jarrod, where are you taking me? Let me go! I’ve given up on my company. You have no right to do this to me!”

Undeterred, Jarrod carried her to his car and placed her inside.

“No right?”

Jarrod’s laughter was cold as he tossed a stack of documents at Nicole. “Nigle’Nace

“Read this, then tell me about my rights!”

The papers hit Nicole’s face, stinging her. She picked one up, her limited legal knowledge to spot the glaring holes in the Lawrence Group project detailed in the document.

Her hands shook as she flipped through each page, stopping every time she saw her father’s signature and the company’s official seal on the last page.

Chapter 899

She trembled, disbelief coursing through her.

Jarrold watched her reaction, his voice icy.

“See? Your father’s actions could land him in jail.”

Nicole’s voice quivered.

“This is a forgery! My father would never sign this.”

Jarrold’s chuckle was bitter.

“Forgery? We have audio and video evidence. Your father signed it himself, while sick in bed. His trusted aide, Brett, handed it to him, promising it would secure your position as heiress.”

Nicole was in disbelief.

“You bribed Brett?”

Brett had worked for her father for decades, always trustworthy.

Jarrold scoffed.

“Bribed him? He came to me, ready to betray your father for his gain.”

Nicole’s world crumbled. Brett, the man she trusted, had deceived them.

In a frenzy, she ripped the documents to shreds, letting the pieces fall to the ground.

Jarrold leaned against the car, lighting a cigarette nonchalantly.

“Tear them up all you want. I can easily piece them together again.”

Hearing this, Nicole acted irrationally. She began stuffing the torn pieces into her mouth, swallowing them desperately.

Nicole continued to push more paper into her mouth, her actions becoming increasingly frantic.

Initially, Jarrod watched with a sense of detached amusement. However, as she persisted, his amusement turned to concern.

Was she really intending to swallow all those pieces?

Dropping his cigarette, Jarrod stepped forward to stop her. Anger flared in his expression as he demanded, “Have you lost your mind?”

Spit them out!”

But Nicole seemed oblivious, her mouth tightly shut as she swallowed the dry, sharp fragments.

The paper scraped her throat painfully, like a blade cutting through her.

Chapter 900

Jarrold, now furious, grasped her chin firmly. “Spit them out!” Nicole, ignoring him, struggled to continue, her throat emitting a pained rasp.

Using his fingers, Jarrod pried open her mouth, scolding, “Are you insane? Swallowing these won't change anything. They're just backups!”

Backups... Realization dawned on Nicole. Of course, Jarrod wouldn't have given her the originals. How hilarious! These were all backups!

She allowed Jarrod to remove the paper from her mouth, her throat raw and painful. The bloodied paper remnants looked like diseased cells, a gruesome sight.

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Jarrod dragged her out and began to rinse her mouth with mineral water.

He poured the water liberally, soaking Nicole completely.

Standing there, Nicole was passive, like a lifeless statue, not resisting as the water drenched her completely. Under her torn coat, a form-fitting black sweater clung to her frame, contrasting strikingly with her pale skin.

Her severe illness had dimmed the radiance of her complexion, making her look more vulnerable. Her slender figure, with its subtle curves and fragile waist, possessed an understated allure.

Her delicate face only added to her captivating presence.

Jarrod, holding the water bottle, tensed, his breathing deepening.

His hand involuntarily moved to her waist and impulsively pulled at her sweater, revealing her pale skin underneath. Nicole snapped out of her daze, shivering from the cold.

"Jarrod, stop!"

His eyes, cold and furious, bore into her.

"It's only been a few days, yet you've managed to gather eighty million. How busy were you with men?"

Nicole looked away, her silence heavy. She couldn't disclose the source of the money.

Jarrold, interpreting her silence as guilt, felt a surge
twisted with disdain.

“Do you have any idea how someone as shameless as Xen pe treated?” he
He then pushed her against the car’s hood, his voice harsh.

“Kneel down!” he ordered, his leg pressing against hey to force?
Nicole knelt before Jarrold, her body weak and pressed against his knee.