

Unbreakable 941

Chapter 941

If Nicole had been bold enough to do this, it meant she was certain the child was his.

His child... His very own... How could she have been so sure?

Caught in his thoughts, Jarrod realized that apart from that man's accusations, he had never actually seen Nicole's infidelity. His mind whirled with a flood of thoughts.

Jarrod stumbled backward, leaning against the wall for support.

Roscoe's face wore a faint, mocking smile as he turned to leave.

Post-surgery, Nicole lay in a deep sleep.

Raegan came to visit, sitting by Nicole's side for a long time.

During this period, Roscoe came to check on Nicole, reassuring Raegan that Nicole's deep sleep was normal. Raegan watched Roscoe's gaze linger on Nicole. His eyes held a deep, unspoken affection.

But as soon as Roscoe looked up, that softness vanished, leaving Raegan to wonder if she had imagined things. Soon, Raegan's phone buzzed. It was a message from Mitchel.

"Meet me outside in five minutes."

Her mood shifted to tension.

She gathered her belongings, leaned closer to Nicole's slumbering visage, and whispered, "I promise I'll visit you again tomorrow, Nicole."

Outside, Raegan waited at the hospital entrance, watching Mitchel's car approach smoothly. The day was strikingly beautiful, the sun casting a golden Light everywhere.

Mitchel stepped out, drawing eyes with his tall figure and striking Looks.

Dressed in a black cashmere coat with a bright red tie, he exuded a blend of youth and commanding presence.

The angled sunlight enveloped him, lending a radiant Ee (9 his figtiké as ithe ware an éthereal being stepping into ie earthly world.

Raegan, momentarily spellbound, was whisked back to a wintry day from ten years earlier.

At that time, she had been the victim of a cruel prank, ace a mocking

wd.

Then, a commanding figure appeared

before her, his must Learn to

up to bullies."

He was like a ray of light in her darkest hour, his presence reaching deep into Raegan's soul.

Chapter 942

Engrossed in her memories, Raegan didn't notice his approach until he softly took her hand, saying, "Let's go."

His touch brought warmth, and, slightly dazed, she followed him into the car, unaware of their destination.

The car eventually stopped.

Before Raegan loomed the imposing building of the City Hall.

City Hall? Raegan's eyes widened in astonishment as she turned to Mitchel.

"Why are we here?"

"To honor your promise."

Raegan's mind reeled. All they could do here was to get married again.

It was beyond her comprehension that Mitchel wanted to remarry her.

She thought he despised her. But here they were, at the place to register marriages.

"Mitchel, I can't!"

After saying so, she turned to leave, only to find her wrist securely held in his grasp.

Raegan struggled in vain, her hand trembling with resolute resistance.

Mitchel, sensing her protest, his refined features suddenly clouded over with a cold, stern expression.

"Do you intend to break our agreement? Do you want Nicole to go back to the detention center?"
Mitchel asked, his voice deep and devoid of humor.

Raegan abruptly froze. She couldn't let Nicole endure that dreadful fate again.

With a trembling voice, she pleaded, "Mitchel, you never mentioned this before. I... I'm sorry. I can't agree to this."

Their failed relationship had left wounds much deeper than visible scars. It cast a shadow on her soul, and even Luciana was no longer by her side.

The thought of a marriage, despised by his parents, was suffocating her.

"Mitchel, I am willing to go to great lengths to keep my promise, but marriage is a line I cannot cross," Raegan said, her voice quivering.

With each word she uttered, Mitchel's features grew more frigid, his anger reaching its peak.

"Any length?" His grip tightened on her coat, his voice seething with rage.

"Can we do it here, right now? Huh?"

Raegan clung to his hand, pleading, "No!"

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Feeling her shake, Mitchel's hold eased, his expression returning to its usual calm as if he was not the person consumed by fury. His lips barely moved as he coldly proposed, "Three months."

Raegan looked at him, confused.

"What do you mean?"

"I need three months of marriage. After that, you can choose to end"

Raegan was baffled by Mitchel's suggestion of a temporary marriage.

She wondered why Mitchel had chosen her, when so many others would have jumped at the chance to be by his side, even if just for a day.

Mitchel looked at Raegan with a calm intensity and explained, "My grandfather's health is failing. The doctors say he has less than two months."

Raegan felt as if her world had just shattered.

The Dixon family was not known for warmth, except for the love she received from Mitchel's grandfather. This news was a devastating blow.

Overwhelmed with sorrow, Raegan stammered, "I can keep pretending to be your wife..."

Mitchel's rejection was immediate and firm, his gaze on her cool and distant, "I don't want that."

Raegan was taken aback by his stoic response.

"I can't lie to him now."

His reasoning sounded valid, but Raegan couldn't shake the feeling that she was falling for his trap.
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"But... Raegan began, hesitantly.

Mitchel cut her off, his expression growing stern, "This remarriage is only for my grandfather's sake, of course..."

After a brief pause, he added nonchalantly, "You're not being forced."

Your options are to remarry me or to have sex with me here.” Raegan felt her cheeks burn, trapped between two undesirable choices.

But the thought of his grandfather made her agree option

She spoke up, a hint of resolve in her voice, “Let's keep this secret. want about our And after three months, you'll divorce me, right?”

Mitchel's nod was cold and detached.

Raegan felt a slight relief and continued, “Then, let's sign us the trouble in three months.”

Chapter 944

Raegan handled the situation with a business-like approach, treating it as a mere transaction. Her attitude seemed to stir something within Mitchel.

She noticed a hint of displeasure in his expression, his eyes taking on a colder hue.

Nevertheless, she pressed on and went to a nearby photocopy shop to print out the divorce agreement, insisting that Mitchel sign it right after her.

Mitchel held the pen tightly, his force almost tearing the thin paper of the agreement.

He hesitated for a moment before signing his name with a swift motion.

His face was expressionless and distant throughout the process.

For some reason, Raegan felt a pang in her heart watching him sign so easily. It was a subtle, growing pain, like being pricked by invisible needles.

For a woman, marriage was often seen as a new beginning, making such decisions particularly challenging.

But Mitchel could divorce and remarry her without hesitation, his indifference seemingly stemming from a lack of love.

Their reconnection was bound by a mere agreement, leaving Raegan with a heavy heart.

Mitchel's mood darkened, his voice low as he said, "Let's go inside."

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Frustrated, Raegan retorted, "I only have my ID card. I don't have my birth certificate with me."

She had tried to locate her birth certificate in vain before.

Mitchel replied calmly, "I have it. I have brought all the necessary documents."

Surprised, Raegan asked, "How do you have my birth certificate?"

Mitchel responded evenly, "You left it behind when we divorced."

"Why didn't you give it back to me then?"

"I just forgot," Mitchel said nonchalantly.

Together, they entered the building and quickly completed the paperwork.

Each now held the marriage certificate symbolizing their remarriage.

Raegan was filled with doubts, sensing deep down that this hasty decision was a mistake.

In hindsight, Raegan would come to see this decision as a grave error. She often wished she could turn back time to save her younger self from making such a naive mistake.

Mitchel quickly snatched the marriage certificate from Raegan, storing it with his copy in the car's compartment.

Raegan, puzzled, said, "Shouldn't we each keep one?"

Chapter 945

Mitchel smirked.

"I'll keep them with the divorce papers, so they're easy to find later."

Raegan admitted his point made sense. Separating the certificates could lead to inconvenience.

Later, they visited Mitchel's grandfather, who was delighted to see them.

Post-visit, Raegan had students to tutor. Mitchel decided to drop her off at the destination.

During the drive, Mitchel's watchful eyes were on her. He parked the car and locked the doors, his expression turning serious.

"What's on your mind?" Raegan asked.

Mitchel looked solemn.

"You're a married woman now. Regardless of your past with Henley, you must understand this. While we're married, any contact with him is off-limits. Do you understand?"

"Okay," Raegan agreed immediately. She had no intention of contacting Henley.

Mitchel's expression softened slightly at her prompt agreement. But he couldn't resist asking, "Why did you agree so easily? Aren't you afraid he'll be hurt?"

Raegan felt the need to clear up any misunderstandings from before.

"To be honest, there was never anything between him and me."

Raegan didn't feel like delving into this topic. After all, Henley once saved her life, and she believed it was best to leave the past behind.

As Raegan prepared to exit the car, Mitchel suddenly grabbed her hand.

His voice, deep and husky, asked, "What do you mean by that?"

"Just what I said."

His grip tightened, making her uncomfortable. Raegan tried to pull away, eager to escape the tension building between them.

But Mitchel held on, his voice betraying a hint of vulnerability, "Did you ever..."

He hesitated, the unasked question hanging in the air, his anxiety evident.

Mitchel, typically self-controlled, seemed to lose his composure whenever she was around.

His proposal of remarriage, under the guise of a pretense for his grandpa's sake, hinted at a deeper motive. He just couldn't bear the thought of her being with someone else.

Raegan felt her anxiety rise under his unwavering hold.

“Let me get out, please. I’m running late.”

Chapter 946

“Why the rush?” Mitchel asked, his eyes locking with hers for a moment before he leaned in closer.

In the confined space of the car, their faces were close. Raegan could see every detail of his dark eyes, fringed with thick lashes.

His eyes captured the light of the street lamps, shimmering like stars in a vast sky.

Suddenly, Raegan’s heart began to beat furiously as if it might leap out of her chest.

Time appeared to stretch, turning their imminent kiss into a prolonged scene, their lips nearing each other to almost nothing.

Raegan was stunned, realizing too late she should have avoided this situation.

But now they were too close, the air around them charged, her thoughts a whirlwind of confusion and chaos.

Right before their lips could touch, Mitchel pulled back, his voice a low murmur in her ear, “Wish us a happy life.”

A low, resonant chuckle emanated from the depths of his throat.

Raegan’s face flushed with embarrassment. Mitchel must have intended to tease her. He had effectively seized every opportunity to tease her.

Feeling both embarrassed and irritated, Raegan quickly opened the car door. Without saying a word or even looking his way, she swiftly exited and walked away.

In the hospital ward.

Jarrood's intense gaze was fixed on Nicole's pale face. He watched her without blinking, lost in thought.

If Nicole could see him now, she might mock him for feigning deep emotion.

But it was only in these quiet moments, with Nicole asleep, that Jarrod let his guard down and showed his true feelings.

Suddenly, his phone buzzed, breaking the silence.

Stepping into the corridor to answer, Jarrod learned from Alec that two women who hurt Nicole were released on bail by their families.

The two women were Howe's people.

Worse still, Howe had stepped in to stop any investigation against those two women.

Since Howe was Jamie's brother, Alec asked for Jarrod's instructions about whether they should continue investigating.

Jarrood's eyes turned cold.

"Keep investigating," he ordered.

He ended the call. It was less than thirty minutes after he left Nicole's ward.

At this moment, Jamie spotted Jarrod and hurried over, tears streaming down her face.

“Jarrod, how could you embarrass my brother for that slut!”

“Jamie!” Jarrod’s voice rang out, low and icy, devoid of any semblance of a smile.

Chapter 947

At this moment, Jarrod’s eyes were filled with coldness and cruelty. Jamie was so frightened that she couldn’t help trembling all over. Jarrod was rarely harsh to her.

He did the same on the yacht before. He threw her away without hesitation, and she fell to the ground. This was all for Nicole, that bitch.

Jamie realized that Jarrod was changing. He no longer treated her as treasure like before.

“Jarrod, don’t... Don’t you Love me anymore?”

As she spoke, tears welled up in Jamie’s eyes. But she tried her best to hold back her sobs, making her look aggrieved and pitiful.

Nicole hadn’t woken up yet, and Jarrod was already getting irritable. He said in a voice tinged with impatience, “That’s not true.”

“Not true? But you were harsh to me just now!” Jamie sniffed and shouted.

“I am mad at you!”

She had to show Jarrod that she was not a pushover. After all, she knew that he liked her for being unruly. He detested weaklings.

Jamie knew Jarrod was fond of women who occasionally showed weakness and stubbornness.

Sure enough, Jarrod’s tone softened a bit. He said, “Enough. You haven’t fully recovered yet. Go back and rest first.”

But Jamie was not pleased at all. Instead, she got even angrier. Was he trying to coax her? Or was he driving her away?

Jamie gritted her teeth and said hatefully, "Jarrod, are you just going to let go of the fact that Nicole hurt me? She was serious about killing me.

And what she did to me still gives me nightmares every night!"

"She has been punished," Jarrod said indifferently.

For a moment, Jamie felt like she was about to lose control of her emotions.

Her face contorted in anger. Nicole had already been punished? What did he mean? Nicole was still alive. She wasn't punished enough.

Jarrod was even sorry for Nicole because Nicole had lost her child. Could it be that it was Jarrod's child?

At the thought of this, Jamie clenched her fists tightly. Nicole was such a bitch!

Jarrod noticed that Jamie just kept her head down, and she seemed sad.

He rubbed his temples and shook his head wearily. "I know you're upset. I'll ask Alec to take you to choose another villa by the river tomorrow."

With this one, Jamie already had three villas and five large apartments under her name.

Jarrod was always generous to Jamie. He never cared about those things and just gave them to her at will.

He once promised her before that he would transfer eight percent of his company's shares to Jamie after their wedding.

Chapter 948

It was a substantial amount of money.

The expression on Jamie's face softened a little. She realized that although she hated Nicole to the core, she couldn't immediately kill her.

Suddenly, Jamie thought of something. She pouted and said, "But Jarrod, why did you send someone to investigate my brother? Don't you know you are making me lose face in this situation?"

Jarrod didn't say anything about it. He just frowned.

Jamie leaned on him, shook his arm, and said coquettishly, "Don't let Alec make trouble for my brother, okay?"

"Alec is not making trouble," Jarrod said with a smile. But his smile did not reach his eyes. "Jamie, since he is your brother, I respect him. But it doesn't mean I can let him interfere in my affairs at will. Do you understand?"

His smile sent a chill down Jamie's spine. She had known him for three years, but she had never seen him smile like this.

It was said that the one Jarrod was smiled at was usually the one he was about to be dealt with.

At this moment, a nurse suddenly came out and asked, "Are you a family member of the patient in Bed 2? She is awake."

Jarrod's heart tightened for a moment. He casually shook off Jamie's hand and said, "Go back and rest. Don't make a scene here."

After saying this, Jarrod turned around, walked to the ward, and closed the door behind him.

Jamie looked at the closed door with viciousness in her eyes. It was as if some venomous snakes were about to crawl out of her eyes, enter the ward, and tear Nicole apart.

At this moment, her phone rang.

It brought her back to her senses.

Jamie took it out, looked at the screen, and saw Howe's name flashing.

Howe had been constantly bothering Jamie. Now that he was calling, she had no choice but to pick it up. She impatiently said, "Howe, what's wrong with you this time?"

"Jamie, that Alec took those two women away!" Howe replied anxiously. "What if they fail to stick to the scheme and expose me? What should I do? I only did what you said, sending someone to deal with that chick."

But Jamie seemed not bothered at all. She said casually, "Howe, calm down.

You have nothing to worry about. So what if Jarrod finds out? After all these years, do you still not know how he treats me?"

She comforted him, "You are my brother. How can I let something happen to you? Don't worry. I am here. He won't do anything to you."

Howe was relieved to hear Jamie's words.

He chuckled and said, "That chick is really lucky. But it's a pity if she dies."

Howe couldn't help clicking his tongue when he recalled Nicole's curvaceous figure. He thought she was a seductive bitch. He wanted to have a taste of her.

Of course, Jamie knew Howe very well. She could tell what his words implied.

Chapter 949

He was interested in Nicole, and he wanted to have fun with her.

Jamie blinked a few times. "Howe, if you really want to..."

Inside the ward, Nicole had just woken up.

Nicole leaned against the headboard, and a nurse was feeding her porridge.

The wounds on her hands, face, and neck were still visible, but they were better and less swollen than before.

When Jarrod walked in, he hinted at the nurse to leave.

He took the bowl from the nurse and continued to feed Nicole.

He thought Nicole would reject him. But he didn't expect she didn't refuse at all. As soon as the spoon was in front of her, she opened her mouth obediently.

Perhaps because she ate too fast, some porridge flowed out from the corners of her mouth.

Jarrod put down the bowl, took a tissue, and wiped her mouth. He said, "Why are you acting like a child? Eat slowly. This food is all yours. No one will take it away from you."

As he spoke, he didn't realize that there was a hint of endearment in his voice.

Nicole was always like a prickly cat. She rarely behaved obediently in his presence. And when she finally did, he couldn't help but tease her.

But soon, he realized something was wrong. She never responded to all his words.

There was no expression on her scarred face. She was like a broken crystal doll that could break even at the slightest touch.

Jarrood was a bit frustrated, but he didn't show it. He picked up the bowl again and continued to feed her. Nicole ate silently.

After the last spoonful, Nicole's expression fluctuated for a moment. Then, she made a retching sound.

She vomited all the porridge Jarrood had just fed her.

The sticky liquid was all over the bed and Jarrood's shirt and arms. The strange smell of stomach acid permeated the air.

Jarrood's face darkened in an instant, and his eyebrows furrowed tightly as if he could crush a fly. But unexpectedly, he didn't throw his temper at Nicole.

Finally, Nicole no longer looked like a fragile crystal doll. Instead, she gripped the quilt tightly. Her face was as pale as a sheet, and she let out painful moans.

The nurse rushed to the ward when she heard the noise. And she was shocked by the scene in the ward.

She looked at the empty bowl on the bedside table and asked in surprise, "Mr. Schultz, did you feed her the entire bowl?"

Jarrood held up his arms and nodded with a frown.

The nurse was dedicated to her work. Since she didn't know who Jarrood was, she only treated him as an ordinary person. She said, "Miss Lawrence has a weak stomach, and she has just

woken up. She can't eat too much. And she isn't able to speak, so you have to learn to observe her expressions."

Chapter 950

Expressions? Jarrod thought for a moment. Then, he realized he hadn't seen any expressions from Nicole just now.

The nurse thought Jarrod was a careless person. She asked him to clean up his clothes in the bathroom. Then, she cleaned up Nicole's bed.

It was already late when she finished cleaning up.

The nurse wiped Nicole's body, changed the bed sheet, and tidied the bed.

Then, she tucked Nicole in and sat by the bedside while Nicole closed her eyes.

When Jarrod returned to the ward after changing his shirt, he asked the nurse to have a rest.

The dim night light created a shadow of Jarrod's tall and straight figure.

His angular and resolute facial features were highlighted, revealing a cold and rugged handsomeness. His dark eyes were emotionless while he stared at Nicole on the bed.

Nicole was very thin, and she looked too small now. Nicole was 5.6 feet tall.

But as she lay on the bed now, her height was imperceptible.

Jarrod slowly approached her and reached out to brush aside the stray hair on her mouth. But as soon as his fingers touched her hair, she slapped him fiercely.

Caught off guard, he bore the slap. Five red fingerprints immediately appeared on his handsome face.

“Nicole Lawrence!”

Jarrold’s eyes darkened instantly. His voice when he called out Nicole's full name was filled with intense murderous intent. No woman in the entire Ardlen was bold enough to slap him in the face, not even Jamie.

His anger surged, and his expression became ferocious as if he wanted to skin Nicole alive. Suddenly, he raised his hand.

After having experienced the torment in the detention center, fear was the first emotion Nicole felt when dealing with violence. The image of those two women who removed her fingernails flashed in her mind, and her body trembled slightly.

Jarrold noticed how terrified Nicole

looked and felt his SOs the strength in his hand.

All the anger he was feeling a few minutes ago had hand rest on her head, stroking her hair gently.

Nicole’s body trembled uncontrollably, her brow furrowed in disgust. A smirk formed on Jarrold’s face. He assumed she just put on an act, probably thinking that he would leave then. “What? Can’t stand me touching you?” Jarrold asked casually.

His hands trailed down her head, resting at the nape of her neck. He wrapped his hand at how one hand could hold her like that. No pressure was applied, but Nicole felt like she was being choked and the air was slowly leaving her.