

Unbreakable 901

Chapter 901

Jarrood skillfully undid his belt buckle with a quiet click.

Nicole's face drained of color. She knew what he wanted her to do.

Outraged, she couldn't contain her words.

"Jarrod, isn't Jamie enough for you? Can't you wait until you're recovered from your illness?"

Jarrood chuckled mockingly.

"Isn't this what you deserve? I wouldn't treat Jamie this way. I cherish her."

His words stung, as if belittling her as a mere plaything to be used by men.

Shame washed over Nicole, her lip caught between her teeth until it reddened.

Jarrood, unbothered, cradled the back of her head with his hand, his eyes intense. He spoke softly yet firmly.

"Whether your father ends up in prison will depend entirely on my mood."

He assumed Nicole lied to him again, his fury growing.

He had almost forgotten the venom beneath her beautiful exterior.

In his mind, Nicole deemed men to be just pawns for her schemes. He loathed himself for almost falling into her trap.

She was never honest, always calculating and duplicitous.

But he couldn't let her go, using force to keep her close. He convinced himself this was his way of revenge since she once played with his feelings. He wanted to make her suffer slowly.

Nicole shivered, her eyelashes fluttering. She shut her eyes, refusing to show her tears.

Jarrod watched her, then ordered coldly, "Open your eyes!"

With reluctance, Nicole opened her eyes, and the glisten in her eyes dimmed.

Jarrod grasped her hair, yanking her head back to meet his gaze, a Malicious smirk on his lips.

"Take a good look. Who are you providing service to?"

A sickly flush colored Nicole's face as her hatred surfaced. It excited him further, boiling his blood.

Jarrod assumed Nicole once toyed with his feelings and caused him pain. But here she was. She was now at his mercy, bringing him a feeling more thrilling than the sexual intercourse itself.

The effect on his mind and body drove Jarrod to a height of exhilaration.

After their intimate moments, Jarrod nonchalantly cleaned himself with mineral water. He noticed Nicole eyeing the remaining water.

Chapter 902

Deliberately, he drank it all, denying her the chance to cleanse herself.

"Feel blessed with being surrounded by my scents. If you become horny, take my scents for some comfort."

Nicole felt sick, overwhelmed by his Lingering scent.

Jarrood covered Nicole with his jacket, his scent causing her to grimace.

Reluctantly, she wore it to cover herself.

Jarrood then helped Nicole into the car.

As they drove through the night, Nicole's heart sank.

"Where are we going? I need to go home!"

Jarrood's response cut through her, "We're going to get rid of the bastard within your belly!"

"No! You can't do this!" Nicole cried out.

But Jarrood ignored her, making a call to arrange everything.

They arrived swiftly at their destination, bringing the car to a halt.

Jarrood remained calm, rolling down the window and lighting a cigarette.

"It's better you go on your own."

Nicole was gripped by fear.

"Jarrood, you can't force me! This is my child!"

“Your child?” Jarrod’s eyes darkened.

“I’m not going to force you.

Choose between the child and your father.”

Choose? Nicole’s face twisted in torment. She couldn’t abandon either!

Struggling to stay calm, her voice trembled, “Jarrod, please, let me keep this baby. I really have cancer. My life is fading. I want my kid to ease my parents’ agony after my death. Please, take me to run for tests and you’ll see I’m seriously ill. We can try different treatments and consult various doctors. You’ll see the truth then.”

Jarrod sneered, his tone laced with disdain.

“I’m impressed. Your affection for this baby seems deep. You should go so far as to pretend to have cancer to keep him!”

Nicole shook her head, her eyes brimming with honesty.

Chapter 903

“No, that’s not it, I haven’t lied to you!”

“Do you know that man named Kieran?” Jarrod cut in impatiently.

“Yes, but...”

Before she could finish, Jarrod interjected coldly, “Was he your ex-boyfriend?”

Nicole hesitated, then nodded.

“Yes, he was.”

A smirk crossed Jarrod’s face.

“Get out of the car now!”

He was determined not to be tricked by her again, unwilling to be made a fool of.

Desperate, Nicole clutched at Jarrod’s arm.

“Hear me out. There was nothing between Kieran and me. This child can’t be his!”

Jarrood’s lips twisted into a scornful smile.

“If not his, then someone else’s. Either way, it’s an illegitimate child.”

The thought of an illegitimate child being born was unbearable to him, an insult to his dignity.

Just then, Alec had confirmed a disturbing truth.

That doctor had taken money for a sham surgery, linked to the Lawrence Group.

Nicole’s parents had confirmed Nicole only told them she was affected by a mere stomach ulcer.

Kieran, indeed Nicole’s ex-boyfriend, was often seen near Nicole’s home.

ALL evidence seemed to point to Nicole’s infidelity, challenging her desperate claims of innocence.

Yet, Nicole’s voice carried unwavering sincerity.

“I didn’t lie to you, nor have I lied about my illness. What will I gain when lying to you that I am at the jaw of death?”

Jarrold’s expression shifted subtly at the mention of death, a hint of discomfort marring his features.

A fracture appeared in the icy exterior of his heart.

Images of Nicole’s demise haunted him — intense headaches, chilling sweat, a fear he couldn’t explain.

Chapter 904

But he quickly cast these thoughts aside. He didn’t think she would die this easily. How could that be possible?

Grabbing Nicole’s collar in anger, Jarrod issued a stark warning, “Remember, you need my permission to die. Otherwise, I’ll ensure your entire family joins you!”

Pain lanced through Nicole’s heart.

She knew that even after her demise, he wouldn’t spare her family.

What humanity remained when one was denied even the right to die?

She felt reduced to a mere puppet, a hollow being.

Summoning her courage, Nicole uttered each word with difficulty, “What if I say the child is yours?”

Jarrold once dreamed of having a child with Nicole.

During their college romance, Nicole often whispered to Jarrod, “Jarrod, I want to have your child!”

Their bodies would mingle together as they engaged in passionate moments. But, as students, they lacked the money to raise a baby and start a family, so they took precautions and decided to wait until graduation.

But that day never arrived.

Years later, when Nicole said she was pregnant with his child, Jarrod's feelings changed. His excitement turned to scorn and bitterness.

He resented her for cherishing this unborn child so much. In his eyes, it couldn't be his and needed to be gotten rid of.

Jarrold firmly held Nicole's chin and questioned, "Nicole, I always made sure you took emergency contraception. How on earth did you end up pregnant with my child?"

Nicole's jaw ached under his grip. With tears forming in her eyes, she managed to say, "I threw up the pills several times."

There were times when she couldn't down the contraception due to stomach discomfort.

She had mistaken it for simple indigestion, not realizing it was stomach cancer.

"What a great excuse for your child!" Jarrod sneered.

"Why throw up?"

"Were you that desperate to have my baby?"

Nicole's lips quivered. But before she could respond, Jarrod yanked her chin harshly, slamming half of her face against the seat. His face showed no mercy.

“Don’t even mention this illegitimate child again. Even if it’s mine, I’ll get rid of it. Do you really think you deserve to have my child?”

Jarrold refused to acknowledge the stirring in his heart at the mention of his child. He swore not to let her fool him again. He was determined to eliminate any chance of her doing so.

How dare she say she was having his child?

Chapter 905

If the evidence didn’t prove she was lying, he would have fallen for it again.

Did she really think she could trick him again, like the time she claimed to love him to fool him? No fucking way! With eyes red with anger, Jarrod bellowed, “Let me make it clear.

This bastard cannot be born!”

Nicole was not surprised at his words.

Even though he knew it was his child, he wouldn’t want it.

Proving the child’s paternity would only strengthen Jarrod’s resolve to get rid of it.

At this moment, Jarrod pulled Jarrod and dragged her out of the car.

His grip was tight around her waist. But Nicole, fueled by an unknown force, grasped a knife and aimed it at Jarrod’s neck, targeting a lethal spot.

With coldness flashing in his eyes, Jarrod caught the knife that was just centimeters away from his neck.

“Are you trying to murder me for an illegitimate child?” Jarrod growled through clenched teeth.

Beads of sweat form on Nicole's forehead. She strained to push the knife forward, but that last centimeter felt impossible.

Her weakened, battered body was no match for the strength of a grown man.

Jarrold, whose eyes bore a sinister gaze, accused Nicole, "You're trying to kill me so you could run away with your secret lover, aren't you?"

To Jarrod, Nicole's spirits seemed to be consumed by malevolence.

Perhaps he should have left her to drown in the past, instead of rescuing her.

His chilling countenance resembled a demon cast out from the depths of hell, but Nicole remained unafraid. Although she was trapped in a corner, showing weakness or submission would only worsen her plight.

With hatred burning through her words, she seethed.

"Jarrod, I don't merely wish to end your life. I wish upon you a horrific end, torn apart by wild dogs, and your bones gnawed to pieces!"

Her bitter curse echoed in Jarrod's mind.

The sheer intensity of her loathing, fueled by the existence of another man's child, pushed her to the edge of insanity. He was overwhelmed with the desire to destroy this cursed woman, piece by piece!

The next moment, Nicole watched in horror as Jarrod's blade cut until it ached her wrist.

Snap! He broke her wrist. As he did so, his demeanor

Chapter 906

The knife clattered to the ground.

“Argh!” Nicole winced and gasped in pain. Her right hand was limply dangling, and the broken bones caused excruciating pain

that no cries could alleviate.

The pain seemed to reach her very core.

Jarrod’s palm, cut by the blade, bled heavily, but he didn’t seem to care. He lifted Nicole’s chin with his bloodied hand and, in a

cold and piercing voice, said, “Since you don’t want to have an abortion, we shall try a different approach.”

Nicole couldn’t fathom the depths of Jarrod’s madness.

With her hand incapacitated, she was completely vulnerable.

At this moment, Jarrod fastened her in with the seatbelt and drove away from the clinic.

Soon, the car stopped outside a club. Jarrod roughly pulled Nicole out and hurried her into a chamber.

Inside, the room was filled with several imposing men. Even their faces were marked by prominent muscles.

Jarrod uncaringly threw Nicole onto the floor. Then, he lounged on the sofa and rested his legs on a glass coffee table. He casually tossed a stack of money onto the table and said to the men, “Take good care of this woman. Once she’s pleased, you can split this among yourselves!”

These bodyguards, seasoned with decades of experience, had never encountered such an unexpected turn.

For the first time, they saw a chance for both wealth and pleasure.

It felt like a dream come true.

Meanwhile, Nicole's face went ashen. She realized Jarrod had completely lost his mind.

She knew he was ruthless, but she never imagined he bring in a group of men to...

These ravenous men closed in on her, each bearing a sinister grin.

Nicole staggered backward, only to hit a wall. She had no way out.

Desperate, she grabbed an alcohol bottle and swung it frantically.

"Stay away! Don't touch me! Get away from me!"

However, she received nothing but scornful laughter.

Even if she had fighting skills, she couldn't overpower these men, especially with a broken hand and weakened Legs.

What could she use defend herself against them? Just a bottle?

A sense of profound humiliation engulfed Nicole. She felt as if she had fallen into a dark, hopeless abyss.

Seated on the sofa, Jarrod watched her futile attempts at self-defense with a cold gaze. His inner rage was still boiling. Damn it!

Chapter 907

What he was seeing only fueled his frustration.

All he wanted was to intimidate her and force her into submission and obedience.

He wanted to see her kneeling and begging to terminate the pregnancy with her illegitimate child.

If she agreed to an abortion, he might even consider forgiving her previous involvements with other men.

As long as he had the means to control her, even if he had to go as far as chaining her, she wouldn't be able to cheat anymore, would she?

Anger clouded Jarrod's handsome face as he watched Nicole's desperate efforts to protect herself.

Those men around Nicole were oblivious to his true intentions.

Jarrold had explicitly instructed Alec to have some men merely intimidate Nicole. So, why were they advancing toward her? Nicole, so disheveled and vulnerable, looked pitiful.

Just as Jarrod was about to lose his composure, a sudden loud crash echoed through the room.

Nicole had smashed the bottle she was holding, sending glass shards flying. Holding the jagged, broken end, she pressed it against her own neck.

The room was filled with shock at the unexpected turn.

Those men had been so engrossed in their performance, never anticipating such a dramatic turn of events.

Nicole's eyes, once sparkling, were now dim.

Facing Jarrod, her voice was cold.

“Jarrod, my father canceled my engagement with you, fearing I might not lead a good life with you.

Back then, I was mad at him and failed to understand his concerns.

We argued, and I even refused to eat.

But was his desire to protect me so unforgivable? Did your family be killed by my family? Why do you want us all dead?

Is it just because you believe I played with your feelings?

Fine, if you are so set on revenge on me. I’m ready to atone with my life. Is that enough for you?”

With resolve, Nicole moved the glass shard toward her neck.

Thud! Suddenly, the bottle was kicked against the wall!

Nicole’s less agile left hand was outpaced by Jarrod’s feet.

He kicked her hand, sending a jolt of pain through Nicole’s wrist.

Chapter 908

Nicole’s last hope of death was taken away.

“ALL of you, get out!” Jarrod’s voice thundered with fury.

Those men quickly complied, not daring to disobey.

Jarrold pinned Nicole's battered form against the wall.

"Even facing death, Nicole, you defy me? Haven't I said you need my permission to die?"

Nicole's hands drooped, drained of strength. She couldn't raise them.

It was then she realized he had said she needed his permission to die.

She lacked even the freedom to control her own life and death.

A hauntingly beautiful smile appeared on Nicole's face.

"Jarrod, it doesn't matter if you say no. My body is failing. You can unleash all the hatred you want. I am dying."

At that moment, Nicole longed for death. Wouldn't it offer her freedom?

Jarrold was livid at her words. Dying! This again! Her repeated mention of dying was almost like etching that word on her forehead as a stark reminder to him.

Did she seek his sympathy? Then why couldn't she simply yield to him, stop resisting, and avoid despicable deeds?

Jarrold didn't believe she would die, but the word "dying" from her lips always unsettled him.

He convinced himself his unease was because he didn't want her to die too easily. He had more vengeance to exact! Why did she think she could just die?

Perhaps this was another ploy from her. He wasn't falling for it, not one bit!

Jarrood gripped her shoulder harder.

“Don’t try to trick me with this, Nicole. Do you think I’m still the old Jarrood who would listen to you?”

Nicole sneered.

“The Jarrood I knew is gone. Now, all that is left is a demon.”

Nicole’s laughter was hysterical, pain clenching her stomach.

Jarrood’s irritation grew. He tightened his hold on her waist, Lifting her onto the coffee table. His voice was icy.

“You still have the audacity to defy me!”

Nicole, powerless, stared at him with loathing.

Chapter 909

“Jarrood, you’re nothing but a cruel beast!”

Jarrood’s sneer was icy.

“Isn’t this what you wanted? When I was unconscious, you were busily involved with other men, weren’t you? I got to satisfy your needs.”

Nicole’s words faltered, realizing arguing with him was futile.

Jarrood, now more demon than man, eyed Nicole’s neck. He leaned down, his tongue finding her pulsing artery, sucking on it ruthlessly.

Nicole gasped, her body shaking, tears streaming down her cheeks.

That was her artery, a vulnerable spot where a bit more force could be fatal.

Jarrold loomed over her, his whisper sinister.

“Don’t worry, I’ll make sure you’ll never want another man.”

His hand moved beneath, feeling her warmth.

In moments like this, he was reminded she was alive.

Nicole’s hair was in disarray, her wet tears sticking to her lashes.

She felt like a helpless fish on a chopping block.

Just as their intimacy grew, a knock at the door broke the moment.

Jarrold’s response was cold.

“Leave!”

Outside, Alec hesitated before speaking.

“Mr. Schultz, Miss Powell is unwell, She’s asking for you.”

Hearing Jamie’s name brought Nicole a sense of relief.

Jarrood was about to continue, but his phone's persistent vibration interrupted him.

He pounded his fist on the coffee table's glass, stopping abruptly.

Nicole's respite was brief. Jarrood dressed, casually found a jacket for her, and took her with him.

They reached a villa Jarrood had bought for Jamie.

To their surprise, Jamie was at the entrance, visibly ill.

Chapter 910

Jarrood ran to Jarrood, crying.

"Where have you been?"

Jarrood stroked her hair tenderly, his gaze soft.

"I'm here now."

Seeing Nicole in the car, Jamie's face hardened. She was upset Nicole was unharmed and still pregnant.

Unhappily, she asked, "Jarrood, why is Nicole here?"

Jarrood, his thoughts jumbled, simply nodded.

Jamie pressed, "Why did you bring her?"

“You were sick, so I brought her to take care of you.”

Jarrold looked toward the car with a cold expression.

“You can come out now.”

He didn’t reveal his true intentions. Secretly, he wished he could keep Nicole tethered to him.

Reluctantly, Nicole exited the car, aware of Jarrold’s twisted mindset.

Jarrold, ignoring her, embraced Jamie and headed for the elevator.

Nicole had no option but to trail behind.

Once inside, Jamie kissed Jarrold in front of Nicole.

After leaving the key, Jarrold left to shower, seemingly averse to the scent enveloping him.

Left in the living room were Jamie and Nicole.

Jamie arrogantly instructed Nicole, “Go and peel some fruit for me.”

Nicole dutifully went to the kitchen, fumbled with a fruit knife, and began to peel. She arranged the fruit on a plate and set it before Jamie in the living room.

But Jamie didn’t eat. Instead, she taunted Nicole.

“Didn’t Jarrold bring you here to serve me? Where’s your servitude? Shouldn’t you kneel and feed me?”

Nicole realized then why Jarrod brought her along. He was to make her receive humiliation at Jamie's hands.

But suddenly, an idea struck Nicole. She grasped a fruit fork, knelt before Jamie, and offered a smile.

"Of course, let me feed you."

As the fruit neared Jamie's lips, Nicole stood abruptly, locking her arm around Jamie's neck, the fork poised at Jamie's artery.

"Ah! Jarrod! Help!" Jamie's scream echoed, drawing Jarrod out, clad only in a towel.

Nicole, holding Jamie, spoke clearly to Jarrod.

"I want the contract, the original, and all the footage. Hand them over!"