

Unbreakable 931

Chapter 931

Now, seeing her with him, he felt a twinge of disappointment at her.

“Do you think I'll accept this?” Mitchel's voice was laced with scorn.

“You overestimate yourself.”

Raegan paused, her skin exposed to the air.

She tried to muster courage, but Mitchel's harsh words crushed her spirits.

Raegan felt deeply humiliated with her body exposed.

Mitchel's expression shifted, taken aback by her choice of attire.

His breathing grew heavy.

Raegan was consumed by shame.

Never before had she dressed like this.

Mitchel's harsh words, signaling his refusal to help, brought tears to her eyes.

She hastily wrapped her coat around herself, leaving it unbuttoned as she headed for the door. But before she could leave, Mitchel's hand caught her. He yanked her back with force, pressing her against a cabinet. In a swift motion, he tore open her coat, revealing her figure.

Raegan felt a sharp pain in her back and instinctively tried to shield her figure, but Mitchel gripped her hand tightly, immobilizing her.

“Release me, Mitchel!” Her plea was choked with tears, her eyes reddening.

Mitchel, his gaze ablaze with both desire and anger, retorted harshly, “Let you go? So you can wear this to plead with another man?”

His words painted her in a disgraceful light.

Raegan, trembling and sobbing, protested, “What's wrong with you? Let me go Mitchel’s n Lhes efjn forced as he sheeted, Cae Henley didn’t help you? How many times did you have sex with him? Well... He looks soft, so he must've not been good at it. Was | better than him?”

Jealousy clouded Mitchel’s reason, his mind fixated

He felt as if a fire blazed within him, driving him to teach Raegan a lesson.

Anger and shock shook Raegan, her voice quivering, "

Mitchel, looking into her tearful eyes, narrowed his own.

Chapter 932

“How else would I know about what you did, all for your friend?”

His tone was laced with jealousy as he mocked, ““Raegan, you’ve surprised me.”

His words felt like arrows piercing Raegan’s heart, leaving her utterly defeated.

Tears brimming in her eyes, Raegan demanded, “Release me, Mitchel!”

Noticing her pained expression, Mitchel thought he might have hurt her, so he loosened his grip.

Raegan quickly withdrew her hand.

Clap! In a swift motion, Raegan slapped Mitchel across the face.

Her eyes red with emotion, she confronted him.

“Mitchel Dixon, it is none of your business how many dates I’ve been on. What right do you have to question my actions?”

Mitchel’s expression shifted dramatically.

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Raegan’s words implied they were no longer connected, rendering his feelings of jealousy and criticisms meaningless.

His heart sank. He felt a crushing sense of helplessness.

Raegan’s hand trembled with rage.

“Why offer hope only to humiliate me? Or was that your plan all along?”

As Raegan tried to restrain her tears, anger overtook her.

She grabbed her bag and struck Mitchel fiercely.

“Your wish is granted. You’re despicable!”

Mitchel had given her hope through Matteo, only to degrade her now.

The bastard! Absolute son of a bitch!

With her head bowed, Raegan brushed away her tears, preparing to leave.

Mitchel, touched by her tears, battled his instincts. His mind urged him to let her go, deeming her unworthy.

Yet, he couldn't bear to see her cry and let her leave.

He stepped forward, halting her departure.

"I'll help you."

Chapter 933

Raegan ceased her struggle, meeting Mitchel's gaze with teary eyes.

"So, what is it you want?"

Mitchel evaded a direct response.

"I'll tell you after Nicole's release."

"Is it something I can't afford?" Raegan questioned, apprehensive.

With a hint of sarcasm, Mitchel replied, "You were ready to offer yourself to me. What else can't you afford?"

Raegan was rendered speechless, finding Mitchel increasingly infuriating.

Yet, given the choice between the unpredictable Henley and Mitchel, she leaned toward trusting Mitchel.

“When will Nicole be released?” she asked.

“Tomorrow morning,” Mitchel stated.

“Can’t it be sooner?” Raegan’s anxiety was evident. She didn’t want Nicole to stay in the detention center any longer.

Mitchel retorted dryly, “What do you expect? A midnight jailbreak?”

Raegan, momentarily speechless, realized the impracticality of her request.

Relieved that Mitchel could assist Nicole, she felt a burden lift.

Mitchel motioned for Raegan to sit on the bed.

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“Stay here tonight.”

“Tonight?” Raegan wrapped her coat tightly, wary.

“How many conditions do you have? I only agreed to one.”

Seeing her guarded stance, Mitchel’s expression darkened, frustrated.

He taunted, "Where else would you like to go at this time?" "I'm not going to have sex with you. I'm not that horny," Mitchel added, his tone biting.

Raegan chose not to argue, weighed down by the uncertainty of his demand.

She hoped to resolve this ordeal as swiftly as possible, adhering to only one condition.

Meanwhile, in the detention center, Nicole faced her ordeal, restrained by two women in prison uniforms as an unknown substance was injected into her.

Panic engulfed Nicole's face.

Chapter 934

"Ah... Ah..."

Nicole was terrified to discover that her voice had failed her, leaving her only able to emit hoarse, inarticulate screams. She had lost her voice!

The short-haired woman observed Nicole's terror and sneered, "Lost your voice, huh?"

Nicole nodded, fear evident in her eyes.

The short-haired woman brandished the syringe.

"This drug temporarily robs you of speech."

Pale-faced, Nicole glared at them, her eyes filled with questions.

The two women laughed ominously.

"You'll find out soon."

Despite the difficulty of smuggling items in, these two women produced several toothpicks. One remarked, "We're just paid to do this. Our job is to torture you before finishing you off. Blame the man you've offended. You hurt someone dear to him."

The other woman added somberly, "Women should never trust men. When they're in love, you're everything. When love fades, they'll crush you without a second thought."

As they conversed, their actions were coordinated and deliberate.

One held Nicole's hand while the other took the disguised toothpick, a hidden silver needle within.

She pushed the needle under Nicole's nails, causing sharp, intense pain.

Nicole's agonized screams echoed in the night, a chilling sound of sheer torment.

"Uh! Ahhh!"

The pain was excruciating, akin to being slowly sliced. It was a fate worse than death.

Nicole unleashed intense howls as though someone was methodically slicing through her flesh, piece by agonizing piece, with a knife.

The excruciating pain pushed her into a state even more unbearable than death.

Her face and body were drenched in cold sweat from the unbearable pain, each drop hitting the floor. Her body convulsed beyond her control, and even her toes quivered.

Nicole's vision blurred, white flashes dotting her sight, while the two women's voices distorted.

"Is she going to die?"

"Doesn't matter. She's as good as dead. Just cut off her fingers and finish this."

Nicole's hand was forcibly spread and pressed against the floor. A blade gleamed in the short-haired woman's hand as she_ savagely slashed at Nicole's fingers.

Chapter 935

The blade sliced deep, hitting bone, and blood spewed forth.

Nicole's gaze fixated on the blood, the physical pain paling in comparison to the anguish in her heart.

It was an excruciating, soul-deep agony.

Nicole hadn't imagined Jarrod capable of such cruelty, prolonging her suffering instead of granting a swift end.

This was the price Jarrod had spoken of, a cruel, unforgettable retribution. He was a cruel man!

In Nicole's bloodshot eyes, tears of hatred formed. Even in her impending doom, she cursed Jarrod with every fiber of her being.

The short-haired woman's first attempt to sever Nicole's fingers was botched, lacking precision.

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She readied for another strike.

Suddenly, Nicole, driven by desperation, bit down fiercely on the short-haired woman's arm.

“Ah!” the short-haired woman screamed, only to be muffled by the other woman.

“Quiet! Do you want us caught?”

The short-haired woman, in agony, stammered, “My arm! Get her off” The other woman struggled to pry Nicole away. Failing, she resorted to striking Nicole on the back of her head with force.

Struck forcefully, Nicole’s grip loosened.

The short-haired woman’s arm was gruesomely torn, with flesh ripped away from Nicole’s bite, bleeding profusely.

In a rage, she slapped Nicole.

“Bitch! How dare you bite me!”

The blow sent Nicole crashing against the wall, pain radiating through her body.

She began to experience stomach cramps, her body wracked with spasms.

The short-haired woman, still seething, raised her hand to strike Nicole again. But she halted while seeing Nicole wield the blade she had snatched.

Nicole’s eyes blazed with a fierce determination, warning them off.

The short-haired woman hesitated, her pain holding her back. The other woman cautioned, “Take your time. She won’t last much longer.

“We’ll see who outlasts whom.”

Clutching the blade, Nicole kept her eyes on these two women, refusing to give in.

She had to see her parents one last time.

Chapter 936

The night stretched on, filled with agony.

As dawn approached, Nicole's pain intensified, every part of her body screaming.

Her strength waning, she felt a warm liquid trickle down her legs, pooling on the floor.

The woman opposite noticed and gasped.

"Why is she bleeding heavily?"

Did she have a miscarriage?"

At that moment, the heavy iron door was opened.

A voice remarked, "You're free to go now, 4129. 4129... Get an ambulance, now!"

Nicole's nerves, strained to their limit, eased only when she was safely inside the ambulance.

A sensation of something descending in her lower abdomen gripped her. Had her baby failed to live after the torment she went through?

A mouthful of blood escaped Nicole's lips. Her fingers clenched so tightly that blood oozed from her grasp.

Jarrold! What a bastard! How could he be cruel as to get rid of his own child? How dare him!

In the hospital, Jarrod remained by Jamie's side.

Jamie, after a detailed examination, was found to be unharmed. The fork had missed her artery.

In the chaos, Jamie had pressed her hand against the wound, making the bleeding appear more severe than it was.

Traumatized, Jamie repeatedly voiced her fear that Nicole wanted to kill her, opting to stay in the hospital for a few more days with Jarrod by her side.

At this moment, Jarrod stepped out of the ward for a moment alone in the corridor.

He was about to light a cigarette when his phone rang. Alec was on the line.

"Mr. Schultz, I went to pick up Miss Lawrence as instructed, but Mr. Dixon's men had already secured her medical parole."

Mitchel had arranged Nicole's medical parole? Jarrod pondered for a moment and connected the dots. Raegan must have spoken to Mitchel and asked for help.

He recalled Mitchel's call from the previous night, which he had neglected due to Jamie's distress.

This had to be the topic of that missed call.

He had never intended to detain Nicole for long. Doing Mitchel this favor seemed right.

“Forget it. Just take care of the remaining issues.”

Chapter 937

“Already done. The case against her has been dropped.”

“Good.”

After a pause, Alec added with concern, “But it appears Miss Lawrence sustained serious injuries...”

At this instant, a doctor, hurrying with a gurney, passed by Jarrod.

“Sir, please step aside.”

Jarrod moved, his eyes briefly meeting the gurney as he asked Alec, “What did you just say?”

“Miss Lawrence was injured in the detention center,” Alec responded.

A moment passed without an answer.

“Mr. Schultz, are you there?”

Jarrod’s grip loosened, his phone clattering to the floor.

He stood, stunned and immobile, his gaze locked on the scene before him.

On the gurney, covered in blood, lay Nicole!

Her face was deathly pale, a stark contrast to the dark blood under her nails. Her arm dangled from the gurney, lifeless.

Blood soaked the lower half of her body, the horror of her ordeal evident against the stark white cloth.

Jarrold felt a sudden, searing pain in his temples.

He lurched forward, grasping the edge of the gurney, disbelief etched on his face.

He needed confirmation!

The doctor, frowning, tried to pull Jarrold's hand away.

"Sir, you're hindering our emergency treatment!"

Jarrold's refusal to move aside prompted the doctor to push him harder.

"Please, don't obstruct our efforts to save her!"

Jarrold's mind snapped back, and he slowly loosened his grip. But then, a weak grasp caught his hand.

"Nicole!" Jarrold's voice was a mix of shock and surprise.

Nicole's eyes fluttered open, the whites stained with red. She looked at him, unmoving.

Chapter 938

"Jarrod, you got what you wanted. You've killed our child yourself!"

Nicole's voice, rough and strained as though scorched by flames, was barely audible. Her words were difficult to discern.

Jarrood, reading her lips, felt as if struck by lightning.

Was the child he had sought to eliminate actually his own?

Nicole's blurred vision couldn't discern his expression. All she saw were shadowy figures. Her hand weakly slipped down.

"Jarrod," she whispered.

"My dying wish is for you to be cursed with illness and loneliness throughout your life..."

Her voice, filled with hatred, despair, and revulsion, was hoarse and feeble.

Jarrood watched her lips closely, deciphering each word that others couldn't.

He felt as if her bloodied hand was choking him, his hand stiffening in response.

After a moment, Jarrood spoke through clenched teeth, his voice strained.

"Nicole, stop talking about death! You're not scaring anyone."

The doctor interjected urgently, "Sir, the patient is bleeding. Your actions are endangering her life!"

To the medical team, Jarrood seemed deranged.

They couldn't understand why Jarrod was attempting to communicate with a patient who could only make hissing sounds due to damaged vocal cords.

Finally, Jarrod let go. He remained motionless, then retrieved his phone from the floor and followed the medical team.

Outside the emergency room, Jarrod's hands shook uncontrollably.

He had thought confining her in the detention center would only limit her freedom, granting her a lesson for defying and harming the untouchable.

How could things have turned out like this...

What did Nicole mean by accusing him of killing his own child?

A sharp, needle-like pain struck his temple. Leaning against the wall, he dialed Alec.

"Find out everything that happened to Nicole in the detention center.

Miss a single detail, and you'll be tortured to death!"

The medical team stretched on for eight grueling hours.

Chapter 939

Jarrod stood outside the operating room, motionless, his figure resembling a statue.

Inside, Nicole lay on the table, her complexion pallid, her breathing having momentarily stopped.

The surgery was in the hands of the hospital's most experienced professor, with a promising young doctor named Roscoe assisting.

Roscoe, despite his youth and lack of qualifications for lead surgeon, was remarkably skilled in drug therapy research, especially in cancer treatment and prolonging life.

At the operating table, the professor gazed at Nicole, whose abdomen was gravely compromised, and slowly shook his head.

“It’s too late...”

Roscoe, usually composed, showed a crack in his demeanor. His voice slightly hoarse, he implored, “Please, save her.”

Looking at the usually stoic Roscoe, the professor inquired, “Who is this woman to you?”

Roscoe’s thoughts drifted back to one summer when he first saw Nicole.

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Back then, the eighteen-year-old Nicole accompanied her father to a charity event in the countryside.

She was dressed in a striking red dress, complemented by a wide-brimmed black hat, her skin delicate. Her smile was like that of a radiant, dazzling red rose.

He later learned Nicole’s name and her identity as the daughter of a wealthy businessman known for aiding underprivileged children like him.

That fleeting encounter lingered in his memory, a moment frozen in time, leaving a lasting imprint on Roscoe’s heart.

Roscoe had personally raised 50 million to help Nicole settle her debts. He sold his cherished patent and traveled abroad for medical exchanges, all to enhance his qualifications and increase his earnings.

Yet, Nicole was still here, grievously injured.

The once flawless lady was now marred by wounds, and he felt helpless to help.

His skills, formidable as they were, seemed insignificant in the face of the harsh realities of capitalism. He could only stand by as she suffered.

Determination burning in his eyes, Roscoe stated firmly, "She's the most important person to me."

In the operating room, despite his exceptional talent, Roscoe was helpless to aid Nicole.

Emotions could cloud judgment.

After the operation, only Roscoe and a nurse remained.

Nicole, barely conscious, recognized a familiar figure and felt a sense of relief.

Her eyelashes quivered, her voice barely a whisper. Through her Lips, she conveyed, "Ros... I don't want others to know about my illness."

She refused to spend her final days under the weight of pity and sympathy.

Chapter 940

She yearned to maintain her dignity, to leave this world with grace and poise.

"I understand," Roscoe replied, comprehending her wishes.

He tenderly brushed her hair, his voice steady.

"Don't worry. You won't be alone."

He resolved to be by her side, should that day arrive.

Nicole peacefully drifted off to sleep.

Roscoe's gaze turned icy as he faced the nurse, inquiring, "Is that man still waiting outside?" The nurse nodded, and Roscoe stepped out, holding the medical report.

The nurse, observing Roscoe's departure, suddenly sensed something was amiss.

Roscoe's tone seemed to be dripped with disdain when referring to the man waiting for Nicole.

Her recollection revealed that while Roscoe maintained an air of aloofness, he had never before addressed patients' family members in such a manner.

Exiting the operating room, Roscoe's observant eyes met Jarrod, whose forehead was lined with anxiety.

"Doctor, how is she?" Jarrod approached Roscoe, urgency lacing his voice. It was only then that Jarrod recognized the doctor's familiar countenance.

Roscoe, maintaining his professional demeanor, informed him, "The fetus didn't survive. The patient is extremely weak and shows signs of physical abuse. She's lost several fingernails..."

Jarrod's heart clenched tightly at these words.

Roscoe continued, "She has a severe stomach ulcer. She hadn't eaten properly in days, and we found soil in her stomach. If this continues, her condition will worsen."

Roscoe felt obliged to warn Jarrod about Nicole's condition, regardless of Nicole's reasons for keeping her cancer a secret. After all, Nicole had to deal with Jarrod for some time before he managed to send Nicole's parents away.

Roscoe hoped Jarrod still had some semblance of a conscience.

Roscoe then presented a small box to Jarrod.

“She requested this be given to you before NEY a

Jarrod, looking at the dark box, felt ominous feelings

Without opening it, he asked, “What's inside?” calmly sample from

the fetus.

Jarrod felt a sharp pang in his heart!