

## **Unbreakable 261**

### Chapter 261 Raegan's Baby

When Henley's assistant announced his vegetative state in the hospital, Gerda was so distraught she nearly fainted.

Raegan was equally stunned.

Why would Henley have left his entire fortune to her? Such a turn of events seemed incomprehensible.

Mitchel, with darkened eyes, questioned, "Can you explain this?"

Raegan opened her mouth but remained silent, at a loss for words.

Mitchel's gaze grew colder, still wrongly thinking Raegan was pregnant with Henley's child.

Despite what Henley had done, he must admit Henley was quite considerate in offering financial support for the unborn child in Raegan's belly.

At the thought of that, Mitchel's heart seemed to be torn apart by some invisible stagger.

He pinched Raegan's chin, his tone icy.

"Say something!"

His anger intensified, his grip tightening.

Raegan, on the verge of tears, stammered, "What do you expect me to say?"

"Didn't you try to explain it to me just then? Go on."

Raegan felt utterly confused.

Without understanding the situation herself, how could she clarify it? Mitchel, growing more agitated by her silence, lost the "Didn't you try to explain it to me just then? Go on."

Raegan felt utterly confused.

Without understanding the situation herself, how could she clarify it? Mitchel, growing more agitated by her silence, lost the composure he had intended to maintain.

Mitchel's words dripped with sarcasm, "Raegan, do you enjoy flirting with others while making a pass on me?"

Tears brimming in her eyes, Raegan retorted, "When did I ever make a pass on you?"

Mitchel sneered, "Why did you kiss me when visiting me in the hospital even after I said I didn't want to see you?"

"I.."

Raegan opened her mouth to respond but found no words.

Mitchel continued bitterly, "Can't defend yourself? Let me answer for you."

Mitchel's anger, fueled by past grievances involving Henley, made him spill out in harsh tones, "Do you just enjoy hooking up and being a bitch?"

"You!"

Raegan was livid at his insulting words.

What a fucking bastard Mitchel was! An absolute asshole! His harsh words cut deep.

Raegan felt a surge of injustice, struggling to maintain her composure.

She had never expected that her attempt to make peace would be misread by Mitchel, even going so far as calling her a bitch...

His words stung, branding her with humiliation.

How could anyone be so unjustly harsh? Turning her face away, a heavy weight seemed to press on her chest, making it hard to breathe.

She had no desire to speak to Mitchel.

But Mitchel didn't intend to let her go.

He turned her face toward him, insisting, "Answer me one last time. Do you have anything else to tell me?"

Raegan was confused.

Mitchel kept questioning her whether she was hiding something from him.

But the only secret she had was their unborn child in her belly.

Fear crept in at the possibility of his knowing her pregnancy.

Was he asking about it? No, she couldn't tell him she was pregnant with his child.

Mitchel's current state of rage made her worry he might demand something drastic, like an abortion.

She was alone in the world, and this baby represented her only hope, especially after losing a child once before.

She couldn't risk her unborn child on Mitchel's volatile emotions.

As long as she kept the pregnancy to herself, Mitchel couldn't have forced her to have an abortion.

As Raegan pondered, her fear and determination were evident in her eyes.

Frightened, she bit her lip stubbornly, holding back her words.

Tears welled up in her eyes, but she remained silent, determined not to speak.

Her silence only fueled Mitchel's frustration further.

His expression darkened as he moved closer, his kiss forceful and overwhelming.

Raegan fought back with all her might, but Mitchel's grip was unyielding.

His kiss was intense, his tongue invading her mouth, leaving her feeling overwhelmed and suffocated.

Flashes of that night haunted Raegan's thoughts.

When Mitchel finally broke the kiss, she gasped for air, pleading, "Mitchel, please, calm down."

But Mitchel held Raegan tightly, his sneer cutting through her.

"Stop pretending. You seemed quite enjoy yourself last time."

Raegan's heart sank at his words.

They were like a slap across her face, humiliating and sharp.

She had yielded to him before out of fear, to avoid worse treatment.

Lost in these thoughts, she flinched as Mitchel began to trail kisses down her neck.

He skillfully undid the thin belt on her shoulder with his teeth, biting her collarbone sharply as he moved downward...

Pain surged through Raegan, her fear palpable.

She couldn't push him away, haunted by the memory of their last encounter and the fragile safety of her unborn child in her belly.

"Stop, please, Mitchel. It still hurts..."

Her voice broke, filled with sobs.

For a moment, her soft tone seemed to reach Mitchel.

He paused, questioning, "Still hurts after five days?"

Seizing the opportunity, Raegan let her tears flow more freely, reinforcing her plea.

"Yes, it's still painful." She exaggerated slightly, but it wasn't entirely a lie.

Her skin was sensitive, and some swelling still lingered.

Mitchel looked at her, his expression unreadable.

"Let me see for myself."

"No, please don't touch me!"

Raegan cried out, gripping his hand firmly.

For a moment, they were locked in a standoff.

Then, in an abrupt move, her underwear was torn in two.

Embarrassment flooded Raegan, especially with the lights still on.

Thankfully, the swelling was visibly evident.

Mitchel, ignoring her protests, fetched ointment from the medical kit and applied it to the affected area.

His touch, though clinical, sent a cool relief through Raegan, leaving her momentarily dazed.

Regaining her senses, Raegan felt a surge of humiliation.

Tears streamed down her face.

Mitchel's actions had reduced her to an object, devoid of respect.

He then insisted she remain still, legs apart, to prevent the ointment from being wiped off.

Raegan's face flared in anger.

"Why don't you apply it yourself?" Mitchel asked, puzzled.

Raegan was at a loss for words.

She wanted to explain the inconvenience of self-application and that natural healing Raegar's Baby would suffice.

But in actuality, she didn't want to use the ointment so that she'd have an excuse to stop Mitchel.

Mitchel then asked suddenly, "Did you avoid treating it as an excuse to avoid having sex me?"

The room was dead silent.

Raegan panicked, feeling as if he had read her thoughts.

Mitchel, still bearing traces of her on his fingertips, approached with a hoarse voice, "That won't work!"

His arousal was evident, not driven by punishment but by desire.

Clearly, he was determined to have sex with her.

Yet, he seemed more controlled than before, considering her condition and contemplating a different approach.

Frightened, Raegan pushed him away, pleading, "Don't, please...I can't...Not right now..."

Mitchel's expression shifted instantly.

"What did you just say?"

Raegan was on the verge of tears.

"It's not about you...It's me..."

Mitchel's touch was gentle as he acknowledged the soreness.

"I know it's still swollen and painful, but we can find a way..."

He whispered something in her ear, his voice hoarse.

Raegan's face turned a deep red at his words, shaking her head in reluctance.

"We're married, so it's only natural for us to do this,"

Mitchel reasoned, pulling her closer. WildHter ADT Peabo Dab Overwhelmed with humiliation, Raegan felt helpless to resist.

She feared provoking another change in his mood and felt compelled to comply.

In a sudden move, Mitchel gripped her hair, his breath quickening.

"Call me."



Barely able to speak, Raegan murmured, "Mitchel..."

"That's not it," he corrected in a low tone.

What else could it be? Confused and exhausted, Raegan fell silent.

"If you don't cooperate, this will last all night," Mitchel warned.

Her expression shifting, Raegan forced out a reluctant, "Honey..."

Mitchel's response was immediate.

His breathing grew heavier, his gaze more intense.

"Keep calling me this way."

Raegan's humiliation deepened, feeling reduced to a prostitute.

"If you don't do as I say, it'll take me longer to finish," he said indifferently.

With great reluctance, Raegan repeated, "Honey...Honey..."

Finally, Mitchel released a sigh, drawing her up into his arms and kissing her forehead.

The ordeal, though shorter than usual, lasted nearly two hours.

Exhausted, Raegan lay motionless.

Eventually, Mitchel escorted her to the bathroom.

She wanted to refuse but didn't dare provoke him further.

Fortunately, he seemed to recognize her fatigue and simply shared a shower with her.

Then, utterly spent, Raegan fell asleep in Mitchel's embrace.

Gazing at Raegan's serene, sleeping face, Mitchel's demeanor softened, and he whispered, "If you're honest with me, I can accept it."

In the past, he wouldn't have taken it seriously, merely seeing it as a joke.

But now, things were unclear, and he knew that if compromise was necessary, he would be the first to attempt it.

He just wanted Raegan to be by his side, willingly.

If that was what it took, he was willing to give it a try.

Not hearing his words, Raegan, deep in slumber, instinctively snuggled closer to his warmth.

Mitchel's expression shifted, his grip loosening slightly to hold her more gently, ensuring her comfort.

That night, Mitchel slept peacefully.

Raegan, however, was tormented by a nightmare.

In it, Mitchel was merciless, forcing her to terminate her pregnancy.

This fear haunted her until the early hours of the morning.

Before dawn fully broke, Raegan lay awake, Mitchel sleeping soundly beside her, his breaths even and calm.

Raegan sat up quietly, reaching for Mitchel's phone on the bedside table.

She used Mitchel's face to unlock it, but dared not head outside the room.

Instead, she tiptoed into the bathroom to send a message.

As she prepared to send the text, she realized she needed a password.

Mitchel's phone was customized for high security, useless to anyone who found it without the correct code.

Raegan tried Mitchel's birthday and the villa's password, but neither worked.

Just as she was about to abandon her attempt, a familiar voice startled her.

"Do you need me to unlock it for you?"

Chapter 262 Have A Baby

Raegan's heart raced when she heard Mitchel's words.

Mitchel's phone slipped from her grasp, clattering to the floor.

Mitchel entered, his bare feet silent. His long legs were strong, his upper body sculpted with defined muscles. He stooped to retrieve the phone, offering it to Raegan.

"Try 822822," he suggested.

Raegan was taken aback.

August 22nd. It was the date they first received their marriage certificate.

She stood frozen, the phone burning in her hand, especially with the text glaring from the screen.

Mitchel read her message aloud.

"Mr. Hector Dixon, I'm trapped by Mitchel. Can you help me out? Sent by Raegan Hayes." Mitchel's voice was icy.

"Seeking help from my uncle?"

His exterior was calm, but inside, turmoil raged.

Sure enough, Raegan still wanted to run away.

This irked Mitchel increasingly.

Mitchel's eyes narrowed.

He grasped her chin and pressed her against the wall, his tone fierce.

"Do you enjoy flirting with the men around me? How do you plan to repay Hector if he helps you out?" Raegan paled, her restraint gone.

"You can't imprison me like this. Though we're a couple, you have no right to confine me."

At her words, Mitchel's expression grew colder. He scoffed.

"Is that your argument, Raegan? That! can't do that?"

Holding her close, his composure slipped.

"Then, shouldn't we about it!"

The pain of the loss of her first child was too much to bear again.

She was afraid of losing her child again because of those crazy women around Mitchel.

With resolve, she declared, "I will never have a child with you."

She couldn't bring herself to the possibility of losing her child again.

This was her baby! But Mitchel replied sternly, "That's not for you to decide."

His expression dark, he took a tie from the dresser and restrained her hands to the towel rack.

Confused and fearful, Raegan asked in a trembling voice, "Mitchel, what are you doing?"

Mitchel, holding her head gently, offered a faint smile.

"Practicing how to make a baby."

"Hmm..."

Before she could protest, Mitchel silenced her with a kiss, his approach dominating yet tender.

Humiliated and angry, Raegan felt herself nearing a breaking point.

After finishing his business, Mitchel didn't even untie her.

Instead, he just let her hanging on the towel rack helplessly.

It was only when the maid arrived that Raegan was freed.

Crumbled on the bathroom floor, knees to her chest, Raegan trembled uncontrollably.

The maid, sympathetic yet helpless, tried to console Raegan, "I can see Mr.Dixon and you are deeply in love with each other.Yet, you two seemed to argue a lot.Perhaps talking it through will help.Why must you hurt each other so?"

In love with each other? Raegan could only shake her head in sorrow.

If this was Mitchel's version of love, she wanted no part of it.

The maid continued, "Actually, Mr.Dixon truly cares for you.I've seen him alone in your room, clutching the pillow you used to sleep on.He constantly buys new clothes for you, and the food stocked here is always to your taste, refreshed daily even when you're away..."

Raegan felt numb to the maid's words.

Terms like love and care seemed unfit to describe her bond with Mitchel.

In her eyes, Mitchel viewed her as nothing more than an object.He never imagined that one day she would defy his commands.His ego bruised when he sensed losing control.

That was why he became fixated on regaining it. His obsession filled Raegan with dread.

Her fear overshadowed any love she once felt, leaving her desperate to run away from Mitchel.

The idea of fleeing consumed Raegan's thoughts, solidifying into a firm resolve to break free from Mitchel's side.

Meanwhile, it was the night before Jarrod's wedding.

On the phone, Jamie's voice was tender with affection.

"Jarrod, I feel like I am the happiest woman in this world. Let's have two children in the future!"

Jarrod's expression turned somber.

Jamie's words echoed his past promises to Nicole.

Jarrod hesitated, his silence lingering until Jamie prompted him.

"Jarrod, are you there?"

Regaining composure, Jarrod replied evasively, "It's late, Jamie. Get some rest."

He skillfully dodged the subject. After a sweet goodbye, Jamie quickly made another call, her voice now stern.

"Keep an eye on Jarrod tonight. Report anything unusual."

After the call, Jarrod stood before a large French window, smoking. He was still hanging on those words, "Let's have two children..."

Moments later, he extinguished the cigarette, grabbed his car keys, and headed downstairs.

Chapter 263 You Can't Break The Agreement

The informant tracking Jarrod relayed to Jamie, "Mr.Schultz has just entered the Oasis Apartment."

Jamie was livid at this.

Bang! The sounds were thunderous as Jamie wrecked her room, shattering furniture and electronics in a fit of rage.

Exhausted, Jamie slumped to the floor, her heart racing with anxiety.

Jamie had noticed Jarrod's growing indifference toward her.

Jarrold's visit to Nicole the night before their wedding only intensified her fears.

It seemed he would continue to have an affair with Nicole even after he got married.

Jamie knew deep down that Jarrod's feelings for her were more obligation than love.

But what if Jarrod eventually found out she wasn't the one who truly saved him back then? How would he treat her then? Jamie vividly remembered Jarrod's cold, ruthless behavior toward Nicole.

Unlike Nicole, who shared a past with Jarrod, Jamie had deceived Jarrod from the start.

The sense of duty binding Jarrod to her seemed to be weakening.His compensations and avoidance of discussions about having their children all hinted at his desire to reduce her to a mere figurehead in the Schultz family.

Jamie could accept that.



After all, Jarrod's wealth was more than she could ever spend.

However, the possibility of Jarrod finding out Nicole was the one who saved him back then terrified Jamie.

Consumed by fear, Jamie retrieved her phone from the floor, dialed a number, and gave a chilling order, "During the wedding tomorrow, send out the information."

At that moment, Jamie's eyes glinted with malevolence like a scorpion poised in a pool of poison.

She was resolute in finishing Nicole.

At the Oasis Apartment, Nicole had finished packing, ready to leave tomorrow morning.

She had kept her promise, staying in the Oasis Apartment until the last night before Jarrod's wedding.

After her shower, Nicole checked her father's health indicators for the day.

Everything appeared stable.

The renowned surgeon Jarrod had arranged was set to consult with her father tomorrow, with plans to schedule surgery.

This doctor's success rate was notably high, so Nicole felt hopeful about her father's upcoming operation.

The operation was scheduled for two o'clock in the afternoon the day after tomorrow.

Her father would attend the Lawrence Group's dismissing event tomorrow morning.

As the Lawrence Group was closing down, Nicole's father, concerned about his long-time employees, wished to personally bid them farewell.

With a busy day ahead, Nicole decided to go to bed early after her shower.

The door beeped as it opened.

Jarrold entered, noticing a suitcase in the living room.

He was frustrated at the sight of it.

Nicole was truly ready to leave.

He cracked open the bedroom door, glimpsing Nicole's silhouette on the bed.

This only heightened his irritation.

Ironically, whether he married or not, it seemed to make no difference to Nicole.

She appeared content, unaffected by the events around her.

Jarrold quietly undressed and slipped into bed beside her.

Nicole, half-asleep, thought she was still dreaming when she sensed Jarrold's presence.

She had taken a sleep aid to ensure a restful night for the busy day ahead.

Her mind was still foggy.

Turning around, she saw Jarrod's face close to hers.

She thought she saw him in her dream.

Her expression was one of clear distaste as she murmured, "Ugh!" How could she see this demon even in her dream? It was truly bad luck.

Jarrood's expression darkened at her reaction.

In a punitive gesture, he pinched her sharply, causing her to wince.

Nicole's eyes shot open, and upon realizing it was Jarrod pinching her, her confusion turned to anger.

"Jarrod?"

Recognizing that it was indeed him, her anger flared.

How could he, on the eve of his wedding, be in her bed? Frowning, she questioned him, "Why are you here? Our agreement is over, isn't it?"

Their agreement had been clear.

It would end upon his marriage.

She regretted her habit of not locking the bedroom door, a necessity due to Jarrod's past behavior.

Locking it only led to break-ins and punishments.

Reluctantly, she had stopped locking the door so that he could come in easily.

She had no choice.

After all, this was his home.

If not for her need of medical assistance from him, she would have thrown him out long ago.

Nicole's eyes flashed with revulsion, which only fueled Jarrod's anger.

Jarrod turned over, grasping her chin firmly, his voice heavy with suppressed fury, "Am I married yet?"

Nicole was at a loss for words.

Then, he began to remove her pajamas.

Nicole was appalled by his audacity.

"Stop!" she cried, struggling.

"Don't touch me!"

But Jarrod, tense and resolved, restrained her, preventing any movement.

In desperation, Nicole headbutted him.

Thump! Nicole used all her strength, her head throbbing with pain.

Jarrod paused, a sinister smile playing on his lips.

"You are quite the fighter, aren't you?"

Jarrold remarked coldly.

Sitting up, he flicked a lighter, its blue flame casting shadows on his chiseled face.

With a cigarette between his lips, collar undone revealing his collarbone, he exhaled smoke.

"Are you trying to nullify our agreement?"

"What the hell are you talking about?"

Nicole, perplexed and on edge, fixed her gaze on him.

Her earlier resistance was purely out of instinctive.

She loathed the thought of having sex with him.

Despite knowing Jamie might learn everything, she couldn't bear it, yet felt powerless to stop him.

"Never mind. Since you're unwilling, consider our agreement ended ahead of schedule,"

Jarrold stated indifferently.

Jarrold stood, slipping on his coat, his silhouette like a demon coming to life.

Nicole hurried to him, grasping his hand.

"Jarrod, you can't break our agreement!"

His eyes, dark and unfathomable, replied coldly, "Didn't you want it to be over and done with?"

Nicole, her lips pressed tightly, grasped his intent.

With a mix of anger and sarcasm, she shot back, "Jarrod...Aren't you satisfied with Jamie? Or have you developed a taste for me?"

Jarrod raised an eyebrow.

"You think too highly of yourself."

Nicole retorted, fueled by his provocation, "You're the one who's given me this confidence."

In defiance, she ran her fingers over his abs, taunting him, "Mr.Schultz, is this what you're after?"

Her actions and words were a bold challenge to his pride.

She sneered, "What difference does it make? Once sleeping with you, ten times makes no difference to me."

Chapter 264 You Don't Want Me To Get Married

Nicole's words struck Jarrod like a slap to the face.

If he still reacted, it meant he didn't care about his pride.

Nicole knew Jarrod valued his dignity, making her provocation a gamble.

True to form, Jarrod's expression shifted dramatically.

Nicole braced for him to storm out, but instead, he scrutinized her, noticing the defiance in her eyes.

He quickly deciphered her motive.

She provoked him into breaching their agreement first.

He lifted her chin, his smile cold.

"Why bother to do it anyway? We're cut from the same cloth."

Nicole recoiled from his touch, feeling a chill.

"Since you said so, then you are..."

Jarrold drew Nicole in, leaving her breathless, his voice rough as he finished, "Quite something."

His voice was not loud, but the tone was so mean.

A cold fire ignited in Nicole's eyes, her posture defiant, stirring something in Jarrod.

He adored her resistance, bringing him the thrill of the challenge. Jarrod forced Nicole toward the full-length mirror, his approach dominating, leaving Nicole stunned and scared.

"Turn around and hands on the mirror!"

His voice was cold, his expression stoic.

Nicole clenched her teeth in anger.

Jarrood, intolerant of humiliation, was known for exacting severe retribution.

"My father's surgery is in two days. Will it proceed as planned?" she asked, gripping the mirror.

Reflected in it, she saw Jarrood, impeccably dressed, his features strikingly handsome.

Who would have thought such a handsome man could harbor a cruelty akin to a beast? She turned and asked, "Will the doctor be ready for the surgery tomorrow?"

"No problem," Jarrood answered in a deep voice.

Nicole suppressed a groan.

Irritated by her suppression, Jarrood yanked her hair, forcing her gaze into the mirror.

"Look at me," he commanded.

In the mirror, Jarrood's face transformed into something sinister, his gaze nearly consuming Nicole.

"Look at me. See who's behind you!"

He sought her total submission.

Jarrood's eyes were bloodshot, betraying a desire for more than just her body. He aimed to dominate her mind, coercing her to speak.

Pain coursed through Nicole's stomach, fogging her consciousness, leaving her mind blank.



"Seen it clearly?" Jarrod's voice was ominous.

Nicole, curled up to soothe her pain, responded weakly, "Yes..."

Meanwhile, Jarrod was drenched in sweat, his eyes seething as he ordered, "Say it. Say you're mine."

Nicole, a puppet in her agony, wanted to end the torment.

Perspiration dripped from her face, each drop hitting the floor.

Nicole longed to escape the unbearable torment.

Tears brimmed in her eyes as she struggled to say, "I'm yours..."

Jarrod's smile was one of twisted satisfaction.

As he lost himself to his madness, he asked deeply, "You don't want me to marry, right?"

At his words, Nicole's mind snapped back to clarity.

What had she just said? Had she lost her senses? And Jarrod, what the hell was wrong with him? From the words coming out of his mouth, it seemed he was suggesting he'd call off the wedding if she asked.

What a freak! Was he out of his mind? Nicole's eyes turned icy as she replied dispassionately, "I wish you a happy marriage.

May you have a baby of your own as soon as possible."

"Ouch..."

Nicole couldn't suppress her cry of pain. She was certain Jarrod did it on purpose...

Once he was done, Jarrod left her on the floor and headed for a shower.

Nicole, curled on the floor, writhed in agony.

The stomach pain was unbearable, preventing her from standing.

She attempted to stand, pain radiating through her body.

Her heart felt gripped by an unseen force, threatening a heart attack at any moment.

Recently, these symptoms had become more frequent, barely manageable with her special painkillers.

She couldn't afford to meet her demise before her father's surgery.

Struggling to the bedside table, she retrieved a bottle of painkillers and swallowed them dry.

But her parched throat resisted the tablets.

As she reached for water, Jarrod loomed over her.

"What did you just take?"

His stare was predatory.

Just as Nicole was about to speak, Jarrod snatched the medicine bottle from her hand.

He then forcefully removed the tablets from her mouth.

Before she could respond, Jarrod turned and walked away.

Moments later, Nicole heard the unmistakable sound of the toilet flushing.

He had just flushed all her pills down! Nicole's face drained of color.

She tried to stop him, but her legs buckled under her, pain overwhelming her body at every step.

She felt utterly crushed, her body wracked with torment.

When Jarrod returned, he said dismissively, "Don't take this trash anymore."

Nicole's frustration boiled over.

Those were special painkillers, prescribed by her doctor, vital for managing her pain.

How could Jarrod just flush them down like that? She wanted to lash out at him, but her weakness confined her to hateful glares.

"Jarrod, you want me to die that bad?"

Jarrod, imposing, crouched down and warned, "Stop talking about death. No more contraceptives."

Contraceptives? Nicole was dumbfounded.

He thought she was taking contraceptives? She had no need for them since her condition prevented pregnancy.

With a bitter laugh, she revealed, "Jarrod, those weren't contraceptive pills. They were chemo pills. I have stomach cancer. I'm dying..."

Her life-saving medicine had been flushed away in the toilet as if her only hope of life was washed away by Jarrod.

Under the unbearable pain, Nicole decided to stop lying, and to tell Jarrod the truth.

Chapter 265 Will You Go

Nicole's laughter rang out suddenly.

"Are you sure you'll do anything I ask?"

Nicole's face, bare without makeup, radiated charm.

Her smile shone like flowers in full bloom.

Jarrod's gaze intensified as he replied coolly, "I'll consider it."

For a brief moment, he contemplated offering to cancel the engagement with Jamie if Nicole agreed to have a child with him.

Yet, his pride prevented him from revealing his true desires, leading him to this compromise.

Perhaps, if Nicole stopped resisting him, he might shed his tough exterior and open his heart to her.

"And if I asked you to end your own life, would you? Would you willingly walk into hell?"

Nicole's earnest tone underscored the gravity of her questions.

Jarrood's eyes darkened and his handsome face was covered with the coldness.

"Do you really despise me that much?"

"Yes, I can't stand you."

The pain in Nicole's stomach was intense, driving her to end the conversation quickly.

"Jarrod, perhaps you and Jamie should journey to hell together. You might find companionship there in the afterlife."

This remark ignited Jarrood's fury.

He leaned forward abruptly, gripping Nicole's chin tightly.

"What makes you think you can talk to me with that vicious tone?"

Vicious? To Nicole, his accusation seemed almost laughable.

Howe ordered those two women to attack her in the detention center.

Then, he even locked her up in the villa to bully her.

All of these must have something to do with Jamie.

Jarrood must have supported Jamie throughout the time.

In her eyes, it was Jamie and Jarrood who deserved to face damnation, not her.

She couldn't care less about how Jarrod viewed her.

His opinion of her, whether he saw her as cruel or not, held no weight in her heart.

Over the past few days, Jarrod had cast numerous accusations at her.

She really didn't care about it at all.

"It seems I'm the villain in your story, right? Haven't you grown accustomed to it?"

When Jarrod came back from abroad, Nicole's belief in kindness as a weakness was reinforced.

To her, it only opened the door to mistreatment by the unscrupulous.

Her memories of Jarrod were marred by his insults and disrespect toward her and her family.

The downfall of the Lawrence Group, her father's hospitalization, and every calamity seemed tied to either Jarrod or Jamie.

She held both Jamie and Jarrod responsible for the misfortunes of her family and the Lawrence Group.

In her eyes, Jamie and Jarrod were far from innocent.

A fiery hatred burned in Nicole's gaze as she faced Jarrod.

"If I had the strength, I would've ended you myself, ensuring you and Jamie faced your reckoning together."

Jarrod's expression darkened at her words.

In a sudden move, he seized Nicole by the neck and pushed her against the bedside cabinet.

Because of that, Nicole coughed violently.

His indifference to her pain was evident as he coldly remarked, "You're getting pretty reckless, Nicole."

He lifted her effortlessly, tossing her onto the bed.

Despite the softness of the bed cushioning her fall, the impact, however, was still jarring.

Nicole, alarmed, questioned him as he advanced, "What are you up to, Jarrod?"

Jarrold leaned over with a wicked smile on his face.

He said to himself he didn't need to negotiate with Nicole. He could do whatever he wanted with her. She was his woman.

"I'm offering you a chance to redeem yourself by having my child. Even with a baby, you can't erase what you've done!" Jarrod declared.

He lunged toward Nicole, attempting to remove her clothes.

"Get away from me!" Nicole snapped, her voice thunderous.

She was uncertain how much longer she could endure without the painkillers.

Yet, she knew she had to persevere until her father's surgery.

She refused to suffer from Jarrod any longer.

"I won't let you touch me again,"

Nicole asserted, clutching her torn clothes, her complexion ghostly from pain.

Jarrod's irritation flared at her resistance.

His voice was icy, "Don't think I'll be moved by your act of pity."

Then, he pressed on her cruelly, and Nicole felt as if her organs were squeezed hard in her chest.

Suddenly, blood spurted from Nicole's mouth, splattering across Jarrod's white shirt.

The sight visibly unsettled Jarrod.

For a moment, his heart seemed to falter, realizing it was Nicole's blood.

"Why are you bleeding like this?"

Jarrod's voice lost its cold detachment, sounding strained.

Nicole, with a bitter smile and blood at the corner of her mouth, responded, "It's not unusual for someone with cancer."

Jarrod couldn't fathom her claim as truth, suspecting she was mocking him.

Seeing his shirt was soaked with blood, Nicole expected anger from Jarrod.



Unexpectedly, he just stood up and hurried to the bathroom. Emerging from the bathroom, Jarrod carefully moved Nicole into the bathtub.

As he began to remove her clothing, Nicole momentarily froze before pushing his hands away.

Jarrod embraced her tightly, trying to soothe her, "Stay still. You're in no state to do this alone. Let me help you clean up."

Nicole, however, resisted, adamant in her refusal.

"I don't want your help," she said, her voice tinged with revulsion.

In her eyes, Jarrod was nothing more than a womanizer.

Despite her protests, Jarrod seemed unfazed.

Jarrod wouldn't stop what he was going to do, even if she hated it, His resolve was unshaken, be it having sex with her, sharing a bath, or the prospect of starting a family together.

His tone was icy as he issued a warning, "If you don't stop struggling, I'll do it right now."

"How can you be so vile?"

Nicole retorted, her disgust palpable.

Ignoring her protest, Jarrod proceeded to undress her and lower her into the water.

His grip was firm as he said bluntly, "We've had sex before. And you feel sick at me now?"

Nicole's cheeks flushed as Jarrod washed her without a hint of emotion. Then, Jarrod refilled the tub until the water was pristine.

Despite the scars that marred his back which was a testament to his challenging life abroad, Jarrod's hands remained well-cared for.

His fingers were slender, his nails immaculate, lending a certain elegance to his hands, much like his handsome face.

Yet, when he touched her, Nicole could feel the hardness of calluses against her skin, a stark reminder of his roughness.

Instinctively, Nicole shied away from his touch.

Jarrod scoffed at her reaction.

"Consider yourself lucky. There are plenty of women who want to get laid with me."

Jarrod demanded her attention, his tone laced with dissatisfaction.

"You ought to be grateful I have sex with you. Do you get that?"

Confidence in this regard was not foreign to Jarrod.

Beyond his allure, he prided himself on his prowess.

The condition was his willingness to be gentle.

Amongst the women in Ardlen's he was willing to be gentle, Nicole stood out in her reluctance, a stark contrast to Jamie.

Unimpressed, Nicole replied icily, "The water's getting cold."

Her retort cut through Jarrod's words.

Although he was in a foul mood, he nonetheless wrapped her in a towel and carried her to the bed.

Exhausted, Nicole lay there silently.

She thought Jarrod wouldn't spend the night here because of his wedding tomorrow.

Tormented by an excruciating stomachache, Nicole desperately needed rest.

However, her attempt to close her eyes was thwarted by the sharp pain.

Half-asleep, she heard the door open and assumed Jarrod had left.

Later, she was roused by the sound of Jarrod returning with water and medicine, urging her to take the pills.

Burrowed in the quilt, Nicole's muffled voice rejected the offer, "I don't want it."

The painkiller she relied on was specific to her condition.

Any other medicine needed a doctor's approval.

Undeterred, Jarrod insisted, pulling her up.

"Take it before you sleep."

"I don't want it,"

Nicole repeated, shaking her head.

Ignoring her protests, Jarrod forced the pills into her mouth, causing them to get lodged in her throat.

"Ewww..."

Nicole gagged, on the verge of vomiting.

Jarrod quickly offered water, but she refused.

Left with no choice, he held her chin, attempting to pour the water into her mouth, inadvertently soaking her clothes.

Seeing Nicole's continued resistance, Jarrod resorted to taking a sip of water himself and then transferring it to her mouth directly.

Chapter 266 Not Want To Give Up

Jarrod used the tip of his tongue to pry Nicole's mouth open and forced her to swallow the medicine.

Nicole was so dizzy that she had no strength to resist.

He didn't stop until she took a couple of pills.

He pinched her cheek, feeling angry for no reason.

"When did you develop such a habit of not taking medicine when you were sick?"

Nicole suddenly laughed while tears streaming down her face.

It was as if she heard something funny.

"Of course, I want to take medicine. But have you forgotten that you flushed them down in the toilet?"

Those painkillers were her life-saving medicine.

They were very effective in relieving pain without harming her body.

She didn't know how Roscoe got the medicine.

But he must have had a hard time obtaining it.

Now that Jarrod had flushed the whole bottle into the toilet, Nicole felt like her last bit of hope had disappeared.

Her eyes darkened, and she could no longer see any hope in life.

Jarrod subconsciously narrowed his eyes when he heard Nicole's words.

His grip on her face tightened. He still wrongly thought the pills Nicole wanted to take moments earlier were contraceptives.

He didn't understand why she kept mentioning those pills, which could easily be found in a pharmacy.

Did she really hate being pregnant with his child that much? The more Jarrod thought about it, the more determined he was to have a child with Nicole.

His first child with Nicole was not even given the chance to see this world.

At the thought of this, his eyes darkened.

For the first time, he felt sorry for their unborn child.

"I got rid of those pills for your own good."

Jarrod's cold voice sounded creepy in the still of the night.

Nicole's eyes immediately lost their luster.

She smiled mockingly and said, "Thank you for your kindness then."

But Jarrod didn't seem to care about her mockery at all.

No matter what she said, he would never change his mind.

He would do everything for Nicole to get pregnant again.

Jarrod and Nicole were not on the same page.

At this moment, Nicole felt like a fire was rising from the bottom of her heart.

The flame was getting stronger and stronger.

Since she was a child, she was always kind to others.

She never harmed anyone or done anything evil.

But why was God showing her no mercy? Her father was about to undergo a major operation.

She was worried because she didn't know if she could still be alive by the time the surgery was over.

Her eyes were blurred.

It was as if she could not see any hope anymore.

She whispered, "Jarrod, have you ever thought that if I don't take those pills, I may die tomorrow?"

These words were like thousands of needles that pricked Jarrod's heart. He seemed numb from the pain. He looked at Nicole with a straight face. He was about to scold her when she suddenly said mockingly, "But if I really die tomorrow, you can take it as a wedding gift for you from me, right?"

Nicole ignored the solemn look on his face.

And her words were more like mocking herself.

"If it happens, the death anniversary of the person you hate the most is the same as your wedding anniversary. Well, I have to say it fits you."

Nicole had never been so talkative like this before.

Tonight, she just said whatever came to her mind without hesitation.

While listening to her, the anger in Jarrod's heart surged.

But his back was covered in cold sweat.

The room was as warm as spring, but he felt a chill in his heart.

Jarrood could no longer afford to listen to Nicole's assumptions about her death.

Her words were like countless needles pricking his heart.

He suddenly stood up and said through clenched teeth, "Enough! Don't expect me to pity you with those words."

Nicole was stunned for a moment.

Then, she smiled and said, "Well, I know you are not easy to fool."

Hearing that, Jarrood was relieved.

He knew it.

Nicole was good at lying, and he almost fell for it again.

He thought of their lost child again.

He said in a flat tone, "As long as you are obedient, I won't let you suffer too much. You can even have a good life in the future."

The corners of Nicole's mouth curved into a smile.

She retorted, "Obedient? Are you asking me to become one of your mistresses, Mr. Schultz?"

Of course, Jarrood sensed the sarcasm in her words.



His handsome face darkened at once.

However, Nicole didn't show any sign of fear.

"Mr.Schultz, since you are so obsessed with my body, why don't you make it into a mummy after I die?"

At this moment, Jarrod could no longer restrain his emotions.

He instantly went berserk.

Why did Nicole always talk about her death? He didn't understand why Nicole was acting like this.

Was it only because she hated him? Suddenly, he reached out, pinched Nicole's slender neck, and forced her to look up at him.

He said in a chilly voice, "Do you really want to die?"

Jarrod's body still emitted the faint fragrance of his shower gel.

This was actually Nicole's favorite scent.But at this moment, she felt disgusted with it, thinking it was a smell of a scumbag.

Her stomach churned, but she endured it.

She said word by word, "What I mean is I will never be your mistress, even if I die.Just thinking about it already disgusts me."

Jarrod's temples throbbed.

He asked fiercely, "Do you really think you can resist me?"

"Who do you think you are? Are you so powerful that you can stop a person from dying?" Nicole retorted indifferently.

Jarrold was furious, and he didn't intend to hide it.

He wished he could teach Nicole a lesson.

How could she keep provoking him by mentioning death? Nicole's face was deathly pale.

She was like a delicate doll that could break into pieces with a slight touch.

Despite his fury, Jarrold couldn't find a way to vent his anger.

In a desperate move to silence her from talking about death, he lowered his head and kissed her violently.

His thin lips were cold.

He bit her lips hard to vent his anger.

Nicole's stomach churned violently.

A wave of nausea engulfed her, and she could no longer suppress it.

She suddenly pushed Jarrold away, ran to the trash can, and threw up.

But she hadn't eaten anything, so she could only retch.

For Jarrod, her reaction was an extreme humiliation.

Refusing to believe she had stomach cancer, he mistook her retching as her repulsiveness.

Did she hate him so much that his kisses made her feel] sick? At the thought of this, his handsome face darkened.

"Impressive, Nicole! You're really something."

His fierce eyes were filled with cruelty and hatred.

"But you have no choice but to live by my side for the rest of your life."

He then turned around, left the room, and slammed the door shut.

Nicole was relieved that Jarrod left.

She struggled to go to the bathroom and spit out the medicine she had just taken.

After retching for a while, the pills appeared in the toilet bowl, along with blood.

She breathed a long sigh of relief.

Fortunately, her weak stomach had not yet digested the pills.

She was able to spit them out. She got up from the floor, covering her belly. She walked to the washbasin and washed her face with difficulty.

Although she knew she no longer had hope in her life, she still didn't want to give up until the last moment.

It was a long and sleepless night for Nicole.

But in the morning, she got up early, washed up, and put on her favorite dress.

Then, she went to the Lawrence Group for the farewell party in high spirits.

Aside from her, her parents, Wesson and Dora were also present.

They distributed the compensation to the employees together. Most of the employees were loyal supporters of the Lawrence Group.

When they saw that Wesson had lost weight and seemed to have aged so much, they all shed tears.

Wesson couldn't help crying.

After all, he had run the company for more than forty years and planned to pass it down to Nicole.

But unexpectedly, he had lost everything and even owed a huge debt.

How could he not be sad? He was reluctant to let go of the company.

But unfortunately, this building had to be taken away by the bank tomorrow.

He asked Dora to push him to his office on the seventeenth floor to stay there for the last time.

When they arrived at the office, Dora made Wesson his favorite drink.

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door.

"Come in."

The door was pushed open, and Brett Hammond, Wesson's assistant, came in.

Brett said respectfully, "Mr. Lawrence, I have something to tell you."

"What is it?"

Nicole's father asked in confusion.

Brett looked at Dora stealthily and said in a low voice, "May I talk to you in private, Mr. Lawrence? It's something personal."

Hearing that, Wesson asked Dora to go downstairs first.

When only two of them were left, Wesson asked kindly, "Brett, is it about money? If you need anything, just let me know. I will try my best to help you." Brett looked at Wesson's haggard and old face, feeling sorry in his heart. To be honest, Wesson was always generous to all his employees over the past years.

That was why Brett couldn't help feeling guilty.

Had it not for being blackmailed, he wouldn't have done such an evil thing.

Chapter 267 Save My Father

The reality had triumphed over Brett's conscience.

Brett stood up, walked to the computer, and inserted a USB flash drive.

Then, he looked at Wesson and said apologetically, "Mr. Lawrence, someone wants you to see this."

After saying this, he clicked the mouse, and the scene of a man and a woman entangled with each other appeared on the computer screen.

Wesson's brows furrowed tightly.

When he was about to ask Brett who the people in the video were, he suddenly discovered something.

The woman in the video was actually Nicole, his beloved daughter.

The man was familiar to him. It was Jarrod, the man once engaged with Nicole.

When Wesson took a closer look, he realized that Nicole was only enduring what Jarrod was doing to her numbly.

To put it bluntly, Jarrod was unilaterally abusing her.

Wesson's brain suddenly went blank. He wanted to reach out and turn off the computer.

But his hands were shaking uncontrollably.

Tears unconsciously streamed down his wrinkled face. Wesson wanted to turn off the computer, hoping it could save Nicole.

But the truth was, there was nothing he could do.

Suddenly, there was a loud bang.

Wesson fell from the chair to the floor.

His body was bent, and his hands and feet shook violently.

But even so, he still begged Brett, "Brett, please...Save my daughter...Please...Save my daughter..."

Wesson naively thought he could save Nicole by just turning off the video.

But Brett didn't turn off the video.

Instead, he faced the screen to Wesson so Wesson could clearly see the entire scene.

The video continued to play.

Aside from Jarrod, the scene when Howe abused Nicole was shown.

Wesson could only watch the video helplessly.

Nicole was tortured by these wicked men, but there was nothing he could do. He was so heartbroken

that he could hardly breathe.

Nicole was his one and only daughter. She was the apple of his eye.

His lovely and obedient daughter.

How could they be so cruel to her? How could they treat her like this? They were not humans at all.

They were worse than beats.

"No...No..."

Wesson's hoarse voice sounded so weak and hopeless.

He couldn't help blaming himself for being a useless and terrible father. He failed to protect his daughter.

But what happened next shattered his heart even more. Brett walked to Wesson, squatted down, and said slowly, "Mr. Lawrence, your daughter did all of these for the company and for you..."

Wesson remembered the time when the company started to face the crisis.

He was afraid he would die at any moment, so he forced Nicole to handle the company's affairs. He even asked her to go all out to protect the Lawrence Group. His only goal at that time was to pass the company to Nicole and let her continue to run it.

He hoped his company could grant her a comfortable life with wealth if he met his demise.

He didn't expect his words to push her to the suffering.

Suddenly, Wesson felt a sharp pain in his chest.

He lay on the floor, gasping for air.



The excruciating pain was apparent on his face.

Although Brett could see that Wesson was struggling, he didn't show sympathy for Wesson.

He handed a pile of documents to Wesson expressionlessly and said in a low voice, "Your daughter has to face greater trouble today, and it's all because of you."

Wesson's eyes popped out of his head when he heard this.

He seemed on the verge of crying.

While his hands and feet twitched, he pointed at Brett and asked intermittently, "Who...Who...Who on earth is behind you?"

Brett lowered his eyes.

Actually, he didn't know.

Last night, he received a mysterious call, asking him to go to a certain place to pick up some documents. He was forced to follow the instructions since he had caused trouble and was taken advantage of. "Mr. Lawrence, forget about it. Anyway, my mission is finished."

He sighed.

"Honestly, you are old and seriously ill. Why do you have to drag your daughter down with you? Why don't you just go to hell by yourself? Then, it's all over, right?"

The elevator reached the first floor.

The doors opened, and Dora walked out.

When Nicole saw Dora alone, she immediately approached Dora and asked, "Mom, why are you down here? Where's dad? Will he be all right up there alone?"

Dora was about to say something when several men in uniform suddenly strode to them.

One of them showed an arrest warrant and said aloud, "Excuse me, where is Wesson Lawrence?"

For some reason, Nicole felt panicky.

She asked nervously, "Why are you looking for my father? What do you want from him?"

The officer explained, "There is a contract dispute, so we need Mr. Lawrence to come to the station for interrogation."

"A contract dispute?"

Nicole took the arrest warrant from the officer.

The contract number was clearly written there.

Her legs suddenly went so weak that she almost fell to the floor. She was in disbelief.

That contract was the one she begged Jarrod to destroy the other day. What did Jarrod mean by this?

He had promised her to settle the contract.

The officer asked, "Miss Lawrence, where is your father?"

Nicole was in a panic, and her hands trembled uncontrollably.

But she clenched her fists tightly to calm herself down.

"Can you let me make a phone call first?" The officer nodded.

"Sure. Go ahead."

Nicole squeezed Dora's palm to comfort her and said in a low voice, "Mom, please go upstairs and

check on dad first. Don't worry. Everything will be all right. Let me handle this."

Dora didn't resist.

She turned around and left in a hurry.

Nicole walked to the company's entrance with her phone in her hand.

Then, she dialed Jarrod's number with a trembling hand.

Her call was answered.

But before she could say anything, it was hung up.

Nicole didn't give up. She tried over and over again, praying from the bottom of her heart.

"Jarrod, answer the phone. Damn you! Answer it now,"

Nicole murmured through clenched teeth.

She wanted to tell him that she was willing to do whatever he wanted.

If he wanted her to get pregnant with his child, she would.

If he wanted her to be his mistress, she would no longer resist.

She got rid of all the resistance and stubbornness in her heart.

What mattered to her now was for Jarrod to let go of Wesson. When Nicole dialed Jarrod's number the fifth time, all she heard on the other end of the line was a cold voicemail prompt.

"Sorry, the number you are calling is currently unattended. Please leave a message after the beep..."

Nicole's mind went blank for a moment.

Tears streamed down her face and blurred her eyes.

She couldn't think of anything, so she could only implore instinctively.

"Jarrod, please...Help my dad..."

But before she could finish her words, she suddenly heard a noise outside.

Someone shouted in horror, "Oh, my God! Somebody is going to jump off the building!"

Then, it was followed by a loud bang.

Nicole was so astounded that her mind went blank.

Chapter 268 I Want To Marry You

At this moment, Saatchi Hotel, the biggest five-star hotel in Ardlens, was brightly lit.

The luxurious hall where Jamie's wedding would be held was adorned with an endless sea of red roses, making it look particularly romantic.

The ceremony table on the stage was decorated with Swarovski crystals.

In the middle was a huge crystal screen, which shone brightly.

Such an incredibly luxurious setup was enviable.

The bride, Jamie, was in the VIP lounge.

She wore a gorgeous wedding gown.

The makeup artist was now touching up her makeup.

She asked the makeup artist, "Are there already guests outside?"

The makeup artist shook her head.

The only people outside were the hotel staff.

Jarrold and Jamie's wedding was a private ceremony, and they reserved the entire hotel only for their guests.

The makeup artist noticed Jamie's nervousness.

Beads of sweat came out of Jamie's forehead.

The makeup artist grabbed the powder puff and wiped the sweat off Jamie's forehead.

She comforted Jamie, "Miss Powell, it's only half past nine. It's too early for the guests to arrive, so there's no need to be nervous."

Suddenly, a slap sound echoed in the lounge.

Jamie's palm landed on the makeup artist's face.

The makeup artist covered her numbed cheek.

She was shocked and confused at the same time.

She looked at Jamie aggrievedly and asked, "Miss Powell, what's wrong with you?"

Jamie's expression turned fierce. She snapped angrily, "How dare you say I'm nervous!"

Since this morning, Jamie felt like her heart had been in her throat.

For some reason, she had this strange sense of foreboding.

But she comforted herself.

Today, she was wearing a wedding gown worth three billion dollars, and this extravagant wedding cost ten billion dollars.

Jarrold had spent this much, so she had nothing to be nervous about.

She only slapped the makeup artist just now because of frustration and embarrassment after being perceived as nervous.

When Jamie saw that the makeup artist still stood there, she snarled, "Get out!"

She rolled her eyes in exasperation, thinking the makeup artist was such a clueless person.

Now that Jamie was left alone, there was pin-drop silence in the VIP lounge.

She took out her phone and called Jarrod. Actually, Jamie had been nervous and fidgety since this morning because she couldn't contact Jarrod.

His phone was powered off.

At this moment, the door was pushed open from the outside.

Jarrood walked in.

He looked handsome in his tailored suit.

Jamie lifted the hemline of her wedding dress and trotted to him.

She pouted like a spoiled child.

"Why are you not answering your phone? I've been calling you the entire morning."

"I dropped my phone. It's broken," Jarrood explained casually.

"Oh, okay."

Jamie didn't make a fuss about it anymore.

But this time, she noticed that Jarrood wasn't wearing the dark red suit she had chosen for him.

Instead, he was dressed in a black suit.

Although he was still handsome and charming, the whole black attire looked too somber.

It lacked the joyous atmosphere that a groom should radiate.

She couldn't help asking, "Jarrood, why aren't you wearing the dark red suit I picked for you?"



Jarrood didn't answer her question.

He remained silent with a stern expression on his face.

Looking at him made Jamie's heart inexplicably uneasy.

Jarrood was about to open his mouth to say something when Jamie suddenly said, "But it's okay if you don't want to wear it. You still look dashing in this suit, anyway."

As she spoke, she reached out and held Jarrood's arms, smiling brightly.

She said sweetly, "Let's go outside to welcome our guests. It's almost ten o'clock. They should be arriving soon."

But Jarrood just stood there motionlessly with his hands in his pockets.

Jamie shook Jarrood's arm gently.

It was only then that he reacted.

He removed her hand and looked at her solemnly.

"Jamie, there are no guests."

Jamie looked at him in confusion.

What did he mean by no guests? For a moment, Jamie couldn't understand what Jarrod meant.

She grabbed his arm again and asked, "What's wrong? Did something happen that the guests couldn't make it?"

She thought it didn't make sense.

Even if one or two guests couldn't come, it wouldn't be a problem.

How could there be no guests at all? Once again, Jarrod was silent for a while.

Then he said, "Jamie, I'm sorry."

Jamie was even more confused.

She didn't know what Jarrod was apologizing for, but it made her heart plummet. She was so anxious that she clung to his arm tightly. She forced a smile and said, "Jarrod, it's okay if there are no guests. We can proceed with the wedding as planned. After all, I'm marrying you, not the guests or anyone else."

Although Jamie spoke calmly and confidently, the anxiety in her eyes betrayed her true feelings. She felt deeply unsettled now.

What was going on with Jarrod? Was he reluctant to marry her now? Jamie did her best to force herself to dispel her unease.

She didn't dare to think about it again.

They were going to get married soon, so she shouldn't entertain such negative thoughts.

Jarrood sighed deeply and said, "Jamie, there won't be a wedding."

He sounded apologetic but firm.

"I canceled it."

After Jarrod left the Oasis Apartment early this morning, he went to his other apartment to rest.

However, he kept having nightmares.

He always dreamed of Nicole covered in blood.

Her two eyes, devoid of pupils, were like two bloody holes, staring intensely at him.

"Jarrod, I'm dead now. Are you happy?"

These words sent a sharp pain in his heart, jolting him awake.

His temples throbbed intensely, and his head ached so much.

Her previous words, "I will never be your mistress even if I die."

kept ringing in his ears over and over again.

Finally, Jarrod succumbed to his feelings toward Nicole. He made a decision. He canceled the wedding without telling Jamie.

Before any guests could arrive at the venue, he asked Alec to contact them and inform them that the wedding would not push through.

Jamie's mind went blank for a moment.

She grabbed Jarrod's sleeve tightly, looking at him with eyes widened in disbelief.

When she came back to her senses, she said, "Jarrod, are you kidding me? Everything is ready.

Maybe the guests are already on their way.

How can you say there is no wedding? How can we not get married?"

"Jamie, I'm sorry. I'll make it up to you," Jarrod said apologetically.

Jamie shook her head frantically.

Tears streamed down her face uncontrollably, smudging her makeup. She looked even more pitiful.

"No! Jarrod, you can't do this to me. I don't need your compensation. All I need is you. I want nothing but to marry you. I don't want anything else in this world. Only you! I want to be your bride, your wife!"

Jarrod's eyes were filled with guilt.

But he still said unwaveringly, "Jamie, I can give you anything you want except marriage."

This time, Jamie lost control of her emotions.

She shouted, "No! I don't want it. I want nothing but you. I want to marry you!"

Jamie clutched Jarrod's sleeve tightly.

Her tears fell on his suit.

She looked at him pitifully and pleaded, "Jarrod, you can't abandon me. You promised you would never abandon me. Jarrod, marry me. Please... I promise I won't be so willful in the future. I'll be a dutiful wife. I will do everything you say."

Jamie was so heartbroken that she cried hysterically. She didn't want any compensation.

If she married Jarrod, she would have everything.

A mere compensation was nothing.

She wanted everything! Everything! At the thought of this, Jamie cried even harder.

It was as if her heart was broken into pieces.

When Jarrod saw this, his expression softened.

Jamie didn't care if her makeup was ruined.

Her appearance didn't matter now.

There was only one thing in her mind.

Jarrold had to stay and marry her no matter what.

At this moment, the door was pushed open again, and Alec came in.

When Alec saw the scene inside the lounge, he turned around and was about to leave.

However, Jarrod stopped him.

"Give me the phone," Jarrod ordered.

Jarrold drank a lot.

He was so drunk that he didn't even notice he had dropped his phone and broken it.

There had been many calls in the morning, but the screen couldn't display them.

Therefore, he decided to just turn it off.

Alec handed the new phone to Jarrod with both hands.

Jarrold checked the call history and saw many missed calls from different numbers.

Some were saved on his phone, and some were not.

Suddenly, a voice message prompt popped up.

His eyes widened when he found it was from Nicole. He turned to Jamie and said, "I have to make a phone call."

Jarrood shook off Jamie's hand and walked to the side.

He pressed the voice message and listened to it.

The message was filled with crackling noises.

Instantly, a bad hunch surged in his heart, making him feel uneasy.

Then, Nicole's sad and desperate voice sounded, "Jarrod, please save my dad..."

Jarrood's mind went blank. He felt like his nightmares turned into reality. His heart ached so much.

It was as if an invisible hand was tearing it apart mercilessly.

Chapter 269 My Father Is Dead

Jarrood called Nicole back immediately.

However, no one answered.

His anxiety escalated.

Striding out, Jarrood commanded, "Alec, prepare the car!"

Jamie, in a panic, rushed after him.

"Jarrod, what about our wedding..."

As Jarrod departed, Jamie found herself engulfed in the car's exhaust.

Jamie stood helplessly, watching him leave her alone at their wedding.

Her eyes brimmed with bitterness and anger.

Jarrod must have left because of Nicole.

That bitch made Jarrod run away on the day of their wedding! He must be out of his mind! Jamie couldn't accept it.

The idea that Nicole had succeeded again in taking Jarrod from her was unbearable.

Damn Nicole! Fuming, Jamie vowed to settle scores with Nicole.

Jamie summoned the hotel concierge, lifted her gown, and said determinedly, "Follow that car."

In the car, Jarrod sat rigidly, absorbed in a live stream on his phone.

His lips were a tight line, his demeanor chilling.

Crack! Suddenly, rain started pelting down heavily. The heavy downpour cast a gloomy shadow over the city.



Despite the poor signal and noisy background, Jarrod could hear panicked voices.

"Oh, my God! Someone's about to jump off that building!"

"Why would he want to kill himself by jumping off the Lawrence Group building? Could he be an employee in a dispute with the Lawrence Group?"

"I've heard it's the CEO of the Lawrence Group. The reason for his decision to leap is unclear. The police were here for him earlier, likely to arrest him. Perhaps the pressure became too much for him to bear..."

The crowd buzzed with speculation.

Upon hearing these, Jarrod's eyes reddened with rising anger.

"Alec, investigate the issue with Nicole's father," Jarrod instructed.

"Understood,"

Alec responded.

Jarrod massaged his aching temples.

Jarrod had encountered Wesson on several occasions and found the latter shrewd and complex.

The thought of such a man contemplating suicide puzzled Jarrod.

Was Wesson actually going to do it? Or was it just an act? Internally, Jarrod mused that Wesson's potential suicide might bring closure to his parents' miserable demise. Unapter tbo My bather ts lead

Yet, he couldn't help but worry about Nicole's well-being in such a scenario.

For the first time, Jarrod considered sparing Wesson for Nicole's sake.

Nevertheless, he doubted Wesson's intention to end his life, suspecting it as a ploy linked to the Lawrence Group's financial woes.

The live stream continued.

Suddenly, the camera jolted and zoomed in on a woman's despairing cries.

It was Nicole.

She was on her knees, her sobs heart-wrenching.

"Dad...Dad...Please come down...Don't do this..."

Jarrod's heart raced.

He recalled the haunting nightmare.

In his nightmare, Nicole was staring at him with bloody eyes...

Overwhelmed by an unfamiliar fear, the composed Jarrod grew visibly pale.

With a strained voice, he choked out, "Speed up!"

At the Lawrence Group, a fragile figure stood by the window in the pouring rain.

Nicole, disheveled and distraught, knelt, her pleas barely audible amidst her hoarse cries.

"Dad...Please, come down...Don't leave mom and me...Please don't go..."Her voice faded into a

whisper, her anguish palpable to all present.Her actions touched everyone's hearts.All the while, the

fire department rapidly deployed a large air cushion.Everyone's eyes were fixed on Wesson, filled with

anxiety.A firefighter, noticing Nicole's chapped lips and hoarse voice from prolonged crying, offered her

a bottle of water, reassuring her, "Miss Lawrence, don't worry too much.We're trying to reach your

father.He'll be alright..."

Just as Nicole took the bottle and was about to express her gratitude, a scream pierced the air.

"Ahhh! He jumped!"

Looking up, Nicole witnessed a dark figure plummeting.

Thump! The sound, heavy and jarring, echoed like thunder.

Her ears went buzzing.

For a brief moment, Nicole's heart and breath seemed to halt.

Bang! The bottle slipped from her grasp, rolling away.

Suddenly, Nicole's vision blurred as if the rain was overwhelming her senses.

Desperation etched on her face, she appeared on the verge of collapse.

After what felt like an eternity, she finally saw a dim light.

"No..."

Unable to speak because of the sorrow, Nicole cried as she crawled toward the gruesome scene. The

sight was unmistakable.

Her father's features were beyond recognition...

She remembered choosing the sapphire blue suit and tie for him this morning.

Acting like a spoiled child, she told him, "You look younger in this suit."

Wesson smiled warmly, responding, "That's great to hear. I'm still strong, so nobody can harm my dear

daughter..."

As the rain poured relentlessly, the blood flowed from Wesson's body, mingling with the rainwater, while

Nicole knelt beside the corpse.

The blood belonged to Wesson, the man who gave Nicole life and nurtured her...

But how had it come to this? Frantically, Nicole tried to approach her dad, but staff members restrained her, gripping her arm firmly.

"Dad, how could you leave me like this? Dad, don't you care about me? Why won't you respond? Dad, let's go back home. Together..."

Nicole even coughed up blood amidst her sobs.

Tears mingled with blood streaked down her face.

The scene was both horrific and heart-wrenching.

A black cloth was draped over Wesson's shattered body.

"No! Don't take him! Don't take my father away! Please stop!"

Nicole screamed.

"Don't take him away. He's always cold in the winter..."

Nicole whispered hoarsely.

Wesson's blood, diluted by the rain, spread across the ground.

Nicole's heart felt as if it had been carved out, leaving her in unbearable grief.

"Dad..."

She would never again hear him call her by her affectionate nickname.

Her world had shattered...

By the time Jarrod arrived, Wesson had already been placed in an ambulance.

The bloodstained ground was the silent testament to the tragedy.

Jarrod, shocked, stumbled backward.

He saw Nicole crawling on the ground.

Their eyes met in a moment of shared pain.

It was not until this moment that Jarrod saw Nicole's face clearly.

Nicole's eyes were streaked with blood.

At that moment, Jarrod's heart clenched as if gripped by an unseen force.

He wanted to turn away, to hide.

But when Nicole saw him, her eyes blazed with hatred.

"My father is dead, Jarrod. I've lost my father. Are you happy now, Jarrod?"

Nicole's words were laced with scorn and void of emotion.

Chapter 270 I'll Give You My Life

Jarrood was stunned by Nicole's words. Did he revel in the Lawrence family's tragedy? Not at all.

In fact, it was the opposite.

Jarrood had never wished for Wesson's death because it meant losing leverage over Nicole.

Jarrood's mind was in turmoil, struggling to process the events.

He found it hard to believe Wesson would commit suicide.

For what reason? Was it merely over debts? He would be willing to settle those debts if Nicole agreed to have his child.

"You said you'd destroy that contract, yet you used it to coerce my father. Jarrod, you're nothing but

snake! A fucking asshole!"

Nicole's voice was raw with emotion.

Hearing this, Jarrod's expression shifted. He had indeed destroyed a copy of the contract but had kept

the original secure.

How had this happened? He wanted to express sympathy for Nicole's loss and clarify that he hadn't used the contract against Wesson.

But he remained silent, realizing the leak of the contract had originated from his end, and therefore, he was partly the reason for Wesson's suicide. Nicole, her eyes red and voice quivering, continued, "I suffered in detention because of that contract. I even lost our baby. What more do you want? Jarrod, you've done the paternity test. You know it was your child. Isn't that enough for you?"

Jarrod felt a pang of guilt at the mention of the baby.

Indeed, it was enough.

The loss of their child was the reason why he longed for another with Nicole.

"You're intent on ruining me and my family, aren't you?"

Nicole wept.

Jarrod, visibly shaken, managed to say, "No, that's not..."

Nicole's anguished cry interrupted him.

"Why... Why couldn't you spare my father? Why..."



Despair overwhelmed Nicole. She had strived to save her father, yet Jarrod's actions were merciless.

In her agony, Nicole clenched her chest, striking it in an attempt to ease her pain in vain. Her heart ached. She felt as if she were in an icy abyss, the coldness seeping into her bones.

The crowd had dispersed, leaving the building's entrance eerily silent.

Only the rain and Nicole's despairing sobs filled the air, unsettling Jarrod deeply.

"Nicole..."

Jarrod whispered, fearing his voice might startle her further.

In her vulnerability, Nicole's eyes were a mix of red and gray.

Red with bloodshed, gray with the loss of all hope. Jarrod gazed at her, his heart heavy with sorrow.

"I didn't give the contract to anyone. I'm as confused as you are. But I promise to investigate and explain everything, okay?"

Nicole's response was a bitter, hollow laugh.

"An explanation? Jarrod, I won't believe in you anymore! Remember when Howe had me in detention?"

You said the same thing. But what happened? I underwent another inhuman torture and even witnessed

my father's tragic end!"

This was the explanation Jarrod had promised! Nicole realized she should never have trusted him.

Jarrod's heart clenched, a suffocating sensation overwhelming him.

He yearned to explain, but words failed him.

Nicole, meanwhile, had lost all expectation of an explanation.

She gazed skyward, seeing a world devoid of hope.

"Jarrod, do you love to see me suffer?"

A bitter smile crossed her lips.

"Shall I make your wish come true?"

Jarrod's face blanched as Nicole suddenly dashed toward the concrete flower bed.

Thump! The sound of impact echoed, her blood staining the flowers.

Jarrod, frozen momentarily, rushed to her, his mind a blank slate.

"Nicole!" he cried, grasping her shoulders.

"Have you lost your mind?!" Nicole, overcome with self-loathing, lacked the strength for self-harm.

Her face, marred by blood streaming from her temple, was a tragic yet haunting sight.

Jarrood was seized by panic.

"Jarrod, I'll give my life to you. My life..."

Nicole murmured weakly.

Blood dripped down from her face.

Jarrood's heart raced, his voice icy with fear.

"Don't be foolish, Nicole! Remember your mother. If you're gone, what will become of her? Have you considered that?"

In Nicole's eyes, Jarrod was no less than a monster.

But if it would prevent her from harming herself, Jarrod was prepared to say anything.

Jarrood's words struck Nicole like a venomous blade, piercing her heart.

He knew exactly how to manipulate her.

Her resolve to resist him weakened, knowing she still had someone she cared about in the world.

Her hatred for him intensified.

"I'll kill you, you monster!"

Nicole seethed, her grip tightening around Jarrod's neck.

Jarrod made no move to resist or defend himself, simply enduring her grasp.

Nicole, weakened by her emotions and recent events, lacked the strength to strangle him. Exhausted, she finally released him.

But in a surge of fury, she clamped onto Jarrod's arm, biting down with all her might.

Her teeth broke his skin, drawing blood.

Nicole tasted it, a mix of sweetness and saltiness.

Nicole's bite remained unyielding as though she wanted to tear the flesh from his arm.

Jarrod winced in pain but did not push her away.

The pain seemed to alleviate his guilt, knowing she was still fighting.

"You bitch!"

Suddenly, a shrill voice cut through the air.

Jamie charged in, her foot striking Nicole with force.

Bang! Nicole was kicked over.

"Eww..."

After rolling a few times, Nicole coughed up blood.

Her face was ghostly pale, presenting a ghastly sight.

"You lunatic, how dare you attack Jarrod! I'll kill you!"

Jamie yelled.

Fueled by rage, Jamie raised her foot, poised to strike Nicole's head. Exhausted, she finally released

him.

But in a surge of fury, she clamped onto Jarrod's arm, biting down with all her might.

Her teeth broke his skin, drawing blood.

Nicole tasted it, a mix of sweetness and saltiness.

Nicole's bite remained unyielding as though she wanted to tear the flesh from his arm.

Jarrod winced in pain but did not push her away.

The pain seemed to alleviate his guilt, knowing she was still fighting.

"You bitch!"

Suddenly, a shrill voice cut through the air.

Jamie charged in, her foot striking Nicole with force.

Bang! Nicole was kicked over.

"Eww..."

After rolling a few times, Nicole coughed up blood.

Her face was ghostly pale, presenting a ghastly sight.

"You lunatic, how dare you attack Jarrod! I'll kill you!" Jamie yelled.

Fueled by rage, Jamie raised her foot, poised to strike Nicole's head.