

Unbreakable 271

Chapter 271 Unable To Wake Up

Bang!

Out of nowhere, a sudden kick sent Jamie sprawling to the ground.

The force of the kick made Jamie roll even further than Nicole had.

"Ah...Who kicked me...Who?"

Jamie was caught off-guard by the unexpected and powerful kick.

By the time she regained her footing, Jarrod had swiftly carried Nicole into the car and driven away.

Jamie tried to follow, only to be hit in the face with the car's exhaust.

Frustrated, Jamie stamped her foot and let out a cry.

"Ahhh!"

She reluctantly chased after them.

In the car, Jarrod's arm continued to bleed because of Nicole's bite, yet he seemed not to care about the wound.

Amidst the howling wind and rain, the car sped toward the funeral parlor.

Nicole remained motionless, almost lifeless.

Curled up in a corner, she was on the edge.

If Jarrod moved any closer to her, it could set her off into a frenzy of self-harm and vomiting blood.

Jarrod kept his distance, fearing to provoke her further. Those past few minutes felt like an eternity to him.

He pondered what could have happened if Nicole had more strength or a better angle to kill herself by dashing toward the concrete flower bed ...

He could have lost her forever.

This thought alone was enough to shatter him.

Inside the funeral parlor, morticians were frantically preparing Wesson's body.

Nicole refused to sit.

She crouched by the door to the embalming room, like an abandoned puppy, her eyes fixed on the door.

Inside was her father.

He was the man who had once carried her on his shoulders under the sun and shielded her from the

rain, ensuring she never felt a single drop.

With him, there had always been a ray of hope.

But now, her world had fallen apart.

The cornerstone of her family was gone.

Finally, the door to the embalming room opened, and Nicole, overwhelmed by grief, crawled inside on

her knees.

Jarrold, witnessing her fragile state, hesitated to intervene, fearing she might unravel further.

Beneath a white cloth lay Wesson, silent and still.

Nicole, her hands quaking, barely found the voice to ask the staff, "Can you...Can you lift it up?"

As Jarrod moved to assist, Nicole's voice, seething with resentment, stopped him, "Don't touch him!"

Her words carried all the strength she had left.

Nicole's eyes were filled with despair.

"Don't touch him, and don't you dare come near my father.Please!"

Jarrold, feeling a rush of anger, was about to respond when his phone vibrated disruptively.

Without a word, he stepped outside to take the call.

Inside, the staff unveiled Wesson's face.

Despite efforts to repair it, the numerous stitches gave it a ghastly appearance.

"Ah...Ah!"

Nicole's scream echoed through the room, a sound of pure agony.

Her heart felt as if it had been pierced, leaving a deep, throbbing wound. Her stomach, already in knots, twisted in excruciating pain.

Outside, Jarrod was on the phone with Alec, who was managing the situation back at the building.

"Mr. Schultz, Miss Lawrence's mother collapsed after hearing about Mr. Lawrence's suicide. She fell badly and suffered a serious head injury. She's in critical condition,"

Alec informed him.

Jarrod's reaction was immediate.

"What?"

Alec added gravely, "The doctors say she sustained a severe head injury with internal bleeding. She may not wake up."

"Useless!"

Jarrold's voice thundered.

"What the hell are those doctors doing?"

He massaged his temples, struggling to rein in his emotions.

"Spare no expense for the best medical care. She must be saved." Jarrold's voice quivered, betraying his

inner turmoil.

He seemed to be speaking to Alec, but also muttering to himself.

"She can't die. Nicole can't face another loss."

Alec, hearing the rare shake in Jarrold's voice, understood the gravity of the situation.

"Understood, Mr. Schultz," he responded promptly.

After ending the call, Jarrold turned to see Jamie clutching a soiled wedding dress, his footprints

marring its white fabric. He was too anxious earlier.

"Jarrold..."

Jamie's voice broke, laden with tears.

Today, meant to be her big day, was ruined by Nicole.

Reflecting on the earlier incident, Jamie suspected Jarrod might have been the one who kicked her over.

If true, it meant Jarrod's feelings for Nicole surpassed any gratitude toward her.

Jamie felt like she was on the verge of a breakdown, but knew she had to maintain composure.

Now was the time to be even more gentle and patient, contrasting herself with Nicole's deep resentment toward Jarrod.

"Jarrod, are you alright?"

Jamie gestured to his bloodied cuff.

"Is your arm okay where Nicole bit you?"

Jarrood's gaze lingered on her briefly before he responded calmly, "I'm fine."

"I'm sorry. I didn't know Nicole was going through such a distressing situation. When I saw her attacking you, I acted impulsively. Should I apologize to her?"

Jamie cast her eyes down, adopting a submissive demeanor. The stark whiteness of Jamie's wedding dress seemed glaring to Jarrod.

He said softly, "No, I have treated you badly today. I promise to make it up to you later. Please, go back first."

Jamie, feeling a sting of resentment, realized Jarrod was likely planning to spend time with Nicole.

However, she noticed a softening in Jarrod's tone.

"Alright, I'll leave first. Take care," Jamie replied gently, masking her true feelings.

As Jamie walked away, Jarrod's thoughts lingered on Nicole, wishing for a semblance of peace with her.

After Jamie turned the corner, her expression changed.

She recalled overhearing Jarrod mention the critical state of Nicole's mother.

Two tragedies in one day? Jamie decided this news needed to reach Nicole.

She made a call, instructing, "Find out where Nicole's mother is and her condition."

Raegan, confined in the villa, relied on television for news.

Bored, she flipped through channels, stopping abruptly at a news report.

"Local businessman Wesson Lawrence died today in a fall..."

Her mind reeled.

Nicole's father had committed suicide?Panicked, Raegan rushed to the gate, ignoring her bare feet.

The gate was locked, the guards unyielding.

"Let me out!"

Raegan screamed, but the guards stood firm.

Then, a loud bang echoed.

The guards spun around in alarm.

Raegan had slammed her head against the door, swelling forming on her forehead.

"Call Mitchel and tell him I need to leave!" she demanded.

The guards, tasked with her safety, could not ignore her plea.

The guards, under strict instructions to ensure Raegan's safety, swiftly opened the gate after the phone call.

They couldn't risk her harming herself further.

Stepping out of Serenity Villas after over ten days, Raegan felt like she was entering a different world.

The guards, with due respect, instructed her to enter the car, saying, "Mr.Dixon has ordered us to take

you to the company."

Raegan, eager to see Nicole, refused, "I need to see my friend."

"Sorry, we can't do that," the guards replied firmly.

Despite her protests, Raegan found herself up against a wall.

Reluctantly, she got into the car, planning her next move.

The car journey was smooth, and they soon reached the company.

With the bodyguards shadowing her, Raegan had little room to maneuver.

She found herself waiting in the upstairs lounge.

After what seemed like an eternity, she still got no word from Mitchel.

Her anxiety to reach Nicole was almost unbearable.

Seizing a moment when the bodyguards were distracted, Raegan forcefully pushed open the partition

door and stormed into the CEO's office.

Caught off guard and unfamiliar with the layout, the bodyguards reacted too slowly to stop her.

By then, Raegan was already inside the CEO's office.

Inside, she found not only Mitchel but also a woman.

They appeared quite intimate.

The woman turned at the disturbance.

Raegan's face drained of color as she recognized the woman.

Her voice, laced with deep-seated hatred, trembled, "Lauren Murray..."

Chapter 272 Not Play Along

Lauren turned, feigning surprise.

"Raegan, what brings you here?"

Her tone was calculated as if she owned the place.

Raegan's eyes, rimmed red with emotion, studied Lauren coldly.

Raegan couldn't help but notice Lauren's slightly protruding belly.

As a woman, Raegan recognized the signs of pregnancy, not merely weight gain.

Lauren's pale, drawn face made the pregnancy more pronounced.

A wave of fury washed over Raegan.

Mitchel had deceived her all along! Lauren's being transferred to the mental hospital and Mitchel's

alleged revenge for her sake were nothing but fake.

Here was Lauren, by Mitchel's side.

Worse still, she was pregnant.

"Raegan, I've always wanted to apologize..."

Lauren's eyes brimmed with tears.

"I was naive and intrusive, always bothering Mitchel and upsetting you."

Her demeanor had shifted from arrogance to a feigned vulnerability. But Raegan was not impressed at all, her eyes full of hatred.

Tessa's dying confession echoed in her mind.

Lauren had been the one who orchestrated the killing of her last unborn child.

With icy resolve, Raegan struck Lauren across the face. Lauren staggered, falling against the sofa.

"Ouch..."

Lauren clutched her belly, grimacing in pain.

But Raegan, facing her directly, saw the truth.

The slap couldn't have caused such a dramatic reaction.

Lauren was playing the victim again, trying to frame Raegan.

Seeing this, Raegan decided to play into Lauren's act, to expose her duplicity.

Approaching Lauren, Raegan asked with feigned concern, "Are you okay?"

Lauren, her lips bitten and eyes teary against her pale face, looked truly pitiable.

Yet, she seemed unaware of her appearance.

"Why did you hit me as soon as you came in?"

Lauren questioned.

Raegan replied with a smile, "You're still talking? You must be fine, then."

The next second, without hesitation, Raegan swiftly slapped Lauren, not once, but three more times.

This time, Raegan gripped Lauren's hand to prevent her from falling or exaggerating her reaction.

"Ah!"

Lauren, covering her swollen face with her free hand, burst into tears.

Raegan's voice was laced with sarcasm, "You enjoy playing the victim and accusing others falsely,

right? I'm just helping you out."

"Raegan, I just apologized for any past offenses..."

Ignoring Lauren, Raegan yanked Lauren's hair and slapped her again.

"I'm sorry, I hit you. I apologize. Is that what you meant?"

Lauren was defenseless against the slaps and on the verge of losing her composure.

After being released from the mental hospital, her body was severely weakened.

The strain of the pregnancy, particularly with a child she hadn't planned for, had depleted her of

essential nutrients.

It took her several days to gather enough strength to recover.

"Raegan, why do you despise me that much? My relationship with Mitchel isn't what you think..."

Lauren's voice deliberately trailed off, taking on a provocative tone.

It appeared she was insinuating that her relationship with Mitchel was exactly what Raegan suspected.

Raegan, seizing Lauren's hair, slammed Lauren's head against the sofa, her gaze icy.

"You know exactly why. You harmed my child. Did you think I'd let that go?"

Lauren, eyes wide with panic, stammered, "Raegan, you've misunderstood. I would never..."

"Raegan!"

At that moment, Mitchel intervened, trying to pull Raegan away to stop the commotion.

"Don't touch me!"

Raegan yelled, forcefully shaking off Mitchel's hand. Her revulsion was palpable.

The sight of Mitchel and Lauren together sickened her.

Suddenly, a wave of nausea overwhelmed Raegan, darkening her vision and unsteady her feet.

Mitchel reached out to help, but Raegan stepped back, regaining her balance.

Through clenched teeth, she demanded, "Mitchel Dixon, I'm done abiding by our agreement. Sign the divorce papers soon, or I'll make this public."

With that, Raegan turned and walked away, refusing to let their presence sour her mood any further.

Mitchel started to follow, but Lauren, clutching his trouser leg, cried out in pain.

"My stomach...I think I'm bleeding..."

A pool of vivid red appeared on the floor.

Mitchel, frowning, turned to Matteo who had just entered.

"Take her to the hospital. Keep a close eye on her, and ensure nothing goes wrong."

Mitchel then left Lauren and hurried after Raegan.

Lauren bit her lip, feeling abandoned.

She dared not cause further trouble, remembering the suffering she had in the mental hospital.

Lauren knew she had to maintain her composure and avoid a confrontation with Raegan.

Challenging Raegan openly could only make her life more miserable.

With her fists clenched tightly, Lauren reassured herself that this humiliation was only temporary.

She was determined to reclaim everything she believed was rightfully hers! Meanwhile, Mitchel found

Raegan arguing with bodyguards by the elevator.

"Let me go! What right do you have to keep me here?"

At Mitchel's signal, the guards stepped aside.

As Raegan moved to leave, Mitchel caught her waist from behind, lifting her into the elevator.

"Don't touch me!"

Despite her resistance, Raegan cautiously refrained from struggling too fiercely, fearing a fall.

"Please, Mitchel, don't touch me with your filthy hands," Raegan pleaded, her voice thick with repulsion.

But Mitchel ignored her protests.

He helped her into the car and secured the seatbelt.

Raegan tried to escape, but as Mitchel settled into the driver's seat, he restrained her hands to her chest, holding her firmly in place.

Raegan's anger boiled over, her face flushed with fury.

"You bastard! Go back to your precious Lauren. If you're so fond of each other, why not release me from this misery? Do you take pleasure in tormenting me? Bastard! Jerk! You're nothing more than an animal!"

Remembering how Mitchel had imprisoned her, mistreated her, yet cared for Lauren, who was pregnant, Raegan's rage intensified.

Lauren, though not directly responsible for the attack, had masterminded it, providing Tessa with the means and support.

Even if Tessa was out of the picture, it didn't change the fact that Lauren had played a role in the loss of her child.

Raegan glared at Mitchel, her anger unbridled.

"Get your hands off me. I'm done with this charade. I'll explain to your grandpa myself!"

She couldn't stand the thought that Mitchel was in the same car as her.

The thought of Mitchel secretly aiding the person behind their first child's demise filled her with uncontrollable fury.

Mitchel, noting Raegan's pallor and labored breathing, felt concerned.

He softened his tone, "Raegan, please, just calm down for a moment."

Determined not to let him touch her, Raegan clasped her hands tightly, forcing herself to regain composure.

As her breathing steadied and she quieted down, Mitchel loosened his grip and tried to explain, "Things aren't what you think."

Chapter 273 The Child Is Not Mine

The familiar remarks made Raegan want to laugh.

But she held back and listened quietly.

Mitchel stared at her intensely and confessed, "The child in Lauren's belly is not mine."

Raegan sneered, "Mitchel, am I that stupid in your eyes? If the child isn't yours, why do you still keep her by your side?"

"Yes, it's true that I took her out of the mental hospital. But I didn't do it out of pity or sympathy. I have a reason for doing it," Mitchel explained.

Mitchel paused and added, "One day, I will tell you everything. But for now, please just trust me. You will know when the right time comes."

Unfortunately, Raegan was not convinced by his clumsy explanation.

She even wanted to laugh.

She looked at him expressionlessly.

It seemed she wasn't even worthy of his decent excuse.

Well, whatever.

When Mitchel noticed Raegan's silence, he immediately panicked.

He held her hand and said, "I will not divorce you. Please stop thinking about leaving me. Do you understand?"

In the past few days, he didn't go home because he was afraid he wouldn't be able to control his emotions.

He had been spending the nights at the company. He had sleepless nights, thinking about Raegan.

He couldn't accept that she wanted to leave him.

And the reason why he lost his mind that day was that she wanted to leave secretly.

Mitchel gave it careful thought.

In the end, he decided to accept the child in Raegan's belly.

He couldn't afford to lose her, so he could only accept everything of her.

Besides, he still hoped that the child might be his.

When it came to Raegan, Mitchel had been impulsive several times before.

But this time, he couldn't just believe Henley's one-sided words.

After all, he knew how cunning and deceitful Henley was.

So, he would accept Raegan's child no matter what.

He would sincerely comfort her and help her let go of her worries.

He would make her confess the truth about the child one day.

However, anger surged in Raegan's heart when she heard Mitchel's words.

She immediately exploded.

"Mitchel, haven't you been the one who lied to me all along?"

She thought this so-called contractual marriage was only his way of trapping her.

Mitchel said frankly, "I didn't lie to you. I admit that I had selfish motives when I remarried you. But even

if my grandfather wasn't involved, I still wanted to remarry you. So, let's just spend our days

together. Don't overthink things. No matter what, I won't let you go."

Raegan forced herself to be numb upon hearing his words. She knew that if she got too emotional,

Mitchel would lock her up again.

And he would always keep a close watch on her. She felt bitter in her heart.

But she forced a smile and said in a low voice, "All right. Take me to see Nicole first."

Mitchel was stunned by Raegan's reaction.

He looked into her eyes and asked again, "Raegan, what did you just say?"

Raegan put on a calm smile and replied softly, "I won't leave."

"Raegan..."

Mitchel held her tightly in his arms.

His heart was filled with joy. He was like a happy child who had retrieved the most precious toy he had lost.

"Raegan, you must trust me about Lauren's matter. I won't lie to you."

Raegan stared blankly out of the car window and said softly, "I trust you."

But deep down, she wouldn't place trust in him anymore.

The Raegan who always chose to trust Mitchel in the past no longer existed.

Mitchel felt something was wrong.

He couldn't believe Raegan would change so easily.

Raegan did her best to suppress the emotions in her heart.

She said in a low voice, "Can you take me to see Nicole quickly?"

Knowing what happened to the Lawrence family, Mitchel couldn't help frowning.

He focused on the road and drove Raegan to the mourning hall.

Raegan saw Nicole sitting on one side of the mourning hall.

The stream of guests came and went, but Nicole remained motionless.

It was as if she didn't see anything.

She sat there like a lifeless doll.

Jarrood was also there, but he kept a distance from Nicole.

He sat on the other side, far from the main hall.

Nicole always got agitated and lost control of herself when she saw Jarrod.

Jarrood was afraid of distressing her more, so he stayed as far away from her as possible while watching her.

Raegan didn't even spare a glance at Jarrod even when Mitchel chatted with Jarrod.

Raegan went straight to the main hall.

After paying respect to the dead, Raegan walked to Nicole and sat beside her.

Raegan called out softly, "Nicole..."

Raegan realized she was at a loss for words.

Her tears streamed down her face uncontrollably.

She could only reach out and hug Nicole tightly.

Raegan's soft voice touched Nicole's numbed heart.

Finally, Nicole lost control of the emotions she had been suppressing.

She broke down.

She hugged Raegan back tightly and sobbed in Raegan's arms.

Both Raegan and Nicole cried uncontrollably as if no one else was around.

The depression and pain were just too much for them to bear.

After pouring out their emotions, Raegan helped Nicole to the other side of the hall to rest.

Mitchel and Jarrod didn't follow them. They knew that Raegan and Nicole had a lot to talk about in private.

As soon as Raegan and Nicole stepped aside, Raegan asked at once, "Nicole, why did your dad commit suicide?"

Nicole sighed.

"Because of the company."

Raegan asked again, "So, what do you plan to do next?"

Nicole shook her head. She honestly didn't know what to do.

Dora was ill at home, and she had to handle all the arrangements for her father's funeral alone.

Her head was a mess.

Until now, she still couldn't accept the fact that things had turned this way.

Nicole hoped everything was just a nightmare.

When she woke up, she could still find Wesson resting at home.

She, Dora, and Wesson would still live as a happy family of three.

They would be together until the end.

However, everything in front of her reminded Nicole of the truth.

No matter what, it was no longer possible for them to be together.

Raegan and Nicole hugged each other and cried for a while, hoping to pour out the heaviness in their hearts.

Raegan stayed for a while to accompany Nicole.

When she was about to leave, she remembered something.

She asked Nicole, "Nicole, do you have your phone with you? Can I borrow it? I just need to make a phone call."

Nicole handed her phone to Raegan without hesitation.

Nicole was surprised that Raegan couldn't even use her phone.

Raegan must be having a hard time under Mitchel's watchful eyes.

After Raegan left, Nicole returned to her seat and sat there again motionlessly.

The sun had set, and the sky was getting dark outside.

At this moment, an unexpected guest arrived at the mourning hall.

Jamie walked in with a bouquet of roses in her hand.

She wore a black wool coat.

Jarrold happened to go out to smoke, so they didn't meet.

Jamie walked straight into the mourning hall, intending to pay respect.

But she was suddenly stopped by a furious roar, "Get out of here!"

Although there were only a few people in the mourning hall at this moment, Jamie was a little

embarrassed after being shouted at.

She said angrily, "Nicole, I came here out of goodwill to pay respect to your father. How can you be so

rude to your guest?"

Nicole glared at Jamie with red eyes.

She said through clenched teeth, "You are not welcome here. Your presence will only tarnish my father's name and disturb his peaceful rest."

"Peaceful rest?"

Jamie smiled sarcastically and retorted, "Do you really think your father can rest peacefully?"

Nicole no longer wanted to waste her strength arguing with Jamie. So, she said coldly, "Are you going to leave on your own, or should I have the security guards drag you out?"

"Whoa, you are so fierce," Jamie mocked.

"Look who's driving me away. Ah, it's Miss Lawrence from the bankrupt Lawrence Group. Are you threatening me? Oh, I'm so scared." Nicole clenched her fists tightly. She wished she could tear Jamie apart right at this moment.

"Nicole, I'm actually here to tell you some good news," Jamie added with a smile before Nicole could say anything.

"Don't you find it strange that your mother hasn't shown up even though your father is dead?" Nicole

asked vigilantly, "What are you talking about?"

"Aren't you informed that your mother fell ill because of sadness and depression?"

Nicole stared at Jamie, feeling uneasy. She had a hunch in her heart, but she wasn't sure about it.

Someone from the company informed her that Dora was sick and was resting at home.

"If you have something to say, spit it out now," Nicole demanded.

"Why are you so impatient?" Jamie asked softly.

"I went to the hospital today to visit someone, and I heard that your mother was admitted to that hospital."

Then, Jamie leaned closer to Nicole and showed the video she had taken.

"Your mother fell down the stairs and suffered a severe intracranial hemorrhage. The doctors had already declared there was no hope of saving her. She will never wake up again."

The news came like a bolt from the blue to Nicole.

She was told that Dora was resting at home.

How could Dora be lying in the hospital, unconscious?

"Congratulations! You lost both parents in just one day!"

It was the most vicious congratulations, but Jamie said it in her gentlest voice.

"Don't you want to celebrate? Both of your parents can now rest in peace. It should be a double celebration, right? They will no longer suffer. You will have to deal with everything alone,"

Jamie continued talking complacently without noticing the change in Nicole's expression.

"I personally handed over your father's contract. I didn't expect to take away two lives in one go. Unfortunately, I arrived late. I didn't witness your father's tragic fall. What a pity!"

Nicole's eyes were now bloodshot.

She glared at Jamie as if she wanted to swallow Jamie alive.

Her parents could have been enjoying their old age in peace.

But because of Jamie, they were now separated forever.

And Jamie still had the nerves to show up here and ridicule her father's wake.

This was so unfair, and she would manage to set the records straight.

"You are such a vicious woman! Go to hell!"

Suddenly, an unprecedented power burst out from Nicole's body.

She ruthlessly banged Jamie's head against the pillar with all her might.

The next second, horrifying and agonizing screams filled the mourning hall.

"Ah! Ah!"

Chapter 274 Don't Disturb My Father Anymore

Nicole released her grip on Jamie.

Though Nicole deeply resented Jamie, she didn't want Jamie to die right here and now.

After all, this was her father's funeral. She couldn't kill Jamie in her father's presence.

Moreover, getting arrested over this spiteful woman wasn't worth it.

Nicole said coldly, "Apologize to my parents now, or I'll make you regret it."

Jamie could feel the craziness in Nicole's tone.

Jamie had planned to drive Nicole to despair, hoping she'd end her own life in grief at her father's

funeral with the despairing news of her mother's condition.

But Jamie hadn't anticipated Nicole's bold move.

Panicking, Jamie yelled, "You bitch! You're crazy! What are you doing?"

Jamie had deliberately chosen this moment to provoke Nicole.

Now, she regretted being alone with Nicole in the mourning hall.

Suddenly, her head was forced down.

Her forehead was pressed against the pillar again, making her shriek in terror.

"Ahhh!"

In a mix of fear and desperation, Jamie blurted out, "Ah...Stop it! Okay, okay! I'm sorry! I shouldn't have talked about your parents like that.I was wrong.Please, let me go!"

Nicole released her grip, and Jamie collapsed to the floor, her face flushed red.

Looking down at the terrified Jamie, Nicole said dismissively, "Get out of my face.You are not welcome here."

"Alright, I'm out of here..."

Jamie muttered, staggering out of the hall.

Deep down, she hated Nicole's guts! Nicole had scared the shit out of her! The whole situation was embarrassingly humiliating.

In a sulking mood, Jamie paused and shot a glance back at Nicole, who was facing away.

At that moment, a vicious scheme hatched in Jamie's mind.

Jamie noticed they were alone in the mourning hall, everyone else probably at dinner.

Seizing the opportunity, Jamie charged at Nicole, wanting to shove Nicole with all her might against the pillar.

Convinced she could easily overpower Nicole, especially since Nicole was sick, Jamie acted without hesitation.

But suddenly, Nicole swayed, feeling a wave of dizziness, and collapsed to the floor.

Bang! A heavy sound was heard.

Then, a piercing scream tore through the air.

"Ah! Ah! No! Ouch!" As Nicole slowly got up, she saw Jamie clashing against the pillar.

Jamie lay on the ground with her face down, shivering.

Nicole brushed against Jamie's hair to ensure her identity.

Jamie was in a terrible state at the moment.

Her face was contorted with pain, blood marring her features. It was an unpleasant sight.

"Ouch, ouch, it hurts..."

Jamie screamed in pain hysterically.

The pain across her being was unbearable.

She had intended to harm Nicole, never imagining hurting herself instead.

Seeking medical assistance from Nicole, Jamie struggled forward, blood oozing out as she managed to reach Nicole's hand.

Her wounds were scratched amid her movements, adding to her excruciating pain.

"Waah...Waah..."

Jamie's words were unclear as she pleaded, "Help...Help me...Help..."

"You want my help?"

Nicole approached Jamie with an icy expression, observing her pitiful state.

For the first time since her father's demise, a genuine smile appeared on Nicole's face.

"Then tell me, what were you up to just now? You were trying to push me against the pillar, weren't you?"

"I...didn't.You're making things up...Ah, you bitch...Call an ambulance now..."

"If you don't confess, I won't lift a finger.It's getting dark, and I'm the only one here in the mourning

hall. We'll just see who gives in first,"

Nicole replied, her voice ominous and dark. Jamie knew too well that they were alone in the mourning

hall, with no one else or any cameras around.

That was why she had dared to take such a risky action, confident that even if Nicole died there, no

one would ever know of her involvement.

But now, the tables had turned, and it was Jamie who was lying helpless on the ground.

The more Jamie thought about it, the angrier she got.

In a fit of rage, she lunged at Nicole, intent on attacking Nicole.

"You bitch! I'll kill you!"

But her vision, blurred by the blood, betrayed her.

She missed Nicole and fell to the ground again, causing her wounds being stretched further.

More and more blood oozed out, and its speed was running faster.

Jamie felt the pain had engulf her body.

"Ah! It hurts!" she cried out.

She tried to get up by herself in vain.

The pain was unbearable, far worse than a knife cut.

Jamie couldn't take it any longer, fretting about her well-being.

Desperate, she confessed everything, "Fine! You're right! I tried to push you against the pillar!"

She had to confess.

Without instant medical treatment, the excruciating pain might kill her.

Yet, Jamie held on to the hope that she'd have other opportunities to finish Nicole.

"I was going to let you go, yet you still tried to harm me by attempting to push me against the pillar. This

is my father's funeral. How dare you!" Nicole said, her voice icy.

Jamie felt a wave of guilt at the mention of Nicole's father.

"Was that all you did to me?" Nicole pressed on.

Jamie was startled, hesitant to answer.

She had done numerous misdeeds to Nicole over time and wasn't sure which Nicole was referring to.

Seeing Jamie's confused expression, Nicole pointed it out directly, "You asked Kieran to frame me,

didn't you? You demanded Howe to send those two women to attack me and my unborn child in the

detention center. And you helped Howe with the torture I received in that villa, right?"

As Nicole listed these, Jamie's face flushed with shame.

Suddenly, Jamie snapped, "If you already knew I did it, why ask? Call an ambulance now! Jarrod will be furious if he finds out about this!"

When Nicole heard Jamie mention Jarrod, she couldn't help but ask, "Jamie, don't you worry about Jarrod finding out the truth?"

Without hesitation, Jamie snapped back, "So what if he does? Did he react when I messed with you last time? Jarrod's head over heels for me. He'll always take my side, no matter what. Our relationship is different from the one between you and him."

Nicole, puzzled, questioned, "Your relationship? What do you mean?" Jamie, caught off guard by the question, started to panic. Did Nicole know about the truth? Logically speaking, it shouldn't be. She had handled that matter well, and Nicole didn't remember what exactly had happened back then. Unless Nicole had recalled it already! Lost in her thoughts, Jamie heard Nicole's sarcastic remark.

"The two of you are just those flies who share the same tastes! You two should go to hell hand in hand!"

Nicole knew that as long as Jarrod was around, she couldn't take her revenge on Jamie. She couldn't make Jamie and Howe pay for their wrongdoings.

Frustrated and helpless, Nicole could only mock, unable to punish these evil souls.

She was struggling enough to survive, let alone seek justice for the Lawrence family.

This realization only deepened Nicole's sadness.

Amidst her pain and covered in blood, Jamie wailed.

"I've told you everything. Call an ambulance! I need a doctor, now!"

Nicole, with a disgusted face, said to the man at the mourning hall's entrance, "Get her out of here. She's disturbing my father's peace."

Suddenly, Jamie went pale.

Jarrold was here? When did he get here? But if Jarrod had been here for a while, he wouldn't have just stood by.

He likely just arrived! In a desperate cry, Jamie yelled, "Jarrod, help! Nicole pushed me against the pillar. She's trying to kill me!"

Chapter 275 An Idiot

Jamie's entire face and upper body were covered with blood, making her look terrifying.

But even at this time, she still didn't forget to frame Nicole.

"Help! Help me! Please...This crazy woman has completely gone out of her mind.She wants to kill me!"

Jamie cried hysterically.

And with her terrible face, she looked quite miserable.

Unfortunately, her vision was blinded by the blood.

She couldn't see the expression on Jarrod's face now.

Otherwise, she would be shocked.

If Jarrod hadn't heard everything, he might have been deceived by Jamie again.

But this time, he was sober.

He said expressionlessly, "Jamie, I heard everything."

Jamie was stunned for a while.

Did Jarrod really hear everything? Jamie felt a chill rising from the soles of her feet to the top of her

head, making her shiver uncontrollably.

"Jarrod, let me explain.It's not...It's not what you think it is.It's Nicole! It's all her fault! She forced me to

say those words."

As she spoke, Jamie burst into tears.

Tears streamed down her face uncontrollably.

The salty tears flowed to her wounds, and she winced in pain. Her ugly face looked even more miserable.

However, Jarrod could no longer feel pity or sympathy for Jamie in his heart.

With an indifferent expression, he said in a cold and distant voice, "Jamie, I told you many times not to challenge my bottom line."

Jamie had schemed against the baby in Nicole's belly.

That baby was his own flesh and blood.

How dare she murder his child! At the thought of the loss of his baby, Jarrod felt like strangling Jamie to death.

But he was so disgusted with her that he didn't want to touch her.

He despised her from the bottom of his heart.

"Jarrod, believe me. Nicole really wanted to kill me just now. I only said those words to save myself. Those things have nothing to do with me. Really... It's Howe... He did it all by himself. I have nothing to do with it."

At this moment, Jamie no longer cared about Howe.

All that mattered to her now was to save herself.

Jamie could even take advantage of anyone, including her family, just to save herself.

"Now that things have reached this point, you still want to lie to me?"

Jarrod realized Jamie couldn't see because the blood had blocked her vision.

But he still said to her, "You used an excuse to distract Alec.

Then, you stole the contract from my safe and gave it to someone, right?"

"I... No, I..."

Jamie didn't have the strength to lie anymore because of the pain.

Her whole body ached, yet she still couldn't receive any medical treatment.

Impatient, she snapped, "I just hate Nicole for taking you away from me. I'm your fiancée. Shouldn't I defend my engagement with you?"

After saying this, Jamie crawled on the floor and touched Jarrod's cold leather shoes.

She held them tightly and cried, "Jarrod, I only did those things because I love you so much."

Upon hearing this, Jarrod stepped on the back of Jamie's hands and crushed them hard mercilessly.

Suddenly, Jamie's miserable howls filled the mourning hall.

But Jarrod didn't feel even the slightest bit of pity.

He said word by word ruthlessly, "Jamie, you know very well that I hate deception the most. You lied to me and even took advantage of the situation to kill my innocent child. Worse still, you knew that baby was mine!"

He had thought Jamie was arrogant but kind-hearted. He didn't mind tolerating her temper.

But he never thought she could do those evil things.

He failed to see Jamie's true colors all along, being deceived by her and even indulging her wrongdoings unintentionally.

Actually, Jarrod had only indulged Jamie because she reminded him of Nicole in some way.

He now realized he was wrong.

Nicole's arrogance was coupled with confidence, stemming from her parents' love for her and her wealthy family background.

Nicole was somewhat willful, but she never bullied anyone.

She was straightforward, but she was actually a warm-hearted person.

Jamie's arrogance, on the contrary, was mixed with viciousness, selfishness, and schemes. Jarrod couldn't help blaming himself because his indulgence had helped Jamie turn into such an evil soul.

He was to blame.

Nicole didn't want to watch Jarrod and Jamie arguing and shifting the blame.

She hated it.

Especially when Jarrod mentioned the loss of their child, she felt even more disgusted.

Nicole pointed at the door and shouted, "Both of you, get out of here!"

This time, Jarrod didn't refute Nicole, which was very rare to happen.

Instead, he turned to Alec and ordered him to drag Jamie out of the mourning hall first.

Then, he asked someone to clean the place.

However, Jarrod didn't leave.

He looked at Nicole and said guiltily, "Nicole, I didn't know anything about Jamie's misdeeds until now."

His voice was so low as if he feared being despised by Nicole.

But even if Jarrod didn't know about Jamie's wrongdoings, it was not enough to absolve him.

After all, Jamie derived confidence from his indulgence.

Nicole sneered, "Jarrod, are you kidding me? I've recorded everything that your wife had said just now. Tell me which hospital you sent my mother to. Otherwise, I'll expose what she said to the public."

Nicole knew that the recording alone could not be used as evidence against Jamie and Howe in court.

But the power of public opinion was more than enough to condemn them. She knew Jarrod didn't want that.

Jarrod frowned.

"Jamie is not my wife. We're not married." But Nicole just ignored his words. She asked furiously, "Where did you take my mother? I want to see her now."

No one else could hide her mother's admission to the hospital from her like this except Jarrod.

Jarrod explained, "I didn't mean any harm in hiding your mother's condition from you."

Nicole was already devastated by the loss of her father.

Jarrold was afraid she couldn't bear another blow, so he hid Dora's condition from her.

Every word that Jarrold said only made Nicole more disgusted.

She felt so dizzy now that her vision was gradually blurring. She had to see her mother before she collapsed.

Nicole looked at Jarrold and repeated word by word, "I want to see my mother."

"Okay, I'll take you to her," Jarrold agreed.

Outside, Jamie still knelt on the ground, choking with sobs.

She didn't want to get in the car.

Jamie had no idea where Alec was taking her.

She was so frightened that she cried, "I want to see Jarrold. Take me to him."

At this moment, Jarrold had come out of the mourning hall with Nicole.

Alec immediately approached him and asked, "Mr. Schultz, what will I do next?"

When Jamie heard Jarrold's name, she crawled over madly.

She fumbled around and cried, "Jarrold, you can't do this to me. Have you forgotten who saved you

before?"

Jarrold stopped in his tracks and asked the driver to take Nicoletto the car first.

Jamie shouted, "It was me! It was me, Jarrod! How can you be so ungrateful?"

Thinking of the time when Jamie saved him, Jarrod's eyes turned cold.

"Jamie, am I not good enough for you?"

He didn't forget the fact that he owed her his life.

To return the favor, he was even so generous to her that he gave her a mansion worth hundreds of millions of dollars.

After he decided to cancel their wedding and engagement, he had drafted a contract to compensate her with one-third of his assets.

Even if they couldn't become a couple, he would take care of Jamie for the rest of her life to show her his gratitude.

But what Jamie did now made him feel he was an idiot, being deceived by her for this long.

Jamie could never change back to the gentle and kind-hearted person he used to appreciate in his

heart.

Instead, he felt sick at the thought of her.

"Jamie, this is the last time I will repay your kindness. I won't let you die. Instead, I will let you live a good life."

Then, he turned to Alec and ordered, "Take her to the seaside villa."

Jamie's face turned as white as a sheet.

She screamed while lying on the ground, "No, Jarrod! I'm not going to that villa. I want to go to the hospital. Jarrod, please..."

"Don't let me hear your voice again," Jarrod said ruthlessly.

As he spoke, there was no expression on his handsome face.

"Remember, this is the last favor I will do for you. Otherwise, you will stay in jail for the rest of your life."

These words sent a shiver down Jamie's spine.

Her body trembled like a leaf in the cold wind.

If Jarrod wanted to find evidence of her crimes, it would be a piece of cake for him.

Before Jamie could react, Jarrod had already turned around and left without hesitation.

Soon, Jarrod and Nicole arrived at a private hospital.

As soon as Nicole entered the ward, she saw Dora lying in the intensive care unit.

There was no expression on Dora's face.

It was as if she was only in a deep slumber.

"I want to enter the ICU," Nicole said in a trembling voice, staring at Dora through the glass wall.

Logically speaking, she was not allowed to get in the ICU.

But considering Dora's current condition and out of humanity, the doctor allowed Nicole to go in and see Dora for the last time.

After all, Nicole would need to decide whether to remove the ventilator or not.

After changing into sterilized clothes, Nicole slowly walked in with trembling legs.

Instantly, tears streamed down her face like a waterfall. She was alone with her mother at the moment, so she could show her most vulnerable side as much as she wanted.

"Mom, I know you miss my dad so much. But why can't you just stay with me for a few more days? Just a few more days, please. Mom...Dad...Why do you have to leave me? Why don't you wait for me?"

Nicole cried so hard that she was out of breath.

Her body went numb for a moment.

Then, she felt pain all over her body.

Her hoarse and sorrowful cries filled the entire ICU.

She was overwhelmed by sadness.

Soon, the visiting hours ended.

Nicole knelt on the floor and whispered, "Mom, dad, wait for me. We will reunite soon."

Chapter 276 End With Sorrow

In the surveillance room, Jarrod watched Nicole on the screen, a pang of pain striking his heart.

Jarrod longed to embrace Nicole, yet he was acutely aware of his current lack of standing to do so.

During their silent car ride back, neither spoke a word.

Upon arriving at the mourning hall, Jarrod noticed Nicole had succumbed to sleep, worn out from being

awake for two days straight.

Observing her peaceful slumber, Jarrod chose not to disturb her, allowing her to rest in the car.

"Waah..."

Suddenly, Nicole began crying in her sleep.

Her body trembled, and her muffled sobs deeply affected Jarrod.

Feeling as if his heart were ensnared by chains and grappling with immense guilt, Jarrod's face turned ashen.

He then did what he had longed to do.

He gently held Nicole in his arms.

In her sleep, Nicole, mistaking him for someone else, clung tightly to his arm.

Jarrod, breathing deeply, remained still, fearful of waking her.

After a while, exhaustion overcame Jarrod. Having also been awake for two days, Nicole's closeness, the focus of his turmoil, lulled Jarrod into sleep.

Nicole's eyes suddenly snapped open to the sound of Jarrod's steady breathing.

Contrary to appearances, she had not been asleep.

The thought of resting next to someone she deemed a demon was inconceivable.

Quietly, she slipped from Jarrod's embrace, leaving him slumped against the seat, vulnerable in sleep.

The moonlight cast a deceptive glow on his stern, yet striking features, masking his underlying

ruthlessness.

Nicole, eyeing the driver's seatbelt, a sinister idea forming in her mind, contemplated an evil plan.

And that was to kill Jarrod.

The weight of her suffering and the Lawrence family's tragedies all traced back to this man.

Nicole believed that by eliminating the root of these woes, she could finally give her parents peace.

In her mind, avenging them meant joining them in the afterlife.

As she pulled out the seatbelt and wrapped it around Jarrod's neck, her hands shook, tears streaming down her face.

She had never squashed an ant, how could she take a human life? Frozen, unable to complete the final act, her resolve wavered.

Then, a deep, raspy voice shattered the silence.

"Why stop now?" Jarrod's eyes opened, his gaze in the moonlight unreadable.

He reached out, pressing the back of Nicole's hand, still clutching the seatbelt.

His voice was icy as he asked, "Do you need help?"

For a moment, Nicole's mind went blank.

A flood of anger, unwillingness, and hatred surged within her.

She had lost her chance, and Jarrod wouldn't grant her another.

Tears spilled over, her shoulders shaking.

Jarrood chuckled.

"What? Too annoyed to cry?"

Tears filled Nicole's eyes, leaving her speechless.

Her shoulders shook, and her heart was consumed with loathing.

She despised her own inability to end his life.

Jarrood's heart twisted at the sight of Nicole's tears.

How could she continually soften his hardened heart? He had thought their relationship was purely

rooted in hatred.

But now, it seemed irrelevant whether he hated Nicole or not.

They were bound by a complex, unhealthy dynamic - a mix of love and hate, too entangled to be simply

categorized.

Neither love nor hatred alone could define or resolve the intricate web of emotions they shared.

In the midst of their tangled emotions, Jarrod's resolve was clear.

He couldn't let Nicole go.

He pondered over Jamie's deceitful narratives.

If Jamie's accounts were all lies, could Nicole's supposed impending death due to stomach cancer be a reality? This thought sent waves of panic through Jarrod.

Gripping Nicole's face, his eyes a tempest of emotion, Jarrod declared, "Nicole, we're even now, but I'm not letting you go just yet. Understand my words."

It wasn't a request.

It was something he had decided.

Aware of the revulsion his words might evoke in Nicole, Jarrod chose to be candid.

After all, she loathed him already, didn't she? "One day, I'll give you that opportunity," he said, alluding to a chance for her to end his life.

Nicole, despair evident in her voice, asked, "Jarrod, do you mean only death could make me escape from you?"

"No, I won't let you die!"

Jarrold responded sharply, his eyes flickering.

"If you even think of dying, I'll come after everyone who ever helped you!"

It seemed Nicole barely registered his words.

Her fear wasn't death, but living a life steeped in hatred.

Jarrold cautioned, "Remember what I said."

Yet Nicole remained silent, lost in her thoughts.

As dawn broke, signaling a new day, the time came to cremate Wesson's remains.

Mitchel and Raegan joined in paying their last respects.

After the cremation, Nicole, her voice barely above a whisper, revealed, "Jarrod, my father's final wish

was for his ashes to be scattered at sea."

Jarrold, upon hearing this, frowned and met her gaze.

Despite any reservations, he found himself unable to voice an objection.

Before stepping into the car, Nicole turned to Raegan.

"Being your friend has been the best part of my life."

Raegan's eyes immediately welled up, tears cascading down her cheeks.

Clutching Nicole's wrist, Raegan managed through sobs, "I'll be here, waiting for you."

With a nod to Raegan, Nicole then entered Jarrod's car.

Jarrod had been vigilantly monitoring Nicole for the past two days, ensuring he was always close by.

Nicole noticed the untreated bite wound on Jarrod's arm, the flesh still visible beneath his sleeve.

Catching her gaze, Jarrod murmured, "I chose to leave it."

He referred to the bite mark Nicole had left.

Nicole frowned, regretting her impulsive action.

She never intended to leave any mark on this man she viewed as vile.

Upon reaching the seaside, Nicole solemnly scattered Wesson's ashes into the ocean.

At this moment, her tears had dried up.

Her mind replayed the recent turmoil.

So many things had happened.

The forced mistress role, the beatings, her cancer diagnosis, being framed and jailed, and now, the

loss of her father and her dying mother. It had only been a few months, yet it felt like an eternity had passed.

Enduring until this moment hadn't been easy for Nicole.

Nicole wished to commend herself, "Well done, Nicole. You've given it your all."

As the funeral concluded, a gust of wind swept across the area.

Nicole's black hat, caught by the wind, flew off her head.

"My hat! My hat!"

Nicole cried out.

Without thinking of her safety, she darted after it, but Jarrod quickly grasped her around the waist.

"Have you lost your mind?"

Jarrod rebuked her.

"That area is dangerous! Didn't you see the warning sign?"

Nicole, overcome with emotion, wept.

"That hat was from my father! He gave it to me!"

Jarrood's expression hardened.

"Stay here."

He proceeded forward, stepping over the chain to retrieve the hat.

Just as he picked it up, Nicole's voice rang out from behind.

"Jarrod Schultz!"

Jarrood spun around, his heart sinking at the sight.

Nicole had crossed the chain, standing perilously on the edge of the cliff side.

Her brief journey was coming to an end at this moment. Yet, she found solace in the thought that she

wouldn't have to endure her absurd, sorrowful existence any longer.

With tears in her eyes and a voice laced with hatred, Nicole declared, "Congratulations! You win. I'm

going to kill myself!"

With those words and a resigned smile, she leaned back, falling off the cliff.

"No! Nicole!"

Jarrood's roar was filled with hysteria as he dashed toward the cliff's edge.

Chapter 277 Nicole Was Gone

The sea roiled beneath a stormy sky, and Jarrood frantically scanned the turbulent waters for any sign of

Nicole.

Without a second thought, Jarrod crossed the railing and sprinted toward the edge, only to be grabbed by Alec from behind.

"Be careful, Mr.Schultz! If you jump at the wrong angle, you might end up falling on the rocks..."

Alec didn't finish his words.

He wanted to say that there was no point in searching Nicole.She was likely dead by now.

"Let go of me!"

Jarrod's eyes burned with a demonic intensity, his voice trembling with desperation.

The vast ocean below seemed bottomless, each passing moment diminishing Nicole's chances of survival.

"Mr.Schultz, Miss Lawrence seems determined to end herself!"

Alec reluctantly revealed the harsh reality.

"This morning, a substantial sum of money was transferred to Mrs.Lawrence's hospital account, enough to cover the next fifty years.It must be from Miss Lawrence."

Perhaps when Nicole visited Dora yesterday, she had already made up her mind.

Shock gripped Jarrod when he heard that.

Nicole had made up her mind.

She would rather die than be with him. In an instant, Jarrod's heart felt as though it had been wrenched open, bleeding with each tearing fragment.

The pain surged from his heart to every inch of his being, threatening to overwhelm him.

In a daze, a distant voice seemed to call him from the deep blue sea.

"Jarrod...Jarrod..."

The voice echoed, and Jarrod's heart felt as if it had been stabbed.

Dizziness gradually overwhelmed him, and he couldn't stand on his own.

Fortunately, Alec caught him in time.

Jarrod's response was swift.

"If I don't make it, bury us together when you find our bodies."

In the next breath, he leaped into the boundless sea.

"Mr. Schultz!"

Alec shouted anxiously.

Alec hurried to the Coast Guard office, seeking their assistance.

A rescue team was dispatched to search for Jarrod and Nicole.

When Jarrod regained consciousness, a day had passed.

Alec and the rescue team had found Jarrod after an exhaustive search.

They spent about an hour searching in the sea.

Jarrod was so tired that he had allowed himself to sink to the bottom of the water.

Upon waking, Jarrod promptly threw off the quilt and stood up.

Alec urgently stopped him, saying, "Mr.Schultz, the doctor said you need to rest."

"I need to find Nicole! Have you continued the search for her?"Jarrod urgently asked.

Alec's eyes darkened as he answered, "We found Miss Lawrence."

"Where is she?"

Jarrod's eyes, bloodshot from the seawater, remained intense.

He looked at Alec and asked, "Is she in the hospital?"

Alec met his gaze and said plainly, "Miss Lawrence is dead. I'm sorry."

Suddenly, a heavy thud echoed as Jarrod staggered back and collided with the bed.

Jarrold couldn't believe it.

Nicole had passed away.

How could that be? Just yesterday, she had attempted to strangle him in the car.

How could she be gone overnight? Jarrod's bloodshot eyes lost focus.

His voice trembled as he asked, "Where is she?"

After hesitating for a while, Alec replied, "Mr. Schultz, it's not advisable to see her in person. Miss

Lawrence didn't fall into the sea. She fell off the cliff and hit the rocks. Her body was badly disfigured."

Nicole's body had been taken to the funeral home, but it was too damaged to be fixed.

Her body was severely damaged, and one of her legs was missing, likely dragged away by an animal.

Jarrold's heart shattered at the news.

He insisted, "I want to see her right away."

On the way, Jarrod maintained a facade of calm.

Images of Nicole flashed through his mind, and the reality of her passing remained inconceivable. Even

with Alec confirming the torn clothes and belongings were Nicole's, Jarrod refused to believe she was gone.

Jarrod said to himself perhaps Nicole despised him so much that she chose to disappear under this cover.

Whether she was alive or dead, he had to see for himself.

Otherwise, he would not believe it.

In the dimly lit morgue, a lifeless form lay shrouded beneath a pristine white cloth.

Once a fearless individual overseas, Jarrod approached with hesitant steps.

Despite his past feats of tearing wolves apart with bare hands, an unsettling tremor now coursed through his fingers.

With deliberate hesitancy, Jarrod unveiled the covered figure.

In an instant, a lightning bolt seemed to strike his brain.

An eerie silence suddenly enveloped the room.

Jarrod seemed to suddenly go deaf, unable to hear anything.

He didn't dare to acknowledge it, nor did he want to face it.

Even amidst the gruesome injuries, the facial outline hauntingly resembled Nicole.

"No, this can't be! I'll expose your deceit, Nicole!"

Jarrood's eyes turned scarlet red.

He lost it and started trying to take the clothes off of the remnants.

Witnessing the turmoil, Alec intervened urgently, "Mr.Schultz!"

When Jarrod lifted the clothes, a small red mole on the slender waist caught Jarrod's eye.

Its stark contrast to the mangled remains fueled his desperation.Jarrood couldn't help but cough up a mouthful of blood.

A splatter of red stained the white fabric.

The red mole starkly contrasted with the disfigured body, emphasizing the cruel reality that Jarrod couldn't deceive himself about any longer.

Nicole was gone.

"Ah! Why?"

Jarrood held the mutilated body tightly and knelt on the floor.

His cries of pain filled the entire room.

In the aftermath of his roar, heavy panting filled the air.

Jarrold, who hadn't shed tears since childhood, now knelt beside Nicole's lifeless body, mourning the irrevocable loss.

"Nicole, please don't leave me. Come back...I won't confine you any longer. I'll set you free. It's my fault. It's all my fault..."

Jarrold pleaded, his face pressed against the bony remnants.

At the sight of the corpse, Alec felt his scalp tingle.

Honestly, the disfigured face was more terrifying than Jamie's.

Jamie looked somewhat scary now because of her injuries, but at least she was not dead.

Nicole's corpse was severely mutilated, exuding a gloomy aura, especially from the hollow eye sockets that seemed ready to suck one in the next second.

Jarrold, who didn't like Jamie, especially her disfigured face, now felt no disgust as he hugged Nicole's badly mutilated body in his arms.

"Nicole, please come back. I will give my life to you..."

His pleas resonated, but the woman in his arms remained eternally silent, lost to the grasp of death.

Suddenly, the door was pushed open with force, breaking the heavy silence in the room.

A high-pitched cry pierced the air.

In came Raegan.

She knelt on the floor beside Nicole's lifeless body.

As Raegan's trembling hand reached out to touch Nicole's badly mutilated face, tears welled up in her eyes, and she began to sob inconsolably.

The next moment, a sharp clap echoed through the room as Raegan's hand met Jarrod's face with a resounding slap.

Raegan had used all of her strength on the slap.

The force behind it left a vivid red mark on Jarrod's cheek.

Through gritted teeth, Raegan cursed, "Jarrod Schultz! You heartless bastard! Nicole wouldn't have taken her own life if it weren't for you."

Jarrod fell on the floor, cradling what remained of Nicole in his arms, seemingly unaffected by Raegan's

anger.

"You even took her child away. She wanted to keep it. She wanted to keep your child! You... You heartless monster!"

Raegan continued.

Jarrold trembled violently when he heard those words.

Nicole wanted to keep their child? The realization hit him like a sledgehammer.

"She wanted to keep the baby... Ha-ha..."

Suddenly, Jarrod burst into laughter, tears mingling with the bitter taste of blood in his mouth.

"Give Nicole back to me! Leave her alone!"

Raegan didn't pity Jarrod at all.

She shoved Jarrod away and said in disdain, "Don't touch her with your filthy hands. Spare us your

hypocritical act. You are not worthy of her."

At her words, Jarrod's eyes sparked with intensity.

He raised his hand abruptly, his voice hoarse but laced with cruelty.

"Don't even think about it.She is mine!"

Chapter 278 Sever All Ties With Him

Caught off guard, Raegan stumbled backward, but Mitchel swiftly reached out to steady her.

"What are you saying? You are out of your mind.Nicole would rather die than be with you.She doesn't

want you near her.Let her go!" Raegan yelled.

Despite Raegan's attempts to distance Jarrod from Nicole's body, Mitchel held her firmly from behind,

preventing her from doing so.

Having known Jarrod for years, Mitchel sensed Jarrod was losing control.

Fearing Raegan might be accidentally harmed, he cautioned in a hushed tone, "Don't act

impulsively.You could get hurt."

Jarrod clung to Nicole's lifeless body without moving for a day and night.

It wasn't until Alec urged Jarrod home that Jarrod uttered something unsettling, "I'm taking her back

with me."

Jarrod intended to bring Nicole's body to the villa where they shared countless memories.

Alec's expression changed instantly, and he said in a trembling voice, "Mr.Schultz, the body is badly

mutilated..."

"Arrange a time with the funeral home and have them set up an ice coffin at my place," Jarrod

instructed. Alec was left speechless when he heard that.

He couldn't believe his ears.

Jarrood was insane.

Jarrood must have lost his mind.

Was Jarrod planning to keep Nicole's corpse at home? However, Alec refrained from saying anything

and complied with Jarrod's instructions.

The burial date was set, and Raegan and others gathered for the ceremony.

Little did anyone know that the coffin contained nothing but emptiness, and Nicole's body was not

inside.

After the mourning, Raegan left without a word to Jarrod.

She couldn't stand being in the same room as him since she found him hypocritical and undeserving of

pity.

During their journey back, Mitchel's phone rang.

It was Matteo calling to inform Mitchel that Lauren hadn't been feeling well these past two days and wanted to see him.

Raegan overheard Matteo's words and abruptly reached for the car door.

Suddenly, a sharp noise was heard.

The car skidded to a halt after a sudden brake.

Once the car stopped, Mitchel seized Raegan's hand, exclaiming, "Are you out of your mind?"

In a foul mood, Raegan brushed off his hand.

"Fuck off! Don't touch me!"

Although Raegan's nail cut the back of his hand, Mitchel seemed unfazed.

"Don't be foolish. We are in the middle of the highway. Where do you think you are going?" Mitchel said softly.

Raegan retorted coldly, "You are off to see your child's mother, aren't you? Go ahead. I can get back by myself."

"What on earth are you talking about?"

Mitchel held her hand firmly and said angrily, "I have told you that the baby isn't mine."

After Nicole's tragic end, Raegan found herself engulfed in a sense of despair.

She couldn't contain her impatience when confronting Mitchel.

"Mitchel, do you take me for a fool? If the child isn't yours, why is she calling you? I have sent the divorce papers to your email. Please check it and sign as soon as possible," Raegan said steely.

Mitchel's reaction was swift and irritable.

His face contorted abruptly as he replied, "Raegan, I don't want to hear about the divorce again!"

Raegan was perplexed.

Why would Mitchel refuse to divorce her when Lauren was expecting his child? What was going through his mind? Was he planning to let her to take care of Lauren's baby? The idea seemed ludicrous to her.

Whenever Raegan thought about Lauren's past actions, she wished she could take vengeance on Lauren.

That was why she had no intention of raising Lauren's child.

"Don't push me too far, Mitchel! Are you suggesting I raise Lauren's child? Fat chance! I wouldn't even

raise a cat or a dog with you, let alone the child of that woman!"

She felt repulsed by Mitchel's apparent idea.

"Of course not. I have never even considered it,"

Mitchel replied, his frown deepening.

"What's wrong with you?"

Raegan's thoughts were a whirlwind.

Her heart ached whenever she thought of the loss of her unborn child.

However, revealing the truth without evidence would be futile because Mitchel wouldn't believe her.

Moreover, Mitchel had let Lauren frame her over the past few months.

The relationship between Mitchel and Lauren was complicated, so Raegan knew that changing

Mitchel's mind wouldn't be easy.

So, she had little hope that Mitchel would seek justice for her and the baby, especially against Lauren.

"Kyle is the father of Lauren's child!"

Looking at Raegan's enraged expression, Mitchel blurted it out suddenly.

"What did you just say?"

Raegan questioned, her eyes widening in disbelief.

She never expected that.

The revelation that Lauren and Kyle were involved shocked her.

"It's Kyle's child,"

Mitchel confirmed.

Mitchel gently touched Raegan's hair with his slender hand and continued, "That's all I can reveal for now. Trust me, I'll explain everything later."

Revealing this information now was risky for Mitchel.

Alexis had tried all means to seize control of the company these days.

and Kyle held critical evidence against Alexis.

Kyle had agreed to cooperate with Mitchel, but only if Lauren's baby remained safe.

At that time, Kyle had been imprisoned for a crime.

After the scene Alexis had made, Kyle contacted Mitchel and promised unconditional cooperation as long as Lauren's baby was kept safe.

Mitchel had to create the impression that Lauren was carrying his child to ensure the baby's safety from any harm Alexis might pose.

These complexities made Mitchel cautious about sharing too much with Raegan.

If she could endure it for three months, Mitchel believed he could defeat Alexis.

Thinking of Nicole's tragic end, Mitchel felt a twinge of unease.

Raegan was acting strangely, likely deeply saddened by Nicole's death.

Just earlier at the graveyard, she cried so bitterly that she even expressed a desire to harm Jarrod.

Mitchel closely observed Raegan, his intuition telling him that something was amiss.

Staring at her intently, Mitchel asked hoarsely, "Raegan, you won't leave me, right?"

Given a choice, Mitchel would prefer to keep Raegan close, perhaps even lock her up.

Moreover, Raegan had been pushing for a divorce lately, adding to Mitchel's concerns.

Seeing the anxiety in Mitchel's eyes, Raegan's heart skipped a beat.

Understanding it wasn't the time to provoke Mitchel, she reluctantly went against her desires and said,

"Of course, I won't leave you."

She lifted her delicate face and added softly, "But Mitchel, you must stop locking me up. I can't bear

feeling like a prisoner at home."

Mitchel scrutinized Raegan's face with apparent indifference as if attempting to decipher the truth behind her words.

Consumed by sobs, Raegan pleaded with a voice laden with sorrow, "Nicole is gone, and my heart is shattered.

How can you continue to confine me all day long? Do my feelings mean nothing to you?"

"Stop crying."

Mitchel extended his hand to wipe away the tears at the corner of her eyes.

Eventually, he relented, saying, "You can go out, but the bodyguards must accompany you. And don't stay out for too long, understood?"

Upon hearing this, Raegan's face turned pale.

This meant she would be under Mitchel's watchful eye around the clock.

Nevertheless, Raegan considered it a welcome change from being grounded in the house.

Mitchel left after sending Raegan back to Serenity Villas.

It was evident to her where he was headed.

Initially, Raegan thought she wouldn't care anymore, but knowing Mitchel was visiting Lauren made her feel upset.

She despised both Lauren and Mitchel.

Thinking about her escape plan, Raegan made a conscious effort to behave exceptionally well.

Even though Mitchel granted her permission to leave the villa, she refrained from stepping outside for the past two days.

Mitchel did not visit during this time, leaving Raegan uncertain of his whereabouts.

She didn't know whether he was with Lauren or busy with other matters.

The vigilant bodyguards diligently reported her every move to Mitchel.

Raegan's apparent compliance during these days pleased Mitchel, leading the bodyguards to lower their guard.

On the third day, Raegan informed the bodyguards of an errand she needed to run.

Her destination was a studio where she and Nicole had previously taken photos together before

Nicole's demise.

Raegan planned to visit the studio to retrieve the photos and then make her getaway.

Hector had arranged everything for her.

This time, Raegan aimed to sever all ties with Mitchel.

Arriving at the studio, Raegan walked in while the bodyguards waited in the car.

Raegan awaited the photos in the VIP area on the second floor.

According to the plan, she would wet her clothes and then buy a new outfit from the studio.

The shop assistant pointed at the dressing room at the end of the corridor and said, "There you go."

As Raegan passed the stairwell, she spotted someone ascending the stairs.

Upon closer inspection, she saw that it was Mitchel.

In a hurry, Raegan rushed into the nearest dressing room, unaware of the "Exclusive" sign on the door.

Within the confines of the room, fear consumed Raegan.

She wondered why Mitchel was here.

Did he discover her plan and come to apprehend her? Suddenly, a familiar voice emanated from the

next door, seemingly engaged in a phone conversation.

"I'm at the studio trying on the wedding dress... Mitchel is also here with me..."

It was Lauren.

Raegan's heart sank in an instant.

Raegan realized that Mitchel and Lauren were here to take wedding photos.

Clenching her fists, Raegan forced a self-mocking smile, but tears streamed down her cheeks.

It dawned on her that Mitchel had deceived her again.

Chapter 279 Wedding Photos

There was a knock on the door.

Then, Mitchel's voice came.

"Are you ready?"

"Yes," Lauren answered.

She lifted the hemline of the wedding dress and walked out of the dressing room, only to see Mitchel's

handsome face.

Her face felt hot at once.

Fortunately, there was too much makeup on her face.

Mitchel didn't notice that she was blushing.

"Let's go," Mitchel said indifferently.

Then, he turned around and walked away without even looking at Lauren.

Lauren's heart felt a pang of sorrow.

There happened to be a floor-to-ceiling mirror in front of her, which clearly reflected her disappointment.

Her wedding dress was beautiful, but her face was still sallow, even after the heavy makeup.

The nights and days of torture in the mental hospital and the damn baby in her belly had worn her down.

No wonder Mitchel didn't even spare a glance at her.

Mitchel and Lauren went to a photography studio equipped with advanced technology.

They would take Lauren's photos and then add Mitchel's face to the wedding photos with the help of an app.

While Lauren was having a photo shoot, Mitchel stood by the window, looking at the car waiting on the other side of the road. He knew that they were sent by Alexis to follow him.

In fact, Mitchel especially asked the staff to open the curtain so Alexis' men could photograph him and

Lauren having this photo shoot.

After the photo shoot, Mitchel approached Lauren.

He wanted them to leave together.

However, Lauren stopped and called out softly, "Mitchel..."

She suddenly remembered that Mitchel didn't like her calling him this way, so she immediately changed her tone.

"Mitchel, can you have a photo with me? A real one?"

Mitchel didn't reply.

He only looked at her somberly with deep eyes.

For no reason, Lauren was so nervous that she choked up.

"Mitchel, I have been having nightmares every night recently. Life in the mental house is so torturous. It's

not a place for people. I'm afraid that my child and I won't make it when Kyle is released from jail."

Mitchel knew Mitchel had to ensure the safety of the baby because he wanted to keep it.

But she didn't want the baby to be born at all.

Lauren hadn't had any prenatal checkups since she found out she was pregnant.

What was more, she had been on the medication for so long.

So, she knew the fetus in her belly must be a freak.

But the mysterious person told her that her only way to get out of the mental hospital was her child.

Sure enough, she had really come out of that hellish place.

In the past, Lauren thought she would be satisfied if she could be discharged from the mental hospital.

But now that she really made it, she longed for more.

Lauren looked at Mitchel with apparent infatuation in her eyes.

"Please, Mitchel. It's just a photo, and this is my only request. Can you do it for me? Even just for the sake of me loving you for so many years."

This time, Lauren went all out.

She rushed over, grabbed Mitchel's hand, and said excitedly, "I know I don't deserve you now. But I'm willing to do anything for you."

Mitchel's eyes were as cold as ice.

He dodged her advance, not letting her touch his hand.

Then, he said condescendingly, "Don't be too greedy. Otherwise, I will make sure you face the music."

Mitchel's words instantly reminded Lauren of the days and nights she had spent in the cold mental hospital.

For human beings, that place was worse than a prison.

Mitchel really had no trace of mercy toward her.

Mitchel turned around and left the studio without even looking at Lauren.

Actually, Raegan had been hiding in the dressing room.

She didn't come out until she was sure no one was outside.

Raegan got the photos and was about to leave.

But as soon as she came out, she saw Mitchel walking in her direction.

Suddenly, Raegan was overwhelmed by guilt.

She ran away without hesitation.

She had totally forgotten that she had disguised herself as a man, wearing men's clothes and a short wig.

Mitchel looked in the direction where Raegan fled.

His eyes unconsciously narrowed.

He immediately caught up with her.

However, Mitchel didn't see anyone when he reached downstairs.

He looked around but to no avail.

At this moment, Matteo came in.

Mitchel ordered, "Take some men and look for the person who has just come out of the dressing room."

Matteo nodded solemnly.

Mitchel's instructions made sense.

Alexis had been keeping a close watch over Mitchel recently.

If Alexis found out that the thing between Mitchel and Lauren was fake, he wouldn't just sit idly by.

If Alexis followed the clues, he might definitely dig out something else.

At the thought of this, Mitchel immediately ordered the bodyguards to secretly block the front and back exits.

If they had to turn the entire studio upside down to find any suspicious people, they would.

This photography studio was very big, so it was not easy to find someone hiding somewhere.

There were many dressing rooms, and the bodyguards couldn't search overtly.

So, they could only inspect each room in secret.

At this moment, Raegan was already in the black van, which had been waiting for her near the studio.

Fortunately, she had studied the map of the studio beforehand.

She deliberately did it to make her escape smooth.

Sure enough, she was able to sneak out successfully.

Raegan didn't expect Mitchel to be so cautious, even for shooting the wedding photos.

Although she had long taught herself not to expect anything from Mitchel, the scene just now still made her feel very uncomfortable.

She thought she no longer cared.

But the intense pain in her heart right now betrayed her.

If the baby in Lauren's belly was not Mitchel's, why would he take wedding photos with Lauren? Why would Mitchel lie to her on this matter? What else would he want from her? Sadness and bitterness

filled Raegan's heart at the same time.

In the blink of an eye, her face was covered with tears.

All she could think of right now was to leave the country as soon as possible.

The driver was a foreigner who didn't know Raegan's language, so he just did his job without saying anything.

He started the engine and stepped on the accelerator.

The car drove steadily on the road.

When they passed by the studio, Raegan saw that Mitchel was still there.

She subconsciously lowered her head.

But soon, she realized that the glass was tinted.

Mitchel couldn't see her from the outside.

Inside the car, Raegan saw Mitchel helping Lauren get in his car with one hand.

The sky was already dark and gloomy, but Mitchel's handsome face was still vivid.

He really stood out in any situation.

Even the passers-by were stunned by his face.

They couldn't help looking at Lauren enviously.

Lauren never removed her hand from her belly.

She covered it the whole time, looking very cautious.

It was as if she was protecting something precious.

Raegan couldn't afford to look at this scene for a long time.

She turned her head and looked in another direction.

Tears still streamed down her face uncontrollably.

Why did God allow her to meet such a cold and heartless man? She loved Mitchel with all her heart,

but he only hurt her.

Actually, it was easier for Raegan to accept if Mitchel was with someone else.

But she could never accept him to be with Lauren because Lauren was the vicious woman who killed

her baby.

When the black van Raegan was in passed by Mitchel's car, Mitchel seemed to sense something.

He looked at it with narrowed eyes.

Raegan happened to meet his gaze.

Unfortunately, he couldn't see her.

Raegan felt a sharp pain in her chest.

It was as if her heart was being stabbed.

Raegan reached out and touched his handsome face through the glass and whispered, "Goodbye,

Mitchel.

I wish I would never see you again."

Suddenly, snowflakes began to fall from the sky.

It was dense, quickly covering the road white.

The sky seemed to sympathize with her.

It was also mourning for the end of their love.

As the van Raegan was in drove to the bridge, the snow had already gotten denser.

The bridge was new, so there were only a few vehicles around the area.

Raegan felt so exhausted that she closed her eyes, wanting to Test.

Suddenly, a very bright light shone in the opposite direction,aiming at the van.

The driver swerved, making the tires squeak.

What happened next was terrifying.

The driver lost control of the van, and it rushed toward the railing.

A loud bang echoed on the empty road.

It was ear-piercing.

The next second, the van hung askew on the bridge.

Its front was severely damaged, and the driver was crushed into pieces by the railing.

He died on the spot.

Fortunately, Raegan was in the back seat, and her seat belt was fastened tightly.

She was not thrown out of the vehicle.

However, she was trapped in the seat.

Chapter 280 I Don't Want To Live Anymore

The driver in the front took a hard hit in the crash.

As a result, his blood splattered everywhere and even reached the back seat.

Raegan lay in a pool of blood.

Her forehead was cut by shattered glass, her face drenched in crimson, and her head spinning.

The van collided with the railing, rendering the bridge unusable.

Meanwhile, inside the sleek black car, Lauren was suddenly gripped by a sharp abdominal pain.

She could tell that she was having a miscarriage.

"Mitchel, my stomach...It hurts."

Lauren groaned.

With a furrowed brow, Mitchel immediately radioed the occupants of another vehicle that had crossed the bridge, signaling them to pull over and wait.

Then, he exited the car, cradled Lauren in his arms, and made his way across the bridge.

The front of the van began to ignite.

Despite the searing pain and dizziness, Raegan caught a glimpse of someone through the window.

"Mitchel, help!"

Raegan wanted to cry out, but no sound escaped her lips.

Weakness had sapped her of the strength to even open her mouth.

With all her remaining strength, she extended her bloody hand toward the nearby glass.

"Mitchel, help...Our baby..."

Sadly, all Raegan could do was watch as Mitchel walked away with Lauren in his arms.

In the end, she could only close her eyes in despair.

At that moment, the distant sound of an ambulance siren reached her ears.

Raegan struggled to open her eyes, a glimmer of hope flickering in them.

But before the ambulance could arrive...

Splash! The van plunged into the river with flames engulfing it.

The next second, cold water surged into the vehicle.

Tears cascaded down Raegan's cheeks.

If only she hadn't run away, this accident might never have happened.

Regret washed over her in that instant.

If she could start over, she'd vow never to fall in love with Mitchel...

At this very moment, Raegan felt a faint kick in her belly.

It was the first time her baby had reached out to her.

It seemed this little thing was trying to lift her spirits.

But instead of being happy, her heart ached.

"I'm sorry...Mommy is useless that I've even put you in danger," Reagan whispered in her heart.

At the hospital, when Mitchel heard that Lauren was safe, he turned and left without so much as a glance in her direction. Just then, Matteo caught up with Mitchel and said with a palpable unease,

"Mr. Dixon, Mrs. Dixon is missing."

"What?"

Mitchel uttered in disbelief.

"The bodyguards who were with her just called. They said Mrs. Dixon had gone to a studio to take some photos this afternoon and then disappeared."

Mitchel's face darkened, and he asked with a grim tone, "Which studio?"

"The same one where you had taken the wedding photos."

At those words, Mitchel's heart skipped a beat.

The revelation left him with an unsettling feeling.

"Have you checked the surveillance footage?" Mitchel urgently asked.

"Yes, I have."

Matteo retrieved his phone and handed it to Mitchel.

"It seems that Mrs. Dixon had planned this. She changed her attire to something resembling what we were searching for this afternoon."

Apart from their vehicles, there was another black van in the vicinity when Raegan disappeared, as seen in the footage on Matteo's phone.

In the hospital corridor, a news anchor was broadcasting a breaking news story on TV.

"At two o'clock this afternoon, a car accident occurred on the newly constructed bridge. According to eyewitnesses, there were two occupants in the van. The driver lost his life at the scene, while the search for the other person is still ongoing..."

All of a sudden, Mitchel's heart felt as though it had been stabbed by a knife, but he remained numb.

A car accident on the bridge...

"Mr. Dixon..."

Matteo called out to Mitchel many times, but Mitchel didn't respond.

Time seemed to freeze in that moment.

The tension in the air was so thick that Matteo couldn't bring himself to draw breath.

And then, Mitchel collapsed right in front of Matteo.

"Mr.Dixon, are you alright?"

Mitchel didn't speak.

Before he knew it, everything turned black.

Three days later, Mitchel finally regained consciousness.

"How are you feeling now, Mitchel? Do you feel any discomfort?"

Luciana asked with concern.

Instead of answering her questions, Mitchel asked, Where's Raegan?"

Luciana was taken aback by his question and struggled to find the right words.

"Mom, have you seen Raegan?"

Mitchel pressed further.

"Mitchel...Matteo has told me about Raegan's accident.It's unfortunate..."

"I'm asking you where she is right now,"

Mitchel insisted through gritted teeth.

Seeing Mitchel's distress, Luciana grappled with how to console him.

In the end, she realized that it might be best for Mitchel to confront the truth sooner rather than later.

"I understand this is incredibly difficult for you...It's been three days, and they haven't found her.I'm

afraid we must accept the possibility that she's gone.Raegan was once my daughter-in-law.And with no

family of her own, rest assured I'll arrange a decent funeral for her."

Worried about Mitchel, Luciana had ordered the bodyguards to keep an eye over him at all times.

At this particular moment, Mitchel's complexion was ashen.

He threw off the covers and rose from the bed.

Luciana intervened and worriedly asked, "Mitchel, where are you going?"

"I'm going to find her," Mitchel answered with a dead serious expression.

Luciana was momentarily at a loss for words.

Once she regained her composure, she firmly said, "Raegan is dead.Where are you going to find her?"

"No, that's not true.They just couldn't find her."

Mitchel stared into Luciana's eyes and asserted, "She's not dead..."

Luciana found herself powerless to stop him.

Following that, Mitchel tirelessly scoured the riverbanks in search of Raegan for seven consecutive days and nights and barely allowed himself any rest.

But a full week later, he was forced to come home by Luciana and the bodyguards.

Mitchel had always been meticulous about his appearance.

But now, his eyes were sunken, and his face was adorned with stubble.

Upon seeing her son's disheveled appearance, Luciana embraced him tightly and wept.

"Mitchel, don't scare me. You're my life! You mean everything to me!"

"I don't want to live anymore," Mitchel responded.

His pallid lips quivered as he said these painful words, "Mom, can I trade my life for hers?"

Luciana clutched his arm with an iron grip and implored, "Absolutely not! If you were to die, I wouldn't be able to go on living either."

Boom! Mitchel's body swayed briefly and then collapsed to the floor.

Luciana's eyes widened in panic, and she cried out, "Doctor! Somebody call a doctor!"

The room erupted into chaos.

In the basement, Jamie had been confined here for two weeks.

Throughout this time, the villa's staff would come down and toss food and water to her as if feeding a dog.

Furthermore, no one had sought medical attention for her.

It appeared that they intentionally allowed her injuries to worsen.

The large scars itched and throbbed, leading Jamie to inadvertently scratch at them.

As a consequence, her wounds were extended.

With heavy humidity yet without proper medical treatment, Jamie's wounds had rotted.

Due to the darkness in this basement, Jamie couldn't quite make out things.

On one fateful day, the door was opened again.

Jamie heard the heavy footsteps in leather shoes approaching, drawing nearer and nearer.

She saw a glimmer of hope and crawled toward the sound, "Jarrod...Jarrod, is that you?"

Eventually, the footsteps of the leather shoes stopped right in front of her.

"You're right.It's me."