

Unbreakable 231

Chapter 231

Nicole, You Astound Me Henley's face contorted into a frown, and he tried to explain, "Raegan, please hear me out..." "Was it a misdiagnosis from the doctor?" Raegan shot back.

Henley was taken aback.

For a moment, he locked eyes with her.

And then, he hung his head slightly and admitted, "Yes." Tears welled up in Raegan's eyes.

With a trembling voice, she asked, "How could you lie to me?" Henley dropped his act and smiled faintly.

"Raegan, can't you see? I'm in love with you.

I want you to stay with me." Trembling with anger, Raegan confronted Henley, "By resorting to lies?" "I'll use any means to keep you by my side," Henley replied with an unwavering smile.

"Henley, is this really who you are? I thought I knew you.

It turns out I was wrong." Raegan grabbed her bag and added, "I'm sorry.

I know you saved me, but what I hate the most is people who lie to me.

I'll cover the medical bills, but let's never meet again." Henley fixed his intense gaze at Raegan.

"Raegan, I never meant to hurt you." Raegan made her way to the door.

Without even looking back once, she spat, "I hate being deceived." And with that, she left.

As Henley watched her leave, his eyes darkened and looked sinisterly.

Once the door closed, he mumbled, "Raegan, I'll never let you go." By the time Raegan got out of the hospital, it was already dark outside.

She recalled the disappointment in Mitchel's eyes when he asked whether she knew Henley's true colors.

It struck her how blind she had been.

It was only then that she realized she had never truly known who Henley was.

Though he never had directly harmed her, in retrospect, many of Henley's actions seemed to stir conflict between her and Mitchel.

She had been so naive.

Overcome with emotion, Raegan wanted company, so she headed out to find Nicole.

Meanwhile, Jarrod awoke in the hospital after two days of being in a coma.

In his unconscious state, he was haunted by relentless nightmares.

In his dreams, Nicole appeared lifeless and was unresponsive no matter how much he called out to her.

Upon waking, panic gripped him, and he continued to call for Nicole.

Jamie, who was standing beside his bed, heard him.

A look of malevolence flashed in her eyes, but she quickly concealed it.

She held Jarrod's hand and sobbed.

"Jarrod, you're finally awake!" Jarrod offered a half-hearted embrace to Jamie and then tried to get out of bed.

However, Jamie clung to his arm.

"Jarrod, where are you going?" "I need to take care of something," Jarrod replied, his mind preoccupied with thoughts of Nicole's illness.

Hatred simmered in Jamie, but she did not show it.

Instead, she adopted a softer tone and said, "Jarrod, something happened while you were unconscious." "What was it?" "A man came to see Nicole.

He says he's the father of her child." "What did you say?" Jarrod asked, appalled.

His expression darkened, and his handsome face was almost terrifying.

"Nicole is pregnant.

And while you were unconscious, she paid off the 80 million loan.

I don't know how she got the money.

She denies the child is his, but we can't be sure," Jamie timidly explained.

Jamie closely observed Jarrod and was satisfied when she saw his expected reaction.

Then, she dropped another bombshell.

"Jarrod, her illness was a lie.

She doesn't have stomach cancer.

It's just ulcers." "How do you know?" Although Jarrod's expression remained unchanged, a crimson hue spread in his cold, ruthless eyes.

It hinted at a deep, unspoken fury that made others shiver.

"Come in," Jamie beckoned to someone outside.

A young nurse then entered.

"This nurse cared for Nicole's parents.

Ask her." Jarrod stared at the nurse with an icy gaze and commanded, "Think carefully before you speak." The nurse felt as if her soul was gripped by Jarrod's presence.

She feared that a single misstep could be her undoing.

She didn't dare to fabricate a story and told Jarrod what she had heard.

"Miss Lawrence told her parents that she only had stomach ulcers.

I'm not lying.

You can go to their ward and verify." In fact, those were Nicole's words to comfort her parents.

Little did she know Jamie would twist them so.

Jamie dismissed the nurse and called in the surgeon Jarrod had met before.

"Doctor, please tell Jarrod about Miss Lawrence's condition," Jamie ordered.

With trembling hands, the doctor handed Jarrod the diagnostic report.

"Miss Lawrence has stomach ulcers.

She paid me to tell others she had stomach cancer.

I'm deeply sorry for the misunderstanding." Jarrod's expression turned even colder.

Jamie expected a burst of anger, but to her surprise, Jarrod erupted into laughter.

"So, you still think you're qualified to be a doctor?" His laughter was devoid of any warmth.

The doctor, weakened by Jarrod's laughter, stuttered, "I...

I know I was wrong.

Please, show some mercy.

It was her doing...

Her fault..." Jarrod's hand shot out and gripped the doctor's throat with an iron-like grip.

"you are not deserving of being a doctor!" Clap! Jarrod delivered a slap across the doctor's face.

As if that wasn't enough, he forcefully threw the doctor to the ground, leaving the latter writhing in agony.

Lastly, Jarrod turned to Alec and ordered, "Verify his story.

If it's true, make sure he can never use his hands again." Such a person had no right to be in the medical field.

Alec nodded and dragged the doctor away.

Jamie patted Jarrod's back and offered reassurance.

"I never thought Nicole could be so devious.

She used this ruse to gather money and clear her family's debt, preventing his father from going to jail.

I'm impressed.

She planned to kill two birds with one stone!" Jarrod grabbed his coat and commanded, "You, head back." "Where are you going?" Jamie curiously asked.

"Wait for me at home," Jarrod curtly replied, offering no further explanation As Jamie watched Jarrod away, a sense of triumph filled her.

She had prepared unpleasant surprises for Nicole! Fresh from the shower, Nicole was greeted by the sound of the doorbell.

Thinking it was a food delivery, she opened the door without a second thought.

To her dismay, it was someone she didn't want to see.

"Nicole, it's been a long time," the man said with a sleazy smile on his face.

It was Kieran, a figure from her past she had hoped to forget.

"How did you locate me?" Nicole warily asked.

"I have my ways," Kieran creepily answered.

He then held out a bouquet of flowers and added, "I've missed you." "Leave this instant.

We're not close." Nicole pushed the door close.

But then, Kieran's expression abruptly changed.

He kicked the door open, forcefully shoved a bouquet of flowers into Nicole's face, and venomously said, "Stop acting hard to get, you ungrateful woman! I've come to claim you!" Before Nicole could react, he pinned her to the ground and violently tore her clothes.

Nicole fought with all her strength, but he was too strong.

She couldn't even do anything when he ripped her clothes apart.

Soon, she lay bare.

Out of desperation, Nicole sank her teeth into Kieran's carotid.

Just then...

Boom! A thunderous crash reverberated through the room.

A powerful kick had sent Kieran hurtling backward.

Surprised by the sudden turn of events, Nicole gazed at the intruder in a daze.

Jarrood stepped into the room, one step at a time.

His gaze was cold and ruthless, like a malevolent spirit from the depths of hell.

"Nicole, you astounded me."

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Your Child Jarrod's pitch eyes seemed to cut through Nicole's disheveled clothes.

He knelt down slowly, his icy fingertips lightly grazing her bruised skin before suddenly pressing hard.

"Ah..." Nicole cried out, her face turning ashen.

Jarrood's grip didn't lighten.

His hand's veins stood out as he pressed harder as though he was trying to obliterate the marks with his own force.

His voice was low and tense as he spoke.

"You're in such a hurry that you can't even bother to close the door?" Nicole understood Jarrod well.

She knew he was barely containing his fury.

As her heart raced, preparing to explain, she noticed Kieran, whom Jarrod had just kicked away, charging back in front of her protectively.

"Nicole is my woman.

I won't let you harm her!" Jarrod raised an eyebrow, his sneer sharp.

"Your woman?" Kieran, despite trembling under Jarrod's intimidating presence, stood his ground, driven by the promise of financial gains.

"Yes! She's my woman, and she's carrying my child.

You can't touch her!" "She's carrying your child? I can't touch her?" Jarrod echoed Kieran, disbelief turning into mocking laughter.

Only Nicole knew how ominous that laugh was.

She pushed Kieran away, rebuking him, "Stop lying! When did I get pregnant with your child?" Kieran, looking hurt, insisted, "Nicole, you're just upset.

A child needs a complete family.

You can't raise it alone! I don't care how many men you've slept with.

I'm sure the child is mine!" His sincerity seemed genuine as if he truly believed his own words.

Nicole instantly saw through Kieran, suspecting someone must've bribed him to slander her.

"Kieran, who paid you to defame me?" Nicole demanded angrily.

"Nicole, did you say that because you're scared?" Kieran gently patted her back, trying to offer comfort.

"Don't worry, honey.

I'm here for you." Honey? The word "honey" made Nicole's skin crawl, fueling her desire to expose his deceit.

Jarrood's patience snapped.

He rose swiftly, his fists clenched, and landed a forceful punch on Kieran.

Poof! Kieran spat out two bloody front teeth.

Jarrood, kneeling, gripped Kieran's jaw and struck his face repeatedly, leaving Kieran bloodied and nearly unconscious.

From the looks of it, Kieran was mere inches away from death.

Nicole, fearing the worst, intervened.

"Stop, Jarrod!" Her concern was for her reputation, not Kieran's well-being.

Jarrood, enraged, flung Nicole away, and she landed awkwardly on the sofa.

As she neared the foot of the sofa, Nicole instinctively shielded her abdomen, bending forward and curving her back.

The brunt of the impact was absorbed by her spine, sparing her lower body as she landed roughly on the sofa.

There was an audible crack, and pain radiated through her back, leaving Nicole to wonder if she had sustained a fracture.

"Ouch..." Nicole winced, a sharp hiss escaping her lips.

Thankfully, her protective instincts had kept her belly safe from harm.

Jarrold's fury deepened upon seeing her protect her stomach.

"Are you this worried your honey might die?" He then grabbed her throat, pinning her against the sofa.

His words were harsh and accusing.

"Are you this reckless and horny? What? None of the men in this fucking country could satisfy your needs? You cheated on me and even carried another man's bastard inside you?" Jarrod's voice was a blend of icy contempt and anger, his presence exuding a palpable coldness.

Overcome by the chilling tension, Nicole felt paralyzed, her body refusing to respond.

She frantically tried to loosen his grip around her throat, gasping for air.

With great effort, she managed to speak.

"No..."

It's not what you think...

He burst in and tore my clothes..." She couldn't finish her words.

Her face turned a worrying shade of purple-red, her breaths short and labored, the air in the room feeling thin.

Jarrold's greatest aversion was betrayal.

Anything marked by his touch, he would never relinquish.

However, Nicole had betrayed him again and again.

The thought of Nicole's betrayal ignited a fierce anger within him.

He felt a burning desire to erase the evidence of her infidelity.

Nicole's vision blurred, her chest tight, her neck throbbing.

She felt disconnected from her own body, overwhelmed by the realization that Jarrod might actually try to kill her.

Was this how her story would end? Would her unborn child share her fate? Her consciousness waned, tears spilling over her flushed cheeks, tracing paths down to Jarrod's bloodied hand.

Nicole had fought to conceal any sign of weakness, refusing to cry in front of this merciless man.

Yet, in her final moments of consciousness, she couldn't hold back her tears.

It was a cruel irony that after struggling so hard to survive, she might die with her name sullied.

Her last wish was to never cross paths with Jarrod in another life...

Then, abruptly, the crushing pressure on her throat was gone.

Jarrold's face, icy and unyielding, bore an expression of contempt.

"Death would be too kind for you." Nicole gasped for air, her sudden inhales triggering a fit of coughs.

Each cough wracked her body painfully as if tearing her inside out.

Then, a mouthful of blood, dark with clots, spilled from Nicole's lips, a sign of serious internal injuries.

That single cough seemed to sap all her strength, leaving her trembling.

Jarrold's heart skipped a beat, his hand instinctively reaching out to steady her.

But before he could touch her, Kieran, bloodied and battered, lunged forward.

"Nicole, are you alright? Did our baby get hurt?" Kieran cried out in concern.

A murderous glint flickered in Jarrold's eyes.

With a swift kick, he sent Kieran crashing against the wall.

Blood trickled from the corner of Kieran's mouth, followed by a low groan before he lost consciousness.

Jarrold then turned his scornful gaze to Nicole.

"Quite the performance, coughing up blood like that.

You seem to have a knack for faking sickness.” Nicole, barely catching her breath, looked at Jarrod in disbelief.

"Faking sickness?" "You used a gastric ulcer to trick me into thinking it was cancer, didn't you? To buy time, to save your father," Jarrod accused, his voice dripping with venom.

"Eighty million.

How many men did you sleep with to gather this much money? Yet, you still haven't gotten rid of that child you're carrying.

Remarkable indeed.”

Chapter 233

Nicole listened intently to Jarrod's accusations.

Stomach ulcer? Bastard? Kieran's sudden involvement? It all seemed like a well-crafted trap set to entangle her.

She wondered why she warranted such elaborate schemes from others.

Even without these accusations, Jarrod's treatment of her was harsh enough.

What was there to gain in all of this? Keeping her composure, Nicole replied, “Jarrod, did Jamie feed you this story? Stomach ulcer, an illegitimate child, Kieran's involvement.

It seemed she went to great lengths to weave such a complex story." "Shut up!" Jarrod's eyes blazed with fury.

"You have no right to talk about Jamie that way! She's nothing like you!" In Jarrod's mind, Jamie had flaws, but not to the extent of orchestrating such a scheme.

"Jarrod, a simple check can confirm whether I have stomach cancer.

As for the child..." Nicole paused, her heart heavy.

She had wanted to give birth to the baby to ease her parents' agony when she met her demise because of the cancer one day.

But if Jarrod knew, he would never let her keep it.

Jarrod's gaze was icy as he cut her off, "Lost your words? You probably don't even know who fathered the child.

Since you crave such a lifestyle, I'll grant you that wish!" Suddenly, he scooped her up effortlessly.

He was startled by her lightness.

She felt no heavier than a child, Nicole, unsure of his intentions, panicked.

"Jarrod, where are you taking me? Let me go! I've given up on my company.

You have no right to do this to me!" Undeterred, Jarrod carried her to his car and placed her inside.

"No right?" Jarrod's laughter was cold as he tossed a stack of documents at Nicole's face.

"Read this, then tell me about my rights!" The papers hit Nicole's face, stinging her.

She picked one up, her limited legal knowledge enough to spot the glaring loopholes in the Lawrence Group project detailed in the document.

Her hands shook as she flipped through each page, stopping only when she saw her father's signature and the company's official seal on the last page.

She trembled, disbelief coursing through her.

Jarrold watched her reaction, his voice icy.

"See? Your father's actions could land him in jail." Nicole's voice quivered.

"This is a forgery! My father would never sign this." Jarrold's chuckle was bitter.

"Forgery? We have audio and video evidence.

Your father signed it himself, while sick in bed.

His trusted aide, Brett, handed it to him, promising it would secure your position as heiress." Nicole was in disbelief.

"You bribed Brett?" Brett had worked for her father for decades, always trustworthy.

Jarrold scoffed.

"Bribed him? He came to me, ready to betray your father for his gain." Nicole's world crumbled.

Brett, the man she trusted, had deceived them.

In a frenzy, she ripped the documents to shreds, letting the pieces fall to the ground.

Jarrold leaned against the car, lighting a cigarette nonchalantly.

"Tear them up all you want.

I can easily piece them together again." Hearing this, Nicole acted irrationally.

She began stuffing the torn pieces into her mouth, swallowing them desperately.

Nicole continued to push more paper into her mouth, her actions becoming increasingly frantic.

Initially, Jarrod watched with a sense of detached amusement.

However, as she _ persisted, his amusement turned to concern.

Was she really intending to swallow all those pieces? Dropping his cigarette, Jarrod stepped forward to stop her.

Anger flared in his expression as he demanded, "Have you lost your mind? Spit them out!" But Nicole seemed oblivious, her mouth tightly shut as she swallowed the dry, sharp fragments.

The paper scraped her throat painfully, like a blade cutting through her.

Jarrod, now furious, grasped her chin firmly.

"Spit them out!" Nicole, ignoring him, struggled to continue, her throat emitting a pained rasp.

Using his fingers, Jarrod pried open her mouth, scolding, "Are you insane? Swallowing these won't change anything.

They're just backups!" Backups...

Realization dawned on Nicole.

Of course, Jarrod wouldn't have given her the originals.

How hilarious! These were all backups! She allowed Jarrod to remove the paper from her mouth, her throat raw and painful.

The bloodied paper remnants looked like diseased cells, a gruesome sight.

Jarrold dragged her out and began to rinse her mouth with mineral water.

He poured the water liberally, soaking Nicole completely.

Standing there, Nicole was passive, like a lifeless statue, not resisting as the water drenched her completely.

Under her torn coat, a form-fitting black sweater clung to her frame, contrasting strikingly with her pale skin.

Her severe illness had dimmed the radiance of her complexion, making her look more vulnerable.

Her slender figure, with its subtle curves and fragile waist, possessed an understated allure.

Her delicate face only added to her captivating presence.

Jarrold, holding the water bottle, tensed, his breathing deepening.

His hand involuntarily moved to her waist and impulsively pulled at her sweater, revealing her pale skin underneath.

Nicole snapped out of her daze, shivering from the cold.

"Jarrod, stop!" His eyes, cold and furious, bore into her.

"It's only been a few days, yet you've managed to gather eighty million.

How busy were you with men?" Nicole looked away, her silence heavy.

She couldn't disclose the source of the money.

Jarrod, interpreting her silence as guilt, felt a surge of anger.

His handsome features twisted with disdain.

"Do you have any idea how someone as shameless as you be treated?" he sneered.

He then pushed her against the car's hood, his voice harsh.

"Kneel down!" he ordered, his leg pressing against hers to force compliance.

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Nicole knelt before Jarrod, her body weak and pressed against his knee.

y Jarrod skillfully undid his belt buckle with a quiet click.

Nicole's face drained of color.

She knew what he 7 wanted her to do.

Outraged, she couldn't contain her words.

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

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

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

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

Jarrod, unbothered, cradled the back of her head with his hand, his eyes intense.

He spoke softly yet firmly.

"Whether your father ends up in prison will depend entirely on my mood." He assumed Nicole lied to him again, his fury growing.

He had almost forgotten the venom beneath her beautiful exterior.

In his mind, Nicole deemed men to be just pawns for her schemes.

He loathed himself for almost falling into her trap.

She was never honest, always calculating and duplicitous.

But he couldn't let her go, using force to keep her close.

He convinced himself this was his way of revenge since she once played with his feelings.

He wanted to make her suffer slowly.

Nicole shivered, her eyelashes fluttering.

She shut her eyes, refusing to show her tears.

Jarrold watched her, then ordered coldly, "Open your eyes!" With reluctance, Nicole opened her eyes, and the glisten in her eyes dimmed.

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

"Take a good look.

Who are you providing service to?" A sickly flush colored Nicole's face as her hatred surfaced.

It excited him further, boiling his blood.

Jarrold assumed Nicole once toyed with his feelings and caused him pain.

But here she was.

She was now at his mercy, bringing him a feeling more thrilling than the sexual intercourse itself.

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

After their intimate moments, Jarrold nonchalantly cleaned himself with mineral water.

He noticed Nicole eyeing the remaining water.

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

"Feel blessed with being surrounded by my scents.

If you become horny, take my scents for some comfort." Nicole felt sick, overwhelmed by his lingering scent.

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

Reluctantly, she wore it to cover herself.

Jarrold then helped Nicole into the car.

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

"Where are we going? I need to go home!" Jarrold's response cut through her, "We're going to get rid of the bastard within your belly!" "No! You can't do this!" Nicole cried out.

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

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

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

"It's better you go on your own." Nicole was gripped by fear.

"Jarrold, you can't force me! This is my child!" "Your child?" Jarrold's eyes darkened.

"I'm not going to force you.

Choose between the child and your father." Choose? Nicole's face twisted in torment.

She couldn't abandon either! Struggling to stay calm, her voice trembled, "Jarrod, please, let me keep this baby.

I really have cancer.

My life is fading.

I want my kid to ease my parents' agony after my death.

Please, take me to run for tests and you'll see I'm seriously ill.

We can try different treatments and consult various doctors.

You'll see the truth then." Jarrod sneered, his tone laced with disdain.

"I'm impressed.

Your affection for this baby seems deep.

You should go so far as to pretend to have cancer to keep him!" Nicole shook her head, her eyes brimming with honesty.

"No, that's not it.

I haven't lied to you!" "Do you know that man named Kieran?" Jarrod cut in impatiently.

"Yes, but..." Ć Before she could finish, Jarrod interjected coldly, "Was he your ex-boyfriend?" Nicole hesitated, then nodded.

"Yes, he was." Asmirk crossed Jarrod's face.

"Get out of the car now!" He was determined not to be tricked by her again, unwilling to be made a fool of.

Desperate, Nicole clutched at Jarrod's arm.

"Hear me out.

There was nothing between Kieran and me.

This child can't be his!" Jarrod's lips twisted into a scornful smile.

"If not his, then someone else's.

Either way, it's an illegitimate I child." The thought of an illegitimate child being born was unbearable to him, an insult to his dignity.

Just then, Alec had confirmed a disturbing truth.

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

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

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

All evidence seemed to point to Nicole's infidelity, challenging her desperate claims of innocence.

Yet, Nicole's voice carried unwavering sincerity.

"I didn't lie to you, nor have I lied about my illness.

What will I gain when lying to you that I am at the jaw of death?" Jarrod's expression shifted subtly at the mention of death, a hint of discomfort marring his features.

A fracture appeared in the icy exterior of his heart.

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

But he quickly cast these thoughts aside.

He didn't think she would die this easily.

How could that be possible? Grabbing Nicole's collar in anger, Jarrod issued a stark warning, "Remember, you need my permission to die.

Otherwise, I'll ensure your entire family joins you!" Pain lanced through Nicole's heart.

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

What humanity remained when one was denied even the right to die? She felt reduced to a mere puppet, a hollow being.

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

Chapter 235

Jarrold once dreamed of having a child with Nicole.

During their college romance, Nicole often whispered to Jarrod, "Jarrod, I want to have your child!" Their bodies would mingle together as they engaged in passionate moments.

But, as students, they lacked the money to raise a baby and start a family, so they took precautions and decided to wait until graduation.

But that day never arrived.

Years later, when Nicole said she was pregnant with his child, Jarrod's feelings changed.

His excitement turned to scorn and bitterness.

He resented her for cherishing this unborn child so much.

In his eyes, it couldn't be his and needed to be gotten rid of.

Jarrod firmly held Nicole's chin and questioned, "Nicole, I always made sure you took emergency contraception.

How on earth did you end up pregnant with my child?" Nicole's jaw ached under his grip.

With tears forming in her eyes, she managed to say, "I threw up the pills several times." There were times when she couldn't down the contraception due to stomach discomfort.

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

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

"Why throw up? Were you that desperate to have my baby?" Nicole's lips quivered.

But before she could respond, Jarrod yanked her chin harshly, slamming half of her face against the seat.

His face showed no mercy.

"Don't even mention this illegitimate child again.

Even if it's mine, I'll get rid of it.

Do you really think you deserve to have my child?" Jarrod refused to acknowledge the stirring in his heart at the mention of his child.

He swore not to let her fool him again.

He was determined to eliminate any chance of her doing so.

How dare she say she was having his child? If the evidence didn't prove she was lying, he would have fallen for it again.

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

This bastard cannot be born!" Nicole was not surprised at his words.

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

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

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

His grip was tight around her waist.

But Nicole, fueled by an unknown force, grasped a knife and aimed it at Jarrod's neck, targeting a lethal spot.

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

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

Beads of sweat form on Nicole's forehead.

She strained to push the knife forward, but that last centimeter felt impossible.

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

Jarrold, whose eyes bore a sinister gaze, accused Nicole, "You're trying to kill me so you could run away with your secret lover, aren't you?" To Jarrod, Nicole's spirits seemed to be consumed by malevolence.

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

His chilling countenance resembled a demon cast out from the depths of hell, but Nicole remained unafraid.

Although she was trapped in a corner, showing weakness or submission would only worsen her plight.

With hatred burning through her words, she seethed.

"Jarrod, I don't merely wish to end your life.

I wish upon you a horrific end, torn apart by wild dogs, and your bones gnawed to pieces!" Her bitter curse echoed in Jarrod's mind.

The sheer intensity of her loathing, fueled by the existence of another man's child, pushed Jarrod to the edge of insanity.

He was overwhelmed with the desire to destroy this cursed woman, piece by piece! The next moment, Nicole watched in horror as Jarrod's bloodied hand glided along the knife's blade until it reached her wrist.

Snap! He broke her wrist.

As he did so, his demeanor resembled that of a malevolent spirit.

The knife clattered to the ground.

"Argh!" Nicole winced and gasped in pain.

Her right hand was limply dangling, and the broken bones caused excruciating pain that no cries could alleviate.

The pain seemed to reach her very core.

Jarrod's palm, cut by the blade, bled heavily, but he didn't seem to care.

He lifted Nicole's chin with his bloodied hand and, in a cold and piercing voice, said, "Since you don't want to have an abortion, we shall try a different approach." Nicole couldn't fathom the depths of Jarrod's madness.

With her hand incapacitated, she was completely vulnerable.

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

Soon, the car stopped outside a club.

Jarrold roughly pulled Nicole out and hurried her into a chamber.

Inside, the room was filled with several imposing men.

Even their faces were marked by prominent muscles.

Jarrold uncaringly threw Nicole onto the floor.

Then, he lounged on the sofa and rested his legs on a glass coffee table.

He casually tossed a stack of money onto the table and said to the men, "Take good care of this woman.

Once she's pleased, you can split this among yourselves!" These bodyguards, seasoned with decades of experience, had never encountered such an unexpected turn.

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

It felt like a dream come true.

Meanwhile, Nicole's face went ashen.

She realized Jarrold had completely lost his mind.

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

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

Nicole staggered backward, only to hit a wall.

She had no way out.

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

"Stay away! Don't touch me! Get away from me!" However, she received nothing but scornful laughter.

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

What could she use defend herself against them? Just a bottle? A sense of profound humiliation engulfed Nicole.

She felt as if she had fallen into a dark, hopeless abyss.

Seated on the sofa, Jarrod watched her futile attempts at self-defense with a cold gaze.

His inner rage was still boiling.

Damn it! What he was seeing only fueled his frustration.

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

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

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

As long as he had the means to control her, even if he had to go as far as chaining her, she wouldn't be able to cheat anymore, would she? Anger clouded Jarrod's handsome face as he watched Nicole's desperate efforts to protect herself.

Those men around Nicole were oblivious to his true intentions.

Jarrod had explicitly instructed Alec to have some men merely intimidate Nicole.

So, why were they advancing toward her? Nicole, so disheveled and vulnerable, looked pitiful.

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

Nicole had smashed the bottle she was holding, sending glass shards flying.

Holding the jagged, broken end, she pressed it against her own neck.

Chapter 236

The room was filled with shock at the unexpected turn.

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

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

Facing Jarrod, her voice was cold.

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

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

We argued, and I even refused to eat.

But was his desire to protect me so unforgivable? Did your family be killed by my family? Why do you want us all dead? Is it just because you believe I played with your feelings? Fine, if you are so set on revenge on me.

I'm ready to atone with my life.

Is that enough for you?" With resolve, Nicole moved the glass shard toward her neck.

Thud! Suddenly, the bottle was kicked against the wall! Nicole's less agile left hand was outpaced by Jarrod's feet.

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

Nicole's last hope of death was taken away.

"All of you, get out!" Jarrod's voice thundered with fury.

Those men quickly complied, not daring to disobey.

Jarrodd pinned Nicole's battered form against the wall.

"Even facing death, Nicole, you defy me? Haven't I said you need my permission to die?" Nicole's hands drooped, drained of strength.

She couldn't raise them.

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

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

A hauntingly beautiful smile appeared on Nicole's face.

"Jarrod, it doesn't matter if you say no.

My bod is failing.

You can unleash all the hatred you want.

I am dying." At that moment, Nicole longed for death.

Wouldn't it offer her freedom? Jarrod was livid at her words.

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

Did she seek his sympathy? Then why couldn't she simply yield to him, stop resisting, and avoid despicable deeds? Jarrod didn't believe she would die, but the word "dying" from her lips always unsettled him.

He convinced himself his unease was because he didn't want her to die too easily.

He had more vengeance to exact! Why did she think she could just die? Perhaps this was another ploy from her.

He wasn't falling for it, not one bit! Jarrod gripped her shoulder harder.

"Don't try to trick me with this, Nicole.

Do you think I'm still the old Jarrod who would listen to you?" Nicole sneered.

"The Jarrod I knew is gone.

Now, all that is left is a demon." Nicole's laughter was hysterical, pain clenching her stomach.

Jarrod's irritation grew.

He tightened his hold on her waist, lifting her onto the coffee table.

His voice was icy.

"You still have the audacity to defy me!" Nicole, powerless, stared at him with loathing.

"Jarrod, you're nothing but a cruel beast!" Jarrod's sneer was icy.

"Isn't this what you wanted? When I was unconscious, you were busily involved with other men, weren't you? I got to satisfy your needs." Nicole's words faltered, realizing arguing with him was futile.

Jarrod, now more demon than man, eyed Nicole's neck.

He leaned down, his tongue finding her pulsing artery, sucking on it ruthlessly.

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

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

Jarrod loomed over her, his whisper sinister.

"Don't worry, I'll make sure you'll never want another man." His hand moved beneath, feeling her warmth.

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

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

She felt like a helpless fish on a chopping block.

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

Jarrold's response was cold.

"Leave!" Outside, Alec hesitated before speaking.

"Mr.

Schultz, Miss Powell is unwell.

She's asking for you." Hearing Jamie's name brought Nicole a sense of relief.

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

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

Nicole's respite was brief.

Jarrold dressed, casually found a jacket for her, and took her with him.

They reached a villa Jarrod had bought for Jamie.

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

Jarrood ran to Jarrod, crying.

"Where have you been?" Jarrod stroked her hair tenderly, his gaze soft.

"I'm here now." Seeing Nicole in the car, Jamie's face hardened.

She was upset Nicole was unharmed and still pregnant.

Unhappily, she asked, "Jarrod, why is Nicole here?" Jarrod, his thoughts jumbled, simply nodded.

Jamie pressed, "Why did you bring her?" "You were sick, so I brought her to take care of you." Jarrod looked toward the car with a cold expression.

"You can come out now." He didn't reveal his true intentions.

Secretly, he wished he could keep Nicole tethered to him.

Reluctantly, Nicole exited the car, aware of Jarrod's twisted mindset.

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

Nicole had no option but to trail behind.

Once inside, Jamie kissed Jarrod in front of Nicole.

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

Left in the living room were Jamie and Nicole.

Jamie arrogantly instructed Nicole, "Go and peel some fruit for me." Nicole dutifully went to the kitchen, fumbled with a fruit knife, and began to peel.

She arranged the fruit on a plate and set it before Jamie in the living room.

But Jamie didn't eat.

Instead, she taunted Nicole.

"Didn't Jarrod bring you here to serve me? Where's your servitude? Shouldn't you kneel and feed mee"
Nicole realized then why Jarrod brought her along.

He was to make her receive humiliation at Jamie's hands.

But suddenly, an idea struck Nicole.

She grasped a fruit fork, knelt before Jamie, and offered a smile.

"Of course, let me feed you." As the fruit neared Jamie's lips, Nicole stood abruptly, locking her arm around Jamie's neck, the fork poised at Jamie's artery.

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

Nicole, holding Jamie, spoke clearly to Jarrod.

"I want the contract, the original, and all the footage.

Hand them over!"

Chapter 237

Jarrood's face was an icy mask, his expression unyielding.

He hadn't anticipated that Nicole, even with an injured hand, would dare such an act.

He realized he had miscalculated, underestimating Nicole's resourcefulness.

He should never have let his guard down, not even for a moment.

"Nicole, this is the last time I'm telling you.

Let Jamie go!" Jarrood demanded.

His intense gaze fixed on Nicole, his eyes sharp and accusing as if trying to penetrate her very soul.

Anyone would feel intimidated by such a look, including Nicole.

Nicole had seen Jarrood angry before, but today his fury was exceptional, almost palpable, as if he could lash out at her any second.

Nicole thought Jarrood's anger stemmed from the fact that Jamie was held hostage, the very person Jarrood valued above all others.

Nicole wouldn't have dared, knowing the backlash it would cause, but she was desperate.

She couldn't let her father remain vulnerable to Jarrood's whims, risking imprisonment at his displeasure.

Nicole knew her father wouldn't survive long in jail, especially in his declining health.

She might never see him again if he were incarcerated.

Thus, she decided to take a risk.

Holding the fork against Jamie's neck, Nicole faced Jarrod defiantly.

"Jarrod, you have twenty minutes.

If I don't see the contract and the documents, I'll do it," she stated calmly.

This was the deadline she set for herself.

In her weakened state, she couldn't prolong this standoff.

She had to act quickly.

Jarrod's eyes darkened with anger.

"Nicole, you're courting death!" he said, each word laced with a chilling intensity.

His voice, colder than the deepest freeze, made listeners shiver.

Nicole remained unfazed.

She glanced at the wall clock and said evenly, "Mr.

Schultz, you have nineteen minutes and thirty seconds left." Bang! Jarrod's hand, charged with anger, swept a valuable vase off its perch.

The vase crashed to the floor, shattering into countless pieces.

His face twisted in fury, he gritted his teeth and warned, "Nicole, have you considered' the consequences?" "I have, but what other choice do I have?" Nicole's expression didn't waver.

For her, it was a choice between a dire situation and an even worse one.

Seizing the opportunity to act seemed the only way to secure her family's future.

Jamie, caught in the middle, hadn't anticipated Nicole's audacity to use her as a bargaining chip against Jarrod.

This situation underscored the strained relationship between Nicole and Jarrod, forcing Nicole to take drastic actions.

At that moment, Jamie refused to be taken advantage of by Nicole.

If Nicole's plan succeeded, how could she possibly assert control over Nicole later? Jamie subtly shifted her wrist, contemplating if she could overpower Nicole in the latter's weakened state.

But as she attempted to move, a sharp pain at her neck stopped her.

"Hss..." Jamie let out a stifled groan, feeling something wet trickle down.

In the next second, a drop of blood hit the floor.

Nicole, pressing her finger against Jamie's vein, threatened, "Jamie, don't try anything, or I'll do it!" Jamie's realization that the blood was hers heightened her panic.

"Ah! Help! Jarrod, save me! She's going to kill me!" Jamie's cries were filled with hysteria.

Jarrod's frown deepened at Jamie's terrified voice, his eyes growing colder.

Dealing with Nicole alone was manageable, but he couldn't jeopardize Jamie's safety.

Jarrod quickly made a call, his voice icy, "Bring the A7E8 contracts now." After hanging up, he glared at Nicole with a sneer, "I hope you're ready for the end of your life." But Nicole was unexpectedly composed.

Facing death with the cancer, she found a strange sense of calm.

After all, what could be more frightening than death itself? Soon, Alec arrived with documents and disks in hand.

He presented them to Nicole, who meticulously checked each one, confirming their authenticity.

Once satisfied, Nicole said with disdain, "Burn them." Alec glanced at Jarrod, who commanded with a dark expression, "Do it.

Burn them." The papers and disks were quickly consumed by flames.

Nicole's usually calm demeanor broke, revealing a flicker of triumph.

She had eliminated the threat, sparing her father from prison.

As the last of the documents turned to ash, Jarrod, dressed in black, exuded a menacing elegance.

His stare bore into Nicole as he gritted out, "Let Jamie go!" Nicole, still gripping Jamie's throat, bargained, "I have one more condition." "Nicole Lawrence!" Jarrod roared.

"Don't force me to take away your parents this instant!" Every line of Jarrod's face radiated lethal intent.

He almost lost his remaining bit of reason.

He couldn't stand being manipulated.

"Then let's see who acts faster," Nicole retorted calmly, masking her stiffened hand.

With her right hand injured, she relied on her arm's strength to restrain Jamie, enduring excruciating pain every passing single moment.

The fork in Nicole's hand teetered, close to falling.

Her time to negotiate was running short.

Without waiting for Jarrod's response, she made her demand clear, "Promise me you won't harm my parents.

I'll face the consequences of my actions, but leave them out of it!" Nicole was prepared to face whatever Jarrod had in store for her as long as her parents were safe.

She was aware that with her life fading, her moment of final rest was nearing.

It was only a matter of enduring more pain and suffering until then.

Yet, in a way, this pain served as a vivid reminder of her being alive.

Silence enveloped the room.

Jamie, tears streaming down her face, whimpered, "Jarrod, it hurts..." Finally, Jarrod, through clenched teeth, agreed, "Fine.

You have my word." Nicole, hearing this, felt a wave of relief, but her body was reaching its limit.

She cautiously loosened her grip.

Jamie, noticing Nicole's weakening hold, saw an opportunity.

Her eyes gleamed with a sudden insight, as a sinister plan swiftly formed in her thoughts.

Suddenly, the fork plunged into Jamie's neck.

It happened so fast that nobody quite caught how it occurred, not even Nicole.

Jamie clutched her neck, screaming.

"Jarrod, she's going to kill me..." Then, she collapsed to the floor.

"Jamie!" Jarrod rushed to Jamie, his expression panicked.

In a swift move, he kicked Nicole in the chest with a forceful blow.

Caught off guard, Nicole was thrown backward, crashing against a flower rack.

Chapter 238

The flowerpots shattered noisily on the ground.

A sharp pain pierced Nicole's chest and back, overwhelming her.

Poof! Blood spilled from Nicole's mouth, splashing crimson on the ground.

Jarrold, holding Jamie, faced Nicole.

His dark eyes, once lively, now harbored a lethal darkness.

"Nicole, you will pay for it," he declared, his voice icy.

With her ribs feeling broken, Nicole gasped for air amidst the pain.

As she coughed blood, she faced Jarrod, her voice shaking, "Jarrod, I'm not the one who stabbed her..."
But Jarrod, carrying Jamie, didn't wait to hear more.

He strode toward the door.

Alec hurried to him, asking, "Mr. Schultz, what should we do with Miss Lawrence?" Jarrod paused briefly before responding coldly, "Take her to the police station." He had no time for Nicole now.

The police would keep her safe, at least.

Nicole, gripped by pain, watched helplessly as Jarrod moved Raegan's anxiety mounted since she was unable to reach Nicole.

Raegan often visited the hospital to care for Nicole's parents during her free time.

Yet, they were unaware of Nicole's whereabouts.

Seeing her parents' aged, lined faces, Raegan couldn't reveal Nicole's disappearance.

It would only add to their burden.

She reassured them, telling them Nicole was busy, and urged them to take care.

Forty-eight hours later, Raegan visited the police station to report Nicole's disappearance.

There, she learned of Nicole's arrest.

Eager for more information to bail Nicole out, Raegan inquired but, as a non-relative, received none.

Raegan chose not to tell Nicole's parents, fearing for their vulnerability to take the blow.

Her thoughts instinctively turned to Mitchel, thinking that he was her only hope for uncovering the truth.

However, their relationship had ended bitterly, and they hadn't met since then.

Raegan knew of Mitchel only through TV reports about the growing bond between the Dixon and Glyn families, hinting at the potential connection through marriage.

'This news had boosted the Dixon Group's stock.

During a shopping trip at the mall, Raegan ran into Luciana, who was there with Katie.

They shared a warmth that resembled a true mother-daughter bond.

Seeing them together, Raegan understood that Luciana had been somewhat restrained when Luciana was with her.

This made Raegan realize Luciana had previously held back her affection, perhaps due to their different statuses.

Upon seeing Raegan's uneasy expression, Luciana gave a brief nod and quickly left with Katie, preferring Raegan's limited interaction with Katie.

The salesperson, smiling brightly, remarked, "That lady was incredibly generous! She purchased national-style wedding gifts, designed by a renowned designer, for a billion dollars.

She mentioned it's for her future daughter-in-law." It seemed Katie might soon marry into the Dixon family, which explained Luciana's uneasy look when seeing her.

Alone in the mall, Raegan touched her flat belly, signing at the timing of her pregnancy.

Yet, she resolved to raise her baby alone, inspired by students who juggled studies and parenthood.

Determined, she decided against meeting Mitchel again.

However, faced with Nicole's uncertain situation, Raegan felt she had no choice but to reach out to Mitchel.

She hesitantly dialed Matteo's number.

Matteo answered promptly, his tone polite as always, "Miss Hayes." "Matteo, | hate to bother you.

Is Mitchel available today?" Matteo, glancing at Mitchel busy with a video conference, responded, "He's quite Ued up.

I can relay the message to him if you want." Raegan paused, realizing the difficulty of explaining without talking directly.

She finally said, "It's nothing.

Sorry to disturb you, Matteo." As she was about to end the call, Matteo added, "Mr.

Dixon has been staying late at the company for work these days." Surprised, Raegan responded with a brief, "Okay." After the call, Raegan thought about messaging Mitchel on WhatsApp for a direct conversation.

Opening his WhatsApp profile, she noticed his Moments were empty.

Although he had never posted anything, his Moments were visible to her before.

Now, it was completely inactive.

It suggested he had blocked her.

It seemed he wanted no contact with her at all.

Raegan recalled his last words, "From now on, you and I have nothing to do with each other.

I don't want to see you again." His determination was etched on his face.

A sharp pain struck her chest, tears brimming in her eyes.

She had thought of explaining everything to him, but what could she say now? Henley had been putting on an act, but she wasn't innocent.

She had followed Luciana's advice, keeping her distance from Mitchel.

Taking a deep breath and staring at the cloudy sky, Raegan held back her tears.

Finally, she decided to ask Hector for help, hoping he might have some useful connections.

Hector's investigation revealed Jarrod's involvement in the case and thus required Mitchel's assistance.

Mitchel, however, declined, citing a busy schedule.

Hector relayed this to Raegan, sharing the shocking reason behind Nicole's arrest.

Raegan was stunned.

The idea of Nicole's attempted murder was unthinkable.

Her worry deepened, especially considering Nicole's pregnancy and the challenges of detention.

Raegan attempted to confront Jarrod at his company for answers, but he was absent.

After several unsuccessful attempts, she tried calling Mitchel again, only to be met with a busy tone, suggesting she was blocked.

With no other choice, Raegan reached out to Matteo.

This time, Matteo's tone was less courteous, and he quickly ended the call, stating that Mitchel was swamped.

Raegan's sense of urgency intensified.

Despite learning Mitchel's tight schedule, she gathered her courage and made another call.

Feeling desperate, Raegan kept calling, but Matteo's response was consistent, still claiming Mitchel was swamped.

This pattern persisted late into the night.

Each response reiterated his preoccupation.

Eventually, even the usually naive Raegan realized that Mitchel was avoiding her, using his busyness as an excuse.

Despite realizing Mitchel's aversion to meeting her, Raegan had no choice but to press Matteo, "Doesn't he ever take a break at night? I just need a moment." Matteo, likely frustrated, revealed that Mitchel was at the Kingbel Club.

Raegan hurried there and called Matteo, who, sounding embarrassed, informed her, "Mr.

Dixon doesn't want to see anyone." His words were unmistakable.

Mitchel had made it clear he did not wish to see her.

Her hopes dashed, Raegan persisted, "When will he be done? I'll wait outside." Matteo, observing Mitchel's continuous drinking, replied uncertainly, "I don't know when he'll be done.

It's best if you don't wait." In truth, Matteo knew well that Mitchel was furious.

Mitchel had stayed late at the company the previous night until three in the morning.

Matteo sensed he was waiting for Raegan, prompted by Raegan's likely visit.

However, a call from Hector changed everything, leaving Mitchel storming out in frustration.

Matteo suspected that Raegan had sought help from Hector but hadn't approached Mitchel directly.

In Matteo's view, Mitchel was acting out of jealousy.

It was a cold, mid-December night.

The city was shrouded in a frosty chill.

Raegan, undeterred, remained outside the Kingbel Club, tightly wrapped in her coat.

People flowed in and out of the club.

Near midnight, Raegan saw Matteo exit, followed by Mitchel, dressed in an expensive suit, radiating confidence and arrogance.

With Mitchel was a stunning woman, her arm linked with his, intimately close.

The club's lights cast a revealing glow on them.

The woman was almost pressed against Mitchel, who seemed unbothered by her closeness.

Passing Raegan, Mitchel ignored her as if she were a stranger.

Feeling a sting of hurt, Raegan couldn't linger on emotions for Nicole's sake.

She approached Mitchel and said, "Mr.

Dixon, can we walk for a moment?" Mitchel's face turned icy.

"No," he said sharply and walked on.

Raegan, having waited for hours, couldn't let him leave.

She reached for his sleeve, begging, "Just five minutes, please." Mitchel frowned, briskly shaking off her hand.

Caught off guard, Raegan stumbled and fell, her legs weak from the cold.

Laughter erupted from above, filled with derision.

Chapter 239

"Hey, how can you be so cheeky?" said the woman jokingly.

She held Mitchel's arm with a coquettish smile on her face.

She was one of the escorts of Kingbel Club.

Before she and the other escorts entered the chamber tonight, their manager reminded them that the customers were all big shots in Ardlens.

As soon as she entered the chamber, her eyes fell on Mitchel in the middle.

He first caught her attention because he was the most handsome and had the strongest aura among the men there.

But Mitchel was so aloof that none of the women dared to get close to him.

Even she thought it was a lost cause.

But unexpectedly, luck was with her at the last moment.

She was about to leave when Mitchel suddenly called her over.

It was such a great opportunity for her.

How could she let anyone steal it away? The woman smiled sweetly and added, "Hey, you know the unspoken rules, right? I'd spent the night with this gentleman.

You can't just show up and snatch him away." When the woman saw Raegan's innocent and pure face, she thought Raegan was a university student who was looking for a sugar daddy.

She snorted coldly.

Disdain filled her heart, thinking that those female university students nowadays weren't any better than her.

A cold light flashed through Mitchel's eyes.

He resisted the urge to pull Raegan up.

He hadn't used much force earlier, so he didn't know why she had fallen.

He paused for a moment.

His dark eyes were filled with unreadable meaning.

When Matteo saw the expression on Mitchel's face, he bent down and helped Raegan up.

Raegan wasn't pretending that she couldn't stand up on her own.

But her legs were too numb to move.

After all, she stood in the cold for hours.

Raegan stood up with Matteo's support, and she didn't waste any time.

She looked at Mitchel and said anxiously, "I'm here to ask for your help because of Nicole." Nicole was Raegan's best friend.

Raegan placed Nicole's well-being above her pride.

So, she ignored the woman's mockery and hastily asked Mitchel for help.

"I'm busy," Mitchel refused coldly, leaving no room for negotiation.

Mitchel sneered in his heart.

He had heard Matteo's phone conversation with Raegan that night.

Matteo's insinuations were clear, so he waited at the office until three in the morning.

But what happened? Raegan didn't appear.

And perhaps she wouldn't be here now if Hector hadn't failed to handle Jarrod.

This proved that Raegan only thought of him when she had no one else to turn to.

He got frustrated whenever he thought about it.

In a sulking mood, Mitchel held the woman in his arms, turned around, and was about to get in the car.

His indifference made Raegan's heart tighten as if a sharp knife stabbed her chest.

But she couldn't give up.

She couldn't bear the thought of witnessing Nicole suffer.

Thinking of this had been tormenting her day and night.

She chased after Mitchel and pleaded in a hoarse voice, "Mitchel, please.

I need to see Jarrod.

Please let me see him just this once." Mitchel's eyes narrowed.

He said mockingly, "Why are you asking me for help? Who are you to me?" His words were more like a reminder to her.

That day, he told her that he wouldn't interfere in her affairs again.

Raegan's face turned pale.

Of course, she hadn't forgotten his words.

But she didn't intend to give up.

"Mitchel, I know you're angry.

But this is not about me.

And the situation is urgent.

Nicole's life is at risk.

I have no other choice.

I'm begging you.

Please..." Mitchel chuckled lightly.

"So? What does Nicole's situation have to do with me?" After saying this, he got in the car and ordered Matteo to drive.

Raegan stood there for a moment.

The temperature tonight was freezing, and the chill seemed to penetrate her bones.

Her heart grew equally cold.

The failure to do anything to save Nicole was too much for Raegan to bear.

Raegan slowly crouched down and hugged her knees tightly, not wanting to let others see how sad she was.

Fortunately, it was past one in the morning, and no one was outside the Kingbel Club.

In the car, Mitchel's dark face still looked sour.

Matteo looked at Mitchel through the rearview mirror.

When he saw the expression on Mitchel's face, he hesitated for a moment.

Finally, he asked, "Mr.

Dixon, should we arrange a car for Miss Hayes?" It was dark and cold, and Raegan was alone.

It wasn't safe for her to be outside at this time of night.

"The woman Mitchel took with him was slightly intoxicated and became somewhat presumptuous.

She chimed in, "Is your assistant pimping up?" Mitchel's eyes instantly turned cold.

He said in a grave voice, "Stop the car." Without waiting for Mitchel to say another word, Matteo understood his intention and got out of the car, opening the door.

"Miss, please get out." The woman refused to leave the car.

It was hard to know a big shot like Mitchel.

How could she let go of him just like that? She said sweetly, "What is wrong with your assistant? Is..." As she spoke, she even leaned closer to Mitchel intentionally.

A trace of anger appeared on Mitchel's handsome face.

His brows furrowed tightly.

He roared, "Get out!" His voice sent a chill down the woman's spine.

She was so startled that she sobered up a bit.

She immediately got out of the car.

Of course, her effort was not in vain.

Before Matteo returned to the car, he paid her a few thousand bucks.

When Matteo sat in the driver's seat again, he started the car.

But he didn't immediately drive.

Instead, he looked at the back seat.

"Go back to her," Mitchel ordered.

Raegan's legs were numb from crouching for so long.

But she had to get up.

She knew she had to go back and continue to think of a solution.

Suddenly, the black Bentley returned and stopped in front of her.

The car window slowly rolled down, revealing Mitchel's handsome but dark face.

"Get in," he ordered coldly.

Raegan didn't hesitate.

She hurriedly opened the car door to get in.

But since her legs numbed from squatting too long, she accidentally tripped over the door frame.

"Uh..." Raegan grunted softly and pursed her lips.

She knelt at Mitchel's feet and clung to his trouser leg.

Her posture, confused expression, and pleading eyes made her look pitiful and alluring at the same time.

Mitchel's eyes narrowed slightly.

The atmosphere in the car froze at once.

Raegan was so embarrassed that she quickly got up.

She sat obediently and placed her hands on her lap.

As Matteo drove through the dark night, there was pin-drop silence in the car.

Mitchel didn't say a word.

He seemed weary.

He rested his forehead on the palm of his hand and closed his eyes to rest.

Though anxious, Raegan didn't disturb his rest, so she could only endure it silently.

Finally, the car stopped.

When Raegan looked outside the window, she found they were in front of her apartment building.

Mitchel didn't open his eyes.

He ordered Matteo, "Take her upstairs." Matteo nodded in response.

Raegan became even more anxious.

She had waited because she thought he could help Nicole, not for him to take her home.

"Mitchel..." Mitchel opened his eyes lazily and looked at her.

At the thought of the numerous rejections she had received tonight, Raegan said impulsively, "Would you like to come up for a cup of tea?" Mitchel didn't refuse, so the two of them went up together.

As soon as they entered the living room, Mitchel sat on the couch, leaned back lazily, and crossed his legs.

He rolled up his sleeves, revealing his well-defined arm muscles, and closed his eyes.

Raegan didn't prepare tea.

Instead, she went to the kitchen and made some soup for him to sober up.

She then brought a bowl to the living room, put it on the coffee table, and said softly, "Mitchel, I made soup for you.

Have some to relieve your hangover." There were no chairs beside the couch, so Raegan just stood there.

She had already taken off her coat, and she now wore a white cotton sweater and a pair of blue jeans, which accentuated her beautiful curves.

She wasn't wearing a revealing outfit.

But looking at her still made Mitchel's throat dry for a few seconds.

His eyes narrowed slightly.

He reached out, picked up the bowl, and drank a spoonful of the soup.

The warm liquid warmed his stomach, and his furrowed brows relaxed a lot.

Raegan noticed the change in Mitchel's expression.

She thought he was in a better mood now, so she said cautiously, "Can you help me make an appointment with Jarrod?" Although Mitchel already knew her intention, he still couldn't help feeling annoyed when he heard her speak so bluntly.

He pursed his lips, grabbed his coat, and stood up.

When Raegan saw that he was about to leave, she grabbed his arm and asked anxiously, "Are you leaving?" Mitchel looked at her indifferently.

"I've finished the soup." "But..."

About Jarrod..." Raegan stammered.

Mitchel's brows furrowed tightly.

He interrupted, "You want me to help you just because you gave me a bowl of soup?" Raegan pursed her lips.

"No.

I don't mean it like that.

I..." Before she could finish her words, Mitchel casually pulled a stack of money from his pocket, slammed it on the coffee table, and said coldly, "I'll pay for it." Raegan was stunned for a moment.

Her face turned pale, and tears welled up her eyes.

Upon seeing her like this, Mitchel's heart was overwhelmed by frustration and annoyance.

He didn't want to stay any longer, so he turned around and walked to the door.

Raegan caught up with him.

This time, she could no longer hold back her tears.

"Mitchel, please help me.

I'm really desperate now." The next moment, Mitchel pulled her hard and pressed her against the door.

Then, he lowered his head and conquered her lips.

They shared a passionate kiss.

Mitchel's eyes turned red.

It was as if he had been suppressing his desire for a long time.

His kiss became intense and fierce.

Raegan's legs went weak, and she struggled to maintain her balance.

Mitchel felt this, and it pushed him to become more aggressive.

His hand slipped under her sweater, pushing aside the strap of her bra, and squeezed her breasts.

Raegan jolted from the stimulating sensation.

Her face turned even paler.

She pushed Mitchel hard, creating some distance between them.

Mitchel didn't insist.

Instead, he said mockingly, "Didn't you invite me here to sleep with you?" Raegan frantically fixed the strap of her bra.

She trembled with anger.

“When did I say I wanted to sleep with you?” The expression on her face now mirrored the defiance she had shown when she confronted him for Henley before.

When Mitchel was reminded of it, the anger in his heart reignited.

He sneered, "Do you not understand the implications of inviting a man over in the middle of the night? Raegan, stop pretending to be innocent."

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Raegan's complexion turned ashen.

She clenched her fists, shaking with anger.

Mitchel, equally agitated, spoke with a harsh, cutting tone.

But witnessing Raegan's uncontrollable trembling, he regretted saying those harsh words.

He questioned how he had turned so soft.

He had resolved to distance himself from Raegan, yet now, he yearned to embrace her, to offer solace.

Contemplating this, Mitchel hesitantly raised his hands, wanting to hug Raegan, but Raegan swiftly evaded.

She looked up, her voice firm.

“Mitchel, I won't be intimate with you.” Recalling Mitchel was about to marry Katie, Raegan refused to be the other woman in their relationship.

At her words, Mitchel's hands halted, his expression darkening.

He shouldn't turn so soft toward her.

Bang! With a loud bang, Mitchel slammed the door, leaving a heavy silence.

Raegan, consumed with concern for Nicole, felt overwhelmed with anxiety and helplessness.

Tears rolled down her cheeks as she stood rooted.

What the hell was she supposed to do...

After a night of restlessness, Raegan rose early and visited Nicole's parents in the hospital.

There, she learned something important.

Jarrod's fiancée was injured and hospitalized, potentially linking to Nicole's predicament.

Yet, Raegan couldn't ascertain Jarrod's fiancée's current location.

Later that afternoon, amidst her confusion, Henley called.

Raegan answered, but silence lingered between them.

Finally, Henley broke the silence.

"Raegan, how have you been lately?" Raegan responded coolly, "I'm alright.

I've transferred the medical expenses to your account." Henley paused, then sighed.

"Raegan, you know I am not lack of money." Raegan wasn't in the mood for conversation with Henley.

His deceit had painted him in a more complex light than she had anticipated.

Raegan replied icily, "Mr.

Brooks, if you have nothing else to talk about, I'm ending the call." Her voice was distant, detached.

Henley, disheartened, replied, "I want to help you, Raegan." "Really?" Raegan's skepticism was evident.

"I'm aware of Nicole's situation.

I can help you." Raegan, her heart tightening, didn't question how Henley knew about it.

She urgently inquired, "Can you truly help Nicole?" "Yes.

Let's talk about it in person." Henley provided an address and hung up.

Upon ending the call, Raegan swiftly hailed a taxi and headed to the address Henley had provided.

The destination turned out to be Henley's studio.

The studio was sizable.

A secretary escorted her to Henley's office.

Henley, still recovering, struggled to walk as he greeted Raegan and gestured for her to sit.

Seated, Raegan asked, "Henley, what's Nicole's condition in the detention center?" "Nicole isn't doing well," Henley replied, aware of the entire situation, including Nicole's altercation with Jamie.

He also warned that Nicole might face harm in custody.

Alarmed, Raegan asked, "How is that possible? She hasn't been convicted yet." Henley adjusted his glasses and explained, "Consider the detention center's environment.

Jarrold has arranged for people to target Nicole there." Raegan was speechless, horrified by Jarrold's cruelty.

Jarrold hadn't let Nicole go, even arranging for Nicole's torture while in detention.

Concerned for Nicole, Raegan pleaded, "Henley, please, you must get Nicole out of there soon!" Henley, moved by her plea, responded, "I can help, but I have one condition." His eyes held a wolf-like intensity, unsettling Raegan.

"What's the condition?" she asked.

Henley stood and sat close to Raegan, his presence making her uneasy.

Raegan recoiled, but Henley pulled her closer forcefully.

He caressed her face, his voice low and rough.

"Be my girlfriend.

From now on, I'll be the only man in your life." Raegan's complexion was porcelain-like, with soft, full lips.

Henley felt a new, unfamiliar impulse surge within him, an urgent longing unlike anything he had experienced before.

Raegan felt trapped.

Henley's gaze was dark and overwhelming.

Without waiting for her response, Henley kissed her abruptly.

Raegan was taken aback, unable to respond immediately.

After all, they were in his office.

Raegan couldn't believe Henley would dare to behave so inappropriately in such a setting! She turned away, covering Henley's mouth, struggling to free herself.

Henley, driven by a fierce inner turmoil, seemed unwilling to release her easily.

His restless demeanor suggested an intense, consuming desire toward Raegan.

With one push, he pressed her against the sofa.

He held her hands tightly as he pinned Raegan on the sofa.

Raegan felt a sense of panic as if she didn't recognize Henley.

"Henley, stop! You can't force me.

Let me go!" she protested.

Henley removed his glasses, his eyes losing their warmth, becoming cold and ruthless.

"Raegan, you were meant to be mine long ago," he said, his voice unnerving.

Raegan, confused and overpowered, couldn't push him away.

She retreated, demanding sternly, "Let me go, now." Henley caressed her hair, gazing at the pendant around her neck.

"Don't worry, Raegan.

I'll never hurt you.

But you must be mine." He leaned in again, gripping her chin, and kissed her forcefully.

"Himm...

Stop it!" Raegan protested, struggling as the kiss landed on her hair.

Henley was determined, holding her tightly, his voice eerily gentle.

"It might be uncomfortable here.

Relax.

I'll try not to hurt you." He was out of his mind! The image of Henley in Raegan's mind was shattered.

Raegan was furious.

"I'm not your girlfriend.

Don't make me call the police!" Henley laughed mockingly.

"You're so naive, Raegan.

No one can stop me." At that moment, Raegan felt that Henley was going insane. Tears fell from Raegan's eyes.

She pleaded, "Henley, don't do this.

I've always seen you as a friend.

How can you treat me like this?" "Raegan, | never wanted to be your friend.

| want to be your man.

Don't you understand?" Henley retorted.