

Unbreakable 301

Chapter 301 I Hate You

In an instant, the images suddenly overlapped.

Mitchel swallowed hard as past memories flashed through his mind.

Just like those days five years past, Mitchel and Raegan's dynamic mirrored that last rendezvous.

One yearned for a divorce while the other clung to the marriage.

At that precise moment, a waiter strolled past, balancing a tray of dishes in hand.

Mitchel swiftly extended his arm, fearing the waiter might accidentally collide with Raegan.

But Raegan, on pure instinct, evaded his grasp, stepping back abruptly.

Her slender waist met the table's corner, drawing a furrowed brow and a muffled groan from her.

Mitchel's breath hitched, his hand suspended in the air.

Withdrawing his hand, he concealed the ache in his heart and inquired, "Is your aversion for me that intense?" Her disdain for him ran so deep that she'd rather hurt herself than let him touch her.

Mitchel's attractive eyes reddened slightly, his wounded expression holding a strangely captivating allure.

Raegan lifted her eyes, a sharp edge in her words.

"Certainly, Mr. Dixon! My loathing against you surpasses your wildest imagination." Coupled with the

disdain in her gaze, Raegan's words were like an unforgiving sword mercilessly piercing Mitchel.

Emotions be damned.

Raegan disregarded his feelings and spoke up.

"Since you have nothing of substance | to contribute, kindly step aside: T wari.

to go." Mitchel's gaze darkened as he stood his ground, a formidable mountain barring her path.

"Mr. Dixon?" Raegan exclaimed annoyingly.

"Why?" Mitchel's voice carried an enduring chill.

"What?" Raegan inquired.

"Why harbor such an intense hatred toward me?" Mitchel's countenance turned icy as he meticulously

recollected.

Since Raegan's return, their encounters had been fleeting, happening only two or three times.

Raegan possessed no recollection of him due to the car incident.

Hence, Mitchel couldn't fathom the depth of her loathing.

For a moment, a peculiar notion crept in.

He wondered if Raegan feigned amnesia to evade him.

Raegan perceived Mitchel's thought process as a deviation from the norm.

She articulated, "I detest being coerced against my will.

And it's not just because of that.

My disdain for you began from the very first moment we crossed paths." Raegan assumed her memory loss played a role.

Moreover, her repulsion and instinctive resistance toward Mitchel remained steadfast.

Erick had provided scant details regarding events preceding her amnesia.

Raegan held a vague awareness of the turbulent life she once led, with much suffering inflicted by Mitchel.

Mitchel's gaze held a profound, suppressed sorrow, and the veins on his hand bulged as he clenched his fist.

In a measured tone, he declared, "I am your husband." B His implication rested on the premise that he possessed the right to draw near her.

She was his wife, and in his eyes, his actions didn't constitute coercion.

"Mr. Dixon, are you not aware that I've lost my memory about you?" Raegan inquired.

Raegan gestured toward the bustling servers, adding, "To me, you're no different from the strangers passing by." At those words, Mitchel pressed his lips tightly.

Abruptly, he reached out, gripping her wrist and forcefully guiding her aside.

"You!" Raegan didn't have time to resist and found herself ushered into a chamber.

With a bang, the door slammed shut | with force, the echo of the lock reverberating through the room.

Mitchel pressed Raegan against the wall, his touch unyielding.

His hand enveloped her waist while the other was propped near her ear.

In an instant, the confined space was awash with the inviting fragrance of Mitchel's cologne, permeating every breath Raegan took.

Their closeness was evident, causing a sensation of suffocation to engulf Raegan.

Raegan abruptly snapped back to reality, her breath quickening.

She exerted herself to push him away, demanding, "Mitchel! What are you up to now?" Mitchel

possessed exceptional strength.

His hold on her waist remained unyielding, impervious to her most ardent efforts.

a That left Raegan feeling trapped, unable to free herself from his control.

In a fit of anger and frustration, she glared at him.

"Let me go!" Raegan yelled, her voice edged with frustration.

Mitchel dipped his head, his gaze carrying a dangerous intensity.

"Am I nothing more than a stranger to you?" he inquired.

Raegan remained utterly speechless, opting to ignore him.

However, she found herself ensnared, unable to break free.

His grip on her waist tightened as if he intended to coerce her into speaking.

A pained wince escaped Raegan, and her brow furrowed.

"Mitchel, have you lost your mind?" Raegan's anger had permeated deep into her heart, fueling an

urge to vent her frustration even if it meant biting Mitchel a few times.

Mitchel gazed at her in silence for an extended moment, his voice eventually descending into a hushed

whisper.

"Do I really mean nothing to you?" He spoke in a low, wounded tone.

Trapped within his grasp, Raegan's anger smoldered, and she responded sternly, "Even if you ask a hundred times, the answer is still yes." A heavy silence settled in the room.

Mitchel's eyes narrowed slightly, giving him an intimidating aura.

"Please release me," Raegan requested calmly, having taken a deep breath to steady herself, her tone displaying indifference.

She was aware that the : angrier she became, the more control he held over her.

"You're not considering another kiss, are you?" Raegan posed her question with a mocking smile.

"Mr. Dixon, is your desire that insatiable? If you're truly that horny, I can find you some prostitutes."

Raegan intentionally belittled Mitchel, anticipating that someone as haughty as he might explode and lose interest in her after hearing such words.

As she had expected, Mitchel's gaze turned even colder, and he released his hold on her.

"Do you believe I'm horny for women?" His voice grew icy, concealed anger simmering beneath.

Raegan's racing heart gradually settled.

Her little tricks had evidently worked.

She pressed on, her tone nonchalant, "You're reading too much into it.

I don't even know you.

I merely inferred from your actions that you might be | missing a woman in your life." — In her eyes, he

held no significance.

"Mr. Dixon, could you please step aside?" Raegan rubbed her sore wrist, her patience wearing thin.

Mitchel's eyes bore into her, an inscrutable blend of emotions lurking beneath the surface.

Raegan cared little for his thoughts and began to move past him, intending to leave.

But in an unexpected twist, her shoulder grew heavy, and her body found itself pressed against the wall

once more.

His slender lips promptly met hers.

Mitchel's eyes shut, kissing her with a fervor that bordered on madness.

He persisted as if trying to reclaim something lost, unwilling to relent.

Raegan's eyes widened, confronted by his handsome face in such close proximity.

As the realization dawned upon her, her anger flared.

She couldn't fathom his audacity.

He was behaving like a rogue once more.

Mitchel had thrust his tongue into Raegan's mouth, prompting her to shut her eyes and fiercely clamp down on his intruding tongue.

An instant later, the unmistakable taste of blood spread in their mouths.

A resounding smack followed promptly.

The sound of Raegan's palm striking Mitchel's cheek was crisp and reverberated in the room.

It felt as though everything around them had frozen at that moment.

| Bearing her simmering anger, Raegan stomped forcefully on Mitchel's leather-clad foot.

Unfortunately, it seemed to have little impact, as he displayed no signs of discomfort on his face.

Raegan regretted opting for flats today.

Heels might have been more effective.

"Mr. Dixon, if your desires are so insatiable, go find your beloved Lauren.

Must you persist in pestering me?" Mitchel sported a crimson mark on his otherwise handsome visage,

a faint hint of blood lingering on his tongue.

His dark eyes narrowed, his voice carrying both anger and restraint.

"I want no one but you." "But I want nothing to do with you.

I don't like you.

I don't know you.

I despise you.

Is that clear enough for you? Can you understand it now?" Raegan's eyes revealed nothing but disgust

and irritation, devoid of any emotion whatsoever.

Not even a glimmer.

Observing this shattered Mitchel's heart into pieces.

The once-joyful gaze she used to cast upon him had metamorphosed into pure loathing.

Nonetheless, Mitchel clung steadfastly to Raegan's hand.

Raegan issued a stern ultimatum, "Are you releasing me, or shall I summon the authorities?" A searing

ache persisted in Mitchel's chest, and he chuckled bitterly with brooding anger.

"Go ahead and summon the authorities."

Chapter 302 I Agree To Divorce ast

Raegan stood there, momentarily at a loss for words.

Her words were nothing but an oral threat.

Without concrete proof, she knew it was pointless to involve the police.

Raegan turned her gaze to Mitchel, her voice cold.

"Mr. Dixon, do you have feelings for me?" she asked abruptly, changing the subject.

Mitchel was caught off guard, his Adam's apple moving noticeably as he replied, "Yes, of course.

Why else would I do all these things?" His mind traced back to the efforts he'd made to orchestrate their encounters, making them seem accidental.

If he didn't care about Raegan, why would he go to such lengths? Raegan's response was a scornful laugh.

"But to me, it seems like your interest in me is only because I resemble your former wife.

After all, you two haven't seen each other in five years.

What if one day you lose your interest, Mr. Dixon? Will you discard me like trash or keep me locked away at home?" Mitchel felt a heavy ache in his chest at her words.

His voice, strained and rough, broke the silence.

"Raegan, that's not how it is.

I would never treat you like that.

You're my wife, and no one can take your place..." Hearing this, Raegan felt a stabbing pain in her head.

She took a deep breath to steady herself and responded, "In your memories, I'm your wife.

But I don't remember anything about you.

To me, you're a stranger.

And I hate how you force things on me, justifying it by saying we're a couple.

Do you really think this is fair to me?" Raegan's voice was cold and unwavering, causing Mitchel's heart to break into pieces.

His eyes lost focus and he couldn't utter a word for a long time.

"Is this your way of caring, Mr. Dixon?" Raegan's eyes sparkled with scorn as she added, "So, your love is nothing but selfish demands, ignoring others' feelings." Overwhelmed by the intense pain, Mitchel's grip on Raegan loosened.

His heart felt so heavy that he struggled to breathe.

"Raegan..." He tried to explain, to say something.

His mind was flooded with thoughts.

But these words were meaningless to Raegan.

After all, she had lost her memory of their shared past.

She couldn't grasp his words, and, more to the point, she was done listening to him.

x Meanwhile, Raegan couldn't stand the unexplainable pain in her head any longer.

"Mr. Dixon, to me, you're just a stranger.

I don't feel anything for you.

Regardless of our past, I know nothing about you.

Please, don't force me into anything, or I might start to hate your gut." With those words, Raegan

turned and walked away, not once glancing back.

She moved swiftly, eager not to show any awkwardness in front of Mitchel.

But as soon as Raegan left the room, her consciousness began to fade.

It felt as if a wild creature was tearing through her head.

The blow left her head spinning and her vision blurry.

Mitchel's words echoed in her mind, mixing with her own thoughts.

For a moment, she almost remembered something, but then it slipped away.

She was intermittently tormented by a deep sense of frustration.

The chaos in her head drove Raegan to the brink of madness.

She shook uncontrollably and then started to collapse.

Just as she was about to hit the floor, a strong, warm hand caught her.

Then, she faintly heard Stefan's voice.

"Raegan, are you okay?" Stefan shielded Raegan from the wind, holding her close against his chest in a protective embrace.

Under the streetlight, Raegan's face glowed, giving her an angelic appearance.

"Stefan..." Raegan whispered weakly as if those words took all her strength.

with a soothing and steady voice, Stefan reassured her, "Don't worry, Raegan.

Just relax.

I'll help you into the car." His calm voice and comforting presence, combined with his intellectual aura,

helped Raegan to calm down.

Stefan gently took her hand, his tall figure shielding her like a protective barrier.

All the surrounding noise seemed to fade away, blocked by his presence.

This gave Raegan a sense of security and inner strength.

She fell silent, allowing Stefan to assist her into the car.

Mitchel, hurrying after Raegan, caught sight of this touching moment.

Suddenly, it felt as if an unseen force was squeezing his heart.

He staggered back for a few steps until there was nowhere left to go.

The night was dark and still.

Outside Raegan's house, Mitchel sat in his car.

He had followed Raegan and Stefan all the way here, every passing moment a torment.

He suppressed his anger, holding back from any reckless actions.

Finally, Mitchel felt a wave of relief seeing Stefan leave Raegan's place.

Yet, that didn't ease his distress.

Mitchel's heart ached as though it was bound by a slender rope.

The night was deepening.

Seated in his car, he silently smoked, filling the ashtray with cigarette stubs.

His face was devoid of any expression, a stark contrast to the confident, dominant Mitchel of before.

Now, he appeared utterly disheartened.

Events had unfolded in a way he never anticipated.

He had believed that by holding on, Raegan would eventually change her mind and fall for him.

But he hadn't considered how Raegan actually felt about him.

To her, he was a stranger.

With the look in her eyes and her way of treating him, it was clear to Mitchel that Raegan had no recollection of him.

His actions only seemed to push her further away.

Sitting in the car, Mitchel pondered whether this was what they called karma for his lack of timely protection and explanation.

Mitchel had spent the entire night in the car, waiting outside Raegan's place, doing nothing but sitting in silence until the break of dawn.

At eight in the morning, Raegan stepped out and immediately noticed the black luxury car.

Their eyes met as Mitchel stepped out of the car.

Raegan was unaware that Mitchel had spent the entire night there.

She assumed he had come to bother her again, which slightly irritated her.

The clear distaste on her face deeply saddened Mitchel.

"I need to talk to you, Raegan." His voice sounded rough from smoking.

Mitchel seemed somewhat different from his assertive demeanor the previous day.

Furrowing her brow, Raegan stepped back.

"Mr. Dixon, I'm sorry.

I have to get to the office now." Even knowing it was Raegan's instinct to reject him, Mitchel felt his heart was stabbed again.

And it was incredibly painful.

"Alright.

Just one question, though.

Is there something between you and that guy? Are you..." "Absolutely not," Raegan replied firmly.

She had been so upset yesterday that she let Mitchel misinterpret her relationship with Stefan.

Now, clearer-headed, Raegan didn't want to cause Stefan any trouble.

Besides, Raegan had made herself clear.

Even if she wasn't seeing anyone, Mitchel wasn't her choice.

Having said that, Raegan didn't linger with Mitchel.

She turned and headed for her car.

Watching her leave, Mitchel inhaled deeply and struggled to say, "Raegan, I agree to the divorce."

Chapter 303 Happy Divorce

Mitchel's words instantly grabbed Raegan's attention.

She turned to him with surprise and asked, "Are you being serious?" Her eyes practically radiated joy.

Mitchel nodded, a touch of bitterness creeping into his gaze.

Raegan hadn't anticipated such good news so early in the morning.

She exclaimed happily, "Hold on a moment." Realizing she had forgotten her ID card, she retraced her

steps to retrieve it.

Upon returning, her brisk stride and cheerful demeanor showed her sense of relief.

Mitchel watched this scene with a pang in his heart.

Lately, he had been experiencing | intermittent heartaches, which seemed beyond his control.

He | couldn't help but wonder if something was wrong with his heart, although his recent medical examination had declared him in good health.

As Raegan reappeared with her ID card, Mitchel's expression darkened.

He loosened his tie, trying to alleviate a sudden breathlessness, and his tone took on a somber note.

"As for the divorce, I have two conditions," Mitchel stated.

Raegan's smile faltered momentarily, and she responded angrily, "You're kidding me, right?" Mitchel

maintained a stoic expression and replied, "As long as you agree to my conditions, I will keep my word

and proceed to the court with you immediately." Impatiently, Raegan inquired, "What are your

conditions then?" Mitchel continued, "First, don't cut off contact with me after the divorce.

Second, promise me that you won't remarry within the next six months." "That's all?" Raegan was

slightly taken aback.

She had expected Mitchel to make things more complicated, but these conditions seemed surprisingly straightforward.

In truth, she had no intentions of marrying again, even without Mitchel's request.

If she were to find a stepfather for Janey, it would be a careful and considered choice.

Marrying someone new was not a decision she took lightly.

Furthermore, there was little reason for her to actively avoid Mitchel since their encounters were infrequent.

Additionally, she didn't hold any deep resentment toward him.

If they happened to cross paths in the future, she figured she would greet him out of courtesy.

Mitchel pursed his lips and confirmed.

"Yes, those are my conditions." Raegan considered his conditions reasonable.

As she was about to agree, Mitchel added another request, "However, it doesn't mean I'm giving up on you.

You mentioned fairness, right? I'll grant you freedom, but I'll also do my best to rekindle your feelings

for me.

On your part, you should let go of any biases and treat me like any other suitor.

Can you agree to that?" In reality, Mitchel was taking a gamble.

After a night of reflection, he had decided to offer Raegan the fairness she desired.

Believing that their past love could be rekindled, he was putting everything on the line to win her back.

{ Even if he ultimately lost her, perhaps, he would wish for Raegan to find happiness in her life.

But whether he could bear to see Raegan with another man raised suspicion.

Raegan sensed there was more to Mitchel's conditions than met the eye.

She hesitated, unsure if she should agree.

Mitchel couldn't resist needling her further, saying, "You don't have faith in yourself? Are you worried

you might just end up falling for me all over again?" Unsurprisingly, his words irked Raegan.

"You're quite the narcissist! Who in their right mind would fall for you, huh? If you want to pursue me,

just go ahead.

Frankly, I have no romantic feelings left for you." Raegan's words strangely triggered a twinge in her

heart, as if they had awakened a forgotten memory, though she remembered nothing from the past.

"Very well, let's proceed." When Raegan and Mitchel arrived at the courthouse, the place was relatively quiet.

Mitchel held the pen in his hand for a moment, pausing before finally putting his signature on the divorce papers.

"I'm willing to give you eight percent of the shares in the Dixon Group and the Serenity Villas.

They'll be transferred to your name soon," Mitchel offered, surprising Raegan with his generosity.

She shook her head firmly and declined, "No, I appreciate the offer, but I don't want the shares or the house." Despite the Foster family not being as wealthy as the Dixon family, Raegan had managed to lead a comfortable life.

"Just sign the divorce papers.

Besides that, I want nothing from you," she urged, making it clear she wished to sever all ties with Mitchel after the divorce.

Mitchel frowned slightly, sensing Raegan's eagerness to move on from him, even if she didn't explicitly state it.

"You can decline the shares in the Dixon Group, but you must accept the villa.

It used to be your home.

I'll arrange for its transfer under your name," Mitchel insisted.

Concerned that he might change his mind on the divorce, Raegan reluctantly nodded and said, "Alright, fine." She was willing to agree to almost anything as long as they could finalize the divorce quickly.

The divorce procedure proceeded swiftly.

At the moment of signing the papers, a sudden, vivid memory flashed through Raegan's mind.

The familiarity of the scene caused her to experience a sharp headache, but it quickly subsided.

Meanwhile, Mitchel clutched the divorce papers tightly in his hand, feeling as if a part of him was being torn apart, his heart aching.

At the entrance, Mitchel offered, "Would you like a ride home?" Raegan, in a celebratory mood, waved her hand and replied, "No, thanks.

Erick is on his way to pick me up." She couldn't wait to share the good news with Erick.

Just then, a sleek blue luxury car pulled up in front of them.

The window was partially rolled down, and Erick gestured for Raegan to join him in the car.

Before getting into the vehicle, Raegan turned back with a bright smile and quipped, "Happy divorce,

Mr.

Dixon!" At that moment, it felt like time had rolled back several years.

Mitchel once gave a heartfelt smile and spoke similar words to Raegan about their remarriage.

Remembering the past, Mitchel felt as though a blunt weapon had pierced his chest, causing him

indescribable pain.

As Raegan got into the car, Mitchel overheard Erick's voice clearly.

"Congratulations, Raegan.

You're a single woman now." Erick started the car and deliberately slowed down as they passed by

Mitchel.

He leaned on the window and flashed a triumphant smile at Mitchel, who wore a gloomy expression.

Compared to what Raegan had endured, God had been relatively merciful toward Mitchel.

In the evening.

Raegan decided to invite Elin to the bar for a celebratory evening, marking both her newly acquired

single status and welcoming Nell back.

In the booth.

As the three of them gathered, Raegan bubbled with excitement about her newfound freedom, while

Elin appeared as composed as ever, and SU exuded confidence and allure.

Raegan playfully slapped the divorce papers on the table and grinned, "Have you ever seen anything

like this in your life?" Nell and Elin were already privy to the whole story, but they hadn't anticipated

such a smooth divorce.

Nell remarked, "I never expected Mr.

Dixon to suddenly become so agreeable." Raegan and Nell had crossed paths at a party four years

ago.

When Raegan was being harassed by someone.

Nell had come to her rescue.

Nell had mentioned that she and Raegan used to be close friends, even though Raegan couldn't recall

their past connection.

Their friendship had rekindled due to an unspoken understanding between them.

Raegan knew Nell hailed from Ardlens and had connections with the upper class, so it wasn't

surprising that Nell { knew about Mitchel.

"Thank goodness he got the wrong idea about Stefan and me dating.

I delivered a well-placed blow and played my cards right.

That's how he ended up compromising," Raegan happily shared.

Raegan had initially anticipated it would take days to convince Mitchel, but she was pleasantly

surprised by his straightforward approach.

She reluctantly admitted that Mitchel didn't seem as irritating as she had once thought.

However, that was the extent of her opinion about him.

In Raegan's eyes, Mitchel was nothing more than a stranger she didn't hold any resentment toward.

Nell and Elin raised their glasses in celebration.

"Let's toast to Raegan's return to the single life!" Setting her glass down, Elin retrieved a diamond-

studded brooch and handed it to Raegan, saying, "Here's a little gift for you." Raegan hadn't expected

Elin to have prepared a divorce gift, but she appreciated the gesture and smiled, giving Elin a grateful

kiss on the cheek.

Nell leaned in, propping her chin on her hand, and exclaimed, "Oh, I can't believe I forgot about that!"

Just as Raegan was about to reassure her that it wasn't a big deal, Nell interrupted, "Wait a second, I

can find you a guy! What type are you interested in?" "What!" Caught off guard, Raegan nearly choked

on her wine.

Nell, however, didn't miss a beat and raised her hand, summoning the waiter.

"Please, send the most handsome guy over to this booth!" Raegan's embarrassment was palpable as

she covered her face and protested, "Oh, come on, stop teasing me!" Seeing Raegan's reaction, Nell

playfully continued, "Oh, how can I forget about that? After all, you've already been involved with

someone as handsome as Mitchel.

How could you give a shit about other guys?" Raegan snorted.

"What's the use of good looks? No matter how attractive a man is, it doesn't change the fact that he

can be a complete jerk." Just as she finished speaking, the man sitting next to their booth suddenly

wore a sour expression.

Chapter 304 She won't let him go easily

8 Sitting across Mitchel, Luis couldn't contain his laughter as he gazed at Mitchel's sour expression.

Luis playfully remarked, "I never expected Raegan to be so clever that she managed to trick you into divorcing her." Mitchel's usually handsome face darkened with a gloomy cloud.

Luis spotted Raegan in the bar and eagerly beckoned Mitchel over.

The entire conversation among the three women had been inadvertently overheard by Luis, and when

Mitchel finally arrived, he caught only the tail end of Raegan apparently labeling him a jerk.

However, being the gossip enthusiast that he was, Luis generously recounted the entire exchange to Mitchel.

A satisfied grin crept onto Luis' face as he watched Mitchel's countenance grow increasingly somber.

Luis said silently, "You deserve this!" After all, Mitchel always used to laugh at him for being single.

As his bro, Mitchel should've had his back instead of poking fun at him.

"But how did you manage to keep this secret for so long, dude? Even I had no idea you two had remarried," Luis quipped, not particularly concerned whether Mitchel responded or not.

He muttered to himself, "Now I'll have to think of a special gift for you." Seemingly oblivious to Luis' comments, Mitchel remained silent, fully engrossed in Raegan and her friends' conversation.

"They seem to be discussing finding a boyfriend for Raegan," Luis said with a mischievous grin.

"Bro, it appears you've made a slip-up this time.

There's no room for error now." "Not gonna happen," Mitchel retorted, lifting his glass and downing its
|

contents.

He was resolute in winning Raegan back.

Mitchel was committed to rekindling Raegan's love, and he swore to himself that he wouldn't resort to forcing her to stay by his side.

In Mitchel's mind, Raegan's earlier ploy to trick him into divorce mattered little.

What truly mattered was making her fall in love with him all over again.

As Luis gazed at the red-haired woman with narrowed eyes, an inexplicable sense of familiarity washed over him.

After pondering for a while, he finally recalled that she bore a striking resemblance to Nicole Lawrence, the daughter of the Lawrence family.

However, as he "listened to the woman's voice, which had a slightly rougher quality entirely different

from Nicole's, Luis was puzzled.

His curiosity got the better of him, and he was about to steal a glimpse of the woman's face.

To his surprise, all three of them suddenly stood up and departed.

Mitchel didn't join their departure.

Instead, he phoned Matteo, requesting that he keep a watchful eye on Raegan to ensure her safe return home.

Just then, Jarrod happened to arrive, diverting Luis' attention from his earlier thoughts.

If the red-haired woman truly was Nicole, Jarrod would be beyond shocked.

However, recent events had taken a peculiar turn, Lounging back in his seat with his long legs stretched out, Luis rested his chin on his hand and inquired, "Jarrod, I heard you finally allowed your beloved to rest in peace?" In response to Luis' question, Jarrod nodded solemnly.

"What made you change your mind all of a sudden?" Luis had persistently attempted to dissuade Jarrod from keeping Nicole's body at home.

Even with the body having undergone anti-corrosive procedures, it remained a lifeless entity that

inevitably carried some bacteria.

Who could bear sleeping with a mummy every night? Despite their close friendship, Luis found it rather unsettling.

He couldn't help but wonder if there was something amiss with Jarrod's mental state.

However, Jarrod had always demonstrated sharpness and determination in their business endeavors, giving no indication of insanity.

Nevertheless, Luis continued to ~ periodically urge Jarrod to reconsider, but his pleas always fell on deaf ears.

Out of the blue, Jarrod had made the startling decision to cremate Nicole's remains.

Biting his lip, Jarrod struggled to speak, finally uttering, "Nicole is back." Hearing these words, Luis was stunned.

"She is? When did she return?" However, Jarrod remained silent, leaving Luis in a state of perplexity.

The other night, Jarrod had scoured every corner of Ardlens, yet there was no sign of Nicole.

It felt as though the entire experience had been nothing more than a dream.

- Alec had suggested that Jarrod needed some rest or should consider seeing a doctor, but Jarrod

remained resolute in his belief that he was not losing his sanity.

He was convinced that the woman he had seen was Nicole, and she was undeniably alive.

It couldn't have been a mere illusion.

The memory of the intense hatred in Nicole's eyes lingered in Jarrod's mind, a stark reminder that she wouldn't let him off easily this time.

In response, Jarrod was prepared to comply with her wishes, whatever they may be.

In fact, he eagerly awaited the day when Nicole would choose to approach him on her own terms, firmly believing that she would do so sooner or later.

During the following week, Mitchel chose to give Raegan some space and didn't personally involve himself in her affairs.

Instead, his assistant, Matteo, handled the transfer of the Serenity Villas on Mitchel's behalf.

Despite Raegan's disinterest in the Serenity Villas, she remained true to her promise and completed all the necessary procedures with Matteo.

Raegan's schedule quickly filled up as she officially launched her studio.

Numerous tasks were demanding her attention.

Located in Ard lens' central business district, her studio was aptly named "Crescent." Rather than renting office space, Raegan opted to purchase an entire building and transform it into a collection of exhibition halls, each adorned in different styles.

| Crescent specialized in custom-made high-end clothing and jewelry, providing customers with a one-stop shopping experience.

Advanced AI assistance enhanced the online shopping process, delivering a delightful experience to customers.

The grandeur and opulence of | Crescent's opening had the town of Ard lens buzzing with excitement.

Some even began comparing Crescent to the well-established Alpire Studio, a favored choice among celebrities and affluent families.

While Alpire Studio held its reputation as a trusted, time-honored brand, Crescent's distinct style was marked by elegance and understatement, drawing inspiration from Raegan's mother.

Raegan's decision to return to Ard lens and establish Crescent was rooted in her desire to fulfill her mother's dream.

In her determination to see that dream come to fruition, she spared no effort.

In the evening.

Raegan rushed to a restaurant to attend a dinner.

Due to the heavy traffic jam, she was a bit late when she arrived.

Tonight she was going to meet the head of some entertainment company to talk about a program.

If she was late for the first meeting, it would make a bad impression on the other party.

As she hurriedly made her way to the elevator, she noticed the doors were about to close and called out, "Wait for me!" The person inside the elevator paused upon hearing her voice, keeping the doors open.

Raegan quickly stepped inside, pressed the button for the fourteenth floor, and turned to express her gratitude, "Thank you." The man inside responded with a courteous, "Don't mention it." His voice struck

Raegan as strangely familiar.

Curiosity got the better of her, and she glanced up to see a well dressed, handsome man.

To her astonishment, it was Mitchel.

Beside Mitchel stood an elegant and graceful woman.

At that moment, Raegan couldn't help but recall Mitchel's recent declaration that he wanted to pursue her.

Since that day, she hadn't heard anything from him.

Thanked God she didn't buy his empty promises.

With her head lowered, Raegan pretended not to recognize Mitchel and remained silent.

To Raegan's surprise, the woman next to Mitchel took the initiative to speak.

She looked at Raegan with astonishment and asked, "Raegan?"

Chapter 305 Having Dinner with Stefan

Katie had beautiful, curly long hair, and a gentle smile danced on her lips.

Noticing Raegan's silence, Katie pressed on, "I heard you had a close call with death. I'm glad you're safe. How about we have dinner sometime?"

As she spoke, she discreetly positioned herself beside Mitchel, revealing only half her body and face. She appeared affectionate and reliant on Mitchel.

As a woman, Raegan had a feeling that something was going on between them.

She guessed that Katie must like Mitchel.

In an instant, the slight fondness Raegan had developed for Mitchel because of his agreeing to the divorce evaporated.

She sneered and cursed him in her heart for being heartless.

There did not seem to be a time when he wasn't surrounded by women.

"I'm sorry, you've mistaken me for someone else," Raegan coldly said.

Katie wanted to say something, but the elevator arrived at the designated floor.

With that, Raegan walked out without even looking in Mitchel's direction.

In her wake, she left behind an uncomfortable Katie and a somber, cold-faced Mitchel. Before Raegan reached the corner, her phone rang.

She answered the call with a sweet voice, "Stefan..."

Her demeanor resembled that of a woman in love answering a call from her boyfriend.

Mitchel's expression grew frosty.

During the divorce, Raegan had promised not to avoid him.

Well, technically speaking, she didn't break her word.

But although she didn't avoid him, she acted as if she didn't know him.

It seemed as though she was determined to prove that he was a stranger to her.

Observing Mitchel's expression, Katie sensed his anger and could discern its source.

She glanced at the closing elevator doors, and her gaze darkened.

She had learned about Raegan's return from Mitchel, but that was all he said.

He didn't go into any further details.

At this moment, Katie turned her head toward Mitchel and asked, "Did you two have a fight?"

Mitchel's mind remained fixed on Raegan's dress, which swayed and accentuated her curves, giving off

innocence and allure.

In a somber tone, Mitchel explained, "No, she has an amnesia."

"Amnesia?"

Katie repeated, taken aback.

It finally dawned on her why Raegan had acted like she didn't recognize them earlier.

"I never saw that coming," Katie murmured to herself.

In all honesty, when Katie first learned that Raegan was alive, she was somewhat thrown off balance.

Katie had selflessly supported Mitchel, even going as far as

seeking her father's help during his most trying times.

She had even taken a significant risk, particularly by leveraging her family's influence.

The results were evident, and she felt content about it.

Truth be told, with Mitchel's abilities, he could have made a comeback without her family's support if he

had wanted to.

The help from the Glyn family had merely been the cherry on top.

However, the media had blown the said family's involvement out of proportion.

They all claimed that the Glyns were Mitchel's saviors.

Consequently, the Glyn family gained support and wielded significant decision-making authority in

many of the Dixon Group projects.

Katie's decision elevated the entire Glyn family's status, leaving every member content with the

outcome.

The only regret Katie had was the fact that she wasn't Mitchel's wife yet.

In fact, Luciana and Katie's parents had discussed the subject before Raegan's return.

Everyone, except Mitchel, was in favor of the marriage.

Thankfully, Luciana didn't listen to Mitchel's objections.

After all, Luciana didn't want to see her son remain single without any offspring.

Thus, Luciana treated Katie as her daughter-in-law and acknowledged their connection in private and in public.

She attributed the delay in their official marriage to destiny.

Mitchel had tried to dissuade Luciana.

But over the past few years, Luciana had been devastated by Alexis' affairs. Whenever Mitchel voiced his opposition, Luciana would erupt into emotional outbursts and make a scene.

Despite that, Katie put on an act by showing staunch support and understanding to Mitchel's decline of marriage with her.

She claimed that marriage was not in her plans, and she had no intention of tying the knot with Mitchel.

However, she only said those things to lower his guard.

Katie devoted herself to her work and even successfully brought back several vital projects for the Dixon Group, boosting profits significantly.

In recognition of her accomplishments, she was promoted to the position of vice president at the Dixon Group.

Thereafter, Mitchel stopped mentioning the matter altogether, but his actions conveyed his unwavering stance: marriage with Katie was out of the question.

The collective silence from the Dixon family led the media to speculate that Katie was destined to become Mitchel's wife.

However, most attributed the delay to Mitchel's decline.

Katie's long-standing involvement in charity work and her gentle, kind public persona garnered sympathy from many.

Yet, few considered the substantial gains the Glyn family had reaped from this situation.

They now held a prominent position in Ardlens, despite hailing from another city, all thanks to Mitchel.

Katie relied on public opinion and the pressure exerted by elders to maintain a flawless image.

This strategy allowed her to reap benefits and subtly instill a sense of guilt in Mitchel.

Katie didn't rush to win Mitchell's heart, knowing she had all the time in the world.

Whether or not he would ever marry, she was determined to be the one woman by his side.

But with Raegan's sudden return, Katie began to feel a growing sense of unease.

Despite the turmoil within her, she maintained a composed exterior and skillfully concealed her emotions.

Her ability to hide her feelings had allowed her to quietly linger by Mitchel's side for so long.

With a calm demeanor and apparent concern, Katie asked, "Mitchel, how's your treatment going in Swynborough? Is your headache still bothering you?"

"It's okay," Mitchel replied tersely, showing little enthusiasm for the conversation.

After Raegan's disappearance since the car incident, Mitchel had often suffered from insomnia.

At one point, he had gone without sleep for an entire week.

Concerned about his health, Luciana forced Mitchel to seek medical attention.

Eventually, he stabilized his sleep patterns through medication, but in doing so, he developed neuralgia.

Whenever this condition flared up, it rendered Mitchel unable to work, and there seemed to be no medicine for this illness.

He had to resort to specialized interventions at overseas research institutes.

Fortunately, his illness typically resurfaced only once a year.

This time, however, it struck right after his divorce with Raegan.

The fact that his illness had recurred four months earlier than before was a concerning sign, but Mitchel didn't give it much thought.

At this moment, all his attention was consumed by Raegan.

If he hadn't had an important client meeting later this evening, he would have immediately sought her out upon landing.

He never expected he would run into her like this.

During the car ride back, Mitchel attentively listened as Matteo provided updates on Raegan's life.

It appeared that her daily routine predominantly consisted of having dinner with Stefan.

As a matter of fact, they had dined together three times in a single week.

Then, after dinner, they would stroll through the park like a couple deeply in love.

Thinking about how Raegan had sweetly called out Stefan's name, Mitchel couldn't help but feel an intense pang of jealousy.

Noticing his distracted state, Katie was uneasy and decided to shift the conversation toward work.

"With Marcus' help, I'm confident we'll secure the bid for the energy project."

After a month-long trip abroad, Katie managed to persuade Marcus Morgan and secured his assistance.

She did this to carve a place for the Dixon family in the burgeoning new energy industry.

To others, it might have appeared as though she was exclusively benefiting the Dixon family, but that was far from the whole truth.

The scope of the new energy project was simply too vast for her Glyn family to handle independently.

However, by collaborating with the Dixon Group, the Glyn family stood to gain significantly.

Katie had meticulously weighed these factors.

While the task was undeniably challenging, it had the potential to solidify her position as Mitchel's future wife and give her considerable benefits.

Of course, she wouldn't let this invaluable opportunity slip through her fingers. Furthermore, it was reasonable to assume that her dedication to helping the Dixon family would be perceived as a desire to marry Mitchel.

But something unexpected happened.

Katie's eyes darkened.

She never expected that, upon returning from her month-long trip abroad, she would be met with Raegan's miraculous return.

But so what? Katie had carefully orchestrated her grand scheme for five years. She wasn't about to let Raegan's reappearance disrupt it.

Chapter 306 A Vicious

As Mitchel and Katie approached the entrance to the chamber, Mitchel's hand gravitated toward his phone, as though he were about to issue directives to his subordinates.

After five years of shared experiences, Katie possessed an acute understanding of Mitchel's demeanor.

She knew he was worried about Raegan.

Leading the way, Katie uttered with a touch of grace, "We appear to be running slightly behind

schedule.

Mitchel, Marcus holds a pivotal position among our guests.

Shall we proceed inside?"

Mitchel cast a fleeting glance in her direction but remained reticent.

Katie felt somewhat guilty, bowing her head as she continued, "Your decision to consult with Marcus on

this occasion wasn't fortuitous.

He has been eagerly anticipating your arrival for several days.

However, I've endeavored to assuage his anxieties to the best of my ability."

At that precise moment, the waiter swung open the door to the chamber, and Mitchel had to give up on

making a phone call and take a measured step into the chamber.

Meanwhile, in another chamber, Raegan entered and immediately spotted Cary Blake, the general

manager of Pinkorps Media, already present. Raegan felt embarrassed and slightly bent down.

"Cary, I sincerely apologize.

I got caught in heavy traffic on my way here."

Before Cary could respond, a woman beside him interjected, her tone sharp and recognizable, "Well,

well, look who graces us with her presence.

It's the general manager of Crescent.

We've all been patiently waiting solely for your arrival."

The voice carried a biting familiarity, and Raegan turned her gaze toward the source.

The woman seemed strangely familiar.

Then, it dawned on her.

She was none other than Lauren, Mitchel's first love.

Raegan couldn't help but smile.

"You must be the infamous mistress?"

With that single sentence, Lauren's face flushed crimson.

"What nonsense are you..."

Her words halted mid-insult, realizing that all eyes were fixedly observing her.

Lauren clenched her teeth, never expecting Raegan to be so forthright.

Her carefully crafted image of a refined lady seemed perilously close to being tarnished.

Wearing a smile tainted with lingering resentment, Lauren retorted, "Oh, please tell me that was a joke."

"A joke? You surely are."

Raegan didn't back down, for Lauren had been the first to employ sarcasm.

Cary intervened to ease the tension, "Both of you are remarkable ladies.

The design industry is beginning to grow because of talents like you.

I'm impressed."

"Cary, I'm flattered."

Lauren seized this moment to smooth things over.

This gathering comprised prominent figures in the design industry, and she was determined to prevent her past from being exposed, which could tarnish her burgeoning career and reputation.

Although her current standing in the industry was modest, she had a bigwig behind her, and she couldn't afford to let the bigwig get to know any of her disgusting past.

With this in mind, Lauren opted to restrain herself, refraining from contributing much to the conversation.

Cary took the lead in most discussions.

In truth, this gathering served as a bid selection process.

In the past, smaller studios seldom had the opportunity to directly compete with Alpire Studio, an unwritten rule that had prevailed.

However, with the inclusion of Crescent, boasting comparable style and influence, the dynamics had shifted.

There was an air of curiosity among those present, wondering if the makeup and styling company responsible for Sino Entertainment's A-list stars this year would change.

1 After all, the allure of celebrities often eclipsed that of even the most compelling advertisements.

Halfway through the gathering, Cary excused himself to visit the restroom.

As the chamber's restroom was occupied, he ventured outside.

After a while, Lauren discreetly made her way to the restroom door.

She scanned the area, finding it empty, and entered. The restroom was spacious, offering a comfortable seating area.

Before Lauren could stand firm, Cary pulled her over and rubbed her waist with his hand.

Lauren rested her knees on the toilet lid, facing the wall.

The mirror behind her reflected the curvaceous nature of her buttocks as she knelt there.

Cary, still in his forties, appeared refined with his glasses, but in terms of sex, he seemed somewhat unconventional.

He had a tendency to seek out unusual places to satisfy his desires.

With a push, Cary pressed Lauren against the wall.

With that push, her skirt, designed for convenience, lifted, revealing her form, and the sight was enticing.

Cary chuckled, his eyes squinting, and said with a sly smile, "You're quite the temptation, my dear..."

Lauren responded with a flirtatious moan, "All for your pleasure..."

About fifteen minutes later, the two of them had finished.

Lauren's face turned red.

Just as she was becoming somewhat aroused, the sex ended abruptly due to Cary's impotence.

Cary playfully pinched her waist and inquired, "Babe, was it good for you?"

Lauren couldn't help but roll her eyes inwardly.

This had to be one of the most disappointing moments of her life.

She couldn't help but compare Cary to the professional services she had used before.

Those young men could perform for hours without pause.

In contrast, Cary and his limitations turned out to be a complete letdown.

Yet, Lauren purposefully blushed and replied sweetly, "Of course, Cary, you're amazing.

How could you be so skilled?"

Pleased with her response, Cary teasingly pinched her and said, "It's all thanks to you, my dirty little

bitch."

Lauren, unashamedly flattering, continued to shower him with compliments, "I could never keep up with

you.

You're such a stud!"

Cary beamed with satisfaction upon hearing her words.

Raising an eyebrow arrogantly, he spanked her hard and said, "You'd better not go whoring around

when I'm not around.

Have you been seeing other guys?"

Lauren responded with a coquettish laugh, "I promise it's only you I treat this way..."

Regardless of the truth behind her words, they provided a certain satisfaction that left Cary feeling somewhat distracted.

Once the flattery had run its course, Lauren redirected her attention to the pressing issue.

She enveloped Cary in her embrace, her eyes seeking answers.

"Cary, can we be certain there won't be any surprises this year?"

The absence of surprises hinted that the contract would likely remain with Alpire Studio.

Cary's demeanor shifted abruptly, becoming serious and chilly in response.

"This year is filled with uncertainty,"

he replied. Lauren's expression underwent a rapid transformation, and she fired off her questions with urgency, "What do you mean by 'uncertainty'? Explain yourself, Cary!"

"This year, Crescent enjoys substantial support, courtesy of the Foster family, who have arranged for a

fair competition,"

Cary explained.

In the realm of major entertainment corporations, clandestine dealings were common and often ignored by leaders.

However, the explicit mention of "fair competition"

indicated that Crescent had influential backers.

While they didn't explicitly demand cooperation with Crescent, the phrase "fair competition"

held nuanced implications.

It subtly suggested that the competition wasn't solely dictated by financial influence.

Alternatively, it hinted at Crescent's significant strength to engage in such a fair contest.

Lauren was taken aback by this revelation.

How had the Foster family suddenly entered the picture? Raegan's true identity as a member of the

Foster family remained a closely guarded secret, known to only a select few in Ardlens.

With an arrogant assumption, Lauren speculated that Raegan might have conspired with someone

from the Foster family, further stoking her frustration.

"Cary, you must find a solution for me.

I absolutely need to secure this contract."

When Lauren used the word "must", she meant it.

Failure was not an option.

Cary frowned and replied, "Then you'll have to come up with a plan, or it will be a difficult challenge to overcome..."

A plan? Lauren suddenly recalled Cary's coveted gaze at Raegan during dinner.

Although he hadn't said anything, it hadn't escaped the notice of those around him.

This Lothario! With a flattering smile, Lauren suggested, "What if we orchestrate a scandal involving allegations of sexual bribery with Crescent?"

Cary appeared puzzled, asking, "What do you have in mind?"

Lauren leaned in, whispering her plan into Cary's ear.

Cary's eyes narrowed with excitement, and he enthusiastically slapped his thigh, declaring, "Let's

proceed with that!"

Chapter 307 Avoid Her

The dinner gathering lasted quite a while.

Halfway through the dinner, Raegan excused herself and went to the restroom down the hall.

When Raegan came out, she noticed a woman coming out of the family restroom but disappeared a second later. The woman seemed somewhat familiar.

Apart from that, there were some few strange sounds emanating from the family restroom.

Raegan frowned, and she was about to open the door of the restroom and check what was going on when someone spoke from behind her.

"Raegan." Raegan turned around and found Katie standing behind her. Katie's gaze flicked toward the family restroom behind Raegan before she narrowed her eyes.

Then, Katie turned her attention back to Raegan and said, "Sorry, | didn't have a chance to say hello to you earlier." Raegan was a little confused.

She had already made it clear that she didn't know Katie, so she didn't understand why they needed to greet each other. Katie's lips curved upwards into a warm smile.

"Mitchel mentioned that you have amnesia and that's why you don't remember me.

Allow me to reintroduce myself.

I'm Katie Glyn, and I've known Mitchel since we were children." Raegan arched her eyebrow and inquired, "What does that have to do with me?" | Katie paused for a moment, then smiled gently.

"| just wanted to say hello." : Katie's calm words had zero effect on Raegan.

Raegan's tone remained cold.

"Why would you say hello to me? Aren't you Mitchel's friend? | fail to see how this concerns me.

Is there a reason why you should talk to me? Were we close before?" Raegan's string of questions made Katie's face turn pale. Katie was the esteemed daughter of the Glyn family and was also the vice president of the Dixon Group.

Both attributes combined made her an influential figure in Ardlens.

As a result, she was treated with respect and deference by everyone she came across.

It had been ages since anyone dared to challenge her like this.

Despite feeling her temper rise, Katie forced a smile and spoke calmly to Raegan.

"You seem to have misunderstood me, Raegan.

| simply happened to walk by and when | saw you, | thought | should have a word with you." Raegan's demeanor remained the same as she coolly retorted, "| didn't misunderstand anything.

| really don't want to talk to you." Raegan was not the type of person to unjustly mistreat someone.

However, while Katie's words seemed polite on the surface, Raegan knew exactly what she was trying to imply. A discerning ear would pick up on the subtle tone of superiority in Katie's introduction.

By saying she grew up with Mitchel, she was trying to tell Raegan that she was Mitchel's childhood sweetheart. Raegan's expression turned sour.

She never imagined there were so many | potential love interests around Mitchel.

Not only did he have Lauren, his crazy first love, but also a childhood sweetheart.

Indeed, Mitchel's outstanding looks and excellence were attractive to women.

But Raegan didn't understand how this had anything to do with her.

They had already divorced, so she hoped these people would stop bothering her.

As far as this little introduction was concerned, Raegan felt justified in her hostility.

Katie's lips trembled as she struggled to form a smile.

"Raegan, have I hurt your feelings? Do you think that Mitchel and I..." Katie didn't finish her sentence, leaving enough room for imagination.

But Raegan glanced at her and enunciated in a deliberate voice, "First of all, we don't know each other, so I hope you "don't pretend to be my friend.

"~ Secondly..." Raegan smirked before continuing, "You need to understand that what you consider precious may mean nothing to others.

Don't be so confident that just because you like lame things, others will, too." Katie's face drained of color immediately. She was astonished by how much Raegan had changed. In the past, Raegan was a people-pleaser and never stood up for herself when she was bullied.

Now that Raegan was done saying her piece, she turned on her heel and was about to head back to the chamber when she bumped into Mitchel who just came out of the chamber.

Mitchel's handsome face was dark and cold and his thin lips were tightly pursed.

His displeased expression made it clear that he had heard Raegan's words.

Raegan knew her words must have hurt Mitchel's pride.

However, she didn't feel any sympathy toward him.

She only found the woman around him annoying.

She didn't spare him a second glance and walked away.

Mitchel hesitated, his fist clenching and then relaxing as if he was unsure whether to grab her. Eventually, he decided against it.

Katie breathed a sigh of relief.

In fact, she had seen Mitchel coming out early on.

Moreover, she always paid attention to her reputation and the impression she left on others. On the surface, there was nothing wrong with what she just said.

Any outsiders who heard her would think that she wanted to catch up with Raegan.

But in reality, Katie wanted to use this opportunity to make Mitchel see how hostile Raegan became. Katie approached Mitchel at a leisurely pace, her gaze fixed on him and a smile on her lips.

"I don't understand why Raegan is upset.

It seems like there was a misunderstanding somewhere.

Do you think I should apologize and clarify things with her?" Katie was confident that Mitchel wouldn't find anything wrong with what she just said to Raegan.

In fact, she was certain that her words made her seem generous.

Mitchel's thin lips parted slightly.

He replied, "Don't bother." Mitchel knew better than anyone why Raegan was acting this way. Her actions were not driven by anger or jealousy.

In truth, she despised everyone around him because she disliked him.

Blind to Mitchel's thoughts, Katie took his words as superficial meaning and was delighted, thinking he was siding with her and deemed Raegan being unreasonable.

The more unreasonable Raegan acted, the more magnanimous she had to be.

Affecting a concerned expression, Katie murmured, "Don't take Raegan's words too personally. I'm sure she didn't intend for them to be hurtful." Again, her words were delicately chosen. While her words appeared comforting on the surface, they were making Mitchel replay Raegan's words in his mind. After all, Raegan just called Mitchel a lame thing.

Mitchel had never been described with such an adjective in his life.

If he was a lame thing, then there was no good thing in this world.

But Mitchel didn't bother looking at Katie and warned, "She doesn't like you.

You should avoid her in the future and not make her angry." Katie was stunned.

The smile on her face froze.

She thought she must have misheard.

"Mitchel, what do you mean?" Mitchel stared at Katie.

"I'm pursuing her now, so I don't want any unnecessary misunderstandings.

Since she doesn't like you, just give her a wide berth and avoid her from now on." This time, there was no way Katie could misunderstand his words.

Instantly, she felt as if she had been slapped in public. Katie flushed hot with embarrassment.

As an heiress of a prominent family and vice president of a renowned company, she had to steer clear of a relatively unknown design director.

Not only that, but she also had to make way for Raegan when she saw Raegan! She couldn't comprehend the logic behind this. Despite her usual etiquette and generosity, Katie couldn't shake the feeling of dissatisfaction at the current situation. Katie's smile vanished as she fought to control her emotions.

"Mitchel, did you ever consider my feelings?"

Chapter 308 Pretense Being Discovered

Katie's words carried a touch of grievance.

This wasn't something she aimed for after enduring so much these years. Katie came from a decent family.

Marrying into wealth was no challenging task for her.

But for the public to get the wrong idea of her being Mitchel's fiancée, she put up with the coverage of belittling her for her failure to marry Mitchel.

She did it all for Mitchel.

She was dead set on marrying him.

To her, Mitchel's wealth and power were just the cherry on top. She had fallen for him for years.

She was certain no one in the world could love Mitchel more than she did

Pretense Being Discovered Mitchel looked up at Katie, his words cold and unyielding.

"I've decided to win Raegan back," he declared.

"I'll talk | to my mother.

If you find it hard to convince your parents, I'll handle it.

Don't worry.

"I'll take all the blame, so your reputation won't suffer." His tone left no room for discussion.

Katie realized the more content she had felt moments earlier, the more humiliated she felt now.

In essence, Mitchel was telling Katie that she was no longer useless to him.

After all, he had opposed the marriage with her all along.

It was Katie who had spread the rumors and taken advantage of the situation.

At that time, Mitchel wasn't following entertainment news, so he remained unaware until it exploded in the media.

Although Mitchel had denied the Pretense Being Discovered rumors back then, the public assumed he simply wanted to keep it private, and no one doubted their relationship.

om Later, Katie approached Mitchel for help, expressing her reluctance to rush into marriage despite her parents' consistent nagging.

Katie proposed the idea of putting on an act of them being in a relationship to handle their own parents' nagging.

Upon hearing Mitchel's words, Katie felt a wave of dizziness and struggled to stand.

It took her a considerable time to steady herself.

She was wise enough not to fixate on the matter.

Quickly regaining her composure, she said gently, "Okay, it's up to you." Hearing this, Mitchel nodded without any expression. He started walking toward his car, and Katie hurried to catch up with him.

As Katie intended to hop in, Mitchel Pretense Being Discovered turned to her.

"I had asked Matteo to arrange another car for you," he said.

Katie's face paled at his words.

In the | past, she and Mitchel often arrived and left several places together.

Though Matteo was usually behind the wheel and Mitchel was in the backseat, she would simply sit in the passenger seat, leaving room for the reporters to spin some tales.

Just as Katie had expected, the reporters had always overlooked Matteo, constantly featuring her and Mitchel in headlines. However, Mitchel wouldn't even let her get in his car now. Katie looked at him, a mix of fury and sorrow in her eyes.

Today's events had hit her hard, | leaving her feeling downcast.

"Do you really have to treat me this 'way, Mitchel?" Katie's voice wavered, betraying her upset, and she struggled to hold back sobs.

Mitchel, unable to ignore it, looked up | at her with a sharp, questioning gaze. Feeling his intense stare, Katie quickly composed herself, holding back her tears. "| just meant we've always been seen together," she explained.

"It was all for work, so people wouldn't misinterpret our relationship." Mitchel responded icily, "I'm not concerned about what others think.

I'm worried Raegan might get the wrong idea." Before Raegan's unexpected return, Mitchel paid little mind to such trivialities. Now, things were different.

Mitchel suspected Reagan might not be as affected by these rumors as he feared.

From his observations, it seemed she wasn't particularly interested in him.

Yet, he was keen to avoid any misunderstanding.

He'd learned his lesson from his indulgence of Lauren's doings.

In short, he didn't want Raegan to misunderstand him again.

"I'll have the PR department issue a clarification," Mitchel stated flatly.

"I hope you'll cooperate.

From now on, Matteo will handle everything.

You don't need to deliver any documents to me personally." Katie, at a loss for words, fought to maintain her composure and managed a forced smile as she replied, "I understand.

I'll be more cautious in the future." "But Mitchel, my father's health has been poor lately. Could you delay the statement until he's better?" Mitchel's frown deepened, prompting Katie to quickly add, "It won't take long. Maybe just half a month, okay? Plus, I've already made a statement before, and I've never told anyone that we're engaged.

Could you do this for me, for my father's sake?" ; The Glyn family had always stood by Mitchel, supporting him when no one else did.

Mitchel, a reasonable man, nodded his agreement before stepping into his car.

Katie entered the other vehicle arranged by Matteo.

As their cars crossed paths, she caught a glimpse of Mitchel's profile.

Even in imperfect light, his features struck her as a work of art.

This sight made her clench her fists.

Katie found herself thinking about the two people she had encountered near the bathroom earlier. She realized she wasn't the only one eager to see Raegan out of the picture.

With this thought, she relaxed her grip and leaned back comfortably in the seat.

The glow from a street lamp illuminated her face, which now bore a determined, almost fierce look. She | was resolute.

No one would take Mitchel from her.

In the other car, Matteo glanced over his shoulder.

"Mr.

Dixon, where to next?" he inquired.

Mitchel, massaging his temples wearily, replied in a subdued tone, "Just wait a moment." He was waiting for Raegan, who hadn't emerged yet.

Matteo, noticing the fatigue on Mitchel's face, couldn't help but feel concerned for Mitchel.

He offered, "Should | get someone to drive you home, and I'll wait here?" "No, don't bother," Mitchel replied, glancing at the exit and checking the time.

He was expecting Raegan to have | come out by now.

Worried, Mitchel instructed, "Go check on her.

If she's in trouble, help her out directly." Receiving the command, Matteo nodded and stepped out of the car. Meanwhile, in the chamber, Raegan finished her water in one gulp.

She had insisted she was driving herself and couldn't have any alcohol.

But truthfully, she just had a low alcohol tolerance.

Without a trusted companion, she wouldn't drink in the company of strangers.

The dinner was lively, with everyone in high spirits.

Cary, seeking to further brighten the mood, offered to play some games.

Leaving early seemed inappropriate for Raegan, as it might dampen the lively atmosphere. While seated, Raegan started feeling dizzy and her heart began racing.

She tried to leave, but lost her balance as soon as she stood, breaking into a sweat.

Cary quickly summoned a waiter and assisted Raegan to the lounge.

Once in the lounge, Raegan's headache intensified, and she suspected something was wrong. She reached for her phone to call Erick, only to realize she didn't have it with her.

It must have been left on the table.

Raegan struggled to her feet, intending to ask the waiter for her phone.

As she moved towards the door, it swung open.

Cary walked in.

His eyes widened upon seeing her unsteady stance.

"Miss Foster, what's the matter?" he asked as he approached swiftly.

Raegan felt her head spinning, her body burning up.

She struggled to focus.

"Mr.

Blake, could you help me get my phone?" she managed to say.

Cary reached into his pocket and produced a foldable phone.

"Is this yours, Miss Foster?" he inquired, holding it out.

Raegan's vision blurred, making everything appear double, including the phone in Cary's hand. "Yes, it's mine.

Please, hand it over," she replied, her voice strained.

Cary extended the phone toward Raegan.

But as Raegan reached out, his grip unexpectedly loosened.

The phone slipped from his hand and fell to the floor with a distinct click.

Cary looked down at the fallen phone and then at Raegan, a sly smile playing on his lips. "Oops, my bad.

Your phone is broken now," he said casually.

Raegan crouched down to retrieve her phone, only to discover it was no longer working. Co At this point, a suspicion began to form in her mind.

The restaurant's floor was carpeted.

How could her phone have broken so easily? This thought, coupled with her current physical state, made her wary.

As Raegan surveyed her surroundings, she noticed Cary inching closer.

A spark of realization ignited in her heart.

With a determined effort, she bit her tongue tip and pinched her palm, forcing herself to stand. "Mr.

Blake, I'm feeling better now.

Let's leave," she declared.

Cary blocked her path, eyeing her seemingly composed expression with doubt. Had the pill not worked as he expected? Raegan met his gaze and offered a smile. "Shall we go now, Mr.

Blake?" she asked.

Cary didn't see this coming.

If the pill didn't work on Raegan, manipulating her would be challenging.

If the drug had taken effect, he could argue that a delirious Raegan seduced him. But if the pill didn't work on Raegan, Raegan might accuse him of sexual harassment. This possibility made Cary uneasy.

With an awkward smile, he said, "I'll stay here for a bit more rest.

You go ahead." "Okay.

See you later, Mr.

Blake." Raegan maintained her composure as she spoke.

Raegan was about to open the door when Cary's somber voice stopped her.

"Wait a second!" His voice made Raegan's heart race.

She froze, hearing the sound of leather shoes approaching.

"Miss Foster, what's wrong with your arms? Why are they trembling like | that?" Cary was getting closer to Raegan, filled with feigned concern.

"How about | take a look at your arms? I'm quite skilled in massage," Cary offered. At his words, Raegan felt a chill run down her spine. Cold sweat beaded on her forehead.

He had discovered her pretense! Just as Cary's hand menacingly reached toward Raegan, in a swift motion, Raegan spun around and hurled her phone at his forehead with all her might.

"Ouch!" Cary yelled in pain.

Seizing the moment, Raegan lunged for the door handle.

To her dismay, it was locked.

The next second, Cary grabbed Raegan's foot and yanked it fiercely. With a thud, Raegan tumbled to the | floor.

Then, Cary's sneering voice cut through the air.

"You bitch! How dare you try to fool me!"

Chapter 309 Darryl in the Elevator

Cary removed his glasses, revealing his malevolent gaze.

He then leaned in close.

"Despite your bitchy attitude, you're quite stunning, far more so than any film star," he said.

Cary patted Raegan on the shoulder forcefully and his drool almost fell.

His excitement was palpable.

"I'm eager for our night together." with that, he grabbed Raegan's arm and pulled her toward the couch in the lounge. "Help! Someone help me!" Raegan cried out in panic.

Her fingers clawed at the carpet so fiercely that she drew blood from her nails.

"Quiet!" Cary yelled as he gave her a brutal kick.

"I swear, if you utter another word, I'll kill you! Be silent!" Raegan clutched her aching waist, but she didn't stop her cries for help. Cary, in his agitation, seized her hair and tried to force her face down into the couch cushion.

The sensation was excruciating as if Raegan's scalp was being ripped off.

The agony of her hair being yanked out brought tears to her eyes.

But this pain somehow sharpened her thoughts, "making her more aware of her surroundings.

Through her tears, Raegan begged softly, "Mr.

Blake, please, | won't resist.

just don't harm me.

I'll follow your orders..." At that moment, Raegan's face was flushed.

Her eyelashes were damp and quivering.

This made her look pitiable | yet endearing.

Overcome by his desires, Cary started fumbling with his belt and his_mouth spewed crude remarks non-stop. "Oh, my dear, if only you'd complied earlier, | would've given you everything you wanted," he taunted.

Cary leaned forward.

He licked his greasy lips and his eyes gleamed wickedly.

This sight made Raegan feel sick.

Realizing she had just one shot, and her strength was limited to this single attempt, Raegan acted swiftly. She deftly pulled out something hidden behind her neck.

Suddenly, a jet of liquid sprayed from the tiny bottle in her hand, hitting Cary directly in the eyes.

"Ah! My eyes!" Cary thrashed around | wildly.

His fists swung in all directions as he screamed like a madman, "You bitch! What on earth did you spray in my eyes? Damn it!" Raegan felt fortunate she always carried pepper spray in her bag and had another bottle around her neck for emergencies.

She felt grateful for her foresight. She narrowly avoided Cary's wild punches by ducking.

Then, seizing the moment, she kicked him, sending him tumbling off the couch.

Cary lay on the floor, clutching his stomach and writhing in pain.

His curses and moans filled the air.

"Fuck! I'll kill you!" Mustering all her energy, Raegan crawled and scrambled toward the door. With a burst of strength, she lifted a chair and smashed it against the door lock.

"Thud!" The sound echoed as the chair made contact.

The door remained stubbornly shut after her first attempt.

Meanwhile, Cary regained some semblance of clarity, and muttered continuous threats, "I'll kill you!" The gravity of her predicament became even clearer to Raegan.

In a bid to maintain focus, Raegan sharply slapped her own face, jolting herself back to the urgent task at hand. She grabbed the chair again and relentlessly hit the lock.

This time, her efforts paid off.

After two forceful hits, the door swung open.

But Cary, still clutching his stomach, had managed to creep up behind Raegan. With a pained expression, Cary held | her shoulder firmly.

"Ah!" Startled, Raegan screamed, spun around, and landed another kick on him. The impact sent Cary crashing to the floor with a heavy thud.

Thankfully, Cary had overindulged in a large meal earlier, which left him less agile. If not for that, Raegan might not have been able to overpower him.

Ignoring everything else, Raegan ran for her life.

Luckily, they were in a

restaurant, and Cary had not set up any guards in a bid to avoid drawing attention. However, the restaurant was eerily quiet at this hour, especially on this floor.

Not a single staff member was in sight.

Trusting on her memory, Raegan sprinted toward the elevator.

Her vision started to blur because of the drug she had consumed, She anxiously watched the elevator numbers climbing floor by floor.

g "You bitch!" Cary's sinister sound sent a shiver down Raegan's spine.

She hadn't anticipated Cary catching up so quickly! Raegan had thought she was safe because the restaurant's security cameras would deter Cary from chasing after her.

But Cary had not only caught up.

He was in a disheveled state.

His shirt was undone, and his pants were missing.

He appeared terrifying.

Raegan realized something was terribly wrong.

She was overwhelmed and was feeling defeated as she leaned against the wall.

Frantically, she pressed the elevator button, hoping for rescue from whoever might be inside.

| Cary, staggering and drooling, slurred angrily, "You thought you could escape? You harmed me! You bitch!" He then gripped Raegan's hair and forcefully pulled her back.

"Ah! Let me go!" Raegan clutched her hair and cried out for help, "Help me!" By sheer coincidence, at that moment, the elevator chimed, "Ding." The elevator doors slid open.

Raegan caught sight of weary gray-blue eyes and instantly shouted for help, "Help me! Save me!" Then, a sharp slap resounded.

Cary angrily threatened, "If you scream again, I'll kill you!" Inside the elevator, Darryl leaned against the wall casually with his | hands in his pockets.

He appeared indifferent.

He had no interest in intervening in such a petty issue.

Darryl remembered a previous incident where he had intervened in a couple's fight.

After injuring the man, the woman who initially sought his help turned against him and sued.

This led to a year of ridicule from his friends.

Since then, he vowed never again to meddle in others' affairs.

At that moment, Cary was pulling Raegan toward a corner of the corridor.

Raegan's pleas for help grew fainter.

The image of those weary eyes briefly flickered in Raegan's mind.

Then, in a burst of defiance, she dug her sharp nails into Cary's frenzied wrist, tearing at his flesh. Cary winced in pain and released her.

He then raised his hand to strike her.

"Damn you! Ah!" Pushed to the brink, Raegan tapped into a deep well of strength.

With no hesitation, she grabbed his arm and bit down hard.

His scream of pain echoed through the corridor.

Desperate to save herself, Raegan then dashed toward the elevator.

Just as the elevator doors were closing, she gathered all her remaining energy and yelled, "Darryl! Save me!" Darryl noticed a slender hand reaching out to stop the elevator's closing doors.

Lazily, Darryl stuck his foot out and inquired, "Who called me?" | The next second, Raegan threw herself into his arms, pushing him back a couple of steps.

"Damn it!" Darryl grumbled, visibly annoyed.

He quickly tried to push her away, wanting to keep his distance. "I'm telling you I've met countless | I'm not easily swayed anymore. Don't try any tricks with me," he warned.

Despite his reluctance, Raegan clung to him.

Her slender and soft arms wrapped around him with all her remaining strength fueled by : strong sense of escaping danger.

"Damn it!" Darryl cursed under his breath, again and again.

He found himself blaming her alluring scent for his hesitation to push her away. Then, Raegan's perfume struck him as "familiar.

Upon lifting her chin, her beautiful face emerged from beneath her disheveled hair. Darryl's eyes widened in surprise.

He asked in a low voice, "Raegan?"

Chapter 310 Passive Initiative

Raegan's light fragrance intoxicated Darryl.

He had never smelt such an aroma from any other woman.

Unbeknownst to him, Raegan never wore perfume.

The scent was naturally hers.

Feeling uneasy, Darryl turned his head and muttered, "Let me go.

I'm suffocating..." Just as the elevator doors were about to shut, Cary charged at Raegan again. His eyes reddened, giving him a fierce appearance.

"Give her to me..."

Just give her to me!" Cary's fierce look and his odd behavior suggested something was wrong with him. Darryl, with a hand on Raegan's back, straightened up quickly.

His tone was icy and haughty.

"Try me." Cary froze momentarily upon.

hearing this.

Just as he was about to attack Darryl, Darryl delivered a hard kick.

Bang! A loud noise was heard.

The power of a grown man like Darryl far exceeded Raegan's who was under the drug's influence. Darryl effortlessly overpowered Cary.

Once the elevator doors finally closed, Darryl hit the ground floor button.

He thought about getting Raegan to the hospital quickly.

Her unusual state suggested she might be drugged.

Now, it was just the two of them within the confines of the elevator.

Raegan, on some level, trusted Darryl wouldn't hurt her.

After all, he wasn't interested in her, and he knew she was

As her fear faded, Raegan's thirst grew, and she felt her body burning up due to the effects of the drug. She felt so weak that she could only lean against Darryl for support.

Meanwhile, Darryl was unsure how to react.

Their proximity was evident.

With a beauty like Raegan nestled against his chest, he felt his composure waning.

Sweat beaded profusely on his forehead as if he were being grilled.

Though Raegan's eyes remained open, she wasn't quite herself.

Her breathing grew heavier, and her body felt like it was on fire.

The drug was taking effect, and she was losing control.

In a daze, she tugged at her blouse collar and gazed at Darryl.

Her eyes brimmed with tears, and her voice

The move was simple, but it had a profound effect on Darryl.

He was so agitated that he wanted nothing more than to push Raegan away immediately in case he lost his composure completely.

Knowing the effects of the drug kicked in, Raegan managed to finish her sentence with efforts. "Shit!" Darryl cursed under his breath, his eyes blazing.

He wasn't the one who was drugged, yet he felt as if his entire body was engulfed in flames. Just then, the elevator doors opened.

A rush of fresh air entered, and Darryl breathed a sigh of relief.

Being confined in the elevator with Raegan had been excruciating.

He felt like he was about to lose control at any

"Let go of her." Darryl, taken aback, looked up to see Mitchel addressing him with a stern expression. "Mitchel?" Darryl was stunned.

; | Mitchel's eyes held a complex mix of emotions, rendering his gaze unusually detached. "Raegan..." Darryl, clearing his throat, said, "Miss Foster appears to have been drugged.

| need to get her to a hospital." Unaware of the nature of Raegan and Mitchel's relationship, Darryl assumed Mitchel preferred not to be involved.

He offered, "It's no trouble at all.

"I'll take her to the hospital myself."

said let go of her," he demanded.

As he spoke, Mitchel walked into the elevator and strode over.

He seized Raegan's wrist and pulled her into his embrace.

Raegan found herself in a cool embrace that felt surprisingly safe.

Her instincts told her she could trust him despite her lack of looking up to check the man's identity. She felt even safer than in Darryl's arms.

With Raegan in his arms, Mitchel pressed the button for the garage.

Darryl felt a wave of annoyance as he watched Raegan now lay in Mitchel's arms without resisting. Darryl cursed silently.

How could Raegan not resist in Mitchel's arms? Observing Mitchel's cold, rigid expression, Darryl hesitated. Just as he was about to speak, the elevator doors reached its destination.

As Mitchel exited the elevator quickly, carrying Raegan in his arms.

"Mitchel!" Darryl shouted, rushing to stop him.

"This isn't right, is it? Imagine if someone sees you and snaps a photo..." At Darryl's words, Mitchel paused, casting a cold look at Darryl, whose hands had just been on Raegan.

"Stay out of it!" he said sharply.

Darryl was at a loss for words.

For a brief moment, Darryl thought Mitchel looked like he wanted to chop off his hand with that glare. Just then, Matteo arrived, looking serious.

"Mr.

Dixon, my team has kept the reporters away." Out of a blue, rumors spread about the boss of Pinkorps Media having slept with a female boss of a design studio to gain the contract.

With this, paparazzi swarmed the restaurant, hoping for a scoop.

If Raegan stepped out at this time, she'd be swamped by them as a suspicious figure.

Mitchel settled Raegan in the back seat of his car and then hopped in, leaving Darryl standing there, bewildered. As Darryl was about to get in Mitchel's car, Matteo stopped him.

"Mr.

Cullen, we've got a bit of a situation.

Could you escort the lady over there outside? We need to distract the paparazzi and reporters so we can get Mrs...

Uh, | mean Miss Foster to the hospital quickly." Understanding the urgency, Darryl nodded, ushered the woman into his car, and sped off, successfully drawing most of the paparazzi away.

Meanwhile, Mitchel's black luxury car slipped out another exit, unnoticed.

On their way to the hospital, Raegan was heavily affected by the drug.

She felt unbearably hot and uncomfortable, as if flames were raging inside her.

Her thirst was overwhelming, and her limbs felt weak.

A hollow feeling gnawed at her, shaking her already fragile nerves.

She felt like a fish gasping for air on dry land, her mind overwhelmed by an intense sexual desire that was torturous. "Don't move." Mitchel stopped Raegan from approaching him any closer.

Realizing she was overwhelmed with a strong desire, Mitchel gently turned her away with his hand, trying to prevent her from clinging to him.

He knew she would only crave more if he didn't. Yet, Raegan leaned her head against him, her eyes unfocused, resembling a kitten seeking comfort.

She seemed to believe that Mitchel's presence could satisfy her yearning, and she found herself rubbing his chest through his shirt.

Mitchel's well-built chest and masculine physique only heightened her senses.

She grew warmer in his embrace, making Mitchel feel as if he was sitting on a bed of needles.

With a noticeable swallow, Mitchel placed his hand on Raegan's shoulder, his voice laced with urgency. "Matteo, how much longer until we reach the hospital?" he asked.

Matteo, checking his phone and avoiding looking back, replied anxiously, "Reporters have surrounded the nearest hospital of Ardlens, so it's not an option.

Another hospital will take about forty minutes, What should | we do?" B | Forty minutes...

Mitchel sighed, glancing down at Raegan, who seemed too weak to last even four more minutes.

He quickly made a decision, unbuttoning his collar with slender fingers.

"Head to the Hilpton Hotel," he instructed.

It was only a ten-minute drive away.

Matteo understood and promptly directed the driver to change course.

In the back seat, Mitchel's throat moved visibly.

He clenched his teeth as he watched Raegan playfully stick out the tip of her tongue, lightly licking his throat like a playful cat. But it seemed that wasn't enough for her.

Suddenly, Raegan pressed her lips against his in a kiss! This action sent Mitchel over the edge! He took a sharp breath, his handsome features twisting as he fought to control himself.

Meanwhile, Raegan, eager to express her desire, tried everything she could...

As she moved from Mitchel's throat to his collarbone, she was abruptly pushed against the chilly car window. A firm hand held her shoulder, and a cold voice commanded, "Stay still.

Don't move." Raegan felt a wave of disappointment.

Just when she was close to getting what she wanted, Mitchel had stopped her.

Tears welled up in her eyes, and her voice trembled as she muttered, "You...

You're mean..." Mitchel, taken aback, relaxed his hold on her shoulder and sighed.

"Hey, I'm not being harsh with you." His slightly kinder tone only confused Raegan more, and she started crying.

Mitchel shook his head, feeling helpless, and ordered, "Put up the partition."