

Unbreakable 1121

Chapter 1121

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." 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.

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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?"

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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.

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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.

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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."

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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."

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Raegan hadn't expected Elin to have prepared a divorce gift, but she appreciated the gesture and smiled, giving Elin a grateful ki*s 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. 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.

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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?"

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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.

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Located in Ardlens' 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 Ardlens 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 Ardlens 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."

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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?"

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.

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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.

Chapter 1129

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.

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.”

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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.

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.