

## Unbreakable 1391

### Chapter 1391

But suddenly, Casey announced her retirement and disappeared from the public eye without any explanation. The entire world was shocked.

People wondered why she suddenly gave up such a flourishing career.

Many regretted losing such an excellent designer.

For almost two decades, there was no news about Casey. No one had seen her, and her whereabouts were unknown to everyone. Some people said she had entered a monastery, while some said she had already passed away. However, these things couldn't be confirmed, so they remained rumors.

Katie's keen awareness of Casey stemmed from a little-known connection between Casey and her uncle, Davey Glyn.

Raegan's words caused an uproar in the press. Of course, all of them knew Casey and her legacy.

Who wouldn't be shocked when Raegan announced herself to be Casey's daughter?

The journalists felt they didn't come here for nothing. Their time was not wasted because they had gotten a sensational news story. The appearance of the daughter of Casey was such a huge scoop.

Instantly, the journalists threw questions one after another.

While listening to them, Katie's eyes turned cold, and her lips paled.

She still couldn't believe it. Why did Raegan have to be Casey's daughter?

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The Hayes family, rooted in Berton, was formidable, rivaling the Glyn family, but plagued by internal strife.

Casey belonged to the main branch of the Hayes family, which fell into misfortune following her parents' death in a car accident. Not long after, Casey disappeared without a trace.

Therefore, instead of the main branch of the Hayes family, it was the side branch that was recognized by the public.

And now that Raegan appeared, claiming to be part of the Hayes family, she would likely reclaim her rightful inheritance.

As the descendant of the main branch of the Hayes family, Raegan could not be underestimated, although her family was a little inferior to the Dixon family.

Realization dawned on Katie. No wonder Raegan said that the Glyn family was not the only rich family. It turned out Raegan was mocking her.

At the thought of this, Katie clenched her fists so tightly that her sharp nails dug into the palms of her hands. Her eyes turned even colder. She looked at her assistant, hinting something.

Her assistant immediately understood. She quickly turned to the woman who accused Raegan of plagiarism and whispered something.

Vicki Hampton, having been watching the scene quietly with Katie, couldn't help asking, "Katie, do you know that woman?"

Katie, regaining her composure, replied with a faint smile, "Yes. She also has some connection to you."

Vicki frowned. "To me? How can that be? I don't know her. What connection can she have to me?"

Raegan, on stage, was dressed simply without wearing any makeup.

Vicki, on the other hand, wore exquisite makeup and was meticulously dressed. But despite this, Raegan's natural beauty still made her look more vibrant and youthful than Vicki. This made Vicki

feel inexplicably hostile to Raegan.

When Katie noticed this, the corners of her mouth curved into a smile. An idea occurred to her, so she said playfully, “She is acquainted with your beau, Jarrod. Since she and Jarrod know each other, doesn’t it mean she has a connection to you?”

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Vicki’s face immediately turned red when she heard Jarrod’s name.

“What beau? You’re teasing me again.”

Vicki could not deny her feelings for Jarrod because it was written all over her bashful face.

Katie knew of Vicki’s fondness for Jarrod, though Jarrod’s affections lay elsewhere. With Lauren no longer in play, she considered nurturing a new pawn for her grand schemes. She glanced at Vicki, thinking Vicki was a suitable candidate.

Katie remarked with a smirk, “The Hampton family is close to the Schultz family. With so many cooperated projects, it’s a sure thing that you and Jarrod...”

Katie’s voice trailed off deliberately. She knew Vicki enjoyed hearing this.

Vicki held Katie’s arm, smiled sweetly, and said, “Then your marriage with Mitchel is also a sure thing.”

Katie serenely basked in Vicki’s jests.

To those oblivious, Katie was still Mitchel’s so-called fiancée.

After all, she had put in effort to postpone the clarification press conference. However, her leverage didn’t end there. Mitchel wanted to clarify his relationship with her to the public, but there was no way she could let that happen.

Vicki, reveling in her own illusion, rested her head on Katie’s shoulder and said cheerfully, “Isn’t it great? Our husbands are good friends, and so are we. We can travel together to have a blast.”

Katie, her acting instincts kicking in, didn’t say anything. Noticing Katie’s unusual silence, Vicki looked over and it was only then that she saw the tears that welled up in Katie’s eyes.

Surprised, Vicki asked, “Katie, what’s wrong? Why are you crying?”

Katie, as if frightened of being noticed, quickly wiped away her tears and muttered, “It’s nothing... Let’s go...”

After saying this, Katie turned around and was about to leave.

However, Vicki suddenly grabbed her arm and said anxiously, “What’s going on? If you don’t tell me, it means you don’t take me as a friend.”

“Vicki, It’s not that I don’t take you as a friend. It’s just that...”

Katie hesitated. She bit her lower lip and said in a low voice, “You’d better not ask...”

“No way! What if I can help you?” Vicki’s voice raised. “Did someone bully you? Tell me. I will deal with that person for you.”

Katie’s face turned pale, making her look pitiful. “The woman on the stage is actually Mitchel’s ex-wife.”

“What? Mitchel’s ex-wife?” Vicki exclaimed in shock. “How can that be?”

Mitchel's ex-wife died from drowning, right?"

But only a few people knew this.

Vicki knew because Mitchel suddenly disappeared from the public eye at the peak of his career a couple of years ago. She was puzzled then.

Chapter 1393

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On one occasion when Vicki accompanied her mother to the church, she bumped into Mitchel. At that time, Mitchel looked so disheveled and gaunt that she hardly recognized him.

Later, Vicki found out Mitchel was depressed because of his ex-wife's death, which had moved her at that time.

Knowing Katie was the one who had stayed by Mitchel's side and helped him get through his grief, Vicki admired Katie's steadfastness.

Despite Mitchel's indifference, Katie never left him.

Judging from Katie's expression, Vicki speculated, "Did his ex-wife return to go back with him?"

Katie nodded aggrievedly. "She has approached Mitchel several times..

"That bitch! How dare she do that!" Vicki cursed angrily. She related because Jarrod, the man she loved, also had an unforgettable first love. That was why she always despised ex-girlfriends and ex-wives.

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Since Raegan was Mitchel's ex-wife, she instantly hated Raegan.

Vicki looked at Katie and said resentfully, "You were with Mitchel at his worst days. When he was in the hardest times of his life, you never left him. Now, his ex-wife comes back to take him back?

What does she mean? Does she think she can get him back because of her good looks?"

Katie shook her head helplessly. "I don't know what will happen next..."

Vicki felt annoyed by all the ex-girlfriends and ex-wives. She held Katie's hand and advised, "Mitchel is young, handsome, and successful.

Maybe that's why his ex-wife is unwilling to let him go. So, you must keep an eye on him and secure your position."

Katie nodded slightly. "Yes. But there's something else I know. I'm not sure if I should tell you..."

Vicki asked in confusion, "What is it? Does it have something to do with me?"

Katie said somberly, "Raegan and Jarrod's first love are best friends."

Vicki's eyes widened in shock. "What? Do you mean Jamie?"

Jarrod's previous entanglement with Jamie was public knowledge.

Oblivious to Jarrod's relationship with Nicole back in their school days, Vicki assumed Jamie was Jarrod's first love.

Shaking her head, Katie revealed, "No, not Jamie. Jarrod's first love is the daughter of the Lawrence family. They were classmates and childhood sweethearts."

"The Lawrence family?" Vicki was even more surprised. "Do you mean the Lawrence family who fell into ruin after the director's suicide?"

Katie nodded. "Yes. Miss Lawrence has returned to Ardlens. She seems to still be in contact with Jarrod." Then, she warned worriedly, "Vicki, you have to be careful. Those two women are cunning.

Their tactics are quite formidable.”

Vicki suddenly grasped what Jarrod had been up to and why he kept avoiding her. She stomped her feet angrily and said viciously, “Those despicable women! I’ll find someone to teach them a lesson.”

When Katie saw the anger in Vicki’s eyes, the corners of her Lips raised slightly. She continued to advise Vicki, “Vicki, don’t act rashly. If Jarrod finds out it was me who told you all these, it would make things difficult for me with Mitchel.”

“Don’t worry. I won’t say anything. I’m not that stupid,” Vicki assured Katie straightforwardly.

## Chapter 1394

Vicki looked at the stage and said bitterly, “We can’t let those women get away with this. How dare they seduce our men!”

The press conference still went on.

The woman, having wrongly accused Raegan under Katie’s instruction, still wanted to stir up trouble.

The journalists kept asking questions unrelated to the baseless accusation of plagiarism. The woman was dissatisfied they had deviated from that topic and shouted several times for their attention. However, they all just ignored her as if she didn’t exist.

Frustrated, the woman suddenly jumped onto the stage and yelled, “Even if Casey is your mother, how can you put your name on her works and claim them as your own? What is the difference between what you are doing and plagiarism?”

As soon as the woman said this, there was pin-drop silence in the room. Everyone stared at her as if she was a fool. They collectively believed the woman’s claim of being an employee of Dream Studio was nothing but a lie. For someone in the design industry, not knowing Casey’s story was unthinkable.

Unfazed, Raegan turned to the security guards and ordered softly, “Security, please escort this lady out.”

The woman protested madly and shouted, “Why are you kicking me out?

Because I exposed you? You are a plagiarist! How dare you hold a press conference! You are a shameless bitch!”

“Miss...” Raegan was about to say something when one journalist, who could no longer hold back, suddenly spoke up. “Do you really work in the design industry? If so, how could you not know that Casey once mentioned in an interview that some of her designs were completed with her six-year-old daughter?”

Casey received a purely foreign education, explaining the style of her initial designs. Later, she started to create a national-style series, influenced by her daughter’s drawings. She perfected her daughter’s drawing of national animals and presented them on clothes.

Impressed by the national-style designs she delivered, Casey dedicated herself to promoting it globally.

And now, Raegan seemed to be doing the same thing as her mother. It was really commendable.

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The woman meant to stir up trouble was rendered speechless. She knew nothing about Casey. Her only purpose in coming here was to make things difficult for Raegan.

Rolling her eyes, the woman changed her tactic and scoffed. “So this woman said she was Casey’s

daughter, and you believed her right away?

Who knows if her work is outsourced? If she is really that capable, why doesn't she design in front of us now?"

The room became noticeably quieter.

The woman's words had a point. Considering Casey had stepped down, it wasn't sufficient to take Raegan's claim at face value without proof that she was indeed Casey's offspring.

Several journalists agreed, "Indeed, we can't just accept her claim without question."

"Let's have her show us Mrs. Hayes' signature embroidery skills, the Hayes Embroidery Method, known only to her daughter."

"Exactly, exactly..

Raegan saw through that the woman with the sunglasses was here to stir up trouble.

After whispering something to her assistant Judd, Raegan then announced with a smile, "Well, if you all insist, I'll attempt it."

Shortly after, some set up an embroidery frame, prepared a piece of silk, and placed an embroidery needle and some threads next to it.

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The audience's anticipation grew.

This arrangement was a nod to the Hayes Embroidery Method, renowned for its method where the needle wasn't changed, nor the thread cut.

When it was time to change colors, the new color was integrated using a concealed stitch technique. Even though a documentary once showcased Casey's method, no one had been able to replicate it just by viewing it.

Raegan sat down, elegantly picked up the needle, and began swiftly sketching a bird on the silk with skilled hands.

Her remarkable dexterity and speed captivated the onlookers. Everyone was mesmerized, puzzled at how she accomplished such a feat.

In under thirty minutes, Raegan brought a lively bird to existence on the silk, portraying it with astonishing realism.

The eyes of the bird, in particular, looked so alive from every angle that it left the audience without words.

For a brief moment, the hall was so silent one could detect the sound of a falling pin.

After two decades, the sight of the incredible Hayes Embroidery Method again left everyone utterly amazed. They were lost for words.

ALL attention was on Raegan's skilled hands, acknowledging their extraordinary value.

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Soon, the quiet was pierced by a single set of applause.

From the crowd, Stefan admired Raegan and clapped with enthusiasm. He hadn't stepped in to deal with the instigator since Raegan had asked him to remain passive. She had her justifications.

Moments later, as if jolted back to reality, the audience joined in with a roaring ovation, All skepticism dissolved.

Casey had once confirmed that only her daughter was privy to this embroidery craft. Casey recognized her five-year-old daughter's innate knack for embroidery and started her lessons. At just five, Casey's daughter, now confirmed as Raegan, completed an intricate lion's head embroidery in under a month, which was impressive. It was clear Raegan had a more profound gift in this regard than Casey.

Raegan stood on stage, her delicate features capturing the camera's attention, glowing as though surrounded by light.

Watching the crowd's enthusiasm and their recording of her work, Raegan's eyes filled with tears. She had thought her mother's Legacy had been forgotten, yet many still held it dear.

Raegan had come prepared today, intending to use the event's spotlight to send a message to her long-lost mother.

Even without the woman's challenge, Raegan had intended to present the Hayes Embroidery Method at this gathering. This was her way of telling her mother she was her long-lost daughter. Even with her mother missing for years, Raegan harbored hope that, just maybe, her mother would see this press conference and note her.

Just as the ill-intentioned woman was about to speak once more, the police intervened.

The chief officer introduced himself and stated gravely, "Ma'am, we've been informed you've been disclosing confidential data and trafficking celebrity insights for profit. We need you to accompany us for questioning."

The woman momentarily panicked and attempted to escape, but was apprehended before she could make it to the exit. She protested loudly, "Why are you arresting me? I've done nothing wrong!"

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In her attempt to flee, her sunglasses and mask came off.

Judd recognized the woman instantly. She was precisely the one who had been disseminating false stories about Raegan at Arthen Entertainment's mid-year gala and had been sacked for it.

Surprised, Judd faced Raegan, asking, "Raegan, how did you figure out she was that very dismissed employee?"

Before she began to embroider, Raegan had quietly instructed Judd to notify the police.

The investigation revealed the woman had sneaked into the dressing area of Arthen Entertainment's mid-year gala to take photos of those dazzling gowns and then sold the photos to lesser-known studios for duplication. This led to unfounded plagiarism accusations from Dream Studio against Crescent.

The woman's attendance seemed fueled by her bitterness over losing her job. The fact that she knew the significant value of Casey's creations hinted at a possible accomplice, which the police needed to delve into.

Raegan pointed out, "There's a tiny mole on the edge of her lip."

She shared that her intense concentration while embroidering helps her remember minor details about her surroundings vividly.

Judd looked at Raegan with newfound admiration for her meticulousness, curious about what other

skills she might possess.

After the security team escorted her from the stage, Raegan exited with Stefan.

The cameras captured Stefan placing his hand behind Raegan in a protective manner, igniting rumors about their relationship.

A journalist attempted to inquire, but Raegan and Stefan had stepped into the elevator, with Raegan tactfully declining to comment so as not to delay the elevator's departure.

Outside the hotel, a black limousine was stationed at the curb. A man inside with a notable presence was watching the live feed on his tablet, catching every moment.

The live chat was flooded with praises and good wishes.

"This isn't just about their talents or looks. It's about two exceptionally matched individuals!"

"Ah, the way he placed his hand was so chivalrous, and his look so affectionate. They're a perfect match."

"Raegan, just like her mother, is stunning. Her family members are so dazzling!"

Mitchel sat there, speechless. These comments deepened his thoughts and complicated his feelings.

The confident, radiant Raegan he saw on the screen was vastly different from the girl he remembered from five years ago.

Learning that Raegan was Casey's daughter and thus named her studio "Crescent" took him by surprise and filled him with anxiety. Raegan's growing appeal meant she might draw the attention of many, possibly more suitable suitors than him.

This thought, hinting at his diminishing chances, pierced his heart, inflicting profound discomfort. Mitchel was engulfed in doubt like never before. He often pondered during his low points whether he could stand the sight of Raegan with someone else, leading a life without him.

But the answer eluded him. Merely thinking about the possibility was agonizing as if his heart was being wrenched out. Could he survive a life without Raegan? Of course not!

Firm in his conviction that Raegan must be with him, Mitchel vowed to cling to her, come what may.

In the parking lot at ground level, Raegan and Stefan were about to hop into their car when a shadowy man suddenly lunged at Raegan.

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Stefan quickly pulled Raegan to safety, obstructing the assailant's grimy hand.

"Get out of the way! I'm her uncle!" the man snapped.

Raegan glanced at the man upon hearing this. She recognized him as Brent and her gaze turned frosty.

Brent grinned cheekily at Raegan. "Hey Raegan, it's been a while!"

Recalling his absence even during her grandmother's funeral made Raegan's expression even more icy. "Oh, so you're still alive."

"Hey!" Brent spat on the ground repeatedly. "Cursing me, are you?"

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I've got years to go!"

Raegan observed Brent's unchanged, shameless demeanor. She grew more detached. "Whatever.

We're off."

With that, Raegan moved to enter the vehicle.

Brent, desperate, reached for Raegan, blurting out, "Wait! You bitch!

Hear me out..." His words were laced with insults, as usual.

Stefan's expression turned frosty, poised to step in, but Raegan had already deftly struck Brent's knee, causing him to howl in agony.

"Ouch! Ouch!" Brent crumpled to the ground, hurling curses, "You little bitch! Attacking me? I'm your fucking uncle, practically your father! You ingrate! Now that you're somebody, you dismiss your own kin?"

Raegan responded with disdain, "What kind of man are you, really?

Absent when your mother passed away, never once visiting her resting place?"

Raegan remembered her trip to Tenassie with Janey, honoring the woman who had cared for her as her own despite no blood relation. On one occasion outing for fun in childhood, Raegan somehow got lost with her family. With a memory loss of her own family due to a hit, she was in a dire situation until Brent's mother adopted her out of mercy. That woman's unwavering kindness had always moved Raegan.

Raegan had inquired with the graveyard keeper about other visitors and left her contact details, requesting to be notified of any, yet no one ever came.

Brent, jarred by Raegan's mention of his mother, recalled his purpose for seeking her out and hastily softened his tone. "Ah, I forgot about that. Raegan, my family took you in. You will compensate me the fees of my family raising you, right?"

Raegan retorted, "Did you squander the three million already?"

"Why dredge up the past..." Looking away, Brent muttered, "I got scammed, okay?"

Raegan suspected the money had gone to his gambling habits. "I had cleared your three-million debt back then. That's more than enough."

Her voice was icy. "I won't give you more. Leave."

Brent, desperate as Raegan turned to depart, blurted out a threat, "Damn you! I'll tell the press about how ungrateful you are! After all my family did for you, this is your thanks?"

Raegan's gaze was steady and cool. "Try it. See what happens."

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Raegan knew Brent wouldn't dare to do so. Revealing himself would attract too much unwanted attention.

As Raegan stepped into the car, Brent made a last-ditch claim, "Hold on! I'm privy to your secret!"

Raegan's demeanor turned slightly frosty as she halted in her steps.

"What secret?"

Brent, gathering himself despite his injury, wasted no time in getting to the point. "You give me money, and I'll tell you."

"Then forget it, I don't want to know." As she said this, Raegan turned to get in the car.

Anxiety surged through Brent, prompting him to shout, "It's the secret of how you ended up being adopted by my family! Don't you want to know?"



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Raegan froze in her tracks. Her father had recounted the heart-wrenching tale of her disappearance at the tender age of six. Back then, her mother had been shattered, consumed by anguish, unable to find solace in food or rest, her days blurred by tears and despair.

Later, Raegan's mother left a note, expressing her intention to search for her missing daughter, before vanishing without a trace.

Throughout the years, her father had tirelessly pursued any leads, refusing to abandon hope.

Raegan had always held onto the belief that she had simply wandered off and been found by Brent's mother.

But the tone of Brent's voice raised doubts in Raegan's mind. Perhaps her understanding of her past wasn't as straightforward as she had believed.

Meeting Brent's gaze, Raegan's voice was laced with skepticism.

"Brent, you are trying to scam me, aren't you?"

Brent felt a twinge of discomfort at Raegan's tone, but he suppressed his pride, driven by his desire for her financial assistance. "I can assure you I'm not scamming you."

The credibility of a gambler's words was questionable. Raegan responded lightly, "Then spill it."

How could Brent possibly speak without taking money from Raegan first?

He insisted, "Payment first, or I shall remain silent."

"What is your price?"

Brent raised a hand, stating plainly, "Fifty million!"

Raegan frowned slightly, "Then, keep your secret to yourself!"

While curious about how she ended up at being adopted by Brent's mother, Raegan knew Brent too well. If she conceded to his demand for fifty million, he would likely view her money as easily obtained and greedily request a hundred million or even more by spilling the beans little by little.

That was Brent's modus operandi!

Brent's countenance darkened, and he argued, "Hey. Just fifty million..."

He assessed Stefan standing beside Raegan and queried, "Another change of partners? I didn't realize you are so adept at switching companions..."

Chapter 1399

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Unwilling to entertain his banter, Raegan coldly retorted, "Shut your filthy mouth."

Brent misinterpreted her reaction as her guilty conscience and unwillingness to disclose her past relationships to her current partner. He scornfully remarked, "Compensate me if you wish to silence me. Otherwise, I shall divulge to your current partner what you had done when affluent individuals financially supported you.

Consequently, you'll be left with nothing..."

In Brent's perception, Raegan relied heavily on her physical attractiveness. For a person of her standing, those affluent would merely toy with her, never truly contemplating marriage.

Raegan regarded him with a chilly gaze. "If you have nothing meaningful to contribute, please leave."

“Considering the man next to you, he should be capable of affording such luxuries. If not, it’s best to end things promptly. While youth and beauty are on your side, the identity of your bedfellow holds little significance. Naturally, you should seek out someone wealthy.”

Brent narrowed his eyes, observing that the men Raegan favored were consistently youthful and attractive. But what good was their handsomeness if they were tightfisted with their finances?

Brent spoke with an air of experience. “Don’t always prioritize looks.

The attractive ones tend to be miserly. Consider older ones. They know how to lavish you with care...”

Before he could finish, Raegan abruptly grabbed a stone and hurled it at Brent’s mouth.

Instantly, Brent’s mouth was shattered, blood flowing freely, adding to his already menacing appearance.

“Ouch!” Brent clutched his injured mouth, howling in agony.

A blur passed by. Brent didn’t even catch sight of what had struck him. “You little wretch! What did you hit me with?”

Witnessing Brent’s intense fury, Stefan swiftly shielded Raegan, warily monitoring Brent’s every move.

Raegan curled her lip slightly. “Was I aiming for you? I thought it was just a filthy mouse constantly squeaking, noisy and low...”

At her words, Brent’s rage intensified, knowing Raegan was mocking him. He couldn’t hold back anymore!

Brent rubbed his split lips and fixed Stefan with a fierce glare.

“Do you have any idea how many men this bitch has been with? She’s always been kept as a mistress by others. She’s only interested in your money, and once it’s gone, she’ll discard you without a second thought...”

Brent’s audacity knew no bounds.

Unable to endure any longer, Raegan shouted, “Brent, if you spread lies again, I’ll call the police!”

“When have I ever spread lies? There was a respectable man who aided you at the hospital once, and I distinctly recall seeing you ki\*s a man in a luxury car! Don’t tell me those men would marry a woman like you...”

Brent had only just sneaked in and hadn’t stayed updated with the developments since then. If he had, he wouldn’t dare utter such remarks.

Spitting blood onto the ground, Brent snapped, “What an atrocious taste you have, moving from worse to the worst! At least the previous one spent five million on you! This one’s nothing but a miser, a cheapskate...”

Raegan seized upon the crucial detail, fixing her gaze on Brent. “Who gave you five million?”

Chapter 1400

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Realizing his blunder but for the intent of provoking Stefan, Brent made no effort to conceal it any longer. “It was the man you were with before, the one from the Dixon Group building. I trailed him to his office and told him how much my family had spent on you. Of course, I painted you as heartless, and without hesitation, he handed over five million, warning me not to trouble you

further!”

Brent cast a challenging look at Stefan. “You don’t seem short on funds. Yet, you’re unwilling to spend a dime and still wish to keep a woman?”

Stefan’s face darkened, his fists clenched tightly. He spoke icily.

“Do not slander Raegan. We are merely friends.”

“Friends? Ha-ha, spare me... You mean to say you have no desire for her?” Setting aside everything else, Brent was quite confident in Raegan’s allure. Since youth, she had possessed a striking charm and carried herself with the grace of a lady, distinct from other girls.

Brent’s words only served to deepen Stefan’s scowl. The typically gentle and refined Stefan finally let his anger surface. “Stop talking nonsense!”

Meanwhile, Raegan remained stunned by Brent’s earlier revelation. She knew Brent was referring to Mitchel. But she never fathomed that Mitchel would clandestinely offer Brent five million just to keep Brent from harassing her.

No wonder, following that incident at the hospital, Brent never troubled her again. She had assumed Brent had a change of heart, but it appeared money was the sole reason for his silence.

Brent continued to spew nonsense at Stefan.

Raegan, disinterested in further confrontation, frowned and said to Stefan, “Let’s go, Stefan.”

Observing the two preparing to depart, Brent, devoid of any gain, grew desperate. He shouted, “Aren’t you curious about the secret?”

It’s not as simple as merely adopting you after finding you alone.

Don’t you want to know?”

Raegan replied firmly, “I don’t want to know.”

Then, she turned and swiftly got into the car. Knowing if she expressed curiosity, Brent would be even less inclined to reveal anything substantial without gaining millions from her by spilling some minor details little by little, Raegan opted for the opposite approach.

However, as much as Raegan understood Brent, Brent also comprehended her. He sneered, “You think you can deceive me, little one? I don’t believe for a second that you’re not curious.” Raegan had always been astute, never faltering in his presence.

Brent, feeling rather pleased with himself, continued, “Let me make it clear. Fifty million, not a cent less, or don’t bother to...”

Before he could finish, Brent watched as the car window smoothly rose, cutting off his words from the outside. To his astonishment, the limousine began to move and departed!

“Wait!” Brent was hot on the car’s heels, his voice desperate. “Stop!

Stop the car!”

But the car didn’t even pause, pressing on instead.

Boom! The sound was deafening.

Brent tripped, tumbling hard onto the ground. His face was a mess, bloodied from the fall. Tears sprang to his eyes from the sharp pain, blurring his vision. As he squinted through the haze, he saw the car reversing toward him. The window slid down smoothly.

Raegan looked out, her face devoid of emotion. “Still want to talk?”