

Unbreakable 1381

Chapter 1381

When Matteo caught sight of the figure on the ground, he dashed over, dropped to one knee, and exclaimed, "Mr. Dixon!"

With no response from Mitchel, Matteo's anxiety surged as he quickly initiated cardiopulmonary resuscitation.

Yet, despite his efforts, Mitchel remained unresponsive. Matteo swiftly hoisted Mitchel into his arms and carried him downstairs.

Raegan trailed behind Matteo, her movements instinctual. When Matteo placed Mitchel in the back seat of the car, she stopped.

Matteo turned to Raegan, his expression pleading. "Mrs. Dixon, please, come with us."

Raegan's eyes stung with unshed tears. She clenched her fists, attempting to move forward several times before finally reigning in her emotions. "I'm not going," she uttered, her voice devoid of warmth.

()

Disbelief flickered across Matteo's features, disappointment evident in his gaze. "Actually, Mr. Dixon..."

Raegan cut him off, urgency coloring her tone, "Hurry up."

Matteo nearly forgot Mitchel's directive to keep Mitchel being injected by a mysterious syringe a secret from Raegan.

With time ticking away, Matteo bit his lip and withheld his words.

Starting the car, he sped off without another glance.

Watching the car disappear into the distance, Raegan slumped against the door frame and suddenly sat on the ground. The chill of scare swept over her like an arctic wind, causing her to tremble uncontrollably.

With a soft click, a lone tear fell onto the back of her hand.

Looking at the tear, Raegan couldn't help but feel a profound sadness welling within her. Wasn't her heart already beyond feeling? Yet here she was, consumed by anguish over Mitchel lying in a coma. No matter how vehemently she tried to convince herself that she didn't care, she found herself unable to stem the tide of tears. It was as if her emotions were beyond her control. What if something really happened to him?

The fear of the unknown gripped her heart tightly, spreading through her veins like a poison.

In a sudden surge of determination, Raegan attempted to rise and make her way to the hospital. But her legs, weakened by the weight of her emotions, refused to cooperate, threatening to give way beneath her.

"Raegan!" A familiar figure rushed to her side, steadying her with a supportive grasp.

Tears welled up in Raegan's eyes as she gazed at the man before her.

"Stefan, help me... I need to get to the hospital."

Having received a call from Annis, Stefan had rushed here without hesitation.

In Erick's absence, Stefan temporarily took up residence in the villa next door to look after Raegan.

As they drove to the hospital, Stefan turned his handsome face to look at Raegan and noticed her distressed state. His hands couldn't help but tighten on the steering wheel. He offered reassurance in a soft tone, "Don't worry. If there is no previous medical history, a brief coma usually isn't cause for major concern."

Chapter 1382

Raegan clenched her fists, unable to find words.

Arriving at the hospital, Stefan swiftly sought information on the recently admitted patient.

Returning with a relaxed expression, Stefan relayed, "I had checked.

Mr. Dixon is alright."

() 's ()

"Is he conscious?"

"I'm not sure yet. He is in the ward upstairs. Do you want to see him?" Stefan asked.

After a moment's contemplation, Raegan replied, "Yes, I would like to."

"Alright."

As they ascended the stairs, Stefan gestured toward the ward, saying, "It's right there. Do you want me to accompany you?"

Raegan shook her head and replied, "No, I'll go alone."

"Should I wait for you then?" Stefan queried.

Raegan nodded in affirmation. She intended to check on Mitchel briefly to ensure he was okay and then leave.

"Very well," Stefan said, visibly relieved. "Go ahead. I'll be here."

Approaching the designated ward, Raegan hesitated. Just as she reached for the door handle, a familiar voice called out. "Raegan?"

Katie emerged from behind, her gaze fixed on Raegan. "What brings you here?" she asked.

Katie stood there, exuding an air of arrogance as if she were the one rightfully married to Mitchel.

If Raegan hadn't been privy to the truth, she might have fallen for the facade. Brushing past Katie's presence without a word, she reached for the door, only to find her path abruptly blocked by Katie.

A chill, tinged with malice, flickered across Katie's eyes as she curled her lips into a disdainful smirk. "You can turn around and leave now. As Mitchel's fiancée, it's my responsibility to look after him. Your visits are unnecessary," she declared with unwarranted authority.

The smug look plastered on Katie's face only served to amuse Raegan.

Raegan had harbored a sliver of hope that Katie possessed more wit than Lauren, yet here she was, proving to be no better. Both Lauren and Katie seemed to share a penchant for weaving lies with little regard for the truth.

Raegan saw no value in squandering her time on such trivial confrontations. Her sole purpose was to ascertain Mitchel's well-being, prompted by the fact he fainted at her home. The thought of any harm coming to him while under her roof unsettled her deeply.

Raegan had no interest in unmasking Katie's charade. With a frosty tone, she demanded, "Please move aside."

"The audacity!" Katie, unable to maintain a facade of grace under provocation, retorted with a

sneer, "You want to be a mistress?"

Katie had crossed paths with Raegan enough times to believe that the label of "mistress" was Raegan's Achilles' heel. By casting this accusation, Katie aimed to dispel Raegan.

Chapter 1383

Yet, Raegan's reaction was one of serene indifference, her Lips curving into a faint smile as she posed a pointed question, "Miss Glyn, are you suggesting that Mitchel has acknowledged you as his fiancée?"

Katie's gaze sparkled with a hint of defiance, her voice laden with an unconvincing assurance. "He has, indeed. It's common knowledge that we're a pair. Spare me your attempts to stir up trouble. Enough with the baseless claims!"

Raegan's expression turned icy at Katie's audacity. The gall of her lies was astounding. "Is that so? Why don't we verify your claim by asking him directly?" Raegan proposed, her tone steady and challenging. "How about it, Miss Glyn? Do you have the courage?"

"You..." Katie found herself at a loss for words, her anger rendering her speechless.

Raegan, hand poised on the doorknob, inquired with detached curiosity, "Miss Glyn, would you like to go in? Or shall I proceed without you?"

"You can't get inside!" Katie's outburst came with a contorted face, a clear sign of her agitation. Raegan couldn't help but let a sardonic smile grace her features.

Watching Raegan's reaction, realization dawned upon Katie. She was tricked by Raegan! She had unwittingly confessed to the falsehood of her engagement to Mitchel.

Katie, now seething, accused, "Are you mocking me?" In her view, Raegan was but a lowly adversary, unworthy of engaging in such cunning.

Yet, it was Raegan who stood unflinching, her retort cutting through the tension. "So, Miss Glyn, why choose to be a liar when you could be a decent person?"

() 's ()

Raegan's words were a sharp rebuke to Katie's charade, laying bare the facade Katie so desperately clung to.

Katie's face twisted with anger. This bitch! Did Raegan just dare to make fun of her?

Yet, as quickly as Katie's rage flared, it vanished, replaced by a serene facade.

With a smile that didn't reach her eyes, Katie dropped her act. "So, Mitchel has confided in you that our relationship is merely for show, tailored to the situation at hand?"

Raegan remained silent, puzzled by Katie's sudden admission.

With a poised smile, Katie offered an explanation, "You're wondering why we're putting on this charade? Mitchel's father is attempting to strip him of his authority. To retain his position within the company, Mitchel chose to align with me."

Raegan's response was cool and measured. "I'm aware."

Katie found herself at a loss for words, her plans thwarted. Her fists balled in frustration, and she seethed internally. Mitchel had divulged everything to Raegan. Yet, there was one detail Mitchel had omitted, simply because he himself was in the dark.

Wearing a guise of tranquility, Katie posed another question, "Do you know the reason behind

Mitchel's father's desire to undermine Mitchel?"

Raegan was at a loss. Alexis didn't seem to fit the mold of a caring father. He appeared more interested in manipulating Mitchel Like a chess piece.

Before Raegan could voice her confusion, Katie unveiled more of the story with a sly grin.

"Mitchel's father was infuriated upon learning of Mitchel's marriage to you and his refusal to be controlled. His father views him as nothing more than a tool, opting instead to support Mitchel's half-brother for the coveted position."

Raegan's expression registered shock. "What?"

Mitchel had a half-brother, an unexpected revelation that suggested a complex family dynamic within the Dixon Lineage.

Katie, basking in her perceived victory, couldn't hide her smugness.

Chapter 1384

"It's a certainty that Mitchel will marry me. He needs me," she declared, her tone dripping with arrogance.

This statement seemed to lift a weight off Katie's shoulders. In her view, Raegan stood no chance. Devoid of wealth and influence, Raegan posed no threat to her aspirations.

With a sneer, Katie added, "Luciana will be arriving shortly. I suggest you leave at your earliest convenience. She's not keen on encountering you."

Raegan's hand, which had been poised to open the door, stilled. The chaos of the moment had made her overlook the unpleasant realities and characters she wished to distance herself from. The mention of Luciana, Alexis, and the burdens of the past prompted a moment of introspection.

Raegan lowered her head. Why bother opening this door? Could there truly be a future for her with Mitchel? Reality echoed a resounding no.

All Raegan sought was tranquility, yet Mitchel's presence invariably disrupted her peace.

Acknowledging the futility of holding on, she realized it was time to sever ties. Her visit was simply trying to see if he was okay. Beyond that, entangling herself further would only lead to distress.

Katie, observing Raegan's delicate face, suppressed her malicious urges. She issued a final warning, "Stay away from Mitchel. You're chasing illusions."

Raegan, undisturbed by Katie's venom, responded with serene defiance, "I wish you all the best then. May you truly receive what you're striving for, without ending up empty-handed."

() 's ()

After her words, Raegan pivoted, leaving a stark silence in her wake.

The smirk that had confidently adorned Katie's face instantly crystallized into a mask of fury. "Stop! What are you implying?" she demanded, her voice laced with indignation.

"Miss Glyn, isn't it clear to you?" Raegan's reply came with a gentle smile, a stark contrast to Katie's agitation. "Haven't you realized that Mitchel's interest lies solely with the Glyn family's influence?"

Katie exhaled deeply, her initial panic subsiding. She had braced herself for a revelation from Raegan, well aware that Mitchel's affections were tethered not to her but to the prestige of her family.

Yet, in Katie's eyes, this distinction held little weight. Her aspirations of marrying Mitchel remained intact, bolstered by her family's name. "The Glyn family is under my name. Does it really make a difference?" she retorted with a haughtiness that belied her earlier panic.

"There is a big difference," Raegan countered with a serene smile, her composure unshaken. "Ardlens is home to families far more influential than the Glyn lineage." With these parting words, Raegan walked away, her departure leaving a lasting impression. If Katie failed to grasp the significance, it reflected poorly on her understanding, not on Raegan's intentions.

Raegan's choice not to check on Mitchel personally wasn't born out of Katie's deceit. It was a deliberate effort to close that chapter, to prevent fostering any false hopes.

Katie had aimed to wound Raegan with a targeted strike, exploiting what she presumed to be Raegan's vulnerabilities. Yet, Raegan's indifference rendered Katie's attempts futile, reducing Katie to nothing more than a pitiful figure.

Raegan's resolve was clear. She refused to be diminished by anyone, Mitchel included. Katie stood in the wake of Raegan's departure, her earlier triumph dissolving into confusion. The realization dawned on her too late, leaving her to ponder the depth of her misunderstanding.

Raegan's words left Katie grappling with the unsettling truth. There were indeed wealthier families with whom Mitchel might forge alliances, diminishing her significance in his strategic plans.

Katie wasn't naive. She had anticipated this possibility and had even considered Luciana as an alternative ally. However, what truly infuriated her was Raegan's apparent indifference to Mitchel's marital prospects.

Katie had devoted years to Mitchel, acutely aware of the depth of his affection for Raegan, a love so profound that he would risk everything for her.

Yet, Raegan seemed utterly disinterested in the very thing Katie yearned to claim for herself.

Katie's expression darkened, a mix of venom and spite contorting her features. In her eyes, Raegan was unworthy of Mitchel's deep-seated love. The realization left her seething, her thoughts swirling with resentment and disdain.

After a moment of bitter reflection, Katie spun on her heel, her resolve hardening. She pushed the door open, the name "Mitchel" escaping her lips in a mixture of hope and determination.

Inside a luxurious hospital room.

As the door swung open, Mitchel turned, anticipating someone's arrival. His expression darkened immediately upon seeing Katie.

"What's the matter, Mitchel?" Katie approached him, her face etched with concern.

"How did you manage to come in?" Mitchel propped himself against the bed's headboard, his demeanor icy, creating a barrier that felt unwelcoming to anyone.

Mitchel glanced at the doorway, noticing Matteo's absence.

Katie looked unsettled.

Before she could offer an explanation, Mitchel inquired, "How did you find out I was here?"

His gaze bore into her as though he could see through her.

Katie became anxious. "I was visiting my father," she explained hurriedly. "I ran into Matteo earlier and figured something might have happened to you, so I rushed over."

Mitchel remained silent, but Katie, undeterred, sat down beside him.

"Mitchel, what caused you to pass out? Are you okay?"

As she spoke, she extended her hand to touch Mitchel's forehead.

Mitchel dodged her hand, his frown deepening.

()

Katie's expression stiffened, her eyes brimming with tears. "Mitchel, I'm just worried about you."

Mitchel's gaze was unyielding. "Katie, do you ever get tired of this act?"

Katie turned ghostly white, confusion written all over her face.

"What are you talking about, Mitchel? I don't understand."

"Katie, I've been clear with you," Mitchel said sternly. "We had agreed to clarify our relationship publicly. We shouldn't be seeing or talking to each other beyond that."

His tone was icy. "Don't try to deceive me with your pretense, okay?"

Katie, pale, tried to explain, "But Mitchel, I genuinely care."

Mitchel cut her off, not even sparing her a glance, "You should leave now."

Mitchel's coldness made Katie clench her fists as if she had endured it for a while. She asked, "Mitchel, is your distance from me because of Raegan? But are you aware she doesn't have any feelings for you? She's completely indifferent to you... How could she leave you so easily?"

Katie was livid. How could Mitchel embarrass her for such a heartless woman?

Mitchel suddenly asked, "Did Raegan just come here?"

Chapter 1386

Katie, taken aback, denied, "No, I haven't seen her."

Mitchel's indifferent tone followed. "Do you think you're being clever, Katie?"

"Excuse me?" Katie raised his head, meeting his piercing gaze. It was a look she'd never received from him before.

Instead of feeling cherished, Katie felt exposed under his scrutinizing eyes, her heart racing. She felt unexpectedly agitated.

Mitchel said icily, "You remember the incident where you falsely claimed to be my fiancée in front of Raegan? We haven't settled that yet. Don't spout nonsense again, or you'll only harm yourself."

Regret would be your only companion.”

Katie’s complexion drained of color. With tears brimming, she asked, “Are you threatening me, Mitchel?”

Katie harbored the illusion that she was the only one who could get close to Mitchel after a five-year company. Yet, over those years, she had actually spent more time with Luciana. Mitchel’s heart remained icy. He never fell in love with anyone.

Katie, however, failed to see the reality and believed she was special, thinking Mitchel’s indifference toward her was solely due to Raegan.

Mitchel’s face was expressionless, his voice devoid of warmth. “This is not a threat. If you do this again, I will follow through.

Katie’s complexion instantly lost its color. She just sensed a lethal tone in the man’s words.

With eyes brimming with tears, she uttered, Mitchel, does my love for you make everything I do seem wrong? You...”

Mitchel cut her off with a frosty tone, “Loving someone isn’t wrong.

But the way you go about it disgusts me.”

At his words, Katie was trembling all over. The man she cherished for so many years had just said her love for him repulsed him... He found her repulsive!

In a shaky voice, she managed to say, “Mitchel, the Glyn family has always been firm in our choice of you, never wavering...”

Then, the door burst open. Matteo stepped inside.

Mitchel commanded with an icy tone, “Escort Miss Glyn out. Secure the door and ensure no outsiders get in.”

His harsh words felt like a physical blow to Katie. A stinging sensation spread across her cheek.

As Katie was about to utter another word, Matteo signaled her to stop and stated without emotion, “Miss Glyn, this way, please.”

Katie gazed at Mitchel, her eyes filled with a mix of obsession and bitterness. Finally, she whispered, “Mitchel, all I’ve done was out of love for you...”

She muttered to herself, “One day, you will surely regret your indifference toward me!”

She exited Mitchel’s ward.

Once outside the hospital, the sorrow on Katie’s face swiftly turned to malevolence. Then, she burst out laughing. If she couldn’t have Mitchel, no one would!

Back in Mitchel’s ward.

Chapter 1387

Mitchel ordered, “Verify if Raegan was here recently.”

Matteo felt Mitchel was deceiving himself. Why would Raegan visit him?

Mitchel continued, “Keep a close watch on Katie’s actions, especially her interactions with my mother, and keep me informed.”

Mitchel sometimes wondered if Luciana’s mental stability was deteriorating because of Katie’s misleading words. His gaze was icy and sharp. He wished it was just a misconception.

At the elevator, Stefan waited for Raegan. Upon seeing Raegan, he showed concern, asking, "Is everything okay?"

Raegan snapped back to reality, shook her head, and replied, "It's all good."

Her mind had been on the Dixon family's illegitimate son. Yet, she felt Mitchel didn't need her worry. His cleverness had led him to remarkable business achievements at a young age. Surely, he wouldn't be outmaneuvered by an illegitimate son that easily. She felt she was overthinking it. Then, her phone rang.

After answering, Raegan announced, "I'm on my way."

It was the day of her press conference, and she was nearly late because of these distractions.

"Where to? I can give you a ride," Stefan offered.

()

With time pressing, Raegan accepted Stefan's offer.

They reached the hotel hosting the press conference.

Stefan was concerned about Raegan, so he decided to follow her to the scene.

Raegan and Stefan entered the venue together, not knowing a chilling stare followed them.

Only after they went in did the man step out from behind the flowers.

Watching Raegan's retreating figure, he glared with ominous intent.

The man following Raegan made his way toward the hotel but was intercepted before entering.

The security guard regarded the man with a slight frown. "I'm sorry, sir, but unless you're a guest of the hotel, entry is not permitted."

It wasn't that the security guard took pleasure in demeaning others.

It was simply that this man was markedly disheveled. Clad in what was once a white T-shirt now transformed into a stiff, dark hue due to neglect, emitting a pungent odor from a distance.

His face was obscured by a long, unkempt beard, clumps of ice melded within, resembling a cake-like texture. His fingernails coated with grimy residue, scarcely a clean spot discernible. This man bore the visage of a homeless individual who had traversed many a weary road.

Challenged by the security guard, the man countered, "Who says I'm not a guest? I am!"

The security guard replied, "If that's the case, please provide your name and ID number, and I'll verify it for you."

Chapter 1388

"I'm Brent Hayes, and my niece just entered. Let me go find her," he asserted.

Ever since Brent swindled money from the villagers, he fled abroad the following day, only to recklessly squander three million in less than a day.

That three million hadn't come easily, yet now, he found himself penniless.

In a moment of desperation, Brent resorted to theft, snatching someone's money meant for exchange and fleeing.

The venue's security guards, a formidable bunch, were relentless in their pursuit, ensuring Brent didn't escape without consequence.

Upon capture, given Brent's prior lavish spending of three million, the venue's boss opted

for a brutal punishment, severing three of Brent's fingers as retribution.

Forced to sign an IOU and work off his debt at the venue, Brent faced regular beatings if his performance fell short.

Enduring nearly three years of inhumane treatment, Brent seized an opportunity to escape when the boss let his guard down.

After his escape, Brent found employment on a fishing boat, where he toiled for a year before returning to homeland.

Initially intending to seek assistance from his mother, Brent was devastated to discover she had passed away, leaving him with no support. Furthermore, his only niece was nowhere to be found, Leaving Brent to navigate his tumultuous circumstances alone.

Not daring to linger in the village due to his previous wrongdoings, Brent sought refuge in Ardlens, disguising himself by neglecting personal hygiene and adopting a beggar's guise. It was at the entrance of a hotel that Brent unexpectedly caught sight of his long-lost niece, Raegan.

() 's ()

Assessing Raegan's and Stefan's attire and demeanor, it was evident they belonged to the affluent class.

Rubbing his maimed palms together, Brent felt a surge of hope, believing he might finally obtain some financial assistance.

However, his hopes were dashed as he was promptly halted at the entrance.

Despite his fervent pleas, the security guard remained resolute, refusing to grant Brent entry. "Sir, please refrain from causing further disruption. Neither your name nor that of your niece is on our guest list."

Brent had provided the name Raegan Hayes, oblivious to the fact that Raegan had recently changed her surname to Foster.

Reacting with aggression at the entrance, Brent was promptly escorted to the roadside by the security guard, who issued a stern warning of police involvement should he attempt to return.

At that precise moment, Raegan's clarification press conference was being broadcast on TV.

Raegan introduced herself as the head of Crescent Studio, identifying herself as Raegan Foster.

Observing this, Brent muttered curses at the roadside, "Damn it! The bitch becomes wealthy and forsakes me, even going as far as changing her surname!"

Ranting fervently by the roadside, he awaited Raegan's emergence.

Right then, a gleaming silver luxury car was stationed nearby. Katie was here to observe Raegan's embarrassment caused by her arrangement.

Eavesdropping on Brent's utterances, Katie grasped he appeared to have a connection to Raegan.

However, it was evident he harbored nefarious intentions.

Chapter 1389

With a subtle smirk, Katie directed Abel, “Assist him in entering.”

During the press conference at the hotel, the inquiries posed by journalists were notably incisive.

“Miss Foster, as this marks your inaugural prominent engagement with Arthen Entertainment, how do you intend to rectify this substantial blunder?”

“Given your distinction as a top graduate of Astraea University in Swynborough, does your academic thesis also entail instances of plagiarism?”

“How do you address the online characterization of Crescent as a mere ‘tailor shop,’ with assertions circulating that you’re merely amalgamating others’ work to pass it off as your own?”

Raegan simply listened. Then, she offered a deep bow to the audience.

“Firstly, I extend my sincerest gratitude to all of you for attending this press conference. I assure you that every finalized creation from Crescent bears my personal design. I have never delegated this responsibility, thus eliminating any possibility of plagiarism.”

Raegan’s countenance remained transparent and sincere, her response devoid of any trace of animosity, significantly altering numerous individuals’ perceptions.

Subsequently, Raegan proceeded to showcase her original designs, accompanied by timestamps denoting their creation.

“This ‘Heritage’ series originates from the early stages of my design exploration. I am grateful to Mr. Franzier of Arthen Entertainment for granting me the opportunity to boldly unveil the ‘Heritage’ series at the mid-year gala. Regarding the alleged similarities to Dream Studio’s designs...”

Before Raegan could conclude, a woman wearing a hat and sunglasses hastily made her way to the front row, exclaiming, “Do not deny it!

You have plagiarized, and I possess evidence!”

Elin attempted to advance, but Raegan restrained her.

With a steely glint in her eyes, Raegan inquired, “What evidence do you possess?”

The woman, exuding arrogance, asserted, “I’m an employee of Dream Studio. Your team clandestinely approached us, offering to purchase that dress at any cost. Isn’t that an attempt to destroy evidence?”

The woman proceeded to exhibit a video depicting Elin negotiating with Dream Studio’s employee under Raegan’s instruction and presented printed transaction records on oversized paper, ready for journalists to capture.

Instantly, the journalists erupted with a barrage of questions.

“Miss Foster, is this allegation accurate?”

“Why pay five times the original price for an antiquated design? Was it to conceal evidence?”

“Miss Foster...”

Journalists from different outlets asked their questions.

There was a sense among everyone present that a sudden change in the situation was imminent.

Under the intense scrutiny, Raegan remained composed as she replied, “Yes, I did arrange for the purchase of the dress, but not to destroy evidence.”

“So, are we supposed to believe you just because you say it wasn’t for that?” The woman’s intentions to stir up trouble were evident.

With a triumphant air, she exclaimed, "If it wasn't for destroying evidence, then show us the dress!"
An electric shock rippled through the room!

Raegan's gaze softened slightly.

Assuming Raegan had no reply, the woman raised her voice. "Has it been destroyed, making it impossible to display? Quit resisting. Just confess to plagiarism..."

Before the woman could finish her accusation, Elin swiftly pushed a display case onto the stage.

And there it was, the dress, revealed for all to see.

The woman's demeanor shifted instantly, but she promptly yelled, "You didn't destroy it, which is just as well. Everyone, observe this craftsmanship, this embroidery. Isn't it precisely the same as the gala dress?"

()

Raegan calmly responded, "The gala dress isn't present. How can everyone make a comparison?"

With a gesture, she brought the gala dress onto the stage.

Placing them side by side facilitated a more direct comparison.

Indeed, they were identical.

The previously noisy scene abruptly fell silent. It was the first instance of someone presenting evidence against themselves.

Smugly, the woman remarked, "It's obvious to everyone. How will you explain this? It appears not only did you plagiarize the dress, but your degree might be counterfeit too!"

Raegan's expression remained steady as she calmly admitted, "I concede that the dresses are identical. However, it's common knowledge that this old design belongs to the esteemed designer Casey Hayes."

The woman sneered, "Despicable of you, attempting to plagiarize the work of a retired designer and thinking you could get away with it..."

Raegan was irritated by the woman's noise, particularly her mention of Casey. She icily interjected, "Casey Hayes is my mother."

Everyone was stunned. Casey was a renowned designer, celebrated both domestically and internationally. Raegan had such an incredible mother!

Katie had just arrived at the scene when Raegan announced herself to be Casey's daughter.

The expression on Katie's face drastically changed. This unassuming Raegan was Casey Hayes' daughter? How could it be?

Even before the Internet was developed, Casey was already well-known in the upper-class circle. For the people in the upper-class circle, her name was a legend.

Casey became even more famous when she embroidered incredibly complex ancient paintings on her designs in just half a month.

The exquisiteness of her embroidery works was unmatched. No one could surpass her.

At a young age, Casey was already celebrated as a genius designer.

She was so popular that even the royalties of other countries often invited her to customize designs for them. It could be said that this period marked the pinnacle of her career.