

Desperation 138

Chapter 138

The banquet hall was decked out in high fashion, bustling with elegantly dressed guests. A magnificent chandelier hung

overhead, casting a dazzling light throughout the room. Even the chairs in the resting area were designed in unique, irregular

shapes, adding to the modern vibe.

Many guests glanced occasionally at one particular chair, distinguished only by a name tag labeled Attelia, stirring curiosity.

Her name alone seemed to captivate everyone's attention.

Though Attelia had not yet arrived, reporters were already snapping photos of her chair from every angle, rushing to post them

online, eager not to be outdone by their peers.

After taking his photos, a male reporter noticed a female reporter beside him and curiously remarked, "Is that dress you're

wearing from the Ramos Group's latest collection? The one designed by Jessica?"

The woman nodded with a conflicted look. "Yes, I was immediately struck by this dress when it launched and couldn't wait to buy

it. But then, at yesterday's Design Exchange Competition, Jessica was accused of intentionally knocking over a water bottle to

ruin Ashley's design sketches."

"Alas, Jessica may have a questionable character, but I really love this dress she designed. I struggled with whether to keep it or

not. Then I decided to wear it today and then put it away, never to wear it again."

The reporter was torn. She loved her dress, yet someone of dubious character designed it. She worried about gossip if she wore

it out.

But she couldn't bring herself to throw it away either, deciding to indulge just this once before vowing never to buy from the

Ramos Group again.

The male reporter, understanding her dilemma, patted her shoulder comfortingly and wanted to say something. Just then,

Jessica and Frankie arrived at the banquet hall.

“Look, Jessica and Frankie are here!”

According to the Design Exchange Competition traditions, designers attending the dinner usually wore their own creations.

Jessica was dressed in a blue velvet fishtail dress. The rolling hem of the

dress trailed behind her like ocean waves, seeming to come alive with

each step she took. She looked like a mermaid coming from the sea with that stunning gown.

She also wore matching blue velvet gloves that reached her elbows, completing her ensemble’s elegant and noble look.

“Look at Jessica’s gown. It’s gorgeous!”

“I’ve seen many mermaid gowns, but none as beautiful as this. She looks like a real mermaid.”

As soon as Jessica and Frankie appeared, the reporters rushed to take photos. “Jessica, did you design your gown?” they

asked.

Jessica leisurely glanced over the hall, noticing the admiration in everyone’s eyes. Feeling smug, she nodded with a composed

look. “Yes, I designed it myself. According to the rules of Design Exchange

Competition, attending designers must wear their own designs, so I chose this mermaid gown.”

When they heard her confirmation, the crowd’s respect for Jessica’s talent as a designer grew.

Despite her flawed character, it was undeniable that Jessica’s designs were brilliant, surpassing all the other designers present.

In the crowd not far away, a few designers caught sight of such a stunning creation and habitually commented in low voices,

“Have you noticed? From the bodice to the gloves, the design of this gown is very reminiscent of Attelia. It’s really impressive

that Jessica managed to design something like this.”

“The only pity is that the gown is too noble and elegant. Jessica, though the designer who crafted it herself, can’t bring out the

true beauty of this

ensemble.”

It's inevitable. Jessica's looks and figure are not particularly remarkable. If a professional model wore it, the gown would look

even more beautiful."

Jessica was basking in the crowd's praise, her vanity satisfied like never before. When she heard the last remark, her face

suddenly stiffened with a clear displeasure.

Frankie heard the crowd's discussion too, but couldn't refute it.

Jessica was good-looking but not strikingly gorgeous.

In fact, the Ramos family members were all quite attractive, but Jessica wasn't their biological daughter and naturally didn't

inherit their beauty.

However, even after growing up away from the family, Ashley possessed a stunning beauty that surpassed everyone in the

Ramos family.

Frankie had once doubted if Ashley was really one of the Ramos family because she was just too beautiful to be true.

The first time he brought Ashley back to the Ramos family, he found it strange, wondering how Evan and Bertha could have such

a beautiful daughter.

As Frankie's thoughts wandered, a commotion suddenly arose at the entrance of the banquet hall.

Everyone subconsciously turned to look, and then, in the next second, they were rendered speechless by the dazzling beauty

before them.

At the entrance, Ashley and Jaden stepped into the hall together.

Ashley wore a spectacularly gorgeous and elegant gown, its fabric accentuating her already smooth skin, making it appear even

more delicate and lustrous, like a fine pearl.

The gown was designed with a cinched waist, perfectly highlighting her slender waist.

Most striking was the hem of the gown, embroidered with silver thread in a lavish yet mysterious pattern, reflecting dazzling light

with her every

move.

As Ashley walked into the banquet hall, the crowd, already stunned by the gown, grew even more amazed and admiring as they

got a clearer view of her face. They couldn't be more astonished.

She was exquisitely beautiful, exuding a captivating charm. Her red lips were temptingly bright and paired with her gown. She

looked like an enchanting flower blooming from the abyss, bewitching and alluring.

The crowd felt she was too stunning, too shocking.

"She's so beautiful."

"That's Ashley. It was so beautiful that my heart nearly skipped a beat. I thought Jessica's mermaid dress was nice, but now I

realize Ashley is the

most stunning person here."

The reporters who were just interviewing Jessica immediately swarmed towards the entrance, eager to interview Ashley and

Jaden.

Even other designers in the hall couldn't contain their excitement and gathered around to watch.

When she saw this, Jessica's fingernails dug into her flesh. She bit her lower lip hard, her eyes filled with unwilling jealousy and

resentful anger towards Ashley.

She felt that as long as that contemptible Ashley appeared, she would always be overshadowed. But she should have been the

one in the spotlight.

Jessica thought of Ashley as a worthless outcast abandoned by the Ramos family, never her match.

At this moment, Frankie, staring in Ashley's direction, took more than a dozen seconds to snap back from his daze. Ashley was

his sister, and he felt that she had changed a lot since leaving the Ramos family.

Ashley remained as breathtakingly beautiful as ever, but her demeanor had changed dramatically.

Although she dressed in such a luxurious and stunningly beautiful gown, the gown didn't overshadow Ashley. It instead served

as a foil to her.

Moreover, Ashley's design talent had surpassed all the designers he knew, including Jessica.

Frankie wondered if Ashley had designed the gown herself.

Just then, a female designer close to Ashley recognized the gown she was wearing. "Isn't that the Iris Twilight from Glory

Youveile?"

Iris Twilight was a collector's edition gown designed by Glory Youveile's chief designer, Attelia. It was an instant favorite among

royals and socialites upon its release.

But this Iris Twilight, limited in production and priceless, was unavailable for many wealthy socialites, regardless of their wealth.

Once the name Iris Twilight was mentioned, other designers in the hall recognized it too.

"Wow, it really is Iris Twilight. Its fabric, style, and embroidery is undoubtedly a limited edition designed by Attelia."

"Wait! How come Ashley is wearing a gown designed by Attelia?"

This question brought a momentary silence to the noisy banquet hall.

According to the convention's tradition, designers attending the banquet usually wore their own designs. Now Ashley was

wearing Attelia's gown. Everyone began to speculate....