

Desperation 143

Chapter 143

In the past, Frankie would have rushed to defend Jessica upon hearing someone talk about her like that.

But now, Frankie just stood there, as if deaf to the insults hurled at Jessica and blind to her current embarrassing situation.

He could only see one person, Ashley, who was stunningly beautiful among the crowd.

Everyone else was a blur. Only Ashley was crystal clear. She was his beloved sister.

The disdainful and mocking glances from others felt like thorns in Frankie's back, unbearable. He wanted to turn and flee, to

escape from there.

Yet, his eyes stayed on Ashley.

At that moment, Ashley was surrounded by reporters, bombarded with questions.

A reporter finally voiced a question that had been lingering in her mind for a long time, "Ashley, you've always been known for

designing women's wear and have never ventured into men's fashion. Will you consider designing men's clothing in the future?"

Upon hearing this, Jaden also looked at Ashley in curiosity.

Ashley, as if struck by a thought, lowered her eyelashes and chuckled, looking breathtakingly beautiful.

She replied, "I won't be designing men's wear for the public."

The journalists, clever as ever, immediately caught the point in her words. "Not publicly? Does that mean you might design men's

clothing privately?"

"Wow, which lucky gentleman has the privilege of having Attelia's design? Ashley, is he someone special to you?"

Ashley's eyes sparkled like jewels, her lips red, and she said, "I'm sorry, I can't answer that"

But Jaden got it instantly.

He didn't even need to guess. It was obviously about Ashley's childhood fiancé.

'Hoes before bro, huh, Ashley?' Jaden thought. He had been Ashley's best friend since childhood, yet Ashley never designed

any clothes for him.

The reporters at the event had live-streamed everything that was happening tonight.

Netizens had been eagerly curious about what Attelia really looked like.

Then, in the live stream, they saw Ashley was indeed Attelia.

Everyone was stunned.

[No way!]

[You're Ash, and also Attelia?]

[Ashley, you are amazing!]

Various social media platforms were quickly dominated by two hashtags, "Ashley is Attelia" and "Jessica Steals Ashley's Design

Drafts". Especially the revelation that Ashley was Attelia shot up to the number one trending topic.

The netizens couldn't contain their curiosity and eagerly started following Ashley on her social page.

Ashley's follower count was skyrocketing at an astonishing rate, increasing by tens of thousands with each refresh, setting a new

record for gaining followers!

Meanwhile, the dinner party came to an end.

Ashley and Jaden left the banquet hall together.

Frankie had been staring at Ashley. Seeing Ashley leaving, he started to follow her without a second thought.

However, Jessica stopped him, her eyes welled up with tears, seemingly pitiful. "Frankie, all the reporters are talking about me

stealing design drafts...

Her reputation was completely ruined now.

There was no way to salvage it, and she couldn't bear this outcome.

Jessica's eyes were red in anxiety, her voice thick with sobs. "Frankie..."

But before Jessica could say anything, Frankie looked at her. expressionless.

Jessica felt her heart skip a beat, anxious and nervous.

She couldn't tell if it was with goodwill or malice by the way Frankie. looked at her.

Frankie's face was stern, devoid of any emotion. He didn't even have the patience to talk to Jessica and pushed her away

forcefully.

Wearing high heels, Jessica couldn't maintain her balance and fell to the ground with a thud.

Frankie didn't even look at her, rushing towards the exit of the banquet hall, seemingly chasing someone in a hurry.

Jessica fell clumsily to the ground in the public. Her first reaction wasn't to get up but to stare at Frankie's retreating figure in disbelief.

She couldn't believe Frankie hadn't listened to her, hadn't noticed her tears, and had even pushed her down. 'Has Frankie lost

his mind?"

At that moment, Frankie reached the exit and finally caught up with Ashley. He ran up to her, about to speak, but was met with

Ashley's cold and disdainful gaze.

Frankie's words died in his throat.

Ashley didn't want to bother Frankie and left with Jaden.

Frankie turned around numbly, watching Ashley's retreating figure. His legs felt as heavy as if filled with iron, unable to move.

The way Ashley looked at him just now was so cold, so disdain, as if even glancing at him was beneath her.

Indeed, why wouldn't Ashley despise him?

He had once stooped so low as to try to send Ashley to prison.

Ashley had every reason to hate him.

Frankie was overcome with cowardice not daring to follow her. He felt his heart was being tortured, overwhelmed with regret for

the first time. Frankie stood there like a statue, staring in the direction Ashley had left. But Ashley was long gone, and he couldn't

find her figure, but he

remained there, staring blankly in that direction.

People bustled around him, but he stood still.

After an unknown amount of time, Frankie finally moved, wandering the

street.

The sky had darkened, with few people around, only cars with their lights on speeding past. The neon lights on the street cast reflections on his disheartened face.

Frankie wandered, crossing the street in a daze, nearly getting hit by a car without realizing it.

The driver cursed loudly, but Frankie was oblivious.

'It's all over, everything. The Ramos family's fashion brand is finished. The Ramos family's entertainment company is beyond

saving. And Ashley, she...

Unbeknownst to him, the sky had started to rain.

Frankie soaked to the skin, his clothes heavy and clinging. He didn't seek shelter but walked on, lost in a daze.

Meanwhile, the weather was sunny and pleasant on a small island abroad.

In a villa on the island, a butler hurried into the living room, excitedly reporting to a handsome man in a wheelchair, "Mr. Pliskin,

the chief designer of Glory Youveile, Attelia, has gone public! Her photo is all over the internet now!"

The man in the wheelchair, Lester Pliskin, was strikingly handsome, but he seemed to have a problem with his legs.

Upon hearing what butler said, he picked up his cellphone.

His mother was a big fan of Glory Youveile's clothing and had always wanted to meet the chief designer. However, this designer

was mysterious and never seen in public.

Finally, the chief designer had come to the public now.

He found a photo of Attelia online, but the next second, his eyes widened. In shock upon seeing the stunning girl in the picture. A

trace of confusion and surprise emerged on his face.

"This Ashley... She looks like Mom.'

He remembered he had a little sister who had gone missing as a child and started to wonder.

The man gazed intently at Ashley's photo. After a moment, he spoke in a low, magnetic voice. "Send someone to Zyrinthia to

investigate Attelia's background."

The butler stood straight. "Yes, Mr. Pliskin."

However, the man suddenly changed his mind, his eyes narrowing. “Never mind, I’ll go to Zyrinthia myself”