

Extraordinary 961

[Chapter 961 A Challenge](#)

“Listen to me, Ms. Berry. What about you let Lynette do this? She's a celebrity, while you're just an influencer. This is not where you should be,” Emerson Conley insinuated.

The manager smiled half-heartedly at Ashlyn, looking at her with disdain as if he intended to challenge her in public.

While bystanders watched on to see how the feud would turn out, Ashlyn remained unperturbed. “I'm sorry, Mr. Conley, I'm aware that the pressure in showbiz can get a bit overwhelming, but that doesn't mean I'll just pass this chance to a fake.”

“Seriously, Ashlyn? Don't you feel tired of keeping up the act? Stop being so full of yourself. Everyone is being nice just because you're Mrs. Nolan,” Emerson ridiculed, folding his arms before his chest.

With Haddock Group's backing, the manager had no qualms about standing up to Ashlyn. In fact, he deliberately raised his volume so that everyone could hear his blunt insults.

Faced with the menacing manager from Haddock Entertainment, Ashlyn glanced at him and asked coldly, “You need to look at yourself in the mirror. You're just a nobody, so stop making threats because your company has your back.”

Emerson felt a chill run down his spine under Ashlyn's piercing glare.

Earlier, the models and make-up artists had gathered around, waiting to see Emerson teach Ashlyn a good lesson, but it turned out Ashlyn was getting the upper hand.

In the end, instead of wasting time on the troublemakers, Ashlyn went to the changing room to get changed.

When she came out again in the night sky dress, everyone was blown away.

Even the models, who had the perfect body for the job and could pull off any fashion piece, were flabbergasted by how well the dress complemented the regal air around Ashlyn and her flawless features.

The staff was equally stunned, for they knew bringing out the beauty of Ms. X's color-gradient-themed designs was no mean feat. The night sky dress had gradient hues with deep shades of green and blue at its bottom, and it adorned Ashlyn's slim body magnificently, making her figure look even taller.

Underneath the darker ends of the dress, her fair skin seemed fairer and shinier than it already was.

Everyone had thought that Ashlyn was merely a famous Twitter influencer who appeared to be pretty

just in her photos and videos, but when they saw her in person, they found themselves at a loss for words to describe her surpassing beauty.

The aura she gave off was no second to any models present.

The dress complemented her impeccably as if the fashion piece and the wearer were made especially for one another.

When Ashlyn saw that her appearance had knocked everyone out, she glanced at Lynette and said apathetically, "Lynlyn, right? Instead of showing off, why don't we compete fair and square on the runway?"

Emerson's face turned grim.

He looked at the dress Lynette had on her and instantly wondered how the same designer's work could look so luxurious on Ashlyn but unbecoming on Lynette. He had to admit that Lynette looked like a kid in an adult's clothes.

Not only did she fail to bring out the fineness of the piece, but there was also no trace of elegance in her.

Although she was about Ashlyn's height, her demeanor was nowhere close to hers.

When Cassandra saw this, a smug smile broke out on her face as she mumbled, "Well, a fake will always be a fake."

Meanwhile, Lucas was seated among the audience with his long legs crossed as he checked out stock market analyses on his tablet when Spencer whispered something in his ear.

When he heard what Spencer had to say, Lucas looked up T-shaped stage, and a frown spread between his brows.

[Chapter 962 An Unfolding Plan](#)

"Lynlyn provoked her?" Lucas asked.

"Yes. Cassandra sent me a text on WhatsApp," Spencer replied, taking out his phone to show Lucas the conversation.

"Dixon has gone overboard," Lucas remarked as glints of hatred shone in his eyes.

"It's time we launch our plan. I want these two out of the show. No one is getting in my wife's way," he added.

"Yes, Mr. Nolan."

With that said, Spencer walked out of the venue to carry out Lucas' orders while Lynette and Emerson remained clueless about what would befall them.

All that while, they had behaved impudently because Dixon was on their side, but little did they know, Ashlyn had Lucas watching her back, someone who would go to great lengths to protect her.

They were under the impression that Lucas and Ashlyn were just like any other high-profile couples in upper-class society who maintained merely a facade of a happy marriage.

To them, Lucas would not have kept Ashlyn's identity hidden if he truly loved her and had done so simply because he thought she was an embarrassment to him.

Since Ashlyn was nothing but a plaything whom her own husband detested, Emerson and Lynette walked all over her to their hearts' content.

As for Lynette, she had her own motivation—she was set on marrying Dixon so she could enjoy an easy life.

This was an achievable goal for her since Dixon supported her career and was fixated on grooming her to be a celebrity even more successful than Ashlyn.

That thought of her success was so appealing and exciting that it kept Lynette awake some nights.

Ashlyn Berry? Who does she think she is? She's just a lucky old woman. Dixon must have arranged for her to be in this show so that I could outshine her and prove to everyone who is the winner here. I'm clearly better than her.

That had been Lynette's meditation all along until she saw Ashlyn in that night sky dress, which formed a stark contrast with her.

At that moment, she felt a blow to her confidence, for it was irrefutable that Ashlyn was beautiful.

Although Lynette hated to admit it—and so did everyone present—Ashlyn managed to attract everyone's attention the moment she appeared before the crowd.

In the meantime, X Corporation's anniversary cum product launch was about to commence.

The backstage was busy as all the models were making final preparations for the event except for Ashlyn, who sat calmly in a corner.

She had but one task that night at the opening: showcasing the night sky dress—her masterpiece and the best hit of the year.

That art piece was so highly-esteemed that an internationally-acclaimed actress had booked it for one of her red-carpet events a month later.

While Ashlyn waited patiently for the event to begin, Emerson and Lynette threw taunting glances at her on and off as if they were mocking her for being an underserving influencer who had landed at the wrong place.

Still, Ashlyn would not stoop that low as to entertain them.

“Boss, those two pricks are so annoying,” Cassandra complained. She was so exasperated she felt the urge to drive a hammer through Emerson's disgusting face. “How dare they do that to you?” Cassandra fumed.

“We're not in the same league. Arguing with them will only make us seem low, so just leave the scums alone,” Ashlyn assured.

Judging from how Emerson and Lynette derived satisfaction from taking advantage of people, Ashlyn knew that they would not make it far on their road to success.

“They're annoying like flies, Boss. How could you be so unfazed?” Cassandra asked.

Ashlyn smiled at her question.

Cassandra could look silly sometimes, but that was what made her cute.

Bored, Cassandra took out her phone and pouted before taking a selfie for Spencer.

On the other end, when Spencer saw the adorable and youthful girl with bright round eyes in the photo, he felt a gush of heat shooting up his cheeks.

She was so charming that his heart raced and blood boiled.

Meanwhile, over at backstage, a woman stood not far away, watching Ashlyn and Cassandra until she finally walked over to them when the show was about to begin.

[Chapter 963 Party Poopers](#)

She was none other than Sadie Jensen. Although she was barely twenty, she had won many modeling awards within and without the country and was one of the few local big-shot models.

When the staff saw her, they flocked around her and greeted her warmly, “Hi, Sadie! It's such an honor to see you here.”

“There's no need for that,” she replied with an arrogant smile as she glanced at Cassandra before walking over confidently. “Cassandra, I heard from Shiela that you are Ashlyn's assistant now. What's

going on? Do you have nothing better to do?"

Cassandra pouted and glared at the five-foot-eight woman. Who do you think you are? You can't just waltz in here and talk down to me like that.

"It seems like you still have that habit of talking too much, Sadie," Cassandra commented.

"How could you talk like that to your younger sister, Cassandra?"

A commanding voice suddenly came from behind Sadie.

Cassandra froze when she heard that familiar voice.

Before she could say another word, a middle-aged man in a dark grey suit appeared, followed by an elaborately-dressed woman, Shiela Jensen.

At the man's entrance, Sadie tugged his arm and said, "Dad, look at Cassandra. She scolded me."

Dismayed, Robert Jensen glared at Cassandra and questioned, "What's wrong with you? How could you talk like that to Sadie? The Jensen family brought you up and gave you everything. I don't care if you like dressing up weirdly, but you should at least have a proper job that doesn't embarrass our family!"

Listening to Robert's unjustified chastisement, Cassandra stared at the three without any emotions on her face.

"Well, my two sisters would be jobless if I actually held a proper job. I'll make it so big there's no room for them," she scoffed.

"Watch your mouth!" Robert raged.

He could not understand how an adorable girl like Cassandra could grow up to be that rebellious.

"What's wrong with my mouth? Isn't it enough for you to take my blood for Shiela? I have never eaten anything but the servants' food and have worn nothing but Sadie and Shiela's clothes. I'm the one who sustains Shiela because she takes all my blood, so you'd better get the facts right. I am the one who saved your daughter!"

Cassandra had always detested the Jensen family and would still suffer under their persecution if it were not for Ashlyn.

"It's just a few drops of blood. You get replenished after a few days. Our family spent loads of money to send you to the best private school and the best university in Lake City. Do you think you can afford such a good life without us?" Robert interrogated intimidatingly as if he was talking to a lowly person who should kneel before him and lick his boots.

“Oh, just a few drops of blood, you said. Then why don't you ask Sadie to donate some to Shiela? You're treating me like this because I'm not one of the family!” Cassandra argued.

“Enough of your shameful behavior, Cassandra. Go home!” Robert barked. He was burning with anger when Cassandra talked back to him disrespectfully.

When things had escalated to that extent, Ashlyn figured it was time she interfered. Opening her eyes, she glanced at Robert impatiently and seethed, “I think you're the one who should leave.”

Hearing a stranger's voice, Robert directed his wrathful gaze at the source of the voice. Ashlyn's appearance stunned him for a brief moment, but he quickly reacted and said, “Who are you to talk to me like that?”

Although his harsh words carried no weight in light of Ashlyn's commanding aura, Robert refused to back down and straightened his back confidently, with his belly protruding more obviously.

“Do you have a problem with me disciplining my daughter?”

“Cassandra works for me, so no one crosses her without crossing me,” Ashlyn pronounced.

[Chapter 964 Sour Grapes](#)

“Um, Ms. Berry, this is Mr. Jensen, Mr. Shaw's future father-in-law... You might want to...” one of the backstage staff reminded Ashlyn softly after hurrying over.

She meant to say that they could not afford to offend Richard's fiancée and father-in-law.

After all, Ashlyn was only Richard's godsister, which was nothing compared to his direct family.

When Robert heard the woman speaking to him was Ashlyn, he turned contemptuous and sneered, “Ha! Ashlyn Berry? Are you the unknown influencer who took Sadie's spot at the opening show? Lucas must love you so much to throw you out under the spotlight, walking down a runway.”

Ashlyn smiled at his snarky comments. “Oh, I suppose you must also love your daughter so much you allow her to do a humble job like modeling.”

Robert was caught off guard by her witty comeback, but he quickly replied, “My daughter is a supermodel. Do you know what that is? She's famous worldwide! You're nothing compared to her. You're just a wannabe.”

“Actually, did you drink from the toilet before coming here? Is that why nothing good comes out of your mouth when you speak?” Ashlyn dissed.

“You—You're so vulgar!” Robert exclaimed, his face puffing red as he breathed heavily.

Cassandra was enough to piss him off, let alone another woman who talked just like her.

I swear birds of the same feather flock together. This filthy woman is just like Cassandra!

“You're the one who started it, Mr. Jensen. You said I was a wannabe. It seems like Jensen Group's president is equally vulgar. Your level of sophistication amazed me,” Ashlyn refuted as she glanced dispassionately at the man and his daughters.

“To be honest, I'm not surprised the daughters you brought up turned out to love sour grapes,” Ashlyn added.

Here, she smiled and clapped, signaling her men to bring some Sour Patch Kids.

A man in black took the cue and shoved two packets of Sour Patch Kids in Shiela and Sadie's hands.

“Have some sour candies and stop eating sour grapes.”

“You!” Shiela screamed in vexation as she held her slightly swollen belly. “Do you think you can walk all over me and call me a sore loser just because Richie is your godbrother? I'll tell him everything you did!”

“Go ahead, but just on a side note, I wasn't expecting you to admit that you're a sore loser,” Ashlyn pointed out fearlessly, her brows arched.

“Dad! This is too much! How could she shame me like this?” Shiela cried, her eyes turning red.

“Calm down, Shiela. You're pregnant now,” Sadie reminded as she held her sister's waist, still not forgetting to glare at Ashlyn to show support for her sister. “Let me warn you, Ashlyn. You'll be responsible if anything happens to the baby,” she threatened.

Then, she looked at the person in charge and demanded, “I want to be in the opening show. Shiela will be Richard's wife soon, so you'd better do as I say or be prepared to be fired.”

Sadie's tone was so overbearing one would mistake her for the president's wife herself.

Caught in a tight spot, the person in charge glanced at Ashlyn and looked back at Sadie, saying, “I'm sorry, Ms. Sadie. Mr. Shaw gave explicit orders to have Ms. Berry as the model for the opening show, so I can't do anything to change that.”

“I'll call Richard right now. There's no way an influencer can replace a model at Shaw Group's opening show. This is going to be the biggest joke ever. Richard must have mistaken,” Sadie insisted as she reached for her phone.

“Aren't you making an appearance at the closing show? That's the grand finale. Wouldn't that be better?” the man suggested, wiping off the sweat from his forehead.

It was no easy task trying to navigate the Jensen family's dynamic.

“But I want to be the first! I want to wear the night sky dress. I can pull it off better than she does!”

[Chapter 965 The Verdict](#)

Sadie held her father's arm and urged, “Dad, help me out. Call Richard and ask him to let me wear the night sky dress. Ms. X will definitely sign a contract with me to be her model if she sees me in her dress. I'll be able to score many other good deals if I get to work with her.”

Sadie was exhilarated just by the thought of her career taking a potential leap ahead of her peers.

As a designer, Ms. X had never signed exclusive contracts with any models and had always picked models right before her shows in a last-minute fashion.

Since many models coveted a chance to work with that designer, Sadie was also adamant about grabbing the opportunity to wear the night sky dress.

She wanted to be the one to shine in Ms. X's fashion piece.

Learning Sadie's ambition, Cassandra let out a laugh and informed, “Too bad, Sadie. You're never getting any contract with Ms. X. Never.”

“Stop pouring cold water on my plan! I'm a supermodel. No one can stop me!” Sadie retorted, eyeing Cassandra angrily.

Her reaction only made Cassandra laugh more deviously. “So what? Ms. X wouldn't want you even if you're a supermodel. You're just a sore loser.”

Here, she looked at Sadie from head to toe and added, “I thought you wanted to call Richard. Go on. What are you waiting for?”

Sadie's grip tightened around her phone at the provocation. Determined, she clenched her jaw and dialed Richard's number.

Beside her, Shiela glanced worriedly at her younger sister since she knew Richard would always ignore calls, including hers, during work.

As she expected, a busy signal came through the phone after continuous ringing, and Richard did not pick up.

“He must be busy,” Sadie remarked, trying to salvage the embarrassing situation.

“Why are you looking for me?” A magnetic male voice came ringing backstage right at that moment.

All eyes turned to the entrance, where a man in a black suit was spotted walking gracefully in with the light shining behind him, making him look extraordinarily captivating.

Thrilled to see the man, Shiela walked over and greeted sweetly, “What brings you here, Richie?”

Hiding her excitement when she saw the charming man, Sadie cast an envious glance at Shiela, whom Richard pulled into his arms upon seeing her.

Sadie hated that she was born later than Shiela, for she would have ended up with Richard if she were older.

“What's going on here?” Richard asked gently as he tried to conceal the nauseating feeling he got from Shiela's perfume.

He wondered why the woman would still wear perfume when she was pregnant, but he had no time to dwell on it since Shiela had spoken.

“It's about Sadie. She wants to be on the runway for the opening show, but the person in charge said you'd chosen Ms. Berry to do it, so we asked her if she could let Sadie have the chance instead. Ms. Berry doesn't seem very keen about the idea, though,” Shiela replied in an ingratiating manner, trying to put forward a narrative that favored Sadie.

Although she and her family were the ones who demanded that Ashlyn give up her chance to wear the night sky dress, Shiela created the impression that they had a civilized conversation with Ashlyn, who eventually threw a tantrum because of their suggestion.

Cassandra was no stranger to the Jensen family's shameless attitude, but the show Shiela put up surprised Cassandra with how low they could stoop to achieve their goals.

She was so disgusted she felt she almost vomited in their faces.

“Well, Richard, I thought about letting her do it, but not anymore. I believe you must have your reason for picking me in the first place,” Ashlyn chimed in at this point, smiling at Richard, who struggled briefly to repress his feelings.

Quickly, he controlled his emotion and looked dotingly at Ashlyn, saying, “You're the best person to pull this dress off. Correct me if I'm wrong.”

“Richard,” Sadie blurted disbelievingly, “what do you mean?”

“You heard it right. The night sky dress looks the best on her,” he reiterated coldly.

Appalled, Shiela shot a doubtful gaze at Richard, only to see a cold and hard expression written on his face.

[Chapter 966 A Threat](#)

Shiela had always thought that Richard was a gentle and warm man, but somehow, there were also times when she realized he would never open up to her.

It was as if there was an irreconcilable chasm between them.

She once suspected that Cassandra had been trying to snatch Richard from her, but what just happened threw a totally different light on the situation.

For all Shiela knew, she might have suspected the wrong person all along, for she had just caught Richard gazing at Ashlyn with tenderness and love in his eyes. In fact, he would have patted Ashlyn's head indulgently if Ashlyn had not moved aside agilely. "Richard, don't mess up my hair."

"Come on. What's the big deal? The hair stylist is here," he replied with his eyes curved in a smile.

Richard was not a man who smiled easily, but whenever he was with Ashlyn, he could just be himself instead of maintaining the image of the company's president. It was like a brother was having a chat with his sister.

"I know, but it's a hassle to do my hair again," Ashlyn remarked, raising her brows.

Their interaction took Sadie, Shiela, and the staff aback.

Richard seemed much closer to Ashlyn than anyone from the Jensen family. In fact, he was not even as attentive to his fiancée.

The person in charge of the show was incredibly remorseful because it seemed like he had been trying to curry favor with the wrong person.

As for Shiela, she was so irritated that she clenched her fists tightly, driving her nails into her flesh.

The smile on her face was so distorted that one could mistake her for crying. Out of jealousy, she tried to regain Richard's attention by saying, "Richie! I think the baby just kicked me."

Hearing her, Richard turned back and pulled her into his arms. "I told you not to come, but you didn't listen. I'd be upset if anything happened to the baby."

"But I'm the president's wife. I have to attend the company's event. What would people say if I'm absent today?" Shiela explained, gazing at Richard lovingly as if she was trying to show Sadie, Cassandra, and Ashlyn that she was the rightful person to have Richard.

What's so good about Ashlyn? She's married and soiled. Why is Richie so close to her? I'm the one who has his child. I'll show all these women I am his only woman when I marry him.

Shiela had gone to the anniversary event that day because she wanted to put all the women who had eyes on Richard in their places by showing them that she was his fiancée—the one worthy of him.

Reading the room clearly, Ashlyn looked at the pretentious Shiela and then at the fuming Sadie, who was worked up by Richard's decision.

It was apparent that Sadie dared not question Richard, so she asked Robert for help instead. “Dad, do something. Ask Richard to give me that role. I want to wear the night sky dress.”

“That's enough. He must have his reason for doing that,” Robert dissuaded. He did not have the gut to challenge Richard's decision.

“You'll have another chance, Sadie. Besides, doing the closing show is already good enough,” the father consoled her.

“But the night sky dress looks so pretty,” Sadie insisted.

She was upset and irked, for she did not see why she should let Ashlyn have it all when her sister was the one who would be marrying Richard, the president of the company.

“There are many pretty dresses you can try in the future. It doesn't have to be this one,” Robert coaxed, trying to swallow his disgruntlement.

His son-in-law's unquestionable support for Ashlyn had shown him the importance of the woman.

I bet that woman is really something since Richard is also helping her, but that makes sense. She's the woman Lucas Nolan married, anyway. She must be no mean fry. I just hope Sadie knows when to stop before stepping on Richard's toes.

Robert had mistakenly thought that Ashlyn had fallen out of favor with Lucas, but it turned out that Richard was still her solid backing.

[Chapter 967 Berry](#)

There's no way the Jenson family can challenge Richard's authority with our status. He sucked a deep breath to calm his irritation before walking over to Ashlyn. Flashing her a kind smile, he started, “Ms. Berry, it was Sadie's and Shiela's fault earlier. I hope you don't take it to heart.”

Sadie, Shiela, and the crowd were stunned. Robert, who looked like a distinguished businessman earlier, actually stooped down and apologized to Ashlyn.

Sadie screamed, "Dad! Why are you apologizing to her?"

She's just Richard's godsister! I'm Richard's sister-in-law!

"Sadie, don't be obstinate and cause trouble for your brother-in-law." Robert cast a cutting gaze at Sadie.

Despite the immense displeasure, Sadie didn't make another peep.

With a raised brow, Ashlyn explained, "Everyone here had passed an interview conducted by Ms. X herself. Only Sadie had pulled some strings to get in. It wasn't my intention to show up at the opening abruptly like this, but Richard said that I was the most suitable person for this dress."

With an impassive look and an imposing aura, she continued, "If that's the case, I'm the only one who can wear this. I'm sorry, everyone."

Everyone, who was listening to Ashlyn backstage, was baffled.

"Ms. X conducted the interview herself? But they didn't mention any designer being present then!"

"That's right. Did anyone see Ms. X? Which one is her exactly?"

"I didn't know we were interviewed by Ms. X."

All of the models began to discuss fervently over the news.

Sadie was shocked too. "Ms. X interviewed them herself? Why didn't I know that? Ah! I actually missed out on a chance to meet Ms. X?" she murmured.

She thought all it needed was one word from Shiela to get her on the runway at a show by The Shaws.

Her feelings were a complex mix of uneasiness and jealousy.

Gone was her mood to argue for the opening show. Instead, all she could think of was how the rest of the nameless models got to meet X, and she didn't.

Becoming Ms. X's go-to model had always been her aim.

Yet, regret washed over her at that moment. Finally, she inhaled deeply, steeled herself, and turned to Richard. "Richard, can you introduce me to Ms. X? If Ms. X is willing to meet me... I swear I'll do my best."

"You've offended Ms. X, yet you expect me to introduce you? That's impossible." Despite his apathetic

expression, his words were cruel.

The dumb and dumber sisters of the Jenson family don't have the right to be X's go-to models.

“W-When have I offended her?”

Sadie nearly fainted from Richard's accusation.

I only offended Ashlyn! How did I offend Ms. X? What's their relationship?

Sadie wouldn't get her answer anytime soon because the anniversary celebration had just begun.

Ashlyn was the opening act. With confident strides, she walked up the runway. She wasn't a professional model, yet when she got up the T-stage, she looked like she was born to walk the runway with her elegant catwalk and superb control of her expression.

A simple night sky dress perfectly covered her sensual body, making her look beautiful and imposing.

She was the only one on the runway. Yet, she carried herself as though she was leading an army clad in armor.

Suddenly, one of the well-known fashion designers shouted, “Oh my gosh! I think I saw the queen of fashion shows—Berry! She only walked the runway once at Paris Fashion Week!”

Everyone in the local fashion community knew of a model called Berry. That model had only walked one show, but her catwalk sent amazement rippling across the fashion industry.

Her height was only five feet six. She was considered the shortest among the towering models over five feet eight.

[Chapter 968 Biggest Mistake In Her Career](#)

However, there was one time when she did the opening act for the international luxury brand, Ctene's fashion show. Her expression was indifferent, yet her aura was strong.

It amazed the crowd.

Her professional walk and incredible stage presence converged with her attire as one.

With that, she became an overnight sensation. However, she never appeared at another fashion show ever again.

Moreover, she wore sunglasses during the show so no one could see her whole face.

Ashlyn's every stride, movement, and expression matched Berry's perfectly.

“Berry? How is that possible?”

“Why can't it be possible? That model is Berry, while she's Ashlyn Berry. I think they're one and the same.”

As Ashlyn finished her walk, the audience showered her with warm applause.

The models who looked down at Ashlyn earlier were all baffled.

Her powerful walk and the way she carried herself as though she was marching into war clad in armor had astonished them. She was the only one on the runway, yet she looked like a queen.

She conveyed and etched the concept and everything about the dress into the heart of everyone at the scene. The dress and she were one.

Richard was right. Ashley was the most suitable candidate for the dress.

She was so skilled that all it took was one glimpse of her to engrave in the mind of anyone who'd seen her.

Even though Sadie was a supermodel and had received major awards before, she had heard of the legendary Berry. All it took was one show, and Berry was seared into the memories of everyone from the fashion industry. She was the elusive existence of countless models.

Innumerable models aspired to be Berry. They wanted to be pursued and admired by the fashion industry like her.

The legendary model now stood at the end of the runway and finished with her second show. Sadie felt her mind crumbling after watching Ashlyn's performance.

Ashlyn's performance was too perfect. She was such a radiant glow on stage.

Watching Ashlyn approaching her, Sadie's body stiffened. Fear suddenly engulfed her, rendering her scared to take the first step onto the brightly lit stage.

A model behind her gave her a push. “Go!”

Sadie snapped out of her daze, took a deep breath, and strode toward the stage.

She was in a daze throughout her walk, especially when her gaze swept past the dark silhouettes off-stage. Suddenly, her foot landed wrongly and tipped her body sideways.

Once her balance was lost, she crumpled knee-first onto the floor.

Her mind blanked out at the shock of her mistake.

Falling on the runway was a common occurrence. A shoe slipping off a model's foot or accidentally stepping on the hem of a dress was very common too.

Committing the mistakes wasn't the scariest part, but a test of the model's quick wit to salvage one's mistake.

With the jumbled mess of thoughts racing across her mind, Sadie finally realized her situation when gasps from the audience reached her ears.

She struggled to stand up but slipped back onto the hard surface again. It could be her nerves were getting the better of her, or something else.

Falling twice consecutively sent waves of pain into her knees. The throbbing nearly caused her to lose control of her expression.

When Sadie still didn't get up after a while, the model next in line had no choice but to stride toward Sadie and help her up.

Once she had her arms around Sadie, she began her walk back.

Bearing the immense pain, Sadie walked back offstage, but her walk was a complete mess.

Not the slightest poise of a model was in sight.

After taking a few steps, she finally pulled herself together and continued on her own.

I've made a spectacle of myself! It's a huge embarrassment!

The audience and reporters sitting offstage had recorded the scene where she fell twice and uploaded them onto the internet.

Sadie was sobbing as she returned backstage. The mistake was the biggest humiliation in her modeling career.

A few models started consoling her.

Shiela and Robert had also rushed backstage to check on her.

However, all the consoling was useless.

Ashlyn had finished changing into the gown Rosalind gave her and went to take a seat in the VIP section.

[Chapter 969 Welcome X](#)

A front-row seat in the VIP section was reserved for her. Cassandra couldn't suppress her excitement and exclaimed, "Boss, you were amazing up there!"

Ashlyn chuckled. "It was not too bad."

Meanwhile, at the last row of the VIP section, a dark gaze was pinned on Ashlyn.

The man greedily drank in every move she made.

Ashlyn's radiant presence on stage replayed in his mind as his eyes glued to her.

When the show ended, it was already late night.

Ashlyn let out a yawn and glanced at her watch. "It's already so late. I really want to go back and sleep."

I wonder if Lucas is asleep.

The master of the ceremony's voice pulled her out of her thought. "Please welcome Mr. Richard Shaw, CEO of The Shaws."

Richard's tall, lean body walking up the stage came into her sight when she lifted her gaze. He proceeded to give a speech once he reached the podium.

During the course, her eyelids were getting heavier and heavier. His voice lulled her to sleep.

The master of the ceremony's question jolted Ashlyn awake. "Was Ms. Ashlyn, who walked the opening act, the Berry who was all the rage in the fashion industry a few years ago? Here, we found the only photo when Berry walked the runway a few years ago. We'll put the two photos side by side for comparison."

At the heel of his words, a photo of Berry walking the runway a few years ago showed up on the massive screen on stage instantly. Despite the sunglasses obscuring half of her face, the audience could still see her nose, lips, and chin.

They were an exact match to Ashlyn's features in the photo pulled up at the side.

Shocked murmurs arose from the crowd.

"Oh my gosh! They're the same person!"

"It's actually true!"

"Berry is a top supermodel! Even though she never received any awards, all professionals in the industry

praised her for her abilities!”

“They claim she's the queen of the modeling world!”

Ashlyn found the whole thing boring.

Isn't the master of the ceremony and Richard being too childish? I can't believe they dug out an earlier photo of me helping someone walk the runway and even put it side by side with my current one.

The corners of Richard's lips curled into a faint smile as his gaze darted between the two photos. “Ashlyn was still young when she walked the Ctene fashion show. A model happened to fall sick, and as an emergency measure, they threw her on stage. No one ever imagined she would know how to catwalk and did exceptionally well at that!” Richard explained, his voice gentle.

“Woah! How do you know the details, Mr. Shaw?” A look of shock crossed the master of the ceremony's face. “Then... why didn't she walk the runway again after that?”

“She had other things to do. The things she wanted to do weren't limited to the runway.” Amusement flashed across Richard's stoic face. “Let us welcome the famous Ms. X on stage! I'm sure everyone has a lot of questions for her.”

“What? Ms. X is here?”

“I thought she never reveals her face to the public?”

“Yeah, I heard she's very mysterious. Not only is she a designer for LX Corporation but also for X Corporation. Besides, The Shaws is the holding company of X Corporation.”

“Say... why do you think she's so awesome? She got an award during London Fashion Week. I heard she's a young lady.”

“I heard the same thing too! A young girl walked up the stage to receive the trophy then.”

A heated discussion brewed amid the audience. “Is this considered an Easter egg? The agenda on the invitation card didn't mention Ms. X would show up.”

“This is an enormous Easter egg then!”

However, two minutes ticked by, and X didn't step onto the stage.

The fervent murmurs began to die down. The scene fell into a dead silence.

The audience exchanged confused glances. “Why didn't she go up?”

Richard shot a resigned look in Ashlyn's direction. "What? Are you not coming up just because I didn't inform you beforehand?"

Ashlyn sat there with a deadpan expression as though Richard wasn't talking to her.

What is this nonsense? Didn't we already agree on me not showing my face and only receiving dividends for my designs? What now? Richard is becoming more and more unreliable. He's really getting on my nerves.

[Chapter 970 Shiela Is X](#)

With a degree in fashion and a fashion designer who graduated from a design academy overseas, Shiela sat among the audience.

Before her pregnancy, she was a designer for the Jensen Group. When the silence was turning awkward, she figured it was time for her to save the show. Sticking out her slightly showing belly, she got up from her seat and strode toward the stage.

Even in her pregnant state, she still wore high heels. Hence every step she took was done with care.

The audience stared at Shiela with stunned expressions when they saw her standing up.

"Oh my gosh! Shiela Jensen?"

"So Ms. Shiela is X?"

"Ms. Shiela sure kept a low profile."

"Yeah, she's a winner in life being a well-known designer, and now that she's even the future wife of The Shaws' CEO."

Her lips curved into a smile as the praises from the crowd carried into Shiela's ears. Since no one stood up, she knew X didn't want to reveal herself.

I might as well help Richie out of this mess since X wants to lie low.

She didn't expect Richard's expression to turn grim at her stupid, presumptuous decision.

Richard directed his frigid gaze at Sheila.

He fixed his cold gaze on Shiela and asked. "Why are you coming up here?"

Shiela's body stiffened. Oh, no... His gaze is so cold. Why is he looking at me like this?

Calming her pounding heart, she opened her mouth and explained softly, "Richie... I-I just wanted to help you."

"Do you think I, Richard Shaw, need you to help me?" A cold smile curved Richard's lips. A flicker of contempt flashed past his eyes. "Or are you thinking of stealing the show? Dreaming of becoming X?"

"No... I didn't!"

Shiela felt she was suffocating under Richard's sharp, knowing gaze.

Color drained from her face as she didn't know how to explain her actions.

Her vanity reached a new level after she got engaged to Richard.

She enjoyed the fame that came with that, and the feeling of crushing Cassandra beneath her feet. The envious and jealous gazes the others gave her filled her with a sense of pride.

Richard chuckled softly, but the amusement didn't reach his eyes.

"If you're not, then what are you doing up here? I'm calling Ms. X and not you, my dear fiancée."

The way he addressed her as his dear fiancée was like a slap across her face.

Feeling humiliated, Shiela wanted to return to her seat but figured that was embarrassing.

She wanted to continue on but didn't dare to take another step under Richard's cutting gaze.

Mortification washed over her.

She wanted a hole to open up in the ground and swallow her whole.

I'm his fiancée! Why can't he leave some dignity for me? He basically slapped me across my cheek for all to see.

Shiela was close to tears.

In her moment of desperation, Richard's voice sounded again. After a sigh, he muttered, "Ashlyn, do you want me to go down there and invite you up?"

Ashlyn?

Ashlyn's features scrunched with frustration. Richard's revelation had dampened her mood to watch Shiela getting humiliated.

I have already made myself clear. I don't want to reveal my identity! What does Richard think he's doing?

She cast a disgruntled look at Richard and met his firm gaze.

Following Richard's line of sight, the crowd stared at Ashlyn with widened eyes and gaping mouths.

“Did I hear it right? I heard Mr. Shaw call out Ashlyn's name.”

“I think so. I heard he called out Ashlyn too.”

“Ashlyn is Ms. X?”

“Oh, my gosh!”

Sadie suffered the most shock. When she heard Richard call out Ashlyn's name, she was thunderstruck.

Suddenly, realization dawned upon her. She finally understood what Richard meant by her offending Ms. X.

What the h*ll! I have offended Ashlyn, and she is the mysterious Ms. X.