

"Tomorrow, there's a cocktail party," Waylon said calmly, "and you'll accompany me. So, we need to go buy some clothes now."

It suddenly dawned on Doris that she was still Waylon's part-time assistant, specifically tasked with dealing with troublesome situations.

"When does the cocktail party start?" Doris asked. "I can go shopping by myself early tomorrow."

"I don't trust your taste," Waylon sneered. "And I don't want to be embarrassed!"

Doris hesitated for a moment, then reluctantly replied, "Alright."

Before long, the Maybach parked in the underground

parking lot of The Verdaria.

Doris stepped out of the car, wearing Waylon's white suit. She paired it with a pair of slim, ash-colored jeans, and the oversized white suit jacket created an unexpectedly stylish and charming look.

Standing next to Waylon, who was tall and handsome in his white trousers and white shirt, they seemed to complement each other perfectly.

As they entered the elevator, the mirror in front of them reflected their figures, surprising them both.

They looked like a perfect match, a couple blessed with good looks and talent.

Waylon couldn't help but steal a glance at Doris.

Doris couldn't help but sneak a few more glances at

him.

This man was truly handsome! Just seeing his profile made her heart flutter.

Who would be the lucky woman to claim this extraordinary man in the future?

Exiting the elevator, they arrived at the Yvvas Sainte Laurent counter.

"Pick a shirt for yourself then return me the suit," Waylon instructed.

Doris nodded in agreement.

After all, she couldn't just wander around in a men's suit drawing attention to herself.

Guided by a sales consultant, she quickly chose a

white casual shirt and changed out of the torn one in the fitting room.

Carrying Waylon's suit jacket, she walked out of the fitting room and asked the man sitting on the couch, "Is this shirt okay?"

Waylon raised his gaze, looked at her briefly, and then got up to head toward the cashier.

Doris quickly caught up and pulled at the sleeve of Waylon's shirt. "I can handle it myself," she said.

"Don't overthink it," Waylon replied. "Consider this shirt as tomorrow's bonus."

Doris remained silent.

It turned out she was the one reaping the benefits.

Leaving Yvvas Sainte Laurent, they arrived at the fifth floor, the formal dress section.

As soon as Doris saw the price tags on the dresses displayed on the mannequins near the entrance, she took a sharp breath and whispered, "Mr. Adelmar, these dresses are too expensive. Is it necessary?"

"Are you mocking me?" Waylon sneered. "Are you suggesting that any random dress would be suitable for me?"

"That's not what I meant," Doris said. "I'm just trying to be cost-effective."

"I'm afraid your acting skills won't cut it," Waylon said sternly. "You'll need props to support you. That way, even if you don't speak, you can still earn me some points." Troublesome encounters.

Doris thought for a moment and realized that he had a point.

With the right dress and an imposing presence, she could minimize her speaking role, thus avoiding any potential blunders.

As they walked inside, a friendly saleswoman greeted them.

Doris looked around and quickly spotted a burgundy form-fitting gown with a side slit.

"Try this one," she said to the saleswoman.

Before the saleswoman could retrieve the dress, a hand reached out from behind and snatched it away.

Doris and the saleswoman turned around, only to see a woman in a gray dress standing behind them.

The woman appeared to be in her early thirties, with sharp eyes and a commanding presence.

"It's you?" Doris said coldly. "What a coincidence!"

It turned out that the woman was Janet, her ex-husband's sister.

"Yes, it's me," Janet raised an eyebrow. "I never expected to run into you here!"

"I was picking a dress," Doris replied, her face growing cold. "I had already chosen that one."

"Where did you get the money to buy such an expensive dress?" Janet taunted, waving the evening gown in her hand. "It costs over four hundred thousand!"

"That's none of your business, is it?" Doris retorted, annoyed.

This former sister-in-law had never liked her before, and now, even with no connection, she still showed the same unpleasant face.

"Why wouldn't it be my business?" Janet replied...

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