

Your Guise 1181

Chapter 1181

They didn't chat for long before a knock was heard on the door. Esther quickly went to open it and was surprised to find James's mom, Agnes Foster, standing there. Esther didn't know how to face her after what had happened. Even though she was okay and nothing bad had happened, there were still rumors flying around.

She was worried that James's family might think less of her because of it. So, she greeted Agnes with a shy "Hello, Aunt Agnes," not sure what to expect.

But instead of asking lots of questions or looking worried, Agnes just gave her a big hug, full of concern.

"What happened, Este? Are you okay?" Agnes asked.

Feeling the warmth and care in Agnes's voice, Esther felt a rush of relief. "No, I'm okay, nothing happened," she replied.

Hearing this, Agnes looked relieved. "Oh, thank goodness. I heard you were kidnapped, and I've been so worried. I've been asking James to search for you nonstop."

Seeing the dark circles on Agnes's usually good complexion, Esther believed she cared for her deeply. "I was lucky. A friend found me and helped me, so I was safe," she explained.

Agnes's eyes lit up with gratitude. "A friend? We need to thank them! They've done our family a huge favor."

Before Esther could respond, James chimed in, "If you let your future daughter-in-law get in touch with that friend, she might be taken by him."

Agnes was initially confused but

then realized what he meant. She wasn't mad at Esther; instead, she scolded James, "This happened because you weren't good enough. If she leaves you, I won't forgive you."

James could only shrug, accepting his mom's anger. He brought this to himself.

Agnes then decided Esther needed some cheering up and suggested a shopping trip to the mall, with James carrying the bags.

James had no choice but to agree, both because he couldn't say no to his mom and for Esther's safety.

So off they went to the biggest mall

in Enswood. The mall was huge, with the first few floors for regular shopping and the upper floors for luxury items.

Esther, now a well-known celebrity and coming from a wealthy family, hadn't shopped for herself in years as brands would send items directly to her. But she could see how excited Agnes was and didn't want to disappoint her, so she went along to the fifth floor, where high-end, custom-made clothes were sold.

Agnes, who never wore clothes that anyone else had, was greeted warmly by the shop staff as they entered.

Chapter 1182

"Hello, Missus Crawford. It's been a while since we saw you last," one of them said with a warm smile, welcoming her inside. "We've got some new designs in, I saved them for you."

Agnes often visited this place, so it made sense for the staff to go out of their way for her. The reason wasn't that they didn't like people with less money. Even though Esther was a famous actress, being rich or coming from a family with a lot of money made a big difference.

Agnes noticed the staff wasn't paying much attention to Esther, which seemed to bother her. "I'm not here for myself today. I'm choosing some outfits for my future daughter-in-law," she said.

When the staff heard 'future daughter-in-law', the woman who had been ignoring Esther quickly changed her tune. "Oh, Miss Esther. This way, please. Let's start by taking your measurements." "Okay, thanks." Esther didn't take it personally that she had been overlooked earlier.

Once her measurements were taken, the staff went off to find outfits that would be a good fit for her.

"We usually make clothes to order, but we also have some ready-made, in-season designs. This one seems like a perfect fit. If you're looking for something specific, we can make it just for you." Esther was impressed by the outfits presented to her. They were so well-made that even high-end brands couldn't compare.

She was about to choose an off-white dress with beautiful flower stitching when another shopper grabbed it from behind her. "I'll take this one. It's just my size. Debra, please pack it up for me."

Esther was annoyed because she

had her

eye on that dress. She

turned to face the taller woman and frowned. "I was about to choose that

one."

BUMS

The woman didn't seem to notice and was distracted by her phones. After a bit, she looked up slowly. "What does it matter? You haven't bought it yet, so it's up for grabs."

Esther couldn't believe how oblivious the woman was.

Then the woman seemed to recognize her. "Aren't you the famous Esther Sanders? With all the rumors, I'm surprised you're out shopping."

Bringing up the rumor that Esther

had been violated during her kidnapping was clearly meant to shame her in public. However, Esther knew it was easy for people to judge without knowing the whole story, so she just thought

woman was jumping to conclusions too quickly.

"Why are you bringing that up? Did you start that rumor? You know spreading lies can land you in jail, right?"

The woman seemed taken aback. "What? Jail? Stop trying to scare me."

Then, looking around with a smirk, she insulted Esther's clothes. "You're dressed so plainly. These custom pieces are wasted on you."

Esther, unbothered, crossed her arms. "And you think you deserve them more?"

"Obviously. I'm a VIP here," the woman claimed proudly.

Chapter 1183

Esther clicked her tongue. "You may be a VIP here, but you wouldn't look good in that."

The woman was angry when she heard that. She was tall and beautiful, so why wouldn't she look good in it?

Esther wasn't someone people could walk over, so she started pointing out the woman's flaws. "Your waist isn't slim enough, and your bust is too small. Your legs aren't long, and it seems like you don't take care of your skin. Why not invest a bit more in skincare? You're in your thirties but look older."

The woman was fuming. "I'm not in my thirties! I'm only twenty-three!"

Esther gasped in surprise. "Really? You look mature."

James overheard Esther's critique and was secretly impressed by how she could express disapproval so articulately without being rude. He decided not to intervene, confident in Esther's handling of the situation.

The woman, now humiliated, didn't know whether to leave with or without the dress and in frustration, threw it to the floor and stepped on it.

Esther frowned at her crazy behavior. "The designers work hard on these creations. How can you disrespect their work like this?"

The woman snapped back, "I'll buy it then. It's none of your business!" To her, it seemed better to ruin the dress than to let anyone else have it. Just then, someone came from the back of the shop.

Agnes, who had come to discuss next season's designs with the designer, was drawn out by the commotion. Seeing her future daughter-in-law being insulted, she couldn't just stand by silently especially after overhearing

everything.

She walked over and picked up the dirty dress.

"Sydney, look how your VIP treats your designs," Agnes said, emphasizing the term 'VIP,' which made the woman go pale.

The woman was caught off guard, thinking the designer wouldn't be there that day. She thought she could get away with her behavior since she was a regular and believed the staff wouldn't dare confront her.

But being caught by the designer herself was a different story, putting her in a position where she felt she couldn't shop there anymore. She quickly tried to smooth things over with a smile. "It's just a

misunderstanding..."

Sydney, who was a foreigner but spoke the language fluently and with elegance, couldn't hide her anger. "So my designs are just for you to trample on, is that it?"

"No, it's not like that. They're making me look bad on purpose." The woman quickly played the victim, as if she was the one being bullied.