

Zillionaire 301

Chapter 301 Kristy's Here

After another round of mindless chatter, Linsey maintained a polite smile, though her attention was elsewhere. She kept glancing around the room, searching for any sign of Shari.

Was she not here yet?

Just then, a former classmate approached, holding up a drink with a wide grin. "Linsey, it's been years! We have to share a drink to make up for lost time."

Despite the fact that Collin was often dismissed as a powerless, disabled man in Grester, he was still part of the Riley family.

By marrying him, Linsey had secured a position in elite circles, her social standing now far beyond that of her former

classmates.

Naturally, they weren't about to let this opportunity slip by-they all wanted to stay on her good side.

Linsey easily saw through their motives. She curved her lips into a polite smile, though it lacked any real warmth. "My

husband warned me not to drink before I left. My stomach's been acting up, and if I come home smelling like alcohol, he'll definitely give me a lecture."

One of her former classmates grinned and teased, "Sounds like you two are really close."

"Yeah, just look at how she lights up when she talks about him!" someone else chimed in.

At the mention of Collin, Linsey's expression softened, her smile turning sincere. "He takes really good care of me."

The conversation flowed easily, full of light laughter and casual chatter.

But across the room, Beth watched the exchange with narrowed eyes, her mood darkening with each passing second.

Linsey, of all people, had to show up dressed like she was attending a gala. Was that really necessary for a reunion?

The second she walked in, all eyes were on her.

Now, half the room was crowded around her, hanging onto her every word. It was unbearable.

Back in college, Linsey had been nothing special-plain, forgettable. She had never once stood out, never once

overshadowed Beth.

And yet, here she was, basking in all the attention. All because she married into wealth.

And to a man in a wheelchair, no less!

If Beth's husband had a disability, she would have done everything in her power to keep it quiet.

Yet Linsey paraded her life around without the slightest hint of shame.

The more Beth dwelled on it, the more annoyed she became. Finally, she couldn't hold back any longer and strode forward, her lips curling into a smirk.

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"Linsey, it must be exhausting-marrying into wealth, yet still having no real freedom. Even at a single mention, you're stuck following your husband's rules. Now, take Kristy, for example. Her husband is just as wealthy, but she does whatever she wants. That's what real power looks like."

At the mention of Kristy Wagner, the room buzzed with interest

"Oh yeah, isn't Kristy coming tonight? Didn't she win campus belle back in the day?"

"Not just the campus belle-she was born into wealth. And then she went and married someone even richer! I even heard her husband has connections to the founder of CR Corporation"

"Ugh, talk about unfair. She's beautiful, she's rich, and she managed to climb even higher. Some people just have everything handed to them."

Just then, a voice rang out from the hallway. "Kristy's here!"

In an instant, the group surrounding Linsey scattered, rushing toward the entrance like moths to a flame.

Linsey was curious about Kristy too, but by the time she made her way over, the doorway was already packed with people

Beth, who had been watching Linsey, let out a scornful laugh. "See that? Kristy is the real deal. She's the one people actually care about."

She folded her arms, tilting her head mockingly. "You must be disappointed. Linsey. You went through all that effort to marry into wealth-even settled for a cripple-yet you still can't compete with Kristy. Let me give you a little advice: no matter what you do, you'll never be on her level. So why bother trying?"

Chapter 302 I Must Have Been Imagining Things

Upon hearing Beth's words, Linsey was at a loss for words.

Beth's reasoning made no sense. Linsey hadn't even spoken, and yet Beth was already making all sorts of wild assumptions

But Linsey didn't feel like entertaining her.

Experience had taught her that arguing with Beth was an exercise in futility-just a drain on time and energy

Besides, Linsey had come for a specific purpose. The last thing she wanted was to get caught up in a pointless argument a

a reunion and become the talk of the event.

So, Linsey simply ignored Beth, turned, and found a quiet corner to sit down and gather herself.

Beth stood there, a smug smile on her face.

She had thought Linsey was tough, but it took just a few sharp words to put her in her place.

As the crowd around Kristy began to thin, Beth saw an opportunity and eagerly moved in to flatter her. "Kristy, it's been forever! You look absolutely breathtaking tonight!"

Kristy, draped in a red evening gown, moved with an unmistakable confidence, soaking in the compliments from Beth and

the others, her ego clearly inflated by their attention.

But then, a voice broke through the praise. "Hold on... that dress looks so familiar. Wait-didn't I see someone else in the

exact same red dress earlier?"

Kristy's smile faltered, her expression shifting quickly to one of irritation.

"What are you talking about?" she snapped. "This dress is custom-made, designed just for me by a top designer. It's one of a kind. No one else could possibly have it!" Her voice oozed with condescension as she tried to silence the remark.

The crowd around her gasped in shock.

A one-of-a-kind dress? It must have cost a fortune! Kristy truly spared no expense.

Realizing their mistake, the person quickly backpedaled. "Oh, never mind... I must have been imagining things."

Beth paused, pretending to think, before a thought struck her. Her eyes sparkled with mischief. "Wait, are you sure you're not talking about Linsey's dress?"

She turned and pointed toward Linsey, sitting quietly in the corner, a sly grin creeping onto her face.

Kristy's gaze sharpened, her face falling even further.

It really was identical!

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Bok panned haemain effect then sighed heavily as though a quchten restation had hit her "You know, the bind of rests me of that campus belle contest all theas years ago. It was suppend to be a showen toutween you and Linesy in the Roal round but out of nowhere, she pulled out. Maybe she got tos jealous of your beauty and your family, and that's

why she backed down, huh?

Her words hit Kvisty like a slaps dragging up memories she had tried to bury

The huth was, Linsey's unexpected withdrawal had always stung Knary had never been alde to understand why Hinasy

had pulled out when they were on close to the final

Back then, whispers echoed through the halls, and many speculated that if Linsey hadn't harked out, the title of campus

belle would have gone to her instead

Kinty weethed with anger, recalling the conversations she had overheard back then

Honestly, Linvey is way prettier than Kristy

I still don't get why she withdrew. Do you think Kristy pressured her into it?"

"That's not impossible Everyone knows Linsey isn't just beautiful she's kind hearted too Maybe she didn't want to make

things difficult and just let Kristy have it

Kristy's chest tightened, the old bitterness rising within her

Her hands clenched into fists, and without another word, she stormed across the

room, her dress hem lifted high with a

mix of fury and determination.

Chapter 303 I Have Nothing To Apologize For

Beth stayed back, a smug smile tugging at her lips as she watched everything unfold.

Linsey's downfall was coming.

Offending Kristy, the spoiled rich woman, was a mistake Linsey would regret. Whatever confidence Linsey had wouldn't

last much longer.

Meanwhile, Linsey remained blissfully unaware of the storm brewing behind her.

She was simply scanning the snack table when a sharp, mocking voice cut through the air.

"Linsey, you've got some nerve. If I were you, I'd be too embarrassed to show up in a cheap knockoff. And yet, here you are,

parading around like you belong. You must be shameless!"

The venom in the words made Linsey's brows furrow. She turned, only to find Kristy glaring at her, contempt twisting her

expression.

What stunned Linsey even more was the glaringly obvious fact-Kristy was wearing the exact same dress as her.

In an instant, everything clicked.

Kristy was just furious that someone else had dared to wear the same outfit.

It was typical of her. Back in college, she had always been entitled and unreasonable.

Linsey even remembered a time when another girl had unknowingly shown up in the same designer piece as Kristy.

The tantrum that followed had been embarrassing to watch-Kristy had thrown accusations, made a scene, and acted like

it was some grand betrayal. That was, until she realized the girl also came from an influential family.

It seemed time hadn't changed her one bit.

Linsey met Kristy's gaze, her expression unreadable. Her voice was calm but

laced with ice. "Kristy, what exactly are you

getting at?"

Kristy's sneer widened. "Oh, don't act clueless."

She flicked her hair over her shoulder, her tone dripping with mockery. "This dress I'm wearing? It's a limited edition-one

of a kind. So that knockoff you're parading around in? Pretty embarrassing."

Kristy let out a scornful laugh. "Wearing a fake designer dress to a reunion? That's beyond pathetic."

Her sharp tone carried across the room, catching the attention of their old classmates.

It didn't take long for a curious crowd to form.

"What's happening" someone whispered

"Isn't it obvious? They're wearing the same dress, but Kristy's claiming hers is the real deal."

"So. does that mean Linsey showed up in a counterfeit? That's pretty gutsy."

"Honestly? another voice chimed in "Linsey pulls it off way better than Kristy does."

"Shh! Do you want Kristy to come after you?" someone hissed.

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Linsey blinked, momentarily caught off guard by Kristy's accusation. Her brows furrowed. "That's impossible."

Collin had made one phone call that night, and within hours, an entire collection of dresses had been delivered to her.

She had assumed they were just high-end designs, nothing extraordinary. Kristy mistook Linsey's silence for panic. Smirking, she crossed her arms. "You really don't have a due, do you? This dress is an original Arthur Flores design- worth millions. If you're going to wear a knockoff, at least do your homework first. And yet, you had the nerve to show up in the same dress as me."

She scoffed, turning away in irritation. "What a buzzkill. I was having a great time until now."

Beth stepped in with a faux-concerned look. "Kristy, don't get upset. It's not worth it. Linsey probably had no idea-she might've picked up that dress from some discount boutique. She's not exactly well-versed in fashion. How could she possibly know this was a one-of-a-kind design?"

Then, with a dramatic sigh, Beth turned to Linsey. "Linsey, just apologize to Kristy. We all finally got together for this reunion-don't ruin the atmosphere over something so trivial."

Linsey hesitated for a beat.

If this dress was truly one-of-a-kind, how could there be two?

But after a moment's thought, she was sure of one thing-Collin would never lie to her.

There was no way he would give her a counterfeit.

Linsey squared her shoulders and met Kristy's gaze. "I have nothing to apologize for. This dress was a gift from my husband, and I know for a fact it's not a fake."

Chapter 304 You've Completely Ruined My.....

Kristy narrowed her eyes at Linsey, a flicker of disquiet shadowing her features as she probed, "Your husband? Who is he?"

Linsey's serene facade didn't waver, amplifying Kristy's unease.

Could it be that Linsey had wed into a family of considerable influence and wealth?

Beth, ever the instigator, seized the opportunity to add fuel to the fire. With a sly grin, she interjected, "Kristy, you won't believe this-Linsey's husband is none other than Collin Riley, the so-called disgrace of the Riley dynasty."

A scornful laugh escaped Kristy's lips as her eyes slid contemptuously over Linsey.

"Oh, so you're married to Collin Riley? The pariah of the Rileys, confined to a wheelchair-how utterly pathetic."

"Enough!" Linsey's voice cut through the air, icy and sharp. Her usual calm was shattered, replaced by a stormy glare.

Kristy was undeterred. Instead, her confidence swelled. She leaned in, her voice dripping with contempt.

"Seriously, Linsey? Just because you're Collin's wife, you think you can look down on me? Marrying a cripple like Collin is

surely a fate worse than being the trophy wife of some decrepit tycoon. Perhaps those old men might prove more useful

than your husband."

Her mocking tone echoed around them, and with a smug look, she turned to the onlookers, seeking their complicity.

"Don't you all agree?" Her laughter rang out, tinged with malice, as she awaited their affirmation.

Kristy exuded an aura of power and wealth, a testament to her affluent roots and her husband's immense fortune.

She reveled in her ability to openly mock others without fear of reproach, her sharp tongue slicing through the room's

decorum.

The gathered crowd, cowed by her formidable presence, could only muster strained, awkward chuckles in feeble agreement.

Beth, however, dove into her sycophancy with eagerness, her laughter overly loud and forced. "Oh, Kristy, you really do

have a way with words!" she gushed, her voice dripping with feigned admiration.

Kristy's lips curled into a smug smirk, her eyes twinkling with malice. She turned her venomous attention to Linsey, whose

face was a canvas of growing fury. "What's with that glare, Linsey? I'm only looking out for you," she stated, her voice

sharp as a knife. "Why don't you head home tonight and divorce that poor excuse of a husband? Who knows, I might even

find someone-"

Her words were abruptly cut off as Linsey, pushed beyond her limits, spilled wine all over Kristy.

The crimson liquid splashed across Kristy's face, slowly dripping down and staining her lavish gown.

The room erupted in a collective gasp, the sound reverberating off the walls.

As the reality of the ruined dress set in, Kristy's shock gave way to outrage.

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Apply wedded to the put her wheck paralysing every muscle in her body.

ven both, usually unflappable, was taken aback, she had never imagined Linsey capable of such audacity

she completely test her mind." Beth remarked, her voice a mix of awe and disbeltet

The dress Ainity wore wasn't just any dress it was a globally coveted, limited edition masterpiece, Valued at a fortune

At that hese moment, Linsey set down her empty wine glass on a nearby table with a sharp, resounding clink Her face was a mask of hey composure as she locked eyes with the now seething Niety

Kirsty let out a piercing shriek "You've completely ruined my dress! Do you have any idea of its value? It's a unique, luxury prece You're definitely going to pay for this?"

Despite her outward calm, Linsey's heart was thundering against her chest.

Her actions had been impulsive, a reckless surrender to her rising temper.

Yet, she stood her ground, she didn't think she did anything wrong Kristy had been the instigator, after all

With a deep steadying breath, Linsey replied in a chilling, measured tone, "You insulted my husband and stirred up trouble. Why wouldn't I stand up for myself? And your accusations about my dress being a counterfeit can you prove them?" Her challenge hung between them, stark and defiant

Chapter 305 Shall I Let Him

In

"Kristy, throwing around baseless accusations without a shred of proof just makes you a gossiping liar," Linsey declared

with a wry smile, her eyes glinting with mischief. "Who knows? Perhaps the dress I'm adorned with is the genuine piece

from Mr. Flores' collection, while yours might just be the imitation."

With a smug grin, she gave a casual wave toward Kristy's dress, amusement dancing in her eyes. "Look, it seems your dress is coming apart at the seams."

Flushed with indignation, Kristy's face bloomed a deep crimson, her breathing quick and uneven.

She fixed Linsey with a glare that could melt steel, her whole body trembling with suppressed fury.
"Linsey!"

Linsey's own smile faltered, a spark of anger flickering across her features. "You're quite the persistent one, aren't you? My husband gifted me this dress, and yet you dare to challenge its authenticity?"

Kristy clamped her teeth tightly, her voice booming through the room. "Fine, just you wait! I'll have my husband call Mr. Flores this instant. Not only will you owe me a hefty compensation, but you'll also be ripping off that fake dress and

crawling around the hotel, pleading for my mercy!"

Linsey's patience wore thin as she observed Kristy's overblown pride.

She found it hard to believe that the esteemed designer Arthur would ever allow such a subpar creation.

She scrutinized the fabric and patterns of the dress draped elegantly around Kristy's figure, puzzled. The style hardly

resembled anything Arthur would design.

Additionally, it was inconceivable that Collin would present her with a fake.

"Go ahead, call him," Linsey dared, her tone icy.

Unperturbed by the challenge, Linsey folded her arms and leaned against the wall, embodying a picture of serene

confidence.

Her composed stance irked Kristy, who responded with a venomous glare, hastily dialing her husband to secure Arthur's

number.

"Hello, Mr. Flores? Could we possibly chat now?" she asked, her voice laced with feigned politeness.

After ending the call, Kristy turned with a self-satisfied smirk. "You're in trouble, Linsey. Mr. Flores is nearby, and he'll be

here soon. You won't know what hit you. Wearing a cheap imitation of his work in front of him? You will definitely get on

his bad side!"

Yet, Linsey remained cool as ever, casually pulling over a chair to sit. With a relaxed air, she retorted, "Fine, I'll stick around

until Mr. Flores arrives. Let's see who's really wearing the fake."

Kristy's earlier rage had dissipated, replaced by a mischievous glee at the thought of Linsey's imminent embarrassment.

Her eyes sparkled with anticipation.

Beth exchanged a confused glance between Kristy and Linsey.

How on earth was Linsey so composed? Did she honestly believe Kristy was the one in a knockoff?

Kristy was the wealthiest among them, not one to skimp on authenticity.

Murmurs bubbled up among the crowd, their voices a mix of speculation and entertainment.

"Kristy wouldn't just make things up. She claims her dress is the only one like it in the world-it has to be real."

"But Linsey doesn't seem worried at all. So who's really wearing the fake?"

"This is wild? Who would've guessed a reunion could serve up this kind of drama? This is better than reality TV!"

"Honestly, I'd love to watch Linsey do the walk of shame."

"Okay, that's it! Shut your mouth!"

The tension was palpable when a waiter entered, breaking the buzz of conversations. "Good evening, everyone. Mr. Arthur Flores has arrived," he announced, glancing around the room. "He was invited by one of you. Shall I let him in?"

At this, Kristy perked up, barely containing her elation. She practically leapt from her seat. "Yes, bring him in-immediately!"

Her voice was a blend of command and thrill.

Chapter 306 What's The

Hurry

Surprise registered on everyone's faces.

"Mr. Flores actually made it! He's legendary in our field, even mentioned in our textbooks."

"I thought Kristy was just boasting, but she really did it!"

"So, Kristy was honest after all? Linsey might be in trouble now."

Beth shared in the excitement. "Kristy, you're incredible! Mr. Flores is so busy and seldom attends public events. It's amazing you got him here with just a phone call."

Basking in the praise, Kristy replied with pride, "Of course. My husband is honored to know Mr. Flores. It was merely a phone call-nothing major."

At this, Beth chuckled and turned to Linsey with amusement. "I've heard Mr. Flores is known for his blunt honesty-he

never lies. He'll spot a fake immediately."

After a brief pause, Beth added with feigned concern, "Linsey, there's still time to apologize. If Mr. Flores points out your

dress as a fake, it could tarnish your reputation, possibly even impacting your career at CR Corporation."

At this, some former classmates began to side with Kristy.

"Oh my, why is Linsey so stubborn? I almost believed her initially."

"I suspected her dress was fake. Back in college, she always worked part-time

due to financial issues, and now she's

married to that guy. How could she afford an authentic one?"

"Linsey is such a liar."

Kane then stepped up, attempting to persuade her. "Linsey, you should apologize

to Kristy now, or it could get worse for

you."

Others expressed feigned concern.

"Maybe Linsey got scammed. After all, her husband isn't wealthy."

"Linsey, if you apologize now, you might still salvage your reputation. Don't exacerbate the situation."

Despite the mounting pressure, Linsey stood her ground firmly. She shook her head and responded calmly, "What's the

hurry? Mr. Flores hasn't arrived yet. I can't believe a designer of his stature wouldn't recognize his own creation."

Witnessing her steadfastness, even Kane felt she was being unreasonable.

He sighed, shaking his head. "Linsey, you're just too stubborn."

Other former classmates silently displayed mocking and scornful looks. "Clearly, she's still utterly clueless."

Beth and Kristy were delighted, eagerly anticipating Linsey's potential embarrassment.

Finally, under the watchful gaze of everyone, Arthur entered the room at a steady pace.

He was a bearded man dressed in a white suit.

As soon as he appeared, he was instantly recognized by everyone as the

renowned designer, given their background as design graduates.

Excitement surged through the crowd as many hoped to approach Arthur to make

a favorable impression.

This was Arthur, after all!

Securing his attention could potentially launch their careers.

While many were eager yet reluctant to approach, Kristy confidently moved forward. She greeted him with a warm smile. "Mr. Flores, it's been a while. Thank you for traveling all this way. Please, take a seat- I'll explain everything to you."

Chapter 307 This Woman Is Insufferably Arrogant

Arthur radiated an icy aloofness. As Kristy approached, trying to bridge the gap between them, he recoiled, stepping back

with a visible shudder of disdain.

"Wait a second! What's up with that outfit? Don't come any closer!" Arthur grimaced, his brows knitting together in

discomfort. "I can't risk getting dirty."

Kristy's cheeks turned a fiery red, her embarrassment palpable.

It was all Linsey's doing. If she hadn't ruined her dress, she wouldn't have looked bad in front of Arthur.

A silent vow formed in her mind; she would ensure Linsey paid dearly for this.

"Mr. Flores, please, it was just an accident because of..." Kristy began, desperate to explain the mishap.

But Arthur was quick to interrupt, his tone thick with frustration. "Just get to the point. I've got things to do, and I'm only

here because your husband once did me a favor."

His abrupt dismissal hung heavily in the air, making Kristy and her supportive former classmates exchange uneasy glances.

It was clear now; Arthur wasn't acquainted with her.

Caught in a tough spot, Kristy needed Arthur's influence more than ever-not just to face Linsey, but to turn the tables on her. Yet, with his high standing, any misstep with Arthur could cost her dearly.

Beth, already simmering with impatience, couldn't contain herself any longer. She leapt into the conversation with a burst of indignation. "Mr. Flores, you simply won't believe it! At our reunion tonight, someone had the audacity to show up in a cheap imitation of your exquisite design. Worse yet, she won't own up to it, which is a blatant disrespect to your artistry!"

Narrowing her eyes for emphasis, she continued, her voice tinged with exasperation, "This woman is insufferably arrogant. She didn't just clash with Kristy-she outright bullied her. You have to confront her; she must be held accountable!"

As Beth's words sank in, Arthur's expression darkened, his brows knitting together in visible annoyance.

"An imitation, you say?" Arthur's voice was a low rumble of disbelief.

Fame had brought him recognition, but also a flood of counterfeit versions of his creations, something he loathed deeply.

Coming across this today was nothing short of infuriating!

Arthur scanned the room intensely. "Who is it? Who dares wear such a thing?" Beth, noticing Arthur's gaze sweep momentarily over Linsey, pointed her out with a mix of urgency and accusation. "Mr.

Flores, look there-it's Linsey! She's wearing a fake version of your design!"

Arthur's eyes locked onto Linsey with a sharp intensity. Then, taking a step closer, he suddenly gasped sharply, "Your dress.... there's something wrong with it..."

Chapter 308 It's One Of My Original Creations

The moment the words hit their ears, everyone nearby took a step back, not wanting to get caught up in Linsey's disaster.

"Poor Linsey, she's done for now-messing with Kristy is like walking straight into a storm."

"We warned her to just apologize earlier, but no, she had to be all high and mighty. Now, who's she got to blame but

herself?"

"With the biting cold outside, getting stripped would almost surely land her with a nasty cold."

"Catching a cold? That's the least of her worries. If Linsey goes through with this stunt, give it half an hour-her video will

light up the Internet. She'll never dare show her face around here again."

Kristy's words seemed to be the final straw. As she spoke, several men in black appeared out of nowhere, ready to seize

Linsey.

Linsey's face drained of color, her heart hammering in her chest.

How could she get herself out of this mess?

She was in total disbelief-there was no way Collin would give her a fake dress!

As the men advanced, Linsey clenched her jaw and tensed, her hands balling into fists, ready to defend her dignity.

But just as the first hand reached out to grab her, Arthur's voice thundered through the commotion. "Stop! What the hell

do you think you're doing?"

Kristy whirled around, her face a mask of bewilderment. "Mr. Flores, what's the problem? I'm just trying to make Linsey strip off that fake dress," she protested, her voice tinged with confusion and irritation.

Arthur's expression darkened, a storm brewing in his eyes. "Who dared to claim she's wearing a fake? You've all lost your

damn minds, you bunch of lunatics!"

His voice boomed across the room, silencing the murmurs. Wait, what? A sudden twist?

Hadn't Arthur just pointed out that something was off with Linsey's dress?

Why had he interrupted Kristy so abruptly?

The room buzzed with confusion.

"Mr. Flores, aren't you upset that Linsey is wearing a counterfeit of your design?" someone called out, urgency lacing their

voice.

"Indeed, haven't you always expressed disdain for such actions?"

Arthur's frown deepened, and he responded swiftly, his tone laced with irritation. "What nonsense are you spouting?"

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He gestured emphatically toward Linsey. "She is not wearing a counterfeit. It's one of my original creations. Why on earth would I be angry about that?"

The crowd fell into a stunned silence, everyone processing the unexpected turn in Arthur's static

Kristy's shock escalated to outrage as she exclaimed, "What? How could Linsey be wearing an authentic thres

Pointing at her outfit, she continued, "Mr. Flores, this dress is your design, right? You wouldn't get that wrong, would you

Arthur turned his gaze to Kristy, his eyes widening as he finally registered that her dress was identical to Linsey's

He rubbed his chin, perplexed, and said, "I'm sorry, Kristy, but it seems your dress got stained with red wine earlier, which altered its color. I didn't recognize it at first glance."

Infuriated, Kristy clenched her fists. "That was no accident! Linsey deliberately ruined my dress. It's obvious she's envious

and wants to make a spectacle out of me. You must intervene! I can't just sit back and let Linsey get away with this"

Beth, who had been quietly observing from the sidelines, stepped forward with a concerned look. "Mr. Flores, please take a

second look. We can't keep letting Linsey act like she's untouchable. You've got to do something!"

Amid the heated debate, Arthur pieced the story together.

His brow furrowed as he noticed, for the first time, that Kristy's dress mirrored Linsey's. A chuckle escaped him suddenly.

He shook his head in bemusement and remarked, "This is absurd. How can

someone wearing a counterfeit dare accuse the

original of being a fake? It's utterly ridiculous."

The room fell into stunned silence.

What did he mean by that?

So, Arthur was suggesting that Linsey was adorned in the genuine dress, while

Kristy's attire was merely an imitation?

Chapter 309 Isn't It Time You Offered An Apology

Kristy was utterly shocked, exclaiming in dismay, "Impossible! The dress I'm wearing is authentic! Linsey's must be the

fake!"

She grabbed Arthur's hand in a panic, eyes wide with disbelief. "Please, look again. My dress was stained by Linsey, that's why you mistook it!"

Kristy's near-manic desperation only deepened Arthur's revulsion.

He swiftly brushed her hand aside as if it were something distasteful.

"Enough!" Arthur declared, his voice cold and precise. "I'll state it once more: the dress Linsey wears is indeed my design."

He gave Kristy a dismissive glance, his look full of scorn as if addressing someone foolish.

"Do you really think I wouldn't recognize my own work? As for your dress, Kristy, it's riddled with flaws."

Arthur scoffed, "I tried to be courteous because of your husband, but I never expected you to wear a counterfeit so blatantly. It's utterly disgraceful."

The surrounding crowd was taken aback by the unexpected turn of events.

It turned out that Kristy was actually the one in a counterfeit dress.

Instantly, the crowd's perception of Kristy shifted to one of disdain and contempt. "She was parading around in a fake dress, and now the irony is just laughable." "Who would have thought someone in a counterfeit would dare challenge the authenticity of the real thing?"

"I've always found Kristy disagreeable, and it's somewhat satisfying to see her comeuppance."

"Linsey has endured so much today, nearly humiliated publicly. Thankfully, Arthur intervened to clarify the situation."

As despair overwhelmed her, Kristy shrieked, pushing bystanders away. "How can this be? I can't accept it!"

Her fury was palpable; she breathed heavily, her anger palpable as she pointed accusingly at Linsey. "You're just an orphan

with no known family or heritage! How could someone in your position afford an authentic Arthur design, especially

married to someone like Collin, who's disabled? It's just not possible!"

Linsey, though she had braced for conflict, was still taken aback to discover her dress was authentic.

Collin had always been truthful, never one to deceive her with a fake.

A surge of warmth filled Linsey as she considered his integrity.

She shot Kristy a frosty look and retorted, "Kristy, how many times must Mr. Flores explain it? Do you still not grasp the

reality

Linsey's expression was resolute and serene. "I wanted no drama with you. We came for a reunion, yet you targeted me

intentionally."

She then added, "My attire is purely my concern. What right do you have to meddle? You baselessly accused me, attempted to shame me, and even suggested I disrobe in public. Now that the truth is evident, isn't it time you offered an apology?"

Chapter 310 I Was Merely Speaking The Truth

From the very beginning, Linsey exuded an air of serenity, her demeanor seemingly unshakeable.

Kristy, catching Linsey's tranquil expression, felt her irritation rise like a tide.

"You're living in a fantasy if you think I'll apologize!" Kristy burst out, her voice crackling with frustration.

She didn't even wait for Linsey's response; her defiant words immediately sparked annoyance among the crowd gathered

around.

"Kristy, how can you be so brazen? Wasn't it just a moment ago that you

demanded Linsey humiliate herself by stripping off her dress right here? Didn't

you taunt her, claiming her outfit was a counterfeit and publicly ridiculing her? You

do owe

her an apology."

"I can't fathom how Kristy would dare to sport a knockoff at a reunion. Aren't you terrified of becoming the laughingstock

once word spreads?"

"She's already the butt of the joke, isn't she? It was clear from the beginning that Kristy's dress was a cheap imitation. Just compare the craftsmanship to Linsey's- there's absolutely no contest."

The difference doesn't stop at the dress; it extends to the wearer as well. Linsey's poise and grace are in a league of their own, something someone like Kristy could never grasp."

The crowd's whispered comments painted Kristy's face with a blush of embarrassment mixed with flashes of rage.

Even Beth, who had initially rallied to Kristy's cause against Linsey, now retreated into a shadowy corner, her voice lost in

silence.

Despite her reluctance, Kristy knew an apology was her only escape.

The repercussions of this scandal threatened to ripple far beyond her own tarnished reputation.

Clenching her teeth, she faced Linsey with a stiff expression, her tone laced with forced humility. "Linsey, I admit my mistake I was wrong. Misled by others, I misunderstood you completely. I hope you can find it in your heart to forgive me." Linsey, her patience worn thin, chose not to extend the conversation with Kristy. While the apology was palpably hollow, she decided it wasn't worth her energy to contest it.

Arthur, catching the undercurrents of Kristy's reluctance, shifted his cold gaze away dismissively. "Enough of this. I've got

better things to do than waste my time here. I'm out of here," he announced with finality.

As he turned to leave, the surrounding onlookers murmured their polite goodbyes, keen to impress him.

Just then, Linsey mustered all her courage and took a decisive step forward. "Mr. Flores, please, just a moment," she called

out.

Arthur paused and turned, his expression one of mild curiosity "Linsey, do you have something else to say?"

Together, they stepped out of the bustling room, seeking refuge from the nosy crowd and the relentless buzz of

conversation.

Once they found a quieter spot, Linsey's eyes shone with genuine gratitude as she addressed him. "Mr. Flores, I can't thank you enough for what you did back there. Without your intervention, my reputation might have suffered irreparably tonight."

To her surprise, Arthur arched an eyebrow, his face registering a flicker of astonishment that she had sought him out merely to express her thanks over what he considered a minor act.

He shrugged nonchalantly, brushing off her thanks with a casual flick of his wrist. "Oh, there's no need for that. I was merely speaking the truth."

His tone grew firmer, edged with a mix of professional pride and a touch of irritation. "As a designer, how could I possibly stand idly by while someone parades a counterfeit as the real thing? And to top it off, claiming that my dress was the

imitation? No one in their right mind would stand for that kind of disrespect."

Linsey blinked, taken aback by the revelation. "Wait, are you saying the dress I'm wearing is actually one of your original

creations?"

She had initially believed that Arthur had intervened simply out of a sense of justice or kindness.

The dress had been a present from Collin, and it baffled her how he could have acquired an authentic piece from Arthur's

collection.