

Chapter 31 Andrew Was The Buyer

The following morning, Madisyn and her family arrived at the Hyde Grand Hotel.

The place buzzed with elegance. Madisyn was ushered into a lounge where a makeup artist, with her kit spread out like a painter's palette, awaited her.

The whole affair felt overly ceremonial.

Madisyn perched on the plush chair, a quiet spectator to her own transformation.

The makeup artist worked with efficient strokes, and soon, her face bore the touch of professional artistry. Declining any assistance, Madisyn slipped into her dress.

When she emerged in her attire, the makeup artist couldn't hide her awe. "Miss, you're a vision! I've beautified many, but you, you're exceptional."

Madisyn offered a modest smile in return, her attention soon diverted by a rhythmic knocking.

Knock! Knock! Knock!

"Come in," she said.

The door creaked open to reveal a familiar face, surprising her. "Andrew?"

Andrew paused at the threshold, his gaze fixed on her appearance.

"Andrew?" Madisyn called again, a mix of surprise and curiosity in her voice.

Andrew, regaining his composure, smiled gently. "You look exceptionally beautiful today."

Madisyn grinned. "Really? You have great taste!"

The door creaked open to reveal a familiar face, surprising her. "Andrew?"

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Madisyn grinned. "Really? You have great taste!"

Andrew's gaze deepened, warmed by her playful smile. "Everything set on your end?"

"Just about," Madisyn replied, her words punctuated by the slipping of her shoulder strap.

The room erupted in a soft commotion as several people flocked to assist.

The dress coordinator, brow furrowed, identified the problem. "This strap's not properly attached."

Madisyn bit her lip, thinking quickly. "I can have Dad bring a different dress..."

Andrew cut in smoothly, "I've got a gown that might suit you. Want to try it?" He motioned for someone to fetch the dress.

Surprised yet intrigued, Madisyn nodded.

As the gown appeared, the entire room seemed to brighten up a bit. The champagne gown, embedded with crystals, captured the light majestically.

Everyone in the room was momentarily stunned, including Madisyn. It was because this gown was the one she had recently designed.

How did her design end up here?

Perplexed and curious, she turned to Andrew, her eyes filled with questions.

Was he the one who had placed the order?

Andrew met her gaze, warmth in his eyes. "Do you like it?"

"I love it!" Madisyn admitted, her heart swelling with pride for her own creation.

"Then let's see how it looks on you," Andrew said, before excusing himself from the room.

The attendant, donned in pristine gloves, delicately helped Madisyn into the dress, meticulously arranging its diamond-studded, voluminous skirt.

As Madisyn stood, the gown transformed her presence, elevating her natural elegance to a regal aura that seemed to command the very air around her.

Her mere presence in the room, doing nothing more than existing in her own design, drew gasps and reverent silence from the onlookers.

The makeup artist clasped her hands together, overcome with admiration. "You look absolutely stunning, miss. It's as if this gown was tailored just for you!"

Madisyn was speechless. It was not only tailored for her, but it was also created by herself.

She never imagined she'd wear her own creation one day. The feeling was quite surreal.

However, considering the staggering figures behind its cost: a design fee in the millions and production expenses surpassing that by a hundredfold, Madisyn felt every step she took was a dance of opulence and artistry.

Andrew's steady voice called from the doorway, "Are you ready?"

"All set!" Madisyn responded.

The door swung open, revealing Andrew, whose eyes sparked with unmistakable delight at the sight of Madisyn.

The makeup artist watched the unfolding scene, a smile playing on her lips as she observed the palpable chemistry between Andrew and Madisyn.

"You look breathtaking," Andrew remarked, his voice rough with emotion.

"It truly is incredible. But where did you get this dress?" Madisyn asked, her interest clearly piqued.

"I bought it from a designer," Andrew responded casually, omitting the fact that it was the renowned designer, Sierra.

Madisyn's eyes sparkled with mirth.

Noticing her amused expression, Andrew inquired, "What's so amusing?"

"It's nothing," she replied.

"Are you ready? Most of the guests have arrived, and the banquet is about to start," Elaine said as she breezed into the room.



She was then surprised by Madisyn's transformation. "Oh my, darling, you look absolutely beautiful, as expected of my daughter!"

Laughing softly, Madisyn replied, "I owe it all to your excellent genes, Mom. They're why I'm so pretty."

"You sure know how to sweet-talk!" Elaine said, her voice rich with affection. "But where did this gorgeous dress come from?"

"Andrew arranged for a designer to create it," Madisyn explained succinctly.

"It's fabulous! Could you introduce me to the designer sometime?" she said, turning her gaze towards Andrew.

Andrew hesitated for a moment before nodding.

Madisyn, a subtle amusement flickering across her features, watched closely, intrigued by how Andrew would handle the introductions.

As the banquet was set to begin, they headed to the grand banquet hall.

At that moment, the banquet hall was filled with aristocrats in their finest attire, all mirroring the grandeur of the event and the illustrious reputation of the Johns family across Gemond.

In the midst of the gathered elite, all attention converged on Kristine. She dazzled in a white, limited edition Chanel gown, its skirt lavishly detailed with fine crystals that bestowed upon her an aura of refined grace. Her makeup, impeccably done, enhanced her natural beauty, drawing admiring glances from around the hall.

Her friends congregated around her, effusive with their praise.

"Kristine, that dress is magnificent! It truly complements your aura."

"Kristine, I'm green with envy. That gown must have cost a small fortune. I just saw it online, and now it's adorning you."

Kristine, basking in the adulation, managed a smug yet controlled expression. "Thank you," she commented, her voice casual.

"The Johns family clearly treasures you. Was this a gift from Mr. and Mrs. Johns?" someone inquired. "It seems your position remains secure, even with that woman back."

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"Don't say that. My sister is quite sensitive," Kristine said firmly. "Though she came back from the countryside, she maintains a high self-esteem. You can speak freely here, but be mindful around her. If she hears any of it, she might cause a scene in front of Mom and Dad."

Hearing this, everyone fell silent, shocked.

So the rumors of the real Miss Johns coming from the countryside were true?



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