

Upon hearing the voice, the shop attendant hurried towards the entrance as she ignored Arielle.

"Mrs. Actonward! You are here! We've kept all the clothes just for you. The new clothing has just arrived today; we haven't put them on display yet. Why don't you wait for a short while? I will bring the clothes here for your selection," the shop attendant said in an attempt to flatter Yvette.

"All right, pick up the pace! I have a lunch appointment with my friend later."

"It will only take a short while." The shop attendant assured her.

After hearing their conversation, Arielle thought that the woman's voice sounded extremely familiar. *It feels like I've heard of it before.*

Subconsciously, Arielle tilted her head to look at the source of the voice.

She caught sight of a woman with exquisite makeup, dressing in a trendy miniskirt. A look of arrogance painted the woman's face as she sat in a cross-legged position. There was a cup of tea poised in her hand. Occasionally, the woman would take a delicate sip from the cup.

On the other hand, Sharon stood by her side as she picked at her manicured nails with a look of boredom.

Arielle recognized the woman in a blink of an eye. *Isn't she the woman who set her dog on me*

*before? She must be Yvette!*

According to the gossip amongst housekeepers, Yvette had an engagement contract with one of the four most eligible and powerful bachelors of Jadeborough.

*If it weren't for them, I wouldn't have encountered so many problems trying to uncover the truth behind my mother's death.*

Arielle looked away quickly and shifted her attention back to the clothes.

Coincidentally, she spotted a blue short-sleeved shirt.

Immediately, Arielle took it and headed towards the cashier.

All of the clothes manufactured by Feature were one-size-fits-all. Thus, Arielle didn't need to test it out before buying it.

However, Arielle barely managed to take a few steps before she bumped into the shop attendant. The shop attendant glared at her with contempt when she noticed the shirt in Arielle's clutches.

"What are you doing? Are you trying to steal it? I'm warning you. There are surveillance cameras all over the shop!" The shop attendant snatched the shirt from Arielle rudely.

Arielle couldn't believe the shop attendant thought that she was about to steal the shirt. Despite her

high tolerance for rude behavior, Arielle's patience couldn't endure it any longer.

"I was about to make a payment," she replied darkly.

The shop attendant laughed mockingly. "You want to make a payment? Have you seen the price tag of this shirt? Are you sure that you can afford it?" she sneered.

"So? Is there a rule on the price tag that says I can't buy it?" Arielle's gaze was as cold as ice.

Seeing Arielle's dark stare, the shop attendant flinched in terror. *She has such a cold glare.*

The shop attendant gave Arielle another once over. Despite Arielle's simple outfit, there was an aura of elegance that radiated from her figure. Her distinguished temperament was not one that a commoner would have. *Have I offended a renowned customer?*

The shop attendant was so scared that she was at a loss for words.

Right at that moment, Yvette made her way over to the duo. "What's happening here? Where are the new clothes you promised to show me?"

The shop attendant snapped out of her daze. "No... there was a misunderstanding," she explained. "Are you really going to pay?" the shop attendant asked Arielle hesitantly.

"What else would I do? Did you think that I was going to steal your clothes when there are so many surveillance cameras around?" Arielle frowned in displeasure.

"T-Then please go ahead," the shop attendant stuttered and gulped nervously when she spotted the scowl across Arielle's face.

"It's you?" Yvette blurted out all of a sudden.

Arielle turned towards Yvette. Simultaneously, the two women locked gazes.

"Yes, it's me. How are you, Ms. Actonward?" Arielle replied calmly.

Immediately, Yvette looked amused. "I never expected that the distinguished Ms. Arielle would be mistaken as a shoplifter. Wouldn't you be the laughing stock of town if someone finds out about this mistake? However, I can see why she viewed you as a thief. After all, you came from a lowly village. Why don't I buy this shirt for you? Come, put this shirt on my tab," Yvette sneered as she instructed the shop attendant.

The shop attendant was a quick thinker. In the blink of an eye, she realized Arielle's high status. Additionally, she could see the hostility that Yvette wielded towards Arielle.

She beamed, "Ms. Actonward, you are as kind as ever. Let me pack this shirt for you." The shop attendant then turned to Arielle.

"You don't have to do that. I will pay for the shirt with my own money," Arielle replied impassively. She had no wish to argue against Yvette's mockery.

Because of Arielle's words in the past, Yvette harbored a strong hatred for Arielle.

Upon seeing that Arielle had no plans to entertain her, Yvette dropped her facade in the blink of an eye. "I changed my mind. I want to buy this shirt," Yvette announced in a cold voice.



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The shop attendant was stunned. Yvette must have hated Arielle so much that she won't even let Arielle retain her dignity.

Yet, she was unsure about Arielle's background. On the other hand, Yvette was an important customer and benefactor.

Last year, she managed to achieve outstanding sales due to Yvette.

Thus, the shop attendant merely hesitated for a brief second as she came to a decision. "All right, I will wrap this up right away," she beamed brightly and followed Yvette's instructions.

"Wait a minute," Arielle called out in a frigid tone. "I wanted to purchase this shirt first. Shouldn't you wrap it up for me?"

It was blatantly obvious that Yvette's request was aimed at her. The conflict between the two women seemed unresolvable.

*Since we cannot resolve it, why should I concede to her? There's nothing that I yearn for in this entire world. Even so, why should I let others take away what's mine?*

"You peasant! Do you think that you are in your village? This is my territory! Quick, pack it up for me right now," Yvette sneered cruelly.

Caught between a rock and a hard place, the shop attendant looked at Yvette and Arielle in a conflicting manner.

By right, she should sell the shirt to Arielle. Additionally, Arielle seemed like a person she shouldn't cross. Yet, Yvette was someone she couldn't afford to offend either.

The shop attendant gritted her teeth. "Miss, I'm terribly sorry. Ms. Actonward is one of our esteemed customers. She has the privilege to buy the clothes first. Why don't you take a look around the other clothes?"

Yvette's lips curled into a triumphant smile when she heard the shop attendant's words. "Did you hear that?" she gloated and crossed her arms over her chest proudly.

Just as Arielle was about to reply, the manager rushed over. "Have you cleaned the shop? The designer is coming over to inspect our store soon. Quick, tidy up the clothing racks!" the manager instructed urgently.

Right after the manager finished speaking, she noticed Yvette. Immediately, a courteous smile appeared on her face. "Ms. Actonward, are you here to look at our clothes?"

Yvette nodded arrogantly and extended her finger to point at Arielle. "I came here to buy some clothes. However, this idiot insists on buying the same product. Who do you want to sell this shirt to?" she turned to address the manager haughtily.

Immediately, the manager gave Arielle a once-over. Despite her ordinary outfit, Arielle had a sophisticated temperament that was unlike

ordinary people.

After giving the question a brief thought, the manager cleared her throat. "There is only one of Feature's clothing pieces in each of our stores. However, we restock our clothing on a regular basis. Miss, why don't you leave this shirt for Ms. Actonward? You can leave your address with us, and I'll personally deliver the shirt when it's back in stock," the manager offered politely.

Arielle frowned when she heard the manager's decision. "I first assumed that the problem only existed in your shop attendants. Seeing your attitude now as a manager, I'm now worried for the future of this brand."

Immediately, the manager's mood darkened. "Miss, I don't think a customer like you should be worried about our brand. I've suggested a logical solution to the problem. If you aren't satisfied, you can leave without buying."

"I'm not worthy?" Arielle chuckled in amusement. "Didn't you say that your designer is coming soon? Which designer is it?" she asked the manager.

Arielle's statement earlier had offended the manager. "I don't think that you have any business being involved in this matter," she replied stiffly.

Immediately, the woman who accompanied Yvette called out mockingly, "The exit is right there! See yourself out!"

Arielle's cold gaze swept towards the group. She



looked at them as if they were her sworn enemies. Just as she opened her mouth to retort, a stylishly dressed woman accompanied by an entourage of guards entered the shop.

The moment she spotted the well-dressed woman, the manager leaped to her feet and pushed Arielle towards the exit. "Stop meddling around. I'm going to lodge a report if you continue to cause a scene. Quick, bring her out via the back door!" the manager hissed lowly.



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The shop attendant then pulled Arielle over to the other side of the door.

After tidying herself up a little and whispering in Yvette's ear, the manager then brought Yvette and her friend over.

She then greeted Fanny with a smile. "Ms. Fanny! I didn't expect you to come so early. Our VIP guest is here too. Why don't you have a little chat with her?"

Yvette, too, greeted Fanny with a grin. "It's a pleasure to meet you. I love your designs, especially your latest collection. I came here to buy them."

Fanny kept a distance from her and responded with a smile. She then asked, "I heard a commotion. Did something happen?"

The manager panicked.

The motto that the brand lived by was "the customers are always right." They were supposed to provide the best service to all their customers.

The manager smiled wryly and explained, "Someone came and stirred up trouble earlier, but we managed to get her out of the premises."

Fanny knitted her brows. "What do you mean? Is she not happy with our after-sales service?"

"Oh, n-no..." The manager immediately denied it. "She was just being difficult."

Meanwhile, the shop attendant was about to drag Arielle out of the door.

But Arielle stood rooted that the shop attendant could not get her out.

She did not stop the attendant from pulling her because she was so shocked that they treated her in such a manner.

But by the time she came to her senses, she instantly swung her hand from the attendant's grip and stormed back to the shop.

"Is this how you treat your customers?" Arielle exploded with rage.

*Not only did the shop attendant look down on me, she even tried to kick me out of the shop?*

Suddenly, she noticed Fanny standing in the middle of the shop.

Fanny looked over and froze for a bit upon seeing Arielle from afar.

Yet, the manager and Yvette did not notice the expression on Fanny's face. The manager shot daggers at the shop attendant before confronting Arielle, "Why are you still here? Do you want me to call the cops?"

Yvette, too, stepped in and reprimanded Arielle, "Are you not embarrassed? You are not welcome here! Yet, you're still here causing trouble!"

Fanny still could not believe Arielle was standing before her. "Ms. Sannie? Are you Ms. Sannie?"

Arielle did not expect to see Fanny too. "It's you?"

Fanny nodded repeatedly and was pleasantly surprised that Arielle still remembered her. "You remember me?"

The manager and Yvette were utterly stunned.

*They know each other?*

Yvette was even more shocked. *How on earth did this country bumpkin get to know this famous designer?*

Arielle nodded and continued, "They said the designer is coming over, and I thought they were talking about Phyllis. I didn't expect to see you here."

Fanny responded with a nod. "I used to work as Ms. Reinley's assistant, but I'm a designer now. Ms. Reinley told me she couldn't get past her creative block ever since you left."

The manager's jaw dropped after listening to their conversation.

The shop attendant then mumbled by the manager's ear, "Ms. Reinley? Isn't she the founder and the chief designer of our brand?"

The manager shuddered at that thought and staggered almost instantly.

*Oh God. Who have I offended!*

Meanwhile, Yvette was at a loss for words at the turn of events.

*Not only did this country bumpkin know Fanny, but she's also a friend of the founder of Feature? Did Fanny mistake Arielle for someone else?*

That was just Yvette's wishful thinking. Judging by their banter, it was clear that they were close friends. Both Arielle and Fanny seemed to have forgotten that there were people around them.



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