

Chapter 149

Chapter 140

Madam

The guests were shocked to hear Rose call Alyssa that, especially Liana, whose jaw had fallen open,

the connection? Why was Rose referring to her with such respect?

Wasn't Alyssa only 24 years old? Rose was only four years older than her, and she had already been in the fashion industry for at least a decade. She'd had countless achievements, like being in the spotlight of International Fashion Week and receiving accolades.

So, who was Alyssa to her then?

"Who are you calling old? Have you ever seen a 24-year-old senior citizen?" Alyssa scowled, crossing her arms in front of her chest. "Women never age."

"That's because I respect you too much, Madam Rose leaned against Alyssa, her hand around her waist in an affectionate manner. "You

should have told me before you came over, I haven't even cleaned up properly yet!"

"I didn't plan to, originally. But one of my meetings was canceled all of a sudden, so I had time to come visit."

"Ah so this was just a convenient trip for you then. Don't I mean anything to you?"

"I'm sorry? Why are you speaking so indignantly to me? Do I need to teach you some manners?"

The two bickered like close friends while the other guests gaped in awe.

Jasper's breath hitched, conflicting emotions rising in his chest. He recalled the suit she had made for him. It finally dawned on him why the stitching and design was so immaculate. She must be the one who made Rose Emerson.

He had initially thought Alice was just good with her slitchwork, hence ignored pursuing any further possibility. It looked like he had underestimated her.

Someone who had the respect of an Internationally-renowned fashion designer...

Bitterness swelled in Jasper's heart. Why had she never shown this side of her, this true side of her, to him in their three years of marriage?

"Miss Ms. Emerson, my name is Liana Gardner. I'm Mr. Jasper Beckett's fiancée." Liana went forth, unabashedly, to try and shake Rose's hand.

But the latter wanted nothing to do with her. In fact, Rose took a step backward as if avoiding the plague, pulling Alyssa alongside her. "I don't remember your name showing up on my guestlist."

"I don't know where you got your invite, but I did not send you one. As you can see, this is a private event, not open to outsiders. Leave, or I'll have someone make you." Rose was incredibly upfront, with a hint of pride and confidence in her tone.

Liana turned pale. She swilly tugged on Jasper's sleeve, begging him to help her.

"Ms. Emerson, I apologize on both our behalf. We weren't aware this event was private. But my fiancée has always admired your work. She had always wanted to meet you in person. So please, we hope you may reconsider," Jasper spoke up, voice steady.

Something sharp lanced through Alyssa's heart.

Jasper had never asked someone for mercy or forgiveness before. He was always the one people asked it from. But now, he was willing to set his pride aside just so Liana could get what she wanted.

A faint sneer appeared on Alyssa's lips.

Only Liana was able to get Jasper's kindness and love. Once upon a time, Alyssa had made the mistake of thinking she might convince him to think otherwise.

Liana clung to Jasper, doing her best to look innocent. Secretly, she was cackling with glee.

"You've never attended an event like this. We're not in the same industry, after all," Rose drawled. She took a long look at Jasper, then