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Aidai Imankulova

Royal Couture

Vol. 1



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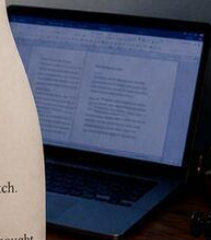
Quote

Every idea
begins as a sketch.

Every story
begins with a thought.

Designed
with vision.

Proven with choice.
Shared with the world.



Aidai Imankulova

Royal couture. Vol I

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Аннотация

This light, inspiring book is a perfect treat for aesthetics lovers, designed to be read in a single breath. Inside, two distinct worlds unfold: a captivating fiction novel about a provincial girl who conquers the high-fashion world against all odds, and a luxurious artbook catalog. The second part reveals a unique alphabet of exquisite evening gowns in a floral Haute Couture style. Immerse yourself in a world of pure beauty, premium textiles, and sheer visual magic!

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Royal couture. Vol I

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Part I. The Novel: Couture Flora

A Note to the Reader

Contemplating Sakura Through Digital Code

Welcome to my virtual Haute Couture runway, where the rigorous laws of geometry intertwine with the fragile art of untamed nature. Before you lies a unique artbook, *Royal Luxury*, born at the very intersection of two distinct worlds. This is neither a mere book nor a conventional clothing catalogue. To me, this project has become a definitive manifesto of absolute femininity, one that I have brought to life in two entirely different dimensions.

In the first part — my literary novel, *Couture Flora* — you will immerse yourself in the vivid, dramatic story of how this universe came to be. You will walk the entire path alongside the protagonist — from her first sleepless nights in a cramped, rented room in St. Petersburg and her quiet mutiny against soulless, shapeless oversize, to her ultimate triumph at exclusive high-society receptions. Into this plot, I have woven real-life drama: you will witness the exact tears, the grueling deadlines, and the icy corporate hierarchy from which this project was born.

The second part is that very legendary, alphabetical catalogue

of the Royal Luxury collection, which my heroine sculpted right before your eyes. In it, the Word of the Writer fuses seamlessly with the Form of the Designer. Every single gown — from the austere “Calla” to the predatory “Orchid” — has been broken down according to a flawless mathematical alphabet.

This album is an entirely independent, author-driven project, born of a singular creative vision from the very first spark of an idea to its final materialization. Computer tools and graphic networks became my obedient digital brush, allowing me to translate the finest fantasy sketches from my imagination onto these pages with absolute, razor-sharp precision.

I am deeply convinced that a grand idea can be articulated in many ways. As a writer, I construct tangible worlds using letters and metaphors. As a high-fashion designer, I speak the language of structural pattern cutting, the architecture of lines, and the liquid movement of premium textiles. Within this edition, they become one.

Authors are rarely perfect, but their creations are eternal.

Turn the page. It is time to uncover the secrets of Couture Flora, to translate the hidden language of plants into the dialect of exclusive evening wear, and to discover where this journey truly began.

With love,

Aidai Imankulova

Prologue: Free Fall into St. Petersburg

The era of masking genuine sincerity beneath a veneer of cold, editorial gloss was approaching its zenith. St. Petersburg greeted Alina with an icy, piercing gale, yet inside her burned a wild, almost palpable dream. Tucked away in her backpack was a first-class bachelor's degree, and in her mind — a rigorous mathematical algorithm capable of rewriting the rules of Haute Couture forever.

She had arrived in this city as a total nobody: just another provincial girl scrolling through Avito listings for a cheap sub-let to pay for a tiny, run-down room. The young woman stood at the threshold of two worlds, watching the neon lights of the evening metropolis bleed into the rain-slicked asphalt, turning the streets into a living watercolor canvas. Alina did not yet know that in a matter of months, her sketches would be whispered about at closed-door galas, or that her strict adherence to corporate hierarchy would become the ultimate challenge for the man helming a multi-billion-dollar IT empire. This was her first step into the void. The very step that set Couture Flora in motion.

Chapter 1. A Manifesto Against Oversize

The initial weeks in St. Petersburg greeted Alina with an endless procession of heavy rains and gale-force winds blowing fiercely off the Neva. Yet, the city failed to intimidate her. To her eyes, it resembled a vast, graphic equation teeming with countless variables that she was uniquely destined to solve. A crystalline objective lay ahead: a master's program at a prestigious technological university, lectures in advanced geometry, and the real-world execution of her proprietary digital algorithms. She had arrived to conquer, even if it meant rebuilding her entire life from absolute zero.

However, St. Petersburg was quick to bring her back to earth. The first obstacle Alina collided with was a crushing, pervasive loneliness amidst millions of strangers, compounded by the bleak, utterly featureless fashion of the northern capital. The city was completely drowned in a sea of grey, shapeless oversize. Wherever Alina cast her gaze — whether along the neon-lit Nevsky Prospekt, inside the rumbling subways, or within the austere university halls — she was surrounded by people clad in fabric sacks. Women willingly surrendered their natural grace, burying the elegant curve of their hips and the fine contour of their waists inside gargantuan hoodies, monstrous puffer coats, and heavy, knit cocoons.

Beholding this absolute tyranny of knitwear chaos, the young

woman staged a silent internal mutiny. Conditioned to the strict harmony of the golden ratio and the flawless precision of drafting lines, she viewed this trend as nothing short of a crime against femininity. She felt a physical craving for the structural rigidity of corsetry, the sharp definition of tailored lines, and the noble, heavy rustle of premium silk.

“This isn’t fashion; it’s a total capitulation to the winter cold,” Alina would mutter to herself, settling down each evening in her cramped, rented room.

Outside her window, the rain drummed a steady rhythm, while golden rivulets of light from passing cars bled across the glass pane. It was precisely here, beneath the warm, amber glow of a modest desk lamp, that her clandestine project was born. Alina began the meticulous process of digitizing botanical atlases. Staring intently into the monitor of her aging laptop, she discerned what eluded everyone else: the sacred, flawless proportions of nature itself. The sweeping line of a calla lily petal was a pristine mathematical parabola. The spiral geometry of an unfurling rose bud was a mesmerizing, mathematically perfect logarithmic calculation.

Alina’s fingers still retained the memory of touching rare cuts of exquisite fabrics, and she set to work crafting digital patterns engineered to restore women to their true, sovereign luxury. No more formless sacks. Instead, her vision demanded hyper-fitted, razor-sharp corsetry, the flawless sculpting of silhouettes, and the high-fashion geometry of living petals.

This audacious endeavor doubled her daily burden, demanding not only endless nocturnal hours hunched over her keyboard but also grueling stretches behind the sewing machine. The sole person privy to her secret was Liza — a former classmate who had helped Alina source premium tailoring supplies. Dropping by for a visit and catching sight of the open project files on the monitor, Liza waved her hands in a flurry of pure emotion:

“Alina, you are an absolute genius, but you know absolutely nothing about the business of luxury! We are targeting a global market here; we want to secure international pre-orders and procure exclusive textiles directly from Dubai or Milan! English is the universal language of high luxury. Yet, looking at your digital blueprints, half of your technical construction notes are still written in Russian! No international factory pattern-cutter will ever decipher this bilingual mess if we ship these files off to production. You need to overhaul this immediately — we demand a seamless global reach!”

Alina was forced to re-engineer her rigorous system completely on the fly. Under the weight of sheer exhaustion, a localized linguistic chaos erupted across her pristine blueprints. Her mind spun in circles: she frantically translated complex botanical nomenclature, striving to substitute her familiar Russian phrases with the poetic prose of “The Language of Flowers.” Yet, her physical strength was thoroughly depleted, leaving rapid, handwritten Cyrillic annotations haphazardly

interspersed with English technical stitching notes across the project files.

“Let it be,” Alina thought defiantly, saving yet another bilingual tapestry onto her flash drive. “True connoisseurs of couture will see the history of my struggle within this chaotic blend, rather than a sanitized, sterile studio gloss. The only thing that matters is forcing this world to cast off its oversized sacks and remember the meaning of true royal luxury.”

Chapter 2. The “Aristocratic Porcelain” Capsule

The sole grounded yet insurmountable obstacle remained unchanged: the international standard of luxury demanded a flawless material execution, while the necessary shades of premium silk, organza, and custom hardware required an immense fortune. Half of her university stipend and modest personal savings had already been swallowed up by the initial meters of fabric, leaving the project only a fraction of the way toward completion. To ensure her “Aristocratic Porcelain” capsule did not remain a mere cluster of pixels trapped inside her laptop, Alina desperately needed a stable source of income — one that would not compromise her precious nocturnal hours.

Opening her phone, she typed the Avito.ru address into the search bar. The platform’s algorithms delivered the ideal vacancy in a single click: “A major IT conglomerate is seeking a front-desk receptionist. Requirements: dedication, articulate speech, and strong PC proficiency.” The highly structured, rotating shift schedule would allow her to seamlessly balance her corporate duties with her master’s classes, while the salary would cover her baseline living expenses and grant her the opportunity to procure additional materials.

On the eve of her interview, Alina’s room had fully devolved into a battlefield. Due to her forced, rigorous economizing, the

digital precision of her pattern drafts constantly had to adapt to a harsh material reality. Thus, the magnificent “Freesia” gown — which radiated a deep, icy emerald hue inside her graphic editor — came to life under the rhythmic clatter of the sewing machine from a chance roll of lavender satin. Alina’s fingers caught the refreshing chill of the textile as the needle pierced through the dense, premium weave of the threads.

“Let this forced color variation become the signature feature,” Alina thought wearily, pulling the laces of another rigid, boned corset construction tight. “True couture is born within limitations. My personal flora will bear the scent of chaos, sleepless nights, and raw, beautifully flawed life.”

The next morning, Alina dressed in strict compliance with a sterile corporate dress code: a crisp white shirt, a basic black pencil skirt, and her hair swept up into an immaculate, tightly pinned bun. No avant-garde makeup, no expensive accessories — she presented the image of a modest, unpretentious student. She did not possess the slightest inkling of the powerful, winning lottery ticket she held in her hands by virtue of her sheer authenticity.

Typically, women harboring ambitions of capturing the attention of wealthy, high-caliber men of Pavel’s stature engineered elaborate, highly strategic campaigns. They spent entire fortunes in elite beauty salons, purchased loud, exhibitionist designer ensembles, and spent hours staking out his location in exclusive restaurants. Yet there, they invariably

collided with a fortress-like wall of private security, cynical associates, and artificial high-society pretension. Pavel was utterly unreachable. He was conditioned to maintain a total defense, because beneath the surface of every such manicured beauty, his subconscious immediately flagged a predatory “huntress” tracking his billions.

With Alina, the universe enacted the exact opposite script. Instead of a fleeting, five-second glance in a raucous nightclub, she received an official invitation to an interview within his glass citadel, towering over a prestigious district of St. Petersburg. When she stepped into the intimidatingly luxurious, futuristic business center with its polished marble floors and mirrored partitions, her simple attire drew a sharp contrast against the sleek, long-legged runway nymphs who occasionally floated past in clouds of niche, expensive perfume. Yet, her gaze betrayed not a hint of intimidation. The morning sun pierced through the colossal glass atrium, fracturing into millions of brilliant sparks across the high-gloss surfaces.

When Pavel entered the boardroom, Alina rose and gracefully inclined her head in a subtle, deeply respectful bow — a reflection of her rigorous provincial upbringing. Exactly two meters of a highly polished executive table separated them. There was no trace of flirtation. Pavel took his seat directly opposite her, and in that exact fraction of a second, time inside the sun-drenched office did not merely slow down — it ceased to exist entirely.

Their eyes locked in a direct gaze. It was a silent, intellectual duel, one in which Pavel's cynical high-society armor sustained a fracturing blow for the first time in memory. Within the clear, calm depths of Alina's eyes, there was none of the predatory evaluation he had grown to despise — only a resonant modesty, a mathematical serenity, and a soft, unyielding dignity. She reached down, meticulously straightening the edge of her flawlessly pressed white cuff.

Chapter 3. The “Royal Volume” Capsule

Alina’s life transformed into a flawlessly calibrated chronometer. In the mornings — complex formulas and thesis defenses in her master’s program; from afternoon until late evening — the reception desk at Pavel’s shining IT conglomerate of glass and steel. The routine was grueling, but this very repetition granted her something that not a single top model in St. Petersburg could buy: time and the power of constant presence.

In the world of high fashion and elite restaurants where Pavel usually orbited, all encounters were built on the principle of a singular, blinding flash. Beautiful women spent weeks preparing for a single evening with him, but this conveyor belt of identical, airbrushed masks quickly faded from his memory. With Alina, however, the iron law of regular contact took effect. Whether Pavel wanted it or not, their universes now collided every single morning. Bringing reports for his signature, greeting couriers with critical documents, brewing strong espresso before a high-stakes board meeting — these brief, daily five-minute encounters forged a powerful mental connection.

Pavel saw her in all her states: focused, exhausted, smiling, instantly resolving corporate emergencies. She was quietly becoming an indispensable and highly reliable anchor in his everyday life.

Yet, contrary to Pavel’s expectations, Alina made no attempt

to exploit this advantage. For the first two months, she maintained her distance so flawlessly that corporate hierarchy might as well have been her middle name. No lingering smiles, no flirtatious inflections, no lingering glances or accidental touches when handing over folders. Just polite, cool, crystal-clear professionalism. Alina viewed Pavel strictly as the chief executive officer and the employer who paid her salary on time.

And this was exactly what began to subconsciously aggravate and intrigue Pavel. His masculine pride, thoroughly accustomed to women throwing themselves at him at the slightest opportunity, struck an absolute calm. Week after week passed, but this modest provincial girl remained unbreachable. A strange, almost competitive thrill awoke within him: why was she — the only one in his entire circle — not trying to manipulate him, remaining entirely untroubled by his billions? Alina's genuine indifference to his status worked better than any calculated seduction — it forced Pavel himself to seek out reasons to talk.

One such occasion arose during an ordinary working midday. Pavel caught Alina having a rushed bite to eat right at the reception desk. Noticing her boss, she self-consciously tried to hide the plastic container. Pavel said nothing, but half an hour later, he silently returned from the city and placed a brown kraft bag before her, containing a hot meal from a fast-food restaurant.

This spontaneous rendezvous at the reception desk, soundtracked by the quiet, rhythmic pinging of Telegram notifications, was filled with a raw sincerity that Pavel had

never experienced in his life. Stepping right over his high-society pretension, they shared a warm, ironically sweet lunch, discussing the St. Petersburg sleet behind the panoramic glass pane. Pavel caught himself thinking that this simple burger brought him more pure pleasure than dinners in Michelin-starred establishments. He settled the bill with a single click via biometric delivery terminal, without even pulling out his phone, while Alina watched this routine triumph of digital technology with a soft smile.

Chapter 4. The “Silk Curls” Capsule

Alina continued to dismantle every single one of Pavel’s preconceptions, and one such defining moment unfolded on a rain-drenched Tuesday when a crucial representative from a London investment fund arrived at the headquarters completely unannounced. As fate would have it, Pavel’s staff interpreter was utterly marooned in a infamous St. Petersburg traffic jam along the Obvodny Canal, leaving the top executives panicking and exchanging uneasy glances, completely at a loss for how to smooth over the agonizing silence. The foreign investor’s brow was already beginning to furrow, the discomfort in the room growing palpable.

Alina calmly rose from behind the reception desk. Without a trace of panic or hesitation, she stepped toward the guest and welcomed him on behalf of the conglomerate in a flawless, crystal-clear English accented with a soft British cadence. Within minutes, she effortlessly navigated a light, sophisticated small talk, offered the distinguished guest a premium coffee, escorted him into the boardroom, and coaxed a genuine smile from his lips with a witty remark about the St. Petersburg weather.

Pavel, who had been observing the entire sequence from behind the glass doors of his private office, froze in his tracks. His brows shot upward in sheer astonishment. This simple girl from the Avito listings wasn’t just brewing espresso — she

possessed a razor-sharp, highly cultivated intellect capable of salvaging the international negotiations of his multi-billion-dollar empire. Long after the investor had stepped into the boardroom, Pavel remained staring at the closed door, feeling his interest in his own receptionist mutate into something intimidatingly profound.

This incident forced Pavel to view his headquarters through an entirely new lens. The corporate space, which had previously seemed like a sterile, mechanical clockwork, suddenly acquired a focal point. And that focal point was Alina. She continued to respect the boundaries of professional hierarchy flawlessly, yet Pavel caught himself more and more frequently tracking her shadow through the transparent glass partitions. Soon, he noticed a large cardboard box tucked beneath her desk, from which sketchbooks and premium art supplies were visibly protruding.

“A major inventory shipment, Alina?” Pavel inquired casually, pausing at the front desk. “Did our archives order this?”

Alina flushed slightly — marking the singular moment her mathematical composure sustained a temporary fracture. She neatly nudged the box deeper beneath the desk with the toe of her shoe:

“No, Pavel Andreyevich. It’s personal. This weekend I’m traveling to visit the children at Regional Orphanage No. 3. They asked for art supplies for their lessons. I help out once a month when time permits. Please don’t worry, it doesn’t interfere with my corporate duties in the slightest.”

"I'm not worried," Pavel tossed back before retreating into his office.

Yet inside him, a violent emotional tempest was raging. Raised in a hyper-cynical high-society environment, he was thoroughly accustomed to "charity" engineered solely for public relations and polished social media grids. Alina, by contrast, sacrificed her rare, hard-won weekends quietly, entirely devoid of pretense or publications. Against the backdrop of the artificial brilliance that had circled him for years, she emerged as an authentic angel from a parallel universe. His defenses were crumbling, and the very hierarchy she maintained so strictly was transforming into the most coveted peak he was absolutely bound to conquer.

Behind her mask of absolute serenity, however, Alina was masking a brutal, accumulating exhaustion. Pavel increasingly noticed the dark shadows bruising the skin beneath her eyes and the way she was practically drifting off to sleep at the front desk. One evening, he summoned her into his private office. Resting upon the polished executive desk was a sleek, austere black box.

"This is corporate property, Alina," Pavel stated in a dry, thoroughly businesslike tone, fighting to conceal the underlying tremor of his own anxiety. "I require my staff to operate at peak efficiency, not collapse from sheer fatigue. You will utilize this advanced software."

Inside the box rested the latest AR augmented-reality glasses paired with a high-performance graphic tablet. Pavel explained

that the integrated AI assistant would enable her to model and calculate pattern drafts directly in mid-air, translating three-dimensional formulas into ready-to-cut digital blueprints in a matter of seconds. Alina was deeply flushed by this veiled act of care masquerading as “operational necessity,” yet she accepted the hardware. This technological miracle granted her mathematical mind an incredible sovereignty: now, the monumental workload of forty-two individual gowns could be executed in just a single month.

Chapter 5. The Catalogue of Couture Flora: Absolute Femininity and Drama

Her relationship with Pavel was slowly yet irrevocably shifting its trajectory, and concurrently, Alina was descending deeper into his world — a world that was cold, blindingly brilliant, and intimidatingly alien. The first serious fracture ran through an exclusive, high-society reception to which Pavel had invited her, no longer as the receptionist of his conglomerate, but as his personal guest.

For Alina, this became a brutal trial. The evening, unfolding inside a palatial penthouse with panoramic views of the midnight Neva, greeted her from the very first moments with artificial smiles and calculating, predatory glances. The manicured high-society lionesses and Pavel's long-standing acquaintances from the elite St. Petersburg fashion scene immediately flagged the modest provincial girl as an existential threat. A literal avalanche of inherited superiority pressed down upon her, but the true, devastating blow lay ahead.

On the eve of the reception, one of Pavel's detractors, actively hunting for any scrap of leverage against his new companion, had stumbled upon a casual social media photograph posted by her friend Liza from the sewing workshop. Resting in the soft-focus background of the frame was a unique dress silhouette stamped with Alina's signature mathematical drafting seal. Resolving

to publicly test the knowledge of this “provincial upstart” and expose her as a fraud, a statuesque brunette clad in an oversized designer suit — which draped over her frame like an incredibly expensive sack — approached Alina, offering an venomous, saccharine smile as she extended a printed screenshot of the technical sketch:

“Alina, darling, do remind us uninitiated minds,” she drawled, instantly arresting the attention of the surrounding guests. “Is this gown supposed to be our ‘Lilac’ or is it, after all, the ‘Hydrangea’? You are rumored to be the author, the mastermind behind some sort of ‘Couture Flora’, so surely you must know your own masterpieces entirely by heart.”

Alina froze, her eyes scanning the printed yards of illustrated tulle. In the botanical realm, look-alike species are endless: peony-shaped roses, double-petaled ranunculi, Japanese camellias, and cherry blossoms can appear completely identical from certain vantage points. Having processed thousands of natural fractals and digital blueprint patterns through her computer over the preceding weeks, Alina’s vision had grown so profoundly blurred that under conditions of intense psychological stress, her exhausted brain simply glitched. Everything swam before her eyes.

Beyond the endless silhouettes, the sheer weight of ordinary, real-life emergencies was crashing down upon her in a relentless wave: overdue assignments in her master’s program, complex corporate forms from the patent bureau, and a state of chronic

sleep deprivation. A momentary hesitation — and across the rows of onlookers, a volley of sharp, quiet sneers and hushed whispers immediately caught fire.

“Look at her, the ‘designer’! She can’t even tell her own dresses apart. The whole thing is nothing but inflated pretense,” came a mocking voice from the corner.

The jab cut straight to the quick. Barely enduring the remainder of the reception, Alina fled back to her rented room. The moment the door clicked shut, she dissolved into tears of utter powerlessness and resentment. In the dark of that night, her internal perfectionism dragged her down into a literal mental morass. It seemed to her that the collection was destined to be fractured into pristine couture capsules, yet nature itself was actively resisting that cold logic. The sheer workload of an entire Parisian fashion house staff had collapsed onto her shoulders alone, and the mounting chaos was slowly driving her mad. Alina’s hands convulsively gripped a remnant of heavy, dense-weave royal velvet resting on her desk — its matte, heavy texture seemed to absorb her tears, anchoring her back to reality.

“Stop,” Alina suddenly commanded herself mentally, wiping her eyes. Her public defeat at the high-society evening demanded uncompromising, clinical decisions. Prior to this moment, she had managed to compose three grand, deeply poetic narratives for the Rose, the Calla, and the Orchid, pouring her entire soul into them and detailing every living petal like a stanza of verse. They were the definitive blooms of her life. But as Alina checked

the clock and confronted the true scale of the remaining work, her cold intellect delivered a sobering truth: if she insisted on composing such an exhaustive botanical philosophy for each of the forty-two plants, the book would simply never see the light of day. Perfectionism was transforming into a lethal trap. And so, she executed a strong, truly couture executive decision: those three texts would endure within the catalogue as the crown jewels and a testament to her initial idealism, while for the remaining thirty-nine models, she would draft strict, concise art-passports.

“Enough with the rules”, ” Alina whispered into the empty room, warmed only by the soft amber glow of her desk lamp. “I am not playing by their rules. I will break down all forty-two gowns in simple alphabetical order. From A to Z. Like an honest, rigorous dictionary.”

Naturally, for her eyes only, inside her most clandestine paper journal, she preserved light pencil notations: which gown was engineered as “drama” and which was “avant-garde”. The project finally began to breathe. It became clear, defined, and armed to conquer the world entirely on her own terms. Never again would anyone be capable of catching her in a mistake.

Chapter 6. The Catalogue of Couture

Flora: Witch's Brew and Deadline Mode

Alina's gaze swept over the meticulously stacked cuts of fabric that had claimed a full half of her room. This entire handmade tailoring hell, financed by sleepless nights and grueling shifts at the reception desk, was finally manifesting into a tangible, touchable shape. Now that the digital pattern drafts were physically unified with real silk and heavy satin, there could be no room for compromise.

The laptop monitor continued to flicker mercilessly with hundreds of open tabs. Ranunculus, anemone, delphinium, forget-me-not — the names of exotic, garden, and wild field plants had melted into a singular, low-humming chaos. The botanical world seemed to be testing her structural endurance. Granted, the predatory orchid, the flawless camellia, or the regal rose were impossible to mistake for anything else, even in a state of near-fainting exhaustion. But the rest of the flora had morphed inside her consciousness into an incomprehensible, tangled labyrinth. On her screen, the ranunculi stubbornly mimicked lush peonies, the anemones masqueraded as wild poppies, and Alina found herself constantly hitting a wall on the most elementary details.

She froze, her stylus hovering over the graphic tablet. In the deep nocturnal darkness of her room, the warm glow of

the desk lamp fused with the futuristic bioluminescence of her AR glasses. The moment she focused her gaze, neon three-dimensional lines of future corsetry unfurled in the mid-air above her desk, floating like fragile digital constellations. The internal perfectionist, who just yesterday had driven her to tears over the venomous sneers of the high-society crowd, began to quietly whisper once more: "Stop. Re-examine every single sepal. Memorize every varietal distinction between buttercups and roses. Polish every line to a sterile, absolute ideal, or they will laugh you out of the room again."

But this time, Alina refused to take the bait. Now, her cold mathematical mind delivered a completely different, sobering truth: if she insisted on meticulously refining every single ruffle, this collection would swallow up long years of her life. And she simply did not possess those years. Life was surging all around her, demanding clinical decisions here and now. Resting upon her work desk, interspersed with the sketches for the "Witch's Brew" gown, lay entirely different documents. The final deadlines for her primary scientific research in her master's program were burning; the patent bureau was demanding immediate corrections to complex legal forms for her new IT algorithms; and a stack of other major technological projects was literally stepping on her heels. The couture gown collection was her passion, her personal manifesto, but she had no right to let it bury her remaining ambitions.

Alina resolutely lowered her stylus onto the desk and opened

her digital planner.

“I have exactly one month,” she spoke aloud, her voice ringing surprisingly solid within the empty, rented room. “Exactly thirty days to breathe life into this alphabetical chaos, completely finalize all forty-two sketches, compose their technical passports, and release this book into the world.”

She decisively locked the deadline into the system. The act brought an immediate, incredible sense of liberation. The architectural confusion in her head between lilies of the valley and ranunculi did not vanish, but it no longer held any terror for Alina.

“I will not allow perfectionism to consume my future,” Alina thought defiantly, uploading the first finalized sketch into the export folder, while outside her window, the neon media facades of St. Petersburg bled across the high-gloss tracks of the rain-slicked asphalt. “The book will come out now, this very month. On my terms.”

Furthermore, Alina systematically rejected dry, descriptive nomenclature. Bestowing names upon her gowns based solely on color or textile type — such as “Red Silk” or “Lavender Satin” — struck her as the absolute height of prose and banality. Every model in her catalogue was an independent art object, a painterly manifesto. The titles emerged as pure poetic abstraction, a play of raw associations and mood: a heavy, structural tapestry gown with a rigid corset might receive the title “Airborne Tenderness” because it evoked a sensation of flight, while the lightest,

diaphanous chiffon might be baptized “Dark Flame.” This was her conscious conceptual intent: the name of a gown must mirror its living soul and internal philosophy, rather than the technical specifications from a fabric store receipt.

Chapter 7. Sophisticated Cocktail and Geometry. The Finale

Thirty days of a brutal, uncompromising deadline flew by like a single, breathless, racing moment. Alina managed everything: she successfully defended her complex algorithms at the university department, corrected legal patent forms in the brief intervals between incoming front-desk calls at the reception, and spent her nights merging forty-two individual sketches into a unified digital array. Within her private journal, the couture capsule “Sophisticated Cocktail and Geometry” was finalized last. It was a pure mathematical victory over chaos.

The grand book presentation and the exclusive closed-door screening of the “Couture Flora” digital collection unfolded inside the exact same palatial penthouse overlooking the midnight Neva where high-society lionesses had once tried to entrap her about the varieties of lilacs. Yet on this evening, she dictated the rules of the game. The cold, panoramic glazing reflected the sprawling lights of the great city, blending them seamlessly with the soft focus of the runway spotlights.

The moment the colossal screens began shifting through the magnificent sketches arranged in a flawless alphabetical progression — from the austere “Calla” to the hypnotic “Bluebell” — the entire hall fell dead silent. The rigorous structure spanning from A to Z, reinforced by detailed technical

art-passports and crowned by the three rich, deeply poetic manifestos for the collection's ultimate jewels, appeared so monumental and profoundly professional that the fashion critics failed to summon a single argument for a sneer. It was an absolute, undisputed triumph. A total nobody from the Avito listings, completely devoid of a diploma from a prestigious design academy, had laid the arrogant St. Petersburg elite flat on their backs through the sheer power of pure geometry and an iron character.

Pavel approached her at the very close of the evening, just as the exclusive guests were beginning to disperse. Within his eyes, there was no longer a trace of his habitual, icy cynicism — only an infinite, profound respect and that exact same deep, authentic attraction that had first sparked between them during her job interview. Defying the entire hushed high-society crowd, he extended a sleek, impeccably gathered bouquet to Alina. There was no gaudy, loud packaging — just the living botanical stems bound by a strict, heavy silk ribbon. Alina lowered her gaze to the blooms, and her mathematical brain decoded the hidden cipher of the ancient language of flowers in a fraction of a second: they were pristine white callas interspersed with sprigs of delicate lilies of the valley.

Without a single word, Pavel was acknowledging her total triumph. The calla lily manifested the highest degree of adoration for her unique genius, while the lily of the valley proclaimed the definitive return of raw sincerity and the dawn of their new,

honest era. Between them, that same tender, magnetic chemistry caught fire once more.

“You executed the impossible, Alina,” he spoke softly, looking down at her. “You didn’t just sculpt a collection. You forced this entire city to cast off its oversized sacks. I am immensely proud of you.”

Alina offered a soft smile, finally allowing herself to completely unwind in his presence for the very first time. Her fingers brushed the cool, waxy petals of the calla lily, and the icy professional hierarchy she had maintained as a shield for so long completely thawed away, surrendering its ground to something authentic, warm, and beautifully mutual.

Epilogue. Free Flight

Three days later, Alina found herself nestled deep within the plush leather seat of an airliner cruising far above the midnight clouds. As the jet gained its cruising altitude, she looked over at Pavel, who was fast asleep in the adjacent seat with his head turned slightly toward the window pane, and realized with absolute clarity: the chaos was left behind. A single month of a maddening deadline — where ranunculi blurred into anemones and premium textiles had to be procured by literal storm — had culminated in her unconditional victory.

Beyond the airplane window stretched an infinite darkness, stitched through with the brilliant sparks of distant stars. Looming ahead of her were massive international contracts, the procurement of exclusive textiles directly from Dubai for her future collections, and the global defense of her wide-scale IT patents. Her life was rapidly gaining altitude. A single month of a handmade tailoring hell had forged her spirit, granted her an authentic love, and rendered her absolutely, completely free. She had proven to the entire world that the centuries-old rules of global fashion houses can be rewritten, even if you don't possess a master's degree in fashion design. Her internal perfectionist no longer struck any terror into her heart — she had fully broken it to her will, structuring her entire personal universe according to a strict, ideal alphabet.

Alina cast a tender glance at Pavel, washed over by a sense of absolute tranquility, before pulling her tablet from her backpack and gliding her finger across the sleek glass display. Upon the clean digital canvas, she drafted a few poetic new titles for her upcoming sketches: “Silk Kiss” and “Secret Rendezvous”.

The young woman smiled at the rush of fresh inspiration, closed the graphic editor, and opened the very first page of her ultimate, hard-won masterpiece — the alphabetical catalogue destined to permanently alter the landscape of Haute Couture. It was time to show them pure, unadulterated “Royal Luxury.” The era of masking genuine sincerity beneath a cold, editorial gloss had officially drawn to its close. Right here, right now, a beautiful new chapter was beginning.

Part II. Alphabetical catalogue: “Royal luxury”

Chapter 1. Model “Alstroemeria” — The Peruvian Carnival



Dress Legend

Alstroemeria is an exquisite narrative of ephemerality — a delicate balance held between vulnerability and latent inner strength. Within the character of this botanical marvel, famously known as the “Peruvian Lily,” lies a refined exoticism and the poetic melancholy of fading warmth. Her alter-ego is the nymph of the vanishing dawn, an elusive, mysterious muse whose presence is felt like a fleeting breath of warm wind. The gown carries a potent emotional currents of quiet yet magnetic femininity, gentle expression, and a fragile grace that unfolds petal by petal, drawing the world into a sensual dance.

Haute Couture Passport

Silhouette: An intensely sensual, fluid haute couture silhouette that flawlessly balances between a classic mermaid line and a loose, semi-contoured column. The overarching geometry is engineered around soft, spiraling lines that visually elongate the proportions of the body to create an illusion of absolute weightlessness and organic plasticity.

Bodice Architecture: A delicate asymmetry that sings an ode to exposed skin. The shoulder line is subtly addressed: one shoulder is accentuated by a softly soaring, sculpted fabric petal, while the other remains semi-bare, tensioned only by weightless, ethereal strings. A soft V-shaped neckline effortlessly dissolves into a transparent illusion décolletage.

The Central Bloom: An intricate, multi-layered petal-inspired

sculpted bodice rendered in silk organza that converges at a single, centralized knot at the waist. The fabric across the bust and torso is draped in ultra-fine radial folds, masterfully capturing the effect of a tightly closed bud waiting to unravel at a single touch.

Hip Line and Basqueless Form: An exquisite, anatomical contouring of the hips that completely eschews the physical weight of a traditional peplum. Instead, dynamic volume and movement are formed by an asymmetrical petal cascade skirt that softly embraces the body's curves, yielding a complex, living texture that accentuates the pure fragility of the feminine form.

The Hem and Cascading Train: A dramatic, floating lower skirt punctuated by an intentional, high-set high center slit. It is meticulously assembled from hundreds of organically layered petals of varying lengths. With every stride, the fabrication behaves with airy levity, taking flight at the slightest motion to expose the legs within a cascading sea of silk foam.

The Couture Knot: The ultimate artistic signature feature — the delicate beaded draped chains cascading from the shoulders and the bodice, heavily punctuated with shimmering sequins. These microscopic, crystalline strands fluidly stream along the arms and hips, masterfully mimicking drifting droplets of tropical rain or the frozen tears of early morning dew.

Tactile Map

Fabric Companions: A highly artistic alliance of multi-layered, shape-retentive layered silk organza, weightless silk

tulle, and ultra-fine, translucent silk chiffon. The inherent structural rigidity of the petal frameworks is flawlessly compensated by the fluid texture and sheer softness of the draperies.

Color Palette: A watercolor-like ombré and highly sophisticated noble gradients. The foundational base of the gown is washed in tones of rich champagne, petal cream, and a delicate soft gold. These tones fluidly bleed into a tender blush, the signature alstroemeria pink, and a deep, bruised rosewood tint.

Optical Illusion: Under the runway spotlights, the gown literally combusts into life thanks to a dense constellation of hand-embroidered beadwork and sequins. It shuns a sharp, mercurial flash, offering instead a noble, waxy sheen as though the exotic petals were lacquered by fresh morning dew. In movement, the minute crystals ignite into subtle sparks, creating an illusion of an internal, living luminescence.

Character and Occasion

The Mood: Vanishing tenderness, fragile eroticism, poetic romanticism, and a mysterious exoticism. The entire ensemble breathes the warm air of a setting sun, casting an aura of untouchable detachment and alluring charm.

The Occasion: An exclusive charity ball held within the blooming cliffside gardens of the Riviera, a red carpet appearance at a spring arts festival, or a romantic evening reception where the visual poetry of the gown is demanded to captivate the room.

The Style Trailing: The asymmetry of the bodice and the fluid movement of the beaded chains mandate a swept-up coiffure — a soft, texturized low chignon with ethereal, air-light tendrils framing the face. For jewelry, select ultra-fine, linear drop-earrings in rose gold finished with droplets of raw rose quartz or morganite.

The Olfactory Signature: A sensual, powder-soft floral fragrance. Top notes of succulent peach and pink pepper, yielding to a tender heart of white lily, alstroemeria, and May rose, anchored upon a warming, enveloping base of creamy sandalwood and cashmeran.

The Musical Echo: An acoustic guitar performing in tandem with a solitary flute. Light, intricate, and fleeting chords that rhythmically echo every weightless flap of the fabric petals along the hem with every step.

Alstroemeria

The Language of Flowers
Haute Couture Collection



Notes

- Petal inspired sculpted bodice in layered silk organza
- Hand embroidered beadwork & sequins
- Beaded draped chains cascading from shoulders
- Asymmetrical petal cascade skirt with high center slit
- Shades of Alstroemeria blossom

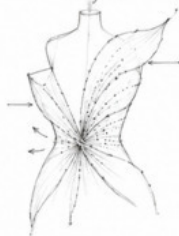
Detail study



Back view



Construction study



Palette



Chapter 2. Model “Anemone”

— The Graphic Heart



Dress Legend

This gown is an ode to tremulous anticipation, cloistered protection, and a fragile yet unyielding inner strength. The character of the “Anemone” is defined by a profound emotional dichotomy: while its petals flutter delicately at the slightest whisper of the wind, its core remains absolutely unshaken. Its alter-ego is a woman of an exposed, deeply sensitive soul anchored by an iron will. The narrative of the silhouette traces the pulse of raw passion, masterfully imprisoned within the strict, calligraphic contours of haute couture.

Haute Couture Passport

The Silhouette: A sculptural, razor-sharp godet silhouette featuring immaculate, anatomical tailoring. This couture geometry elongates the proportions of the figure, evoking the illusion of a slender stem that culminates in a dramatic, expressive explosion of a tiered, multi-layered skirt. The back is defined by a plunging, graphic V-shaped cutout that highlights the fragile grace and statuesque poise of the posture.

The Architecture of the Bodice: A décolletage carved into the shape of a deep, sensuous heart. The neckline is framed by asymmetrical, upward-sweeping, undulating edges of structured organza petals. These sharp, tactile borders create an intricate relief, uncovering the shoulders and collarbones while constructing a bold, exquisitely engineered couture framework.

The Central Corolla: Serving as “The Graphic Heart” and the

ultimate compositional anchor is the deep, shadowed abyss of the mid-bust. It is intricately encrusted with a dense, meticulous constellation of micro-bugle beads and midnight crystals. From this mystical epicenter, a textured, sculptural wave spirals across the silhouette, mimicking the mesmerizing, fluid movement of a blossoming flower.

The Hip Line and Peplum Structure: The line of the hips is closely enveloped in smooth, flawlessly molded fabric. In lieu of a traditional peplum, the waist is defined by a vertical, spiraling petal-volant fashioned from double-faced silk organza. Originating at the bodice, it cuts diagonally across the waist and sweeps down the hip, visually tapering the torso into wasp-like proportions without adding unneeded volume.

The Hem and Fluid Train: From the knees downward, the monumental hem unfurls into a cascading torrent of ethereal, undulating flounces that seamlessly melt into a heavy, sweeping circular train. The multi-tiered architecture of the skirt alternates between translucent and opaque textiles, ensuring that with every step, the gown “breathes” and vibrates, creating the sublime illusion of living movement caught in a breeze.

The Couture Knot: A signature, high-jewelry embroidery technique accentuating the seams (Petal construction & beading detail). Glinting black bugle beads trace the structural lines like delicate graphic capillaries, radiating outward from the heart of the corolla along the raised edges of the petals to map out a calligraphic contour and exalt the complex architecture of the

cut.

Tactile Map

Fabric Companions: A sumptuous couture alliance composed of whisper-weight, hand-pleated silk chiffon and rigid, structural layered organza petals featuring a precise, laser-sculpted wavy edge.

The Color Palette: An immaculate, fine-art ombre gradient. The textile seamlessly transitions from a dense, velvety charcoal and midnight noir at the heart of the corolla, bleeding into a rich, explosive scarlet and fiery carmine, before whispering into a delicate powder-pink at the outermost edges of the skirt's floating petals.

The Luminescent Illusion: A absolute study in chiaroscuro. The finely pleated chiffon base and matte black folds absorb the light to conjure a dramatic, infinite depth. Simultaneously, the gossamer edges of the organza petals glow translucently under the runway spotlights, while the beaded matrices cast a fluid, mercurial shimmer with every turn of the silhouette.

Character and Occasion

The Mood: Expressive, passionate, and deeply emotional, yet fiercely disciplined within an unattainable, high-fashion elegance.

The Occasion: The grand opening gala of an international arts festival, an exclusive white-tie charity ball, a high-fashion red carpet premiere, or an opening night at Teatro alla Scala.

The Styling Profile: A high, effortlessly undone French updo

(a highly textured chignon) with soft, face-framing tendrils. For jewelry, the look demands only a pair of sweeping, asymmetrical earrings in blackened gold, dripping with drops of raw rubies or noble spinel that echo the form of the anemone petals. The neckline is to be left entirely bare.

The Scent Signature: A dramatic, fiercely sensual olfactory imprint. Notes of wild red anemone, succulent blackcurrant, and hot, crushed pink pepper, balanced by white musk and a powdery vetiver base.

The Musical Echo: Deep, vibrant, and expressive cello movements that suddenly ignite into a sharp, tempestuous violin tango punctuated by fierce, dramatic staccatos.

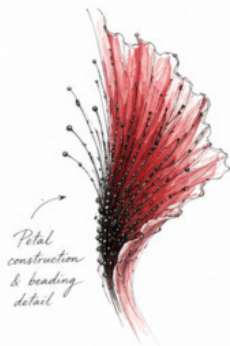
Anemone

The Language of Flowers
Haute Couture Collection

Anemone –
symbol of
anticipation,
protection
and fragile
inner strength.
Its petals
move with
the wind,
yet the heart
remains
unshaken.



Back view



Petal
construction
& beading
detail

Hand-pleated
silk chiffon
with delicate
ombre shading

Layered
organza
petals



Palette
inspired by
Anemone

Chapter 3. Model “Anthurium”

— The Satin Secret



Dress Legend

Anthurium is a radical manifesto of latent drama, an expression of primeval nature frozen in high-gloss silk. The character of this botanical marvel knows no softness; it yields only a hypnotic, dangerous sensuality. Her alter-ego is the ultimate femme fatale — a woman who refuses to flirt with the world, choosing instead to dictate its rules. The gown projects an unyielding, borderline defiant confidence. It is a visual narrative of a woman stepping into her absolute power, where the fragility of a blossom hardens into glossy armor, and every step becomes an act of high art.

Haute Couture Passport

Silhouette: A radically tailored, sculptural mermaid silhouette defined by a strict, almost architectural geometry. The precision of the cut elongates the proportions, transforming the feminine form into the stem of an exotic plant.

Bodice Architecture: Bold, compromise-free asymmetry. One shoulder is left completely bare to expose the vulnerability of the collarbones, contrasted by a monumental, upward-soaring architectural wing that masterfully replicates the spathaceous spathe of the anthurium.

The Central Bloom: An anatomically flawless, sculptured petal-shaped corset that cinches the waist to impossible dimensions. The bodice literally germinates from the central axis, blossoming into a rigid, boned cupped structure held by a

hidden couture framework.

Hip Line and Basqueless Form: An uncompromising, body-conscious contouring of the hips that eschews the traditional peplum. Instead, dynamic volume is achieved through raised, embossed leather veins that fluidly track the natural curves of the body, accentuating its raw magnetism without adding weight.

The Hem and Cascading Train: The lower skirt erupts into a dramatic, petaled train. The intricate hem construction mimics unfolding sepals, revealing flashes of a dark, clandestine lining with every step. The fabric moves with regal gravity — never flying, but heavily rolling across the floor like liquid magma.

The Couture Knot: A magnificent, jewel-encrusted “spadix” column, hand-embroidered with a dense constellation of gold micro-beads, raw citrines, and lustrous yellow pearls. Clutched tightly within the glossy petals of the bodice, it serves as the ultimate focal point, capturing both light and theatrical tension.

Tactile Map

Fabric Companions: A uncompromising duality of dense-weave lacquered silk with a liquid-leather finish and ultra-fine, bespoke-molded leather used for the relief veins. The interior is sheathed in a heavy, muted matte velvet lining, offering a stark, tactile juxtaposition against the exterior gleam.

Color Palette: A dominant, high-octane glossy anthuri-red, bleeding into deep, bruised tones of rich wine and deep burgundy within the shadows of the folds. The palette is punctuated by strokes of antique gold and the grounding, matte contrast of deep

moss green.

Optical Illusion: Under the runway spotlights, the gown behaves like a living petal lacquered by morning dew. It radiates a dense, waxy sheen. Along the curves, light splinters into mercurial, mirror-like reflections, while the deep moss velvet lining swallows light entirely, creating an illusion of abyssal depth.

Character and Occasion

The Mood: Predatory elegance, sovereign detachment, and repressed expression. The overall aesthetic is shrouded in an aura of untouchable, magnetic dominance.

The Occasion: The red carpet of the Cannes Film Festival, an exclusive avant-garde haute couture ball, or the opening night of a modernist opera — occasions that demand not mere presence, but absolute spatial dominance.

The Style Trailing: The décolletage must remain completely unadorned to preserve the clean lines of the neck. Adorn the ears with a singular, substantial polished gold ear-cuff that mirrors the organic veins of the gown. The hair should be swept into a high, effortlessly textured couture updo, exposing the bare back and chiseled neckline.

The Olfactory Signature: A complex, artisanal niche fragrance. A carnal black orchid base laced with damp woods, bitter red pepper, and a smoky, metallic leather undertone.

The Musical Echo: A solitary cello. A deep, resonant, and agonizingly beautiful vibrato that echoes the calculated, rhythmic

cadence of her stride.

Anthurium

The Language
of Flowers
Haute Couture
Collection



Lacquered silk
or patent leather
effect

Anthurium leaf
structure

Architectural
asymmetric wing

Matte velvet
lining in deep
moss green

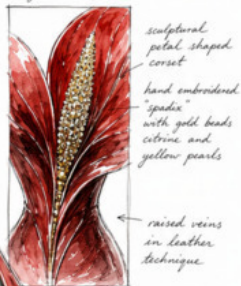
Haute couture
precision
and sculpture



Back view

open back
line like
the stem
of anthurium

Signature Detail



Handwritten signature

Chapter 4. Model “Begonia”

— The Vanilla Mousse



Dress Legend

The “Begonia” is an ode to cloaked passion and fatal melancholy. The character of the blossom is entirely devoid of naive spring lightness; it represents an autumnal fading at the absolute zenith of its decadent, illicit beauty. Its alter-ego is a dark queen who ventures into the light only at dusk. The drama of her character is woven into every contour of the textile: the exterior, sculptural discipline of black velvet restrains a swirling, incandescent wildfire of silk petals. The gown projects a formidable emotional narrative — a triumph of feminine sovereignty that never begs for attention, but silently subjugates the space around it.

Haute Couture Passport

The Silhouette: A sculptural, Gothic mermaid silhouette featuring a radical, highly dramatic asymmetry. The left side manifests strict, architectural graphics, while the right side surrenders to the unrestrained, organic fluidity of a blossoming bud.

The Architecture of the Bodice: An asymmetrical, exposed décolletage that leaves the left shoulder entirely bare. The right side is crowned by a monumental wing-collar that soars upward, framing the neck and face like a stark, unfolding sepal.

The Central Corolla: Complex, corseted draping engineered to mimic the intricate veining of a begonia leaf. The dense black velvet tapers sharply at the waist, fashioning a wasp-like

silhouette from which crimson silk folds erupt like a whirlwind.

The Hip Line and Peplum Structure: A uncompromising, streamlined embrace across the hips that dissolves into a cascading, asymmetrical peplum of silk faille on the right hip. It tumbles in jagged, living waves, tapering the silhouette through a continuous play of chiaroscuro rather than adding unneeded weight.

The Hem and Fluid Train: The train is envisioned as a turbulent torrent of petals. At the back and across the right side, the hem explodes into multi-layered flounces that generate the sublime illusion of falling autumn leaves or smoldering embers trailing effortlessly behind the wearer.

The Couture Knot: The signature, unique hallmark of the gown — a high-jewelry hand-embroidery of black spinel along the raised borders of the collar and skirt. Thousands of micro-beads replicate droplets of midnight dew resting upon the veins of the begonia, tracing a hypnotic contour.

Tactile Map

Fabric Companions: A regal alliance composed of a deep, midnight-black velvet (dense, ultra-matte, absorbing all contours) and a rich silk faille (shape-retentive, vibrant, with a noble, dry crispness and a highly pronounced texture) in deep wine-toned hues.

The Color Palette: A complex, dramatic ombre gradient. It evolves from an opaque graphite and black velvet into a deep plum and midnight burgundy, before culminating in an explosive

crimson-coral at the outermost edges of the cascading petals.

The Luminescent Illusion: A complete study in contrasting luminous temperatures. The velvet entirely absorbs the runway spotlights, conjuring abysses of opaque darkness, while the silk faille ignites from within with a moist, waxy luster, and the spinels cast sharp, mercurial sparks with the slightest movement of the silhouette.

Character and Occasion

The Mood: Majestic, commanding, utterly mesmerizing, and decadently elegant. It is an exquisite distillation of noble detachment and fatal allure.

The Occasion: An opening night at Teatro alla Scala, a white-tie ball within an ancient Italian palazzo, or a film festival red carpet with a strict Black Tie Haute Couture dress code.

The Styling Profile: A high, intentionally undone Italian updo with soft, face-framing tendrils. For jewelry, the look demands strictly a pair of sweeping chandelier earrings in blackened gold, dripping with raw rubies or deep garnets. The neckline and wrists are to be left entirely bare.

The Scent Signature: A heavy, deeply mystical olfactory imprint. Notes of bitter dark chocolate, fading burgundy rose, and crushed black pepper, balanced by sacred incense and rain-soaked forest bark.

The Musical Echo: A haunting solo cello performance. A deep, vibrant, and slightly tempestuous resonance that accentuates every stride and the soft rustle of the heavy silk hem.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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