

## **CHOSEN 1311**

### Chapter 1311

As soon as Beverly walked up, Jacob's mom nabbed her. She heard everything she said loud and clear, her cheeks turning a shade of red.

"Well, would you look at that, a bride-to-be still blushing."

The older folks joked around, bursting into laughter. Even Brad tried to suppress his smirk. The crowd was loud. You couldn't avoid their chatter even if you wanted to.

Sitting not too far off, Chloe heard everything, a cold smirk on her face. She didn't deny Jacob was a real catch, but this family, always talking up their own and putting down others, made it just hard to respect them.

If memory served, the old man sitting in the middle was Miles' grandfather. Miles had been off on his own for a while, but that aside, this was his grandson they were belittling. Didn't he care at all?

Just goes to show, people could be so cold.

Perhaps because he was a makeup artist at Starlight International, Miles' appearance did draw some attention. Faced with reporters, he stayed silent, not saying a word as he walked into the venue.

People from the Baines and Rogers families all looked his way. Miles stood tall in the venue, dressed in a white mandarin collar suit. The fabric had a reflective gold thread design. As he moved, the colorful threads shone in different hues. It was a hard look to pull off, but on him, it exuded a strong sense of style.

His hair was impeccably styled, and his face lightly made up, covering the fatigue from the past few days. He looked radiant as he appeared in everyone's view. Looking stylish yet profound, his handsome face attracted the attention of a few women around him.

Beverly's eyes flickered, her gaze meeting Miles' mid-air.

Jacob's mom, upon seeing Miles, was taken aback for a moment, then snorted dismissively. But noticing Brad sitting next to her, she said, "Miles, you're here. Come say hi to your grandpa..."

Miles' gaze shifted to Brad, who was sitting still. If he wasn't mistaken, Brad had just glanced at him. Now, with this act, was he making it clear he didn't want to see him? Still, after a moment's hesitation, he walked over. "Grandpa..."

Only then did Brad look up at him. "Are you sure you're competing today?" The question was loaded with displeasure.

Miles' eyebrows furrowed, his expression and voice as steady as ever. "Yes."

Brad squinted. "And if I say you can't compete?"

Miles blinked. "Why wouldn't you let me?"

"You're so eager to embarrass yourself?" He said solemnly, in a low voice, "Think about the effort Jacob put in all these years. What have you been doing? When he won his first championship, what were you doing? His second championship, even other awards, what were you doing then? He's at a critical point now, what are you doing here?"

Miles gave a cold laugh, looking at Brad with wide eyes. "So all this talk, are you afraid I'll make a fool of myself, or are you worried I'll get in your grandson's way?"

Brad paused, and seeing Miles' attitude, his expression darkened. "You're talking nonsense! Getting in Jacob's way for what? Do you think you can get in his way?"

"In that case, you should mind your own business. In your eyes, as long as your grandson doesn't embarrass himself, that's good enough."

Brad's face twitched, clearly angry. "Since you know you might make a fool of yourself, why insist on competing? Do you just want to embarrass yourself?!"

Miles showed no emotion, feeling someone's gaze on him. Looking up, his eyes met Beverly's.

Everyone understood what happened.

Beverly bit her lip, looking at him helplessly and apologetically. She felt conflicted. Miles' glance confirmed it. His main reason for entering this competition was for her. Part of her felt smug, knowing a man remembered her after all this time, even joining this competition to prove something to her. But more than that, she felt troubled and angry.

She was worried their past would be brought up again. And with Jacob undoubtedly the champion, he could only lose. Being pursued by a loser was annoying, even humiliating for her. She wouldn't allow her suitor to be a nobody.

Though, if she were to judge by appearances, she admitted, Miles was a good choice. But too bad, she couldn't be with him.

She was used to the attention she got naturally being with Jacob. She could share the glory Jacob brought, but Miles, he had nothing.

Just as she was about to look away from Miles, he moved his gaze to Brad, saying coldly, "So by your logic, since Jacob is definitely the final champion, does that mean everyone competing today is here to make a fool of themselves?"

On hearing this, everyone's gaze turned their way, their faces showing dissatisfaction and doubt.

"You..." Brad hadn't expected Miles to say that. Faced with all those gazes, he was clearly uncomfortable. "You're just in this competition for personal reasons. Do you really think you can

compete fairly with the other contestants?"

Miles' eyes flickered, looking at Beverly again, only to see her feeling guilty and conflicted.

“Miles, I was really grateful to you before, but now... Jacob and I are getting married soon. I hope you can wish us well... if you can, I hope you can drop out of this competition, because no matter what, our relationship... we were just not meant to be...”

Hearing this, Miles let out a soft chuckle, then looked at Beverly, his face wearing a cool, sarcastic smile. “You’re overthinking it. I know we’re not from the same world. And I sure as hell wouldn’t waste a single second on a woman who only cares about profit and vanity.”

## Chapter 1312

Miles’ words turned Beverly Rogers as pale as a ghost, and the surrounding snickers made her wish for a hole to crawl into.

Seeing Beverly so humiliated, Luisa sprang up from her seat. “Miles, don’t belittle Beverly just because you couldn’t win her over! Remember how hard you were chasing her?”

Miles chuckled. “I just didn’t see clearly back then. But I’m grateful for the past; it showed me your true colors.”

Miles’ words left everyone speechless, and the surrounding laughter made them feel even more embarrassed. He didn’t linger, turning around and heading straight backstage.

“What a snob. I can’t wait for Jacob to win the championship and see what you do then.”

“What a waste of time. Miles stands no chance!”

“Beverly, don’t worry too much. Let’s see how Jacob avenges you.”

Chloe, hearing the indignant chatter around her, quietly picked up a fashion magazine from the chair and started reading.

Time ticked by. Thankfully, the venue was comfortably warm. Half an hour later, the competition officially began.

When the theme “bridal” was announced, Chloe immediately thought of the news she’d heard about Jacob and Beverly getting married.

But she quickly dismissed her doubts. Maybe it was a coincidence, or the theme was inspired by their news. “Bridal” as a theme was indeed a great idea. The stage was large, with all the photography equipment and stage lights ready. The competitors were all in their positions.

Each competitor’s station on the stage was separate, everyone had their own dressing room, and everyone’s makeup techniques and looks were top secret. Only during close-ups would a camera shoot and a commentator explain.

“Alright, everyone, cool your jets. Now, models, please change your outfits. This is a crucial step. Makeup should go with suitable dress. That’s true perfection... Please, models in beautiful wedding dresses, hurry back to your makeup artists. Let them work their magic and transform you into the most beautiful bride in the world...”

The host’s voice was pleasant, his pace slow. Paired with beautiful music, it created a unique atmosphere.

The stage curtains slowly closed, and with the beautiful music and the host’s soothing voice, they slowly opened again.

Each cubicle on the stage was enclosed. Random shots appearing on the big screen only showed the model’s face and the makeup artist’s skilled hands.

The competition was full of mystery and beauty, making everyone present yearn for and become curious about a beautiful marriage.

In such an environment, Chloe began to look forward to what kind of dress she should wear and what kind of makeup she should put on for her wedding with Damon. Her mind was full of Damon’s tall and upright figure.

The wait was long. Chloe, bored at the foot of the stage, started checking the stock market on her phone. Soon, however, she smelled a fragrance wafting over, and the empty seat beside her was filled.

Chloe glanced at the person, who was looking at her arrogantly. She frowned, trying to turn her head silently, but heard the woman beside her say, "I didn't expect you to show up today. Are you looking for trouble?"

Sitting next to Chloe was the latecomer Becky, who obviously took this seat to get closer to Chloe.

Seeing Becky's red dress, Chloe thought of Wendy's outfit today.

Chloe couldn't help but laugh softly. It seemed that both of them thought today was a festive day, so they both dressed so festively, waiting to flaunt in front of her? Such behavior was childish.

"Let's wait till the competition results are out, Becky."

Becky snorted coldly as if she had thought of something. She added, "Chloe, I suggest you give up on Damon sooner. He's too good for you!"

Chloe was a bit helpless. A man too outstanding indeed attracted too many people.

She turned her attention back to the stage. But Becky was relentless. "You don't deserve Damon, neither does Wendy!"

"Only a real queen deserves a man like Damon! What are you and that fool Wendy?"

Chloe had no idea what Becky was trying to express. Chloe wasn't trying to win anything, so naturally, she wouldn't waste her breath arguing with Becky.

Seeing Chloe's calm demeanor, Becky felt a surge of anger rising in her chest. She hated this woman, and she would never forget the slap Chloe had given her. She would definitely get her revenge.

Today, she would watch this woman face defeat.

As time ticked by, the camera suddenly switched to Jacob's makeup room. On the big screen, Beverly was shown with her eyes closed, letting Jacob's makeup brush dance on her face..

Beverly smiled, her features looking particularly beautiful under the camera.

"Wow, even though her makeup isn't done yet, Beverly's face alone has beaten half the contestants."

"When choosing a model, you need someone with a solid foundation. Beverly's first impression is unbeatable!"

"I can't wait to see what she looks like after her makeup."

"She's going to be stunning. Look at her now, she's already breathtaking."

The praises from the audience made Beverly feel incredibly satisfied. She was also looking forward to seeing herself as the most outstanding model

after her makeup was done. Her wedding was just a few days away, and her fiancé Jacob was going to turn her into the most beautiful bride in the world! The thought excited Beverly beyond words.

In response to the praises from the audience, the host generously said, "It seems everyone is looking forward to and loves Mr. Jacob's work this year. This year could be Mr. Jacob's third consecutive win, and in a few days, it will be his and Beverly's wedding. This is a perfect competition. If Mr. Jacob gives the bride a three-time championship as a wedding gift, the bride must feel very lucky, right?"

Chapter 1313

Beverly slowly opened her eyes, giving a shy smile towards the camera. She didn't utter a word, but her eyes spoke volumes, full of playful charm. People couldn't help but commend Jacob for his luck.

“He’s married to such a gorgeous woman, who’s also his career’s right-hand woman. Mr. Jacob is a real winner in life.”

“Absolutely, they’re a match made in heaven, complementing each other splendidly.”

“This is what true love and marriage should look like!”

The murmurs from the crowd reached Jacob and Beverly’s ears, bringing an even wider smile to their faces. Such praise could easily knock the wind out of the sails of the other contestants. They were already feeling low due to Jacob’s probable hat trick win this year. Their participation was more of a case of biting the bullet.

Now, with the host’s bias towards Jacob and the crowd singing his praises, it felt like there was no point in competing.

The camera panned across the makeup rooms, revealing makeup artists throwing in the towel. Soon, the doors of several makeup rooms opened, with models and makeup artists slowly walking out. They all decided to withdraw from the competition.

The host expressed regret, “It’s a pity that some contestants have chosen to withdraw. We hope for better outcomes next year.”

Chloe, sitting in the audience, raised an eyebrow. She glanced at the spectators who were showering Jacob with praises. They all seemed quite pleased with themselves, trying to suppress their grins as contestants began to drop out.

The camera panned to the other makeup rooms, and the voices started again.

“Ugh, what is this? It looks so mediocre.”

“Is the eye makeup too heavy?”



“This doesn’t look like a bride, more like a dancer!”

“What? Why are the bride’s lips so red? It doesn’t look pure or pretty. It’s as if she’s one of those heavily made-up dancers. The makeup is old-fashioned, and the foundation is too thick. How did they even dare to compete?”

The voices were quite loud. Chloe noticed the makeup artists on the big screen pausing and trembling to varying degrees, with models starting to show strange expressions.

Chloe narrowed her eyes, then relaxed her brows. Her eyes darkened.

Next, the camera switched to the makeup room where Miles was. The model on the big screen had a conspicuous red birthmark on her face, now completely uncovered. Her long eyelashes quivered unconsciously, like the fluttering wings of a butterfly. No one could make out the expression in her

eyes.

Her face was actually very pretty, with each feature clearly visible on the big screen – all delicate and perfect. The only flaw was the irregular red birthmark on her forehead, which greatly detracted from her beauty. Faced with such a face, everyone was at a loss for words.

In the fashion circle, people never judged a person’s looks as beautiful or ugly, because parents gave people their looks!

People could critique a makeup artist’s skills and styles, but they couldn’t judge a person’s natural looks. If they really had to critique, it would likely spark endless debates.

This topic had almost become a taboo in the fashion circle. Because people knew that no one was perfect, and criticizing others’ looks was really a case of shooting oneself in the foot.

However, that birthmark was indeed quite glaring.

“Why would anyone choose such a model?”

“Indeed, I really can’t understand. Her first impression score is basically zero.”

“We simply don’t understand the fashion in the eyes of artists.”

A few people were whispering. Chloe squinted at the screen, noticing Katie’s eyelashes starting to tremble. She bit her lip, obviously affected.

Meanwhile, in another room, Jacob saw the image on the TV screen and couldn’t help but frown.

Katie, this ugly woman... Wasn’t she in the hospital, reportedly unconscious for a long time? How come she was now at the competition?

But the next second, he laughed coldly.

The scoring rules of the big competition also included the evaluations of a hundred public judges.

Even if the professional judges gave high scores to Miles, it would only account for half of the score. The other half depended on the impression scores of the audience. If he intended to attract attention with an ugly model, it depended on whether anyone could accept it. Besides, if there was live mockery, it would be even more interesting, wouldn’t it?

Jacob sneered, continuing to do Beverly’s makeup with an air of confidence and arrogance.

The camera switched to other rooms.

Katie turned off her microphone and whispered, “Miles, can I really do this? If I cause you to lose the championship, I...” She really didn’t know how to make it up to him.

No one knew better than her how much Miles valued this competition. This was Miles' rebellion against Jacob's long-standing oppression, his rebuttal to his family's indifference, disdain, and even disgust towards him. His proof of his own strength, his payback to Ms. Summers, and his self-validation to Beverly.

He wanted to show his confident and capable side, to let Beverly know that he wasn't the worst, that whatever Jacob could give her, Miles could too.

But if he failed this time, would Miles be able to hold his head high in front of so many people, especially in front of Beverly.

Miles looked at Katie, his lips pressed together. After a long while, he finally uttered these words. "I'm glad I could participate in today's competition. And I'm even happier that today's model is still you."

Katie was stunned. Her eyelids twitched involuntarily.

For a moment, she thought of this year's competition theme.

The theme bridal hit her like a lead ball, making her heart pound.

Was he glad that she was still his model today because the theme of the competition was bridal? However, she quickly dismissed the idea.

That was impossible. In Miles' eyes, the most perfect bride in the world might've only been Beverly.

Beverly was the memory of Miles' youth, his first crush. This kind of blissful ignorance in love, how could a person with no redeeming qualities like Katie even compete?

Beverly was not just a sight for sore eyes in Miles' view, she was also a goddess in most people's books.

But Katie... well...

## Chapter 1314

Katie felt a bit bummed out, letting out a silent sigh. She wondered, what the hell was she doing? She was just helping Miles today, so why was she having all these pointless thoughts?

When she saw Miles open up a new set of makeup brushes, and then looked at the nearly identical makeup cases next to him, Katie couldn't help but ask, "Do you really need this many tools for the competition?"

Miles glanced at the cases nearby and shook his head. "Ms. Summers told me to prepare a set myself. She doesn't want me using the old one anymore."

Katie paused for a bit, then, after a moment, nodded. "Ms. Summers is always prepared. In these competitions, opponents might pull some tricks, like messing with these makeup tools."

It wasn't until the media reported that she was seriously ill following a car accident a few days ago that Katie realized the real purpose of the accident. Someone wanted to hurt Miles' model, and Ms. Summers had the hospital spread news of Katie's serious illness to make their opponents let down their guard, preventing any further harm to Katie before the competition.

If someone was willing to ruin a person's life just to win a competition, then messing with makeup or other tools was just normal for the course. Sometimes, Katie felt like she could handle these problems on her own, but compared to Ms. Summers, she still seemed too new in the industry. Before they knew it, the two-hour competition had passed. During the competition, many people dropped out, but in the end, many still hung in there. Next was the magical transformation of the stage. The lights dimmed slightly, and with the subtle movement of each partition, a T-shaped runway gradually formed in the middle.

Everyone gasped in low tones; this year's competition seemed different from the start.

The host's voice rang out. "Enough chit-chat, let's all admire our beautiful brides today!"

With the sound of dreamy music, the International Makeup Competition instantly turned into a beautiful, dreamy bridal runway show.

At the end of the runway, a figure was swaying. Before long, the lights above the runway lit up one by one, and the white and pink decorations created a dreamy, fairy-tale stage effect.

Next, the models slowly walked onto the stage. Each model was dressed in a pure white wedding dress, some with bare shoulders, some daringly wearing deep V-neck dresses, some with short dresses in the front and long in the back, some with long dresses trailing behind, and some wearing transparent veils on their heads, swaying gently with each step.

Each model had a happy smile on her face, full of confidence, looking like the star of the day.

Each passing model had a number plate representing the designer's identity hanging around her waist. As each model passed, the host introduced the

contestant's information.

There were only two contestants left who hadn't made their appearance, Miles and Jacob. If we went by the order of numbers, the next one should be Miles, number 166.

However, just as Miles was trying to get Katie to relax, he heard the host's voice. "Alright, next up is entry number 167, Jacob's work. Jacob is the chief makeup artist of Infinity Media, the exclusive makeup artist for many top stars and socialites, and also the champion of the International Makeup Competition for two consecutive years. So, can he achieve a three-peat this year? Please welcome model Beverly to the stage..."

Miles' expression instantly became serious. If the host's previous comments were either intentionally or unintentionally favoring Jacob, even saying that many people dropping out of the competition was an inadvertent act, then the current situation was too obvious. This host was clearly a Jacob fanboy.

Chloe's gaze also became serious, and she coldly watched the host standing in the corner of the stage.

Applause rang out, and a slender figure slowly walked onto the T-stage from the last cubicle. When she stood at the end of the T-stage, she instantly became the focus.

There was a gasp of surprise from the crowd; everyone was shocked by Beverly's beauty. To many people, Beverly was like a goddess, with great advantages in both temperament and figure, plus her perfect facial features, she was stunning enough without makeup.

And now, Beverly's makeup was perfect, her eyes were beautifully done, looking shy and sparkling. Her lips were as pink as peaches, and the makeup looked light, but there was a lot that didn't need to be expressed to show off her beauty. That kind of aura, you can't just imitate. What scored extra points was the beautiful wedding dress she was wearing, a thin veil fixed behind her head, with several meters of veil trailing behind her in a beautiful

curve.

She held white roses in her hand, and under the light, her face looked even more dreamy and beautiful. She walked slowly, step by step, as if roses could bloom beneath her feet.

"Oh my God, she's like a goddess..."

"Mr. Jacob is really amazing. I thought Beverly was very beautiful, but I didn't expect she could be even more beautiful."

"Mr. Jacob is so lucky, to marry a beauty like Beverly, he's truly fortunate."

Without needing the host's lead, the entire venue was spontaneously applauding. Chloe also didn't hesitate to clap, she was very satisfied with Beverly's look at this moment. Jacob really had skills, otherwise, he wouldn't have gotten to where he is today with his methods and received so much admiration. A journalist captured Chloe clapping.

"It seems like this year's three-peat, Mr. Jacob should have it in the bag."

"Indeed very stunning, even Ms. Summers of Starlight International couldn't help but clap."

“Today’s result is clear! We really should congratulate Mr. Jacob, he has won the championship three times in a row. As an internationally renowned makeup artist, he is the pride of our country!”

Everyone in the venue was applauding for Jacob, with continuous sounds of praise and congratulations.

At this point, Jacob came over from the side, took Beverly’s hand, and stood on the stage, bowing to everyone. “Thanks, thanks, everyone, for your trust and consistent support, I’m totally stoked about it. Of course, I also have to thank the most gorgeous bride in the whole world. Thanks for sticking with me” With that, Jacob lifted Beverly’s hand to his lips and planted a tender kiss.

Applause and cheers erupted from the crowd below the stage. Jacob stepped forward, exuding the unmistakable vibe of a champ. Because, in the show’s arrangement, only the ultimate prize-winning designer would have the chance to stand next to the model and share the limelight.

Did his appearance mean he already saw himself as the winner?

Chloe’s clapping hands slowly withdrew Watching Jacob on stage, confidently showing off his love for Beverly, she spoke up, “Mind giving up the stage for a bit?”

Chloe’s voice wasn’t loud, but it echoed clearly in the hall. The noisy hall gradually hushed, and many eyes turned to Chloe.

Glances darted towards Chloe, but she seemed unfazed, instead turning to the host. “Isn’t there one more contestant who hasn’t had their turn?”

Chapter 1315

The host paused for a moment, then chuckled. “Really?”

Chloe knew he was stirring the pot on purpose, so she just laughed it off. ‘Jumping straight from number 165 to 167, where did 166 go?’

The host's face became rigid instantly. In front of Chloe, he, as a mature man who had been working for many years, suddenly felt extremely awkward.

"Do we even need to compare? Isn't the result obvious?"

"Mr. Jacob's work is obviously the grand finale Inserting someone else at this point is just asking for trouble, isn't it?"

"If it were me, I wouldn't even compete, just to save myself the embarrassment

"Is that Ms. Summers from Starlight International speaking? Who is number 1667"

"What's the point of knowing who number 166 is? Do you think anyone else can surpass Mr. Jacob's work today?"

"Starlight International seems to be having a tough day today..."

Upon hearing these words, Wendy's smile grew even wider.

Becky's eyes darted around, she slowly stood up, looked down at Chloe, and chuckled. "Seems like you have a lot of faith in your makeup artist, huh?" "What are you trying to say?" Chloe sat there, unfazed

Becky furrowed her brows, disgusted by Chloe's indifference. "How about a wager? If you lose, you apologize to me. If the final champion isn't Jacob, then Wendy and I will admit defeat to you. How about it?"

Becky's words drew a gasp from the crowd. The room was buzzing with anticipation for this sudden showdown.

Everyone knew about the rivalry between Infinity Media and Starlight International, as well as the rivalry between Wendy and Chloe. Now that someone had proposed a face-off, the clear divide was getting everyone's blood pumping.



The rule was simple, if you lose, you apologize. Even though the punishment seemed minor, it still sparked excitement among the crowd.

Just as everyone was gearing up, Chloe's cold voice rang out. "I don't think that's a good idea."

Everyone was immediately disappointed.

Becky furrowed her brows, looking down at Chloe, before scoffing after a while. "Are you afraid of losing to me?"

Chloe just laughed, giving her a laid-back look. "First, as a contestant, number 166 has the right to showcase their work.

"Second, I'm not interested in your apology, and I don't like this wager.

"And finally, don't you find this kind of gamble boring?"

Becky twitched at the corner of her mouth, Chloe's words made her feel like a petulant child. But it seemed like she had misunderstood something. I'm very interested in seeing you kneel to me though, Chloe. You seem to have misunderstood something. Do you still think your person can beat Jacob?"

Chloe just found this hilarious. "So you're confident you'll win, but still propose this wager. Don't you think that's a bit too much?"

Chloe couldn't understand the thought process of some people. They decided on a punishment unilaterally for their own gain. Wasn't that too autocratic? And they even thought it was only natural. What was that about?

Becky was left speechless by Chloe's words. "In the end, you're just too scared to compete with me! I thought you were a brave woman, but it turns out you're just a weak opponent"

Chloe chuckled. "Your provocation won't work on me, Princess Becky."

Her plan was exposed, and Becky's face turned cold.

"That's settled then! We're having this wager! If Jacob wins today, you apologize to me. If he doesn't win, Wendy and I will apologize to you! You've been insisting on having contestant 166 participate, right? Those are the terms! You'll have to agree!"

Chloe felt utterly helpless. How could she run into such a stubborn person?

Seeing this, the host immediately announced, "In that case, let's have the model for contestant number 166 take the stage!"

Everyone thought Becky's forced wager was a bit over the top. It was clear she was just trying to get back at Chloe for what happened at the engagement party. Looking at Beverly, who looked like a goddess next to Jacob, they couldn't imagine anyone making a more beautiful bridal look.

Since they were sure Chloe would lose...

The stage lights suddenly dimmed, and Jacob, full of confidence, took Beverly to the edge of the runway, his mouth curling into a triumphant and mocking smile, completely disregarding the work that would appear next.

Jacob truly had nothing to worry about. He knew the theme of this competition before it even started. It was probably only after he learned the theme of the competition that Jacob thought of using his and Beverly's marriage as a publicity stunt.

Jacob had prepared for this competition earlier than anyone else. He had spent months carefully designing a unique bridal look for Beverly. How could he not win the championship?

Miles and everyone else only started preparing when they learned the theme of the competition. How could they beat Jacob with that?

Furthermore, Miles tried to play tricks on him by lying about Katie's condition, trying to catch him off guard. It was child's play.

"Do you know what kind of bridal look Miles will do?" Beverly asked softly, her brows furrowed, a hint of worry on her face.

"Are you worried about him?"

Jacob's voice made Beverly chuckle, she gave him a gentle look. "What are you thinking? I'm just worried he might affect the result of your competition today. Today's competition is very important to you, right?"

Jacob smiled "You seem to have some trust in Miles. Do you think he could possibly beat me?"

Beverly shook her head. "That's my mistake. Of course, you're the best... This host, I swear. You should've been the grand finale, but now the grand finale is Miles..."

Jacob gave her a gentle pat on the shoulder. "No sweat, I'm definitely bagging the championship this year. Having Miles at the end ain't bad. Actually, it'll make the difference even more obvious, don't you think? Watch him dig his own grave! Let him soak up the feeling of being on the competition stage one last time..."

With a smirk on his face, Jacob was all but gloating.

## Chapter 1316

"You signed up for this, Miles. Get ready to watch your career as a makeup artist go down in flames."

In a move that seemed specifically designed to screw Miles over, the huge catwalk was stripped of all lights, music, and even the beautiful, romantic backgrounds usually projected on the big screen. Now, it was just a barren desert, with the occasional sound of howling winds.

As soon as the screen changed, the whole venue burst into laughter.

Talk about a slap in the face.

Jacob had been given a melodious soundtrack and a picturesque backdrop of palaces and flowers. But when it came to Miles, all that was left was the shrill sound of wind and a deserted, lifeless, yellow desert.

Chloe's lips were pressed together tightly, but a smile was still hanging at the corner of her mouth. The coldness in her eyes, however, couldn't be concealed. Looking at her half-hearted smile was enough to send chills down anyone's spine.

Faced with this sudden predicament, she knew that Miles must've been at a loss. Just as she was about to stand up and handle the situation, a slender silhouette slowly emerged at the end of the catwalk. At the same time, the melancholic sound of a Scottish bagpipe filled the hall.

Chloe knew her music, and she recognized this tune. The sorrowful bagpipe melody, coupled with the gloomy backdrop on the screen, complemented each other in the most unlikely way, creating an inexplicable sense of tragic grandeur.

The figure at the end of the catwalk started moving towards the front. However, due to the backlighting, all that was visible was a silhouette.

"You can't see anything, just a shadow."

"What's the lighting guy doing? You can't even see the face!"

The audience was full of curiosity and couldn't help but complain. Then, finally, the lighting guy seemed to get his act together and slowly moved the spotlight onto the silhouette.

As the silhouette became clear, the whole venue was filled with gasps.

Amidst the swirling desert sands, Katie, dressed in a bright red dress, her head adorned with simple pearl decorations, was walking through the barren yellow desert. The sight was starkly contrasting and painfully beautiful.

The single streak of vibrant red in the vast desert represented loneliness, perseverance, pride, life, hope, and love.

She was journeying a long distance for love, unafraid of hardship. For love, she was strong and unyielding, not fearing the cold, not fearing difficulties. For love, hope, and faith, she was slowly approaching.

Katie's figure was graceful, her red dress eye-catching. Her firm belief in love was on full display. Her face was covered by a veil, adding an element of mystery. The face under the veil was only vaguely visible, yet so intriguing that people couldn't wait to see it, but they never could.

-The venue was silent, everyone quietly watching the slender, graceful woman in red slowly approach the front of the catwalk. Only when she got closer, could they

see her makeup.

Above the veil, a pair of bright, sparkling eyes stood out, radiating a sense of calm and indifference. When she looked at the crowd, there was no hint of emotion. The flamingo totem painted on her

forehead gave off a cold yet noble vibe.

"Oh my god, she's...she's so beautiful..."

"That flamingo on her forehead looks so real! It seems like it could take off any second..."

"The red dress, it's like she's walked out of the desert from a far-off place. She's like a mysterious witch who burns herself for love..."

“For some reason, I admire her, I’m moved. Her eyes, they make me believe in love again...”

“I can’t wait to see the moment she meets the groom...”

“She’s so beautiful...”

The venue was filled with whispers of admiration. It was like astonishment, yet not quite.

Finally, Katie stopped at the front of the catwalk. Everyone couldn’t help but move forward, wanting to get a closer look, hoping to catch a glimpse of the face under

the veil.

As Jacob watched Katie walk past him, he clenched his teeth. His gaze towards Katie was filled with coldness and anger. The sound of bagpipes grew louder, and Jacob turned to see Miles playing the bagpipes at the side of the catwalk, his eyes full of warmth as he watched Katie.

Just then, a gust of wind swept through the hall. Katie’s red dress fluttered in the wind, making her look even more beautiful.

Those who had pushed to the front were bending over the stage, trying all kinds of positions to see Katie’s face under the veil, but to no avail. Especially when the breeze lifted the foggy red veil, people couldn’t help but hold their breath.

Seeing this, Chloe’s face finally cleared up. She smiled, amused by the scene on the stage. What an unconventional entrance. It turned out the desert and wind sounds were perfectly utilized.

At this point, Katie, surrounded by so many people, started to feel the pressure. The audience, however, was getting impatient and starting to shout.

“Where’s the groom, where’s the groom? Come out!”

“Groom, your bride is looking for you! Come and lift her veil!”

“Bride, what’s your name, where are you from?!”

The enthusiasm in the venue was unparalleled. Jacob and Beverly were caught off guard by this uproar.

Beverly was staring at Katie, and her eyes were filled with undeniable envy and jealousy. Even the judges were caught up in the atmosphere. They exchanged glances, shared their opinions, and nodded at each other, unable to hide their surprise and satisfaction.

Seeing this, Jacob felt that the result of today’s competition might change! He blurted out, “Please understand, this is a makeup competition, not a place for

theatrical performances!”

However, the attention of the crowd couldn’t be swayed by Katie. In fact, someone even shouted out.

“If the groom doesn’t show up, I’ll take the bride!”

“Yes! If the groom doesn’t appear, I’m taking the bride too!”

“Bride, come home with me! If you do, I’ll treat you like a goddess...”

At this point, the sound of the bagpipe paused. Chloe looked at Miles, who seemed a bit flustered on the stage, and couldn’t help but laugh.

Was he actually bothered by these jokes?

Chloe thought for a moment, then suddenly stood up and walked towards the stage.

## Chapter 1317

After a moment of pondering, Chloe suddenly got up and strode towards the stage.

Becky, panting on the side, was taken aback by Chloe's sudden move. Before she could process what was happening, her view was blocked by a bodyguard rushing in front of her.

Chloe, escorted by the bodyguard, made her way to the edge of the runway. She patted the worried Miles, who was standing helplessly wondering if his bride was going to be stolen away.

"Ms. Summers..." Miles glanced at Chloe.

Chloe gave a small smile and pointed at the Scottish bagpipes in his hands.

"What?" Miles was confused.

Chloe let out a sigh. "Hand it over."

Though still puzzled, Miles gave Chloe the bagpipes. Chloe took it, shook her head at Miles' frequent glances towards Katie, and said something to the bodyguard.

Next thing you know, the bodyguard did a swift flip on stage and shoved Miles, who was dumbfounded. Miles stumbled forward a couple of steps, was shoved again, and this time was sent straight under the spotlight.

Everyone turned to look at him.

"Oh! Here comes the groom!"

"Unveil the bride, groom!"



“Your bride’s been waiting for you!”

Dressed in a dapper suit, Miles matched perfectly with Katie’s vintage gown. Hearing the commotion, Katie turned her head, and sure enough, there stood Miles. The moment their eyes met, the room fell silent. What was supposed to be a heartfelt reunion was interrupted by the bodyguard, who pushed Miles once more. After another stumble, Miles was suddenly pushed towards Katie. She instinctively caught him. Miles steadied himself, his gaze again meeting Katie’s eyes peeking out from behind her red veil. He was stunned.

“Oh, they’re together now!”

“Go ahead, groom, you can kiss the bride now!”

“Wow..”

The crowd erupted.

Chloe watched their secretive glances and chuckled, adjusted the bagpipes, took a deep breath, and began to play.

The familiar tune of ‘Fate and Destiny’ filled the air, the cheerful melody pushing the atmosphere to a climax.

The joy of their reunion was palpable, filled with flirtation and shyness. Egged on by the crowd, Miles’ ears turned red, and Katie bit her lip, her eyes shimmering with shyness, not knowing what to do next. She tried to let go of Miles’ hand, only to have him instinctively hold on tighter.

“Katie...” Miles called her name softly. Katie blushed and quickly lowered her head.

“Take off that vei!”

The crowd began to chant, eager to see the bride's true face. Miles stared at Katie's face, his heart pounding. After a long moment, he reached up and pulled off her veil, revealing the face he had sketched every detail of. Yet, at that moment, Miles felt his heart stop.

He looked at Katie in a daze, as if he was in a dream. Katie also looked up at him, her long lashes fluttering shyly.

Even Chloe, who had seen Katie all along, had to pause at her beauty. Katie, in her red gown, her long hair flowing, her pearl earrings sparkling was utterly beautiful. She was like a painting come to life, graceful and dazzling.

When her veil was lifted, it seemed like all the air was sucked out of the room.

Chloe was momentarily stunned. Katie was beyond earthly beauty. The one responsible for her transformation was Miles, standing before her. What a marvelous twist of fate.

Who would have thought that this woman, who was once self-conscious about her looks, could be so beautiful?

"Oh my God..."

"She's so beautiful..."

"I'm going crazy, she's too beautiful, I want that. If I ever get married, I want to look just like her, that red dress is amazing!!!"

"If I ever get married, I want to give my wife a special wedding like this. She would love it..."

The crowd was buzzing, everyone was captivated by Katie's transformation.

After Chloe's performance, people were still excited, taking out their phones to take pictures of Katie and Miles. Chloe glanced at the judges' table, saw the nods of approval, and knew they were likely to do well in the competition.

The votes from the hundred-person audience wouldn't be a problem either.

Chloe smiled at Katie again, still finding her incredibly special, possessing a unique beauty that blended both past and present aesthetics.

Just as everyone was buzzing, Jacob behind her snorted. "Is this really okay? You have to remember, this is an international makeup competition, not your stage to perform a drama. The final decision will still be based on makeup skills and techniques!"

"Makeup skills and techniques? Isn't it all about looking good in the end?"

"Exactly, if everyone thinks someone looks good, isn't that a testament to their makeup skills and techniques?"

"When Beverly appeared, we all thought she was beautiful. But now, compared to the red bride, we find the red bride more beautiful! So, Miles' makeup skills and

techniques must be the best, right?"

"Plus, Miles' makeup is innovative and daring, far surpassing your repetitive white gowns and weddings!"

"Yes, over the years, there's been too much repetition, we need innovation!"

"Traditional yet innovative, it's just too beautiful!"

Facing all the chatter, Jacob was fuming, his veins on his forehead almost popping out. After a moment, he looked at Katie and suddenly burst into laughter. "Beautiful? We'll see if that beauty lasts until the end of the wedding, shall we?"

Hearing this, Miles immediately furrowed his brows, turning to look at Jacob, and asked coldly, "What do you mean by that?"

Chloe raised an eyebrow, her flute suddenly stopping and tapping on the edge of the runway.

Katie, however, was startled.

Miles quickly turned his gaze back on her, "What's wrong, Katie?" The sound of his anxious yet gentle voice made Beverly, who was in Jacob's arms, space out for a moment. So Miles could also be this gentle and worried for another woman.

Nobody was sure about what happened to Katie. They wanted to see, but Katie covered her face and hid it in Miles' chest.

"What happened?"

"I don't know, why is she covering her face?"

"What did Mr. Jacob mean by 'lasting through the whole wedding'?"

Seeing people starting to question, the smile on Jacob's face became even more apparent.

Meanwhile, Chloe retrieved her flute and coldly said to the host, "Let's call it a day, I believe the result is clear. It's time to announce it, isn't it?"

The host had a sudden realization and turned his gaze towards Jacob, who glanced at him and smiled.

The host already had the total score from Jacob as the previous contestant.

Seeing Jacob's confident look, the host decided to announce the score honestly.

"The score for our previous contestant, Mr. Jacob, is out. The scores given by the five judges are 9.5, 9.5, 9.6, 9.6, and 9.6. The total score from our one hundred public judges is 45. The total score is 92.8! Currently, Mr. Jacob is leading!"

Facing these results, everyone's reaction was pretty cold, aside from the audience, Beverly's family and the Baines family. Because in their hearts, the real champion was no longer Jacob.

Such a cold reaction made Jacob feel a chill in his heart. A champion not being cheered for was not what he had imagined. What's more, today was his third consecutive championship! What was going on with this?

"Next up, the scores for Miles. The scores given by the five judges are, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10..

Standing on the side, watching the judges holding up their cards, the host's voice was getting softer and softer.

The judges all gave full scores, and the reactions from the hundred public judges were clearly more inclined towards Miles' work.

So this year's champion...

Cold sweat started to appear on the host's face. He had done so much to please Jacob in the past! He even risked being fired to favor Mr. Jacob in today's competition. If Jacob didn't become the champion, wouldn't his future be over? The host shivered at the thought.

"Now for the combined scores from one hundred audiences-

"Wait a minute."

Jacob successfully interrupted the host.

Everyone looked at Jacob, puzzled.

”

Jacob pushed Beverly out of his arms, walked over to Miles, looked at Katie in his arms, and wore a sarcastic smile on his face. “Miss Katie, what happened to you?”

Katie hid in Miles’ arms, blocking Jacob’s view with her hand, and whispered, “Nothing, I just felt a bit off suddenly.”

Jacob smirked, “Where did you not feel well?”

Katie shook her head, “It has nothing to do with you, no need to worry about it.”

Jacob’s face suddenly turned cold, his voice even colder. “How can it not be related to me? Miss Katie, this directly involves the honor of this competition and the atmosphere of the entire makeup circle.”

Chloe frowned and said coldly, Mr. Jacob, you’re being a bit too much. The model just feels a bit unwell, what does that have to do with the society? Strictly speaking, Katie is an outsider, just here to be a model for the competition, how can she influence the society?”

“Feeling unwell?” Jacob sneered.

Chloe stared at him coldly, “I believe Miss Katie’s car accident incident, Mr. Jacob, you should be clearer than anyone else.”

Clearer than anyone else? Everyone caught this key point and suddenly turned their curious and probing gazes on Jacob.

Miles and Jacob were the two direct competitors, so this statement easily made them think of some underlying interests. If Miles' model had an accident and couldn't participate in the competition, then the beneficiary would undoubtedly be Jacob.

Jacob's face turned cold. "Ms. Summers, your words are too suggestive. Why would I know more than anyone else if Miss Katie had a car accident?"

"Then do you object to me saying that Miss Katie is feeling unwell now because of the car accident?"

Jacob scoffed, "If it's somewhere else, I wouldn't object. But what if it's her face?"

Chloe squinted her eyes. "What are you trying to say?"

Jacob snorted, walked two steps forward, and looked directly at the judges' table. "As a makeup artist, you must know your client's skin like the back of your hand. In other words, the management of the client's skin should be within the makeup artist's responsibilities. Looking at Miss Katie, I suspect there's a problem with the makeup products Miles used!"

As soon as Jacob's words fell, the whole venue boiled over.

"Ah, there's a problem with the makeup products? Did they use substandard products?"

"This could ruin someone's face, you know!"

"Oh my God, I've been there. I bought fake makeup products and almost permanently disfigured my face!"

Hearing this, Katie buried her face deeper into Miles' chest. Jacob was even more sure of his thoughts, then he said, "Miss Katie, is the place where you feel uncomfortable on your face?"

Katie shook her head in Miles' arms, saying, "Nah, nothing feels off about my face!"

"If there's nothing wrong with your face, then why don't you let us have a look?"

Katie didn't say another word.

Jacob even went as far as saying to the judges' table, "Ladies and gents, I've got a hunch that Miles used some crappy makeup on the model. I bet it's got too much mercury in it and that's why her face is showing signs of allergies and even decay. I hope you guys can look into this thoroughly."

## Chapter 1319

"Hey judges, I reckon Miles might have used some low-grade makeup on the model, possibly with excessive mercury content, causing an allergic reaction on her face. I suggest a thorough investigation."

At this, the judges turned serious instantly, gesturing to the staff nearby who promptly headed onstage and straight into Miles' makeup room.

Chloe then stepped up to the stage and asked, "How long will it take to inspect these cosmetics? Do we wait here or come back for the results?"

"Given the variety of makeup items Miles used, it'll take a while to check each one. I'd suggest you guys head back and wait for the results. The earliest we'll have something might be tomorrow morning."

Chloe smiled and said, "Great, that gives me plenty of time to find a lawyer!"

At this, Jacob interrupted, "No need to take that long. We can just check the basic toner and lotion in Miles' makeup box. These products make direct contact with the skin. If there's a problem, it should show up in these two items."

Chloe snorted, "Seems like the famous Mr. Jacob knows exactly what the problem is, even pinpointing it to excessive mercury." Jacob's face twitched. "Excessive mercury in cosmetics isn't uncommon, Ms. Summers. Don't read too much into it." Ignoring Jacob, Chloe told the staff, "Follow Mr. Jacob's suggestion. Check the toner and lotion and get us the results ASAP."



A few minutes later, the staff ran tests on the toner, and lotion from Miles' makeup box. Soon, the results came in.

"Neither the toner nor the lotion from Miles' makeup box contains excessive mercury."

Hearing this, Jacob's smile froze, and he turned to the staff, "How is that possible? Are you sure you didn't make a mistake?"

The staff gave him a disgruntled look.

Chloe looked at Jacob and said, "Mr. Jacob, what's that disappointed look for? Seems like you were hoping for an excessive mercury finding."

Jacob paled, his gaze rested on Katie, brow furrowed. "It's impossible... her facial reaction..."

Katie, in Miles' arms, slowly lifted her head. Her flawless face took Jacob by surprise. "What...how..."

"I never mentioned any discomfort on my face, Mr. Jacob. I'm curious, you didn't even see anything, why were you so sure that my face had an issue, and specifically, an issue of excessive mercury?"

"We've found a product here with excessive mercury content, a thousand times over the limit!"

The staff's voice suddenly cut in, cold and furious.

"Oh my god! That much mercury could ruin a model's face!" Everyone gasped, unable to comprehend the data.

Jacob was understandably confused by the sudden development. He turned to look, only to see the staff holding the toner he had just mentioned from Miles' makeup box.

Jacob opened his mouth, sensing something was off, only to hear Chloe chuckling. “Mr. Jacob, you seem to have seen the future. You said there was excessive mercury in the toner, and voila, there it is. No wonder you were so certain, you must’ve been super confident!”

Chloe’s words silenced everyone, making them think about what was going on. They pondered over Katie’s question, Chloe’s words, and Jacob’s past actions.

“Why was Mr. Jacob so sure of facial poisoning when he hadn’t seen the model’s face?”

“Miles’ toner was just found to have excessive mercury!”

“But the model’s face wasn’t poisoned, and the toner Miles actually used didn’t have excessive mercury.”

“I prepared two makeup boxes!”

Just as everyone was trying to wrap their heads around the issue, Miles suddenly spoke up. His words made Jacob’s face turn pale!

Everyone seemed to be slowly understanding, looking at Jacob in disbelief.

“Could it be...?”

“But he was so sure of the model’s face having mercury poisoning...”

“There’s only one possibility. He knew in advance that Miles would use those contaminated cosmetics, so he was sure the model’s face was poisoned. He just didn’t expect Miles to prepare two makeup boxes.”

Miles chuckled bitterly. “Jacob, you would do anything to win today, wouldn’t you? Not only did you cause a car accident to hurt my model, but you also poisoned my makeup! Over a thousand times the limit of mercury, have you thought about the consequences if I had actually used it on someone’s skin?!

“How scared of me are you? You can’t compete fairly with your own skills, and resort to such underhanded tactics against me?!”

“If it weren’t for Ms. Summers reminding me to prepare a second makeup box yesterday, I might’ve fallen for your trick today. Jacob, did you win your previous two championships this way?”

Jacob’s temples throbbed, his cold gaze instinctively landed on Chloe. It was this woman who reminded Miles to prepare another makeup box? This damned

woman!

He should’ve targeted Chloe in the car accident a few days ago! All his plans failed because of her!

Seeing Jacob’s gaze, Chloe smiled. “Please don’t stare at me like that, Mr. Jacob. You’re willing to do anything to win, even risking others’ lives, let alone tampering with someone’s makeup. I wasn’t sure if you would actually do this, but it was necessary for Miles to be alert and prepared. Not everything you do will succeed, but we won’t just sit around and wait to be victimized. It’s clear now that our precautions were justified.”

Was Chloe smart? Yes. Well, not entirely, because what she thought of, anyone could have thought of. She just thought of it sooner than others and took action in

advance.

This was where many people fell behind. And she, always seemed to have the upper hand at this point.

Jacob quietly observed Chloe, feeling that the woman in front of him didn’t seem all that scary, yet somehow, she managed to give off a vibe that sent chills down

his spine.

## Chapter 1320

Wendy and everyone else who had ever crossed paths with Chloe had their reasons for failing. Chloe appeared to be simple on the surface, but inside, she was a whole different ball game.

“So, were you guys pulling my leg?” He asked, staring at the bagpipe in Chloe’s hand. Looking back, he remembered Chloe holding the bagpipe right before Katie started to feel sick. Was it a signal?

Catching Jacob’s gaze, Chloe raised an eyebrow and twirled the bagpipe. She put it to her lips and blew a loud note, as if answering Jacob’s question.

“I thought you were self-confident, that you could win the championship on your own. But it turns out you’re a fraud, resorting to dirty tricks. I’ve overestimated you.” Jacob clenched his teeth, his taut face betrayed his fear. “You’re just guessing that the car accident and the mercury poisoning are connected to me. What gives you the right to accuse me?”

Chloe smirked, her eyes clear, but her smile was full of sarcasm and sharp edges. “Just like you diagnosed our model with mercury poisoning. Whether it’s you or not...I really don’t know. I’m just asking questions, Mr. Jacob.”

Just like a police investigation. You needed to file a case first before you could investigate. All she needed to do was raise questions, the rest, someone else would

1. do.

Hearing Chloe’s words, Jacob’s jaw tightened, his teeth grinding together.

“Isn’t it obvious? Without any evidence, he claimed that the model’s makeup water and lotion had excessive mercury. How could it not be related to him?” “Yeah, he even claimed there was something

wrong with the model’s face, but it turns out the model had prepared another makeup box. It’s clear that someone tampered with the original one!”

“Exactly, didn’t they find excessive mercury in the other box?”

“But Beverly’s makeup today was stunning. Despite Mr. Jacob’s unique style and makeup skills, why would he do such a thing?”,

Jacob stood on stage, his face darkening at the barrage of questions.

The Baines family sitting below cried out, “Chloe, don’t just slander people to win the competition. Do you know how important reputation is to others? It’s immoral to defame others, you know?”

“So accusing our model of mercury poisoning isn’t defamation?” Chloe retorted calmly, her voice dripping with sarcasm.

Laurel from below looked a bit embarrassed. “We’re at a makeup competition, not a place for you to spout nonsense...”

“Alright, let’s talk about the competition then. Host, announce how many points Miles’ work got?”

The host looked a bit troubled, glanced at Jacob, and then said, “The public’s overall score is...out of 50 points...so Miles’ total score is 100!”

“100! No doubt he’s the champion this year!”.

“Wow, Miles won the championship on his first try! Amazing!”

“But the red bride’s look is truly beautiful. She definitely deserves the championship.”

The crowd erupted into applause, chanting “the most beautiful bride.”

Hearing the results, Jacob's sneered. "So superficial! It's just gimmicks, and you're all worshipping it blindly? Are you sure you're not being led by the nose?" Jacob's angry words echoed through the venue, plunging it into silence.

Everyone looked at each other, seemingly searching for the person Jacob accused of stirring the pot. But after observing Katie and Beverly, they all furrowed their

brows.

"Blind worship? We do have our own aesthetic taste!"

"So Mr. Jacob means, if we find anything but his work beautiful, we're superficial!"

"How interesting, are we only allowed to like his work?"

"Mr. Jacob, are you questioning our judgment?"

The judges' faces darkened, leaving Jacob at a loss for words. "I didn't mean..."

Beverly watched Jacob, who was clearly out of control and helpless on stage. Her face was pale and her gaze drifted to Miles, who was comforting Katie. Her eyes trembled fiercely.

Wendy had already stood up, staring at Jacob on stage, almost unable to breathe. Such a good competition, ruined by him!

"What the hell? Weren't you supposed to win the championship 100%?!" Before Wendy could get angry, Becky's voice suddenly rang out.

Wendy pursed her lips, "That was the plan, just that Miles...but Jacob knew the competition theme in advance..."

Becky was almost pissed to death, and she couldn't help but scream, "He knew the competition theme in advance and still lost?! How bad is Jacob?!"

"Becky!" Wendy tried to stop her, but it was too late. All she could do was blame Becky for being a complete idiot!

Becky's scream caught everyone's attention.

"What? What did I just hear? Did Jacob...know the competition theme in advance?!"

"You heard right..."

"Oh my God, no wonder his work was so impressive, he prepared in advance!"

But did Becky have time to care about all this? "Jacob was so sure before, saying that the triple crown was his. Is this his triple crown?!"

The host looked at the chaotic scene and quickly said, "Congratulations to Miles for winning this year's makeup competition, and also congratulations to Mr. Jacob for winning the runner-up, and..."

"Hold on!"

Someone hollered out in the crowd, followed by a line of people cutting through the throng and heading straight for Jacob on the stage. "Mr. Jacob, we got a tip-off that you're suspected of instigating others to poison your competitor's cosmetics, and of intentionally causing car accidents. We've got some preliminary evidence. so we're hoping you'll cooperate with our investigation..."

"The event manager just came clean to us. He took your bribe and sold you the theme info. We've got solid proof, and we're hoping you'll cooperate with us on this

too..."

The situation was moving so fast that even Chloe was struggling to keep up. She thought that things would settle down for a while, but boy, was she wrong. The situation escalated so quickly.

Who was behind this lightning-fast and spot-on response?