

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1658

Chapter 1658 What Can A Young Girl Do

Riley was stunned momentarily.

How could it be? Did the Cultural Affairs Bureau know anything about this? How could they bring those guests here without much preparation for such an important event? Are any of those women on the bridge professional models? Has anyone vetted those attires carefully before the fashion show? This is not a game!

Riley was beyond enraged.

“Ms. Cooper, what’s going on?”

Vivian had sensed her anger. She immediately stopped drawing, concerned.

Riley could not suppress her fury as she glared murderously at the foreign models on the bridge. “These people came here deliberately to embarrass us. They are using their designs to vie for our trade orders.”

“Huh?” Vivian was dumbfounded upon hearing that.

Is that real? No wonder all the foreign costumes look so outstanding and exquisite. On the other hand, our local costumes and banieres seemed ordinary and unprofessional.

She panicked. “What should we do then ? So many overseas delegates are here. The trade order must be huge.”

Riley nodded. “Indeed. According to Edmund, our local economy has dropped tremendously in your father’s absence over the past three years. The country needs money now.”

Vivian was rendered speechless.

Even though she knew nothing about a country’s economy, the revelation sent her into a state of anxiety since it was something that her father used to care about.

What should we do then ? Evidently, the workmanship and designs for our costumes featured in this fashion show are way too inferior compared to the ones specially prepared by the foreign designers. Therefore, the only solution...

Suddenly, her eyes locked on a mother who was carrying her son in a basket on her back. Their blue attires were made from hand-woven cloth.

Is that...

She stared at them for a long time, overwhelmed with excitement especially after she saw the limited accessories on the mother and son. She could feel herself gasping for breath as an idea crossed her mind.

“Vivi ? What’s wrong ? What are you staring at ?” Riley asked with a confused look.

“Nothing. Ms. Cooper, please find some Elysians who are here in their tribal costumes. Try to get those with more accessories.

Then do your best to stall the show and buy me some time.”
Vivian stood up and started packing her stuff.

Elysians ?

Riley’s expression changed slightly upon hearing her instructions.

After all, Vivian was still upset over a man from the tribe a few days back. Why did she mention them now ?

Nevertheless, she eventually did as told.

The show was about to reach its climax with more and more journalists rushing to the venue to cover the event. Suddenly, the organizer announced the first half of the show had ended.

“Everyone, it’s been an hour since the show started. Stay tuned for an exciting second half after a short break.” The person in charge deliberately made it sound mysterious.

Even though the crowd was displeased with the abrupt break, the announcement triggered their curiosity once again. Instead of leaving, the number of spectators grew.

After successfully stalling the show, Riley ran to find Vivian.

She discovered that more than a dozen Elysians had already gathered at their temporary base. Bewildered to see Vivian standing in front of them, she eyed the group cautiously.

“Everyone, don’t be afraid. Look at those guys out there. They are here to compete for our business, our livelihood. You could have sold hand woven fabric, silver ornaments, and these

embroideries in your hands. But now you won't have the chance anymore," Vivian told them.

The Elysians widened their eyes in rage and started questioning, "Why? We have been selling our goods here every day. How could they barge into our turf and rob us?"

Vivian displayed a smile.

"What I mean is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. Of course, you can stay here and continue to do your business. However, imagine a future where buyers flock into your tribe and you can sell ten times the number of textiles and silver accessories in the comfort of your homes. What do you think about that?"

Everyone was dumbstruck by her statement.

The scenario had never crossed their mind.

Riley's jaw also dropped after she heard the shocking declaration.

Holy cr*p! I never thought she could be this smart!

Back then, Sabrina had been worrying that none of Sebastian's children had inherited his business talent because her two nephews were either obsessed with research and development or being a soldier.

It turned out clueless little Vivian was the one with a brain for making money like Sebastian.

"Is there really something that good?"

“You must be joking! Why would the buyers come to our tribe? No one has ever been there before.”

The natives thought her words were too good to be true.

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Chapter 1659 Let Me Beat Her First

After all, they had lived in poverty for generations. No one ever paid attention to them or their stuff.

Yet, the pretty young lady smiled at them. “Well, it all depends on your performance today. Remember, you must show the world the best of Elysium. That includes your mannerism and action, not just the way you look. Do you understand?”

Those wise words blew Riley’s mind.

The Elysians stared at Vivian in silence for a long time as sparks of desire started burning within their hearts.

The next moment, she collected all their accessories, took everything apart, and created different yet stylish designs using the pieces.

More than a dozen pairs of trusting eyes watched her without moving an inch.

It was a taboo for outsiders to touch their hair. Yet, they let Vivian change their hairstyles into Faire Coiffure in the end.

The makeover achieved astounding results.

Where did she learn this? Isn't it a secret technique only Prince Kurt's mother knows?

The Elysians were brought out of the temporary site while they were still puzzled.

Lucy, who had come to Summerbank, heard someone had taken many Elysians away. She immediately rushed to Old Town with her maids.

“Where are they?” she asked.

“Madam, they were brought away for some performance,” someone on the spot responded.

Performance?

Lucy's expression darkened. “What kind of performance? Elysians are forbidden to have contact with outsiders. It's the tribe's rule. How dare they go for a performance? Do they want to be thrown into the River of Styx?”

Utterly enraged, she led her men and tried to stop those Elysians.

However, it was already too late.

By the time she arrived at the bridge, she saw a young beauty in Elysium costume leading the others to the show.

“Everyone, don't be afraid. Just follow me. Relax and behave like you usually do at the market.”

A beautiful red embroidered hairband coiled the young girl's long black hair up, revealing the string of glittering crescent-shaped accessory on her smooth forehead. She looked like an elf who had fallen into the mortal world. The spectators gasped upon witnessing her beauty.

She is a real beauty!

Everyone locked their eyes upon her, including the journalists.

Lucy's chest heaved up and down as she tried to suppress her rage.

Vivian Wand!

“Thank you for staying. The second half is about to start. Now, let us invite the representatives from the tribe with unique customs in the region—the Elysians!” The person in charge was overwhelmed with excitement as he introduced them.

As the majestic and atmospheric music kicked off, a stunning girl carrying a small bamboo basket on her back appeared on the stage. The others followed, one after another.

They did not try to perform at all.

She walked on the bridge casually with a bright smile on her face. Stepping on the bluestone slab, the teenager looked at her surroundings as though she had just finished her work at the farm.

Right behind her were a mother and a son.

The young mother's hair was like a dark cloud, tied with a simple hair tie. On her neck was a delicate silver collar that produced crisp bell sounds.

Ding! Ding!

The child who was in the bamboo basket on her back giggled suddenly.

He was waving his tanned and small, fleshy arms with two tiny but eye-catching bells.

The sight was simply breathtaking.

All the journalists kept taking photos of them.

Some even started a live broadcast, hoping to show the moment to the world.

Compared to the complicated and hasty first half, the appearance of the local tribe at this point was a breath of fresh air. It brought everyone into a peaceful and poetic atmosphere.

Overwhelmed with excitement, Riley almost burst into tears.

She could not help but capture the moment with her phone camera. Then she sent it to Sabrina, the only member of the Hayes family she was close to.

Riley texted: Sabrina, look at how outstanding your niece is!

Sabrina was rendered speechless upon seeing that.

In fact, she was looking after her kids at the moment.

The arrogant mother spent her life domineering over everyone, but she never expected she would give birth to two mini replicas of herself and fall victim at their hands. Jaena, who had turned eight, was a handful little imp.

D*mn it! Jaena must have taken her brother elsewhere. Where did they go?

Sabrina texted: Holy sh*t! What the hell is Vivian doing? Why is she not studying? When did she become a model?

Unable to find her children, her frustration grew after watching the video from Riley who frowned at her reaction.

Riley texted back: It's not like that. Something went wrong on our side. Some foreigners came and they are trying to oppress our economy. Vivi came up with a solution to save the day. Don't you think she looks fantastic?

Sabrina texted: Hold on a second. Let me find Jaena and beat her first!

After that, Sabrina did not respond to the texts anymore.

Has she really gone to beat her kid? Well, I would be pissed too if I were in her shoes. Kids from other families are so obedient and adorable that anyone would want to hug and kiss them. Not to mention, some of them even own a successful career after they grow up. But Sabrina's children are the complete opposite! She receives daily complaints from their preschool teachers because

the little tyrants are constantly bullying their friends or causing other troubles.

Sabrina could feel her lifespan shortened at least a few decades due to the stress from her children.

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Chapter 1660 The Prince Arrives

Riley broke out in a cold sweat when she saw what was happening.

She stopped replying to Sabrina's texts and instead directed her attention to the bride.

As expected, Vivian opened the show with a bang. The foreign models who awaited their turn to go on stage wore sour expressions on their faces.

They whined among themselves. "What's happening? Didn't they say this was a tourist destination too small for a proper fashion show?"

One of the staff from Hawen complained furiously, "Exactly! That's the only reason I asked to come here. Why did it suddenly become a professional show? Who the heck is that girl? She even knows what to do on a fashion runway."

At first sight, the mysterious models on the bridge appeared to be tribe members that Vivian had haphazardly pulled out of the crowd.

However, anyone experienced in the industry knew that it was all part of a deliberate runway design. Only a true expert in fashion design could devise the setting for today's show.

Indeed, the success of a fashion show relied on more than the featured lines of clothing. Runway design and environment played equally vital roles in creating a successful show. If all these factors aligned beautifully, a masterpiece would be born.

Although the foreign models had received professional training before arriving in Elysium, they did not treat the fashion show seriously after hearing that it was merely a tourist spot.

Thus, Vivian's Easter egg in the second half of the show both amazed and enraged the models.

Alas, despite their disgruntlement, they had no choice but to walk the runway.

As expected, they paled sorely in comparison to her spectacular opening. While the audience oohed and aahed over the foreigners earlier, few spared them a glance during the second half of the show.

Even the reporters looked bored.

The models fumed at the sight.

Vivian had led the Elysians off the stage by then. She knew her plan was a success judging by the audience's enthusiasm and delight. All that was left was to share the good news with her Elysian models.

Suddenly, a young woman dashed into the clearing.

“What are you doing? Who gave you the right to parade before so many people? The audacity! Did you forget the laws of Elysium?”

The intruder’s beautiful face twisted into an ugly scowl.

The Elysians’ initial happiness dissolved into fear seeing Lucy. After all, she had received the honor of serving their prince as an attendant, and she could very well be their future queen.

“Ms. Lucy, w-we didn’t mean it.”

“Yes, Ms. Lucy. T-This young lady said she c-could help us sell our fabrics and silver jewelry.... We wanted t-to make more money for our families, you see. That’s why we agreed to her plans.”

They practically stammered through their explanations.

Even the mother and son whom Vivian had found earlier began shaking like leaves at the sight.

Lucy instantly whirled around, glaring daggers at Vivian. Her gaze simmered with rage and hatred, and the latter was at a loss for what to do.

Did a few worms really turn her into this? We used to be such great friends. She helped us countless times upon our arrival, and she seemed friendly and kind. What could’ve caused such a drastic change to her personality?

Vivian's expression dimmed as she appraised the young woman who was once her friend.

Meanwhile, Lucy pressed on, "You again! Why is the Princess of the Jadesons always interfering with the ways of the Elysium tribe? What are you planning? Do you have any idea about the negative effects your actions have inflicted on our tribe?"

"Negative effects? What effects?" Vivian was upset, but her emotions did not cloud her logical judgment.

She argued, "I don't suppose the 'negative effects' would be the exposure of your tribe's living conditions to the world, huh? What's wrong with revealing all this to the world? Will locking them up forever put food on their tables? Will it clothe them? Will it give them money?"

"You--"

Vivian interrupted Lucy, "Let me tell you something, Lucy. The only way to give these people a better life is to open the tribe to the outside world. Let others understand your ways and let your tribe share its beautiful and rich culture with the world. That is the best way to lead this tribe to prosperity."

The seventeen-year-old girl stood her ground defiantly, not a hint of her usual smiley self in sight. Vivian had never seemed fiercer and colder than at that very moment.

In fact, she looked like a true-blue princess as she lectured the Elysians with such a formidable and righteous air that everyone listened to her in silent awe. Her logic was impeccable.

That was around the time Kurt showed up.

He had heard about the fashion show, and he rushed over from Elysium to assess the situation on behalf of the royal family.

To his surprise, the first thing he witnessed upon arrival was Vivian's impressive lecture.

Lucy sputtered, "W-What do you know? Leave the decision to our tribe. We can do whatever we want. It's none of your business."

"Why is it none of my business? I'm a member of the Jadesons, and my father oversees the economy of the entire country. Elysium falls under his jurisdiction. That is, unless, the Elysian royal family is planning to declare its independence," came Vivian's retort.