

Spoiled 1391

Chapter 1391: An Accident Occurred?

"The matter I mentioned earlier, have you thought it over?"

Upon hearing Oliver Hudson's question, Annie Anne froze for a moment, and then a hint of frustration quickly surfaced in her expression.

"Oh no, I completely forgot about it. My agent has accepted a new script for me, and I'll be joining a new production crew soon."

Annie Anne blinked innocently, looking rather helpless.

Clearly, this response did not satisfy Oliver, as he replied nonchalantly, "Drop it. I'll contact your agent myself."

"No way!" Annie Anne immediately reached out and grabbed Oliver Hudson's wrist, refusing him without hesitation.

"This script was hard for me to get, and it might even win an award! You're not allowed to cancel it."

More importantly, she was set to act alongside her idol. There was no way Annie Anne would waste such an opportunity.

Although Oliver Hudson didn't say anything, his displeasure was evident in his expression.

"You don't agree?" Annie Anne tilted her head slightly and smiled at Oliver. "So, what's your plan? Maybe lock me up forever and stop me from filming altogether. How about that?"

But the smile on her face didn't reach her eyes.

"Annie."

Oliver's voice deepened as he softly called her name.

Annie Anne didn't care about what Oliver Hudson might be feeling. She leaned closer, reducing the distance between them by a few inches.

"You promised me you wouldn't make me unhappy again."

Her lips curved into a smile as her face lifted, and her brows gently arched, looking just like a beautiful crescent moon.

"As for traveling, any time works, doesn't it?"

Watching Annie Anne's dazzling smile in front of him, Oliver Hudson knew her words were a subtle refusal, yet he couldn't find any grounds to argue against her.

Although Oliver didn't answer, the expression on his face was enough to show his stance at that moment.

Seeing this, Annie Anne's smile grew even brighter. "Come on, let's go. I've been craving that strawberry ice from Yvening Street."

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"How's everything coming along?"

Leon Battleson sat on the sofa, toying with a chess piece and moving it across the board in two or three steps.

Standing before him with deference was George Robbins, the vice president of Riley Group.

"Young master, rest assured. Everything has been arranged," George Robbins replied.

George licked his dry lips. Though his tone was calm, it didn't hide the subtle unease etched on his face.

Leon Battleson didn't say much next, letting only the crisp sound of the chess piece clattering on the board fill the room.

Seeing the lack of response from Leon, George Robbins mustered some courage and added, "If any accidents do occur, Florienna Ellis will be the scapegoat. There's no chance anything could go wrong."

At those words, Leon Battleson's hand suddenly paused mid-move.

"Accidents?"

Leon lazily lifted his eyes, glancing at George Robbins. Slowly repeating the word, he enunciated the syllables with deliberate precision.

His tone was calm, almost indifferent, yet it sent a shiver down George's spine, making his already bowed posture sink even lower.

"Everything is under control, young master. There's absolutely no chance of any accidents. We've been planning this for ages; several of the company shareholders have already been bribed by me, and the internal and external pressure on Justin Battleson is mounting. He's almost losing his footing!"

Chapter 1392: He's Leon Battleson's Man

George Robbins spoke hastily, but Leon Battleson remained silent, leaving only the sound of something gradually approaching on the ground to respond to him.

The growing sound drilled into George's ears, and when he saw a pair of high heels appear before him, a flash of shock crossed his eyes.

George never expected a woman to be by Leon Battleson's side.

Knowing Leon's personality, George couldn't help but feel curious about what kind of woman could possibly be worthy of standing by Leon's side.

"It seems you're quite confident about bringing Justin Battleson down."

The woman's lips parted slowly as she spoke, while she extended the glass of red wine in her hand and offered it to Leon.

Taking this opportunity, George discreetly glanced up, only to lock eyes with the woman's descending gaze.

The moment he clearly saw the woman's face, George's pupils trembled violently, and he nearly blurted out a name.

Charlotte Thompson!

George's heart was in utter turmoil.

Why was Charlotte here? Wasn't she with Justin Battleson?

Recalling Charlotte's earlier remarks, George speculated—could Charlotte be pretending to be with Justin in order to use him to take over Riley Group?

Riley Thompson, of course, didn't miss the shock on George's face when he saw her appearance.

She curled the corners of her lips into a faint smile, then placed her hand lightly on Leon Battleson's shoulder and leaned her body slightly toward him.

"The production I'm filming is about to wrap up, and I've received offers for several other roles. How about you, young master, help me choose?"

Riley's soft voice carried deliberate undertones, which promptly reminded George of recent rumors online about an actress who looked remarkably like Charlotte Thompson.

Those reports had been shown to him by Florienna Ellis, but back then, George hadn't paid it much mind.

Now, however, George couldn't help but understand—the actress was Leon Battleson's person.

Leon, of course, realized Riley's words were intentional, spoken for George's benefit. He nonchalantly lifted his hand to pinch Riley's chin, turning her face toward George after a moment's examination.

"Who do you think she looks like?"

Leon's question was asked knowingly, his tone casual.

At this point, George obediently raised his head, but faced with Leon's question, he hesitated and didn't immediately answer. "She looks like..."

"What?" Leon's voice rose slightly at the end, his displeasure evident at George's indecision.

"Like Charlotte Thompson," George swallowed hard before he finally responded.

"Then, if she went to work at Riley Group, how many people do you think would mistake her for Charlotte?" Leon asked lazily, his tone almost teasing.

George carefully scrutinized Riley this time, not daring to delay further, and he quickly replied:

"She's not exactly the same as Charlotte Thompson. At first glance, one might mistake her for Charlotte, but upon closer inspection, the differences become apparent."

Despite his measured response, looking at Riley, George couldn't shake a faint unease.

However, after George gave this answer, a trace of frustration surfaced within Riley's heart.

Why was he blurting out such inconvenient truths at this moment? Wasn't this just begging for Leon to get annoyed?

As George's heart raced with apprehension, Leon let out a faint snigger, his gaze shifting toward Riley beside him...

Chapter 1393: Slept with Charlotte Thompson

However, Leon Battleson's seemingly cheerful expression only filled Riley Thompson's heart with unease.

She originally intended to grab Leon Battleson's wrist, but Leon exerted a slight force and directly threw Riley next to George Robbins.

This unexpected action not only caught Riley off guard but also startled George.

The next second, Leon Battleson spoke flatly, uttering words filled with shocking intensity.

"So, what do you think? Would sleeping with her feel the same as sleeping with Charlotte Thompson?"

At this moment, not only George, but even Riley had an incredulous expression etched across her face.

She knew Leon Battleson was a madman, but this version of him...

"No, no, no..." George stammered, shaking his head in fear, barely able to form a coherent sentence.

"Why? Is she not attractive enough?" Leon's voice carried an air of curiosity.

George opened his mouth but found himself at a loss for words.

"I recall you having a particular preference for women of her type and appearance."

Leon touched his chin thoughtfully and added, "Or is it because she's still clothed that you don't find her appealing enough?"

As Leon's words fell, Riley's pupils immediately constricted. Her hand pressed against the carpet, clenching until her fingertips turned pale.

Though she tried to steady her breathing, her trembling lips betrayed the fear simmering in her heart.

"Why aren't you moving?"

Leon cast a nonchalant glance toward Riley, a look that was drenched with unmistakable intent.

In an instant, Riley's complexion turned ashen.

Yet, facing Leon's gaze, Riley dared not utter a single word. She wasn't ignorant of what kind of person Leon was.

She knew defying him would lead to disastrous consequences.

With trembling fingers, Riley slowly began to undo the buttons on her clothing, revealing her skin, though her body quaked even more violently with every action.

George, standing nearby, didn't dare to glance even for a moment. His face shifted dramatically as he quickly approached Leon with a question:

"Young master, when will I have the chance to meet Mr. Battleson?"

George's inquiry drew Leon's gaze away from his wine glass and back to George's face. A flicker of displeasure crossed his features, though it faded too quickly for anyone to catch it.

"Ah, that matter."

Leon spoke unhurriedly, "Once Justin Battleson's business is handled, then you can meet my father. I'm sure my father will be thrilled to know he has such a capable subordinate as you."

"That's all thanks to your keen leadership, Young Master." George responded flatteringly, quickly adding, "I will help you reclaim the Battleson Group's inheritance from Justin Battleson and return it to its rightful owner—you!"

"With you here, I feel much more assured." Leon smiled brightly at George.

"Back then, Mr. Battleson saved my life, and you, as his son, deserve my loyalty. That bastard Justin is completely unworthy of inheriting the Battleson Group!"

George's words spilled out as he tried to make sense of why Mr. Battleson had entrusted the inheritance to Justin Battleson in the first place.

Chapter 1394: You Saved My Life, Young Master

If Leon Battleson knew what George Robbins was thinking, he probably wouldn't be able to hold back his laughter.

To outsiders, Justin Battleson appeared to be someone cast out by his own father, a man whose mother possibly engaged in disgraceful acts, while Leon was the pampered young master by Oliver Battleson's side.

But as for the truth, only Leon Battleson himself truly understood.

Of course, the truth hardly mattered to him. As long as there were so many foolish people he could manipulate at will, Leon felt a deep sense of satisfaction in his heart.

Take George Robbins for example.

"Looks like it's just about time. You should move quickly on your end,"

Leon said.

Upon hearing this, George glanced briefly at Riley Thompson, who was sitting on the floor, before leaving. In that moment, a flicker of deeper meaning flashed through George's gaze, but he quickly turned away and departed.

The sound of the door closing accompanied George's disappearing silhouette, plunging the room once again into its original silence.

Riley clutched at her collar, her head bowed slightly as if lost in thought.

At that moment, Leon nonchalantly crossed his legs, using the tip of his shoe to lift Riley's chin, forcing her to look up at him.

As her face tilted upward, Leon noticed Riley's reddened eyes.

"What's this? Looks like someone's feeling wronged,"

Leon leaned forward slightly, his tone softening.

"Does asking you to do what I did make you feel humiliated?"

His voice rose slightly at the end, a hint of mockery flashing in his gaze even as his expression remained utterly cold.

"N-No," Riley stammered nervously and quickly responded, "My life belongs to you, Young Master. Whatever you wish me to do, I'll comply."

"Oh? Is that really so?" Leon asked with evident amusement.

"Yes, Young Master, I will follow any command you give, no matter what."

Kneeling on the ground, Riley seized the opportunity to hold onto Leon's pant leg, her body inching closer to him.

"But I clearly told you to stay put in the production team. So why are you trying to meddle in other matters?"

Leon's remarks drained all color from Riley's face in an instant. Her lips trembled as she struggled to find an answer.

"Are you wondering how I found out about this?" Leon said.

"I'm sorry, I shouldn't have acted on my own. It was... It was just something I did unintentionally,"

Riley stammered, swallowing nervously before explaining to Leon.

"Didn't I specifically tell you to ensure Charlotte Thompson remains unharmed? Yet you messed with the props on set—were you hoping to kill her in one go?"

When Leon first discovered that Justin Battleson was injured on the set, he immediately launched a covert investigation.

While everyone else might have dismissed it as an accident—even Charlotte and Annie Anne didn't uncover anything—Leon had known from the start precisely who was behind it.

"And you had the audacity to provoke Charlotte, forcing her to act alongside you? Do you really think that just because you wear Charlotte Thompson's face, you could take her place?"

Leon stared at Riley, his voice cutting through her like a blade, dripping with unreserved mockery.

"A counterfeit is nothing but a counterfeit, understand?"

"I understand, Young Master. I won't dare again,"

Chapter 1395: Staying by Justin Battleson's Side

Riley gritted her teeth tightly, but after hearing Leon Battleson's words, her heart, though filled with resentment, was overwhelmed by fear.

She was all too familiar with the price of disobedience.

"Rest assured, I'll help you fulfill your wish to stay by Justin Battleson's side."

Leon's typically cold words softened slightly at this moment. He bent down in front of Riley and reached out a hand to sweep her long hair to the side, fully exposing her face.

But because of this gesture, the scar at Riley's temple became entirely visible.

"Has it already been so long?" Leon murmured to himself, pressing his fingertips on Riley's scar.

At this moment, there was a knock at the door. Leon stood up and gestured to Riley with a nod of his chin.

"Go."

At Leon's command, Riley shuddered violently before crawling up from the ground to open the door.

Standing at the door was a man wearing a mask, whose identity was instantly revealed by the medical kit he carried.

"Let's go." The doctor studied Riley's face briefly, then gave her a faint smile and motioned for her to follow him.

Riley's trembling fingers brushed against her skin, yet her gaze was consumed by profound fear.

But in the next second, her eyes darkened with fierce determination.

One day, she swore, she would make Charlotte Thompson suffer a thousandfold for the pain she endured!

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"Ah-choo."

Charlotte sneezed while seated in her office. She rubbed her nose, wondering if the recent drastic temperature drop had given her a cold.

With that thought, Charlotte began to worry about her children and decided to remind them to dress warmly when she got home.

"Sister Charlotte, Sister Charlotte!"

At that moment, Coco rushed in carrying a laptop, excitement evident on her face.

Seeing Coco's expression, Charlotte blinked and asked softly, "What's going on? Why the rush?"

"Of course, I have good news to share with you!"

Out of breath from her hurried arrival, Coco paused for a moment at Charlotte's desk to steady herself.

Then, she turned the laptop screen toward Charlotte. On the screen was an online fashion store.

"What is this..." Charlotte glanced at the store's clothing, her brows faintly furrowed.

"That's right, this is Florienna Ellis's new online shop," Coco added. "Her store just opened recently, yet the sales have been surprisingly decent—especially for these particular designs."

Coco pointed at several specific items on the screen.

"Were all of these designed by her?" Charlotte scanned them briefly.

"Seems so." Coco responded ambiguously.

"This one I've never seen before, so it's probably her own design. But as for these others, Sister Charlotte, don't they look very familiar to you?"

As the interface scrolled down, Coco displayed more pieces to Charlotte. Seeing the styles and cuts, Charlotte couldn't help but chuckle softly.

These supposed "original" outfits—she was exceedingly familiar with them.

After all, these were collaborative designs she had created with the Worsen brand.

To call them original wasn't entirely wrong.

Because, compared to her original sketches, Florienna had indeed added her own unique patterns and accessories.

Chapter 1396: Get Ready to Trend!

"I didn't expect her to move this fast." Coco muttered, then turned to Charlotte.

"By the way, when I went to see her just now, she was contacting the clothing manufacturers. It looks like she's planning to release a few new designs—probably using those sketches she secretly photographed in the office."

Coco's expression turned sour as she said this.

"I used to think Florienna only used some underhanded means to join the company, but now she dares to pull something this bold. It's absolutely reprehensible," Coco exclaimed indignantly.

"Of course, the people backing her... they're no small figures."

Charlotte casually curled her lips into a smirk. She returned to her desk, pulled up a design draft on her computer, and opened it.

This was the finalized piece. After completion, it naturally needed to be sent to the Worsen brand for their review and approval.

"Sister Charlotte, what should we do now?" Coco asked curiously, watching her with a mix of curiosity and intrigue as she noticed the confident smile playing on Charlotte's lips.

Supporting her chin with one hand, Charlotte replied with a bright smile:

"Of course, we're getting ready to trend."

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Not long after, Charlotte received a response from the Worsen team.

Worsen expressed their immense satisfaction with Charlotte's design and stated they could immediately move forward with the product teaser campaign.

Charlotte was very pleased. Upon seeing their feedback, she promptly sent a message to Justin Battleson.

The Worsen brand then issued a public announcement, revealing their collaboration with Riley Group for this project.

As an emerging fashion brand in recent years, Worsen had quickly garnered a devoted following among younger audiences and newcomers. Currently, their primary market remained in Lemzville.

However, once the announcement was made, it caused a considerable buzz within Druarus.

What's more, the partner this time was Riley Group, which only added to the public attention.

Although Riley Group had faced scandals surrounding the termination of contracts before, online discussions about them had always remained significantly high.

Amidst the attention from countless netizens, the teaser for Charlotte's designed product was released by Worsen and quickly surged onto Weibo's trending list.

"Oh my god, the collaborative apparel this time is just stunning!"

"As expected of Charlotte Thompson. Why is it that every single one of her designs nails my preferences perfectly?"

"Who said Riley Group was about to go bankrupt a while ago? Step out and apologize right now."

"I'm not intentionally putting anyone down, but the quality of this design compared to the previous collaboration with XTZ is worlds apart."

"Exactly, exactly. Aside from a few haute couture pieces, what was the rest of it? I went to that show with so much anticipation, only to leave utterly disappointed. How can designs supposedly stemming from Charlotte's philosophy feel so vastly different in quality?"

"Can people stop blaming everything on Charlotte? For the XTZ collaboration, she only partially contributed to the designs. It's different from this time with Worsen, where she's solely responsible."

"Wait, so the fashion show for the XTZ and Riley Group collaboration is over? Am I living in a 2G world? Why wasn't there any buzz about it?"

"It's not because you're 2G, it's because the show flopped. It was an utter disaster."

The show mentioned by the netizens was the collaboration between Riley Group and XTZ that recently concluded. However, it was different from Worsen's collaboration, where the focus was on purchasable pieces.

Riley Group and XTZ jointly hosted a runway event that garnered attention from several media and fashion magazines.

Not long before, Riley Group had seen their stock prices drop due to issues related to contract terminations. Many had pinned their hopes on this collaboration with XTZ to deliver a stunning resurgence.

However, the final results of the show left everyone underwhelmed.

Chapter 1397: Why Wear a Mask?

Clearly, it was a collaboration between two super-brands, but the final result—the impact and presentation—fell far short of expectations.

In fact, it couldn't even compare to the level of influence and recognition brought by some niche brands!

Although fashion shows don't usually attract much attention from the people of Druarus, this matter is bound to hit the trending topics.

However, ever since the co-branded collection with Worsen Group was launched, some people have been revisiting that previous fashion show to draw comparisons.

And upon seeing the contrast, everyone clearly understood what had happened.

This time, the clothing line resulting from the collaboration with Worsen received high praise from netizens, effectively restoring some of Riley Group's reputation.

In just a few hours, the related comments had already surpassed a million.

Riley Group's stock price, too, saw a slight rebound, helping the company recover from the fallout surrounding the contract termination.

Scrolling through the trending topics on her phone, all Charlotte Thompson saw were posts about the successful collaboration between Riley Group and Worsen.

"I thought it would be exposed very quickly... We need to make sure public opinion hits its peak first," Charlotte murmured softly to herself. She assumed they would take advantage of the instant popularity to reveal certain things, but unexpectedly, they had waited for just a little longer.

Charlotte had been walking toward Justin Battleson's office when, just as she rounded the corner, someone bumped her hard on the shoulder.

She staggered back a few steps before regaining her balance, and as she looked up, she saw a masked man in front of her. His expression grew strange when his eyes met hers.

"Sorry."

He adjusted his mask and apologized to Charlotte before attempting to walk away.

"Hold on," Charlotte quickly stepped forward to block his path.

"Why are you wearing a mask? Which department are you from?" Charlotte asked inquisitively.

The man glanced around nervously, coughed behind his mask, and replied in a hoarse voice, "I've got the flu... I just took sick leave. I should get going now."

Though he hadn't finished speaking, he was already moving as if eager to leave immediately.

But his behavior only made Charlotte more suspicious.

Charlotte promptly questioned him further, "Which department are you from? Where's your employee badge?"

Confronted by Charlotte's sharp questioning, the man visibly panicked.

He fumbled with his jacket pockets, muttering something about his badge, before raising his gaze to look at Charlotte, his demeanor betraying undeniable signs of fear and unease.

Yet, despite his obvious distress, Charlotte simply waved her hand and said quietly, "Never mind. Since you're on leave already, you'd better hurry home and rest."

The man let out a relieved sigh, thanked Charlotte, and quickly turned away to leave.

What the man didn't realize was that, the moment he turned his back, Charlotte's lips curled into a subtle smile.

Moments later, she sent a message on her phone before heading off to Justin Battleson's office.

When Charlotte arrived, Justin was listening to a department manager's report in his office.

Justin nodded toward Charlotte, instructed the department manager to hand over the report directly to him, and then dismissed the manager.

Charlotte stepped forward.

She leaned in close to Justin, her eyes fixed on the report file he held, her brows faintly furrowing.

Chapter 1398: Squeezed Out of the Board of Directors?

"How's the company doing this month?" Charlotte glanced briefly at the document, already harboring some guesses in her mind.

"Compared to a few months ago, the situation is worse than expected," Justin said slowly. "Moreover, there's been some changes among the shareholders."

"Shareholders?"

Charlotte murmured to herself, her eyes flickering briefly with realization, before speaking calmly, "Someone teamed up with other shareholders to purchase the shares they held?"

Justin nodded and placed the document aside. His long fingers propped up his face thoughtfully.

"Interestingly, the ones acquiring shares aren't just individuals, but a few major stakeholders." His voice sank slightly.

"Could it be... they're planning to band together to push you out of the board of directors?" Charlotte voiced her suspicion without hesitation.

Before Justin could respond, the sound of a ringing phone interrupted them. Upon seeing the notification, Charlotte's lips curved into a smile.

"What's making you so happy?"

Justin reached out and pulled Charlotte into his embrace. She leaned onto the armrest of the chair in response.

"Guess who I just ran into at the company?" Charlotte gave Justin a mysterious smile.

Justin narrowed his eyes slightly, seemingly pondering her words.

"A paparazzo? A media journalist?"

As he casually uttered those two words, Charlotte's expression revealed a hint of surprise.

"How did you guess so accurately? I thought there was no way you'd figure it out!" Charlotte blinked her eyes in curiosity.

Observing her reaction, Justin lightly hooked her fingertips and gently pulled her body closer. Tilting his head, he flashed a composed smile at her.

"What's so hard about guessing that? Company infiltration by media reporters has happened before, and at such a critical juncture, someone's bound to try sneaking in."

"Our company's security is excellent though, so how could people like that manage to get in?"

Despite Justin's explanation, Charlotte's furrowed brows revealed the seriousness of the issue weighing on her mind.

"Even the tightest security can have lapses. Given the current situation within the company, it's not too difficult for a reporter to sneak in unnoticed."

Justin wrapped his arm around Charlotte's waist and spoke with composure. "Was it Jack who caught them?"

Charlotte nodded, saying, "Thanks to the reminder from my brother, I asked Jack to keep an eye on the surroundings near the company. I didn't expect we'd actually encounter one."

Previously, Charlotte asked Henry to help oversee the company while Justin was recovering from his injuries in the hospital.

After agreeing, Henry also cautioned Charlotte to pay extra attention to the personnel coming and going within the company, mentioning that there could be ill-intentioned individuals lurking.

In fact, Justin had already anticipated such possibilities and had secretly stationed people to observe the situation.

"But what exactly could this reporter capture inside the company?" Charlotte mulled it over but remained puzzled.

Surely a paparazzo wouldn't blatantly approach employees to fish for information?

"They might not manage to film anything significant, but in places like the break room or restroom, they could easily overhear gossip and rumors," Justin replied indifferently.

Chapter 1399 Charlotte Thompson Plagiarizes

Charlotte Thompson suddenly realized what was going on.

The gossip in the company was actually something Charlotte had deliberately spread before.

But back then, the purpose was to lure out the person behind it all.

And now? It had ended up providing the paparazzi with some convenient leads.

"Since the paparazzi are already involved, it would be a shame not to let this news leak out and waste the schemer's efforts,"

Charlotte said with a bright, confident smile, as if she had thought of a brilliant plan.

Justin Battleson didn't say much when he saw her expression. Whatever Charlotte wanted to do, he wouldn't oppose it. He simply let her do as she pleased.

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After the Riley Group and Worsen brand collaboration teaser was released, the buzz lasted all afternoon.

However, in the evening, just as the excitement began to die down, an explosive piece of news was exposed, instantly reigniting a storm of online discussion.

The protagonist of this news was none other than the Riley Group.

#RileyGroupCharlotteThompsonPlagiarism#

This trending tag shot up to the top of the hot search rankings almost instantly.

The rapid climb in popularity made people suspect there might be someone pulling strings behind the scenes.

When Charlotte and Justin returned home, this tag had already become the number one trending topic on Weibo.

Charlotte's phone began vibrating incessantly. Since Charlotte had a Weibo account, as soon as the topic hit the trends, countless private messages started flooding in.

The Weibo post that sparked the trend was a comparison post shared by a netizen.

The featured outfits were none other than the collaboration designs by the Riley Group and Worsen, compared against items from a recently launched online store.

The netizen laid out several pieces side by side. Even at a glance, it was clear there were suspicions of plagiarism.

Based on the release dates, the items in the online store were posted several dozen days earlier than the teaser from Worsen.

One particular outfit stood out—except for a few scattered embellishments, the style, shape, and even certain design details weren't just "related"; they were identical.

The revelation caused a public uproar. After all, the collaboration line from the Riley Group was entirely overseen by Charlotte, and now this issue had directly pinned the label of plagiarism on her.

Netizens who had been praising Charlotte just that morning were now turning on her in droves, launching verbal attacks.

"It's obvious this is plagiarism! If this were a plagiarism checker for a thesis, it would definitely fail!"

"Really? Charlotte Thompson plagiarized? I never would've thought!"

"Do you guys seriously think this is possible? An internationally acclaimed designer who won a gold medal at the Designer Competition plagiarizing from a small online store?"

"Yeah, it's a bit far-fetched to me too."

"Wait a minute—didn't any of you notice who owns that online store? I watched that designer's live stream once. She claimed to be a designer for the Riley Group!"

"No way—plagiarizing from your own people?"

This line of discussion kept the topic at its peak.

Although some people bandwagoned and affirmed Charlotte's alleged plagiarism, others, with a more rational mindset, suspected that the truth might not be so simple.

What happened next, however, struck the controversy like a heavy hammer, cracking open the layers of truth.

The owner of the online store and the original designer—Florienna Ellis.

She started a live stream on her online store platform.

Chapter 1400: Florienna Ellis Does a Live Broadcast to Seek Sympathy

Florienna Ellis's live streaming link was instantly pushed to the trending topics.

Major media outlets rushed to post on social platforms, and within just a few minutes, millions of people flooded into Florienna's live stream room.

Of course, most of them were just curious onlookers.

Charlotte Thompson certainly wouldn't want to miss out on this either, so she clicked into Florienna's live stream.

However, due to the overwhelming number of viewers, the broadcast was lagging slightly. Still, this didn't significantly affect Florienna's upcoming performance.

"I believe the netizens watching this live stream must have already seen the news circulating online."

Florienna sat calmly in her chair, with several clothing racks behind her. It appeared that the garments hanging there were from her shop.

"I never imagined that something like this would happen to me, and even more so—it was done by someone I have always deeply respected."

At this point, Florienna seemed momentarily unable to control her emotions, leading her to cough briefly.

But the vast online audience was eager to know what had happened, and in the live chat, many were urging her to continue and explain everything clearly.

Florienna naturally didn't disappoint them and began recounting her story:

"Actually, when I first started my online shop, many people asked me... 'Why would you leave your position as a designer at Riley Group to open a clothing shop like this?'"

"Now, I want to address the doubts of those people—if I could, I wouldn't want to face this choice at all. But at this point, I truly have... no way out anymore."

Florienna looked earnestly at the live feed interface and continued speaking:

"Ever since I was young, I loved fashion and clothing design. So when I went to college, I chose to study fashion design, and even right after graduating, I started working as a professional fashion designer."

"Getting the opportunity to work at Riley Group—it felt like the greatest honor in my life. Later on, my supervisor became none other than the famous Joy Thompson, Charlotte Thompson."

"I always regarded Joy Thompson as my idol, but I never expected that the glamour she carried was just a façade. When you truly work alongside her, you realize what kind of person she really is."

Florienna spoke slowly, and naturally, her last words became the focal point of everyone's attention.

"I never thought that someone hailed as a 'genius designer' in the fashion world like Joy Thompson could be such a person behind closed doors. She deliberately suppressed me. Even though I made only a very small mistake, she humiliated me in front of the entire company and went so far as to bully me in various ways in the office."

At this point, Florienna seemed to recall the most painful moments, her eyes turning visibly red.

"But those things—I could endure. For the sake of my dreams, I was willing to keep striving at Riley Group. But after what happened today, I truly cannot bear it anymore."

"So I decided to go live and tell everyone that every single design in my shop is my original work. Yet, I never imagined that my drafts would be stolen and plagiarized by Charlotte Thompson! These designs were painstakingly prepared over a long time, only to be easily taken by someone else."

"Before this, I even felt secretly pleased when Miss Thompson looked over my drafts. I thought her compliments were genuine. But what I didn't foresee was her using that as a pretext to steal my designs!"