

Spoiled 151

Chapter 151: Miss Thompson

Meeting Justin Battleson's puzzled gaze, Charlotte Thompson kept her calm, but the disdain in her voice was unmistakably clear.

"If you don't believe me, fine, I'll reintroduce myself."

Charlotte Thompson gracefully switched the bag to her other hand, her jacket slipped slightly off her shoulder, exposing her fair and smooth shoulder.

A black earring on her earlobe, making her look even more cool and mysterious.

An unusual emotion slowly rose in Justin Battleson's heart.

The woman in front of him was identical to Sophie Allen, but her aura was completely different.

Sophie Allen always wore light-colored clothes, her aura was pure and untainted, her eyes gentle yet determined, as if she were a fairy ignorant of the worldly affairs.

But this woman, you could see the ambition in her eyes clearly at first sight, so beautiful, but with an air of aggressiveness and danger.

What they shared in common, though, was their faces, they were identical.

Charlotte Thompson stepped forward and instantly closed the distance between her and the man.

A faint scent drifted into Justin Battleson's nostrils. He tilted his head slightly, meeting the woman's gaze, who was now just inches away.

The woman's eyes flickered, cunningly fox-like, said: "I am Charlotte Thompson, the jewel in the crown of the Thompson family, Miss Thompson of the Thompson Empire. I have never met you before, and I don't know who Sophie Allen is."

A member of the Thompson family?

The doubt in Justin Battleson's eyes slowly faded away, followed by realization.

No wonder she could lavish money at the auction, no wonder she could easily bring someone into the president's suite.

It's because she's Charlotte Thompson, a member of the Thompson Family.

Charlotte Thompson stepped back, widening the distance, with a slight start of cold sweat on her back.

That Justin Battleson recognized her so quickly, this was absolutely beyond her expectation.

She couldn't admit that she was Sophie Allen now. If her identity was exposed, it would only add to the problems in the future.

Upon saying this, Justin Battleson spent a few seconds in deep thought. In a while, he raised his head to look directly at Charlotte Thompson, his voice certain.

"It's just a name after all. Regardless of whether or not you're Sophie Allen now, I'm sure that five years ago, on this land, you were her."

Unexpectedly, Charlotte Thompson clenched her fist slightly. She took a deep breath, showing an impeccable smile.

"Sir, I'm not sure why you came looking for me, but since you're here, I assume you're someone of status."

She paused for a moment. "You should also know, that this hotel is a property of BK."

BK, an abbreviation for Bo King.

The Thompson Empire.

Before Justin could speak, she smiled slyly, her eyes filled with aggression, "Right now, I could literally have you thrown out this instance, do you believe that?"

Justin Battleson frowned. He watched as Charlotte Thompson slowly took out her cell phone from her bag, made a call, and casually said something.

"Come up and escort the guest out."

Within a few minutes, footsteps echoed in the corridor outside. The manager saw the person that Charlotte wanted to kick out, wiped his cold sweat in silence and opened his mouth hesitantly.

"Mr. Battleson, it's getting late. Perhaps it's best if you went back and rested."

Charlotte Thompson yawned, took her room card, and turned to enter the room.

Justin Battleson's gaze deepened, and he finally left.

...

The next day.

Inside the CEO's office at Riley Group.

Justin Battleson was going through the documents in his hand with a furrowed brow.

They were Charlotte Thompson's personal information.

Indeed, she was a member of the illustrious Thompson family and had lived in Ashton since childhood. This was her first time in Druarus.

But all of this, seemed too strange.

He placed the information on his desk, his doubts not entirely cleared.

Chapter 152: It's Definitely Sophie Allen!

The next day.

The red Rolls-Royce galloped on the streets of Druarus, finally coming to a halt in front of the Emperor City Exhibition Center.

The moment the car stopped, a group of people swooped in immediately, wielding cameras and microphones.

As soon as the car window rolled down, they all burst in without waiting for an invite.

Evelyn Curtis, in a captivating red dress, was radiant. Her delicate make-up and mastery over her expressions elevated her demeanor.

"Miss Curtis, can you share your initial intentions on being a judge for the jewelry competition?"

"Miss Curtis, being a judge for the jewelry competition organized by Vanguard Jewelry, does it mean you have an interest in jewelry design?"

"Miss Curtis, you aren't deeply knowledgeable about jewelry. Does this inter-disciplinary work put a lot of pressure on you?"

"Miss Curtis..."

"Miss Curtis..."

Faced with these questions, Evelyn Curtis was extremely impatient on the inside.

However, her disciplined professionalism allowed her to maintain a warm and friendly grin on her face.

"Sorry, the competition is about to begin, everyone should focus on that!"

As her words fell, the door of the car was opened.

Evelyn stepped out of the car, successfully entering the venue under the protection of her manager and bodyguards.

The journalists diligently followed her in.

"Miss Curtis, could you say a few words?"

"Miss Curtis..."

The manager stopped, smiled politely at the journalists, "I'm sorry, but thank you all for your support. Evelyn can't accept interviews today, this is far enough!"

Without glancing back, Evelyn walked into the dressing room and sat in front of the mirror, visibly annoyed.

"These gossip journalists are just like flies, buzzing around all day. Annoying!"

"Surrounded by so many people in this hot weather, my makeup is a mess!"

The assistant, possessing a keen sense of the situation, sensed Evelyn's complaints. She immediately signaled for the makeup artist who rushed forward to touch up Evelyn's makeup.

At the same time, Charlotte Thompson had just reached the dressing room when she heard the rant, and couldn't help but scoff.

Just a mere spokesperson with no real talent. Naturally, she couldn't handle the bombardment of questions from the journalists.

The jewelry competition was organized by the emerging brand Vanguard Jewelry. Evelyn Curtis, as the spokesperson of Vanguard Jewelry and with her popularity over the years, was simply there to add some buzz to the competition.

She held the empty title of judge but didn't understand anything.

Only in this age of consumerism, she attracted many fans with her captivating looks.

Back in Ashton, Charlotte had seen the promotion for this competition, which even featured Evelyn's photo.

She found it all rather ironic.

Within ten seconds, she decided to participate and successfully registered in ten minutes.

Since Vanguard Jewelry valued Evelyn Curtis so much, it was even more imperative for Charlotte to see for herself how much Evelyn had grown.

After letting her enjoy herself for five years, it was time to bring her down.

As Charlotte walked through the door, Evelyn's manager, Lucy, noticed and her expression changed drastically.

"Who are you? Who let you in? This is Evelyn Curtis's dressing room."

Upon hearing the voice, Evelyn casually glanced over through the mirror.

With that glance, her pupils dilated instantly, and she abruptly got up and turned around.

"So... Sophie Allen?"

She was so astonished that she stumbled over her words for a moment.

Impossible, wasn't she supposed to have committed suicide?

With Justin Battleson's resources, the information he dug up was unlikely to be incorrect.

She became nervous involuntarily, and her heart began to race as she lifted her eyes to stare at the woman before her.

This person was unmistakably Sophie Allen.

She could recognize her even if she turned to ash!

Chapter 153: Is There Such a Coincidence in the World?

Evelyn Curtis's astonishment made Charlotte Thompson sneer in her heart.

However, on her face, she lightly hooked her lip corners, speaking, "It doesn't seem to be said that this is someone's exclusive lounge."

Indeed, it wasn't said.

But some rules in this circle don't need to be spoken.

"Evelyn is here, so this is Evelyn's exclusive lounge, please leave."

The agent slightly raised her head, interpreting the phrase "ignorant of others" expressively.

"What kind of rule is this? I've never heard of it."

Charlotte Thompson's expression was indifferent, and her words also exuded self-confidence.

No, she's not Sophie Allen.

In her impression, Sophie Allen was a docile and indecisive country bumpkin, how could she be this confident woman before me?

The face looks exactly the same, but the speech and temperament are far apart.

Seeing Evelyn Curtis's frowning slightly, she knew she must be full of confusion now.

"Did you just call Sophie Allen?" Charlotte Thompson asked tentatively.

"You know her?"

Evelyn Curtis's heart suddenly tightened.

Charlotte Thompson gently shook her head.

"Just a few days ago someone told me that I looked like her. Do you also know Sophie? Do you think I look like her too?"

As Charlotte Thompson spoke, she stared straight at Evelyn Curtis.

She really didn't want to miss Evelyn Curtis's astonished and changing expression.

It was utterly fascinating!

The face of Sophie Allen from years ago appeared in Evelyn Curtis's head, almost completely overlapping with the woman before her.

Not even identical twins would be so alike!

She raised her hand to brush away the fragmented hair on her forehead to ease her nerves and hesitated: "You could say they are identical."

"Oh? Then I should take the opportunity to meet this Miss Allen." Charlotte Thompson sneered.

"Heh, I'm afraid you won't have the opportunity."

For Evelyn Curtis's words, Charlotte Thompson was not surprised at all.

She had disappeared five years ago. In this world, any trace of Sophie Allen has been erased by the Thompson family.

Charlotte Thompson didn't respond but walked over to a dressing table and sat down.

The agent wanted to come over and drive her away, but Evelyn Curtis signaled her with her gaze to step down.

Evelyn Curtis sat back in front of the dressing table, picked up the powder compact to touch up her makeup, but was absent-minded.

Through the mirror, she observed Charlotte Thompson sitting behind her.

The same face, different temperament, nothing about her movements bore any resemblance to Sophie Allen.

These can be achieved through training.

But the self-confidence and nobility she exudes is like a natural temperament that the training can hardly mimic.

Not to mention Sophie Allen grew up in the countryside, this kind of temperament is absolutely unrelated to her.

Evelyn Curtis's mind began to become clouded.

"What... is your name?"

Evelyn Curtis blurted out.

Charlotte Thompson heard it, deliberately paused, and then looked askance: "Are you asking me?"

Evelyn Curtis slightly lifted her eyelashes, and then nods gently.

"I am... Charlotte Thompson."

Charlotte Thompson? Sophie Allen?

Is there such a coincidence in the world?

Evelyn Curtis could not keep her cool instantly, again stood up from her seat, quickened her pace to Charlotte Thompson, and grabbed Charlotte's hand which was holding a lipstick.

"What are you doing? Have you taken a fancy to my lipstick?" Charlotte Thompson's mouth hung with a hint of intriguing smile.

Then she lowered her eyes to look at the lipstick: "The shade looks very nice. Since we've just met, and you like it so much, I'll give it to you?"

Evelyn Curtis finally realized her gaffe and let go of her hand.

"I don't need it. I, Evelyn Curtis, don't have any lipstick?" She said arrogantly.

"Oh~ so what did Miss Curtis mean just now? If you do not clarify, I might misunderstand."

Upon saying this, Charlotte Thompson continued applying her lipstick, pursed her lips, and smiled confidently at the mirror.

Chapter 154: Dress Clash

"Knock knock", the door of the lounge was knocked on.

Charlotte Thompson's assistant came in with an exquisite handmade bag: "Sister Charlotte, your dress has arrived, and the competition will start in half an hour, you need to get changed."

Charlotte Thompson turned her head, "Okay."

Then she went to the dressing room to change her clothes.

She came out after a while.

She was irresistible and enchanting in a red dress, with a low V-neck subtly hinting at a touch of charm. It matched her exquisite makeup, making her even more dazzling.

Evelyn Curtis just caught a glimpse of her and immediately lost her composure.

"What do you mean? You're wearing the same dress as me!"

Charlotte acted as though she hadn't heard and went to a mirror to check herself out.

Evelyn, who had been ignored and snubbed, had never experienced such humiliation in the past five years - her gaze dropped, and she walked over to Charlotte and tried to rip off her dress.

"You're just a small-time designer, and you dare to be so conspicuous, stealing the spotlight from the judge's? Who taught you to be so pretentious?"

Seeing Evelyn's action, Lucy was startled and rushed forward to pull her away.

"Miss Curtis, please don't do this."

Charlotte's assistant, Coco, was not easily messed with either, and she immediately stepped up, grabbing Evelyn's hand and pushing her away.

Charlotte quickly smoothed out her dress that Evelyn had bunched up, showing no panic on her face.

"You're the judge, after all. Don't you have any patience? I wonder if your fans know what you're really like."

"Hah, what am I like? Charlotte Thompson, right? You're an unknown designer who dares to wear the same outfit as me on the show, aren't you afraid of being mocked?"

Charlotte paused without replying.

"What? Nothing to say? You should have thought of the consequences when you chose to wear this dress."

At the absurdity of Evelyn's words, Charlotte's lips pulled into a slight smirk and she let out a small laugh: "Well, I do know that wearing the same clothes is not the issue, it's embarrassing if someone is uglier."

With those words, Charlotte and Coco left for the rest room where the other designers were.

Having dealt with Evelyn, Charlotte had achieved the first objective of the day.

Evelyn was left alone, her heart full of resentment and discontent. She was so angry that her chest was heaving.

As soon as Charlotte stepped into the designer's lounge, Evelyn immediately followed her in.

The designers in the lounge were surprised to see Evelyn.

Unexpectedly, they were able to meet the judge before the competition had even begun.

However, why was the contestant dressed the same as the judge?

"Charlotte Thompson, I warn you, change your dress."

Evelyn stood her ground, her eyes filled with a threatening intensity, and her tone was forceful.

Charlotte looked innocent: "I'm sorry, I didn't know you would be wearing the same dress today."

"Since you've apologized, I won't pursue the matter as long as you change your outfit," Evelyn tried to contain her rage.

"But...this is the only dress I brought today. It's a big competition after all, if my dress is not up to par, it would seem disrespectful..."

"Miss Curtis, do you want me to change because you're afraid of wearing the same dress and feeling embarrassed?"

Charlotte purposely added the last sentence, which caused a stir in the lounge.

Isn't it offensive to say such things before the competition begins, provoking the judge?

Evelyn's face alternated between red and purple from Charlotte's words.

"You!" Evelyn stormed forward and raised her hand to slap Charlotte.

However, her wrist was suddenly grabbed and her hand was left hanging in mid-air, unable to gain strength.

"Miss Curtis, can't we settle this peacefully?"

Chapter 155: Don't Mess Around

Evelyn Curtis' face twisted with rage as she struggled hard, barely managing to break free.

"Coming again?" Charlotte Thompson's nonchalant demeanor contrasted sharply with Evelyn's frantic anxiety.

Although the latter's fury still lingered in her eyes, she didn't say another word.

Everyone else in the break room watched on, making no move to intervene. No one wanted to get caught up in their mess.

They were all here to participate in the competition, each of them a competitor. At this moment, keeping one's own interests safe was the most sensible option.

Only after Evelyn seemed to have calmed down did Charlotte turn to return to her seat.

But as soon as she turned and took a few steps, something snagged her dress hem, followed by a sharp tearing sound.

Not good!

The dress was a custom-made silk gown with high-quality fabric that would easily rip if punctured.

Evelyn had used the heel of her stiletto to hook it. As Charlotte didn't notice and took a couple of steps, the dress was now ripped, wasn't it?

Everyone in the room must have heard it. They all turned their heads almost simultaneously, and some even gasped.

Several whispered amongst themselves.

"What can she do now that her dress is ruined? How will she go on stage?"

"Indeed, I heard she only brought one."

"Talk about bad luck. Can she still expect to have a good time after offending the judges?"

Evelyn, of course, heard the whispers around her.

Without showing any remorse, she coolly muttered a quick "sorry" and retracted her foot, looking rather pleased with herself.

Your dress is ruined; I'd be curious to see how you'll still make a splash on stage.

This time, the jewelry competition was set up differently than traditional ones. The submissions wouldn't be made online, but would be designed on-site and live-streamed on the internet.

With less than twenty minutes before the start of the competition, Charlotte would have no chance of finding another dress, regardless of her abilities.

The cold light in Charlotte's eyes was a shining hint of her bitterness. Moving to her own desk, she opened a drawer and took out a pair of scissors.

This sent a shudder through Evelyn when she saw the scissors.

Lucy, thinking that Charlotte was losing her temper, quickly rushed over to protect Evelyn.

"Miss Thompson, please don't do anything rash."

"Charlotte, what are you planning?"

Despite trembling with fear, Evelyn tried to act unperturbed.

Lifting her eyelids slightly, Charlotte's eyes were full of disdain and contempt.

Then, with a swift and decisive cut, the frayed hem of the dress was cleanly removed by Charlotte. The action was fast, accurate, and ruthless, void of any hesitation.

The red long dress was glamorous but with a hint of elegance. After the transformation into a mini-skirt, it became more coquettish, less elegant.

Her attractive legs, set off by the vibrant red of the dress, were even more exquisite, startling everyone present and catching their attention immediately.

"Wow! Just one cut, and the difference is astonishing!"

"Yes, totally unbelievable!"

All the designers and staff in the room were stunned, looking at Charlotte with admiration and respect in their eyes.

"This is what a real talent looks like. Even in terms of clothing design she is so flexible, definitely not an easy opponent."

The designer's comment had hit the nail on the head.

Charlotte was not simple.

She excelled not only in jewelry design but also in clothing design. Anything to do with design, there's nothing she couldn't handle.

Any new or out-of-the-box idea, she could articulate with ease, always to unexpected results.

Praise for Charlotte was all around, and Evelyn felt as if something was choking her heart.

An uncomfortable feeling, like she was gasping for air.

Chapter 156 Limited Edition Runway Model

Evelyn Curtis was now at a dead end; she couldn't stop Charlotte Thompson from wearing an identical outfit.

If she tried to forcibly intervene and caused a scene, the crowd around them might leak the information, and her attempts to bully the weak might backfire and cause her more harm.

"Fine, since you insist, it doesn't count as wearing the same outfit; suit yourself," said Evelyn, suppressing her anger.

She stormed off, feeling incredibly bitter inside.

She sat in her dressing room, feeling as if a flame was burning in her chest, knitting her brows in anguish.

"Evelyn, you should touch up your makeup, the competition is about to start."

Seeing her like this, Lucy cautiously suggested it.

Evelyn closed her eyes, allowed the makeup artist to touch up her makeup, but clenching her fists tightly.

Once her makeup was done, a realization struck her when she opened her eyes.

"Lucy, the dress I'm wearing is a limited runway edition from BK brand. How could Charlotte, a mere jewelry designer, have a dress like this?"

Lucy, having seen this kind of thing before, naturally replied, "Evelyn, her dress must be a fake clone. It's obvious even if you give it a passing thought."

Evelyn snorted coldly, then burst out laughing.

She had been so incensed by Charlotte that it seemed to have clouded her judgment. She was only annoyed that Charlotte copied her dress and didn't even think about the possibility that it was a knockoff.

"Let Charlotte gloat for now. Lucy, go contact the program's cameramen and tell them to focus more on Charlotte's dress hem," Evelyn instructed in Lucy's ear.

In today's era, there are plenty of sharp-eyed netizens; once they notice anything suspicious, they'll certainly stir up noise online.

The netizens are not to be underestimated either. When they start to criticize someone, they can insult someone up and down their entire ancestral lineage.

Daring to blatantly wear a fake dress, and a fake BK dress at that, Charlotte truly has thick skin!

Evelyn's pupils sank slightly, and the smile around her lips gave a creepy feeling.

"Charlotte, I don't believe that you, a minor jewelry designer, can withstand the internet's scolding. I want to see what kind of storm your arrogant attitude can stir up!"

Evelyn pledged, waiting for Charlotte to make a fool of herself.

...

The competition kicked into gear soon.

The scene at the competition was packed with people.

Except for a small portion of the audience, most were Evelyn's fans who came to support her.

After the host's opening speech, the theme of the jewelry design was announced: Dream--

Dream.

As this was a live contest organized by Vanguard Jewelry, with top actress Evelyn Curtis sitting on the panel, the number of viewers in the live broadcast was enormous.

The jewelry designers went up to the stage one after another after their names were called, picked up crayons, paper, and other materials, then sat in the positions corresponding to their names to prepare for their sketches.

There were dozens of cameras on-site, each focusing on a designer and capturing the atmosphere.

The live broadcast was in full swing.

Whenever the camera focused on Evelyn, comments like "Evelyn rules!" filled up the screen.

Others were saying, "Brave Dream, loyal fans will always accompany you."

Dream Watson is the fan name for Evelyn.

Some even started explaining the reason of choosing Dream as a theme in the comment section.

"This competition is hosted by Vanguard Jewelry, and Justin Battleson is the CEO of Riley Group, the theme is Dream, so it's definitely set for our darling Dream."

"Ah! These hidden flirtatious signals! I'll eat first to support them!"

"My God! They're so cute together!"

"They're the perfect match; a gifted scholar, and a beautiful lady!"

Chapter 157: Something is Wrong

Most of the viewers sending comments are loyal fans of Evelyn Curtis, along with some random internet bystanders.

"What do you think, when are Justin and Evelyn Curtis getting married?"

"Maybe they're already secretly wed?"

"Ahhh! We're waiting for Dream Watson's wedding!"

"Dream Watson, soar bravely, we'll always follow you..."

"Dream Watson's happiness is our happiness!"

"We're so envious of Dream Watson! She's about to become the enviable Mrs. Battleson!"

Whenever the camera wasn't focused on Evelyn Curtis for a brief moment, Lucy showed her these comments on a cellphone.

The flood of flattering comments made her extraordinarily pleased.

Yes, this is exactly the reaction she wanted.

Especially when she saw netizens saying that she and Justin were a match made in heaven, a perfect couple, and that she was the enviable Mrs. Battleson. These comments made her feel a lot better, even after being upset by Charlotte.

...

Over at the designers' side.

Every designer was deep in thought, working continuously on their initial sketches.

All their brows were furrowed with concentration.

Only Charlotte was calm and composed, her hand gracefully wielding her pencil and sketching with confidence.

The photographers couldn't resist capturing her focused profile.

"This number 10 designer is so composed!"

"True, compared to the others, she's so confident."

"She's both beautiful and talented, it's killing me!"

"Yes, Designer No. 10, Charlotte, is simply beautiful."

The host responded to these comments with a smile, "Indeed, compared to the other designers, our number 10, Charlotte, appears calm. I wonder what kind of surprise Designer Charlotte will spring on us in the end? Stay tuned!"

On hearing Charlotte's name, Evelyn Curtis's face changed slightly, and she felt very uncomfortable. But with the camera on her, she had to suppress her urge to roll her eyes.

She picked up the microphone on purpose and forced a smile, "I see that too! Number 10, I'm rooting for you!"

Her voice was affectingly sweet, almost making Charlotte upchuck her lunch.

Inside, she couldn't help but scoff, no wonder Evelyn had climbed up the entertainment industry ladder so quickly in just five years.

This vixen really had a talent for putting on a show.

She really was blind before, not seeing such acting talent in Evelyn Curtis!

She vowed to slowly settle the scores with her about the resentment of the past.

...

An hour had passed, leaving only half an hour before the end of the initial design sketching.

The competition at this stage could be described as intensely heated. Every designer was absolutely focused, leaving no room for slack.

And Charlotte, as always, was the picture of composure.

The rumor was, the winner of this competition would sign a contract with Vanguard Jewelry and become a featured designer.

Vanguard Jewelry was among the most luxurious top-tier brands in the jewelry industry, offering excellent benefits — no wonder everyone was so determined to compete.

But Charlotte didn't care about it too much.

She entered the competition simply to confront Evelyn Curtis and Justin Battleson. Winning or losing was not important to her.

Five years ago, after listening to Jason Thompson, she had left Druarus. At that time, she, who was six months pregnant, had no choice but to let Evelyn Curtis go.

She knew Justin's abilities and, with Justin protecting Evelyn, she didn't want the Thompson family to get involved in this conflict.

Moreover, she wanted to take her revenge personally.

Remaining silent for five years didn't mean she dropped her grievances for a lifetime.

Evelyn Curtis was the initiator of Aunt Watson's demise.

She had to avenge this no matter what.

Moreover, that was not all.

Five years ago, she gave birth to triplets. She thought the children were fathered by Williams Charlie and had accepted it.

However, as her eldest son Cyrus Thompson grew older, she began to sense something was wrong.

Chapter 158: The Jerk is Justin Battleson

Cyrus Thompson had always been quiet and aloof since his childhood, which shocked her even more is, his facial features somewhat resembled Justin Battleson's.

Charlotte Thompson watched Cyrus grow and change day by day.

At that time, when she returned home after a month of training, the moment she saw Cyrus, she almost collapsed from shock.

Her eldest son, Cyrus' face, was like a miniature version of Justin Battleson!

Suddenly, she understood everything.

The man who had taken her virtue on the unbearable night five years ago was not Williams Charlie.

But Justin Battleson, that bastard!

Initially, the job at the resort was introduced by Evelyn Curtis, and Justin Battleson was Evelyn Curtis' boyfriend.

Charlotte suspected that they had conspired to ruin her that night. Evelyn Curtis then fabricated a story and pinned all the blame on Williams Charlie.

So, the person she beat half to death that year was the wrong one!

He was simply an unfortunate scapegoat, and the real

culprit was at large!

This time she returned to Druarus, Charlotte wanted to uncover the truth about what happened in the past.

Did Justin Battleson conspire with Evelyn Curtis? Did he know she was the woman from that night?

Now that she was back in Druarus, her mission was to get close to them and find out the truth.

She must figure out everything once and for all.

When the time comes, she will have her revenge.

Thinking about the past, Charlotte still worked with her hands without stopping.

"I like how design No. 10 is so breezy and light!"

"+1+1!"

"I've been looking forward to this for so long!"

"Absolutely have to pick No. 10!"

The comments flooded the screen, all praising Charlotte.

With Charlotte's work illuminating the screen, the other designers fell somewhat into the shadows.

Seeing more and more positive reviews of Charlotte, Evelyn Curtis was a little unsettled.

Although she wasn't sure whether Charlotte Thompson and Sophie Allen were the same person, she didn't want Charlotte to have any involvement with Justin Battleson.

Vanguard Jewelry was Justin Battleson's company. If Charlotte won, she would be contracted to work for Vanguard Jewelry, becoming their signed designer.

By then, Charlotte would interact with Justin, and she couldn't let that happen!

A woman's keen intuition and a sense of crisis prompted Evelyn Curtis to take action.

She subtly hinted to Lucy to move the camera away, then sent her on a mission.

Lucy returned after a while, nodded at Evelyn Curtis, and made an "OK" gesture.

Seeing this, a relaxed smile reappeared on Evelyn Curtis's face.

The live broadcast screen.

Perhaps because of the high praise for Charlotte, the cameraman gave her a close-up shot.

And three cameras were capturing Charlotte from different angles.

"Hey, look, there's something off about Charlotte's dress! It looks a lot like Dream Watson's, but the hem is different!"

This seemingly ordinary comment slowly disappeared on the screen, but sharp-eyed netizens spotted it quickly.

Charlotte, the No. 10 designer, was definitely an eye-catcher, sitting quietly in her spot. Her cool composure and air of confidence filled the screen.

The cameraman was less than a meter away from her, zooming in so close that even the subtle expressions on Charlotte's face were clearly visible.

However, the netizens were more focused on something else.

Comments gradually filled the screen, and more and more viewers were getting hooked, pulling up their proverbial stools in the comments section to watch the show.

Chapter 159 From Joy Designer

On the screen.

Charlotte Thompson's red mini dress was dazzlingly eye-catching. Although it didn't seem out of place, it also wasn't difficult for people to notice.

The cutting of the dress edge was rather hasty, and slight imperfections could be seen on the otherwise perfect fabric.

Evelyn Curtis glanced at the burst of comments flashing by on the screen, her lips curling into an almost undetectable smirk.

Soon, many netizens noticed and began to discuss:

"Dream Watson is wearing a spring runway piece from BK, designed by Joy. It seems there's only one, and BK did not sell it!"

"Joy is a top designer, her gowns are mostly used for runway shows and are rarely sold, usually only one piece." "You just said, I didn't notice, the dress Charlotte's wearing, the top part of the dress is identical to Dream's, only the skirt is different."

"Joy's designs sweep through the entire fashion scene, but because they are too high-end, they are rarely lent to low-key artists or amateurs. Other than socialites and Academy Award-level actresses, I have almost never seen anyone else wearing Joy's work."

"Our Dream Watson is a top-tier actress in Druarus, her dress is definitely a runway piece, then what Charlotte is wearing has to be a cheap knock-off. Even the skirt is different; the runway piece is a long dress, Charlotte's is a short one."

The direction of the comments deviated from the design itself for a moment, and everyone's attention was practically focused on Charlotte's dress.

The fact that a piece from a world-renowned designer was worn by a previously unheard-of person truly raises questions about its authenticity.

Within minutes, many evidential photos and data appeared in the comment section, and netizens arrived at a conclusion.

"Look at the photo I posted, it's from a model at Spring Fashion Week, identical to Dream's, Charlotte's is definitely a fake."

As soon as the picture appeared, the sentiment immediately swung, and a flurry of comments erupted.

Among them were many harsh words.

"Disgusting as hell. Indeed, you cannot judge a book by its cover, knock-off mongers should die."

"If you don't have the money, why insist on wearing brands? Don't you feel embarrassed wearing a fake? So low!"

"Does Charlotte not feel embarrassed? Participating in the competition wearing a knock-off while the judges are wearing the real thing, it's laughable!"

"As a designer, Charlotte wears fake gowns, won't she plagiarize other jewelry designers' works in the future?"

"Maybe the jewelry designs she's working on now are plagiarized!"

...

On the scene, Charlotte was oblivious to what was happening online, she was only concentrated on her work, meticulously sketching with a pencil.

The strands of hair casually hanging down gave her an aura of tranquility.

The designers were in the heat of the competition, scrambling for every second.

Evelyn Curtis was on the other side, constantly checking her phone, the smile on her lips growing wider.

Indeed, Joy's designs only appear on runway shows during fashion week, and this red dress in particular, there's only one piece.

This was loaned to her by her stylist's friend abroad, who is a designer at BK, after jumping through so many hoops.

For Charlotte Thompson, a nobody from who knows where, her dress has to be a knock-off, it's a no-brainer.

As netizens started to rave, Evelyn Curtis slightly narrowed her eyes, a glint of mystery flashed through her orbs.

Since the sentiment has already shifted, why not stoke the flame, make it burn even brighter?

Thinking of this, she turned off her phone and stood up from her seat.

Seeing her walking over, the cameraman backed off a few steps, pulling Evelyn Curtis into the frame.

The same red dress, the two women on the same screen, once again created a storm in the live chatroom.

Chapter 160: Get Ready for a Surprise

Charlotte Thompson raises her head to look at Evelyn Curtis, somewhat puzzled.

What is this all about?

Evelyn Curtis smiles faintly, walks over to Charlotte, bends down, and her long hair falls down in front of her chest, a waft of perfume greets Charlotte's senses, with her eyes cast down.

Charlotte frowns, hearing Evelyn start to speak slowly:

"Designer Charlotte, brace yourself for a surprise."

As she finishes her sentence, Charlotte's frown deepens.

She pauses in her pen strokes momentarily, lifting her head to glance at Evelyn.

A confusing smile sits on the beautiful face of Evelyn, and her eyes flicker, radiating a hint seeming malice under Charlotte's gaze.

An unidentifiable tension fills the air.

With her back to the camera, the viewers see Evelyn Curtis studying Charlotte's designs while Charlotte returns a hostile gaze.

The two of them wearing identical dresses in the same frame along with Charlotte's piercing stare, once again detonate the comment section.

"Evelyn Curtis is a judge, what gives Charlotte the audacity to dress like the very judge?"

"Shouldn't the main concern be about the authenticity of the dresses? Evelyn is the judge, undoubtedly popular these days, why would she wear a fake, Charlotte's dress must surely be..."

The latter part went unsaid.

An authentic dress and a counterfeit, the people reached a definitive answer.

To be wearing the same dress as the judge, moreover a counterfeit, in International Jewelry Competition, is nothing short of audacious.

"Watching this is making me sick. There are all sorts of fools sprouting in a big forest. It's tiring to see people being obsessed with vanity, girls, voting for Charlotte is just not appropriate."

"Absolutely! Let's vote for someone else, such kind of women don't deserve our support!"

"Picking a designer like her, who wears pirated versions of BK, will only stain the reputation of our Druarus local design!"

"Yes, that's right, we'll be looked down upon by everyone else in the world!"

Once this was said, it appealed to a large response.

With the combination of voting and live broadcasting, the bar chart on the big screen behind Charlotte was fluctuating drastically.

Upon closer inspection, it's not hard to notice the column labeled '10', representing her score, slowing down, and eventually stopping.

Meanwhile, the others overwhelmingly surpassed her, continuously climbing upwards.

Evelyn seems nonchalantly glanced at the voting situation, her fingers trembling in excitement.

Charlotte, oh Charlotte, didn't you lose to me once again?

With a small smile at the corner of her mouth, she turns around towards her seat.

The pen tip in Charlotte's hand is less than a centimeter away from the paper, but it does not land again.

She watches Evelyn walk away, a vague sense of foreboding rising within her.

Turning her gaze around, she suddenly notices a commotion among the crowd that was earlier quiet below the stage.

Everyone is swiping their phones, bending their heads to whispers with one another, occasionally someone raises their head and looks at her with unfamiliar eyes.

Charlotte's heart skips a beat, recalling what Evelyn said earlier.

— Prepare for your surprise.

Subconsciously she looks over at Evelyn. The latter has taken her seat by then, looking at Charlotte, her expression ambiguous, an inscrutable smile playing on her lips.

Charlotte tightens her grip on her pen, her eyes full of hesitation.

Looking at things, could it be Evelyn is up to something behind her back again?