

## **Spoiled 161**

Chapter 161: What A Pity!

On the other side, Evelyn Curtis casually straightened her skirt and leisurely glanced up at the big screen.

Things were unfolding as she had anticipated; Charlotte Thompson's votes were increasing very slowly, going up every now and then but quickly falling back down.

Her fans were harshly criticizing Charlotte and the spectators were disgusted with her actions.

Evelyn, in high spirits, turned her gaze on Charlotte, with a hint of unexplainable provocation.

Meanwhile, Charlotte had regained her composure and continued sketching on her paper. Her cool side-profile seemed to be imbued with an inexplicable light, making her appear almost divine.

The host stood on the other side, holding his script. He occasionally looked up at the big screen, only then noticing something amiss.

Charlotte's initial vote count had far surpassed the other designers. But now, she had been overtaken in a matter of a few minutes.

Even the host was somewhat suspicious.

He quietly took a step back, out of the live broadcast interface. The assistant stood beside him, to whom he bent down slightly, with a touch of doubt in his voice.

"There's something odd about these votes. Could you go ask the staff members if there is a problem with the voting machines?"

At his words, the assistant looked up at him, her eyes full of speechlessness.

The host was stunned by her expression. He touched his face, somewhat puzzled, "Is there something on my face?"

"No." The assistant looked away, her gaze falling on Charlotte once again.

Charlotte's unaffected and otherworldly temperament truly stood out among the many designers.

The assistant hesitated for a moment, "Williams, we've been hosting the International Jewelry Competition for several years now. It's rare to see a designer with such a temperament."

At her words, the host paused and then nodded in agreement, a trace of nostalgia in his eyes.

The International Jewelry Competition was originally meant to measure a person's true abilities. But as its fame grew, it ironically became a stepping stone for some people to pursue fame and fortune.

It's because of these impure intentions that the level of the designers participating in the competition is declining year by year.

When he first saw Charlotte, the host's heart had skipped a beat.

He had been part of this circle for over a decade and his judgment of people had become quite sharp.

He anticipated that Charlotte would be the dark horse, or even the leading contestant in this and the upcoming competitions.

Because such a pure temperament was too rare in this glitzy and glam world.

While he was lost in thought, the assistant nudged him slightly, a serious expression on her face.

"Williams, you should check out the comments on the live broadcast. Things are not looking good for Designer Charlotte."

"What's going on? Let me see!"

The host quickly unlocked his phone and hurried into the official live streaming site. The comments floating in the bullet screen instantly caught his eye.

After seeing it for a few minutes, his face also changed, not for the better.

The assistant sighed, "What should we do now?"

"There's nothing we can do but let her finish her design." The host closed his phone with a serious expression, "Don't interfere with the competition for now. Later, have someone take care of the bullet comments, temporarily skip those related to Charlotte, and we'll see how things unfold."

As he finished his words, he glanced up at the big screen which had started its countdown.

After pausing for a few seconds, he muttered, "This is all I can do to help you."

It's such a pity that a promising talent was ruined by a mishap with her dress!

Chapter 162: My Mentality is Not That Bad

The countdown on the big screen came to an end.

Charlotte Thompson was the first to put down her pen. She watched the staff gather the drafts before she rose from her seat and left.

The competition had two stages.

The first part was an on-site design, and after a brief interval, the designs would be handcrafted into finished products.

This was the unique feature of this jewelry competition.

As she stepped off the stage, her assistant Coco came over with a cup of water, a look of concern on her face.

Charlotte thanked her and took the cup before sinking into a sofa in the dressing room.

She took a sip of water to moisten her slightly dry throat and proceeded to turn on her phone.

Coco, standing on the other side, interlaced her fingers nervously and occasionally stole glances at Charlotte's phone, which was booting up on the table.

Coco was Charlotte's provisional assistant hired in China, unaware of her situation.

Seeing Coco's nervousness, Charlotte couldn't help but find it amusing, "What are you so nervous about? Why don't you sit down?"

At her remark, Coco blushed, attempting to speak but holding back.

Seeing her speechless, Charlotte did not probe further.

Her phone had just started up. She reached out to pick it up, preparing to unlock it.

Coco's face changed abruptly as she quickly grabbed Charlotte's phone out of her hand, her voice shaky.

"Miss Thompson, you... you shouldn't look at your phone now, you should rest a bit. You have to go back on stage soon."

Upon hearing those words, Charlotte instantly realized something was amiss, especially in light of Evelyn Curtis's recent actions.

She slightly nodded, "What happened?"

"Huh?" Coco shook her head vehemently, worried that unnecessary stress might affect Charlotte's performance, she quickly denied, "No, no, no, I'm just worried you're too exhausted."

The reason seemed pale and unconvincing.

Charlotte lightly massaged her forehead, "You underestimate me. I'm not that mentally weak."

She waved her hand, "Give me my phone."

As her words fell, Coco pursed her lips, hesitated a few minutes, then handed over the phone, tentatively uttering, "No matter what you see, don't get angry. It would be better to finish the competition first."

Charlotte nodded, unlocked her phone, then opened the voting section for the jewelry contest on Weibo.

Unsurprisingly, it was filled with posts about her.

She skimmed through briefly and managed to get the gist of the situation.

So, all this fuss was about the red dress she had trimmed?

She scrolled through the comments, each one more sarcastic than the last, even accusing her of trying to outshine Evelyn Curtis with her dress instead of focusing on the competition.

After reading dozens of comments over a couple of minutes, Charlotte felt neither anger nor fury; she was rather amused.

All she did was participate in a competition, and somehow she was tagged as a knock-off designer and became a target of online ridicule.

However, none of this was sufficient to unsettle her.

Charlotte turned off her phone, rubbed her temples, hiding her inner turmoil.

Suddenly, there was the sound of high heels clicking outside, and the dressing room door was pushed open.

Coco instinctively turned to look, her face suddenly changing, flushing slightly.

She remembered clearly the previous incident; it was Evelyn Curtis who had created all the fuss about Charlotte.

She must have purposely set Charlotte up!



Coco felt outraged on Charlotte's behalf!

Charlotte slowly opened her eyes as she leaned back, watching as Evelyn Curtis sat down on a sofa opposite her, an undisguised taunting expression on her face.

Chapter 163: What Do You Think You Are?

"Well done in the first half, renowned designer Charlotte Thompson! Now you're a nationwide famous jewelry designer!"

With a sarcastic tone, Evelyn Curtis deliberately made Charlotte uncomfortable, her voice filled with intense mockery.

coco couldn't bear it and retorted, "Miss Curtis, this was deliberate. Just because Miss Thompson wore the same dress as you, you intentionally asked the cameraman to keep the camera on Miss Thompson's skirt!"

coco had noticed this during the live broadcast. However, her voice carried little weight. Even though she knew this was planned by Evelyn Curtis, she didn't dare to say anything to the production crew.

Evelyn Curtis sneered at coco and scorned her arrogantly, "Who the hell are you? Merely an assistant! Mind your own business!"

Charlotte gently held coco's hand, glanced at Evelyn, and responded with a light smile, "With Miss Curtis providing such tension, drawing a simple design is not much of a challenge. And moreover, I should thank Miss Curtis. You boosted my fame and increased my chances of winning the competition."

Evelyn Curtis scoffed even more after hearing this, "Charlotte, why are you still pretending! You were caught wearing a knockoff and it set the internet on fire! Do you really think you stand a chance of winning? As a jewelry designer, you wore a knock-off! You're disgraceful! If we choose you as the designer, will you go and plagiarize other people's jewelry designs in the future?"

She snorted lightly and said sarcastically, "Netizens are all rational beings! Someone like you who lacks integrity, dreaming of winning the contest? Stop dreaming!"

After Evelyn Curtis finished speaking, Charlotte lightly smiled, "Miss Curtis, it might be too early to say that."

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The second half of the contest quickly began.

The atmosphere differed from the first half. The audience acted unusually - many looked at Charlotte with distaste, some even booed her from their seats.

Charlotte, composed as ever, concentrated on completing her design.

Evelyn Curtis sat leisurely at the judges' table. She would occasionally smirk at Charlotte while looking down at her phone.

She watched the live broadcast of the contest on her phone, and the live chat was filled with messages that belittled Charlotte.

She leaned back leisurely and grabbed a bottle of water from the table.

As she unscrewed the cap, the loud noise even caused the host to look over in her direction.

Charlotte naturally heard it as well.

This was another form of Evelyn Curtis' provocation towards her.

Evelyn looked utterly calm and deliberately directed a provocative smile towards Charlotte.

She faced the camera and pretended to say apologetically, "I'm sorry, I was thirsty and I might have caused a little disturbance. Please ignore it."

The contest continued, but no one thought that Evelyn Curtis' behavior was a provocation towards Charlotte.

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Time flew by, and the contest reached its midpoint.

Evelyn Curtis became restless sitting, so she got up. Holding the hem of her red dress, she walked gracefully past the contestants' workstations.

Then, she deliberately walked past Charlotte and paused to glance at Charlotte's progress.

Charlotte, completely unflustered, kept her head down and focus on her work. She completely ignored the shadow looming above her.

Evelyn Curtis was utterly ignored.

She clenched her fist, her back to the camera, and gritted her teeth before opening her mouth,

"Charlotte, you seem so composed on the outside, but are you really preparing your excuses for your impending plagiarism accusations on the inside?!"

Still idle, Evelyn Curtis came over to provoke her.

Charlotte's pace paused slightly, she looked up. Unexpectedly, there was no trace of gloominess or annoyance, she laughed looking at the woman in front of her and whispered, "Evelyn Curtis, are you so certain that my outfit is a knock-off?"

Chapter 164 Charlotte Thompson Gets Kicked Out of the Design Circle!

Evelyn Curtis frowned, suddenly startled.

Then, she scoffed: "Pff, this new gown designed by Joy, I'm the only one with the runway version."

Charlotte Thompson casually glanced at Evelyn's red dress and had a light smirk on her lips: "The one you are wearing, is it the real deal?"

Hearing the question, a look of smug self-satisfaction flashed across Evelyn's face: "Is that even something that needs to be asked? Of course, it's authentic! Representatives from the BK brand personally delivered it. It's naturally the real deal!"

She snorted disdainfully, her eyes full of contempt: "Charlotte, do you even know your place? Our standings are miles apart. I wear authentic pieces, while people like you are only fit for knockoffs."

Charlotte ignored her and proceeded with the competition.

Online, the number of people in the live-room had already exceeded one million, bullet-screen comments flooded the screen in dense cascades.

Among them were insults targeted at Charlotte.

Yet not all were against Charlotte; while some tried to defend her, they were quickly overwhelmed with abuse.

Not until another comment surfaced, did it incite discussion and confusion amongst the crowd.

[Has anyone noticed anything odd? If Charlotte's dress was a knock-off in the first place, then why did she change it and make it so conspicuous?]

[Is the person above over-thinking? Can you tell me, does an idiot really use their brain?]

Again, the comment section filled with invective.

At the same time, a new Weibo post spread across the internet, its popularity growing rapidly with the unfolding incident.

A self-proclaimed specialist had posted over a dozen screenshots, comparing the subtle details of Charlotte's dress with those of Evelyn's.

Though Charlotte's dress had been recut, it was not a counterfeit.

The article, nearly a thousand words in length and written in an analytical tone, concluded with one verdict.

Actually, the counterfeit was Evelyn Curtis's dress.

That single statement stirred up waves of reaction; netizens started hammering their keyboards again.

"No way, no way, nobody would believe this post by a blogger who has less than ten thousand followers, right?"

"LOL, Charlotte is so poor she couldn't even afford a better internet squad with more followers? Calling themselves a specialist; you should go back and check whether your ancestors' graves are smoking."

"Saying my Evelyn has a knock-off, you must have really gutsy to spout such nonsense."

"Exactly, this blogger must be an internet soldier hired by Charlotte, daring to slander Evelyn, I'm going to dig up every single detail about them and see what kind of descendant I find!"

"It's just the intermission time of the jewelry competition, and now such a post popped up, isn't it clear who hired these skills?"

"Charlotte, you have the audacity to slander Evelyn while wearing a knock-off, truly shameless!"

"Charlotte, get out of the design circle!"

"Charlotte is not fit to participate in the jewelry competition!"

The situation was rapidly spinning out of control.

The officials of the competition were watching as things escalated. They judged that Charlotte's personal actions had severely affected the competition and just as they were considering whether they should step in to moderate, an unexpected incident occurred.

The official Weibo account of BK Brand's Druarus division reposted the specialist's post, with an attached message:

[This red runway gown is the latest spring design by Joy, a designer under the BK brand (as shown in the picture). Please do not associate knock-offs with our brand, otherwise we will pursue legal responsibilities.]

Chapter 165: The slap in the face comes too fast, just like a tornado.

Many netizens transitioned from the live broadcast to Weibo.

Seeing the statement released by BK's official Druarus account, they were beyond thrilled.

"Hilarious, the brand itself stepped forward to make a statement, isn't sharing this Weibo post indirectly slapping Charlotte Thompson in the face?"

"Imitation trash is bound to perish, charge on Evelyn!"

"Charlotte Thompson, you copycat, get out of the design industry!"

Even though both Charlotte and Evelyn Curtis appeared before the public in the same dress, it was as if drawn by a magnetic field, everyone unanimously aimed their criticism at the unknown newcomer, Charlotte.

After BK's official Druarus Weibo post, its popularity skyrocketed, almost hitting one hundred thousand shares, and the likes were approaching one million.

Online, Charlotte became a universally scorned copycat, even going so far as to demand that she leave the design world.

Everyone on Weibo and in the live broadcast was clamoring, declaring they would never buy jewelry designed by such a copycat like Charlotte!

Evelyn Curtis had her assistant also share BK's Weibo post, complemented with her portraits wearing the dress.

Everyone unanimously supported Evelyn Curtis.

However, the plot twist came too abruptly, like a tornado.

Not long after, BK brand released another Weibo post, this time, completely shocking the peanut gallery.

BK's official statement for Druarus: [Upon verification from our headquarters, the dress worn by Ms. Charlotte Thompson is a one-of-a-kind, genuine runway piece. The modified version evidently possesses more character oh, and it wasn't lent to anyone else.]

Seeing this text, the online viewers were dumbfounded in unison.

This plot twist was truly dramatic.

Nobody expected that the genuine piece was actually worn by a relatively unknown jewelry designer, and A-list Druarus celebrity, Evelyn Curtis, wore the knockoff!

Evelyn Curtis sat in her seat, leisurely scrolling her phone, when she suddenly paused after reading the barrage of comments, her eyes widening in shock.

All the comments were disparaging her.

Her eyes popped open, and she kept flipping through the comments. Her assistant, Lucy, peeped from backstage and gestured for her to come over.

Evelyn Curtis got up, her face blank.

Lucy grabbed her urgently by the hand, "Evelyn, the online sentiment has reversed. What was the deal with your dress? The brand has issued a statement, the real piece is on Charlotte!"

Evelyn Curtis turned pale: "This is impossible! What's going on? You need to contact Grace Williams immediately to clarify this. My stylist borrowed this dress from BK, how could it be a knockoff? What in the world is happening?"

Evelyn Curtis was losing her mind, her thoughts a complete blank.

Lucy nodded with a grim face, immediately turned around and started calling on her phone.

It wasn't long before Lucy returned.

Her knuckles white from gripping her phone, "Sister Lily found out, the stylist was tricked when borrowing the dress. She borrowed a fake, thinking it was real."

On hearing that, Evelyn Curtis nearly passed out.



"What the hell does she do for a living? She can't even handle a simple task like this. What am I supposed to do now? I've lost face all the way to the Pacific. What should I do now-"

Evelyn Curtis broke down.

She had been so confident earlier, but now it felt as though multiple slaps were landing on her face, each one burning.

Lucy massaged her brow, sighed and said, "Evelyn, seems like there's no way to fix this. We should probably cut our losses!"

"Grace's idea is to shift the blame onto Betty Johnson, and simply claim that Betty deceived you. You weren't aware that this dress was a knockoff, otherwise you wouldn't have worn it so openly."

Sister Lily is Evelyn Curtis's agent, the entertainment industry's top promoter, Grace Williams.

As for Betty, she is Evelyn Curtis's current exclusive stylist.

Chapter 166: Supporting Charlotte Thompson!

Evelyn Curtis's face turned from pale to red, her blood rushed to her head, but she nodded in agreement right away.

Her team immediately coordinated with Lucy and released a long article within an hour.

Evelyn also personally took to Weibo, reposted the long article from her studio to demonstrate her innocence in the matter.

The primary task now was to stabilize her public image.

Onlookers once again flocked to Evelyn Curtis's studio's Weibo page. The long post essentially offloaded the blame for the high-end clothing copy onto the stylist, in an attempt to salvage Evelyn's public image.

As soon as the long post was released on Weibo, it got a large number of likes, comments, and shares.

The online 5G surfing experts, each with an appetite for drama, came to join the fray.

"I knew our Dream Watson was not that kind of person. Such a stylist is a downright disaster, get rid of her quickly!"

"Amen to that! Change the stylist +1!"

"What is Dream Watson's managing team doing? Such a person clearly lacks professional skills, don't harm our Dream!"

"Hang in there, Dream Watson. I support you to the end!"

While there were voices of die-hard fans defending her, there were also other onlookers, even detractors, voicing mixed opinions.

"This blame-shifting is quite something. Even if the stylist lacks professional skills, does Evelyn herself not have the ability to identify genuine from fake products?"

"I agree with the person above! She's a celebrity, has been exposed to many luxury goods, one would think she at least has some discernment abilities."

"Exactly, she is Mr. Battleson's girlfriend, for crying out loud, how could she lack such discernment and sophistication?"

"Haters gonna hate, let us fans take control of the comments section. Don't pay any mind to them."

At this moment, a new topic was racing up the trending list at light speed.

"Evelyn Curtis wears knock-offs, emphatically supports Charlotte Thompson!"

The discussion on this topic had already exceeded that of other trending topics, firmly sitting at the top of the trending list.

"When I first saw designer Charlotte Thompson, I felt she had a unique temper, and indeed she turned out to be as impressive as the first impression she made on me."

"Evelyn Curtis's playing the victim is too blatant, she's better suited at a debate conference as a guest, not as a judge!"

"The person above, HAHA! You crack me up. But I'm not yet dead from laughter."

The debate on Weibo was heated, the server was nearly overwhelmed.

Meanwhile, at the contest venue, drama was unfolding as well.

Evelyn was keeping a keen eye on the designers' votes. Watching Charlotte Thompson's vote count skyrocket, she clenched her fists.

Angered, she threw the vote counter aside.

"What the hell is so great about that Charlotte Thompson? Are these people all blind?"

Lucy, trembling, walked over to pick up the vote counter, and whispered, "Don't be angry, Evelyn. This is just temporary."

"Temporary? Didn't you see those votes going up? I will not allow that little wretch to become number one!"

"Surely she won't. Even if she wears genuine products, so what? You are Mr. Battleson's girlfriend. Some of these people might not like the monk but they sure respect the Buddha. Even though it's Charlotte Thompson, how can a pheasant compete with a phoenix?"

With Lucy's reassurances, Evelyn was somewhat pacified.

Lucy, too, breathed a quiet sigh of relief.

However, every time Evelyn thought of Charlotte's affected demeanor and her haughty disposition, she felt an itch of hatred in her heart.

Especially since Charlotte looked so much like Sophie Allen. Every time Evelyn closed her eyes, she would recall Sophie's pitifully submissive expression.

No, she had to teach her a lesson!

Evelyn Curtis abruptly stood up from her seat. With a grim look in her eyes, she headed out in her 8-centimeter heels.

Lucy quickly followed, "Evelyn, where are you going?"

Chapter 167: Counter Sarcasm

Designers' resting room.

Charlotte Thompson was sitting in her designated spot in the resting room, resting with her eyes closed. Not long after, the door was violently kicked open.

"Charlotte Thompson, what is your problem!"

The voice was full of desperation and frustration - it was an indication that Evelyn Curtis was panicking.

Upon hearing the voice, Charlotte lazily lifted her eyelids to give Evelyn a quick glance before closing them again, speaking lightly, "Miss Curtis, what's all this about? We're all resting here."

"Resting? You look high-spirited to me. Know enough to have someone slander me online. Do you really need to rest?"

Evelyn Curtis's voice rose as her chest heaved with anger.

Her eyes blazed with hatred as she glared at Charlotte.

If looks could kill, Charlotte would have been reduced to ashes by now.

"Having someone slander you?" Charlotte stretched lazily, then sat up, looking at Evelyn with mock confusion, "Miss Curtis, you're the one wearing knock-offs, what does that have to do with me? I don't have the extra money to hire an online mob like someone else."

If Charlotte's nonchalance was a spark, then the phrase "hire an online mob" was a live grenade.

It exploded as her words fell.

Evelyn Curtis stormed forward, raising her hand to 'discipline' Charlotte.

The other designers were silently worrying for Charlotte but no one dared to step forward or try to stop Evelyn.

This was a feud between Charlotte and Evelyn. "Every man for himself" was the designers' mantra.

If Evelyn managed to get rid of Charlotte, their major competitor, the pressure on them would lessen.

On the other hand, if they spoke up for Charlotte, considering Evelyn's resources in the industry and her position as a judge in the competition, their participation would be meaningless.

Comparatively, staying silent and watching the show was the best choice they could make.

However, just as Evelyn was about to slap Charlotte, Coco stepped in front of Charlotte, grabbing Evelyn's wrist.

"Miss Curtis, you're a public figure. What are you doing? Do you want all the top trending topics to be negative news about you?"

Even though Coco was just an assistant and seemed insignificant compared to Evelyn,

she was determined not to back down when it came to protecting Charlotte.

She stared at Evelyn with determination and stated her case confidently.

It took Evelyn a while to shake Coco's hand free. She rubbed her reddened wrist and glared resentfully.

"What are you? Just a mere assistant, daring to lay your hands on me," Evelyn gritted her teeth.

Coco remained composed, "Even though I'm just an assistant and cannot compare to your star status, as Miss Charlotte's assistant, it is my duty to protect her and assist her. I can't let anyone bully her."

At these words, Charlotte felt a tinge of gratification.

Coco, the new addition to her team, normally seemed timid, but unexpectedly became righteous in this situation.

What other option did she have, given her own discerning judgment?

Charlotte cleared her throat and stood up, lightly tugging at Coco's clothes to signal her to step back.

She then turned her attention to a mirror to examine her loose hair strands.

As she did this, she spoke casually, "I really don't understand the world anymore. Someone wearing counterfeit clothes dares to kick up a fuss in front of those of us wearing genuine ones, tsk."

"What's wrong with the organizers? Getting such a person to be a judge... I wonder how good their judgment is, and whether this competition can be trusted."

#### Chapter 168: Taking Action

As soon as she finished speaking, Evelyn Curtis was naturally fuming with anger, her nostrils flaring and eyes flashing.

The others, provoked by her words, also began to murmur amongst themselves.

"Seems like she's not wrong. This person has poor taste. Who knows how he'll criticize our work?"

"Right, right, I've worked so hard and studied for so many years. The last thing I want is for someone who doesn't appreciate good work to throw around random criticisms."

"What can we do about it? She has connections!"

"Ah, well, it's our bad luck. Next time we should just avoid Evelyn Curtis."

The volume of these discussions was obviously lowered, but in the small space of the lounge, there was no escaping them.

Evelyn Curtis could hear everything they were saying clearly.

Even though she was angered, she was powerless against the idle chatter of the crowd.

Her eyes shot around the crowd with an aggressive hostility. Wherever her gaze swept, the designers looked away.

Although they looked down on Evelyn Curtis, they didn't dare to show it too openly.

Finally, Evelyn Curtis turned her gaze to rest on Charlotte Thompson's face.

"Are you all just waiting for me to fall so you can kick me?"

A small voice from the crowd seemed particularly grating at this point.

"What fall and kick? We just can't stand fake people."

"That's right. What's the big fuss? Even if she pops her eyeballs out, it won't change the fact that she's wearing a fake."

The voice was low but clear, reaching everyone's ears without dropping a single word.

However, no one knew who this voice came from or where it originated.

The voice was like a sharp knife, piercing the last bit of Evelyn Curtis's dignity.

A wave of anger caused her to clench her fists. Her long nails even dug into her flesh, yet she felt no pain whatsoever.

Meanwhile, Charlotte calmly shrugged, "Miss Curtis, you've heard what they said, there's no point in staring at me..."

"Slap--"



Before Charlotte could finish her statement, a hand struck her face with lightning speed.

Everything happened so abruptly that no one expected Evelyn Curtis to act so fast.

All of them sucked in a cold breath in surprise.

Coco was no exception. She rushed up to Charlotte, her face filled with distress and regret, "Miss Thompson, are you..."

Charlotte merely felt a burning pain on her left cheek. She gently shook her head, "I'm okay."

She never expected Evelyn Curtis to be so bold, to openly and cleanly take action under everyone's gaze.

In fact, she didn't know that Evelyn Curtis had always been daring.

Otherwise, how could she have climbed from a small-town girl to her current position?

Otherwise, how dare she to boldly pose as Sophie Allen, and stand by Justin Battleson with such audacity?

As Charlotte touched her face, she thought of her own previous encounter with Evelyn's cunning scheme and the death of Aunt Watson. The flames of hatred ignited and were immediately suppressed within her heart.

Dealing with Evelyn Curtis, there's no rush.

"Eh! Why is she leaving so soon?"

"She slaps someone and just walks away?"

The murmurs from the surrounding crowd pulled Charlotte out of her hatred.

She lifted her head, only to see Evelyn Curtis hurriedly departing from scene.

Charlotte watched as all the designers went back to their seats, nobody daring to lock eyes with her or exchange words.

At this moment, each person was out for themselves. Causing trouble with others would have no positive benefits, so why do it?

"Coco, I'm fine. Let's rest for a bit and prepare for the second round."

Charlotte watched Coco's worried and regretful face, her heart feeling slightly comforted as she spoke softly.

After she spoke, she went to sit back down in front of the mirror. Upon seeing the slight redness on her left cheek, she carefully touched it.

Hiss...

It still stings a bit.

Of course, she wasn't just going to take this slap for nothing.

Chapter 169: Hot Search

"Miss Thompson, should I go buy some ice for you? To soothe the pain?"

"No need, I'm not being overly sensitive."

With that, Coco had to step aside and stay quiet.

Seeing this, Charlotte smiled inwardly at Coco's previously displayed, uninhibited bravery.

Such a good lass, truly wonderful.

Charlotte began to close her eyes to rest, formulating the composition of her creation for the second round of competition.

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In the hallway.

"Evelyn, wait for me..."

Evelyn Curtis, striding ahead in her high heels as if she was weightless, seemed to move with a lightness fueled by anger.

Lucy, laden with Evelyn's stuff, was struggling to keep up.

Evelyn, as though she hadn't heard Lucy at all, quickened her pace and ducked into her rest room.

Sitting indoors without feeling the chill of the 16°C air conditioning, she was fuming, stomping her feet angrily.

Lucy hurried inside, gasping for breath after she set down the stuff.

"Evelyn, please don't be angry."

"How can I not be angry? All those designers were staring at me like vultures, each and every one watching as if they were enjoying a show, as though they wanted to trample me into the mud!"

Evelyn Curtis was simmering with uncontrollable rage.

"Did they forget all those sweet words they said when they flattered me before?"

"Only one competition has passed, and they're all starting to nitpick my flaws? Wearing a counterfeit? That's better than those lesser-known designers," she scoffed. "They can't even afford a counterfeit!"

"Yes, yes, those designers are narrow-minded. Evelyn, please don't lower yourself to their level."

Lucy knew Evelyn's temper well, and could only placate her at this moment.

"Lower myself to their level? Are they deserving?"

The word 'contempt' was written all over Evelyn's face.

She was standing on an enviable pedestal now, naturally a world above the rest.

"They're not, so Evelyn, please don't be angry. You'll harm your health, and it's not worth it."

"I'm angry at that Charlotte Thompson, for stealing my thunder and then acting innocent like a saint! Who gave her the audacity to act so arrogantly when she lacks any real talent?"

"Such arrogance, no respect for the rules! And that face of hers, every time I see her, I remember..."

"Remember what, Evelyn?"

Evelyn seemed slightly dazed, she paused before declaring, "Nothing."

She almost blurted out Sophie Allen's name.

The damn woman, even in death, she's still a nuisance!

Lucy did not press further, instead, she chuckled in agreement: "Fortunately, Evelyn, didn't you slap her? That's a lesson well served."

"I noticed Charlotte's red face. It must have hurt, so that's what she gets."

Upon hearing this, Evelyn felt considerably better.

Tired from her tantrum, she reached for a drink from Lucy and took a few sips before settling down to rest.

However, not long after, Lucy came rushing back in.

The noise she made caused Evelyn, who had her eyes closed, to frown.

"What is it? You look panicked."

At that question, Lucy seemed to choke on her words, as if something was stuck in her throat, stuttering and failing to speak out.

Evelyn lost her patience, opened her eyes, and focused on Lucy's face in the mirror.

"Are you dumb? Can't you speak?"

"Evelyn... You... You better see for yourself!"

Shaking, Lucy handed her phone to Evelyn.

Impatiently, Evelyn rolled her eyes and swiped across the screen with her jewel-encrusted fingers.

Her expression grew bleaker with each swipe.

The phone displayed a Weibo page—a hot search topic about "Evelyn Curtis Wearing a Counterfeit."

The mocking and ridiculing comments from the netizens made Evelyn's face flush.

From rage!

#### Chapter 170: Seeking Help

"I thought Evelyn Curtis was more of a goddess. I wonder if this knock-off dress makes her skin itch?"

"Don't say that. Knock-offs aren't necessarily of poor quality. It's just like certain branded shoes, isn't it? Maybe Curtis liked the knock-off because it's cheap and comfy?"

"Are you trying to kill me with laughter from the floor above? But it does seem possible."

"How can someone like this still make it in the entertainment industry? Did she climb up by hooking onto someone?"

"Exactly. I don't know what Mr. Battleson sees in her. What a pity."

"Maybe Justin Battleson isn't into her? Otherwise, why would he let her wear a knock-off?"

"Right, she's been around for five years and still hasn't married into a wealthy family. Maybe the big boss Battleson is just playing with her."

Although these comments are silent, they seem to transform into needles, piercing Evelyn Curtis's eyes harshly.

Her eyes are sour with anger, and she clenches her phone tightly before slamming it onto the table.

Her phone breathed its last.

Lucy looks at the phone, heartbroken, but doesn't dare to say a word.

That's Evelyn Curtis for you, venting her anger on objects.

"What is the company's team doing? How could things get so bad? What about the PR team? What are they doing?"

Evelyn Curtis is furious, her hand pounding on the table until it turned red, but she didn't feel any pain.

She has been in the industry for five years, and everything seemed to be going smooth.

Although there were occasional negative news, most of them were nothing more than baseless romantic rumours.

And every time it was just a publicity stunt that died down quickly.

Such rumors never impacted her image, but rather boosted her popularity.

This time, she thought it would be the same.

She didn't expect it to end with such an unexpected outcome.

Her reputation, which she has built over five years, dropped rapidly within a morning, and she lost 30,000 followers on her microblog.

The situation is critical.

"Evelyn, I... I don't know. I've instructed them to handle it well, but the company doesn't seem to be getting it right."

"Or... or you could ask Mr. Battleson for help?"

"Mr. Battleson..."

Lucy's words seem to have given Evelyn an idea.

Yes, there's Justin Battleson.

With his influence in Druarus, what can't he handle?

Evelyn hurriedly took her phone out of her bag. She didn't even look at her contacts but directly dialed a number.

The call quickly connected.

"Justin, I... "

"Speak."

Justin Battleson was in a meeting and had no idea about what was happening online.



"Because of my stylist's mistake, I wore a knock-off dress to today's event. Now, netizens are collectively criticising me online. I... "

"My reputation is bad right now, and the news keeps brewing. Can you help me? Can you have the news deleted and remove my trending search terms?"

Evelyn's voice carried a hint of crying out, looking utterly pitiful.

"Okay."

Justin Battleson coldly agreed and immediately hung up the phone.

After gaining Justin Battleson's consent, Evelyn could finally breathe a sigh of relief.

Justin Battleson then called his company, instructing Jones George to handle the matter.

After five minutes, Jones George arrived at the office, looking somewhat panicked.

"What's wrong?" Justin Battleson frowned, his voice deep. "Just handle Evelyn Curtis's matter. No need to report to me."

"Mr. Battleson, the person who's trending with Evelyn Curtis is Miss Charlotte Thompson."