

Coollest Girl in Town Chapter 838-843

Chapter 838 I'm Already a Rosepicker

In recent years, Blitz Entertainment was not as successful as Rushmore Entertainment, but the hall was still decorated magnificently. Exceptionally excited to be in a new place, Alexia bounced all the way inside.

"Lexi, be careful not to bump into anyone!" Elise had just finished speaking when Alexia ran headfirst into a pair of long legs. The owner of the legs jolted, causing the coffee in their hands to spill out that instantly stained their fashionable clothes with a large gray stain, covering their hands and feet in coffee as well.

As soon as she saw that the person Alexia bumped into was Winona, Elise froze for a moment. This was the thing about returning to Cittadel—she could run into acquaintances everywhere she went.

"I'm sorry, Miss!" Knowing that she had caused trouble, Alexia hurriedly pulled out a packet of tissues from her small bag and handed it over, looking up at the pretty lady with large and pitiful eyes. From her past experience, beautiful women were always kind-hearted, and as long as she obediently admitted her mistake, they would definitely forgive her.

"It's all right."

Winona had no intention of holding her accountable in the first place, and she accepted the pack of tissues and pulled one out. Then, as if coming back to her senses, she looked down again with a stunned expression. As she looked at Alexia's eyes and eyebrows, as well as her small, delicate nose, a sense of *deja vu* engulfed her, and her mind flickered with Elise's captivating face.

This young girl was just as beautiful, and her eyes, in particular, were exactly the same as Elise's. Was she Elise's daughter?

Winona frowned and subconsciously looked around, but as far as her eyes could see, there was no sign of Elise. However, when she met Anastasia's eyes, she fell into a dilemma once again. Though these eyes were more familiar to her than the little girl, it was her first time seeing her face.

Elise followed her gaze and went up to pull Alexia back to her. "I'm really sorry. It's my fault for not watching my child. You're not hurt, are you? Let me take you to the nearby mall to get a new set of clothes. I'll pay the bill."

Returning to her senses, Winona waved her hand. "It's fine. I have to change my clothes for the recording anyway, so it's not a problem. It was my fault for not watching where I was going too."

"What a coincidence, then. We are also here to film a show." As Elise was so focused on being outraged about the embroidery incident that she forgot to look at the list of guests, she probed, "Are you here for the recording of Cultures Without Borders as well?"

“Yes.” Winona smiled good-naturedly and nodded. “I’m familiar with this place. Let’s go together. I’ll lead the way.”

Then, she stretched her hand toward Alexia and said with a smile, “Little princess, let me hold your hand. There are a lot of people inside, so if you bump into someone, you might get into trouble!”

“Thank you, Miss.” Alexia’s sweet tongue left Winona in a good mood, and she kept teasing her as they walked in.

As soon as the group arrived backstage, they heard a huge commotion inside, where Ekaterina was cursing in Rosepeakian.

“Cittadelians are all useless. They’re even dumber than pigs! And they dare to call themselves embroiderers? They can’t even understand what I’m saying. They’re better off picking up garbage! How can they even think of stealing from me? Keep dreaming!”

Most of the participants did not understand Rosepeakian and did not respond to her words, only knowing that a Rosepicker woman was reprimanding her foolish assistant. Besides, this group of people were specially invited by the TV station, so it was better not to meddle.

Before Elise could react, Winona barged in with the child in anger, and retorted in fluent Rosepeakian, “Let me get this straight. This is Cittadel’s territory, not Rosepeak. If you look down on our country, then go back!”

As Winona was very popular after winning the variety show, when the staff saw that she was about to get into a conflict with Ekaterina, they hurriedly rushed over to smooth things over. “You’re here, Miss Jennings! Your seat is this way.”

As soon as she finished, Elise walked in with Irvin and Mimi.

When she saw the Cittadelian woman groveling next to Ekaterina, she sighed and shook her head repeatedly. Although they were separated by a certain distance, and she looked like a weather-beaten middle-aged woman, Elise recognized Abby at once. In just seven years, she had changed from a young and passionate girl to a pushover, which was truly saddening.

However, what Elise found even more difficult to accept was that the embroidery master who once claimed to be upholding Cittadelian culture was now willingly helping a Rosepicker person to distort the truth. She didn’t want to think that she had misjudged her, but the truth was right in front of her eyes.

Elise walked up to Abby and said calmly, “If I remember correctly, this should be Miss Abby, the only heir of the embroidery family. Can you tell me why you are here?”

“She is my assistant!” Ekaterina stood forward, her eyes full of defiance and disdain. “Also, she is now a Rosepicker. Embroidery is a traditional culture from Rosepeak. How would there be any embroidery families in Cittadel? You got the wrong person, Miss.”

Elise shot her a cold glance and turned back to Abby, stubbornly waiting for her answer. "Is that so, Miss Mellor? My friend once told me that Abby is a person with great potential and a strong sense of patriotism, but now this person is saying that you're a Rosepicker. This isn't true, right?"

"It is." Abby's eyes were devoid of life when she answered without thinking, "The Mellor Family has existed for embroidery for generations. As embroidery belongs to Rosepeak, I'm naturally a Rosepicker as well."

Elise's face was full of disappointment. It seemed that in the competition seven years ago, what Abby lost was not only the competition, but also her dignity and sense of identity as a Cittadelian.

However, Ekaterina was satisfied. "Have you heard her clearly? I was scolding a Rosepicker person, so what does it have to do with you?"

"Nothing to do with us? You just said that Cittadelians are as stupid as pigs. Do you really think that no one can hear you?" Winona rebuked, feeling disgusted with this woman.

"Do you have proof?" Ekaterina was unfazed as she said, "If you don't, go away and stop meddling! Abby, let's go back to our waiting room. We have to perform on stage later, so let's stop wasting our time here!"

Saying that, Ekaterina turned around and left while Abby trailed behind with several large boxes in her hands. Though she was unable to straighten her back from the weight, she still obeyed her words. When Elise saw that, she felt sorry for her from the bottom of her heart.

"That's how things are." Winona said in a comforting voice, "No one has been able to take the lead in Cittadelian embroidery so far, so it's no wonder that Rosepickers are so arrogant."

"Their arrogance is only temporary. There is no reason for them to curse at us like this. It's only a matter of time before they bow down to us!" Elise said furiously, her blood boiling with anger.

Winona looked at her resolute gaze and once again fell into confusion. The woman in front of her and Elise were so similar that they were nearly identical.

Feeling uncomfortable by her stare, Elise turned her face away in confusion. "What's wrong?"

A trace of disappointment flashed in Winona's eyes and she smiled awkwardly. "I just thought of an acquaintance. She's just like you. Her eyes are always so determined."

Chapter 839 I Told You to Scram

"Thank you for your compliment, Miss Jennings." Knowing that Winona was thinking of her, Elise was glad. "Miss Jennings, Miss White, it's getting late. It's time for your makeup." An assistant came forward to urge them.

Winona and Elise exchanged glances before they went on their own ways. Meanwhile, everything was ready for the director's team, and they were already in the testing stage, ready to start broadcasting at

any moment. As Blitz Entertainment's biggest live broadcast that year, the top person in charge, Anthony, personally came to the site.

Seeing that the guests were about to enter, Margaret barged in aggressively from the side door. "Mr. Lowry, I was looking for you everywhere!" Margaret said while closing in on Anthony. When the staff saw her with a murderous aura, they went forward to stop her.

"Let her come over." Anthony waved his hand and stood up, leisurely straightening his jacket. "Miss Ainsley, what do you want from me?"

"Mr. Lowry, we've been working together for a long time. I don't believe you don't know that we've issued a blacklisting order against Anastasia in the entire industry, right?" Margaret asked sarcastically, her words suggesting that he was being unethical.

"I didn't know." Anthony played dumb and said, "I've heard about it a little, but you can assume that I know about it. So what?"

"So what? I should be asking you that. Mr. Lowry, are you implying that you want to go against me?"

"Don't exaggerate things. I'm a businessman, so I'll promote anyone who has commercial value. Besides, you know that the rumors about Anastasia and Alexander are all over the country, so there's no reason for me not to seize such a good resource." Anthony smiled slyly.

"How could you believe in a rumor like that? Anastasia has two children and has been married for a long time!" The more Margaret spoke, the more agitated she became. "She is deliberately clinging to Alexander so that you'd hire her. If you believe it, you'll really be caught in her trap. She's a difficult person to control, and if she ruins your show, it'll be too late for you to regret it. So listen to me—swap her out for someone else while you still can!"

Anthony sneered meaningfully. "I'm afraid that won't work. Anastasia is the one the investors want to see. If I replace her, won't I offend them? Miss Ainsley, even if you have a problem with Anastasia, don't stop me from getting rich."

"Investors? Who are they?" Margaret was not convinced. "Between me, Edmond, and you, Mr. Lowry, the whole industry is in our hands, so what else is there to be afraid of?"

"We really can't help but be afraid of this person." Anthony had just finished speaking when he noticed that Alexander was standing behind Margaret. Immediately, his demeanor changed, and he began to curry favor with him. "Mr. Griffith! You're here? Why didn't you say so? I would've gone to pick you up myself!"

Margaret shivered with fear and turned around in shock, only to be instantly confronted with Alexander's dark eyes.

"A-Alexander?" Her voice trembled as she asked, "You really want to promote Anastasia? Did you know that she—"

However, Alexander did not give her the opportunity to finish. “I don’t need to learn about the woman I like from someone else. I advise you not to speak out of line.”

Margaret silently swallowed, her chin slightly lifted up, and her eyes were full of fear.

There was no one in Tissote who didn’t know about Alexander’s reputation, but this was the first time she came into close contact with such a big shot, and even just one sentence from him was enough for her to feel his crushing presence. Clearly, she and Anthony were just clowns in front of magnates like Alexander.

What terrified her even more was that Alexander’s words undoubtedly confirmed the many speculations of the outside world—he was indeed going to pursue Anastasia. Hence, going against Anastasia now was tantamount to going against Alexander and the whole of Smith Co., which was equivalent to throwing straws against the wind.

Thinking of this, she desperately tried to keep herself calm and apologized, “I’m sorry, Mr. Griffith. I didn’t know about your relationship with Anastasia before. I hope you’ll be merciful and spare me for offending you this time.” Margaret squeezed her fist tight, ready to kneel down and beg for forgiveness.

Alexander, however, did not make the effort to bother with her, and gritted out, “Scram!”

“Yes! I’m leaving now!” Margaret turned around and was about to run when Alexander called out to her.

“Stop right there.” He said eerily, “Don’t you understand what I just said? I told you to scam, not to run.”

Margaret closed her eyes and held her breath. Sure enough, Alexander was not that easy to deal with. However, if she was not afraid of kneeling down, what else was there to be afraid of?

Margaret immediately squatted down and lay down on the ground, holding her handbag in front of her chest before she twisted her body and rolled toward the door crookedly.

Even Anthony couldn’t help but raise his eyebrows at Alexander’s humiliating methods. As expected, Alexander was worthy of being the top boss in Cittadel as everything he did was so distinctive.

Just then, a staff member came to them from backstage. “Mr. Lowry, Miss White and Miss Jennings have something they want to say to you in person.”

“I got it. You can go back to work. I’ll be right there.” Saying that, Anthony respectfully bowed to Alexander and said, “Mr. Griffith, I’ll be taking my leave to speak to Miss White.”

“Okay.” Alexander answered expressionlessly before he turned his gaze and began searching the scene for his daughter, thinking that it would be great if he could hug his daughter and watch his wife record the program today.

Meanwhile, Anthony jogged all the way to the waiting room, where Winona and Anastasia had been waiting for a long time.

“Ah, Miss White, Miss Jennings, sorry to keep you waiting. Did you need me for something?” Anthony smiled ingratiatingly like a lapdog.

“Mr. Lowry, I suggest that you cross out Ekaterina from the list of foreign guests. It seems like she has a habit of degrading others, so I don’t think it’s appropriate for her to appear on the big screen.” Elise went straight to the point.

“Huh? When did this happen? I have no knowledge of it.” Anthony made an innocent expression, then assured her solemnly, “Don’t worry, Miss White. I’ll send someone to look into it right away. After confirming it, I’ll do it according to what you said. You should change your attire and get ready. I’ll go deal with it now!”

After assuring her repeatedly, he slipped away.

Looking at his slippery figure, Winona and Anastasia tacitly looked at each other and said in unison, “He won’t deal with it!”

The two of them exchanged glances and smiled.

Winona explained the reason. “In the past few years, Blitzy Entertainment has been suppressed by Rushmore Entertainment, and it’s rare for them to make a good variety show. As the boss, how can he not keep an eye on the whole process? He obviously wants to make this dirty money with a guilty conscience.”

“I agree. However, whether or not he can spend the dirty money he earned depends on whether or not he has the fortune! If he wants to play with fire, he must be prepared to bear the consequences!”

Elise’s beautiful eyes flashed. They had already given them the opportunity, and if Blitzy Entertainment did not want to seize it, they couldn’t blame her for giving Elliot and his family a big gift after her return.

Outside the door, Anthony had just turned the corner when he smiled smugly. So what if she insulted them? As long as she was popular enough to make money, it was fine. First, he had to haul these two women away to start the live broadcast so that they would not be able to ask them to stop midway or they would be breaching the contract.

By then, even if the program could not go on, he had a large amount of penalties that would cover his losses. He couldn’t care less about how much the so-called embroidery culture was worth. Either way, he had to bring Blitzy Entertainment back from the dead this time!

Chapter 840 A Small Victory Over Abby

‘Cultures Without Borders’ went live at nine in the morning sharp. Everything proceeded in an orderly manner. In the first two hours, the program invited folk artists from Fornd and Diajan to demonstrate their respective cultures and techniques.

After that, special guests were invited to interact with them on behalf of the audience and achieved the purpose of promoting the minorities' culture from other countries.

Although it might not be as entertaining compared to a variety show, interest continued to pour in as it was uncommon content. Two hours later, as a Rosepeak-nationality Cittadelian, Abby represented Ekaterina to go on stage and completed a picture of cherry blossoms in a little just below ten minutes with the Rosepeak's national anthem.

Although the performance drew much applause from the audience, some questioned if 'embroidery was truly a Rosepeak heritage' in hushed tones.

Sitting opposite the stage, Elise calmly looked at Anthony with questioning eyes. They said that they would cross Ekaterina off the list, but now they were letting them be grandiose in such a manner on stage. It was as though he had gone back on his word.

Knowing full well he was in the wrong, Anthony discreetly averted his eyes and pretended not to have seen anything. However, his fidgeting had betrayed the guilt he was trying to hide.

Since he didn't cherish the opportunity she had given him, Elise no longer had any qualms about taking action. She took the microphone and interrupted the conversation. "I'm sorry, but I'll have to interrupt here."

Graceful, the host smiled to show that it was fine. "Miss White, do share with us your brilliant insights."

"It's no brilliant insight, but I have a question for Miss Mellor onstage." Elise adjusted her sitting posture and continued in a neutral tone, "You've mentioned that embroidery originated from Rosepeak in 600 BC in your introductions just now, which meant its history is more than two thousand years now. However, as far as I know, embroidery in Cittadel can be traced back to more than three thousand years ago. By that logic, the culture of embroidery would be Cittadel's. After all, we only say that children take after their parents, but never the other way round. Am I wrong in saying so?"

"So what if it's three thousand years? That proves nothing since history is being recorded differently by each country. In terms of skill, Rosepeak has been peerless all this while. Perhaps the history you perceive is wrong, Miss White," Abby replied mechanically while staring vacantly at the ground, as though she was a walking corpse.

Elise was disappointed with her. "Do you know what you're saying? Did your heart rot as well upon changing your nationality? Our cultural history has been accumulated for thousands of years. It's not something that can be erased just because of one or two results of a competition!"

Still motionless, Abby replied coldly, "Then, how about showing us proof to convince everyone here, Miss White? Just as your logic of only children taking after their parents, if this technique did originate from Cittadel, then I'm sure a Cittadelian would be much better than the ones who were merely imitating them."

The words she spoke were for her own ears as well. For seven years, she had followed Ekaterina Miiyagi into various competitions, yet no Cittadelian had won against her before, let alone Ekaterina. As cultural

heritage required confidence and, more importantly, capability, she wouldn't have gone so far as to degrade herself had she seen just a glimmer of hope.

"You want proof? Alright, I'll have a match with you." Elise stood up candidly.

Abby finally raised her head. "You dare to challenge me when you've only taken embroidery lessons?"

"Well, it's two years of simple lessons." Elise spoke truthfully. However, since Abby did not question her about who she learned it from, she saw no need to reveal it.

"Two years?" Abby repeated with a bitter smile. "Since you've only learned some basic techniques, winning against you is just a natural outcome. What is even the point of comparing?"

"So, you're afraid that you can't even beat an amateur like me?" Elise provoked.

Agitated by her taunts, Abby replied, "Since you want to lose that much, I'll grant your wish."

In no time, another embroidery stand was placed opposite Abby with the help of the staff. Elise then confidently walked over and sat down in front of the stand.

After that, the host announced the rules of the match. "The first to complete their work within thirty minutes will score two additional points. Then, four guests will judge and give a score of up to ten points each. After two rounds of scoring, we will declare the winner of the match. You two, are you ready? Ok, ready, begin!"

Just as the timer began, both Abby and Elise fully focused on their embroidery.

Since her opponent had only learned embroidery for two years, Abby chose the simplest embroidery technique and finished within fifteen minutes. Standing up and bowing to the audience, she flipped her embroidery stand to show off her work—the magnolia flower.

One of the guests who knew a fair bit about embroidery took the lead in the judging. "This work was done using the colored hair embroidery that uses various natural colored hair of different people and employing more than ten different kinds of stitches to achieve an artistic realm of flat, solid, detail, density, uniformity, thin, harmony, and fluency. Truly an exquisite show of craftsmanship with these marvelous materials."

Then, he paused briefly before he continued in a tone tinged with implication, "Colored hair embroidery is the most basic embroidery technique. With Abby Mellor's talent, using this technique is like using a sledgehammer to crack a nut. Looks like she intends to give Elise a chance."

In the end, she was still a Cittadelian, so she was unwilling to allow her compatriot to lose face publically. This made a good impression on the audience as they had seen the earlier embroidery she had done.

Just then, Elise had also put down her needle and silently stood beside the embroidery stand as she awaited the judges to give their scores.

Winona was the first to notice and immediately led the conversation over to Elise. "Looks like Miss White is done as well."

"Yes." Elise nodded.

"Alright, then let's welcome Miss White to display her work!" The host excitedly directed the camera to cut to Elise.

Calmly adjusting the stand, she then revealed her work of an ink-style embroidery of a dragonfly on a lotus flower on the big screen.

It was then, the guest who evaluated Abby's work just now started to lament. "Not bad, not bad at all. This chaotic style of embroidery combines the technique of oil painting and sketching. By changing the length of the lines, the colors are layered upon layers but still retain the unique texture of a silk thread that results in a color richer than that of a painting. From a distance, it looks exactly like a painting. With such a talent, her future is very bright indeed if she continues on this path of embroidery for a few more years."

As both of the works were highly praised, the host couldn't figure out just which was the better of the two for a while. "So, which work is the supposed winner?"

"In terms of the works, they are evenly tied," the guest said.

"So... it's a draw?" The host was afraid of offending either one of them.

"It's my loss," Abby said quietly, albeit clearly.

As the crowd shifted their attention to her, Abby walked over to Elise and bowed. "Although I was the one who had underestimated you, you have shown that you only needed two years to reach the level that I needed twenty years to. In terms of talent, it's obvious that you are the better one, Miss White."

"So now, do you still think that embroidery is a Rosepeakian culture?"

Chapter 841 To the End

"She's just my assistant!" Ekaterina suddenly came on stage. "Winning over her proves nothing! Only by winning me will you be qualified to say that!"

"Culture has never been used as a tool for fighting. Since Ms. Miiyagi loves embroidery a great deal, you should take in everything and seek to develop your embroidery further. You shouldn't be using it as an excuse to trample on another country's national dignity by distorting facts and smearing history." Elise kindly advised.

“What I only know is that the winner is the one qualified to decide the rules of the game. After all, you’re only speaking morally from your high horse since you know you can’t beat me, am I right, Miss White?” Ekaterina said as she raised her head proudly with no intention of settling things peacefully.

Turning to Ekaterina, Elise gazed intently at her with her head high as well in response. “The people of Cittadelian would never start any trouble of their own accord. However, they are not afraid of facing troubles. Since you insist on making things clear today, then I shall disregard everything here and now to keep you company!”

As the air between the two grew tense, the program ratings soared as well. Anthony was grinning from ear to ear as he looked at the viewership that was about to break records. Suddenly, a small hand came from the side and started tugging at his sleeves. He looked down to find a tender and innocent face of Irvin looking at him.

“Aren’t you Miss White’s son? Hello little boy, why are you looking for me?” Since he was in a good mood, he showed a rare moment of patience with the child.

“Mr. Lowry, my mother told me to ask, will you stop the broadcast now?” Following his mother’s instructions given to him before the broadcast, he repeated the question to Anthony word for word.

Instantly, Anthony’s smile grew stiff as he bent down and patted the child’s shoulder. “Good boy, this is a good opportunity to showcase the embroidery capabilities of Cittadel, so we can’t just stop it whenever we want. You should go somewhere else to play now.”

“But, my mother might not win. If she loses, the viewers will think that embroidery is really a Rosepeak culture. Mr. Lowry, have you considered what the consequences are?” Irvin asked once more.

It was then Anthony stood up in annoyance. His tone grew cold and distant as he said, “This is not something a child should meddle with. In short, I believe in your mother.”

Irvin wanted to speak up once more but was interrupted by Anthony. “Alright now. How can a boy be this stubborn? Go away and stop interrupting me.”

“Well then, just remember you chose this. Bye-bye.”

Irvin no longer pestered Anthony as he waved his hand and ran away to the lounge. There, he took out the laptop he had prepared long ago. After he booted it up, he started coding on the spot. Soon after, a link about Blitzzy Entertainment was suddenly shared widely on the internet. The netizens clicking on it would be brought to a website called ‘Blitzzy’s Sins’ that listed the crimes that Blitzzy Entertainment had committed since its establishment in great detail. Tax evasion, dual contracts, and even illegal actions taken to exploit artists were among those that were listed on the website.

Not only that, but the most obvious part of the website was the headline article about the origin of embroidery and the fact that Blitzzy Entertainment knew about Ekaterina Miiyagi’s cultural appropriation but still decided to cooperate with her by attributing embroidery to Rosepeak and completely

disregarding any ties to Cittadel. It would not be a stretch to say that Blitz Entertainment was a traitor with how bad the article made them look. All at once, such underhanded methods employed by Blitz Entertainment infuriated many netizens. This trend saw no signs of subsiding any time soon.

However, Blitz Entertainment thought that the website was fanmade, so they liked the page and shared the page as well in order to push their ratings even further. Just like that, the broadcast and website instantly made it to the three hottest topics trending online and drew the attention of the nation.

Inside the studio, while both Elise and Ekaterina stood at opposite corners as they waited for the staff to set up the embroidery equipment, the guests were having a heated discussion on who they thought would come out on top of the match.

At the side door, two little heads with pigtails were peeking out as the two mischievously watched the stage with Elise right in front of them.

“Mommy... Mommy...” Alexia called out to her in a whisper and giggled happily when she didn’t respond.

Just then, a pair of large hands appeared from behind them and picked the two up.

“Ah—”

Just as Alexia wanted to scream in surprise, her surprise turned to joy when she saw the one grabbing them was Alexander. Hugging the man’s neck, she said, “Mr. Handsome!”

With a faint smile, Alexander walked toward the backstage with the two girls sitting in his arms, as though they were weightless dolls. As it was his first time carrying such big children, it was a strange feeling for him. Although they looked plump, they were, in fact, light. To him, they were different from Elise, as Elise weighed exactly as she looked. Looks like you can’t guess a girl’s weight just by the naked eye.

“Why did the two of you come here by yourselves? It’s not good for children to run around like this,” Alexander said in feigned seriousness.

“Well, I’m bored since Irvin is tapping away on his keyboard, so Mimi and I came out to find Mommy.” Alexia pouted.

“Tapping on his keyboard? Doesn’t he even know that his own sisters are gone? Come, take me to see what he’s up to.”

Just as Alexia said, when they entered the lounge, they found Irvin completely immersed in managing the website, as he did not even notice Alexander walking up behind him. Taking a quick browse at the website, Alexander noticed the high ratings of the website and nodded in satisfaction.

“Did you create the website yourself?” Alexander asked suddenly.

Shocked, Irvin turned his eyes to find that it was Alexander and instinctively stood up from his chair before he said honestly, "Yes."

"Who taught you that?"

"I learned it myself," Irvin replied proudly.

"Why are you targeting Blitzzy Entertainment?" Alexander was wondering if the child was trying to trip up his mother.

"Mommy said that companies without conscience should be condemned. What I did was an act of justice." Irvin justified himself.

It was then did Alexander realize that he had misinterpreted Elise's intentions. She did not enter the program because she wanted to save Blitzzy Entertainment; she wanted to use this opportunity to completely destroy this company that held no pride in the nation. Looks like my investment in Blitzzy Entertainment is going down the drain. I should seriously contemplate Ellie's words in the future.

Just then, his assistant called him on the phone. "Mr. Griffith, there's a cyber attack on Blitzzy Entertainment. Should we stop it?"

Alexander took a glance at Irvin before he sighed helplessly. "Let it be. This investment is already destined to be a loss." After all, he had accidentally stood against his son and wife, so he could only eat his loss in silence. Once he ended the call, he gave Irvin a half-smile. "You are good with the computer. However, your vigilance is just too poor. I wonder how well you'd fare in a fight, though?"

Looking at Alexander from head to toe like an adult, Irvin then confidently said, "I might not be able to beat you for now, but you can't get close to me either."

"Oh?" Alexander grew excited. "Then, I'll have to test it out."

Chapter 842 Double-Sided Embroidery With Different Patterns

After everything was ready, Elise and Ekaterina began their duel at Blitzzy Entertainment's live studio. In a tense and electrifying atmosphere, each of them did their utmost to display their embroidery skills on stage.

Meanwhile, Alexander and Irvin were playing an exciting game of cat and mouse in Elise's dressing room. The man and the boy ran around in a space of less than 20 square meters, with the former chasing after the latter while the latter tried to run away from him. Two minutes later, Alexander was still unable to gain the upper hand.

Using the chair for support, Irvin jumped onto the table while Alexander wasn't noticing. Then, he jumped onto the sofa with movements as agile as a monkey's. Alexander turned around to face the sofa, but the former had gotten around behind him.

Curling his lips into a barely perceptible smirk, Alexander decided to stay where he was and see what trick the little boy was trying to pull off.

The instant he got distracted, Irvin suddenly brought out a box from his pocket. Then, with a slight pull at the box, he instantly produced a fine silk string between his hands. As soon as he stopped in his tracks and stood behind Alexander, he swung the box toward the latter's feet, causing the fine string to twist around them right away under the effects of inertia and elastic force.

When Alexander looked down, he immediately realized Irvin's intentions.

At the same time, Irvin tightened up the string in his hands and pulled it with all his might. However, Alexander, who was supposed to fall to the ground in an embarrassing fashion, didn't budge at all.

"Crap... Aah!" No sooner had Irvin realized he'd come across a tough opponent than the latter grabbed his shoulders and lifted him up. "Let me go!" Unwilling to admit defeat, he kept flailing his arms and legs. "If I were a grown-up, I'd have brought you to my knees by now!"

"There are no ifs in this world," Alexander replied with a faint smile. Then, he commented, "You're pretty clever, but it's unforgivable to underestimate your opponent. You still need a lot of practice to overpower me."

Unwilling to listen to the man's lecture, Irvin kept on struggling for a moment, but to no avail. In a fit of desperation, he simply puffed out his cheeks and rolled his eyes at the former. "Hmph!"

Just then, an alarm clock sounded in the room. Alexia ran inside and picked up the backpack where the sound of the alarm clock came from, shouting, "Time's up, Irvin!"

"Okay!" Irvin nodded seriously before turning his head to glower at Alexander furiously. "You let go of me! I gotta go find my mom. Hurry up and let go of me!"

Alexander cocked an eyebrow. "Is this how you're begging someone for mercy?"

Irvin knitted his brows; his hands instinctively clenched into fists while hanging at his sides. Unwilling to humble himself before the man, he glowered at Alexander furiously with big, round eyes.

"You're not even willing to say something to plead with me, huh? Seems like your mom doesn't matter that much to you," Alexander teased him on purpose.

Irvin immediately gave up resisting as Elise was his and his sister's weakness. "Fine!" He shouted, "I give up! Please put me down, Mr. Alexander. My mom needs me very much. Please!"

Alexander's nonchalant expression instantly turned serious as he slowly put Irvin down.

Upon gaining his freedom, Irvin ran over and carried the backpack on his back before running outside while taking Alexia and Mimi by the hand.

Alexander stood where he was while losing himself in thought for a long time. Having been absent from his son's upbringing for seven years, he had thought that Irvin wouldn't know how to choose between his family and his own interests. However, it seemed from the test just now that his son was an outstanding person. Dignity was important to men, to be sure, but it was a man's responsibility to learn to make compromises for the safety of his lover and family.

...

Meanwhile, in the live studio, Ekaterina unsurprisingly became the first to finish her piece. She stood up and turned the embroidery frame around to show her embroidery of a Persian cat before the audience.

As the camera kept zooming in on the piece, one was even able to see clearly the fluffiness of the cat's fur. The meticulous handling of the details and the clever use of angles made the cat's image all the more stereographic. However, this alone wasn't sufficient to satisfy the audience's expectations for a top master at embroidery, so the piece was only greeted with a lukewarm response from the audience.

Ekaterina looked down at the audience while still proudly holding her chin up. After a brief silence, she sent the whole embroidery frame spinning with a wave of her hand. However, the Persian cat she had embroidered remained perfectly still while sitting obediently in the center of the embroidery frame like a living thing.

"She's made a double-sided embroidery!" Clutching the microphone in excitement, the discerning judge began his professional commentary. "Such an embroidery technique involves the use of over 50 kinds of stitches. One has to sew on both sides of the fabric simultaneously in order to produce the same pattern on both sides of the embroidery in the end. One might as well say that only someone who'd mastered various embroidery techniques could achieve this. As expected of the top embroiderer of Rosepeak!"

Ekaterina could hardly conceal her smugness as she flashed a sidelong glance at Elise, who was still burying herself in her embroidery work. She wasn't as foolish as Abby, who'd put all her skills to use. However hard Cittadelians tried, they'd only end up becoming a foil to her. It's been seven years. If this woman really could defeat me, why would she wait until today? Everything at the moment is just a show for the Cittadelians who are still vainly hoping to reclaim embroidery as something that belongs to them, or perhaps it's a conflict stirred up on purpose by the organizer for ratings' sake. Whatever it is, it'll only further prove that my skills are unsurpassable.

She couldn't help but lower her head and sigh with a smile at the thought of how her popularity would rise to a new level.

Just then, Irvin reached the side entrance with his two sisters and quietly observed the situation on stage.

Seeing how Elise's hands were still moving busily after two more minutes, the audience couldn't help holding their breath for her.

"Don't tell me that Anastasia is just halfway through her embroidery?"

"Sigh, it's unlucky of Anastasia to come across Ekaterina. The latter and Abby aren't in the same league, after all."

“Seriously, what’s the point of her trying to play the hero? Don’t come on stage if she can’t do it! Now she’s gonna bring disgrace upon the nation!”

“Embroidery isn’t about who embroiders faster than others! Just go up on stage if you can. She at least has the courage to take on Ekaterina, but what about you? Just keep your mouth shut if you’re bad at talking!”

The audience had different opinions, but Elise wasn’t affected at all. Another ten minutes later, she finally heaved a long sigh and put down the embroidery needle in her hand under the eager gaze of everyone. “Sorry to keep you guys waiting, everyone.”

“You’ve indeed kept us waiting for a long time, Miss White. Now let’s see what kind of surprise she’s gonna bring us!” The emcee impatiently stepped behind the embroidery frame while being followed by the camera. After darting a look at the embroidery, he turned to face the audience professionally. “Miss White has made an embroidery of water lilies! I must admit, she’s really gifted in many ways. Not only is she good at playing the piano, but she’s also skilled at—”

Halfway through his speech, a commotion suddenly broke out among the audience. Looking baffled, the emcee stopped talking and looked embarrassedly at the team of directors below the stage to ask them what had happened.

The next instant, an assistant held up a white board, on which several eye-catching words were written with a marker pen. The words read, ‘Look in front of you.’

In front of me? The emcee hurriedly trotted to the front, only to be stupefied by what he saw. “An embroidery of flying birds?” Putting up his microphone, he turned to look at the audience in surprise. “Miss White has made two pieces of embroidery at the same time!”

“Could it be the long-lost double-sided embroidery with different patterns?!” The special guest stood up in excitement.