

Cooler Girl in Town Chapter 912

Chapter 912 You're Still Alive?

After half a month of fervent preparations, the designers' competition, which was jointly held by Cittadel and Yveltalia, finally took place.

Audiences and reporters from both countries had gathered together at the venue. The event was the talk of the town now.

The competition was set to start at 10.00AM. At 9.00AM, Alexander, along with his team, met Raffle and handed in the proposal for review.

Raffle skimmed through the proposal and tossed it away. He then mocked Alexander in a weird tone for not appreciating his favor. "Look, in the end, it's in my hands. Why did you even stall for time and make things difficult for both of us?"

They had previously launched an inspection at Smith Co.'s headquarters. Besides breaking into the company's intranet, Wendy's people had also installed surveillance cameras in some hidden places. They had already found out about the details of the proposal, so nothing was surprising about it now.

Now, they were just going through the process and letting Smith Co. take part in the competition as a representative for Cittadel. Although Raffle wanted to get his revenge, he didn't intend to expose himself so soon since everything was well under his control. After all, the organization did not have enough money and energy to nurture a new Minister of Commerce.

Although he was unable to stop Alexander, he deliberately stalled for time to make him anxious.

However, Alexander didn't respond to him at all. He stood there with an expressionless face just like a robot, and there wasn't even a hint of emotion behind his gaze.

Raffle was disappointed as his attempt to infuriate the man was futile. He could only give up and stamp the form with a seal to let them take part in the competition.

As he held out the form, he still tried to sustain the false sense of harmony between them by saying, "You're still young, so I won't settle the score with you. We'll inevitably come into contact again. I'll forget about the grudges between us, and I hope you'll start restraining yourself, Mr. Griffith. We can still be friends."

Alexander forcefully pulled the form from him and spoke in a dispassionate and distant voice. "I'm sorry. I'm not interested in being your friend. See you."

With that, he turned around and left with his team.

Wendy and the others thought that they were on the winning side after stealing the proposal, and they even had the intention of making Alexander side with them. Nevertheless, they had no idea that everything was under the latter's control.

Soon, they would regret letting him take part in the competition so easily.

Raffle dismissed Alexander's pride. After they left his lounge, he phoned Wendy.

"I've looked into the matter. Alexander's plan hasn't changed. It's just like what we'd obtained."

"I'm sure you know what to do."

"Don't worry. Smith Co.'s team will come after yours."

"Great."

After hanging up the call, Wendy turned to look at the room's door. "A long time has passed. Aren't you ready yet?"

The moment she finished speaking, an alluring woman stepped out of the room.

The woman was clad in a shiny, puffy dress. As she approached Wendy, she lifted the hem of the dress and performed a curtsy to her. "I'm ready to take action now."

Wendy examined the woman with her shrewd-looking eyes. "Tell me. Who are you?"

The woman put on a confident smile. "Amy."

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As special guests, Prince Caleb and Princess Diana had gone backstage early on to motivate the candidates.

The moment Princess Diana saw Wendy, she eagerly took Prince Caleb's hand and approached her.

"Wendy, I suppose Amy has become better now. Where's she?"

Wendy stepped aside to reveal the woman behind her. "Your Highness, she's Amy."

The woman put on a faint smile. "Nice to meet you, Prince Caleb, Princess Diana."

"Oh, my gosh!" Princess Diana was elated. She took a step forward and sized the woman up. "Nobody told me you're so young and gorgeous! Could the inspirations in design come to you just like your natural beauty?"

The woman bashfully pressed her lips together. She did not refute her, nor did she acknowledge it. A moment later, she started coughing lightly.

The coughing was intermittent, but her expression suggested that she was not feeling well.

“Are you alright, Amy?” Princess Diana asked with concern.

“Although Amy has recovered from her illness, she’s still pretty frail. The flu is not serious, but it’ll take her a long time to fully recover. I’m worried that she won’t be able to do her best to make sure she won’t disappoint you,” Wendy explained.

“I see...” Princess Diana nodded to show that she understood her situation. Then, she took the woman’s hands and placated her by saying, “Don’t worry, Miss Amy. As long as you’re willing to draw, the Prince and I will fully support you.”

The woman gave her a grateful look, then said in a hoarse voice, “Thanks, your Highness.”

The harmonious scene was abruptly disturbed by a scornful voice.

“Oh, look who it is! It’s really you, Tiana. You’re still alive?”

The moment Danny finished speaking, he appeared in front of everyone hand in hand with Ariel.

The woman, who was still benevolent earlier, sported a slightly awkward expression when she heard the name ‘Tiana’.

Eight years had passed, and she had almost forgotten about this name. Why would there still be someone who remembered her?

She instinctively balled up her fists, her nails digging into her palms. That was how she attempted to sustain her calmness.

“Who are you calling, Mr. Danny?” Princess Diana was perplexed.

“That woman.” Danny pointed at Tiana. “A few years ago, she pretended to be my sister-in-law’s student and conned others. After she was expelled from the Calligraphy Association, she went missing. Although she looks slightly different now, her voice has never changed. I’m not mistaken, for she’s definitely Tiana.”

He paused for a moment, then provoked them with a smile. “What did you all just call her? Amy? Haha. Are you too old to see things clearly now, Miss Jennings? I’m worried that you’ve been fooled by her.”

“Please show some respect, Mister. I have no idea why you’re slandering me, but I’m the real Amy. My work will prove my identity.” Tiana straightened her back confidently.

She had been preparing for this day for the past seven years, so she wouldn’t be intimidated by such a confrontation.

Danny scoffed. “You have a pretty special hobby, don’t you? You’d either pretend to be someone else’s student or the real person. Are you ashamed of your identity? Why do you despise it so much?”

Tiana ignored him and lifted her chin.

At this moment, she was a gifted designer as well as the royalty’s guest. Certainly, she had the right to be condescending.

“Amy’s design has earned the approval of the Prince and the Princess. If you’re not pleased with it, Mr. Griffith, please show us a better design during the competition instead of bullying a frail woman backstage. It’s not what a gentleman should do. Don’t you agree?”

Wendy easily shifted everyone’s attention back to the competition.

Cooler Girl in Town Chapter 913

Chapter 913 Impersonating Amy

“You’re right.” Danny decided to beat them at their own game with a rubbernecker’s attitude. “The crowd has keen eyesight. As soon as this so-called Amy goes on stage, everyone will be able to see how bad her designing skills are!”

Using his long arms, he wrapped Ariel’s waist and walked away. “It’s going to be an interesting show later.”

Tiana was so angry that her eyes almost popped out of their sockets and she glared at the two while gritting her teeth. So many years have passed, yet these friends of Elise can never get themselves to say anything nice. Can’t they think better of others? So, what if I’m not the real Amy? What does that have to do with them? It’s true that people with nothing to do like meddling in other people’s businesses!

If the royals hadn’t been here, with Miss Jennings’ support, I would’ve given Danny a few slaps for his arrogant attitude and let him know that things are different now. I’m no longer the student that anyone can take advantage of.

Back when Elise exposed her in public and made her the laughingstock of the entire Cittadel, the organization found her and gave her a new life. She had worked tirelessly

for eight years to replicate Amy's designs. Until today, she had her designs etched in her brain and every piece she designed looked somewhat authentic.

According to Wendy, the real Amy was dead, so now, she could replace her in the name of Amy and become the expert fashion designer that no one could catch up with! Just you Griffith men wait, this competition is just the beginning. In the future, the organization and I will completely ruin your lives!

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Meanwhile, the competition began not long after Elise and the kids settled in their seats.

As the emcee, Raffle, cued the event's progress step by step, he first introduced all the selected fashion designers, then began showing the designs of Yveltalian designers, which would then be scored by a panel of judges formed from professionals in both Cittadel and Yveltalia.

Though the Yveltalian designers had limited abilities, the judges unanimously gave them seven to eight points. However, there were different opinions raised among the crowd.

"What? This competition must be rigged! How can that design deserve an eight?"

"That's where you're wrong. They are guests who came here to help give our country's economy a boost. How can you possibly stand to give them only a passing score?"

"This competition is for bystanders to watch for fun while the professionals do so for the talents. These Yveltalian designers might be at the top of their game back in their country, but in Cittadel, they're already lucky to have eight points."

"I'd say these foreigners are really something. They clearly know their skills aren't up to par, yet they still want to meddle in this industry. Aren't they afraid they'd humiliate themselves?"

"When representing your country in a competition, it's the heart that counts, not the scores. Shut up if you don't know anything and save yourself from exposing your low morals!"

They continued to argue among themselves.

Despite the criticism, the Cittadelians were still gentlemanly enough to give the Yveltalian designers a two-minute round of applause so that they could see that they were welcomed at Cittadel.

After that, Raffle called for the Cittadelian designers to bring their works on stage. The designers who were there to run with the others stood in front. Alexander was the grand finale and last in line, while Tiana was in front of him.

After showing the designs from all contestants, Raffle deliberately raised his tone when introducing Tiana. "The next designer is not a stranger to all of you. About a decade ago, she appeared with a bang, and until today, all of her designs are still being collected and exhibited by almost all luxury brands. She has been dubbed the 'Beethoven of the fashion design industry'. She is our top, master fashion designer, Amy!"

Once those words were spoken, no hints were needed as the crowd fell into an uproar.

"Amy! It's actually Amy! She's a Cittadelian! Oh, my gosh! I knew it. Only a Cittadelian could lead this industry!"

"Once in love with Amy, always in love with Amy!"

Even the Yveltalian designers raised their cameras in unison and pointed them at Tiana before taking pictures of her madly.

"It's so unbelievable. Amy is actually so young!"

"Cittadel has actually managed to invite Amy to join this competition. This has just become a very fruitful trip!"

"It's an honor to lose to Amy!"

"Why don't we head over and ask for a signature later?"

The questions continued.

Under everyone's gaze, Tiana held her head high as if she was now an embodiment of Amy. She gracefully took a step forward before slightly nodding at the camera to show the crowd her gratitude for their admiration. Later, she arrogantly held her head high again. That's right. This is the life I, Tiana Hill, should have. I'm born to be on stage and should always be in the limelight.

"Okay, now let us feast our eyes on the surprising design Amy has brought for us today!"

Following Raffle's command, the assistant removed the cloth covering the canvas and revealed Tiana's design, which was also shown on the big screen at the same time.

When the different professionals in the crowd saw the design on paper, they all had different expressions. Those who knew nothing about fashion design applauded so hard that it seemed like they were about to break their wrists.

“This design is amazing! You’re Cittadel’s pride!”

“Amy, you’re my idol!”

They continued to shower her with praise.

The judges all nodded and began to whisper in each other’s ears.

“As expected of Amy! Once she reveals her design, all the other entries become nothing in comparison to hers. With such an innovative design concept, I think no one will be able to surpass her for the decade to come.”

“This has always been Amy’s design concept—bold and innovative but never lacking a romantic sense. This is what fashion designing should be like!”

“I think I’m going to give out my first full score of the day!”

Below the stage, Elise felt bored while swiping through her phone when she suddenly felt Alexia tug on her. “Mommy, the picture up there looks just like the one on your computer!”

Though she had already expected this, she still hurriedly put her phone away and covered Alexia’s mouth to stop her loud statement from spreading. Fortunately for them, the crowd beside them was still in high spirits and did not notice the child’s words, so it saved them from having their identities exposed.

While putting a finger to her lips, Elise made a shushing gesture. “What did I tell you? We’re here to be a quiet audience and watch Daddy’s performance. We are not to express our opinions. Did you forget about that?”

Alexia mischievously stuck out her tongue. “I’m sorry, Mommy, but it does look very similar.”

Pulling Alexia onto her lap, Elise looked on stage and explained solemnly, “Fashion design is something that taps into one’s soul. Inspiration and creativity are what give a design its soul, so no matter how similar two designs appear, unless you can tell the same story from both of them, one of them must be forged.”

“Forged? It means that’s fake, right? Mommy, which one is fake?” Alexia had always liked getting to the bottom of things.

“You can’t find the answer by asking. You’ll only be able to tell after you observe carefully,” Irvin piped up calmly beside them.

“Okie.” Alexia knew that her brother was reminding her to be obedient, so she stopped pestering Elise.

In the end, Tiana’s work received full scores and became the winner of the night, which was within everyone’s expectations. Since that was not the end of the event, Raffle announced Tiana’s score after which he directed the crowd’s attention to Alexander.

When the cloth of white silk was removed to reveal the design from Smith Co., it immediately caused a stir within the crowd. “Isn’t this the same design that Master Amy just presented?!”

Coolest Girl in Town Chapter 914

Chapter 914 Authentication

“This is straight-out plagiarism!” “The renowned richest man in Cittadel actually dares to use such despicable means in a public competition. Look what he’s done. He has humiliated himself in the global eye!”

“As expected, businessmen know nothing about respecting the dignity of citizens!” “People who publicly plagiarize the work of other contestants should have their competition rights revoked so that they don’t publicly embarrass themselves!”

As more voices of complaint sounded from the crowd, Raffle continued to add salt to the injury. “Alexander, do you have anything to say for yourself? Why does your design look exactly like Miss Amy’s?”

However, Alexander was unfazed as he reasoned, “Shouldn’t I be asking you that question? You’re the one responsible for auditing everyone’s work before they’re displayed to the public, but now, two similar works have been selected to continue the competition. How did you audit the works?”

“Uhm…” Raffle was instantly at a loss for words.

Wendy had let him have a glimpse of Smith Co.’s proposal beforehand and expressed her decision to make an exact copy of that proposal, which was why he deliberately arranged for Alexander to show his work after Tiana. That way, the whole world will naturally believe that Tiana’s design was original.

The reason Raffle did this was to humiliate Alexander and make the entire Cittadel believe that he was a scheming businessman who would do anything to achieve his goal. Since Raffle was so desperate to regain his dignity, he completely forgot that by doing so, he would also need to bear the responsibility for his actions.

Therefore, he frantically began to create excuses for himself. "I'm indeed responsible for auditing the drawings, but you waited until the last hour to submit your proposal. Out of my trust in Smith Co. and the fact that I needed to deal with the audience, I didn't check those drawings as strictly as I should have. Still, I didn't expect you'd betray my trust and do something so despicable!"

Raffle purposely placed the microphone near his lips. "At the very least, you shouldn't have plagiarized so blatantly!"

Just like they had planned, they successfully influenced the crowd's emotions as they began to voice their complaints. "That's right. He must apologize! Smith Co. and Alexander must apologize and have their competition rights revoked!"

Meanwhile, Prince Caleb was also getting fidgety on stage. "Mr. Griffith, can you explain what's going on? I remember you had previously held a media conference in respect to Amy. I don't believe that you'd mistreat the beloved great designer, so please give me a reasonable explanation."

"Why should I be the one to give an explanation?" Alexander had a mellow attitude when saying that. "Just because my work was displayed two minutes late, I must be the one plagiarizing?"

This showed that the volume of words did not necessarily always come from quantity. As long as one could point out the main problem in the matter, one might be able to make a turnaround. Precisely, Alexander's words happened to shatter the crowd's concept regarding presentation sequence and authenticity.

In fact, it would not be peculiar if the thief was the one making the accusations first. Therefore, one should not jump to conclusions so blindly. However, that concept seemed off when it was placed on Amy.

One was a businessman who suddenly began to learn fashion design, while the other was a worldwide renowned fashion designer. From the bigger picture, it was obvious who had the higher chance of being the copycat. However, since Alexander refused to admit that he did such a thing, coupled with his identity, the competition's organizers naturally had to give him a chance.

"Alexander, since you refused the fact that Smith Co. has plagiarized, please show us your proof." The main judge came forward to control the situation.

Yet, it was not that easy to prove the owner of the original design. Since Raffle and the others were dead set on framing Alexander, they had already asked Tiana to prepare her 'working papers', which were draft papers that showed her design process. With the working papers at hand, they could prove the authenticity of the original design.

The main problem now was that both designs had working papers, so no one could determine who had designed this piece beforehand.

At that moment, Danny, who was sitting below the stage and enjoying the show, could not stand it any longer. “Since you can’t tell who came up with the design first, let’s just have them design one on the spot. That way, you’ll be able to tell their skills right away. They’re all professional fashion designers, so it wouldn’t be a problem for them to draw something within ten to twenty minutes and come up with a completed design within an hour, right? Wouldn’t that make this competition even fairer?”

“Sir, please calm down. Though your idea works, a designer’s inspiration doesn’t just appear out of the blue, so I’m afraid that it might take the designers a long while to complete their design if they were asked to do so on the spot,” the main judge voiced his hardships.

“What’s there to be afraid of? We’re all here to support these designers. Furthermore, it’s a steal for us to see how the industry’s top designers create their designs!” Danny pretended to be an ordinary bystander and added fuel to the fire by hollering, “Everyone shout with me. Support originality. Support live designing!”

After he said that, a small portion of people began shouting along with him, “Support originality! Support live designing! We want full transparency for this competition!”

As a result, the organizing committee had a last-minute discussion and decided to allow the designers to compete by designing a piece on the spot in order to calm the crowd. However, the one deciding the theme was Princess Diana.

“Alright. With the theme of ‘The Bride of Your Dreams’, please create a design for a wedding dress. You may begin once you’re ready.” After announcing the theme, Princess Diana sat back in her seat and patiently waited to see a perfect wedding dress.

Meanwhile, on stage, Alexander and Tiana occupied a corner each. Placed before them was a design tablet that was linked to the big screen, streaming their every move for the crowd to see.

He picked up his pencil, looked at Elise and the children below the stage, and closed his eyes to calm down his breathing. A while later, he began to draw.

On the other hand, Tiana had not moved an inch. In order to prepare for today’s competition, she had spent a few restless nights copying the backup designs that Smith Co. had prepared so that it would not be a problem for her to redraw them on the spot.

Yet, she had to create a new wedding dress from scratch now. Besides the one Elise designed for Faye, the rest of her mind was entirely blank. A wedding dress—white, romantic, a vessel for blessings and love. It seemed like there were endless things that she could magnify, but in her opinion, it seemed like they were lacking something.

Seeing that Tiana had not started, Raffle came to her back and deliberately turned off the microphone before softly reminding her, "It's been ten minutes. How much longer do you have to wait before starting?"

Hearing that, she shivered from the sudden shock. Before she could think any further, she began to draw according to her memory. Half an hour later, she actually managed to design a bold and innovative evening dress. Although it had nothing to do with a wedding dress, it was barely enough for her to muddle through.

Heaving a long breath, she felt her whole body relax. It was then Raffle saw an opportunity and quickly flattered her. "As expected from Amy. She finished her design before the one-hour mark! What an astonishing scene!"

While he spoke, Alexander had also finished his design. He calmly set down his pen and raised his head to look at the two drawings on the screen. Immediately, a scornful smile appeared on his face. As the smile was captured by one of the cameras and projected onto the big screen, the crew purposely enlarged it to make him seem supercilious.

"What does Alexander mean by that look? Who is he looking down on?"

"God, help me. He's such a repulsive person. Not only did he finish later than Amy, he also dared to look down on her. Where did he even get his courage from? Courage the Cowardly Dog?"