

Mighty Mom 51

Chapter 51 More Than Qualified to Be a Judge

It was out of Silas's expectations. However, he found that it made sense too-with her abilities, she was more than qualified to be a judge. There were a total of five judges, and Camila sat right in the middle. After sitting down, she playfully smiled at him when she noticed that he was still watching her. In response, the corners of his lips naturally lifted too. Xavier nearly cried tears of joy upon seeing the smile on the president's face. Recently, Silas rarely smiled. Occasionally, he even became distracted and lost focus during work. I was right to ask him to come and watch the finals of the competition. At that moment, the host on the stage began his opening speech. "Good morning, ladies and gentlemen, distinguished leaders, and esteemed guests. Thank you all for taking the time to attend the 2019 Glamor Vogue Grand Fashion Design Competition! I am the host for today, Seth White." As soon as those words sounded, a round of applause rang out. Then, the host smiled and continued, "This competition has lasted for three months, from the day we started accepting registrations to the day of the semi-finals. Among the thousands of works that we received, only the top ten works that were rated the most popular and the best-looking were selected! Today, those designs have been transformed into ready-to-wear outfits! And, we are going to showcase each and every outfit today! Now, allow me to explain the scoring rules: the judges hold a total of 8 points, including 3 points for design originality and creativity, 3 points for the presentation and showmanship, and another 3 points for attention to detail and craftsmanship. Last but not least, we have 2 points for popularity, which will be decided by our audience. Take a look at the voting device in your hands; you can vote for any of your favorite designs by the designers! With this, I officially announce the start of the 2019 Glamor Vogue Grand Fashion Design Competition! Let us welcome the first of our designers on stage! Welcome, Jasmine Thomson!" After the host got off the stage, the surrounding lights dimmed suddenly, leaving only the U-shaped stage lights on. Then, four girls walked out, one after the other, as soothing music played softly in the background. They didn't walk as quickly as they normally would on the runway. Instead, they took their time-almost as if they had to think before taking the next step. Jasmine Thomson's designs were bold and bright. Her four designs utilized four colors and portrayed a good sense of depth. Camila studied the models on stage without blinking, feeling somewhat pleased. Although the design had some flaws which interrupted the flow of the works, the overall creativity was good. The presentation of the four outfits took around ten minutes. After that, the host invited Jasmine onstage. When Jasmine came onto the stage, she went through the routine of bowing, greeting the judges, expressing her gratitude, and introducing

herself. During this entire spiel, she didn't even dare to lift her head to look at the judges. It wasn't until she heard Camila's voice, "Tell me about the concept behind your four designs." Then, she raised her head in confusion. When she saw Camila, she was so shocked that she froze in place. Isn't that Lyla's sister? Isn't she participating in the competition? Why is she a judge?

Upon seeing her standing there in a daze, the host kindly reminded her, "Miss Thomson, please tell us about the concept behind your designs." At that moment, Jasmine panicked as she began to explain, "H-I'm from the north. In the north, the four seasons are very distinct, and that became the inspiration for my designs. I used light green to signify spring, hoping to make people slow down their pace in life, ease up on the pressure of competition, and pay more attention to the essence of life..." Camila nodded while

listening to her introduction. “Okay, that’s good. Your ideas and concepts are good. Still, your designs are a little rough on the edges. There is room for improvement in your designs.” Jasmine bowed. “Thank you.” Following that, the host said, “Judges, please score her!” Jasmine clenched her fists nervously, secretly regretting her rash actions just now. So many people went over during the commotion, but only I blabbered the most. Will this judge give me grief out of spite? Thus, she waited anxiously with a bitter expression. Of the five judges, Camila gave a score of 7.5 while the other four judges gave a score of either 7 or 7.5. Combining those scores with the results of the popularity vote, Jasmine received an overall score of 8.5.

Chapter 52 What Would Come, Would Come

Jasmine had not expected to score so high. She was so stunned that she blanked out for a moment. I can’t believe she not only did not give me grief out of spite, but she also gave me such a high score. Thus, she gave a deep bow. Her bow was mainly to show her gratitude toward Camila for being fair and not holding any grudges against her. Afterward, the live show continued. There were a total of ten designers, and Camila had already seen nine of them. Even so, she had yet to see Lyla’s design. She was quite curious about what kind of designs Lyla could come up with. However, she didn’t know what Lyla was trying to do after pulling that farce today. Therefore, she was feeling rather anxious about it. Finally, she finished scoring nine of the designers. Then, she massaged her temples. After watching the runway for so long, her eyes were beginning to tire. Silas had been watching Camila the entire time. He didn’t even spare a single glance at the fashion show going on. Listening to the suggestions and opinions she gave those designers, he found his perception of her professionalism increasing the more he listened.

He, who usually couldn’t bear staying at gatherings for more than an hour, had stayed in his seat for nearly two hours now. Meanwhile, the host smiled again and introduced the final designer, “Next, let us welcome our last designer, Lyla Brooklyn, and her design team! Their works have been well-received among the audience and have taken the top spot among the rankings! Now, let us welcome them onstage!” After that, a gentle melody played by a harp sounded throughout the front hall, matching perfectly with the models who came walking out slowly.

The four models wore four different styles of dresses, each incorporating the four gentlemen of the seasons: the plum blossom, the orchid, the bamboo, and the chrysanthemum. The colors and designs of each outfit were distinct and stood apart from each other—they were elegant and noble whilst still incorporating the cultural heritage of the country. As soon as they appeared on stage, it gave off a dazzling feeling. When Silas heard Lyla’s name, he scowled. Why is she here too? However, his expression changed completely when he saw the models walking out. Then, he took out his phone and looked through it. At the same time, Xavier leaned over, asking, “President Nolan, don’t you think the plum blossom-themed design looks awfully similar to the design in Miss Brooklyn’s portfolio?”

He glanced at Xavier. “You think so too?” Xavier nodded, but his gaze did not leave the model. “It’s identical.” Just then, Silas found the picture of Camila’s design on his phone. It really is like two peas in a pod—they were exactly the same! This is clearly plagiarism! He cast his glance at Camila and saw that she had already stood up. “Stop!” Everybody was confused by her actions, and they all looked at her. Camila was so angry that her face looked pale. I was wondering what kind of design Lyla could come up with. Instead, she turned out to be so brainless! It’s blatant copy-and-paste; she didn’t even make any

changes to it whatsoever! At the same time, the model stopped in her tracks and stared at Camila suspiciously. The host didn't understand what was going on. Walking over to her, he asked, "Miss Brooklyn, what's wrong?" "Whose design is this?" Camila raged. The host seemed taken aback for a moment. "All four designs were designed by Miss Lyla Brooklyn." Then, she said, "Bring her here!" Lyla, who had been watching everything going on in the front hall from backstage, couldn't help feeling uneasy. She had assumed that Camila was a participant. Therefore, she was banking on the fact that when Camila claimed she had stolen her designs, she could counter by saying that Camila was adopting malicious methods to kick her out of the competition by deliberately slandering her. After all, Camila had no proof. How could I have known that she turned out to be a judge? Thus, when she heard the host asking for her to go on stage, she knew that what would come, would come-the inevitable was about to happen. Taking a deep breath, she glanced at Sarah, who was standing beside her. Sarah came over immediately and helped her walk out to the front hall, step by step. Lyla was limping; the slap mark on her face was still clear as day. She had a band-aid on her forehead. No matter who saw her current state, they would probably ask after her.

The host frowned slightly and asked in a gentle voice, "Miss Brooklyn, what happened to you?"