

Mighty Mom 53

Chapter 53 The Four Gentlemen of the Seasons

Lyla smiled at the host and nodded. "I'm fine." Then, she bowed and greeted everybody in all directions before finally turning her gaze to Camila, shouting in a pitiful voice, "Camila, please let me finish taking part in this competition. If there's a problem, we can go home and talk, okay?" Camila glared at her with a cold expression. "Now, you want to go back and talk? When you stole my designs, why didn't you say anything to me then?" After that, the entire venue fell into an uproar. Before they could even understand what was going on, or whether there would be any unfairness in a situation where one sister was taking part in the competition while the other was a member of the judges, the elder sister revealed that the younger sister had plagiarized her work!

What?! These stories are turning out to be more shocking than the next! Meanwhile, the sponsors whispered among themselves, "This is interesting! A participant stole the designs of one of the judges?" "That's impossible! Who would dare to be so fearless?" "Well, it can't be that the judge is lying, right?"

"Don't you think the injuries on that designer seem strange? In my opinion, there's probably something else going on behind the scenes."

Their voices were not soft, and Silas could hear them very clearly. Thus, he looked back at them and said faintly, "The participant plagiarized those designs!" Those people glanced at each other. Silas Nolan is speaking to us!

Normally, there was no chance for them to even make contact with him. Now that they had a ready-made topic in front of them, somebody trying to weasel a relationship with him immediately leaned over and asked, "President Nolan, do you know something?"

"I saw these designs a long time ago," he replied. Xavier raised his brows secretly. It looks like the president favors Miss Brooklyn quite a lot. I can't believe he couldn't even bear listening to a few comments from the people surrounding him. Since when has he ever been this chatty before? The audience was buzzing, and the situation on the stage was also at a stalemate. "Camila-" Lyla's tears flowed freely without saying another word; she looked extremely pitiful. "Please don't try to stop me anymore. For the sake of this grand competition, I've been working my butt off since September. All these years, I've always done whatever you asked me to. I'm begging you; please listen to me this time!"

Camila pointed at the models and sneered, "Are you sure these are the designs you labored over since September?" Lyla nodded. "Of course. The staff at my studio can testify for me. Also, the judges of this grand competition are my witnesses too. They chose my designs out of thousands of others!" The audience began whispering among themselves again. "Why wouldn't Camila allow Lyla to enter the competition?"

"Maybe she's afraid of her sister threatening her position."

"Who is this Camila Brooklyn anyway? I've never heard of her." "I've never heard of her either. She probably came here because she couldn't survive on her own anymore." "I remember back when the grand competition was promoting itself; didn't they say they successfully invited the world-renowned

fashion designer, Angel?" "Who knows? It was probably a marketing gimmick!" At the same time, Camila stared at Lyla. Then, a wicked smile tugged at the corners of her mouth as she slowly took a seat. "Fine. Then, please explain to me the concept behind your designs; tell me what inspired you as well as the original motivation behind your collection!" Lyla saw Camila sitting down, and her heart relaxed slightly. She had done a lot of preparation for these questions-so much so that she could recite them fluently from memory. Pointing to the outfit the model was wearing, she explained, "The plum blossom, the orchid, the bamboo, and the chrysanthemum are referred to as the 'Four Gentlemen of the Seasons' in traditional art. They have long been symbols of the feelings and ambitions of this country's people, representing their fascination for the highest level of mankind's character and nature. The plum blossom is graceful and proud, blooming in winter; the orchid is elegant, ethereal, and noble; the bamboo is modest, humble, and tenacious; the chrysanthemum is cold, chaste, simple, and elegant. They carry the same theme-uprightness, purity, humility, and perseverance against harsh conditions. They are loved by all. Therefore, I wanted to convey my personal respect for them through my designs." Camila nodded, laughing. "You did your homework. That design concept must have taken a lot of Googling on your part, huh?"

Chapter 54 False Accusation

Lyla stared at Camila, tears quickly pooling in her eyes and threatening to fall. With an expression that screamed 'pity me', she said, "Camila, I know you don't like me competing with you. But, I love designing too! This will be the last time, okay?"

The anger in Camila's heart surged. Even so, she looked calm on the outside. If she wants to act, I can act better than she can. "Do you mean this is the last time you plagiarize?"

Thus, Lyla pretended to be agitated, and her tears poured out. "I didn't plagiarize anything! I designed all of these! Camila, it doesn't matter even if you don't like me, but you can't falsely accuse me!" In response, Camila sneered, "To be honest, you could have just asked me if you wanted to use my designs. There was no need to put on such an elaborate melodrama. Crying so pitifully in front of everybody, then turning around to steal and plagiarize... It's just... utterly shameless." "Camila, when did I do that? That was you..." As Lyla spoke, she sneakily signaled Sarah with her eyes. Sarah immediately understood her intentions. Thus, she spoke up, "Mr. Host, I have a recording. Can I play it for you?" Then, Lyla pretended to stop her. "Sarah, don't!" Sarah played along too. "Miss Lyla, I can't let somebody accuse your hard work of plagiarism. I want everyone to know the truth!" After the host asked the director for his opinion, he said, "Sure!" Thus, Sarah hit the button on her phone's recorder, and the sound of the quarrel between Camila and Lyla in the lounge played out... After hearing the recording, everybody exchanged glances with each other. They couldn't have imagined that Camila would act so violently or threateningly in private. The crowd took a look at Lyla, a weeping beauty, then looked over at Camila, an arrogant and high-handed woman. Comparing between the two, it was inevitable for them to have a prejudice toward the two ladies. "Isn't that judge picking on the participant a little too much?" "I can't believe she refused to allow her sister to participate in the grand competition just because she's worried about competition!" "No wonder Lyla is covered in wounds." "Did you hear that sentence in the recording where she said 'I can handle you alone'? Isn't that clearly indicating that she intended to use her power as a judge to ruin the girl's reputation?!"

“Yeah, that’s completely cruel! Moreover, she’s the elder sister too!” Lyla listened to the criticisms flying about around her, feeling extremely satisfied with herself. Even the gaze she turned on Camila was considerably provocative. So what if I stole her designs? Does she even have any tricks up her sleeves? In the end, she is still not in a position to complain about anything-she can only suffer in silence! Not only can she do nothing to me, but I’m afraid she also has to take on the crime of engaging in malpractice, favoritism, and slandering her own sister! Camila sneered lightly. No wonder she was acting so strangely; she was waiting for this chance!

She looked at Lyla like she was watching a crazy clown jumping to its death; even the faint smile curling at the corner of her lips seemed mocking. “The inspiration behind the four designs for the four gentlemen of the seasons-the plum blossom, the orchid, the bamboo, and the chrysanthemum-came from my three best friends in university. The plum blossoms bloom in the snow, and the sword lilies hidden in the valleys remain tucked away; the wind breezes through the bamboo forest, bringing with it the faint fragrance of purple chrysanthemums! We had similar personalities. Whether we were cold and desolate or laid back and alone, we held the pride of not being touched by the world-we maintained our freedom of purity and authenticity. That’s why, when we graduated from university, I designed these four evening dresses as graduation gifts for the four of us. Lyla, in the beginning, you only committed plagiarism. But now, you have added defaming a judge to your list of crimes.” When Lyla heard that, she panicked a little. I can’t believe that these designs have been converted into finished products. Moreover, she gave it away as gifts? Or, is she simply saying that on purpose? “Camila, you claim that these designs are yours and that you created finished products from them and gave them away as gifts. Then, why don’t you bring out those so-called evening dresses of yours and let everybody see for themselves? Is it truly the same as my designs? Or, is this another idea you came up with to stop me?!” Her voice was very loud and extremely agitated. I don’t believe she can find somebody on the spot to cross-check this! Camila was so furious that she laughed coldly. “You won’t believe it until you see it, huh?”