

Fashion Confrontation  
Cassia Plymouth Series  
Version .044 7/4/2020  
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For excellent web sites, graphics, and book covers, please consider using my illustrator:

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## **Chapter 0: Introduction**

This e-book was simply meant to not happen. The Olivia Plymouth Series was supposed to be the final word. But covering the life of Olivia's daughter, Cassia and the newer generation of her family and friends offered a chance to write in a radically different direction. It also provided an opportunity to build on top of and give more details on events in the prior series. And here we are at Book #2 with a third in the series in the planned! What an unexpected ride.

The first six chapters were written on Amtrak rides to Washington D.C. I had expected to be doing more of the same in 2020. (Reservations were booked.) But the rise of a new and deadly virus halted train travel essentially in early 2020.

If you liked the first book exploring ancient fashion history, reluctantly fighting with the fashion police, taking on a fashion terrorist group, and the Abbey "gang" hanging out together, then the fun continues here.

A third book is also planned. And after that, who knows?

H.G May 2020.

## **Chapter 1: Fashion Show Gone Wrong**

The annual summer women's' fashion show takes place during those unbearable dog days of August in usually quiet and timeless Landville. It is one of those small, "pass-through in two minutes" type of towns in Long Island. No one memorable or even close to famous comes from there. Most streets are quiet after 9 P.M. except for Saturday night. And somehow in this middle of apparently nowhere location, a small band of passionate and dedicated fashion lovers put together yearly a three-hour show, It is sparsely attended and those that come are mostly local businesses cheering each other on or some fashion aficionados that look forward to making an appearance at such events during their summer vacation.

It was the perfect place for us to strike. The show had just begun. Was anyone even watching this? And then we swooped in from seemingly nowhere and swarmed onto the stage. Just like how it was done in the good old days. There were passionate repetitive screams of

FIT, FIT, FIT. Oh, the joy of watching these trembling souls at the show. Helpless cries and shrieks instilling fear in every direction! We hid no clue as to what was unfolding on the unsuspecting audience. I took to the stage with my portable mike at maximum volume and started.

“Hello, Landville and world. Fashion is neither boring nor routine. Fashion is not predictable. Instead, Fashion is Terror. Fashion is a primal fear. The good old days of running things mindlessly are now gone. Wake up to this new reality. It will soon be the only one that you will know from now on.”

And then we grabbed those dull clothes hanging so carefully in the clothing rack. And solemnly ran them through our speedy and convenient portable dress and accessory shredder. Oh, how we enjoyed that look of sheer horror and anxiety on those innocent and naive faces. It was all well worth it just to view those puzzled and fearful expressions!

Most of the world had ignored what had happened that day. There was already enough craziness everywhere else. Why was this event any different or memorable?

Unfortunately, this was not true for some others as we later found out.

Fenton Deadly got word quickly from his superiors to assemble a crack fashion law enforcement team to further investigate this.

And Jenny Gremlin had noted what happened and contacted Cassia Plymouth who was in the middle of some scholarly discussions with her associates at the Abbey. They all knew not to let this combustible situation grow and fester. It was time to fight back against this raging protest.

## **Chapter 2: After the Chaos**

Osore Aku was at FIT's new temporary headquarters observing with no joy how that out of the way fashion show disruption had been reported. She was monitoring the news and social media comments about their “little action.” Tragically, there was nothing reported. REALLY???! That was just so infuriating. Only one note from that infernal pest Cassia Plymouth:

*Even if the world is not watching, I am following your actions. Your days of total freedom and the unfettered ability to incite chaos are coming to a rapid end. Beware!*

And at that point, Osore's network and telecommunications were jammed and some ominous knocks were heard coming from the front door.

Time to flee. She and her team had barely escaped out the lower level door which led to a hidden passageway opening out to a side street a few buildings away. When they emerged, no one was there to witness their departure. And the little band of perpetual mischief-makers disappeared into a nearby crowd. It was only a minor setback. There will be better days ahead.

## **Chapter 3: Fenton's Diary**

It had been a good year so far for Fenton Deadly. He had nabbed an elusive and fearless Pacific-based fashion gang. This made great press. He had his own weekly video fashion law

enforcement series which became more popular each week. And he had fallen in love or at least he thought he had. He had met with a local restaurant personality that had taken his fancy. And he was slowly working up his courage to ask her out. But somehow, she had liked him from their brief passing and asked him out first.

She was funny, smart, charming, and a hundred more favorable adjectives. Then they fought over something trite. Let Fenton tell what happened.

“The whole thing was silly and regrettable. I made fun of her serious distaste for Granny Apples. And not liking even light criticism, we broke things off rather dramatically. I regret greatly doing that and miss her so much. But she was the type that once she had made up her mind, that was it. Time to move onward. Reluctantly. “

To help forget the pain, he focused solely on FIT. His organization (International Fashion Terrorist Watch Force) had been so close to capturing at least some of the members. But they had escaped somehow. Vanished into thin air. They were even craftier than Fenton anticipated. Part of him still thought that Cassia Plymouth and those Abbey folks were intimately involved with them. But they had stayed incredibly clean for some time. Before he finished capturing Osore (leader of FIT), Fenton wanted to talk with her mother Akumi Aku.

This was his diary entry for that day:

“I met Akumi in a very out of the way coffee shop. The kind of place that was good to be either kidnapped or to have quiet but honest conversations. She arrived promptly. I walked up to her said hello and began, ‘how are you doing Mrs...’”

“You can just call me simply Ms. Aku. My first name means Death in Japanese. My daughter’s name Osore means Fear. You want to ask about her, correct?”

“Yes, how do you feel about what she has done and is doing?”

“Well you know when I was in FIT, we felt that the world, particularly those involved in the fashion industry were living in serious ignorance of a great societal lie. Our job was to inform them and correct the situation. My beloved daughter has joined the cause and has picked up the mantle of being a solid fashion revolutionary. I am so proud of her. “

“I tried to look supportive and understanding. But inside I am thinking, ‘Proud, REALLY? Both of you are so warped. I had to ask, ‘Might I inquire as to where your daughter is right now?’”

“For my safety, she hides it from me. We meet at some remote location always at the last minute. During our meeting, we talk about how each other is doing. But never about the ‘business’ of FIT. And we end it quickly and go about our separate ways. “

“Fair enough. Is there anyone that you might know that may have a way to reach her quickly?”

“And why would that be Mr. Deadly? Arrangement for a quick arrest and a long jail sentence?”

“In time, perhaps yes. But right now, I am worried about her. She is starting to dig herself a hole getting deeper each day into trouble. That little display in Long Island, the exploitation of workers overseas, the alleged blackmail of some textile manufacture CEO, and other

activities that I am not yet aware of. She could be facing at least thirty years so far. The law has greatly changed since you made great mischief in your day.

She bristled back at my last word. “In my day indeed. I am not a has-been. You. You...”

I tried to calm her down and deal with her feelings. “Sorry to offend you. What I meant is that judges are not as lenient today with aspiring fashion terrorists. No one is let off scot-free any more. Currently, I have no solid evidence to arrest her. I just want to talk. Ten minutes is all that I need. Just to let you know that I met her once before. She kidnapped me. Right in my own apartment. “

Aku started laughing. “Now I know you are telling the truth. That sounds so like my Osore. She has no love of authority. You convinced me. I do have such a contact. In case I can arrange a meeting as needed. Only fifteen minutes whenever she says to meet. And come with no one else. Remember that the Aku family does not forget or forgive easily and we have fierce tempers.”

Three days later we met. Give her credit for an imaginative location. Of all places, it was in a baggage compartment on a stationary train. We were surrounded by colorful and oversized suitcases. Both of us sat down on some conveniently placed crates.

Osore made the opening move. “Well, I see that you honor my presence again. What is it Mr. Fenton Deadly, who is no longer the detective with that once sterling reputation? My time is short. Surely, there is an important reason as to why you wanted to meet? “

I did not hold back. “Kid, I’m worried about you. You and your band of loyal confederates are starting to get right on my task force’s radar. You would not want us to give our full attention to your evil deeds. The good news for you today is I do not have enough at this time to put you away. But at our next meeting, I will have enough to lock you up for a long time. “

I could not make out her expression. So, I kept on going. “I never had a wife or daughter. But if I did, I would advise her to stay out of trouble. One moment of joyful mayhem may mean spending most of your life far away from freedom. I do not want that for you. You are better and smarter than that. I care about what happens to you.”

Osore smiled and said without missing a beat, “Such powerful words of concern. Perhaps Mr. Deadly is looking for a hot new girlfriend? Or is recovering from the difficult trauma of an emotional breakup? Why do you care so much Mr. Deadly? I really would like to know.”

I replied simply. “You remind me somehow of my late brother. He was a smart guy. But made that fatal choice to fight society in some sort of underground group. After many years of being in touch, he just disappeared and was never found. It was a very strange circumstance. No one can recall the last time that they saw him. The whole thing left a big void in my life. That is why I became a detective. To help others avoid making a grand mess of their lives. Unfortunately, I do not get to do that often. But meeting and telling you this may be important to both of us. “

Osose seemed touched. “You do have a human side, after all, Mr. Deadly. I like what I am hearing. If it was a different time and place, we might be spending more leisure time together. But for now, it is business as usual.”

I could sense that we were wrapping up soon. So, I made my final plea, “Please think hard about it Osose.”

She grasped my hand and said. “Thank you, Fenton. I shall call you that from now on. I am grateful that you are trying in your own way to look out for me. But my life path is already set. I am going to keep at this. Our world is too broken beyond repair. And my plan is to fix it in my own way. If that means staring at four cold walls and an unwelcome locked door at a later point in my life, so be it.”

Osose released her hand and gave her parting words. “I am sure that you want some sort of clue on our next activities. Maybe you need a trip to Milan in the spring. “And she rose and disappeared.

I thought about that encounter over the next few days. Osose is a tour de force and far too clever for her own being. I will bring in for her and society’s good, Just a matter of time.

### **About the Author**

Hallett German is a fiction and technical subject author on various aspects of IT and business.

His works of fiction cross multiple genres including children, young adult, dysfunctional corporate mysteries/fantasies, historical fiction, and steampunk. His books offer a unique and original ride into other worlds and lives. He is the author of series (Olivia Plymouth, Amazi Chronicles, In Small Doses, and Corporate Intent) and single books (Combustible Networks, Ghosts vs. Robots, Saving Eddie, Killing Thoreau, Missed Landing, Her Time, and Command and Control).

His books can be found at <http://hallettgermanfiction.ml> and <https://sites.google.com/site/hallettgermanfiction/>