

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 551

Chapter 551 Not Getting Married?

Meanwhile, Danny was drowned in confusion. What does Elise mean by this? She said the designs were great, but she didn't pick any. So, is she happy with them or not? Also, why do I suddenly feel that things are weird between her and Alex?

"Are the both of you alright?" Looking left and right, he felt a shadow of doubt in his heart. "What could be wrong with us?" An inexplicable fury ignited within Alexander, and he snatched the folder from Elise's hand before pushing it into Danny's. "Go back if you have nothing else. There's something we have to discuss."

Seeing the look on his face, Danny was sure that the both of them were hiding something from him.

However, as a third party on the spot, he would be suspected of siding with one party in a fight between a couple. Moreover, he had a vague feeling that this thing had something to do with him, so he decided to make the smart move and go.

After watching that Danny had left, Alexander lowered his eyes, which were dark and deep, as he thought about something in his mind.

"Alex." Elise called his name suddenly.

His voice was low and husky as he said without looking at her, "Are you trying to say that you don't want to get married?"

Looking at his forlorn profile, Elise felt her heart wrenching, and she almost couldn't breathe from the pain.

She didn't want to hurt him, nor did she want to make him sad. However, judging from the situation now, if she didn't take care of the people who were trying to harm her, she couldn't focus, and neither did she have the guts to get married.

Now, Alexander was merely her fiancé, but he was already poisoned; she couldn't imagine how those people would act against him once they were married.

The entire hall fell silent. Both of them had their own troubles, and nobody knew how to continue the conversation.

It was Alexander who used his identity as Kenneth to remind her that she should fight to live because she was in a grave situation. While he was glad that she had taken the advice, it didn't occur to him that she would postpone the wedding because of this.

He was even considering to come clean about his identity and tell her that even if they were married, he was capable of protecting himself and her. Still, he was even more aware of the fact that only by hiding his identity could he stop the hidden daggers flying in her direction when she was harmed by unknown threats.

After a long while, he let out a long sigh and accepted the reality. When he turned his face and looked at her again, he had recovered his gentle smile.

Reaching out, he then grabbed her hand and kneaded her palm in his. Then, he looked down and said slowly, "I'm fine with that. If you're really worried about it, it's fine by me to get married later. The wedding is simply a ceremony I would like to give you because I want to show you how much you matter to me. I just want you to know that, with or without a wedding or a marriage certificate, you're my wife in my heart. There's only you. As long as you believe this truly, then I'm fine with your decision."

Elise's brows knitted slightly as her guilt deepened. "Could you please not be so good to me? I've never done anything for you. Why are you always making compromises for me?"

Alexander lifted his hand and held her face as happiness and love sparkled in his eyes. "There is no reason. If there has to be one, then it's because it's you—you're the reason I compromise without any limits. Elise, you have no idea how amazing you are, and there's nothing else I want but just to be with you. As long as we're together, there's nothing that can crush me. So long as you're around, I can feel that I'm alive. Do you understand?"

Honestly, Elise didn't think that she was that amazing, but it was a bliss to be loved like this.

Perhaps there were people in this world who would accept one whole-heartedly, love them, and would like to present all the best things to them regardless of if they were filled with flaws or were not the perfect partner.

Moved to tears, she quickly wiped away two drops of tears which had suddenly rolled down her reddened eyes and pretended that nothing happened. Despite that, Alexander saw it, and he grabbed her hand before pecking her lightly on both of her eyes.

"Miss Sinclair, my world crumbles when you cry. If you feel guilty and want to make it up to me, please be strong for me, okay?" he said, consoling her like she was a child.

Sniffing, she cast him a look of reproach and closed her arms around his waist willfully, hugging him tightly. Alexander Griffith, I won't let your love for me be in vain. Trust me.

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After lunch break, Elise and Alexander made a visit to the studio city.

Since he hadn't met Jack for a long time and didn't see any of his new works on screen, Alexander was naturally concerned about Jack's career as his elder brother.

He stopped his car in the public parking lot, and the both of them walked to the spot where Jack and his crew were. Just when they reached, they saw Jack's manager, Ronald, in an argument with another film crew.

"What the hell is this? What kind of makeup artist did you get us? Also, look at the time now. We've been waiting for two hours but the male lead isn't even here yet. Do you plan to let Jack continue waiting?" Ronald criticized in a huff.

"Don't make things difficult for me, Ronald. This was all approved by the director, and our funds are limited. So, not everyone can have the top-notch makeup artist. You understand this simple rule, don't you? Moreover, Mr. Griffith is a senior, and I don't think he'll mind giving in a little to the junior. The male lead is here and doing his makeup now. Just wait a little longer and the cameras will start rolling. Oh, the director is looking for me. I have to go now!"

The stage supervisor threw some perfunctory excuses at Ronald before dumping him on the spot and slipping away.

Mad with anger, Ronald kicked the stool next to him and cursed, "Damn it! What a bunch of snobs! What are they playing at? Back then when Jack was popular, your male lead was still nobody at all. He just got into the good books with the investors. How dare you treat us this way! Just you wait. When Jack's popularity returns, you won't even have the chance to carry his shoes!"

Then, he spat and turned, only to see Alexander and Elise.

"Young Master Alex, Miss Sinclair, what brought you guys here?" Quickly, Ronald straightened his face and paced toward them. "Jack is reading the script in the trailer. Should I lead you guys there?"

"There's no hurry," Alexander interjected. "What happened earlier?"

Spinning his head and throwing a dirty look backward, Ronald was furious again. "What else could it be besides the fact that they're a bunch of realistic people? After the Griffiths went bankrupt, Jack's funding dwindled, and many newbies stole the limelight from him. Finally, a good script came along, but he still has to suffer on the set in the end and have to use the leftovers of others. It's so frustrating!"

"Jack has won the best actor award before. I don't think the director will treat him badly, right?" Elise asked doubtfully.

"It doesn't matter what the director says. The investor wants to make the male lead the next best actor winner, so of course they need Jack as the contra. I'd persuaded him

not to accept this deal, but he said that the script is good and challenging, and there's nothing I can do about it. All I can do is look forward to him winning over the audience with his acting when the time comes!"

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Read Chapter 552 of Coolest Girl in Town Ridiculous Pay

After saying everything, Ronald realized that he was being a little emotional, and he waved his hand, ending the topic abruptly. "Let me lead you there." Soon, they all reached Jack's trailer, and Jack placed down his script to greet them. "Why are you here?"

"We're here to visit you," Alexander said. "I heard that you're having a hard time at the set recently." Elise gave Jack a nod and greeted him before walking over naturally and picking up his script to flip through it.

Meanwhile, Jack cast Ronald a stare and said in disgruntlement, "The entertainment industry is a trap. Nobody can be popular all their lives. At least, I can still pick my own scripts. If this doesn't work out, I can work behind the scenes, focus on writing songs, and still support myself."

"Since when did you, the best actor, lower your requirements so much?" Elise said teasingly and placed the script back on the table. "This drama is not bad."

A faint smile appeared on Jack's face. "I'm not lowering my requirements, but just sticking to my bottom line. There are way too many crappy films and dramas which were proposed to me. If I wanted to make money, I could have accepted all of it, but I don't want to ruin my own name."

Patting him heavily on his shoulder, Alexander praised, "You're right. It's quality over quantity."

Jack grinned and asked directly, "Why are you looking for me?"

Shrugging, Alexander raised his brows and gazed at Elise, who was opposite him. "Your future sister-in-law has something to ask you."

Elise rolled her eyes playfully at him; she hadn't told him anything earlier, so how did he know that she had something to say?

Despite that, she didn't hold back and said straightforwardly, "I'm here on behalf of a variety show. They would like to invite you as their resident guest. I wonder if you'd be interested in that."

"Well, you know that I don't attend variety shows." Jack turned her down politely.

"I know that, and so do the producers. However, it's obvious that it'd be an interesting show since it'd be your first variety program, Mr. Best Actor," she said, analyzing the purpose of the production team honestly.

Amused by her honesty, Jack said jokingly, "Nobody negotiates like that. Now that I know how much I'm worth, aren't you afraid that I'll ask for a ridiculous pay?"

"I'm not afraid of that, but just afraid that you won't accept the offer," Elise said earnestly. "Actually, the best time for a screen actor is merely a few years. Regardless of how good a script is, it will take at least a year from filming until its release. In addition, a drama only attracts one type of audience, but it's different with variety shows. No matter the demographic, they would be attracted to a certain aspect of a variety show. I'm just thinking that, rather than being suppressed in the film and television industry, isn't it better to find yourself another way out? Are you sure you don't want to think this over?"

Lowering his gaze, Jack thought it over, but he still didn't change his mind. "I'll give it a pass. I really like this character now, and I would like to play him well. In addition, I don't have a single funny bone. Acting is my biggest enjoyment. I guess I'm going to have to disappoint you."

"Since you have your own goals, then I'm not going to force it," Elise said pleasantly. "Don't worry about me explaining it to the producers because I'm close with them, and they won't blame me."

Only then did Jack feel assured. "That's great."

After all, Elise helped out a lot to get him back in the public eye, and he should have agreed to any of her requests. However, as it concerned his professional principles, he could only apologize and repay her in the future.

More importantly, he couldn't imagine himself like those variety show guests, who could reveal all their emotions in front of the camera naturally. If he messed things up at that time, it would only affect Elise negatively. Therefore, he decided to turn it down directly.

After that, he took out a few music sheets so that Elise could show him some pointers, and they chatted for a while until the director called for him. Then, they all left the trailer.

When the car rolled out of studio city, Alexander asked with a suppressed smile, "Actually, you're the producer, aren't you?"

An embarrassed grin crept onto Elise's face. "I can't hide it from you, but yes, I'm planning to film a reality show. However, I'm not experienced and am a newbie in the field. It's unknown if this plan can come into fruition, so it's better to use someone else's name for a risky business so that the invited person can make an objective decision. I've thought about it. Only variety shows can spread the fastest and most effectively to

the entire country, and even the world. This saves more time than organizing a concert or producing a movie.”

Alexander nodded in agreement and tilted his head at her. “You can tell it honestly to Jack, actually. He won’t turn you down.”

“That’s what I’m worried about.” She took a deep breath. “I don’t want to cash in a favor from him and hinder him from pursuing his dream in life. That would be so selfish.”

At this point, there was nothing else Alexander could suggest. My girl is always so considerate of others all the time. I wish she could be a little more selfish, though.

“So, which identity will you be using to face the public? Sare, Lily, or H?” Alexander asked instead.

“None of them. You’ll find out when the time comes,” she said, smiling secretively.

He chuckled softly. “I look forward to it.” Then, he recalled something and stopped the car at the side of the road. Turning his body sideways, he said in a serious tone to her, “But the spot for the first sponsor has to be mine.”

Thinking that he was too impatient, she was tickled and helpless at the same time. “Nothing has been done yet. What are you getting so excited about?”

“Of course I’m excited. This is the first time my wife is making a serious investment. I have to show some support as well,” he said, pride written all over his face.

“Furthermore, when it comes to investment, the earlier you participate, the more stakes you get distributed afterward. I’m not doing this for you, but for my marriage fund.”

Placing her arm around his neck, Elise narrowed her eyes purposely and asked, “So, how much money have you saved until now, Mr. Griffith?”

Raising both his brows, he looked the other way and evaded the topic. “This is a man’s secret. I can’t tell you, but…” He paused. Then he pressed his forehead against hers as he said affectionately, “That little bit of money is enough for you, my wife, to start a business if you want. If you don’t, you won’t have to worry about life as well.”

“Who’s your wife? We haven’t gotten a marriage certificate yet!” Pushing him aside, she narrowed her eyes again suddenly and looked at him from the corner of her eyes. “What if I lose the money?”

“Oh,” he said, putting on a sorry look. “I’m more worried about what would happen if you don’t lose the money. I have so much money, and I wonder how long it’d take to finish spending it.”

Laughing, she said, "You're not talking about business with me, but showing off how rich you are!"

"Am I? I don't think so," he answered with a straight face. "I think what's most worthy of showing off for me is having a good girlfriend who's capable of spending and earning money. With a wife like this, what else can a man ask for?"

"Cut it off, you smooth talker," she said, casting him a look of disapproval, but the smile on her face was sweeter than honey.

Recollecting his expression, Alexander looked more solemn as he said, "Ellie, just do it. I'll be your backing."

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Read Chapter 553 of *Coolest Girl in Town Is This Reason Enough?*

In fact, Elise knew that Alexander wasn't saying this to humor her, but he had really decided on it. "Okay." She nodded obediently, but one second later, she was up to mischief again. "Don't worry, Mr. Griffith. I'll help you to save some money so that you don't have to work so hard."

"Thank you, future Mrs. Griffith!" Both of them joked for a little while until Elise received a text message on her cell phone. It was from the property agent, whom she had made an appointment with last evening, and he was now urging her to take a look at some places.

Tossing her cell phone into her bag, she then released her seatbelt and hopped out of the car.

Seeing how hurried she seemed, Alexander said, "Where are you going? I can drop you off. Why did you get out of the car?"

"How can I do that when you're not my driver? Moreover, you have to work hard for your marriage fund and can't be spinning around me all day. I'm doing my own business now, so I need to learn to be independent! Having a girlfriend as considerate and caring as me, you should be happy about it!" she said stiffly.

Alexander wanted to laugh and cry at the same time. "I can't save on the time to pick up and drop off my girlfriend."

"Says who? I allow you to save that time." Holding on the door, she said imperatively, "Alex, we're going to be together for life, and I'm not that kind of meek girl who needs you to be around me and humor me all the time. Compared to you running around because of me, I would rather you spend more time on your own to rest after work."

Take care of your health so that you can be by my side for a longer time. Do you understand?"

Raising his right hand, he gave her a military salute which wasn't standard. "Yes, wifey!" He then paused and spoke with a smirk. "But I would still like to know where you're going. Otherwise, I won't feel at ease."

"I'm going to buy a land or a house because I need a big and spacious place for my variety show. Are you assured now, Little Alex?"

When men are clingy, they act like a child, she thought.

Little Alex? Alexander repeated in his head, dumbfounded. "I got it, Miss Elise. Then, please watch out when you're on your own," he said in a childish tone, going along with her joke.

"I got it." She closed the door and reminded, "Go to work now, Mr. Griffith."

"I'm going now, then." After hanging around for another half a minute, only then did he drive away.

Elise watched from afar with a sense of ease in her heart as his car grew smaller and smaller.

They were each busy with their own affairs while healing each other; a life with Alexander in it was already very blissful enough, and she didn't want to get greedy. But right after that, the image of Kenneth's sheepish face flashed across her mind without any reason.

Not daring to let herself stay idle for even a second, she quickly stopped a cab, and after giving the address to the driver, she started texting the top-notch property advisor in the city.

Either I don't do it, or I produce a show everyone admires! she thought.

Meanwhile, after Alexander drove off not far away, he used the phone connected to his car wirelessly to dial Johnny's number.

Almost instantly, Johnny picked up the call. "What can I do for you, sir?"

"Don't we have a piece of land that's more than a thousand acres lying around idle?" Alexander asked calmly.

"There is such a piece of land, but you already approved the building of a high-end golf course on it, and it's under construction now," Johnny answered.

“Really? Tell them to stop the works, then. Contact the relevant people. I’m selling it today,” Alexander said.

“Okay—huh?!” Subconsciously, Johnny accepted his instruction, but after that, it suddenly hit him that something was amiss, and he asked in shock, “But sir, this project has great prospects in the future. There’s no reason to sell it!”

“There’s one now,” he answered nonchalantly. “My wife needs to use it. Is this reason enough?”

Speechless, Johnny thought, It’s your own land and you’re just selling it within the family. The games this couple plays!

...

Elise went to a few places and viewed a few plots with the agent, but she was satisfied with none.

Either the place wasn’t big enough, or too much work needed to be done on it and the maintenance time afterward was too long. In conclusion, there wasn’t a place which she could use immediately.

And of all days, she was wearing heels today. When it was almost dark, she really couldn’t walk anymore and could only return home.

The agent was very clear that if he could succeed with Elise’s case, he would make two years’ worth of bonus. He sent her outside gratefully to wait for her ride.

“Don’t worry, Miss Sinclair. I’ve been in the business for so many years and have the widest network of contacts. For sure I’ll be able to find a suitable plot for you. Once there’s news, I’ll contact you right away!” he said pleasingly.

“I’ll have to trouble you, then.” Elise was so tired that she didn’t want to chit-chat anymore. “My ride is here. I’m going now.”

“Have a safe ride!”

Initially, the agent wanted to send her to the car personally, but his cell phone started ringing the second she stepped away. When he saw that it was a call from his assistant, he quickly picked it up because he had instructed her to contact him no matter how late it was if a plot which Elise would want popped up.

“How is it? Do you have news?” he asked impatiently.

A few seconds later, he bolted next to Elise's cab, even forgetting to put down his phone. Holding on to the car door, he panted as he said, "Miss Sinclair, let's make one more trip! I'll guarantee your satisfaction!"

In sales, it was easy to lose a customer once they left, and with his speed earlier, he probably could have qualified for the Olympics.

Elise jumped in surprise by the way he acted, but seeing how sincere he appeared, she nodded and agreed.

This time, they were not disappointed indeed.

The agent brought her to a golf course which was almost completed with its construction. After touring around the golf course in a little tour bus, she signed the contract on the spot instantly.

In addition, it was lower than market price, so she managed to save a big amount.

On the way back home, she called Alexander on the phone to share this good news with him.

"It's like godsent. I ran a check and found out that the original owner of this golf course was a consortium from abroad. Due to some adjustments in their business, they decided to give up this plot at the last minute, and I managed to pick up this good deal. I guess you can say that every dog has its day," she said with a laugh.

"It's always tough in the beginning, but since you already started off good, it goes to show that everything my wife wants to do will be smooth-sailing," Alexander said. "A line-up of celebrities is indispensable in a variety show. Should I keep an eye out for you?"

"No." She turned him down and pouted her lips. "You're not allowed to stick your nose into this! This is my own business, and I want to take a look at them personally! Alexander Griffith, don't be a male chauvinist!"

"Alright, alright. I worry too much." Sighing helplessly, he then said, "Have a good rest tonight. I'm probably making a trip to Ostbetlam today and won't be going home."

"Okay, don't forget to catch some sleep as well, and don't stay up all night!"

"Yes, wifey!"

Both of them flirted a little longer on the phone before hanging up. At night, Elise slept deeply, but she woke up early the next day, woken up by her biological clock.

It was a little past the beginning of office hours, and she already drove the car to the basement parking of the country's biggest talent-nurturing company, Blitz Entertainment.

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Read Chapter 554 of Coolest Girl in Town Just Like an Angel

After parking the car, she was about to take the elevator, and she had barely taken a few steps when she heard a man and a woman in an argument. It sounded like an artist arguing with his manager.

"Garreth Dowrick, how many times have I told you that you're prone to edema and have to control your water intake before going to bed? Look how swollen your eyes are now. How can you meet your fans looking like this? Also, there are seven people in the group, but why are you the only one who is picked on and isolated? Shouldn't you look for the problem by looking at yourself? I put in so much effort to support you, but what about you? Are you going to continue to be a let-down?"

Subconsciously, Elise slowed down her steps. Why does it sound like she's training him?

The person who was berated had a very soft voice, and he sounded very humble as he said, "It's my fault because I practiced singing until midnight, and my throat turned painful and itchy. So, I made a glass of honey drink..."

"Why were you practicing singing? Do you think you can return to that group? Nobody there welcomes you, and you won't be performing as a group anymore. Do you think you're abroad and can perform anytime you want? How many times do I have to tell you to get it into your head that you're going solo now, and you're on a different level from them. You don't have to move closer to them..."

"Don't speak about them like this, Jenny," the guy argued in a soft voice. "We debuted at the same time. There's no difference between us."

"I'm just howling at the moon, and you're just a blockhead. Forget it. Don't forget that you're attending an award ceremony later. Stay here and look through the transcript yourself. Don't mess things up again!"

The woman named Jenny sashayed away arrogantly in her heels after throwing those words at him.

In the quiet parking lot, the sobs of a man weeping softly echoed through before the sound of a heavy object falling to the ground sounded. At first, Elise didn't want to meddle in this, but she was worried that a life would be lost; verbal violence could also push a person to do the unthinkable sometimes.

Quietly, she changed her direction and paced toward the spot where the voices were heard earlier.

From far away, she saw a black MPV with an open door, but there was nobody in it. When she got closer, she noticed that a handsome young man was lying on the floor, all curled up as his face writhed in pain. Hurriedly, she trotted over and helped him up.

Garreth's mind was in a whirl, and in his daze, he felt someone helping him up as the air around him was filled with a nice scent. Then, he felt a needle prick on his wrist, and something was stuffed into his mouth.

In his first reaction, he thought that it tasted very bitter, but as the thing began to melt in his mouth, he was allured by the unique fragrance and the texture of the nuts mixed within.

Is this chocolate? What a unique texture, he thought. After swallowing the whole chocolate, he gradually recovered. When his eyelids fluttered and opened, his eyes met the bright, clear eyes of a young girl.

"I made a simple diagnosis for you and found out that there's a slight problem with your stomach and liver. Your organs will fail if you continue to cut off food and water," Elise said patiently in a doctor's tone.

Pursing his lips, Garreth lifted his hand and held onto the car. Using his might, he stood up straight and said his thanks lifelessly. "Thank you, miss."

From just one look, Elise could tell that this young man was younger than her, so she didn't say anything. Instead, she felt that he was very polite and decided to throw in another piece of advice. "Actually, you can ask your manager to hire a nutritionist for you, and you won't gain weight if your meals are reasonably planned. Cutting off food to maintain your figure is akin to getting treatment after polluting your body, and you'll have a bunch of health issues in the future."

"Thank you. I'll speak with my manager," Garreth said obediently.

After helping him into the car, Elise wanted to leave because she knew that artists usually didn't really like to be in contact with strangers in order to avoid a scandal or be held accountable, and she didn't want to cause him any trouble.

But she was still close by when Garreth glanced at her from behind and called out to her all of a sudden, "Miss!"

Stopping in her tracks, she looked back with a smile. "Is there anything else?"

Garreth bit his lower lip and asked shyly, "Where did you buy the chocolate from?"

As he had an event to attend later and was worried that he would pass out like just now, he wanted to ask for a few more pieces in preparation for that. More importantly, it was really delicious!

“Oh, that. I made those myself as a snack.” Elise opened her bag and passed the remaining pieces of chocolate into his hands. “Take them. If there’s a chance for us to meet again, I’ll give you some more.”

Flashing him a sweet smile, she patted the top of his head, but she did it really gently because she was worried that she might ruin his hairstyle. It’d be nice to have an obedient and polite younger brother, she thought. Moreover, he’s really good-looking.

Then, Garreth said again, “Thanks!”

Concerned that there might be no end to his thanks, Elise quickly left the spot.

Every movement she made was slowed down a few hundred frames in Garreth’s mind as he watched her slender figure. This little miss is just like an angel...

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At the reception desk, Elise told the reception that she would like to meet the general manager of Blitz Entertainment. However, since she didn’t have an appointment, the receptionist told her to wait at the side after making a call.

Soon, a haughty woman came out, and after exchanging a few words with the receptionist, she glanced indifferently at Elise, who was seated at the side.

A few seconds later, she paced over to Elise in her heels and asked arrogantly, “Are you the one who wants to meet our general manager?”

The woman had put on thick eyeshadow and eyeliner, and with a hime-cut hairstyle, she appeared even more stern and capable. Undoubtedly, her strength and pettiness were especially obvious, too.

Standing up, Elise had a smile on her face as she said, “Yes, it’s me. Our company is planning to produce a new variety show. Hence, I wish to speak with Mr. Lowry personally because we would like to sign up a few celebrities from Blitz Entertainment.”

“Personally? Do you think anyone can meet Mr. Lowry?” Indifferently, Hime-Cut crossed her arms across her chest and said smugly, “The variety shows by big companies already have their proposal ready at the planning department. You must be someone from an online variety show that is not affiliated with any company, aren’t you?”

“You can put it that way,” Elise admitted since she was the boss and hadn’t set up a company yet.

“The cheeks of an online variety show to come here and ask for artists. College students are the cheapest labor, and your boss can only afford employees like you. Can he actually afford to pay for the appearance fee of an artist?” Hime-Cut mocked with a snigger.

Although Elise was used to meeting snobbish people, she still had the urge to slap this woman. However, she controlled herself and said politely, “How would you know we can’t afford it without any negotiations? Or does everyone in Blitzzy Entertainment speak to their customers the way you do?”

Rolling her eyes at her, Hime-Cut beckoned outside impatiently. “Hey, you, come over here!”

After the words left her lips, a petite girl trotted over hurriedly. “Did you call me?”

“I’m busy right now, so attend to this customer well for me. Treasure this opportunity and don’t run around like a headless chicken!” Hime-Cut lectured and left.

Amused, Elise thought, What’s up with Blitzzy Entertainment? Their artists are polite and peaceful, but this employee, who is neither in a high nor low position, looks down on people!

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Read Chapter 555 of *Coolest Girl in Town Is This Some Kind of Propaganda?*

“Miss, how about I take you to the reception room and we can chat while we have some tea?” the intern suggested. Elise nodded and followed her into a vacant reception room.

This intern obviously had no status in the company, and everything had to be done by herself. After prompting Elise to have a seat, she hurriedly went out to pour some tea.

However, her action was quick, and she came back within two minutes. “Please have some tea.” The intern spoke politely as she handed over a cup of tea. “Miss, how should I address you?”

“My last name is Sinclair,” Elise replied.

“Alright, Miss Sinclair. My name is Winona Jennings. I’m the executive agent intern of Blitzzy Entertainment, and I will be in charge of your related businesses in the future.” The intern introduced herself.

Elise nodded, indicating that she understood what Winona said.

“Fantastic.” Winona opened the notebook which dangled around her neck, took out a ballpoint pen from her pocket, and continued, “Miss Sinclair, now, do you mind telling

me your business needs? For example: Do you prefer a male or a female artist, and what are the talents of the artists that you care more about?"

While Winona was trying to understand Elise's needs, Elise noticed and immediately thought that she had a professional air around her and that she was someone she could get along with easily.

"How many artists do you have with you now? " Elise suddenly changed her mind and asked meaningfully.

"Me?" Winona raised her head, a little stunned, and she smiled shyly in response. "I'm sorry, Miss Sinclair. I'm still doing my internship, so I'm not qualified enough to manage an artist by myself."

Elise nodded slightly, paused for a moment, and went straight to the point. "I happen to have an artist who lacks an agent. I wonder if you would like to manage her."

Winona's expression froze on her face. "Are you here to poach people...?"

"Don't get me wrong." Elise smiled gently. "Look at me—I certainly can't be a commercial spy. I just so happen to think that we were destined to meet each other."

With that, she paused, took out a business card from her bag, and handed it over. "You can take some time to think about it—there's no rush to answer."

Winona took the business card in her hand and stared at it for a few seconds.

This business card seemed too simple—aside from Elise's name and a mobile phone number, there was not much introduction about herself.

To Winona, this did indeed look like a scam.

To make things worse, Elise didn't explain much, but instead merely waved her hand to signal her to continue.

When Winona saw that, she subconsciously put away the business card in her pocket and started working again.

Even after introducing several artists in a row, Elise still was not satisfied. When she thought back to the boy she met in the parking lot, she asked one more question.

"Garreth Dowrick—is he from Blitzzy as well?"

"You're right! You have great taste, Miss Sinclair." Winona smiled. "Garreth is now Blitzzy's top artist with high popularity, but the company has a special training plan for him, so he won't be signing out for the time being. If you came looking for him, you may have to go home empty-handed."

“Is that so... Then forget it. Let’s stop here today. If I decide to sign it later, I’ll contact you again.” Elise stood up and shook hands with Winona to say goodbye. When she let go of her hand, she deliberately held her hand tighter. “By the way, about the business card, I hope you will think about it.”

Winona smiled lightly. “I will. Thank you for your proposition, Miss Sinclair!”

...

After leaving Blitz Entertainment, Elise drove to the warehouse in the suburban ranch.

“Is it ready?” Elise asked directly.

“Your order is my priority, Boss.” Jacob Zimmer turned to open the incubator, unlocked the lock of the centralized password box, and took out a refrigerated artificial mask.

Although it had no hair, just from the facial features, one could see how well this face was constructed.

Once Jacob put the mask on a mannequin’s face, the mask immediately took shape. Even if the mannequin’s eyes weren’t moving, it still gave people the feeling of it coming alive.

“Impeccable work.” Elise couldn’t help but be amazed.

“Of course. This is a skill handed down from our family’s ancestors,” Jacob said earnestly. “However, though it was imitated according to your skin, it is not 100%. If one were to wear this mask and imitate you, they would have to be with you day and night to completely learn your expressions and charms.”

Elise nodded. “It’s already good—but it could be better, right?”

“Are you still not satisfied?” Jacob thought that his obsession and perfectionism about his work was deep enough, but he didn’t expect Elise to be even more serious than him. “Once someone puts this mask on and even customizes your hairstyle, I am sure that it’ll pass as genuine—except for those who are really close to you, it would be impossible to detect.”

“See? You too said that people close to me may find out. What if that person messes up? The mask would be pointless, then. I want to be safe rather than sorry.” Elise’s expression became much more serious.

Jacob sighed. “Then, I’ll keep working hard. I haven’t done this kind of meticulous work for a long time, so it’s taking a lot more time and work than expected.”

“For a long time? What do you mean?” Elise raised her eyebrows. “Has someone else told you to do the same thing before?”

“Hehe.” Jacob smiled slyly. “That was before you took me in. The privacy of previous clients must still be kept a secret, so please just let me keep them.”

“Whatever. As long as it doesn’t affect my affairs, I’ll pretend not to know about your side jobs,” Elise said calmly.

“Look how understanding my boss is! Just for this, I will happily work forever for you even if I could only take a dead salary from you for the rest of my life,” Jacob uttered with a smile.

“Don’t use these nice words to butter me up—I only look at the results and don’t care about the rest.” Elise took out a card and shoved it into his arms. “Here. Make full use of it if you have to. Spend however much you need, and buy the materials you need to get it done as soon as possible.”

“Don’t you worry. It’ll be done in a month!” Jacob said confidently.

Elise left it at that. After taking another look at the mask Jacob had made of herself, she walked out of the warehouse.

Not long after she drove out, Winona called.

As if she had expected her call, Elise showed a smile. She then pressed the answer button and put it to her ear. “Have you thought it through?”

“Well, yes,” Winona said solemnly. “Pearls are everywhere but not the eyes. I believe that, Miss Sinclair, you are my eyes. I am willing to follow you and take a leap of faith. When do I start?”

Elise pursed her lips and smiled. “Now.”

“No problem,” Winona replied. “So where do I go to report to work?”

“Two months later, I will inform you of the place of work. During this period, I will pay you wages according to Blitzzy Entertainment’s standards. You only need to wait for the news. Also, study the popular marketing cases in the circle. Any questions?” Elise asked.

“Not really...” Winona replied weakly.

“Alright, then. We’ll get in touch again, Winona.”

Before Winona could answer, Elise hung up.

On the other end of the line, Winona looked at the phone screen that was now back to the dialing interface—she was dazed.

Is this a scam?

Can one get paid without even going to work?

Is this some kind of propaganda?

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 556

Read Chapter 556 of Coolest Girl in Town Cooking on a Livestream

Two months after that phone call, a livestream superstar, Flower Scen Mask, began to make the headlines. This bright star became popular through short video platforms, and she became a popular name overnight.

Even so, the public didn't know anything about her except her social media account and knowing that she was a girl. But then, the bright star released group photos with famous artists one after another, and communicated with each other in the video comment area; even some legendary best actors and actresses were in it.

The entire Internet had a meltdown, and speculation about Flower Scen Mask was endless for a while.

The popular topics included: #WholsTheMysteriousNewStar, #TheBirthAndPeakOfANewGenerationStar, and #TheUnpredictableButFirmBackgroundOfFlowerScenMask

At the time the mysterious Flower Scen Mask became a popular topic, a beautiful young man who did not sign a contract with any platform quickly copied her way of gaining popularity and gained a lot of fans. Soon, his popularity was close to hers, and they called him the Beautiful Genius.

On Valentine's Day, the mysterious lyricist and composer H posted on Twitter: 'A shout out to @EliseSinclair! My lovely friend will have a livestream tonight. Everyone is welcome to join!'

Below the post was the livestream link, and the broadcasting time was 7.00PM.

A group of fans clicked on Elise's profile one after another, and when they saw that it was Flower Scen Mask, they immediately linked the two mysterious characters together. Soon, they became as excited as a kid on Christmas morning.

'Is this H's sub-account? Or are you H's sister?'

'I believe whoever is recommended by H will definitely not be bad. I'll follow her first!'

'I'm waiting for you. Pretty streamer, please show H during the livestream!'

'Seconded. The doctor said that I only have a few more days to live, and my wish before dying is to see my idol with my own eyes. I hope someone will convey this message to her on my behalf!'

'Yo, isn't that moral blackmailing? Don't care about them, H. Come sneak into my arms. I love you!'

Most of the comments were made by fans of H, and the nasty remarks of a small number of Internet trolls were almost buried by their friendly comments.

Winona was reading all of them while guarding the iPad when she received a call from Elise, asking her to go to work.

After staying at home for so long, Winona, who was about to grow mold, put down the phone and started to get ready.

After two hours.

Winona stood outside the door of the indigo aluminum art gate and was shocked by the noble and luxurious villa inside the gate.

It had a European aristocratic-style exterior building design, with its door directly opposite to the musical fountain, and the houses stretched for several miles. At first glance, it looked like a top aristocratic school.

Winona had never set foot in such a posh place before.

Soon, the electric door opened, and Winona walked toward the entrance door in a trance. Ahead of her was Elise standing at the door waiting for her, smiling and reserved.

"Hi, Winona. I officially welcome you to work." Elise hugged her gently.

"Thank you!" Still immersed in the beauty of the manor, Winona quietly exhaled before she mustered her courage and said to Elise, "Miss Sinclair, to be honest, I noticed that you had an extraordinary temperament that day, but I didn't expect you to be so rich..."

"Me?" Elise smiled. "You misunderstood. This is H's house, and I just borrowed it for use."

“Oh... is that so?” Winona nodded, and then immediately widened her eyes sharply after speaking. “W-What did you say? H? Are we talking about the same H? Elise Sinclair... So, the Elise that H mentioned on Twitter was you? Flower Scen Mask?”

Elise shrugged her shoulders. “Well, you will be my manager from now on, so there is nothing to hide from you. Yes, it is indeed me.”

“Gosh!” Winona shouted while looking at Elise. Unable to close her mouth from the excitement, she said in disbelief, “So, I am going to become the manager of H’s good friend, the new generation livestream star? I’m not dreaming, right? This must be heaven, and I must be dreaming!”

As she said that, she slapped her face twice hard.

“Ouch, it hurts! Oh, my God! It’s real!” Winona was stunned in place, but quickly reacted. Then, she looked up at Elise and said with uncertainty, “But, why me? I don’t know anything, and I haven’t even completed my internship. What if I can’t manage your work properly and fail?”

When Elise heard that, she felt both amused and helpless. “I always trust the person in position. Like I said, I felt a connection with you, so I chose you. That’s the reason. Also, it’s not good to say something depressing before you even start.”

Winona instinctively covered her mouth, and then quickly apologized. “I’m sorry. I won’t do it in the future. I will try my best, Miss Sinclair!”

Elise smiled. “I trust you. Come on, don’t just stand there. Come in. It’s time for my first livestream later—you should do fine as the camerawoman, right?”

“Not a problem.” Winona was full of confidence. “But what is the theme of our livestream?”

“Well...” Elise thought about it for a while, but had no idea. “I haven’t thought about it just yet. Anyway, have you eaten? Why don’t I make something to eat, and let’s think while we eat?”

Winona’s eyes widened, “Sorry, Miss Sinclair. I lied. I still have some shortcomings, I—ahem—can’t cook.”

“I never intended to let you cook in the first place. You are a guest, so just wait and eat.” Elise walked into the kitchen, opened the refrigerator, and asked casually, “Should I just make some dumplings?”

“I’m not picky.” Winona and Elise were about the same age, so there was no sense of distance. In addition, Elise was easy to get along with, so Winona went directly to the marble table and waited.

After sitting for a while, Winona had an idea and suggested, "Isn't cooking a good material for livestream, Miss Sinclair? Let's broadcast this. How about it?"

Winona had watched a lot of videos of making dumplings. Wasn't it just wrapping the stuffing in the dough and pinching it together? Plus, they could be eaten straight when they were cooked, and they were not difficult to make. Even if it was broadcasted, it should not attract the attention of any Internet trolls.

Even if it did, at that point, they could all be counted as marketing.

"Okay." Elise was about to pour the flour, and she thought about it for a while, then went over to pick up the mask. "Then, let me put my mask on first. I don't want to show my face too soon."

After Elise put on her mask and Winona adjusted the camera, they used Elise's Twitter account to start a livestream.

Because it was half an hour earlier than the agreed time, there were only a dozen or so spectators pouring in.

"Good evening, everyone. Today is Miss Elise's first livestream. She will simply make dinner for everyone. Everyone, please like and share the livestream! Miss Sinclair, wait. Interact with the audience before we start!"

Elise smiled and squinted. She then put down the salad bowl with flour and waved to the camera. "Good evening! I hope you guys eat well, okay? Today, I will be making some dumplings."

After speaking, she found that she was able to read the viewer's comments in the livestream chat box, so she bent down to take a closer look.

But what the audience behind the camera saw was her big steamy eyes and luscious long eyelashes.

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 557

Read Chapter 557 of Coolest Girl in Town Women Are So Cheap

Immediately, the comments shown on the livestream chat room flew by quickly. 'Oh, my God! Such big eyes! How many grapes does one have to eat to get those?'

"Breaking news: I have found a lash fairy! 'Damn. Just half of her face is already so beautiful. I really want to see what she looks like when she takes off her mask!'

'I would do anything for you to show your face!' These netizens are pretty cute, huh? Elise thought.

After reading the comments, she went back and continued the introduction. “Dumplings are not difficult to make at all. They are divided into three steps: Rolling the dough, adjusting the fillings, and wrapping the dumplings. The fillings can be adjusted according to personal taste, and there are no special ingredients. Today, I only used some sea shrimp and beef.”

The shrimp and beef were all pre-prepared—Elise simply put some seasonings, put it aside to marinate, and started kneading the dough.

“Use a small amount of water, add them in separately, make it into a cotton-like texture, and then you can vigorously knead it into a dough.”

Winona was nervous. What Elise said was prudent; it really seemed like she knew how to cook.

Could it be that she really knows how to cook? No way... She’s rich, good looking, knows so many celebrities, and she can even cook? Didn’t they say that God is fair and would close a window on even the best people? So, which window of Elise’s did He close in the end?

As Winona was drowned in her thoughts, Elise had already used a rolling pin to roll out the dough layer by layer, repeated several times, cut off the excess corners, and made a stack of neat dough.

“How amazing...” Winona sighed in a low voice. After all, she herself would only make a mess in the kitchen, especially when it involved flour and water.

But after Elise’s hard work, the kitchen counter was still clean.

Elise put the filling in front of the camera and started wrapping the dumplings.

The audience watching the livestream gulped respectively.

‘You have to be responsible for making me hungry...’

‘Those shrimps are too big to be wrapped in dumplings. Send them to me and I will help you get rid of them for free!’

‘Is it too late to say that I want some now?’

Winona kept staring at the comment section, thinking that it was going well, but the Internet trolls did not let her go.

‘What are you pretending for? You don’t even dare to show your face—you must be ugly.’

'How many staff do you have behind the scenes? After using flour and tossing for so long, the countertop is still clean. Please don't treat the viewers as fools!'

'You have shrimp and beef, yet you still said you had no ingredients? Talk about showing off, haha!'

Winona was so angry that her face immediately turned red.

Although she was new to these, she also knew to protect her artist. Besides, Elise was not ugly. Even if she was, she did cook the food by herself, and the whole process was broadcasted live. How could they even troll about that?

Internet trolls really had no limits!

She was thinking about whether to change to a sub-account and go into the livestream chat room to fight the trolls, but the doorbell rang.

"I'm a little busy. Winona, can you go and open the door for me?" Elise said.

"Okay." Winona then calmed herself down and trotted over to open the door.

As soon as she opened the door, she saw a tall and mature man. She then raised her head and looked up at him. "Who are you looking for?"

"I'm Elise's friend." The man said.

"Oh, then please come in." Winona brought the person in directly.

"Who is it?" Elise looked over to the sound of footsteps, and when she saw Kenneth's face, she subconsciously frowned.

Alexander met her gaze and hooked his lips slyly.

Before entering the door, he used the front camera of his mobile phone to check Kenneth's face and rang the doorbell after confirming that it looked fine. Now that he saw Elise's expression, he was completely relieved.

After a short pause, he walked over and stopped beside Elise. As he looked down at the dumplings on the table, he joked, "You know I like dumplings, so you made them specially for me?"

The audience in the livestream were blowing up.

Of course, the trolls didn't miss any chance to spread rumors.

'Surely enough, this must be her sugar daddy!'

'I knew it—how can a woman who looks so young afford such a high-end kitchen!'

'Women are so cheap!'

But most of the audience paid more attention to Kenneth's appearance.

'This man... How can he be so handsome?'

'How does the saying go again? Men in their forties are like flowers in bloom. Hottie, can I pick your flower?'

'Damn, I approve of this man's appearance!'

'Sure enough, good-looking people hang out together.'

Elise and Kenneth didn't pay attention to these.

"What are you doing here?" Elise's tone was cold, and her movements of wrapping the dumplings slowed down.

For the past two months, she had avoided most socializing, and had basically never met Kenneth. She originally thought that those things would fade away, but now that he came to her door, she realized that it was her whimsical and simplistic thinking.

Kenneth leaned on the kitchen counter as he rested one hand on the edge of the marble, and his fingertips tapped on and off.

"I'm here to sign you." Kenneth smiled faintly. "I can give you the best resources in the country, so that you don't have to use the popularity of those past stars to promote yourself."

"No need," Elise said lightly without even looking at him. "I already have an agent."

"Who is it? How are they faster than me?" Kenneth was slightly surprised.

"It's me." Winona raised her hand weakly. "Hehe..."

Kenneth raised his eyes to look at her, then quickly retracted his gaze. He began to lower his eyes and immersed himself in his own thoughts.

At first glance, this girl looked like she had just graduated, and she didn't seem to have anything it took to become an agent. It was obviously unreliable for her to manage Elise's entertainment career.

But since she was the one chosen by Elise, he naturally had to respect her decision. Hence, he could only get people to keep an eye on them.

“Then, let’s just pretend I’m here to eat.” Kenneth quickly adjusted his expression, walked to the high stool next to him, and sat down. With one hand on the counter supporting his chin, he stared at Elise like a madman in love. “How can I not eat the dumplings you made for me?”

Winona pouted. How narcissistic.

Elise acted like she didn’t hear him, and after wrapping the last two dumplings, she started to boil the water and put all the dumplings into the pot skillfully.

After adjusting the seasoning and waiting for a few more minutes, two bowls of dumplings were ready.

Kenneth took off his jacket, ready to eat.

As a result, Elise pushed one of the bowls to Winona and the other bowl in front of herself without any intention of giving any to him.

Kenneth bent his knuckles reluctantly and tapped on the table. “Hello, Miss Sinclair, is this how you treat guests?”

Elise raised her head, and Kenneth thought that she had found her conscience again, but in the next second, he heard her remind Winona in a soft voice, “It’s a little hot. Blow on it a little before eating.”

Kenneth smiled bitterly as he was dumbfounded. “What did I ever do to you?”

When the audience in the livestream saw this scene, they couldn’t sit still anymore.

‘Ahhh! Elise is so cool! I love her!’

‘The man looks very cold, yet I didn’t expect him to be so annoying. Give it up, man. The beauty is a woman you can never get!’

‘Hmph, ugly people are always doing the weirdest things! Isn’t she just playing hard-to-get? How disgusting!’

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 558

Read Chapter 558 of Coolest Girl in Town Let My Man Show His Face!

“Thanks, Miss Sinclair!” Winona smiled with curved eyes. She blew the heat off and picked up her spoon. Oh, I can’t wait to dig into this bowl of goodness! Then, she eagerly scoop a dumpling and put it into her mouth.

Winona knew the taste of the dumpling soup would not be too bad since she had been watching Elise mixing the fillings of these dumplings. And she just so happened to be starving, so she had made up her mind to finish the dumpling soup regardless of how bad it tasted. However, Winona felt her whole body freeze as soon as she put the dumpling into her mouth.

About half a minute later, Winona, whose pupils were dilated and stayed statistically still, finally came back to her senses. She covered her mouth, and in a trembling voice, she said, "Elise, I hate you! What if I can't find a bowl of dumpling soup as delicious as this ever again? What shall I do then!?"

This is delish! Winona did not expect that such a seemingly simple bowl of dumpling soup would be enough to tingle her taste buds.

How can this be? I'm pretty sure I saw all the detailed steps of her cooking. There's no secret ingredient or recipe, but how can this taste so good?

The skin of the dumplings was as thin as paper and melted in the mouth. The beef was cooked to perfection and the fresh, tender shrimps were seasoned nicely. All these ingredients harmonized with each other and formed this bowl of goodness.

As soon as she finished saying that, Winona snuffled her nose and did not even bother with the livestream anymore. One spoonful after another, she kept eating the dumplings.

Since Winona was born naturally with chubby cheeks, her cheeks would puff up as she ate. Her eating demeanor looked more appetizing than some mukbangers from the mukbang videos. Moreover, it was just in time for dinner. Tempted by Winona's eating demeanor, the livestream's viewers instantaneously clicked on the purchase button in the application, searching for dumpling soup.

Kenneth looked hungry, and his eyes fell on Winona with malicious intent, just like the big bad wolf found the little white rabbit.

As if she could feel her sixth sense tingling, Winona raised her head, and her eyes instantly met with Kenneth's waggish eyes.

After swallowing the dumpling in her mouth, Winona asked blankly, "What? Is there something on my face?"

"Don't you know good things are meant to be shared?" Kenneth said cheekily.

"Huh? But I've already eaten this..." Winona said in a feeble manner.

"Give it to me, and I'll pay you 100," Kenneth said.

"It's not about the money..." Winona uttered. She simply felt that it was rude of her to offer others the food that she had eaten.

"I'll give you 1,000!" Kenneth calmly increased his offering price.

"N-No..." However, Winona was already feeling slightly tempted. 1,000! That's enough for me to buy that bottle of facial treatment essence I've always wanted.

"10,000!"

"Deal!"

Fearing that Kenneth would go back on his words, Winona immediately pushed her bowl of leftover dumplings along with her spoon to him.

At once, Kenneth transferred 10,000 into Winona's account. Instead of hurriedly digging into the soup, Kenneth simply held the spoon and put on an act.

After Winona gave up on her bowl of dumpling soup, she could only watch from the sidelines, drooling over it.

Upon witnessing this, Elise could not stand much longer. She heaved out a long sigh and offered her own bowl of dumpling soup to Winona. "Hey... I'm not hungry. I haven't eaten mine yet. So, if you don't mind, you can—"

"No! No! I don't mind!"

Without hesitation, Winona reached out and brought the bowl of dumpling soup over to herself before Elise could finish her sentence.

Just as she was about to dig in, a hand suddenly reached over from the side and knocked the spoon out of Winona's grip.

THIS! This was exactly the moment Kenneth had been waiting for.

Immediately upon regaining her senses, Winona noticed the bowl of dumpling soup in front of her had switched back to the one she had eaten before. This made her feel rather inexplicably annoyed. So, she puffed up her cheeks and glared at Kenneth.

Putting the dumpling into his mouth, Kenneth chewed and swallowed it slowly. Then, he said with a half-smile, "Don't be too greedy, little girl. After all, it seems to me that you'd earned yourself a good bargain, considering you get to eat the dumpling soup and earn 10,000 at the same time."

There was a change in Winona's facial demeanor after she heard what Matthew had said. His words sound reasonable. Then, she lowered her head and looked down at the

bowl of dumpling soup. Oh, no! The soup's getting cold! Once again, she quickly started digging in.

"Such a profiteer," Elise, who had kept quiet, said sarcastically.

Pursing his lips, Kenneth gave out a faint smile. He simply kept quiet and acted as if he did not understand the meaning behind Elise's words.

Too indulged in her bowl of dumpling soup, Winona did not even notice the odd atmosphere between these two at all. In just a few mouthfuls, she emptied her bowl. After that, she rubbed her belly and burped with satisfaction.

"Elise, darling! I'm willing to be your manager and work for free for the rest of my life if I can eat this bowl of goodness every day in the future!"

Elise laughed. "We're still on livestream now... Now, all the viewers know it's so easy to please you."

"Huh? Oh! Right, right! I almost forgot!" Winona immediately picked up the leftover professionalism within her. Then, she adjusted the angle of the phone and explained, "Okay! We'll end our livestream for today. Thank you for tuning in, and I hope you guys eat well and have a good rest. Elise... come on over and bid everyone goodbye."

With that, Elise faced the camera and smiled slightly. "Goodbye!"

Winona removed the phone from the stand. Just as she was about to turn off the livestream, someone suddenly constantly rang the doorbell.

The constant ringing of the doorbell soon agitated Winona's nerves. She trotted all the way to the door and opened it.

However, Winona froze out of shock as soon as she saw the person standing outside the door.

"J-Jack Griffith!?"

A user, WolfDisguisedAsSheep, sent a carnival gift via livestream.

WolfDisguisedAsSheep: 'I have sent you money! Let my man show his face!'

Shortly after, the fireworks special effects of the carnival gift sounded.

Only then did Winona snap back to her senses. And in a hurry, she turned off the livestream.

"I-I'm sorry, Jack..." Winona apologized, her voice trembling.

Debuted when he was still a child, Jack had been very popular in the entertainment industry. In addition, his charming appearance and strong acting skill earned him fans of all ages. Besides, he was a valuable asset to his company, and he only participated in shows that had been carefully selected. What have I done? I just accidentally blurted out his identity. Jack must be thinking I'm disrespecting him.

However, Jack did not seem to hear Winona's apologies. He cut off her words. "Elise is inside, right?"

Kept nodding her head, Winona looked at Jack muddle-headed. "Yes."

As a matter of fact, Winona was also a fan of Jack's. I mean... which woman in her right mind wouldn't fall in love with a handsome and talented man like Jack?

Jack walked past Winona and headed into the villa as if it was his own house.

Then, he stopped in the living room. He turned his head and looked into the kitchen with an unreadable facial expression.

Silently trailing after Jack, Winona broke into a cold sweat.

In Winona's impression, Jack was gentle and humble. Even if he was not emitting a gentle aura, he could only be regarded as aloof. However, he was currently shrouded with foul and evil foreboding air. It was as if he would hound on human flesh at any second.

Could it be that he's angry because I called out his name on the livestream without his consent just now?

After putting the utensils that Winona had used into the sink, Elise turned around and saw Jack. She felt a little surprised. "Why are you here? Aren't you supposed to be filming?"

"I think you should know the reason I'm here," Jack said, his tone icy cold.

Elise looked innocent. "I should?"

Why does this conversation sound like a couple's argument?

Upon hearing that, Jack frowned and sighed irritably. "Why didn't you tell me directly that you were doing a livestream? Am I not your friend in your eyes?"

"Oh... you're referring to that?" Elise let out a sigh of relief. With a faint smile, she said, "I never planned to hide it from you. Besides, you're here now, aren't you?"

"Yeah, sure... I'm the last to know about it, that is," Jack mumbled in dissatisfaction.

“Well... I was afraid it would affect your filming schedule, that’s all...” Elise interrupted with a smile. “By the way, have you eaten dinner yet?”

“No...” Jack sighed and stopped giving Elise a hard time. Then, he took off his jacket and put it on the sofa. “Make me a plate of beef stroganoff, and don’t go easy on the seasonings. My taste buds are craving some strong flavors today.”

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 559

Read Chapter 559 of Coolest Girl in Town No Malicious Intentions?

“Okay. Why don’t you have a seat first?” Elise said. Once again, she started getting herself busy in the kitchen. After taking his seat, Jack looked at Elise for a few seconds before slowly shifting his gaze toward Kenneth, who was sitting next to him. Then, he got up from his current seat and slowly moved himself to the seat that Winona had taken moments ago.

In contrast to the peaceful and quiet atmosphere in the villa, the Internet was experiencing a sea of chaos because of that livestream which lasted for less than an hour.

Trending topics of the day included: #FlowerScenMaskLivestream, and #DidFlowerScenMaskRevealHerFace. Like raging flames rocketing into the sky, the netizens engaged in multiple heated discussions.

...

As Winona was busy looking at the livestream’s feedback, the situation over at the dining table next to the kitchen was in tumultuous turbulence.

Jack glanced at Kenneth lightly. Then, he picked up a teacup on the table and poured himself a cup of water. As he poured, he said, “Mr. Bailey... I don’t know if you’re aware of this... But... Elise is my sister-in-law. We’re a family.”

Upon hearing that, Kenneth smiled. “Who said I don’t?”

Jack paused from drinking his water. He moved the cup of water away, and the corners of his mouth formed a vague smile. “No gentleman would commit a mistake on purpose. Besides, I think... some things just needed to be compared in order to know their true values. Taking that bowl of dumpling soup for instance. Mr. Bailey, I can see that you fought hard for that soup. But, if it were my brother or any family members of the Griffiths, Elise would always take the initiative to either offer hers or make an extra portion. It’s just like how she’s making me a plate of beef stroganoff now upon my request.”

Without waiting for Kenneth to reply, Jack added again, "Also, it seems to me that Smith Co. had never once been involved in the entertainment industry before. Perhaps, Mr. Bailey, you may not know the problematic sides of the entertainment industry. In my opinion, any industry is the same, and one can't simply enter as one wishes. Elise is under my care, so you can stop worrying about her from now on."

Kenneth waited until Jack had finished his words. He smiled faintly again, lowered his head, and mumbled, "Thank you for reminding, Jack, but unfortunately, there are many people in this world who are as stubborn as a mule. And sorry... I don't have any past-time activities other than seizing opportunities and getting what I want. As for whether I can do it, it depends on whether I have the ability. Am I not right?"

Despite raising the corners of his mouth, there was no trace of a smile in Jack's eyes. "True. But... I won't give you a chance either."

"Well... I guess it's up to our own capabilities, then," Kenneth said as he tapped on the table. After that, he got up and put on his coat. With his gaze fixating on Jack, he teased Elise. "Miss Sinclair, I've paid for this meal. Shouldn't you be sending me off personally now that I'm ready to leave?"

"Sorry, I have no time for that. You know where the door is," Elise said snappishly.

"Oh, locating the door is an easy task for me, but it sure is tough to locate Clemence," Kenneth said faintly.

Elise's facial expression froze as soon as she heard Clemence's name. And after a while, she turned off the fire and made her way toward the door first. "Hurry up! You're gonna dry up my soup!"

"Alright! Alright!" Kenneth said, his face wearing a mischievous smile. Under Jack's unfriendly gaze, Kenneth trailed after Elise swaggeringly.

Once arriving at the entrance, Elise opened the door and pushed it aside. A distressful look painted across her face as she leaned against the wall. "Did something happen to Clemence?"

"Well, that's not entirely the case," Kenneth replied with a vague smile.

Squinting her eyes, Elise looked up. "Are you tricking me?"

"Why would I?" Kenneth squinted his eyes, signs of bad intentions spotted in his facial expression. "No doubt Clemence is still facing some problems. But... the walls have ears, and it won't be nice if someone overhears our conversation."

"Oh, you mean Jack? He's not an outsider, though." Elise automatically ruled out Winona. How scheming can a fresh graduate get?

Upon hearing that, Kenneth merely shrugged his shoulders. "Humans are unpredictable. How can you be certain that he will not betray you?"

"I understand what you're trying to imply." Elise raised her hand impatiently and interrupted Kenneth. "You're always reasonable. Well then... how about you whisper it to me?"

BINGO! That was what Kenneth had been waiting for. Shortly after those words came out of Elise's mouth, he leaned over to her ear and whispered in a low voice, "There's a chance that the cause for the death of Clemence's husband was not of an unknown mysterious power."

Elise turned to look at Kenneth, looking shocked. "What did you find out?"

With a bright smile on his face, Kenneth said in a pampering tone, "I'm still gathering the evidence. I'll bring it to you as soon as I obtain it."

In a trance, Elise was stunned by Kenneth's bright smile.

Seeing as Elise was still in a brief astonished state, Kenneth immediately seized the opportunity and stole a kiss on Elise's cheek. After that, he ran out speedily.

When Elise snapped back to her senses, she could only feel the flushing heat on her face.

"So... what did you two talk about?" Seeing that Elise still did not head back inside after a long while, Jack immediately came out looking for her.

"Oh, n-nothing!" Elise stuttered. As if afraid that Jack would see through her, she instantly shut the door. Then, she turned around and made her way inside while pushing Jack.

Once they were inside again, the two sat down on a sofa. Jack's facial expression turned serious. "I have decided. I will decline my current drama offer and come over to be a permanent guest on your livestream."

Though flattered, Elise did not wish to alter Jack's life plan. "Honestly, you don't need to take it too seriously. You've seen my livestream today; it's just us playfully jesting around with each other. It means more than enough that you can appear and support me occasionally. Not just me, but my viewers will also feel that you're overqualified to be a permanent guest on my livestream."

Knowing the fact that Elise would not change her mind so easily, Jack decided not to push her further. He paused for a while, then he calmly mentioned Kenneth. "Is your relationship with Alex going well lately? Has anyone been making things difficult for you

in the midst of planning your variety show? What about Kenneth Bailey? Do you want me to find someone to kick his a*s for you?"

At once, Elise's face blushed as she felt a sense of guilty conscience when she heard Kenneth's name being mentioned.

Noticing the blush on Elise's face, Jack spoke before Elise could utter a word. "Great... So, now you're all shy and embarrassed whenever I mention my brother? Has your relationship with Alex truly improved this much?"

"Huh? Haha... y-yeah..." Elise responded with a guilty conscience. Within seconds, she adjusted her expression and said seriously, "You don't have to worry about me. I know what I'm doing. Alex has been very busy recently, so let's not bother him further with these petty matters. I can handle it myself, and besides, I believe Kenneth has no ill intentions toward me."

"No ill intentions, you say?" There was a flash of wickedness dawning on Jack's gentle face. "Only men know how deep his ill intention is."

Although Jack had never experienced the dark rules lying behind the entertainment industry, at least he had heard or witnessed quite a handful of top hidden secrets of the entertainment industry. Elise might not be able to realize it, but being in this industry for years, Jack surely knew what Kenneth was planning.

It doesn't matter even if Kenneth truly loves Elise. He knows she has a fiancé but is still hot-headedly courting her without a sense of boundaries. How is it worth staying associated with such a person?

Upon hearing that, Elise merely raised her eyebrows. She did not dare to answer Jack.

Clearly, Elise knew what Kenneth was planning. However, this man was surrounded by a dark, dangerous, and mysterious aura. Even I can't seem to escape from Kenneth's grasp. How can I trouble the Griffiths to help me solve this matter?

After being lost in his thoughts for a while, Jack realized that he had slightly lost his temper. So, he adjusted his tone and said again, "Anyway, do watch out for yourself. Maybe I'll ask Ronald to arrange some bodyguards for you and let them guard around the villa."

"Well I shall thank you for your thoughtful suggestion," Elise said. She knew Jack would not take no for an answer. Hence, she accepted his good intentions so as to make him feel at ease.

Elise's reply received a nod from Jack. Then, he turned his head and looked at Winona, who was silently standing next to him. "And you are?"

“M-Me?” Winona pointed at herself with hindsight. Then, she proudly said, “I’m Winona... Winona Jennings.”

“Winona... That’s a unique name.” Jack complimented her. And with a faint smile, he added, “Next time, please don’t simply open the door for any male guests at late hours, alright?”

Upon hearing Jack’s compliment, Winona kept nodding in excitement. “Okay! Okay!” Oh, my gosh! Jack Griffith praised my name! He said it’s unique!

Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 560

Read Chapter 560 of Coolest Girl in Town Last Testimony

Thinking of making hay while the sun shone, Elise initially planned to continue with her livestream the next day. However, the sudden early morning call from Austin interrupted her plan. In the phone call, Austin had requested her to make a trip over to the Anderson Residence.

Austin was sitting on a sofa in the villa’s main hall, and standing behind the sofa was Faye. Just then, Russell brought a group of old and pot-bellied men into the villa and gathered around a coffee table.

Austin had introduced these people to Elise before at the banquet that the Anderson Family had thrown her as a sign of recognizing her as a member of the family. Thus, she knew exactly who they were. These were the elders of the Anderson Family, and they had their foothold in any matters regarding the family.

Sensing that the atmosphere in the main hall was tense and solemn, Elise knew conflicts were about to take place at any moment. Needless to say, somebody from this family had once again organized such a meeting to set her up. Seriously? Another trap? Why am I not surprised?

At first, she wanted to solve the matter at hand first and let Faye go for the time being. But since they had shown their very presence in front of her, she wanted to see what schemes they had up their sleeves.

“For what reason did you summon me over? Please cut straight to the point! I’m in a hurry,” Elise said, neither overbearing nor self-effacing.

With his head tilted, Austin glanced at Elise. Then, he turned around and heaved out a heavy sigh, his voice glazed with hidden anger. “You have committed a grave mistake yet dare act righteously here? Is this how the two elders of the Sinclairs taught you about respecting others?”

“They raised me with all their heart and might. Say, Mr. Anderson, I wonder where you got the confidence from to criticize their efforts.” Elise’s tone instantly became colder than ice.

People can talk sh*t about me, but I won’t let anyone talk sh*t about grandpa and grandma!

“I know! I know I didn’t fulfill my responsibility as a father and educate you. It’s my fault for not teaching you well!” Austin was heartbroken. Suddenly, he slammed his hand on the table loudly with agitation. “But I didn’t teach you to mutilate your siblings and harm your kinfolks!”

“Heh...” Elise unknowingly sneered. Then, she said in a sarcastic manner, “Yeah, it’s true you never taught me all those. But, that doesn’t mean you never taught others. Otherwise, how would Faye master this knowledge fairly well?”

“Elise...” Faye felt wronged. “It’s alright if one makes a mistake and admits to it, but repeating the same mistake is unforgivable. Stop being so hard-headed. Threatening us will only add to your sins! Father and our uncles will still forgive you if you confess now!”

Upon seeing this, Elise merely crossed her arms in front of her chest. She stared at Faye’s dramatic act with interest. Since you like acting so much, how about I send you over to Africa? You can sing and act for the orphans who have lost their homes.

“Then tell me... What is it that I should confess about?” Elise said calmly.

“Here! See for yourself!” Austin suddenly got up and threw a piece of paper in front of Elise.

Enduring her temper, Elise bent over to pick up the piece of paper. Then, she raised her eyebrows subconsciously as she saw the words ‘Last Testimony’ written on the paper and sneered, “Wow! What poor penmanship.”

Upon hearing that, Austin closed his eyes in disappointment. “The person is dead, and all you can say is that!? I’m truly disappointed in you!”

“Where did you get so much disappointment from?” Elise refuted lightly before continuing to read the content in the paper.

One glance was enough for Elise to realize that it was a letter of accusation. The writer of this letter ‘accused’ her of plotting and framing Faye, making Faye wear a red dress. Not only did that humiliate Faye in front of the Saunders Family, but it also almost became the ‘evidence’ of Faye being a murderer.

The content of the letter was as such: I swear on the lives of my entire family that everything I have written is true. Mr. Anderson and Miss Faye have always been kind to

me. But, I can't believe I actually did such unrighteous and unfaithful things toward them. I don't deserve to continue living in this world. All I hope for now is that the truth will be unveiled. Miss Faye is innocent, and I hope that the Anderson Family will no longer be manipulated by such a scheming person. Sincerely, XX.

As she was reading, Elise thought to herself, No wonder Austin had such a big reaction. Well, it seems like the person who left this suicide note in an attempt to frame me is already dead.

At that moment, Elise laughed sarcastically as she recalled the incident regarding Charlene back then.

Am I really that utterly charming? If not, then why would all these people be sacrificing themselves and risking their lives just to bring me down?

Back then, it was just her friends who falsely accused her. However, today was different. Austin was her biological father! Why isn't anyone siding with me despite seeing that so-called irrefutable proof?

The thought of that sent a chill of disappointment down Elise's spine. At that moment, she felt that the world was ridiculous and hypocritical.

Then, Elise held up the suicide note. She looked at Austin and the elders of the Anderson Family with a calm expression. "You're going to convict me based on this mere letter?"

"Are you saying that the maid took her life in order to frame you? If that's the case, Miss Yoona, perhaps you should also reflect on yourself. Why would you be hated so much by all those you have come across?"

Sitting in a corner of the hall, a man with a large head and big ears deliberately taunted.

Upon hearing that, Elise glared at him with an icy cold expression. The man immediately shrank his neck again. Acting like a tortoise with a shriveled head, he cowardly avoided Elise's icy glare.

"Yoona's right. There's something strange about this matter, and we can't blindly believe that Yoona is at fault. Perhaps, it's an outsider who is deliberately using this incident to sow discord among us. After all, the Anderson Family will soon cooperate with Smith Co., so I'm sure there are many others out there who are green with envy." Russell, who had not spoken, suddenly stood up to interrupt.

"But, we can't pretend as if this never happened. I'm sure there must be a solution for this. If this matter gets out of hand, it will definitely have an impact on the Anderson Family. Moreover, the servant is from the countryside, and you all know how the people

from the countryside act. Once they find out about the suicide note, I'm afraid they won't let Yoona go..."

Without a trace of excitement in her eyes, Elise looked at him indifferently. Hah! This guy has always banded together with Faye. So, what good intentions can he possibly have?

"Oh, stop beating around the bush. I know what you want to say. What you meant to say was there is no other way to quell this matter other than to deal with me," Elise said. Her words pierced through Russell's hypocrisy sharply.

Some people were simply known to have a glib tongue. Others would think he or she was a good person after they heard his or her words. However, they were not aware that such people often used charming words as a way to harm people imperceptibly.

Looking embarrassed, Russell smacked his lips and did not dare to answer anymore. I'm here to be the peacemaker today. I'm not the main character—Elise is. I guess there's no need for me to get myself into trouble.

"Well, in my opinion, such a malevolent person isn't suitable to land a job in the company," someone suggested.

At once, the rest of the people in the hall agreed.

"Yes, that's right. Earning profit is a small matter, but we can't risk the company's reputation. Right now, we can still cover up this matter. But, if Miss Yoona is really allowed to join the company, it will become a scandal that will impact the entire Anderson Family when someone uncovers it. By that time, not even us can control the damage."

"Yes, it is better to seek stability than to seek wealth..."

They spoke one after another, and everyone quickly reached a consensus. Then, they looked at Austin tacitly and waited for him to make a decision.

Pressured by those stares, Austin closed his eyes, feeling helpless. "Since this is the case, Yoona, we won't be considering letting you join the company starting from today."

After a brief silence, Elise's boisterous laughter resounded throughout the main hall.

"HAHAHA! Well! Very well! I, Elise, swore that I would never compromise for the second time. The accusations I received in the Anderson Family today will be repaid tenfold in the future! Mark my words!"

Enraged, Elise threw the suicide note onto the ground and left. Then, she kept driving until the day turned dark. Once the day darkened, she returned to the villa, feeling exhausted.

Ding-dong... After ringing the doorbell, Elise stood outside the door, looking dispirited.

Without delay, the door opened from the inside. Elise subconsciously moved her feet and wanted to enter the house. However, her tracks were halted by a broad-shouldered unfamiliar figure in front of her.

“You are?”

“You’re Elise? Elise Sinclair?”

Both parties asked simultaneously.