

Cooler Girl in Town Chapter 695

You Had It Easy

Alexander glanced at Madeline coldly, causing her to lower her head guiltily.

He wrapped a long arm around Elise's waist to pull her into a hug while looking at the reporters with hostility. "I am here with my fiancée to have some fun, but all of you just had to disturb us. It's so annoying."

Alexander looked around and paused at the reporter who had just questioned Elise. Then, he reached out to hold the reporter's lanyard and roughly glanced at it. "Comet Weekly, right? You will have a legal notice."

After that, Alexander looked at the others and raised his voice. "If you want to lose your job, you can stay here. I will not hesitate to bring you down!"

As soon as these words came out, the paparazzi were so frightened that their legs turned soft and they quickly ran away. Within ten seconds, they disappeared.

"We're so sorry!" The staff was worried about being held accountable and kept apologizing. "It's all our fault; we're sorry."

"Alright, alright. You don't have to say it anymore. You can leave now. I'll call you if I need help." Alexander waved his hand and dismissed the staff.

The staff was discerning and she knew they were about to discuss something in private, so she hurriedly went down.

When she left, Alexander looked at Madeline again with impatience and anger.

Madeline opened her mouth and tried to explain, "Alex—"

However, Alexander didn't give her a chance to speak. "I'm so disappointed in you. I know you don't like her, but you can't slander her this way! You are disregarding my dignity too!"

"I'm not!" Madeline tried to argue. "I came here because I wanted to help you."

"Say no more." Alexander's attitude was harsh and his tone was cold. "From today onward, you will only have three sons. I am not your son anymore."

After that, he dragged Elise into the room and slammed the door shut.

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Madeline tried to follow them in and almost hit her nose. She raised her hand, wanting to knock on the door, but she lost the courage to do it halfway.

No matter how she spoke ill of Elise before, Alexander never yelled at her like that.

The look of disgust and disappointment from him earlier deeply hurt Madeline's heart.

I was just being kind; why did this happen?

Madeline was getting sadder the more she thought about it. In the end, she sighed and looked at the tightly shut door. She then turned around and left in despair.

In the room, Alexander and Elise were back to the previous calm atmosphere.

Looking at the clasped hands, Alexander looked at Elise with love and said softly, "You're not mad, are you?"

Elise blinked. As if being reminded, she suddenly pulled her hand away, turned around, and said coldly, "What if I am angry at you and don't accept your double life? What are you going to do?"

Alexander's mood went up and down like a roller coaster. Then, he resisted the sadness and replied, "I will leave you alone as you wish, but I will still protect you from a distance and not disturb you."

"You really are open-minded, aren't you?" Elise said indifferently, "You will leave if I don't accept you, which means your love for me is not strong enough."

Alexander frowned upon hearing that.

I really do love her more than my life and the whole universe. However, my love will be meaningless if she does not accept me.

I must suffer the consequences since I'm the one who lied. Those so-called explanations are just excuses.

He was silent and not refuting.

If they had to break up, Alexander would rather it be peaceful. He wanted to maintain a gentle impression of Elise until the very end.

Unable to get Alexander's response, Elise raised her eyebrows and turned back to look at him curiously. "Aren't you going to fight for me?"

Alexander's heart was bleeding, and his brain seemed to stop. At that point, he couldn't utter a single word. After a long time, he finally forced out through gritted teeth, "I love you, but you're free. I will let you go if staying with you makes you unhappy."

Elise had a faint smile on her face and she stared at him with a look of relief.

This is Alexander, all right. From the moment when we started dating, he always puts my feelings first. He didn't mind being sad and lonely.

"Won't you be sad if I am gone?" Elise asked jokingly. "Won't you have a sleepless night? Will you secretly hide and cry? Will you lose sleep because you miss me?"

"I will," Alexander choked out.

Elise couldn't put up with the pretense anymore. Then, she walked over to Alexander. Standing on her toes, she wrapped her arms around his neck and hung onto him.

At that point, Elise looked utterly like a koala.

Alexander was overwhelmed by this, and he used all his strength to hug onto her.

He gave her a chance to leave. Since she didn't leave, he would never let her go.

His obsidian-colored eyes were soaked with tears, but he felt happy at the same time.

"Remember that time you found out that I'm Sare? Now that we are even, no one is allowed to mention this again," Elise said.

Alexander laughed in response. He then stroked her head and complained, "I didn't know you hold a grudge. What a shocker."

"Serves you right. You were so mad in the past." Elise snarled, "You were mad at me for a night, but I was only mad at you for a few minutes! You had it easy."

"Yes, my honey is always right," Alexander said dotingly.

Elise smiled contentedly and hugged him tighter. "Alexander and Kenneth are the same people. Fortunately, I didn't love the wrong person and didn't fall in love with anyone else."

Alexander smiled lightly. "Maybe our hearts are so small we can only accommodate one person."

Elise didn't refute and just enjoyed the moment quietly.

After a while, she suddenly let go and got off Alexander. She remembered Madeline's expression and said thoughtfully, "I don't think your mom hired those reporters. I made a wrong assumption as they appeared at the same time. What should I do? I think I have misunderstood her."

Madeline cared about pride the most, so she wouldn't hire the reporters to expose the scandal.

Alexander thought for a while and raised his hand to comb through Elise's hair. "It's alright. Let her experience what it's like to be misunderstood. Otherwise, she will never know how evil these groundless suspicions and accusations are."

Although Alexander felt a little guilty saying those ruthless words to Madeline, he couldn't tolerate her hurting Elise all the time.

Everyone should grow up. So, Madeline should suffer and learn how to be a qualified elder.

Elise mulled over this for a while. Madeline would not relent if there was no consequence, so let her be. Otherwise, she would fight whenever she liked and there would be no peaceful day. Hence, she silently agreed to Alexander's approach.

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Coollest Girl in Town Chapter 696

Set a Password

At the same time, Tiana was sitting on a sofa in a boudoir. She had lit a fragrance candle and was currently holding a goblet as she put on a facemask, enjoying the view of the moon.

Now is the time when the paparazzi will catch Elise and Kenneth in bed.

Imagining a panicked Elise, Tiana was delighted as she raised her head and drank the wine in the glass.

A phone rang abruptly when the mellow aroma of red wine was still lingering on Tiana's tongue.

She picked up the phone unhurriedly. As expected, this call was from her friend, who helped her to spread the news of Elise and Kenneth's rendezvous.

The call must be to thank me for my outstanding contribution to their performance.

"Hello." Tiana leaned against the sofa and put the phone to her ear. "How's the situation?"

When she thought she would hear flatteries, she instead listened to a reporter complain, "Tiana, I have been treating you well, right? How can you deceive me like this? It was Alexander who was in the room instead of Kenneth. Alexander has now sent me a legal notice and threatened to bankrupt my company. You are a menace!"

Clack! Beep, beep, beep...

Before Tiana could explain, the reporter hung up the phone. Most likely, he would not speak to her ever again.

Hearing the tone from the cell phone, Tiana was surprised.

Since I'm young, everyone has treated me with respect. How dare this guy yell at me with such an attitude and hang up on me?

Tiana let out a cold snort at that.

Fine, such a mediocre man shouldn't be friends with someone like me. It's okay to cut off ties with him.

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However, something does not add up.

I clearly saw Kenneth and his staff discussing seeing Elise. I had also investigated that the presidential suite was booked by Kenneth. How could Alexander appear there?

Could it be Kenneth invited Alexander to the room too?

However, Kenneth once publicly proposed to Elise, so he's Alexander's love rival. They should be fighting. Why can three of them stay in a room calmly?

Tiana was puzzled and her good mood disappeared. She tore off the mask and threw it into the trash can before returning to her bedroom.

On the other hand, when Elise and Alexander were about to sleep, they received a call from Julius.

“Boss, I heard you have been tailed by paparazzi today. Are you okay?” Julius asked with concern.

“How do you know about it? Oh—I understand now. Those reporters are still publishing the article because they are not afraid of me.” Elise frowned with anger.

“That’s not true.” Julius explained, “I was browsing Twitter and saw at least a dozen papers are publicly apologizing to you. I was afraid something bad happened to you, so I’m calling you.”

“Hmph!” Elise slightly raised the corners of her lips. “They took the hint. I’m alright. You called just in time. Investigate who hired those paparazzi earlier.”

“I know who without needing to investigate.”

“Who?”

“Tiana Hill,” Julius said indignantly. “One of the editors of those papers is her classmate. They even talked on the phone this afternoon. It’s my fault for not listening to their call; otherwise, you won’t be shamed.”

“It’s her.” Elise thought it was exciting and funny. The woman who used her name to swindle and deceive others was thinking of plotting against Elise.

Elise didn’t care about Tiana, but Tiana came to provoke Elise. Tiana definitely had a death wish.

“Boss, I will avenge you.” Julius was agitated. He wanted to use Tiana as a training bag as he didn’t exercise as much recently.

“No, I will handle Tiana.”

Elise’s principle was to not cause trouble but not to be afraid of risks. If Tiana was plotting against Elise, Elise would not show mercy.

The calligraphy contest would be the downfall of Tiana Hill.

“Okay.” Julius smacked his lips in frustration. Then, he remembered one thing. “By the way, boss, your fake paintings have been circulating abroad recently, and foreigners were the victims. They lost the money and didn’t get the painting.”

“Huh? Copies of my painting?” Elise suddenly became interested. “Have you found the culprit?”

She was famous for her ink painting. It was impossible to copy, but one could emulate the style. To deceive those foreigners, one needed to emulate the style almost perfectly. The culprit was talented, but they had gone astray.

Elise recognized and valued talents. She was eager to talk to the painter that emulated her style.

“I can’t find them. They are hidden and never show up in person.” Julius said, “However, they seem to have entered Cittadel and might be plotting something. I can investigate about them when it happens.”

“Okay, just keep an eye on it.”

“No problem.”

With that, she hung up the call.

At this time, Alexander hugged her from behind. His broad body wrapped her up and he called out to her softly, “Ellie.”

“Yeah? What’s the matter?” Elise clung to him tightly while rubbing her head into his chest, much like a cat would.

“Just wanted to make sure you’re still here.” Alexander let out a long sigh. “I want to make sure that this is not a dream.”

“You dream too much.” Elise nagged, “Where can I go if I’m not with you? We are one. If one of us goes too far, the other will not feel at ease. Neither you nor I can go far.”

Alexander smiled sincerely. He couldn’t agree more with these words.

One said that your world depended on how much one had walked. However, Alexander’s world was centered around Elise. Without her, his whole world would collapse.

“Will you still be Kenneth Bailey in the future?” Elise asked, to which Alexander nodded. “You can save a lot of trouble by being Kenneth Bailey.”

“It’s alright. I can recognize both Kenneth and Alexander,” Elise said with confidence. Then, her expression turned solemn. “Jacob’s database contains my face’s detailed data. If there’s a second me in the future, will you recognize me?”

“Of course.” Alexander did not hesitate and wrapped her hands with his broad palms. “I will always recognize you, no matter if someone is pretending to be you or you changed your face.”

As Elise heard that, she turned and said half-jokingly, "That's touching. However, for safety purposes, let's set a password."

"Hmm?" Alexander was confused. "What password?"

"Kiss me," Elise said with a smile.

"What?" Alexander was stunned.

Is this a password or an order?

"Oh—you're stupid!" Elise grabbed his neck and kissed him.

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Coollest Girl in Town Chapter 697

Give Birth to a Daughter

Elise completely took the initiative for the kiss. As a result, Alexander indulged in it and gave up his control. Soon, their breaths became ragged and heavy.

Alexander instinctively hugged Elise tightly. However, his tongue was fiercely bitten the next second.

The sting instantly spread over his whole body, making him step aside and purse his lips. He looked at Elise with innocence and confusion.

His thoughts were written on his face.

What are you doing?

Elise laughed at his reaction. "This is the password. You must remember it. Those charmers who make your heart flutter are not me. Your lover will hurt you and make you sad."

Alexander looked at her pair of energetic eyes and his heart thumped.

At this moment, Elise was dazzling as she was shrouded in the brilliance of freedom and rebelliousness.

This is Elise I love deeply!

Alexander's chest was surging with heat. He hesitated before he stepped forward to hold Elise's face and kiss her.

Elise was out of breath from the kiss, so she played a prank and bit him again.

Alexander paused, but he quickly followed it with a passionate kiss which raged like a storm. Elise finally surrendered and involuntarily responded to him.

When her mind was dizzy and muddy, Alexander pulled away and he cupped her face with his hands and murmured unsteadily, "Ellie, can we have a daughter? I want a daughter like you."

Elise was already intoxicated. Even if Alexander asked her to pick the stars in the sky, she would agree without hesitation.

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"Okay." She nodded obediently.

Almost immediately, the man picked her up and walked into the bedroom.

Alexander did not let Elise go for the whole night, and it was only when the sun rose that he reluctantly stopped.

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It was the final round of the Calligraphy Contest. Elise appeared in the preliminary round and confirmed that Singer H would be in the final round. In addition, those newspapers which were being sent a legal notice by Alexander were trying to gain forgiveness from him by flattering Elise. So, the interview line-up was unprecedented.

There were a lot of reporters flooding the venue in and out.

One would think there was an international competition being held here.

The contestants who arrived earlier were ordinary people and were not newsworthy. Hence, the reporters were either cleaning the camera or scrolling through their phone as they did nothing.

When Tiana appeared in an haute couture dress, everyone rushed forward.

"Miss Hill, do you think you will be the champion?"

“What do you think about Elise being a finalist?”

“In the last ‘National Goddess’ Contest, you lost to Elise by a shy vote. Do you have anything up your sleeve this time?”

Hearing the last question, Tiana stopped and looked at the reporter as she smiled mockingly. “I don’t know anything about the so-called ‘Goddess Contest’. If a college student doesn’t know about this event, it isn’t an actual national contest. So, it is meaningless to win in this contest.”

That reporter gulped guiltily and he was stunned. Although he was at the frontline, he forgot to ask a hot question.

The reporters on both sides rushed in.

“Miss Hill, do you think you have a good chance of winning this time?”

“Miss Hill, we heard that you’re SQ’s apprentice. Can you reveal some recent news about SQ?”

Tiana kept her cool, ignored them, and directly entered the venue.

Then, Elise saw the news on the way. She was afraid of being entangled with the reporters, so she sneaked into the venue by going through a random side door.

As a result, the reporters didn’t see her enter the venue until the draw, which was why Twitter was trending the keywords ‘Elise Absence From the Finals’ and ‘Elise Suspected Abstention’. It generated much more attention than the calligraphy contest itself.

In the venue, the contestants began to draw lots in an orderly manner to determine their order.

Tiana was a seeded contestant, so she attracted much attention. After the students read their numbers, they all crowded toward Tiana.

“Tiana, what is your number?”

“Yeah, you’re not before me, right?”

“I’m number 22. How about you, Tiana?”

Tiana smiled brightly, raised the numbered ball in her hand and pretended to be sorry. “Sorry! I’m number 21.”

“What?!” The boy turned pale when he heard that. “My score will plummet if I’m right behind you!”

The judges probably won’t even be bothered to give him a score if they had seen the next QH’s work.

This is a live broadcast event. Won’t I be a joke to the nation if this happens?

Thinking of this, the boy was heartbroken. Then, he turned around to the draw and returned his number ball. “I’m leaving.”

The staff recovered the relevant items according to the rules, and the boy left the venue.

The other contestants behind Tiana sighed. They were damned if they left and damned if they didn’t.

If they left, it would seem they were weak-willed.

However, they would only serve as a foil if they stayed. It was a struggle.

Elise was the only one who didn’t care about it and leisurely threw the number 25 ball around.

Some reporters were shooting and live broadcasting in the venue. The organizer limited the number of reporters to keep it within the scope of their control.

At this time, Tiana wouldn’t miss the opportunity to show off.

She haughtily walked toward the so-called strong opponent by the paparazzi—Elise. Tiana took the initiative to help Elise. “Miss Sinclair, why don’t we exchange numbers?”

The contestants after number 12 suddenly lit up. If Tiana and Elise really exchanged their numbers, Tiana would be number 25. There would be another twelve people who could receive standard marks.

However, Tiana didn’t plan to actually exchange with Elise. The former was just pretending.

Cody said Elise’s calligraphy was not qualified to enter the Calligraphy Association. Her skill must be miles apart from mine.

If the judges view my calligraphy before Elise’s, they will understand how bad Elise is.

The viewers will clearly see the gap between Elise and I.

Tiana thought that with Elise's personality, Elise would definitely ignore her. However, Elise unexpectedly answered, "Are you sure?"

Elise looked at Tiana, her gaze meaningful. Although Elise was smiling, a hint of evil flashed in her eyes.

Tiana was horrified when she saw it. However, she had to bite the bullet. "Yes. It will only be fair to the other contestants."

These words immediately attracted the admiration of those contestants who benefited.

"As expected from the best celebrity in Tissote. No one could rival her kindness!"

"Tiana is too considerate! I was thinking it would be shameful if I hit the new low. However, I need not worry about it as the problem is solved."

This was exactly as Tiana expected.

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Cooler Girl in Town Chapter 698

Evil Stepmother?

"Okay." Elise didn't leave any room to discuss and switched the number balls. Then, she left.

Tiana was stunned while holding the number 25 ball. The other contestants cheered, but she couldn't even squeeze out a smile.

Elise likes to have her own way and can't take a hint.

She can go before me, but that will do nothing for her. Every judge knows I am the highlight of this competition. Before my work comes out, all judges will definitely reserve a high score for me.

Elise Sinclair, you won't be happy for long!

Elise wasn't comfortable with Tiana's gaze on her. She was afraid she couldn't control herself and gave Tiana a tight slap or two. Hence, she went to the washroom to hide in peace.

However, after washing her face, Elise heard a low sobbing coming from inside a cubicle.

The crying stopped after a while and the door opened. A short-haired girl in a school uniform came out with red eyes.

The girl was also a contestant. She placed her number ball on the sink and turned on a faucet to wash her face.

Elise glanced at the number. It was number 26, the next one after Tiana.

The girl was strong. After calming down, she took a few deep breaths before the mirror and returned to normal.

However, her phone chose that moment to ring.

She panicked and answered the call, holding the phone to her ears with both hands. "Hello? Mom, no! Please don't send me to the orphanage! I will definitely get into the top three in the Calligraphy Contest. Please, I don't want to leave. Okay. Thank you, Mom. I will bring a prize back home. Thank you!"

Unlike the girl's humble attitude, the person on the other side of the call seemed impatient as she hung up the phone without waiting for the girl to finish her words.

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After ending the call, the girl lowered her head and started to cry again.

Elise couldn't handle seeing the girl crying. Then, the little girl apologized, "I'm sorry. Did I bother you? I didn't mean it. I'll clean up and leave right away."

Seeing that, Elise couldn't let her be, so she took out a tissue and handed it over. "I'm the one who bothered you. Are you okay?"

"Thank you." The girl took the tissue to wipe her tears. "I'm fine."

Elise turned around and leaned on the sink. She placed her hands on the counter, pretending to be casual and relaxed. "No matter which relationship, you must commit to it to make it work. It's the same for parents and children. Parents who don't love their children can't be called parents. You don't have to be sorry."

Hearing that, the girl smiled bitterly. "You've misunderstood. The one I talked to isn't my birth mother, but my stepmother."

Stepmother?

Evil stepmother?

“Then, there’s no need to care for her. She is going to send you to an orphanage! So, why are you here trying hard to win her affection? You don’t need anyone to be alive,” Elise said indignantly.

The girl shook her head sadly. “I can’t leave. If I do, she will ruin what was left by my dad.”

“Your dad—” Elise couldn’t bear to ask her.

“He passed away,” the girl said lightly, but her eyes could not hide the sadness. “My birth mother passed away when I was young. My dad remarried but also unexpectedly died three months ago. Now, there are only my stepmother and me in the house. If I leave, the patrimony of the Mellor Family will be gone!”

“However, you’re just a young girl. Even if you stay, you can’t stop everything.” Although Elise sympathized with the girl, she had to point out the reality.

“At least I can know which properties fall in which hand. In the future, I will definitely take them all back.” The girl’s delicate appearance exuded the greatest energy, and it would definitely move many.

Elise had to admire the girl’s forbearance. Hence, she took the little girl’s hand and put the number 12 ball on it. “Now, you’re number 12. You’re before Tiana. Give your best shot.”

Then, Elise picked up the girl’s number ball. “I’ll take this. Good luck.”

Before the girl could react, Elise walked out.

After a while, the girl chased out and stopped Elise. “Miss Sinclair, my name is Abby Mellor. I will repay your kindness in the future!”

Elise waved her hand without turning her head and continued to walk away leisurely.

Abby held the number ball in her hand, feeling inspired.

Elise and Tiana had attracted much attention among the contestants. The difference between the attention was that Tiana depended on her skill while Elise depended on her fame.

Abby, however, felt that Elise was more than her outstanding appearance and figure.

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Ten minutes had passed since the start time.

However, the organizer had not announced the start of the competition.

More than a dozen prestigious judges had already taken their seats in the judge's seat. Surprisingly, there was an empty seat next to the vice-chairman Andy. The plate on the seat had a name written on it—Lorenzo Forbes.

Although Lorenzo was the chairman of the Tissote Calligraphy Association, he did not show up for years and rarely participated in the calligraphy competition as a judge. The appearance of this name seemed to show that the finals were obviously different from usual.

Under the stage, Cody slightly raised the corners of his lips and proudly smiled as he saw Lorenzo's name.

Mr. Forbes must have seen Tiana's previous calligraphy and wanted to appraise it in person.

Thinking of this, Cody called Tiana, who was preparing for the contest. He then reminded her in a low voice, "The head of the association, Lorenzo Forbes, will come to watch the contest in person. You have to perform well and make me proud. Although Lorenzo is a recluse, he is still the calligrapher with the highest status in the Calligraphy Association. You will naturally be promoted to S-Class if you win his favor."

Tiana looked at Lorenzo's seat solemnly; her eyes gradually darkened and a determined look flashed across her gaze.

As Lorenzo was stuck in traffic on the road, Andy had to start the contest without him.

The contest used a 100-point system.

The first ten contestants had a low score. There were very few who scored more than 80 points.

After all, this was a national-level contest, so the scoring was especially strict.

A calligrapher must pay attention to the use of brushes, delicate strokes, and the distinct personality of the work.

The consecutive low scores made the rest of the contestants break out in cold sweat.

Contestant number 11 took the stage and completed his work in five minutes. Then, the judges appraised his work.

The judges still calmly gave a low score. Andy picked up the pen and put it down. In the end, he looked at the stage with a sharp gaze, then proceeded to blurt out the cold words, "Number 11, you are disqualified. You must leave now."

"What?!" The contestant argued in disbelief, "I must know why I failed despite my skill!"

"Your skill? Do you mean your copying skill?" Andy exuded a strong aura, and it was completely different from his usual kind demeanor.

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