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Coolest Girl in Town Chapter 675 - 676

Chapter 675 The Calligraphy Association's Low-Level Member?

For the sake of fairness, both of them wrote the words 'hard work always pays'. Soon enough, both the old man and the young boy completed their pieces, and they placed their calligraphy writings on the most eye-catching spot in the store. Then, they halved the original price of the item in order to get passersby to purchase it as soon as possible.

A young man walked past them just a few minutes later before purchasing the old man's piece. Then, the old man beamed as he took the cake away from the young boy. "The cake is all mine now," the old man said cockily.

The young boy hung his head low in disappointment before wrapping his arms around himself. He wore a grumpy look on his face—it was clear that he was shocked by the results. Elise pressed her lips into a smile before she walked over to ruffle the young boy's hair. "Hey, old man. Do you think it's right for someone your age to bully a kid?"

The old man stuck his arms behind him to hide the cake. Then, he responded with a slow smirk. "We both agreed to do this, so why would it be inappropriate? You can always try to win the cake back for him if you feel that I didn't win it fair and square." The young boy parted his lips to say something but shut his mouth again after meeting the old man's gaze.

People nowadays enjoy using their seniority to make themselves appear more impressive, Elise thought. He assumes that he has the right to be demanding and arrogant just because he is older. Elise didn't wish to play along with his rules. "Sure. Let's compete against each other again, then."

"Are you serious?" The old man grew excited upon hearing her words. Then, he stroked his white beard as he spoke eccentrically. "If you lose, you'll have to buy two more pieces of the same cake for me."

"I don't mind buying you an entire cake," Elise replied. "Let's do it."

"Yes, let's!" The old man put the cake down before lifting his brush. Then, in one swift motion, the man wrote the word 'perseverance' on a piece of paper. Elise walked over to

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take a good look at it before nodding lightly. “That’s a really smooth stroke,” she commented.

The old man held his head high as he ran his fingers through his beard. “It’s your turn.”

Elise curled her lips into a smile as she picked her calligraphy brush up before writing the same word on a different piece of paper. However, her actions were just as swift. Initially, the old man didn’t pay much attention to Elise, but when he glanced in her direction, he realized that he couldn’t look away after that.

‘Perseverance’ was just a simple word, but the woman’s aura transformed when she picked up the brush. A gust of wind seemed to circle around her figure as she ran the brush across the paper. “I’m done.” The old man was still mesmerized by the woman’s actions even after completing her piece and lowering her brush. Her expression was stiff as she gestured for him to look at her work. His throat felt dry, so he gulped his saliva as he tried to ground himself in the situation.

The moment his gaze landed on the piece of paper, it seemed almost as if he was hypnotized for a moment. He widened his eyes as he stared at her writing. D-Did she write this free-handedly? Her strokes are firm and gentle at the same time, and her lines are so smooth and neat! QH’s presence isn’t even needed anymore!

The man glared at Elise with a look of disbelief. She’s just a young girl—I can’t believe she’s so good at calligraphy. Even at my age, I’m not at her standard yet. On top of that, she’s so good-looking! God’s clearly on her side!

Elise was pleased with his response, and she teased him with a slight smirk on her face. “How’s my writing? Do you think I can get your cake this time?”

The old man returned to his senses after hearing her voice. “Of course. Young lady—I mean, master, I am humbled to meet you. Would it be okay for me to know your name?!”

“Elise Sinclair,” she replied.

“It’s great to meet you, Miss Sinclair,” the old man uttered while nodding thoughtfully. Unfortunately, he couldn’t seem to recall any local calligraphy artists whose last name was Sinclair. But he didn’t overthink that and simply lowered his voice before asking her for a favor. “Miss Sinclair, would it be possible for me to bring your writing over to be displayed at the gallery?”

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“Well... The child’s cake...” Elise raised an eyebrow. She didn’t answer his question. “Oh... I nearly forgot about that.” Finally, the old man seemed to realize something, so he quickly turned around to bring the cake over before handing it to the young boy. “Here you go. You can have half of it, and you can’t tell your mother that I bought this, okay?” he whispered as he bent down to speak to the boy.

“Got it! Thanks, Grandpa!” The boy grinned happily. “Grandpa?” Elise’s eyebrows shot up immediately. “Grandpa? Is he your Grandpa?” she asked the boy.

“Yeah...” the boy replied with a shy smile. Elise shot Alexander a somewhat confused look—she felt rather amused and a little embarrassed at herself. It seemed like she had been too much of a busybody. “I’m sorry,” she uttered with a smile. “I thought—”

“Don’t worry about it, Miss Sinclair.” The old man waved her off before returning to his main point. “I was wondering, Miss Sinclair... Would you be interested in joining Tissote’s Calligraphy Association?”

“I’m already one of the members,” Elise replied with a shrug. “Oh?” Andy Nixon, the old man, was taken aback by her response. Judging by Elise’s skills, she would definitely be at a higher level than the old man, and he was very clear of all the names that were listed above his station. He was confident that Elise’s name wasn’t there. Could she be one of the low-level members who just entered the club this year? That would be a waste of precious resources! How could we keep such a talented person at a low position in the association?

“Why don’t you leave me your contact, Miss Sinclair? Then, I’ll gather a panel of members to reevaluate the level you’re at.” Andy immediately pulled his grandchild’s smartphone out. “Hurry, young boy. I want to get Miss Sinclair’s number!”

Elise felt terrible for rejecting a man who seemed so passionate, so she ended up giving him her contact. However, Alexander could tell that Elise didn’t want to stay there for long, so he found an excuse to get her to leave.

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That night, Andy brought Elise’s writing of the word ‘persevere’ over to the Calligraphy Association’s gallery. Cody and Tiana happened to pass by the area, and they called for the staff members to stop when they saw them opening one of the doors requiring high-level clearance.

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"Hold on," Cody shouted at the staff members before glancing at the package in the staff's hands. "Who sent you guys over? Do you think you guys can just send any random artwork into this area? This is the most guarded section of the gallery!"

"Mr. Andy Nixon was the one who sent this over, Mr. Carlson. He had already checked the item beforehand," the staff member replied politely.

"Did you say that Andy was the one who checked this?" Cody sounded rather intrigued. "Who's the artist?"

"Elise Sinclair," the staff replied. Tiana held her breath for a moment. I can't believe Elise knows Andy, and I can't believe her item received an S-Class rating.

"Why haven't I heard this name in the past?" Cody asked confusedly. "Where did Andy get his student from this time?"

"Miss Elise Sinclair is one of the participants who took part in the Calligraphy Contest, Mr. Carlson." Tiana reminded him intentionally. "But I don't think she's a member of the Calligraphy Association. Of course, my memory might have failed me."

"You're right, Miss Hill," the staff member replied with a smile. "Mr. Nixon said he would arrange for her to enter the association soon."

"Nonsense!" Cody's expression turned stone cold as he spoke in a harsh tone. "Do you think any random stranger can receive an S-Class ranking just like that? She's not even part of the association! Even if she was, her piece shouldn't be allowed to be on an S-Class display. How do you do your job when you can't even differentiate where to place these items?! Take that away right now!"

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Chapter 676 Give Alexander a Mistress

"Well..." The staff member was at a loss for words at that moment. Cody wasn't a man they could mess with, but Andy wasn't someone they could mess with either! One way or another, the staff member would have to offend one of the men. What was he supposed to do?

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“Fine. I know I’m putting you in a tough position by telling you to offend Mr. Nixon. I bet you don’t want to do it. But rules are rules—since this person isn’t a member of the Calligraphy Association, you will have to put the piece aside for now. You can store it somewhere else and take it out to put it in one of the display cabinets once the artist receives her ranking. What do you think?” Tiana tried to come up with a solution.

“That’s right, Miss Hill! That’s the perfect solution! Thank you for that idea!” The staff member nodded before shutting the door to the display cabinet and storing the piece elsewhere. Cody didn’t want to start any further conflicts, so he kept quiet and walked off. After they were a distance away, Cody whispered a reminder into Tiana’s ear. “That old man, Andy, thinks he’s better than me and always tries to step all over me in the association. So, Tiana, you’ll have to defend my reputation in the upcoming Calligraphy Competition. You have to defeat that student of his! What was her name? Elise? Crush her!”

Cody and Andy had never gotten along with one another—everyone in the association knew about it. So, when Tiana didn’t respond to Cody after a long period of silence, Cody stopped in his tracks before turning around to question her. “Tiana? Didn’t you hear what I said?”

She hadn’t been paying attention to his words and only returned to her senses when she heard her name. “What? Oh. Yeah. Don’t worry about it, Mr. Carlson. I’ll definitely try my best.” However, she only said those words to please Cody. Deep down, she had no confidence at all. Previously, when Tiana heard that Elise had gotten into the finals, she had assumed that Elise wouldn’t be a threat to her.

But after hearing that Andy had rated Elise’s work as an S-Class piece, she lost her cool. Something always goes wrong when I encounter Elise. Elise might not be better than me at drawing, but I’m sure her calligraphy skills must be good if she received Andy’s approval. Will this incident be a repeat of what happened during National Goddess? Is Elise going to be a dark horse who overtakes me once more?! No. I have to find a way to win the title as the champion of the Calligraphy Competition. I can’t always be in second place!

...

One morning, Elise was still fast asleep when the sound of a door knock awakened her. She turned around and shoved her head under her sheets to pretend that she couldn’t hear anything. Alexander was the one who got out of bed to open the door. Moments later, she heard his muffled voice. “Mom?”

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Mom? Elise widened her eyes—she no longer felt sleepy at that moment. Whose mom is it? Is it Jeanie, or... Elise pulled her sheets aside and sat upright to see Madeline dressed in a bright-colored outfit.

When Madeline saw Elise's messy hair, she knitted her brows in displeasure. Elise hastily lifted her hand to comb her fingers through her messy hair. "What are you doing here?" Alexander hadn't expected Madeline to show up out of nowhere.

"This is my son's house, isn't it? Can't I be here?" Madeline seemed to have forgotten everything that happened in the past as she stuck her chest up and straightened her figure. "I've already prepared breakfast. Come down and eat with me now." Upon finishing her words, Madeline gave Elise a thoughtful look before turning and heading downstairs.

Alexander shut the door before exchanging glances with Elise. He shrugged with a helpless look on his face. "I'm sorry. I didn't know she would be here. You can continue sleeping—I'll go down on my own," he offered.

"Forget it." Elise sighed as she got out of bed and walked toward the washroom. Her voice was weak as she shuffled her feet. "The ugly daughter-in-law has to meet her mother-in-law eventually. We can't avoid each other forever." After they washed up, Alexander led her downstairs.

They were halfway down the stairs when they saw a slender figure sitting on the couch in the hall. It was a conservative and intellectual-looking woman with glasses resting on her nose's bridge.

The woman stood up when she heard footsteps, and she gave them a bow as her form of greeting. Both Alexander and Elise froze for a moment before they nodded in response. When they got to the dining table, Madeline was already in her seat. Alexander pulled the chair further away from Madeline for Elise to take a seat before he took the spot next to Madeline.

They had just gotten seated when Madeline pulled out a jewelry box from her bag. She pushed it to Alexander with an arrogant look on her face. Alexander was confused by her actions at first, but he opened it to find a jade bracelet that had been passed down from the previous generations of the Griffith Family.

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He curled his lips into a smile before gazing at Elise with a sweet look. "Why are you looking at me like that?" Elise felt rather shy to have him stare at her, and she raised her hand to touch her face. "Is there something on my face?"

Alexander shook his head before speaking in a gentle voice. "Give me your hand, Elise."

She reached her hand out obediently, and Alexander took the bracelet out of the box before slipping it into Elise's wrist. "This is my mother's gift for you. It's our family heirloom that only goes to the eldest son's wife."

Elise was stunned for a moment. Does this mean that Madeline accepts me as her daughter-in-law? Alexander knew what was going on in her mind, so he nodded in response to her. "Aren't you going to thank Mom?"

"Thank you, Mom!" Elise smiled as she spoke in a gentle tone.

There is nothing better than having the two most important women in my life come together, Alexander thought. Elise was happy as long as he was happy—they were both willing to move on from the past.

"Ahem..." Madeline took this opportunity to play her role as the mother-in-law. She cleared her throat before speaking in a stern voice. "You and Alexander may be married, but that doesn't mean that you have successfully obtained the Griffith Family's daughter-in-law role. You're still at school, so you don't know anything about caring for the family. I have sent my friend's daughter over to take care of the house, and you will have to learn from her. You need to know how to care for your husband," she uttered. "Come here, Sofia."

The woman in the hall immediately strode over before standing next to Madeline and smiling at the couple. "Do you remember me, Alexander? We were in the same school through primary and high school." Her admiration toward Alexander was painstakingly obvious.

He simply kept a poker face without responding to her while Elise exhaled air out of her nose to make a scoffing sound. I thought Madeline really changed this time, but it seems like she hasn't given up yet. Is this a new tactic she's trying? Is she trying to get Alexander to have a mistress?

"This is Sofia Hawkins. She used to be a reporter, and she is a double degree Ph.D. graduate. As long as she's here, your family will surely see huge improvements," Madeline

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uttered in a pleasant voice. Alexander was about to reject her offer when Elise spoke up. “Miss Hawkins, you’re so gorgeous and sound like a capable woman. Are you sure you’re willing to be a caretaker in our household?”

“Every household comes with its set of challenges. One’s home needs to be cared for, and it takes a lot of IQ and EQ to handle matters at home. It’s not a simple job,” Sofia beamed after responding calmly. But, of course, her target wasn’t to be a caretaker but to win Alexander over.

She had known Alexander since she was young. If she had returned to the country a little earlier, she would’ve been able to stop Elise from snatching Alexander away. But, this time, Sofia wanted to prove that only a woman as elegant and sophisticated as her had the right to be with Alexander!