

## Read Chapter 551 of Coolest Girl in Town

### 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.

...

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...

...

At the reception desk, Elise told the reception that she would like to meet the general manager of Blitzzy 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 Blitzzy 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 Blitzzy 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?