

Cooler Girl in Town Chapter 671

Turn Against Him

As soon as she stood firm, a voice called out from behind her, "Boss!"

Elise turned and saw Sheldon and Elliot jogging over with a cup of milk tea in their hands.

"It's really you, Boss!" Elliot was always as excited as a monkey, lively and energetic. "Are you here to participate in the e-sports competition?"

"No. I'm sending a friend off."

As soon as Elise finished speaking, Stephanie got out of the car.

She was wearing silver-white glittering heels and an evening gown, which was particularly eye-catching under the light in front of the mall.

Elliot only took one glance before he found that the milk tea in his mouth wasn't as sweet anymore. So, he just stared blankly at her, his eyes unblinking as if his soul had been pried away.

Stephanie nodded politely, greeting Sheldon and Elliot before saying goodbye to Elise. "Elise, I'll take my leave first. We'll have barbecue together next time."

Elliot instantly looked entranced as his heart beat wildly in his chest.

Oh, my god. Even her voice is so sweet. She's my dream girl!

"Okay " Elise reminded, "Take care."

"I will. Goodbye." Stephanie waved, then turned and walked into the mall.

Elliot's gaze moved with her. It wasn't until her figure was completely gone that he let out a long sigh and said with a lamenting expression, "Sheldon, I'm in love."

Sheldon turned and glanced at him. Then, he thought that Elliot was going to take advantage of him again, so he punched him in the stomach. "Be serious!"

"Ow!" Elliot clutched his stomach in pain and shouted, "Sheldon! Are you a sadist?! You punched me just because you disagree! Did I offend you?!"

"That's on you for spewing nonsense." Sheldon took a sip of mint milk tea, not feeling an ounce of guilt.

“What nonsense did I say? Which law prohibits love at first sight?!” Elliot’s eyes widened with resentment. What evil did he do in his previous life to deserve a terrible friend like Sheldon?

Sheldon raised his eyebrows and asked in slight disbelief, “Love at first sight? Who are you in love with?”

“None of your business!” Elliot spat, then turned and gave Elise a cheeky smile. “Hey, Boss, is that girl just now your friend?”

Elise peered at him in amusement. “You want to pursue her?”

Elliot scratched the back of his head embarrassedly. “The graceful maiden is well-suited as a spouse for the nobleman...”

“That’s referring to a gentleman, not a fool.” Sheldon retorted mercilessly.

Elliot glared daggers at him. “Shut up, a*shole!”

“Hmph. I don’t have time to deal with you.” Sheldon arrogantly turned away.

Elliot then looked at Elise with a smile. “Boss, can you give me her number?”

Elise thought about it for a while before agreeing. “Okay.”

Then, she took out her phone and gave Elliot her number.

“Stephanie.” Elliot looked at the name on her WhatsApp profile and smiled sweetly. “What a nice name.”

There was always a sense of nostalgia for young love. Elise couldn’t help but smile when she felt his longing for love.

Alexander got out of the car, then opened the back seat door on the other side and urged, “Ellie, it’s time to go.”

They weren’t allowed to park at the mall entrance for too long.

“Coming.”

Elise bade farewell to Sheldon and Elliot before getting into the car.

Not long after they drove off, Alexander’s low voice sounded in the car. “Are you and Stephanie old friends?”

“Not really,” Elise answered lightly. “Do you remember the food poisoning incident last time? People chased me to the mall, and she rescued me.”

“Hmm.” Alexander nodded slightly, then asked, “Did you paint the ‘Ink Peonies’ in front of her?”

“How’d you know?” Elise blurted out. After asking the question, she came to her senses. With Alexander’s intelligence, it made sense that he guessed it.

She nodded and admitted it, “Yes.”

But this time, Alexander wasn’t as shocked when he previously discovered Elise’s other identities. Instead, he solemnly analyzed the situation. “Then, Stephanie must have guessed that you’re SQ.”

“I told her that I sold fake paintings, so it should’ve fooled her,” Elise said thoughtfully.

Alexander shook his head and stared intently ahead. “Have you forgotten what she said before getting out of the car? She’s already certain of your identity.”

“It doesn’t matter. There’s nothing to hide anyway.” Elise didn’t pay much attention to it.

Alexander didn’t continue, but he was already wary of Stephanie.

She would have pointed out that Elise was SQ if she was certain of it. However, she left things hanging. So, not only did she want Elise to accept her favor, but she even appeared as if she didn’t want anything in return.

Usually, such people had schemes that weren’t as simple as they seemed.

Meanwhile, Stephanie had just walked into the mall. After making sure that the people outside couldn’t see her, she took out her phone and dialed a number.

“I found SQ. You’d never believe it. She’s actually a woman.”

When the call ended, Elliot’s Facebook friend application popped up.

Stephanie wanted to decline, but after taking a look, she saw that he was mutual friends with Elise, so she accepted it.

At almost the same time, Elliot saw the Facebook notification claiming that he had successfully added Stephanie, causing him to yell with excitement as he jumped up and hooked Sheldon’s neck under his armpit. “Yeah! Sheldon, you’re getting a sister-in-law!”

“F*ck! Let me go...”

...

After breaking up with Michelle, Sebastian went to the dormitory building every day to wait for Tiana.

On this day, he finally managed to catch her.

“Tiana!” Sebastian rushed over and stood in front of her, looking both excited and cautious. “Michelle and I have broken up. So let’s be together!”

“Sebastian, what are you talking about?” Tiana looked innocent. “You’ve misunderstood. I’ve always regarded you as a brother. I’ve never thought of you this way.”

“A brother?” The expression on Sebastian’s face froze.

“Yes.” Tiana frowned, looking aggrieved. “I’ve always said that I envy you and Michelle for finding people who truly love each other, and I hoped that I could too. I didn’t expect your relationship to end so quickly. It’s a pity...”

“Heh...” Sebastian sneered incredulously, the corners of his mouth twitching awkwardly. He didn’t know what to say.

So, all those hints Tiana gave before were just him flattering himself?

However, her calling him ‘Seb’ so affectionately couldn’t have been his imagination, right?

Sebastian was clever, so he immediately realized that Tiana was turning against him.

“I know it’s hard for you to cope with the breakup, but at times like this, you should be alone and calm yourself instead of randomly confessing to someone like a headless chicken. I understand how you feel. I will treat today’s incident as if it hadn’t happened. I’ll go back to my room first.” After Tiana finished speaking empathetically, she walked past him and headed for the dormitory building.

“Wait.” Sebastian grabbed her. “Give me back that pin.”

Tiana shook him off, and her expression became cold. “What pin? Isn’t that your gift to me? As a man, isn’t it too impolite of you to want back a gift you gave to a girl?”

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Unable to express his dismay, Sebastian glared at her in disgruntlement with tightened fists, but in the end, he flung his hand and left in a huff.

Tiana stood as she watched with an expressionless face as he walked further and further away before snorting derisively. "Do you think you're even good enough to be my suitor? Dream on."

Even though she had gotten rid of Sebastian, who was a huge nuisance, all sorts of thoughts filled her mind, turning it into a jumbled mess.

The Calligraphy Contest was only a few days away, and there wasn't much time left for her to copy the works of QH. However, until today, she couldn't buy any other pieces by QH because she couldn't find an appropriate reason to ask for such a considerable amount of money from her family.

As she watched his figure disappear into the girl's dorm area, Tiana had a sudden stroke of inspiration. She recalled the anonymous text from earlier, quickly whisked out her phone, and replied, 'Let's speak in person.'

Initially, she was only giving it a shot, but just as she was about to keep her phone away, the other person had already given her an immediate reply.

When she rechecked her messages, there was only an address written in the chat box, which was a high-end coffee house in the business district.

She instantly turned around and left the campus with that destination in mind.

In the late afternoon, around 4:00 P.M., when the coffee house was at its busiest, Tiana walked in and looked around at the entrance so she could spot the person who asked her out.

However, while she was unaware, someone extended their hand to her from the aisle next to her. "Miss Hill, nice to meet you."

She spun her head around and saw that the guy was well-mannered, wearing glasses, and looked very polite. Hence, she let her guard down and shook his hand. "It's a pleasure to meet you, too. How may I address you?"

"Owen Morgan," the man answered.

"Hello, Mr. Morgan," Tiana greeted politely.

"This way, please." After leading her to a table, Owen sat down and asked for the waiter to take their orders. "One American espresso," he said casually.

Tiana couldn't help but peer a little longer at him when she heard his order. In the end, she said to the waiter, "The same for me, please."

"Looks like we have the same tastes, Miss Hill," Owen said, teasing her.

Tiana had to listen to truckloads of flatteries like this every day, and they no longer worked on her. So, she merely smiled faintly and didn't pick up the conversation from there.

After their coffees were served, she took a sip and dove right into the main topic anxiously.

"Since you're a straightforward person, I won't beat about the bush with you as well, Mr. Morgan. I would like to know how you got my private number," she asked her question bluntly in a commanding tone.

Despite that, Owen seemed unaffected as he stirred his coffee leisurely. "Where there's a will, there's a way. Miss Hill, all you need to know is that I'm here to take care of your problems, and I'm your friend, not your foe. That's enough," he said in a relaxed tone.

"I think you have the wrong idea. I came to meet you simply because of curiosity, but I don't have any problems to take care of." She deliberately adopted an arrogant persona as she spoke in a nonchalant tone.

Despite seeing through her act, he didn't bother to point it out and only said ambiguously, "That's for sure. For a talented and beautiful woman such as you, there will always be people around to help you get rid of your problems. I just wonder if I have the honor to be one of them and make an acquaintance with you?"

He paused, took out a checkbook, signed it in front of Tiana, then pushed it to her over the table. "This shows my sincerity," he said with a smile. "Just fill in the amount you need, Miss Hill. I guarantee that any major bank will cash it out for you any time."

A limitless check was exactly what she needed the most right now, and she stared at the check for a full half-minute before snapping back to her senses and looking at Owen warily. "What's the condition?"

She was no fool; in exchange for taking someone else's money, she would have to do something.

However, he only shook his head. "If I can befriend you by spending a little money, to me, there can be no better deal than this. You can be at ease and accept this because I won't ask for anything overboard, Miss Hill."

“Shouldn’t I be the one who should decide whether it’s overboard or not?” Tiana made herself appear dignified by pretending to look down on money. “It’s better if you’ll tell me your conditions first so I can decide if I should go ahead with this deal, Mr. Morgan.”

Owen sighed regretfully. “Alright, since that’s what you insist, I’ll just say that I do have a small request. I have a new game, Apocalypse Strike, and I hope you’ll play the game from the beginning until the end and write me a detailed report of your experience.”

“That’s all?” she asked doubtfully. “Even though I’m slightly more intelligent than your average Joe, my experience in demo gaming is not much compared to those gaming bloggers. So why did you pick me?”

“That’s because you’re very talented,” he answered earnestly. “It’s the game which has chosen you, not me.”

Even though she didn’t know what he meant by that, she took it for granted that this game had a very high threshold and targeted people with high intelligence.

“Alright.” She reached out and picked up the check. “There are no free deals in this world, so I’ll take this as a loan from you, but I’ll still try out the game, and the experience report will be the interest for this loan. Then, once I have my funds, I’ll return the money to you.”

“Oh, there’s no hurry...” Owen picked up his cup and then breathed in the thick aroma within the warm steam as he kept his gaze on Tiana unblinkingly, just like a wolf that had discovered its prey.

Soon, their alliance would have another member again.

...

That night, Julius sent a text to Elise. ‘Boss, Tiana Hill placed another order for your calligraphy work, but we ran out of stock already. If we accept her order, you’ll have to write another one for her.’

What a pain, Elise thought and simply replied, ‘Turn her down.’

The next morning when Elise returned to the courtyard house, she saw Joseph at the computer on the SK Group forum, where someone posted another task with a high reward, and all they needed was QH’s contact details.

She already knew that it was posted by Tiana the moment she saw it. Furthermore, in order to stimulate reception, the reward for this task was five times more than the other similar tasks, and it went to show that Tiana had really thrown in all she had.

Of course, Joseph took an extra look at this type of patron who didn't have a budget, and when he saw the odd look on Elise's face, he teased, "Isn't QH your favorite alphabets? QH... No, wait. I should call you the National Goddess. Could this QH be you as well?"

After working with Elise for more than six months, Joseph had witnessed countless of her identities and was no longer surprised by them. Even if she said she was God himself, he would also believe it—if God was a woman.

Elise avoided the question and changed the topic. "You have a WeChat alias account, don't you? So accept this task and send over that account's profile."

"My profile?" Joseph's eyebrows shot up. "Isn't this fraud? SK can't do something that would damage their image."

"Who would be honest with a person who is full of lies?" Then, she narrowed her eyes and gave his shoulder a hard squeeze. "Don't try my patience, hm?"

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Have You Fallen Out of Love as Well?

Joseph gulped and turned timid in a second. "Okay, I'll do as you say, alright? SK belongs to you, anyway. However, I'm putting up a disclaimer right now that I won't be responsible if it gets a bad reputation."

After that, he accepted Tiana's task using the admin status and sent his WeChat account profile over. Tiana quickly sent him a friend request without wasting even a second.

"What should I do?" Joseph asked, holding up his phone.

Elise took the phone from him, then plopped into the couch next to him and propped up her legs.

Meanwhile, Tiana had spent five million on this task. Then, as she thought that she had found the real QH, she eagerly asked to be an apprentice.

'Sir, I like the calligraphy phrases you created very much, and I wonder if I have the chance to receive some pointers from you?'

After hitting 'Send', she thought her text lacked sincerity, so she added another line. 'If I can be your apprentice, sir, I'm willing to pay tens of millions for your expenditure in your line of work.'

Elise sent her a warning directly as she was sick and tired of dealing with her. 'I don't take any apprentice. Also, just because some things are not exposed for the time being doesn't mean they will remain hidden forever. The only way to prevent people from knowing is to not do it. So, please refrain from doing something that will only harm yourself in the future.'

After she sent the text, she deleted Tiana's contact, tossed the phone into Joseph's hands, and walked out of the room.

The words that appeared on the screen frightened Tiana, and her heart started to race.

What does QH mean by this? Does he already know that I copied his works for the calligraphy contest? But didn't he hide his identity and not bother himself with the world anymore? Who's the one who told him about all of this?

Tiana adjusted her emotions and wanted to quibble, so she typed the words, 'I don't understand what you mean' on her screen before hitting 'Send'. In the end, she saw a red exclamation mark, with two rows of small characters, stating, 'You are not in the receiver's contact list. Please send a friend request before sending a message.'

Stunned, she thought, The contact I bought with five million is gone in less than five minutes?

She felt devastated as she leaned back into the chair and stared at the ceiling in a daze. Initially, she wanted to get some copybooks from QH in the name of being his apprentice, but unexpectedly, she received a warning instead.

Now, QH has struck off this last option as well. What would she use to convince the judges at the last freestyle part of the Calligraphy Contest?

Furthermore, the fact that QH was still alive in this world was akin to a ticking bomb. Once he saw the broadcast of the Calligraphy Contest on TV, it was very likely that he would jump out to expose her. At that time, how would she prove herself, then?

While she was in a trance, the corners of her eyes caught sight of the S-Class badge from the Calligraphy Association, and an idea suddenly popped into her mind.

Although everyone highly sought the font created by QH, the ones made by the S-Class members of the Calligraphy Association were also something that ordinary people could only look forward to. If she could find the owner of this badge, maybe that person would be willing to sell some copybooks for her emergency use.

Just like this, I will end up pleading with Elise Sinclair again, she realized. No, this won't do.

Elise's name was also on the finalist list of the Calligraphy Contest this time. After the experience with the 'National Goddess' contest, almost all netizens in the country were comparing both of them.

At a time like this, she definitely couldn't display her weakness.

It feels like an endless loop. She threw back her head and let out a long sigh. I'm trapped.

After the monthly test, Elise rarely stayed in campus, but she returned to her dorm on this day. When she walked in, Mica had the lights on and was practicing calligraphy at her own desk.

"Oh, you're very serious," Elise said casually. "Did you meet any master calligraphers you like at the Calligraphy Association?"

Mica only kept her head low in silence, and after about half a minute, Elise sensed something amiss when she vaguely heard the soft sounds of sobbing. When she moved closer, she realized that Mica was crying, and the copybook in front of her was soaked with tears. The sharp and well-defined words were now smudged by her tears, looking like black peonies blooming across the pages.

"What happened, Mica?" she asked in concern while handing her a tissue.

Mica bit her lower lip as she sobbed and didn't dare raise her head to meet Elise's eyes. "I'm sorry, Elise. I lost your badge, and I can't find it anywhere."

Elise felt amused when she heard this. "That's it? Don't be sorry. That thing isn't worth much, so don't cry anymore."

Mica sniffled, raised her head, and her eyes were red and puffy. "Elise, Sebastian broke up with me. He said that we're not suited for each other. I'm neither passable as a good girlfriend nor a reliable friend. I'm such a failure."

Then, Elise recalled that Julius had told her that Sebastian had given the badge to Tiana, and she reckoned that their breakup had something to do with Tiana.

It could be considered a blessing to break up with a man who was drooling over another while having his own girlfriend; there was nothing to be sad about.

Still, this was Mica's first love, and Elise didn't want her to discover the ugly truth behind everything. Hence, she kept mum about all of it.

Instead, she said assuringly, “The problem doesn’t lie with you. In relationships, some people make it all the way to marriage, and some couples end up in a breakup. Both of you are fine individuals, but maybe you’re not the best choice for each other. Falling out of love is an inevitable part of life, and you may be in pain, sad, and miserable, but it will be fine as long as you make it through this. Just one thing, though. Don’t look back, okay?”

Nodding her head obediently, Mica asked in a daze, “So, have you fallen out of love before too, Elise?”

Huh? This...

“Yeah,” Elise lied in embarrassment. “I was younger back then, and I didn’t feel much about it, but look at me. I’m living well now, aren’t I? So, don’t worry too much about it. Everything will be alright.”

“Okay, I believe you!” Then, she wiped her tear-streaked face with her hands. “I’ll work hard and enrich myself, so I can be worthy of my Mr. Right in the future.”

“Yes, that’s the way.” Then, Elise patted her shoulder gently, turned to look at the copybook on her desk, and asked, “Look at it this way. Can you feel the mood of this calligrapher when he was writing these words?”

Mica shook her head. “Maybe I’m too dumb. I can only copy some forms, and there’s probably no chance that I can make it similar.”

Elise pursed her lips into a smile, picked up the pen and paper, and walked to her own desk. “Come here, watch me when I write.”

After that, it turned into a session where Elise taught Mica personally, and before leaving the dorm, she even wrote down a verse of Sonnet 18 for Mica to study.

In the meantime, Mica was deeply impressed after seeing her calligraphy skills, and for several days, she was engrossed in practicing her writing.

However, when she walked out of the small white building on Friday, she bumped into Sebastian, and her devastation of falling out of love flooded back to her. She wanted to pretend that she didn’t see him and tried to avoid him, but he stopped her, held her by the hand, and dragged her away.

...

After the variety show event ended, Ronald brought Craig to a lounge backstage. When they walked through the door, Craig saw Jack sitting on the couch, his dominating presence creating a tense atmosphere in the air.

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Choose One Option

Craig timidly walked up to Jack and greeted him politely, "Hello, senior."

"Hold it," Jack interrupted, holding up a finger. "The difference in our profession makes us worlds apart. You can't address me as your senior."

"What are you saying, Mr. Jack? Both of us are making a living in the entertainment industry, and you're a leader in the business for winning the best male actor award. So, I should call you my senior." Craig bowed and spoke in a moderate voice.

"Huh?" Jack's dark eyes were solemn and unreadable as he fixed them on him. "I thought that being a trainee in a talent agency is your side hustle and making women happy is what you're best at, right?"

For any man, it was a humiliation to be a gigolo, let alone being mentioned openly.

In an instant, Craig's expression turned ugly, and his tone became distant as well. "Jack Griffith, what do you mean? What does it have to do with you whether I make women happy or not? Oh, are you jealous that I snagged away your business?"

His words made Jack's face distort into a nasty expression, and the atmosphere between them was unpleasant as they both confronted each other without a hint of backing down from the other.

After a long moment of silence, Jack sprang to his feet suddenly and grabbed Craig by his throat. In a menacing voice, he said, "Do you think all men are jerks like you?"

Craig tried to pry his hand away, but Jack was too strong for him, and he could do nothing to him at all. Soon, his face started to turn blue from suffocation.

When he saw Jack's nonchalant expression, Craig had a sudden vicious thought, and he raised his leg to aim a kick at Jack's lower region.

However, Jack had his guard up against him and swiftly kicked his leg away. Then, he released his grip, lifted his leg, and kicked Craig to the floor.

Craig fell to the ground with a loud thud and felt dizzy from the fall, and half of his body felt pain and numbness simultaneously.

He felt humiliated as he punched the floor and glared at Jack with a tightened jaw. “So what if you won the best actor award? Can you step all over others just because of that? F*ck you!”

When he regained his senses, he scrambled up and lunged at Jack, but Ronald clasped him from behind before he even got close to him.

Tall and well-built, Ronald was built for brute force, and he was usually Jack’s manager and bodyguard. In contrast, Craig was slender and weak. Thus, they were not even in the same league. So, all Craig could do was only swing his limbs around as he shouted.

“F*ck off with your best actor award! You’re nothing but a scum who likes to walk all over others! Just you wait! I’ll get the company to sue you until your reputation is in pieces!”

Jack flicked a piece of lint off his jacket gracefully and said, “Go ahead and give all you’ve got. I’ll be waiting for you.”

“Argh!” He yelled furiously, “Come fight me one-on-one if you have the balls for it!”

A mirthless grin appeared on Jack’s face as he agreed to Craig’s suggestion. “Sure! Ronald, release him.”

“Alrighty!” Ronald let go immediately and retreated next to the door to prevent someone from dashing in to snap pictures or videos.

However, when Craig was free from being restrained, he didn’t attack and merely let out a snort. Then, after he straightened his clothes, he glared ferociously at Jack as though he would lose his temper at a moment’s notice.

Even though he looked fierce, he wasn’t threatening at all.

“I don’t remember stepping on your toes before,” he began, disgruntled. “Why are you doing this to me?”

“That’s a good question.” Jack returned to his seat, crossed his legs, and rested one hand on his knees while another was naturally spread out on the armrest. Then, he idly drummed his fingers against the couch and said, “One thing. Leave Winona, but don’t break her heart. Think of the excuse yourself. All I want is the result.”

“Why should I do that?” Craig blurted. Then, something came into his mind, and he prodded, “Could it be... You’re interested in her?”

“This isn’t something you should know,” Jack said expressionlessly. “Aren’t you dating Winona because she’s Elise Sinclair’s manager, so you wanted to reap some benefits

from her? Now that you've already gotten what you wanted, you should stop while you still can."

"Don't frame me, Jack Griffith! I'm true to Winona. You know nothing of our affairs, so how dare you stick your nose into somewhere you don't belong! Who are you to tell me to leave her?!" he argued, sounding so self-righteous at that moment.

"Of course, I have that right." He smirked, and his gaze was icy. "Elise Sinclair is a good friend, and Winona is working for her. I have to ensure that nothing affects her work, and someone must eliminate a huge, uncertain factor like you."

"Hmph." Craig let out a cold smirk. "What if I don't want to break up with her?"

"You can do that as well," Jack answered casually. "Then, your wish to appear in all major headlines will come true tomorrow. On all major social media platforms, you'll find intimate pictures of you with those older women. Choose one option. Think about it yourself."

"You're despicable!" Craig's hands balled up tightly into fists.

Jack shrugged and said nonchalantly, "Go ahead and curse at me as much as you want. I don't care."

Despite being provoked, Craig had no words to refute.

If he kept Winona by his side, he didn't have to worry about finding jobs in the future. But on the other hand, if Jack leaked the fact that he was a gigolo, his career in the entertainment industry would be completely shattered.

The entertainment industry had no lack of fresh-faced young men, and once his reputation was down the drain, those wealthy women wouldn't cast an extra glance at him anymore.

Instead of being greedy, he might as well strive to survive by making a small sacrifice.

Craig swallowed all his disgruntlement with gritted teeth and yielded in the end. "I'll do as you say, but you'll have to give me some time to gently break it to Winona."

"One week," Jack said firmly. "One week later, if Winona doesn't return to being a single woman, there will be no more Craig Baker in the entertainment industry."

"Okay." He spun around and left without saying another word.

As the door swung open and closed, and after the sounds of footsteps died off in the hallway, Ronald turned to face Jack. "Why don't you just expose trash like him?" he asked.

“I know what I’m doing.” Jack sighed and rubbed the spot between his brows. “You can leave, Ronald. I would like to have some time alone.”

Ronald didn’t say a word as he thought that Jack was doing so much purely because he was concerned about Elise, and he left after closing the door.

...

Recently, Elise felt stuffy in her chest, and after having breakfast, Alexander took her out on a walk to catch a breather. When they were passing by an open square, they ran into a small boy around the age of eight who had set up a booth to sell his calligraphy works.

His small booth was in the corner of the square, and there was only paper, calligraphy pen, and ink on his table. A thin rope was fastened between two trees behind him, and he hung his works on it for passersby to look at and assess.

However, his business wasn’t as popular as the guy who was running a circle toss game next to him, as his stall had almost no visitors.

Elise thought the kid was adorable, so she was about to go over and support him when an old man with a head of white hair walked over first.

“Let’s compete, shall we? Whoever can sell their works first will be the winner. If you lose, let me have your cake. What do you say?” the old man asked, teasing the child.

“Sure!” The boy obviously had a lot of courage and determination as he agreed to it without hesitation.