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## Coolest Girl in Town Chapter 665

Chapter 665 Old Fart

For a moment, Elise had no words to say.

Any kind of relationship in this world would lose its innocence once it was mixed with interests.

At Blitzy Entertainment, Jenny went straight to Mr. Lowry's office to complain.

"Mr. Lowry," she said coquettishly, plopping herself on his lap and placing her arms around his neck as she displayed her cleavage to him. "Somebody walked all over me today. Can you help me out?"

With his full attention on her cleavage, he muttered, "Of course, I have to. Who bullied my baby?"

"Who else can it be?" Jenny nudged her body closer and almost pressed her cleavage against his face. "It's Elise Sinclair! Before this, she started a live broadcast to go against our variety show, and she went on a strike for today's filming. She's just belittling us, and I think she even wants to steal Garreth from us! You can't just sit by and do nothing about this!"

When he heard this, he put on a severe expression, pushed his glasses, and asked in suspicion, "What do you mean? Sinclair wants to steal my employees?"

Since a long time ago, he already had a feeling that Elise didn't have an ordinary background. If no one had her back, she wouldn't be able to create such a big hype on the Internet just by herself.

"Exactly!" She deliberately exaggerated the matter and said, "You should have seen how smitten Garreth is with her. We might have gotten into a physical fight if I had left a second

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later! Feel it. My heart is racing so fast! You'll have to do something about it for me..." She grabbed his hand and placed it on her soft bosoms as she spoke.

A lecherous grin spread across Mr. Lowry's face, and after he enjoyed himself enough, he slammed the desk firmly. "Yes, we'll have to get even with her about this! Since she's not going to be of use to me, then I'll have to get rid of her!" A shrewd light flashed past his eyes when he changed the topic. "However, we can use this opportunity to rake in a fortune," he said, taking out his cell phone and calling the biggest investor of Blitz Entertainment, Mr. Howard, to ask him out for dinner.

In the evening, Mr. Howard showed up in the VIP dining room as promised, and Mr. Lowry hurriedly pushed him into a seat. After a few rounds of drinks, he brought up the topic in his mind.

"Mr. Howard, we've been working together for years, and I've never let you down. Only by working together can we make more money out of money. Do you recall that chick named Elise Sinclair the last time we ate together? That woman isn't a controllable pawn, but she has some influential figure on her back to help her progress. After this, she'll become our greatest hindrance, but if you invest in me, I can definitely get rid of this threat for us!"

Mr. Howard only smiled and listened without saying anything.

For the entire evening, Mr. Lowry had plastered a smile on his face, and his expression was becoming a little stiff and unnatural at this time. But, despite that, realizing that Mr. Howard didn't seem agreeable, he couldn't help but feel his heart beating against his chest.

What's wrong with my big ATM machine today? He would always agree to it whenever I asked for funds before this, but why does he seem unmoved today? Is it because my terms are not attractive enough? Mr. Lowry wondered. Then, he placed an arm on Mr. Howard's shoulder, and he whispered into his ear, "Look, I'll get you the chance to have a taste of the National Goddess. What do you say to that, huh?"

At his words, Mr. Howard jerked his head to look at him. Then, Mr. Lowry let out a low snigger under his breath as he thought that he had gotten Mr. Howard's attention.

Mr. Howard chuckled along for a few seconds, then caught Mr. Lowry off guard when he splashed the wine in his hand onto his face.

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The moment the wine splashed on him, he suddenly snapped back to his senses, and he wiped away the liquid with his hand. His eyes widened and were filled with disbelief. "Mr. Howard, what are you doing?!"

Mr. Howard remained silent and gave him a gloomy look that gave Mr. Lowry a bad feeling. A few seconds later, the door burst open with a loud bang as someone kicked it open from the outside, and Elise walked in with Elliot and Sheldon.

Mr. Lowry peered at them before looking away and asking, "Mr. Howard, what's going on?"

Mr. Howard picked up the napkin and wiped his hands as he answered, "Lowry, I'm very wealthy, and you can never make enough money. However, I only have one life, and my life was given back to me with Miss Sinclair's help. So, tell me, what's up with you trying to harm my savior?"

"Your savior?" Mr. Lowry furrowed his brows, and the words suddenly sank into him. "The one who saved you was Elise Sinclair?"

Mr. Howard shrugged in admittance.

Behind Elise, Elliot stepped out and pointed at Mr. Lowry's nose, snubbing him, "You old fart, you don't even know how to act like a proper elder. Don't you dare have any designs on my boss!"

Just the term 'old fart' was enough to turn Mr. Lowry's face livid from anger. However, when he saw everyone in the room was in cahoots with each other, and he was now the outsider everyone hated, he immediately grabbed his jacket and left utterly flustered.

As he passed by the door, he bumped into Sheldon, who gave him a hard stare before he stepped aside and let him pass.

When he was gone, Mr. Howard welcomed them with a bright smile and showed Elise a seat. "Miss Sinclair, you're the great benefactor of my family, and I can finally show my thanks now. Anything you wish to eat, be it something that flies in the sky, runs on the ground, or swims in the ocean, I'll get them served immediately."

"It's just a meal. You don't have to go overboard. In addition, I don't eat that much in the evenings," Elise said, hinting at him to remain low-profile.

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"Yes, you're right," he agreed in an amicable tone. "You're a magnanimous person, Miss Sinclair. Not only did you set aside the impolite things I did to you before, you even saved my life. You have my admiration for repaying my actions with kindness."

"It's all in the past now. Moreover, you didn't get your way, did you?" Then, she turned to face Elliot and clapped his shoulder. "I'll take it as returning Elliot's favor."

Elliot was puzzled, so he asked, "Dad, what are you guys going on about? What impolite things?"

Mr. Howard put on a stern face and told him off. "Don't question what the adults are doing!"

He couldn't say directly to his son that he tried to take advantage of Elise. Otherwise, he wouldn't be able to hold his head up high in front of him in the future.

"Fine, I don't even want to know." Elliot rolled his eyes, picked up his fork, and was about to start eating when something came into his mind suddenly. Then, he poured himself a glass of wine and raised his glass at his father. "But Dad, you handled the situation today so well. I thank you on the Boss' behalf."

After saying that, he threw back his head and finished the wine in a gulp.

For a long moment, Mr. Howard was in a daze as he finished a glass of wine together with him, and when he placed down his drink, he felt a sting in his nose.

After raising Elliot for so many years, this was the first time he heard him saying thank you.

His son had finally grown up!

However, it was apparent that Elliot wasn't an emotional person because he continued eating right after saying his piece, wasting Mr. Howard's built-up tears, which he had to swallow back in the end.

A long moment of silence passed by over the table, and it was Elise who broke the silence first. "Mr. Howard, I'm afraid you and Mr. Lowry won't be able to work together anymore after what happened today. I'm afraid I have gotten in the way of you making another huge profit."

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Mr. Howard sighed. "My savior, what are you saying? Who do you think I am? I'm Elliot's father, and I have nothing left but money. So it doesn't matter whether I'm making more money or not," Mr. Howard said earnestly.

Nothing but money left, Elise repeated in her head and held her forehead in her palm at his declaration. "Since that's the case, will you be interested in donating money to a charity to help impoverished youngsters?" she asked directly.

## Coolest Girl in Town Chapter 666

Chapter 666 You're in the Wrong for Raising Your Voice

Mr. Howard immediately acquiesced to her suggestion and said, "You're right, Miss Sinclair. I should do more charity after this close shave with death. So tomorrow, I'll allocate 100 million to the orphanages in Tissote so that the kids can have a better life."

Elise raised her brows and said awkwardly, "It's not a problem if you think that's what I'm saying, but the youngsters I mentioned earlier are slightly older."

"Older?" A confused look washed over his face. "How much older?"

"More than a dozen years older." Elise smiled, and her eyes crinkled.

Mr. Howard appeared lost in her words as he scratched his head.

Elise lowered her head and thought for a couple of seconds. Then, she whisked out her phone and searched Gareth's name in the browser before placing it on the table in front of him.

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Mr. Howard straightened the phone and stared at Gareth's picture with knitted brows. Then, a few seconds later, his eyes sparkled, and he gasped in surprise, "Miss Sinclair, do you mean that I should compete against Blitzzy Entertainment?"

"You're the biggest investor behind Blitzzy Entertainment, and you definitely have what it takes to do this, don't you?" Elise leaned sideways, moved closer to him, and pointed out to him in a whisper, "As far as I know, just the past year alone, the revenue Mr. Lowry made in private from the cooperation between the Howard Family and Blitzzy Entertainment was more than two billion. Elliot is a simple person, and if the business scene is filled with shrews such as Mr. Lowry, I'm afraid you'll still have a lot to worry about your son in the future, even after retirement."

Her words made him peer over at Elliot, who was engrossed in eating, and the look in his eyes gradually turned sharp. After that, he slammed the table and made up his mind. "I'm in!"

Elliot was startled, causing him to spit out a mouthful of soup as he almost choked. Before he even had time to wipe his mouth, he hurriedly got up and stood in between Elise and Mr. Howard. Then, he spread out his arms, blocked Elise from his father, and asked aggressively, "What are you doing? I'm warning you, old Mr. Howard, you're not allowed to bully my boss!"

"Hey, you rascal. Are you even clear who your father is?" Disgruntled, Mr. Howard got to his feet and placed his hands on his hips.

"It's you..." Elliot gradually lost the resolution in his voice, but he swiftly added, "You are my father, and she is my boss. Both of you are separate people to me, but you're in the wrong when you raise your voice!"

"I—" Breathless from the anger, Mr. Howard opened his mouth to argue, but ended up laughing instead. Then, he reached out, pulled Elliot forward, and ruffled his hair. "Good boy, as expected of my son, you know what's important! Miss Sinclair is our family's great benefactor. So, you'll have to stand out to help her solve any issues in the future, just like you did earlier. Do you understand?"

"Of course! I don't need you to remind me of this!" Elliot patted his chest and added, "Have you seen my muscles? I trained myself just to be worthy of my boss. Do you really think it was out of fun that I asked for money to sign up for boxing classes?"

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Mr. Howard nodded in gratification. This is great. I finally don't have to worry about teaching my son anymore.

Elise was right; Elliot had a straightforward personality, and he could be easily read like a book. Besides, he was gullible, couldn't keep a secret to save his life, and was easily manipulated by others. In the past, he was constantly worried about how Elliot would live once he was gone. However, with Elise here looking out for his son, he could rest easy now.

As he thought of this, Mr. Howard shoved Elliot aside and extended his hand in excitement to Elise. "Miss Sinclair, I'll do as you wish."

Elise smiled brightly and shook his hand firmly. "To a happy cooperation, then!"

"What cooperation? Are you guys going to invest in an orphanage?" Elliot asked innocently.

Mr. Howard whacked him lightly on the back of his head. "Go back to your seat and don't disrupt Miss Sinclair enjoying her meal."

If it was in the past, Elliot would have left in a huff, but because Elise was here, he didn't lose his temper and obediently returned to his seat.

Mr. Howard was so happy when he saw that his son wasn't rebelling against him for once. So delighted that he got himself drunk after continuously drinking glass after glass of wine.

When he left the hotel, he thought he was out on his usual business meeting and grabbed a few stacks of bills from his secretary's bag before stuffing them into Elise's hands.

In the end, Elliot couldn't stand it anymore, and he dragged him away, stuffed him into the car, and drove off.

This father-and-son duo highly amused Elise. However, when all was said and done, she turned around and handed the cash to Sheldon. "Return this money to Elliot later."

After she said that, she realized that there was an invitation card between the bills, and she picked it out to look at it. It was a cocktail party hosted by the famous collector, Jonas Hymer, and he would be presenting his precious private art collection to his guests at the party.

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Beneath the card, there was a line of tiny characters, especially noting that the collection included the painting SQ made at the peak of their career—'Ink Peonies'.

Interesting, she thought, keeping the invitation. "I'm taking this, don't forget to mention it to him later."

"Sure." Sheldon gave her a nod. "Should I drop you home?"

Right after the words left his lips, a black MPV rolled to a stop in front of them, and the door slid open, revealing Alexander seated in the backseat. His face was solemn but noble at the same time, but when he turned to look at Elise, it immediately became soft and gentle.

"Come on, Ellie," he said gently.

Elise nodded and turned to Sheldon. "I'm going now."

Then, she climbed into the car, and it slowly drove away from the hotel after starting the engine. Sheldon watched with a deep look in his eyes as the car gradually drove further away, and when he recalled the contrast in Alexander's expressions earlier, he couldn't help but chuckle out loud. Love is such a magical thing.

Not long after the car started, Alexander passed an envelope to her.

"What's this?" she asked.

"You're qualified for the finals of the calligraphy contest. This is the admission card sent by the organizer, and there's also an invitation card," he said.

After taking a look at the contents, a wide, silly grin spread across her face.

"What's so funny?" he asked, curious.

She tilted her head to peer at him. Then, she turned to take out the invitation card that she had in her bag and compared it side by side with the one in her hand.

"You already have this invitation card?" He understood immediately and asked, "Who gave it to you?"



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"Elliot's dad, but that's not important. What's important is that I have two invitations now. So, Mr. Griffith, do I have the honor to invite you to attend this with me?" Elise said playfully.

Alexander chuckled, but he pretended to be aloof as he said in indifference, "I'll think about it."

Elise narrowed her eyes dangerously and asked, "Are you sure?"

He snapped out of his act the next second and raised his palms in defeat to express his loyalty. "I agree. Anything my wife says goes!"

"That's a good boy." She raised her chin arrogantly, then leaned into his arms naturally. After a while, she asked out of the blue, "Are you finished with your work? Why didn't I see you on any business trips recently?"

"That's right." In an instant, Alexander's face turned solemn. "I have a business to attend to within the country."

"Great!" Elise didn't think much of it as she wrapped her arm around him and held his waist. "We can meet each other every day, then."

Alexander hugged her tightly, but his mind started to wander.

The only thing he needed to do was come clean, but there hadn't been a suitable occasion for him to do so.