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Coolest Girl in Town Chapter 661

Chapter 661 The First 'National Goddess'

"What's going on with Mr. Jack?" Winona confusedly asked Elise as they walked together.

It was Winona's first time witnessing Jack flying into a rage in person.

"He was in a bad mood," Elise calmly responded.

"Why was he in a bad mood?" Winona continued to ask.

Exasperated, Elise gently smacked her on the forehead and replied, "Because of your stupidity!"

"How is it my fault now?" Winona rubbed her head with a confused look on her face.

Elise merely shook her head and didn't bother explaining. After all, Winona wouldn't get it.

Winona sighed in response. However, when she remembered her unfinished cake, she put Jack

Cakes from Jack were unique. Every one of them was delicious in a different way. To be honest, she frequently dreamed of Jack bringing them more cake. Finally, she could have some today.

Meanwhile, the moment Jack exited the small white building, he pulled out his phone and called Ronald.

"I need you to look into a trainee for me, Ronald. His name's Craig Baker,"

"A trainee? Are you going to recruit a newbie?" asked Ronald.

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“Just investigate him already.” Jack then hung up.

“What happened? Why’s he so angry?” Ronald muttered.

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While Johnny was busy reading through his documents at his desk, Melody went through their accounts at the smaller desk beside him in the Smith Co.’s General Manager’s office.

Meanwhile, Alexander was sprawled out across the couch in the area designated for guests.

Sometime later, Johnny took off his spectacles and gently massaged his tired eyes before throwing an exhausted look at his boss.

“Your presence in the room while playing on your phone greatly reduces Melody’s and my productivity, Mr. Griffith,” said Johnny.

Alexander only glanced at him before re-focusing on his phone screen. “Correct me if I’m wrong, but are you trying to kick your superior out?”

Johnny pursed his lips but offered no denial.

“If there are no further orders, please head home and spend the day with your wife.” Melody was a blunt woman and decided to frankly voice out her displeasure. “You laze about while we’re working our butts off. Such a sight would easily make your workers go on a strike.”

“You guys are professionals. So none of you would do such a thing,” said Alexander. Still, he moved to sit up straight on the couch. However, his eyes remained trained on his phone as he kept scrolling. “Johnny, did you not make an official announcement when you ordered the staff to vote? People are now wondering if my wife bought these votes.”

“Noted. I’ll have the PR department work on it,” Johnny replied with a sigh.

“Good, good.” Alexander nodded in satisfaction. Then, he reported every mean-spirited top comment that had accused his wife.

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A few moments later, he abruptly stood up and walked out of the door toward the meeting room as if he was suddenly reminded of something. Before he left the room, he called out to the other two, "We'll have a meeting in half an hour in the big meeting room."

"What's he on about?" Melody asked Johnny.

"Maybe there's another new voting link?" Johnny guessed with a shrug.

Although Melody didn't respond, her facial expression stated her agreement with that guess.

What wouldn't Mr. Griffith do for his wife?

By the time the meeting started, there was an all-out war on the internet about the votes for 'National Goddess'.

The people who started the war were the fans of Tiana and other contestants. However, as the employees at Smith Co. voted en-masse during work hours, votes for Elise increased so dramatically in an instant that she immediately became second place. Such an extreme improvement had severely displeased the fans of those who had been displaced from their rankings.

And so, many people made numerous mean-spirited comments about Elise on Twitter. In fact, people began tagging the Twitter account of the 'National Goddess', asking them to investigate Elise's votes.

Joey had been keeping a close eye on the situation online. She had no plans to interfere at first, but when Tiana's fans' insulting remarks went overboard, she flew into a rage. So, out of nowhere, all of Elise's fans began to join in the mass voting.

"They're accusing us of vote brigading, so let us show them just how strong H's fans really are when we actually vote en-masse!"

Hence, just as vote brigading in the competition became a trending topic, the number of votes for Elise skyrocketed once more. Now, even random people began pressuring the competition organizers.

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Finally, after over ten minutes of extensive monitoring, the 'National Goddess' organizers put up a post stating, "After investigation, we have found all claims of irregularities in Miss Elise Sinclair's votes to be untrue. Thank you for your interest."

In the meantime, Elise had surpassed Tiana and was at the top of the leaderboard.

That further infuriated the fans, and it even made the organizers begin to suspect there was some rigging involved in the competition.

Just then, the official Twitter account of Smith Co. posted an announcement that stated, "The company's employees and their respective families have all voted for Elise Sinclair. We congratulate Miss Elise in advance for becoming the National Goddess."

In order to ensure Alexander was satisfied with the post, Johnny also asked the PR Department to be bold and extravagant with the post. Hence, when the PR department posted the statement, it was trending.

Furthermore, Smith Co. was a company so immense that nearly a third of the adults in Cittadel were employed there.

As soon as the post started trending, all objections vanished into thin air.

Then, Joey used her official international fan account and also posted an announcement saying, "Currently, over 22 million fans have voted in the competition."

Now, no one dared to question the validity of Elise's votes.

When the voting closed, Elise had at least double the number of votes Tiana had, and she successfully became the first 'National Goddess'.

When Alexander read the voting results while standing outside the meeting room, he grinned in satisfaction.

By the time Brendan and Jack rushed over to Alexander, they noticed that he had a lovestruck look on his face.

"Thinking about Elise again?" asked Brendan as he walked over to rest an arm around Alexander's shoulders.

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To that, Alexander only smiled and did not speak a word of objection. Then, he turned to Jack and commented, "You came fast."

"It's rare for you to call for a meeting. I wouldn't dare to be late. But why here? Where's Danny? How can he arrive later than me?" Jack was full of questions.

"Since he can't keep a secret, I thought it best we don't let him know," Alexander said with a raised eyebrow.

When they heard his statement, Brendan and Jack exchanged a look that conveyed their agreement.

Danny, who was nowhere near the room or did not know about the meeting, would definitely be upset by the lack of faith from his own brother, no less!

"Oh, just spit it out. What can we help you with?" Brendan asked.

Alexander leaned against the railing as he watched as people bustled about in the office. Then, after a few long moments, he finally said, "Everything you see here is mine. I am Kenneth Bailey."

The other two looked at each other in obvious shock.

"Are you saying it's a disguise?" Jack was the first to react due to his acting experience in historical drama.

"You can kind of call it that," Alexander said with a wave of his hand.

That admission rendered Jack speechless, and he had to take a deep breath just to calm himself since it was rather terrifying to see what people consider a myth come to life.

Brendan, on the other hand, was as cool as a cucumber. He had always known Alex was hiding a secret. As such, he had been mentally prepared and did not find this new information strange.

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Coolest Girl in Town Chapter 662

Chapter 662 The Next QH

"Does Elise know about this?" Brendan asked, voicing the only question in his mind.

Alexander shook his head. "I wanted to see how you'll react first."

"First, it's Elise who has a secret identity. Now, you're revealing yourself as some other man. Just what are you two doing?" Jack sighed. Why couldn't life be simpler?

Speaking of identities, Jack had found out who Craig Baker was. That man was just some uneducated fool. No one knew how he fooled Winona into liking him. He was enjoying life in the laps of several wealthy women while ensuring Winona kept working for him. It was rather impressive just how much of a scoundrel he was.

"I remember how furious you were when you found out about Elise's alter-ego," Brendan said, analyzing the situation from a neutral standpoint.

"That is the issue." Even Alexander knew he was faced with a situation that he could hardly escape unscathed.

"If I were Elise, I'd divorce you right now," said Melody as she walked over, heels clacking from a distance.

Alexander glanced at her but said nothing when he heard that.

Melody was the only woman in his think tank. That meant her train of thought was the most similar to Elise's, which made it the scariest to him.

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Johnny was astonished at how glum Alexander looked. Never once had he so much as frowned when dealing with challenging projects. Now, this handsome black-haired man was a wretched ball of nerves because of Elise.

"I think you can try and talk your way out of this by appealing to logic," suggested Johnny.

"You think women can be reasoned with?" Jack dramatically protested.

"Who said women can't be reasoned with?" Melody became unhappy when she heard Jack's comment.

She was a pragmatic and logical woman. Anyway, Alexander was in the wrong. Not only did he hide his identity, but he also used the name Kenneth Bailey to test Elise. That was a wrong move in so many ways.

Even if he were her boss, she would not be helping him.

"So, appealing to logic means I'll lose Elise?" Alexander tiredly asked.

The room went silent since that might actually happen.

Alexander let out a long sigh as he planted his hands firmly on his hips. Then, as his eyes flickered around the place, he spotted Clement standing not far away.

For some reason, Alexander decided to raise his voice and asked Clement, "What do you think?"

When Clement heard that, it was as if he was a robot that someone had just turned on. "I don't know, Mr. Griffith," he innocently replied with a blank face.

Alexander looked back down at the floor after he heard that.

Truthfully, Clement wasn't good at anything but being a bodyguard. At this point, Alexander was panicking and searching for solutions from, frankly, terrible sources.

"Forget it," Alexander said as he waved his hand. "You guys can go. Let me think about this alone."

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Everyone scattered immediately.

Clement had also planned on leaving, but he had only just turned away when he decided to turn back around and walk over to Alexander. "Sir, try being sincere," he earnestly said.

"Sincere?" Alexander was confused.

"Yes." Clement nodded. "While I didn't like Mrs. Griffith in the beginning, these few months have told me that she truly loves you and wishes the best for you. So, I've accepted her. The key is to let her know that, just like her, you care for her more than you care for yourself."

Clement bowed and left after he gave Alexander his opinion.

Alexander just stood there for a long while, utterly lost in his thoughts.

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After a few days of imitating QH's calligraphy, Tiana finally grasped some semblance of their style.

As she stared at the study room full of practice paper, she began to subconsciously brainwash herself into thinking that the handwriting found on those papers was hers.

Beautiful penmanship flowed as smoothly as a river with decisive strokes etched into it.

After hunting down the best-looking piece, she took a photo of it and sent it to Cody Carlson, her Calligraphy Association teacher.

Then, just as she was about to call for the servants to clean up the room, her phone screen lit up.

It was a call from Cody.

Tiana cautiously answered the call, and she raised the phone up to her ear to hear Cody say in an excited voice, "Did you write that, Tiana?"

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She nodded with a shy smile on her face as she bit down on her lip and replied, "Yes. I've been working on my penmanship for days. I wanted to see what you thought, Mr. Carlson."

When Cody first saw the photo, he couldn't help but zoom in to admire every single stroke in the picture.

Her penmanship looked somewhat similar to QH's displays in the Calligraphy Association Museum, but hers was more graceful.

If he didn't know for a fact that the only two surviving works of QH were being stored in the museum, he would've thought this was a picture of QH's work!

Even though it had only been two weeks, Tiana had improved dramatically. It seemed like he had underestimated his student.

"Your penmanship is amazing. Not even I, your teacher, could've done so well." Cody's voice grew softer as he slowly calmed down. "Truly, you are very talented and better than your teachers. Tiana, you might be as accomplished as QH in the future."

"Do you think I stand a chance of making the finals in the Calligraphy Contest?" she asked with sparkling eyes.

"Haha," Cody guffawed. "Of course. You won't just make the finals. In fact, your handwriting is better than many of the A-grade members in the association. Instead of just talking, why don't you write a few more lines for me to look at?"

When Tiana heard that, she panicked.

After a few long moments, she finally thought up an excuse. "Mr. Carlson, I'm still not finished with the other characters and words. I'll have to work on them before I can show you anything. Otherwise, there won't be anything nice, and any more pictures of my penmanship would be for nothing. Right?"

"True," Cody said, nodding. "You have always been a self-aware child. But, since you have a plan, continue at your own pace. Once you get the hang of a few of these words, the rest will come easily to you. I believe you can do it."

"Yeah..." This time, Tiana didn't respond as confidently as before.

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After hanging up, she frowned at the three examples of calligraphy she had bought.

The total number of words found in these three examples was less than twenty, yet they cost her over three million.

Hence, it would cost her a lot of money to buy all known works of QH to use as references. However, if she wanted to stand out in the Calligraphy Contest, she had to do this.

She would need to consider this carefully.

Just as she was in deep thought, her phone chimed with a new message that read, “Do you need my help, Miss Tiana?”

When she took a closer look at the message, she realized there was no number listed for the sender.

Who was behind this strange message?

There was a high chance someone sent it to the wrong number.

She deleted the message straight away as she thought of that.

To give the contest more publicity, she then posted the photo she took on Twitter with the caption, “There are a lot of skilled participants in the Calligraphy Contest. I hope I can get a good score.”

As soon as Tiana posted the photo, her image began to garner widespread attention.

Most of the Calligraphy Association members liked and commented favorably on the post.

The moment Julius saw the post, he instantly shared it with Elise. “Boss, this is likely that woman’s goal.”

When she clicked on the link, she found comments calling Tiana the next QH. Although her face was as calm and aloof as usual, there was a glint of derision in her eyes.

Tiana had quite a lot of titles—SQ’s student and the next QH.

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Then, Alexander walked into the room with a glass of warm water. When he handed it to her, he glanced over her shoulder at her phone. "Her penmanship looks like yours," he commented.

"You've seen my calligraphy?" Elise tilted her head at him.

"Aren't the pieces hanging in your grandparents' place yours?" he shot back with a calm smile.

"True," she said with an embarrassed smile. "Those were written when I was a kid fooling around, but they insisted on hanging them up. So, they're more of an embarrassing memory..."