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Coollest Girl in Town Chapter 663

Chapter 663 Mica's Break-up

"Anyone can be famous as long as the condition's right. Those who only care about fishing for fame online wouldn't be that good. Ellie is the one with true talent," Alexander playfully stated.

"Based on that, I can join this Calligraphy Contest for fun, right?" Elise snickered.

Of course, she wouldn't be joining the competition just to have fun. She also wanted to see what kind of name Tiana was trying to drum up for herself. First, she pretends to be Elise's student. Now, she's trying to claim the writing style Elise created as her own. Did she think Elise was dead?

When he saw how serious she looked, he couldn't help but blurt, "Ellie."

"Hm?" As she was busy filling in the form to participate in the contest, she didn't bother looking up. "What is it?"

He opened his mouth in an attempt to speak and paused. A few moments later, all courage to confess fled his body. "Nothing. I'll start the bath, so it's nice and warm when you want it."

"Okay," she obediently agreed.

After a few moments of hovering around her, he eventually walked to the bathroom.

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Calligraphy Association, Tissote.

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As soon as Cody walked into his office, he received a call from Lorenzo Forbes, the head of the association.

"Cody, are you sure the calligraphy in the photo you sent me belongs to your student?" Lorenzo immediately asked, going straight to the point.

"Yes. Why?" The mere mention of this fact was enough to fill Cody with pride.

"Don't you think something seems familiar about the writing style?" Lorenzo asked.

"Sir, I know what you mean. You're thinking that Tiana might be copying QH, but you also know that QH's works have always been stored in the museum. We also only have two of their works. There's no way she could've copied them. I guarantee that Tiana wrote them by herself," Cody solemnly said.

After he heard Cody's words, he found it rather difficult to continue discussing the matter. "I see. Let's talk about this another day," he said as he swiftly ended the call.

Lorenzo went into a trance-like state as he watched his phone screen fade to show images of Tiana's calligraphy.

Was that person back?

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Two days later.

Elise received a message from Julius. "Boss, Tiana took your pin from your roommate."

At that time, she was clearing out the dorm with Mica.

She put down the phone and continued with her task. Then, in a nonchalant tone, she asked, "Mica, where did you put the pin I gave you?"

Mica froze. After a moment of hesitation, she came clean, "Sorry, Elise. I loaned it to Sebastian. He said he was interested in the Calligraphy Association, and I couldn't bear

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seeing him sighing all the time. So, I gave it to him. If it bothers you, I'll get it back right away!"

Sebastian had borrowed it, yet it was now in Tiana's hands. Plus, somehow, Mica knew nothing about this.

After some thought, Elise smiled and replied, "I don't mind it. I don't like wearing it after all."

Just like that, she said no more on that matter.

However, that conversation hung up Mica's mind. Elise was the nicest girl she had ever met in her life, so she didn't want to disappoint Elise.

As soon as Elise left, Mica asked Sebastian to meet with her.

Even so, he only arrived half an hour after the agreed-upon time.

"Sorry, I was in class," he said expressionlessly.

In reality, the class he attended was not his. Tiana had uttered a few complaints about how she had too much to do and didn't have time to attend her classes, so he went to class for her.

"It's fine," she said. Her faith in him was absolute. Then, with a hint of panic in her voice, she asked, "Sebastian, can you return the pin you borrowed from me?"

He frowned upon hearing that. The pin was still in Tiana's possession, and he had told her she didn't have to worry about returning it anytime soon. How could he ask her for it so soon?

After thinking about it, he wrapped an arm around Mica's shoulders and warmly whispered, "Don't you want me to spend more time with you? I'll return it after I've spent a few more days with the Calligraphy Association."

"I do want to spend more time with you," she replied, but then hurriedly added, "but I don't want Elise to think I don't respect her. So let me have it for a while to show it to her. I'll let you have it right after. It won't take too long."

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Sebastian lost all his patience when he heard that. Then, he immediately pulled away and haughtily said, "I lost the pin. You can't have it back."

"Lost it? How? Where? I'll go look for it with you..." Question after question poured out of her mouth as she panicked.

"Oh, you're so annoying!" He flung himself away from her. "It's already lost. How can it possibly be found?"

Startled, Mica froze. Then, she gingerly said, "But you promised me you'd take good care of it..."

"Yes, it's my fault," he coldly said in a matter-of-fact tone. "I'm surprised. I never thought you'd be so petty over some trivial pin. It looks like we're not suited for each other. Let's break up. I'm tired of this."

"What are you saying?" Mica smiled in disbelief, trying to calm him down. "I'm not trying to be petty. If there's a problem, we can work on it together. So why must you say that..."

Sebastian held a hand up between them. There was a disappointed look on his face as he said, "I'm the problem. I'm not ready to love someone yet. I'm sorry, Mica. Let's not talk to each other ever again. That's all."

Then, he left without sparing her another glance.

Mica stood there shocked as big, fat drops of tears rolled down her cheeks. Then, her world was engulfed by an abyss of misery. At that moment, she felt as though everyone had abandoned her.

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With the craze online surrounding the 'National Goddess', Nebula TV decided to produce a talk show called "Hangout with Idols".

To maintain her media presence, Elise accepted the invitation to appear on the same episode as the nation's darling, Garreth.

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Although the two had only met once, they were familiar faces. Hence, as soon as the set was ready, they walked on together.

However, Garreth suddenly collapsed after three questions from the show's host.

Thankfully, he had been standing in front of a couch and sustained no injuries.

After checking his pulse, she deduced his collapse was once again caused by low blood sugar. It wasn't a major issue, but it still took him over twenty minutes before he came to.

When Garreth eventually opened his eyes, he saw Elise sitting next to him. "Sorry to bother you again, Elise..." he feebly said in thanks.

His eyes kept drooping as if he was resisting a strong urge to just fall asleep.

When she saw that, she said in a soft, reassuring tone, "If you don't feel well, take the rest of the day off. We can do the show another time."

Just as he opened his mouth to speak, Jenny strode through the curtains around the set and barked, "Change the time? For what? The next few months are all fully booked. You're not that frail, are you? You're fine now, right? We'll start in another ten minutes. Garreth, get up and go touch up your makeup."

He let out a sad, powerless sigh when he heard that before forcing himself to crawl out of the couch.

However, just as he got on his feet, he collapsed back on the couch as his breathing turned into uneven pants.

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Coollest Girl in Town Chapter 664

Chapter 664 I'm Through

Elise immediately rushed over to massage the few acupuncture points that would help alleviate Garreth's weakness. Only then did the pained expression slowly fade from his face, although his breathing was still quite labored.

"Is there a need for that? There will always be money to make. Can't you spare a moment to care for your own body?" Elise couldn't help but ask.

He weakly stared up at her with half-lidded eyes, but he had no strength to explain.

For the past week, he had been unable to sleep properly. Every day was packed to the brim with job after job that kept him working constantly. Even in between jobs, he still had to focus on memorizing his scripts. There was no personal time at all.

Everyone knew health was important, but his body no longer belonged to him after signing his contract. If he went against the agreement, he would be bankrupt for life.

"Ignore him," Jenny coldly said, folding her arms before her chest. "He just loves to gain sympathy using this trick. This isn't his first time. Anyway, he'll still finish the job afterward. Garreth, get up now, or I'll be forced to be rude before an outsider."

Those words dealt a painful blow to Garreth's dignity. Even though everyone in the industry knew just how bad Jenny could be, he didn't want Elise, the person he respected and looked up to, to see him cower before such humiliation.

He gritted his teeth and pushed himself to his feet as his knuckles turned a stark white color. He swayed where he stood for a few moments before eventually regaining his balance.

"I'm fine now, Jenny. I can continue," he said as he forced a smile.

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It was evident that Jenny enjoyed the satisfaction of forcing others to do what she wanted as she proudly smiled and bragged, "See? What did I just say? He's a good kid. He wouldn't want to cause any trouble for me."

In Elise's eyes, how Jenny looked at Garreth was the same as an owner looking at an obedient pet.

Even so, Garreth had to smile through it all, which further satisfied Jenny's twisted desire to subjugate him.

This whole time, Elise had been watching with a frown on her face. Finally, she kicked her seat away and sat down on the couch. "I'm through here."

Celebrities were also human. Were they lesser just because they had signed a contract?

Today, she would have Jenny face the evils of the world.

"What did you say?" Jenny froze before saying with a fake smile on her lips, "Miss Sinclair, Nebula TV's prime time doesn't host programs where just anyone can appear on. Even though you are H, the 'National Goddess', you won't be famous without television. I suggest you work with us. Do not ruin your future."

Garreth, who also knew how much power Jenny held, spoke up as he supported himself with a chair, "Elise, I'm really fine. Don't do this for my sake. Let's go on with the show."

"No, this has nothing to do with you now," Elise stubbornly said, raising a hand to stop him from saying more. "I don't want to work now because my mood has been ruined."

"Elise Sinclair, don't be so full of yourself! There is a penalty to breaking off contracts!" If gentle persuasion didn't work on her, then Jenny would use threats.

"Oh, I have money. I can do whatever I want," Elise innocently blinked back at her.

"You!" Jenny's chest heaved with anger. Then, when she saw Garreth was watching her being humiliated, she flew into a rage and stomped to Elise. "Wench, you will learn what humility is today!"

However, Garreth's roar stopped her before she could even do anything to Elise. "Enough!"

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She turned around to find his beautiful, soulful eyes glaring at her while his broad hands were covered with bulging veins as he held onto the chair tightly.

She just stood there stunned for a moment. Then, she let out a scoff. "Oh, okay. Do you think you're all that now, Garreth? You've learned to side with outsiders. Good. So, you want to help her? Come."

At this instant, he had no more energy left in him to fight with her. So, instead, he picked up the knife on the table and held it up to his face. "Continue with your bullying if you wish to ruin the company's cash cow."

After all, a kind gesture from a stranger was always enough for a desperate man to cling onto.

Elise was what he was clinging onto. There was no way he would allow Jenny to harm someone who had been so nice to him.

Meanwhile, Jenny was scared stiff. She had never thought the docile little lamb would one day learn to bite, let alone imagine him threatening her with the most valuable asset he had—his face.

Even though she could do as she pleased in Nebula Corporation, no one in the company dared to harm the cash cow. As of right now, Garreth Dowrick brought in nearly half of the company's profits. If he ruined his face, her future would be doomed.

At that thought, Jenny reeled herself back in. "Fine. Don't ever say that I'm cruel to you now. You'll have today off. As for how you'll make up for the losses caused by your recovery, that's your business."

"Thank you, Jenny. I'll handle it," he said, utterly miserable.

After shooting one last disdainful look at Elise, Jenny turned and left.

Now, the only people left in the room were Elise and Garreth.

As he threw the knife on the table, causing it to clatter loudly, he collapsed against the couch as all strength fled him.

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"You didn't have to step in," she said, and her heart ached at seeing him like this. "After all, she can't do anything since it's me. But you work under her. Now that you've embarrassed her, there's no telling what torments await you."

"Don't worry, Elise," he replied with a bright smile. "I may be younger, but I'm still a man. I can't let a woman defend me while I cower in a corner."

The sentiment made her feel warm on the inside. She was beginning to realize just how considerate and responsible this boy could be.

"Alright, let's not talk about that for now. I'll send you home for some rest," she said.

He agreed as he selfishly wanted more time with her.

Just as they were waiting at the studio doors for Winona to drive the car, two handsome and fit young men walked out of the studio.

When they saw Garreth being supported by Elise, one of them asked, "Garreth, are you okay?"

However, before he could respond, the other young man nudged his companion away. "Oh, shut up. He doesn't need your concern. Look closely. He's standing beside the 'National Goddess'. We're not the same now. Don't bother getting close."

After saying that, the second young man dragged his companion away.

The encounter left an unpleasant look on Garreth's already pale and sickly face as disappointment sparkled in his eyes.

"Who are they? Friends? Did you guys fight?" Elise softly asked.

"They were my partners," he glumly muttered. "We were child actors and best friends. Then, the company wanted me to go solo, and I was given priority in everything. Slowly, we drifted apart."