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## Coolest Girl in Town Chapter 683

### Chapter 683 Losing to You Isn't So Bad

The slight sense of guilt that Sofia had felt earlier instantly dissipated when she heard this. She reached to grab fistfuls of Maya's hair and knocked the girl's head against the ground as she screeched, "Who are you calling a skank? I ought to wash your mouth out with soap!"

One would be wise not to underestimate the strength packed into a female professor's punches because it didn't take long for Maya to be knocked into a daze.

"Better yield now if you know what's good for you!" Sofia yelled aggressively. "Yield!"

"I will not yield to a lowly servant like you! Go screw yourself!" Maya's mind cleared up with each word that she bit out. Instead, she seized the opportunity to fight back when Sofia was briefly distracted. She reached up with both arms, put Sofia in a headlock, and pulled her down. Then, without warning, she clamped her teeth down on the girl's ear.

"Ow! That hurts! Are you some kind of a rabid mutant dog? Let go!" Sofia shrieked, but the more she cried out in pain, the more it encouraged Maya. She was biting so hard that if she bit down any harder, she might just draw blood.

At a disadvantage, Sofia had no choice but to brace through the pain and tighten her grip on Maya's hair.

Cries of agony and screams echoed throughout the living room. Even the maid couldn't help shuddering when she gave the two fighting women a wide berth as she brought Elise her oatmeal.

"Here you go, Mrs. Griffith," she announced as she set the bowl of oatmeal down on the coffee table. "Your oatmeal."

Elise picked up the bowl and stirred the oatmeal insouciantly, adding fuel to the fire as she called out, "Oh, Maya, why can't you just get over yourself? Miss Hawkins here is practically

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hand-picked by my mother-in-law, and if anything happens to her, I can't guarantee you would be safe from Madeline's wrath. So, just back down for your own sake, Maya. Don't go looking for trouble."

Had she not mentioned Madeline, then perhaps Maya would have listened to reason, but now, she was angrier than ever.

Once upon a time, Madeline had picked on Elise on more than one occasion just to protect Maya, and now, all the preferential treatment had gone to Sofia instead! There was no way Maya could swallow this bitter pill. But, suddenly, it was as if she unlocked some power in her as she managed to flip Sofia over and pin her to the ground with shocking strength, then rained punches down on her mercilessly.

"I'll beat you to death! I hate you, and I want to kill you! What are you going to do about it? So what if you have a prestigious degree? Do you think you're so eligible even at this age? You said your dad's some high-ranking official, right? Give me a name! Come on, see if you dare! I'll post it on social media tomorrow and tell everyone how his skank of a daughter beat up another innocent person! Let's see if he gets to keep his job after that!"

Maya could feel her adrenaline spiking with each angry word that tumbled out of her mouth. She was incensed when she saw that Sofia had managed to dodge and block all her punches and slaps, so she started spitting on the girl's face instead.

She continued spitting as she cursed, "You're nothing but a piece of trash! To hell with your fancy double-degree Ph.D.!"

"You b\*tch!" Sofia screamed when she felt spit on her face. She had lost all sense of decorum at this point as she scrambled off the floor and pinned Maya down on it once more, then began to choke her. "I hate it when people spit on my face when they speak! And you call yourself a woman?! You disgusting wench! I ought to strangle you!"

When one descended into a maniacal rage as Sofia did, adrenaline would surge and make the person more forceful than usual. More importantly, Maya was petite and never Sofia's match, to begin with. Now that she was being throttled, she could only wield her weak punches against Sofia's arm.

It was only when Maya looked like she was about to pass out that Elise beckoned for the maid to pull the girls apart.

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The fight ended with both women hauled into the ambulance and ferried over to the hospital.

Elise had no choice but to go along with them as she was the household's mistress.

Presently, Maya and Sofia were in the doctor's suite getting their injuries treated while Elise waited for them in the hallway.

Just then, Alexander called her. "Why aren't you home?"

"I'm at the hospital right now," she explained.

"What are you doing there? Did something happen? Which hospital is that?"

"Natural Hospital, the one closest to our place. I'm—" She was cut off by the beeping sound on the other line when Alexander hung up in a hurry. She stared at the home screen on her phone in amusement.

At that moment, Sofia walked out of the doctor's office first. She had a couple of scratch marks on her forehead, which the doctor had fixed up with some antiseptic and band-aids, and coupled with her tousled hair and torn dress; she looked like a right mess.

However, she appeared to be completely at ease as she sauntered down the hallway like a thug who had won a street fight, though, in all fairness, Maya was more roughed-up than she was.

Elise glanced at Sofia in mild disinterest and made no effort to speak to her.

Despite this, Sofia called out loudly, "Hey!"

Elise held her phone as she stood to the side and asked forthrightly, "What is it? You still got some of that adrenaline, huh? Do you want to fight me or something?"

Sofia laughed when she heard this and waved her hand to deny this. "Nah, not today. I'm wiped. I'll beat you up some other time."

Elise flashed her a good-natured smile and asked, "So why did you call me then?"

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Sofia let out a long sigh, and when she gazed at Elise, it was with admiration and sincerity. "Nothing. I just wanted to let you know that you should start looking for a new housekeeper. I quit."

"Really? So soon? Surely Maya couldn't have scared you that much," Elise pointed out in amusement.

"You have no idea how little I think of that wench," Sofia said, chortling as she shook her head. "Personally, letting you beat me doesn't sound half as bad as letting that stupid Maya win," she mused thoughtfully.

Elise couldn't help laughing at this. "Is that a compliment?"

"Kind of," Sofia admitted. Then, she reached out and patted Elise on the arm in a show of sportsmanship, then said, "I'm backing out of this competition for good. Maya won't be the only woman you'll have to watch out for. Heaven knows how many more of them are there. Good luck with dealing with them, and take care."

With that, she shrugged off her jacket and slung it over her shoulder, then walked away with an astounding air of confidence.

Elise took in the girl's cavalier attitude as she watched her leave and smiled for some reason.

Not long after Sofia left, Alexander arrived.

He rushed over to Elise and examined her from head to toe, then front to back. He even circled her once just to make sure she was completely unharmed. After he concluded that she was fine, he breathed a breath of relief and said, "I'm glad you're okay." But then, he recalled what the maid had told him when he called home earlier and instantly turned grim. "Where are Sofia and Maya?"

It was bad enough that these two women had been stirring up trouble for a while now, but to fight in his home was crossing the line.

"Sofia just left," Elise answered. "And as for Maya..." The name had only just slipped past her lips when she glanced at the doctor's office and saw that the person in question was walking out. She jerked her chin in Maya's direction and said, "She's right there."

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Alexander glowered in Maya's direction mutinously, and there was no hiding the contempt and disgust in his eyes.

Maya looked pathetic with her hair mussed and tangled, and the fight had smudged her make-up. Startled, she kept her head down as she quietly padded over to where Alexander and Elise were, not daring to meet the former's icy gaze at all.

She had wanted to sneak past them unnoticed, but when she drew closer to them and tried to give them a wide berth, Alexander snapped, "Stop." There was not a trace of warmth in his voice.

She winced and halted in her steps. "What is it?" she asked so softly that it was almost like she was speaking to herself.

"Who said you could go by my place?" Alexander was intimidating, and the air around him crackled with angry energy. But, he didn't wait for her response before threatening darkly, "Your father is still receiving treatment in rehab, right? So, let this be my final warning to you—don't ever show up in front of me again, or I can't promise that your father will keep living."

At the mention of her father, Maya stiffened and looked up in shock. She wanted to confront and question him, but in the end, she said nothing. Instead, she swallowed her words along with her bitterness, then turned to leave the hospital in defeated silence.

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## Coollest Girl in Town Chapter 684

### Chapter 684 Fake Love

Meanwhile, over at Mayweather Polytechnic University, Mica was in a classroom in one of the campus buildings. She was seated in the last row as she worked on her calligraphy while waiting for Sebastian's class to end.

Just then, Tiana walked past the back door and spotted Mica from the corner of her eyes. She sauntered into the classroom and approached Mica, hoping that she would tell her what Elise had been up to these days.

However, she had only just walked up to Mica when she caught a glimpse of the calligraphy work on the desk, and she suddenly grew very interested in it.

The Sonnet 18 calligraphy transcription bore the unique font that QH herself had developed. The font was precise, elegant, and demanded the beholder's attention. The transcription was as good as a printed copy, but it was obviously hand-written, seeing as it was on an ordinary piece of paper instead of proper stationery.

Mica couldn't even make the cut for the Calligraphy Association. Who would've thought that she personally knew a legendary figure who possessed such refined calligraphy skills? The transcription is superbly done!

Just then, Tiana suddenly remembered that Sonnet 18 happened to be the theme for the Calligraphy Contest finals held by the Tissote Calligraphy Association. So, if she could get her hands on this copybook and use it as a guide while practicing at home, she was bound to win first place!

Tiana brightened up at the thought, but she recomposed herself just as quickly as she reached out to tap Mica on the shoulder.

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Mica turned around with a smile as she thought that it was Sebastian who had tapped her shoulder but frowned when she saw that it was Tiana. While Tiana was always courteous to her, Mica still found the girl inexplicably and unnervingly hard to read.

"Good day, Miss Hill," Mica greeted with an awkward nod. "Is there something I can help you with?"

"It's no big deal, but Sebastian was bringing his friend to the infirmary after the poor lad suffered a heat stroke, and he was asking if you could go over and lend him some cash," Tiana lied smoothly.

"A heat stroke?" Mica's eyes widened in concern as she pressed, "Is Sebastian okay?"

"He's fine, but he left his wallet back home this morning, so he really needs your help now," Tiana answered solemnly.

"Okay, thanks for telling me. I'll get going then!" Mica said as she slung her purse over her shoulder and hurried out of the classroom.

The classrooms on this floor mainly were used as study halls on campus, and nearly all the desks were occupied with books and other stationery, indicating that the desks were taken, not to mention saving students the trouble of moving their stuff around. This wasn't the first time Mica had been here, and in a force of habit, she had left the more cumbersome items behind on her desk, such as her calligraphy work.

When Mica's footfalls faded, Tiana went to the doorway and peered out the corridor. It was only after she was sure that Mica had gone out of sight that she returned to the desk, took the Sonnet 18 transcription out from the pile of papers, and then shoved it into her bag. After that, she fled the scene.

Fifteen minutes later, Mica left the infirmary with a confused look, only to run into Sebastian at the stairwell.

"Sebastian?" Bewildered, she asked, "Weren't you supposed to be in the infirmary? What were you doing upstairs?"

"Infirmary?" Sebastian blinked at her. "Class ended earlier than usual, and I came to look for you. Is something wrong?"

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"But Tiana told me that you—ah, forget it. Now that your class has ended, shall we grab lunch? I don't want us to have to wade through the cafeteria crowd when the rush hour hits." She couldn't care less about anything else now that she had Sebastian with her.

However, when she returned to the classroom to retrieve her things, she immediately noticed that the Sonnet 18 Elise had personally calligraphed for her was missing. She flipped through all the papers and books on the table and even the desk drawer, but the script was nowhere to be found. Frustration and anxiousness filled her as she realized that this was the second time she had lost something Elise had given her.

Suddenly, an overwhelming surge of guilt seized her, and tears started welling up in her eyes as she panicked.

"Hey, why are you tearing up out of the blue?" Sebastian asked gently when he sensed that she had become gloomy next to him.

"I lost the calligraphy script Elise gave me. I was supposed to use it as a guide, and now it's gone!" Mica said mournfully.

"Are you talking about the Sonnet 18 you've been poring over for the whole morning?" He thought she was being a little melodramatic about this and snapped impatiently, "How is losing a piece of paper a big deal? It's not as if you'd be making a career out of calligraphy anyway. Can't you just buy another script or something?"

"No, you don't understand. Elise has been nothing but kind to me, and I... I've just been losing everything she gave me..." Mica couldn't help the self-blame that washed over her.

Sebastian grew furious when he heard this. "What is that supposed to mean? Do you still blame me for losing your precious badge? I thought we agreed that we'd move on from that. Mica, if you have no intention of getting back together with me, just tell me right off the bat instead of holding my mistakes over my head!"

Mica was already despondent, but to hear him lash out at her made her gut wrench, and she lowered her head as tears started spilling down her cheeks.

At the sight of this, Sebastian softened. He still had some feelings for her, and he didn't like seeing her cry. As such, he pulled her into his arms, then apologized softly, "Okay, I'm sorry.

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Stop crying. I only meant to say that the past is the past, and we shouldn't let it affect us anymore. Mica, you know that I want to be with you for the long run, don't you?"

She sniffed and stopped crying at once. "I know. I just wish you'd trust me a little more. I don't blame you; I'm just worried I would let you guys down."

"That's enough now. Come on, let's get something good for lunch."

"Okay."

She gathered her things and followed him out of the classroom obediently. For some reason, she couldn't shake the feeling that Tiana had stolen the script from her, but in the absence of proof, she could only try to ignore this nagging thought.

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Ever since his meeting with Jack, Craig had been struggling to make it as a gigolo. But, unfortunately, it had been half a month since any of the usual affluent ladies called him up, and he wasn't sure where they managed to get ahold of the younger trainees, either.

These days, he waited at the restaurants where the wealthy ladies usually patronized to badger them, only to have them cast him aside after they showed up with their younger new beaux.

Craig was used to living the high life after all this time of getting his hefty allowances from these ladies, and he couldn't be bothered to entertain those who could only offer him mere thousands. So, with his source of income shrinking fast, he decided to crawl back to Winona.

He went over to a high-end restaurant and ordered a feast for take-out, then made it look as if he was the one who had prepared it. Then, after asking Winona for her address, he showed up at her front door.

The bell had only just been rung when Winona came up to the door excitedly.

"Here you go, Miss Jennings! Kindly sign to accept this lovingly-prepared lunch from a certain admirer," Craig said pleasantly with a sweet smile.

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Winona took the food containers and played along with his act, "Why, thank you, Mr. Delivery Man. My boyfriend isn't home right now. Care to come in?"

"Oh? Is that an invitation, ma'am? I can't promise that I won't do anything naughty," he teased as he wiggled his fingers like he was about to tickle her, then followed her through the door while she squealed and made to run away from him.

He had only just passed the threshold when he saw Elise standing by the kitchen counter with a drink in hand, and she was appraising them with mild amusement.

"Miss Sinclair," he greeted politely with a flamboyant bow.

Winona wasted no time in making introductions. "Elise, this is my boyfriend, Craig."

Elise pursed her lips and smiled as she eyed Craig meaningfully, then drawled with heavy implication, "How nice of you to personally bring Winona lunch. Thoughtfulness is a wonderful quality to have in a boyfriend, indeed."

He chuckled and pretended like he was embarrassed by the compliment, then scratched his head as he said demurely, "I just haven't seen her for a while, and I thought it'd be nice to drop by for a visit."

Winona flushed but seemed happy as she pursed her lips and said nothing.

Elise, on the other hand, looked highly entertained as she asked knowingly, "You're a drama student, right?"

As it turned out, one could even pretend to love someone and make it look believable if one tried hard enough.

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