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## Coolest Girl in Town Chapter 697

Chapter 697 Give Birth to a Daughter

Elise completely took the initiative for the kiss. As a result, Alexander indulged in it and gave up his control. Soon, their breaths became ragged and heavy.

Alexander instinctively hugged Elise tightly. However, his tongue was fiercely bitten the next second.

The sting instantly spread over his whole body, making him step aside and purse his lips. He looked at Elise with innocence and confusion.

His thoughts were written on his face.

What are you doing?

Elise laughed at his reaction. "This is the password. You must remember it. Those charmers who make your heart flutter are not me. Your lover will hurt you and make you sad."

Alexander looked at her pair of energetic eyes and his heart thumped.

At this moment, Elise was dazzling as she was shrouded in the brilliance of freedom and rebelliousness.

This is Elise I love deeply!

Alexander's chest was surging with heat. He hesitated before he stepped forward to hold Elise's face and kiss her.

Elise was out of breath from the kiss, so she played a prank and bit him again.

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Alexander paused, but he quickly followed it with a passionate kiss which raged like a storm. Elise finally surrendered and involuntarily responded to him.

When her mind was dizzy and muddy, Alexander pulled away and he cupped her face with his hands and murmured unsteadily, "Ellie, can we have a daughter? I want a daughter like you."

Elise was already intoxicated. Even if Alexander asked her to pick the stars in the sky, she would agree without hesitation.

"Okay." She nodded obediently.

Almost immediately, the man picked her up and walked into the bedroom.

Alexander did not let Elise go for the whole night, and it was only when the sun rose that he reluctantly stopped.

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It was the final round of the Calligraphy Contest. Elise appeared in the preliminary round and confirmed that Singer H would be in the final round. In addition, those newspapers which were being sent a legal notice by Alexander were trying to gain forgiveness from him by flattering Elise. So, the interview line-up was unprecedented.

There were a lot of reporters flooding the venue in and out.

One would think there was an international competition being held here.

The contestants who arrived earlier were ordinary people and were not newsworthy. Hence, the reporters were either cleaning the camera or scrolling through their phone as they did nothing.

When Tiana appeared in an haute couture dress, everyone rushed forward.

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"Miss Hill, do you think you will be the champion?"

"What do you think about Elise being a finalist?"

"In the last 'National Goddess' Contest, you lost to Elise by a shy vote. Do you have anything up your sleeve this time?"

Hearing the last question, Tiana stopped and looked at the reporter as she smiled mockingly. "I don't know anything about the so-called 'Goddess Contest'. If a college student doesn't know about this event, it isn't an actual national contest. So, it is meaningless to win in this contest."

That reporter gulped guiltily and he was stunned. Although he was at the frontline, he forgot to ask a hot question.

The reporters on both sides rushed in.

"Miss Hill, do you think you have a good chance of winning this time?"

"Miss Hill, we heard that you're SQ's apprentice. Can you reveal some recent news about SQ?"

Tiana kept her cool, ignored them, and directly entered the venue.

Then, Elise saw the news on the way. She was afraid of being entangled with the reporters, so she sneaked into the venue by going through a random side door.

As a result, the reporters didn't see her enter the venue until the draw, which was why Twitter was trending the keywords 'Elise Absence From the Finals' and 'Elise Suspected Abstention'. It generated much more attention than the calligraphy contest itself.

In the venue, the contestants began to draw lots in an orderly manner to determine their order.

Tiana was a seeded contestant, so she attracted much attention. After the students read their numbers, they all crowded toward Tiana.

"Tiana, what is your number?"

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"Yeah, you're not before me, right?"

"I'm number 22. How about you, Tiana?"

Tiana smiled brightly, raised the numbered ball in her hand and pretended to be sorry.

"Sorry! I'm number 21."

"What?!" The boy turned pale when he heard that. "My score will plummet if I'm right behind you!"

The judges probably won't even be bothered to give him a score if they had seen the next QH's work.

This is a live broadcast event. Won't I be a joke to the nation if this happens?

Thinking of this, the boy was heartbroken. Then, he turned around to the draw and returned his number ball. "I'm leaving."

The staff recovered the relevant items according to the rules, and the boy left the venue.

The other contestants behind Tiana sighed. They were damned if they left and damned if they didn't.

If they left, it would seem they were weak-willed.

However, they would only serve as a foil if they stayed. It was a struggle.

Elise was the only one who didn't care about it and leisurely threw the number 25 ball around.

Some reporters were shooting and live broadcasting in the venue. The organizer limited the number of reporters to keep it within the scope of their control.

At this time, Tiana wouldn't miss the opportunity to show off.

She haughtily walked toward the so-called strong opponent by the paparazzi—Elise. Tiana took the initiative to help Elise. "Miss Sinclair, why don't we exchange numbers?"

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The contestants after number 12 suddenly lit up. If Tiana and Elise really exchanged their numbers, Tiana would be number 25. There would be another twelve people who could receive standard marks.

However, Tiana didn't plan to actually exchange with Elise. The former was just pretending.

Cody said Elise's calligraphy was not qualified to enter the Calligraphy Association. Her skill must be miles apart from mine.

If the judges view my calligraphy before Elise's, they will understand how bad Elise is.

The viewers will clearly see the gap between Elise and I.

Tiana thought that with Elise's personality, Elise would definitely ignore her. However, Elise unexpectedly answered, "Are you sure?"

Elise looked at Tiana, her gaze meaningful. Although Elise was smiling, a hint of evil flashed in her eyes.

Tiana was horrified when she saw it. However, she had to bite the bullet. "Yes. It will only be fair to the other contestants."

These words immediately attracted the admiration of those contestants who benefited.

"As expected from the best celebrity in Tissote. No one could rival her kindness!"

"Tiana is too considerate! I was thinking it would be shameful if I hit the new low. However, I need not worry about it as the problem is solved."

This was exactly as Tiana expected.

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## Coollest Girl in Town Chapter 698

Chapter 698 Evil Stepmother?

"Okay." Elise didn't leave any room to discuss and switched the number balls. Then, she left.

Tiana was stunned while holding the number 25 ball. The other contestants cheered, but she couldn't even squeeze out a smile.

Elise likes to have her own way and can't take a hint.

She can go before me, but that will do nothing for her. Every judge knows I am the highlight of this competition. Before my work comes out, all judges will definitely reserve a high score for me.

Elise Sinclair, you won't be happy for long!

Elise wasn't comfortable with Tiana's gaze on her. She was afraid she couldn't control herself and gave Tiana a tight slap or two. Hence, she went to the washroom to hide in peace.

However, after washing her face, Elise heard a low sobbing coming from inside a cubicle.

The crying stopped after a while and the door opened. A short-haired girl in a school uniform came out with red eyes.

The girl was also a contestant. She placed her number ball on the sink and turned on a faucet to wash her face.

Elise glanced at the number. It was number 26, the next one after Tiana.

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The girl was strong. After calming down, she took a few deep breaths before the mirror and returned to normal.

However, her phone chose that moment to ring.

She panicked and answered the call, holding the phone to her ears with both hands. "Hello? Mom, no! Please don't send me to the orphanage! I will definitely get into the top three in the Calligraphy Contest. Please, I don't want to leave. Okay. Thank you, Mom. I will bring a prize back home. Thank you!"

Unlike the girl's humble attitude, the person on the other side of the call seemed impatient as she hung up the phone without waiting for the girl to finish her words.

After ending the call, the girl lowered her head and started to cry again.

Elise couldn't handle seeing the girl crying. Then, the little girl apologized, "I'm sorry. Did I bother you? I didn't mean it. I'll clean up and leave right away."

Seeing that, Elise couldn't let her be, so she took out a tissue and handed it over. "I'm the one who bothered you. Are you okay?"

"Thank you." The girl took the tissue to wipe her tears. "I'm fine."

Elise turned around and leaned on the sink. She placed her hands on the counter, pretending to be casual and relaxed. "No matter which relationship, you must commit to it to make it work. It's the same for parents and children. Parents who don't love their children can't be called parents. You don't have to be sorry."

Hearing that, the girl smiled bitterly. "You've misunderstood. The one I talked to isn't my birth mother, but my stepmother."

Stepmother?

Evil stepmother?

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"Then, there's no need to care for her. She is going to send you to an orphanage! So, why are you here trying hard to win her affection? You don't need anyone to be alive," Elise said indignantly.

The girl shook her head sadly. "I can't leave. If I do, she will ruin what was left by my dad."

"Your dad—" Elise couldn't bear to ask her.

"He passed away," the girl said lightly, but her eyes could not hide the sadness. "My birth mother passed away when I was young. My dad remarried but also unexpectedly died three months ago. Now, there are only my stepmother and me in the house. If I leave, the patrimony of the Mellor Family will be gone!"

"However, you're just a young girl. Even if you stay, you can't stop everything." Although Elise sympathized with the girl, she had to point out the reality.

"At least I can know which properties fall in which hand. In the future, I will definitely take them all back." The girl's delicate appearance exuded the greatest energy, and it would definitely move many.

Elise had to admire the girl's forbearance. Hence, she took the little girl's hand and put the number 12 ball on it. "Now, you're number 12. You're before Tiana. Give your best shot."

Then, Elise picked up the girl's number ball. "I'll take this. Good luck."

Before the girl could react, Elise walked out.

After a while, the girl chased out and stopped Elise. "Miss Sinclair, my name is Abby Mellor. I will repay your kindness in the future!"

Elise waved her hand without turning her head and continued to walk away leisurely.

Abby held the number ball in her hand, feeling inspired.

Elise and Tiana had attracted much attention among the contestants. The difference between the attention was that Tiana depended on her skill while Elise depended on her fame.

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Abby, however, felt that Elise was more than her outstanding appearance and figure.

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Ten minutes had passed since the start time.

However, the organizer had not announced the start of the competition.

More than a dozen prestigious judges had already taken their seats in the judge's seat. Surprisingly, there was an empty seat next to the vice-chairman Andy. The plate on the seat had a name written on it—Lorenzo Forbes.

Although Lorenzo was the chairman of the Tissote Calligraphy Association, he did not show up for years and rarely participated in the calligraphy competition as a judge. The appearance of this name seemed to show that the finals were obviously different from usual.

Under the stage, Cody slightly raised the corners of his lips and proudly smiled as he saw Lorenzo's name.

Mr. Forbes must have seen Tiana's previous calligraphy and wanted to appraise it in person.

Thinking of this, Cody called Tiana, who was preparing for the contest. He then reminded her in a low voice, "The head of the association, Lorenzo Forbes, will come to watch the contest in person. You have to perform well and make me proud. Although Lorenzo is a recluse, he is still the calligrapher with the highest status in the Calligraphy Association. You will naturally be promoted to S-Class if you win his favor."

Tiana looked at Lorenzo's seat solemnly; her eyes gradually darkened and a determined look flashed across her gaze.

As Lorenzo was stuck in traffic on the road, Andy had to start the contest without him.

The contest used a 100-point system.

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The first ten contestants had a low score. There were very few who scored more than 80 points.

After all, this was a national-level contest, so the scoring was especially strict.

A calligrapher must pay attention to the use of brushes, delicate strokes, and the distinct personality of the work.

The consecutive low scores made the rest of the contestants break out in cold sweat.

Contestant number 11 took the stage and completed his work in five minutes. Then, the judges appraised his work.

The judges still calmly gave a low score. Andy picked up the pen and put it down. In the end, he looked at the stage with a sharp gaze, then proceeded to blurt out the cold words, "Number 11, you are disqualified. You must leave now."

"What?!" The contestant argued in disbelief, "I must know why I failed despite my skill!"

"Your skill? Do you mean your copying skill?" Andy exuded a strong aura, and it was completely different from his usual kind demeanor.

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