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## Coollest Girl in Town Chapter 839

Chapter 839 I Told You to Scram

"Thank you for your compliment, Miss Jennings." Knowing that Winona was thinking of her, Elise was glad. "Miss Jennings, Miss White, it's getting late. It's time for your makeup." An assistant came forward to urge them.

Winona and Elise exchanged glances before they went on their own ways. Meanwhile, everything was ready for the director's team, and they were already in the testing stage, ready to start broadcasting at any moment. As Blitz Entertainment's biggest live broadcast that year, the top person in charge, Anthony, personally came to the site.

Seeing that the guests were about to enter, Margaret barged in aggressively from the side door. "Mr. Lowry, I was looking for you everywhere!" Margaret said while closing in on Anthony. When the staff saw her with a murderous aura, they went forward to stop her.

"Let her come over." Anthony waved his hand and stood up, leisurely straightening his jacket. "Miss Ainsley, what do you want from me?"

"Mr. Lowry, we've been working together for a long time. I don't believe you don't know that we've issued a blacklisting order against Anastasia in the entire industry, right?" Margaret asked sarcastically, her words suggesting that he was being unethical.

"I didn't know." Anthony played dumb and said, "I've heard about it a little, but you can assume that I know about it. So what?"

"So what? I should be asking you that. Mr. Lowry, are you implying that you want to go against me?"

"Don't exaggerate things. I'm a businessman, so I'll promote anyone who has commercial value. Besides, you know that the rumors about Anastasia and Alexander are all over the country, so there's no reason for me not to seize such a good resource." Anthony smiled slyly.

"How could you believe in a rumor like that? Anastasia has two children and has been married for a long time!" The more Margaret spoke, the more agitated she became. "She is

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deliberately clinging to Alexander so that you'd hire her. If you believe it, you'll really be caught in her trap. She's a difficult person to control, and if she ruins your show, it'll be too late for you to regret it. So listen to me—swap her out for someone else while you still can!"

Anthony sneered meaningfully. "I'm afraid that won't work. Anastasia is the one the investors want to see. If I replace her, won't I offend them? Miss Ainsley, even if you have a problem with Anastasia, don't stop me from getting rich."

"Investors? Who are they?" Margaret was not convinced. "Between me, Edmond, and you, Mr. Lowry, the whole industry is in our hands, so what else is there to be afraid of?"

"We really can't help but be afraid of this person." Anthony had just finished speaking when he noticed that Alexander was standing behind Margaret. Immediately, his demeanor changed, and he began to curry favor with him. "Mr. Griffith! You're here? Why didn't you say so? I would've gone to pick you up myself!"

Margaret shivered with fear and turned around in shock, only to be instantly confronted with Alexander's dark eyes.

"A-Alexander?" Her voice trembled as she asked, "You really want to promote Anastasia? Did you know that she—"

However, Alexander did not give her the opportunity to finish. "I don't need to learn about the woman I like from someone else. I advise you not to speak out of line."

Margaret silently swallowed, her chin slightly lifted up, and her eyes were full of fear.

There was no one in Tissote who didn't know about Alexander's reputation, but this was the first time she came into close contact with such a big shot, and even just one sentence from him was enough for her to feel his crushing presence. Clearly, she and Anthony were just clowns in front of magnates like Alexander.

What terrified her even more was that Alexander's words undoubtedly confirmed the many speculations of the outside world—he was indeed going to pursue Anastasia. Hence, going against Anastasia now was tantamount to going against Alexander and the whole of Smith Co., which was equivalent to throwing straws against the wind.

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Thinking of this, she desperately tried to keep herself calm and apologized, "I'm sorry, Mr. Griffith. I didn't know about your relationship with Anastasia before. I hope you'll be merciful and spare me for offending you this time." Margaret squeezed her fist tight, ready to kneel down and beg for forgiveness.

Alexander, however, did not make the effort to bother with her, and gritted out, "Scram!"

"Yes! I'm leaving now!" Margaret turned around and was about to run when Alexander called out to her.

"Stop right there." He said eerily, "Don't you understand what I just said? I told you to scram, not to run."

Margaret closed her eyes and held her breath. Sure enough, Alexander was not that easy to deal with. However, if she was not afraid of kneeling down, what else was there to be afraid of?

Margaret immediately squatted down and lay down on the ground, holding her handbag in front of her chest before she twisted her body and rolled toward the door crookedly.

Even Anthony couldn't help but raise his eyebrows at Alexander's humiliating methods. As expected, Alexander was worthy of being the top boss in Cittadel as everything he did was so distinctive.

Just then, a staff member came to them from backstage. "Mr. Lowry, Miss White and Miss Jennings have something they want to say to you in person."

"I got it. You can go back to work. I'll be right there." Saying that, Anthony respectfully bowed to Alexander and said, "Mr. Griffith, I'll be taking my leave to speak to Miss White."

"Okay." Alexander answered expressionlessly before he turned his gaze and began searching the scene for his daughter, thinking that it would be great if he could hug his daughter and watch his wife record the program today.

Meanwhile, Anthony jogged all the way to the waiting room, where Winona and Anastasia had been waiting for a long time.

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"Ah, Miss White, Miss Jennings, sorry to keep you waiting. Did you need me for something?" Anthony smiled ingratiatingly like a lapdog.

"Mr. Lowry, I suggest that you cross out Ekaterina from the list of foreign guests. It seems like she has a habit of degrading others, so I don't think it's appropriate for her to appear on the big screen." Elise went straight to the point.

"Huh? When did this happen? I have no knowledge of it." Anthony made an innocent expression, then assured her solemnly, "Don't worry, Miss White. I'll send someone to look into it right away. After confirming it, I'll do it according to what you said. You should change your attire and get ready. I'll go deal with it now!"

After assuring her repeatedly, he slipped away.

Looking at his slippery figure, Winona and Anastasia tacitly looked at each other and said in unison, "He won't deal with it!"

The two of them exchanged glances and smiled.

Winona explained the reason. "In the past few years, Blitzzy Entertainment has been suppressed by Rushmore Entertainment, and it's rare for them to make a good variety show. As the boss, how can he not keep an eye on the whole process? He obviously wants to make this dirty money with a guilty conscience."

"I agree. However, whether or not he can spend the dirty money he earned depends on whether or not he has the fortune! If he wants to play with fire, he must be prepared to bear the consequences!"

Elise's beautiful eyes flashed. They had already given them the opportunity, and if Blitzzy Entertainment did not want to seize it, they couldn't blame her for giving Elliot and his family a big gift after her return.

Outside the door, Anthony had just turned the corner when he smiled smugly. So what if she insulted them? As long as she was popular enough to make money, it was fine. First, he had to haul these two women away to start the live broadcast so that they would not be able to ask them to stop midway or they would be breaching the contract.

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By then, even if the program could not go on, he had a large amount of penalties that would cover his losses. He couldn't care less about how much the so-called embroidery culture was worth. Either way, he had to bring Blitz Entertainment back from the dead this time!

## Coollest Girl in Town Chapter 840

### Chapter 840 A Small Victory Over Abby

'Cultures Without Borders' went live at nine in the morning sharp. Everything proceeded in an orderly manner. In the first two hours, the program invited folk artists from Fornd and Diajan to demonstrate their respective cultures and techniques.

After that, special guests were invited to interact with them on behalf of the audience and achieved the purpose of promoting the minorities' culture from other countries.

Although it might not be as entertaining compared to a variety show, interest continued to pour in as it was uncommon content. Two hours later, as a Rosepeak-nationality Cittadelian, Abby represented Ekaterina to go on stage and completed a picture of cherry blossoms in a little just below ten minutes with the Rosepeak's national anthem.

Although the performance drew much applause from the audience, some questioned if 'embroidery was truly a Rosepeak heritage' in hushed tones.

Sitting opposite the stage, Elise calmly looked at Anthony with questioning eyes. They said that they would cross Ekaterina off the list, but now they were letting them be grandiose in such a manner on stage. It was as though he had gone back on his word.

Knowing full well he was in the wrong, Anthony discreetly averted his eyes and pretended not to have seen anything. However, his fidgeting had betrayed the guilt he was trying to hide.

Since he didn't cherish the opportunity she had given him, Elise no longer had any qualms about taking action. She took the microphone and interrupted the conversation. "I'm sorry, but I'll have to interrupt here."

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Graceful, the host smiled to show that it was fine. "Miss White, do share with us your brilliant insights."

"It's no brilliant insight, but I have a question for Miss Mellor onstage." Elise adjusted her sitting posture and continued in a neutral tone, "You've mentioned that embroidery originated from Rosepeak in 600 BC in your introductions just now, which meant its history is more than two thousand years now. However, as far as I know, embroidery in Cittadel can be traced back to more than three thousand years ago. By that logic, the culture of embroidery would be Cittadel's. After all, we only say that children take after their parents, but never the other way round. Am I wrong in saying so?"

"So what if it's three thousand years? That proves nothing since history is being recorded differently by each country. In terms of skill, Rosepeak has been peerless all this while. Perhaps the history you perceive is wrong, Miss White," Abby replied mechanically while staring vacantly at the ground, as though she was a walking corpse.

Elise was disappointed with her. "Do you know what you're saying? Did your heart rot as well upon changing your nationality? Our cultural history has been accumulated for thousands of years. It's not something that can be erased just because of one or two results of a competition!"

Still motionless, Abby replied coldly, "Then, how about showing us proof to convince everyone here, Miss White? Just as your logic of only children taking after their parents, if this technique did originate from Cittadel, then I'm sure a Cittadelian would be much better than the ones who were merely imitating them."

The words she spoke were for her own ears as well. For seven years, she had followed Ekaterina Miiyagi into various competitions, yet no Cittadelian had won against her before, let alone Ekaterina. As cultural heritage required confidence and, more importantly, capability, she wouldn't have gone so far as to degrade herself had she seen just a glimmer of hope.

"You want proof? Alright, I'll have a match with you." Elise stood up candidly.

Abby finally raised her head. "You dare to challenge me when you've only taken embroidery lessons?"

"Well, it's two years of simple lessons." Elise spoke truthfully. However, since Abby did not question her about who she learned it from, she saw no need to reveal it.

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"Two years?" Abby repeated with a bitter smile. "Since you've only learned some basic techniques, winning against you is just a natural outcome. What is even the point of comparing?"

"So, you're afraid that you can't even beat an amateur like me?" Elise provoked.

Agitated by her taunts, Abby replied, "Since you want to lose that much, I'll grant your wish."

In no time, another embroidery stand was placed opposite Abby with the help of the staff. Elise then confidently walked over and sat down in front of the stand.

After that, the host announced the rules of the match. "The first to complete their work within thirty minutes will score two additional points. Then, four guests will judge and give a score of up to ten points each. After two rounds of scoring, we will declare the winner of the match. You two, are you ready? Ok, ready, begin!"

Just as the timer began, both Abby and Elise fully focused on their embroidery.

Since her opponent had only learned embroidery for two years, Abby chose the simplest embroidery technique and finished within fifteen minutes. Standing up and bowing to the audience, she flipped her embroidery stand to show off her work—the magnolia flower.

One of the guests who knew a fair bit about embroidery took the lead in the judging. "This work was done using the colored hair embroidery that uses various natural colored hair of different people and employing more than ten different kinds of stitches to achieve an artistic realm of flat, solid, detail, density, uniformity, thin, harmony, and fluency. Truly an exquisite show of craftsmanship with these marvelous materials."

Then, he paused briefly before he continued in a tone tinged with implication, "Colored hair embroidery is the most basic embroidery technique. With Abby Mellor's talent, using this technique is like using a sledgehammer to crack a nut. Looks like she intends to give Elise a chance."

In the end, she was still a Cittadelian, so she was unwilling to allow her compatriot to lose face publically. This made a good impression on the audience as they had seen the earlier embroidery she had done.

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Just then, Elise had also put down her needle and silently stood beside the embroidery stand as she awaited the judges to give their scores.

Winona was the first to notice and immediately led the conversation over to Elise. "Looks like Miss White is done as well."

"Yes." Elise nodded.

"Alright, then let's welcome Miss White to display her work!" The host excitedly directed the camera to cut to Elise.

Calmly adjusting the stand, she then revealed her work of an ink-style embroidery of a dragonfly on a lotus flower on the big screen.

It was then, the guest who evaluated Abby's work just now started to lament. "Not bad, not bad at all. This chaotic style of embroidery combines the technique of oil painting and sketching. By changing the length of the lines, the colors are layered upon layers but still retain the unique texture of a silk thread that results in a color richer than that of a painting. From a distance, it looks exactly like a painting. With such a talent, her future is very bright indeed if she continues on this path of embroidery for a few more years."

As both of the works were highly praised, the host couldn't figure out just which was the better of the two for a while. "So, which work is the supposed winner?"

"In terms of the works, they are evenly tied," the guest said.

"So... it's a draw?" The host was afraid of offending either one of them.

"It's my loss," Abby said quietly, albeit clearly.

As the crowd shifted their attention to her, Abby walked over to Elise and bowed. "Although I was the one who had underestimated you, you have shown that you only needed two years to reach the level that I needed twenty years to. In terms of talent, it's obvious that you are the better one, Miss White."

"So now, do you still think that embroidery is a Rosepeakian culture?"

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