

Coolest Girl in Town Chapter 216 - 217

Chapter 216 Let Me Tell You the Answer ,Coolest Girl in Town

"Let me tell you the answer, then." Elise glanced at Coner and spoke with a cold yet definite tone. And so, the former took the draft from Brendan and lifted her head to look at Coner. "You are indeed quite smart. You can tell what to plagiarize and what not to, but I have to say that you're too sloppy. You didn't even bother to look at the layout of the design carefully before you plagiarized it. Do you realize why it's unsymmetrical? That's because the draft that you plagiarized from was just my first draft. It was an incomplete design. Well, your skills are not up to par so you couldn't even complete the work based on my original design, which is why the whole thing is not symmetrical."

As soon as Coner heard the other woman's words, she could feel her heart skip a beat. However, she instinctively denied it anyway, "I don't understand what you're on about. I didn't plagiarize! This is my design..." Elise had already made her point quite clear, but Coner remained stubbornly unrepentant. In the end, Elise no longer bothered with the niceties and she brazenly flung the stack of designs onto Coner's face. "I've met many shameless people in my lifetime but you're really one of a kind! Designers are generally quite mindful of their reputation, but ones like you who even fail at plagiarizing one's work should honestly drop out of the industry."

"This is nonsense!" Coner roared back at Elise, refusing to admit to this offense as she attempted to use a loud voice to mask the truth. In the end, she shot a pleading look at Ashlyn and tried to seek help. However, Ashlyn was caught by surprise as well, as she didn't expect this incident to be exposed so soon. In all honesty, she was wary of Coner blabbering and implicating her into this. In the end, she hurriedly interrupted Coner's sentence.

"Coner, I can't believe that you would resort to lying to me despite us knowing each other since university! I trusted you so much and even introduced you to my lifelong friend. Why did you do this?" Meanwhile, Coner looked at Ashlyn in disbelief. "That's not true. It was—" "That's enough." At that point, Ashlyn interjected and immediately glanced at Brendan with an apologetic look on her face, "I'm sorry, Brendan. It's my fault for not handling this situation well. I didn't expect to be taken for a fool. I've misjudged her character and caused you so much trouble. I'm terribly sorry."

With that, Ashlyn tugged at Coner's arm and tried to make her leave, but Brendan wasn't that foolish. He would have lived in vain for all these years if he was deceived by such a simple

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ploy. "Miss Lawson," he uttered. However, those two words sounded formal and distant. He no longer paid any heed to their personal ties. "There's something that I think you should be reminded of." Meanwhile, Ashlyn was taken aback but before she could get a word in edgewise, Brendan continued, "There are surveillance cameras in this workshop. They are placed in discreet locations but can clearly show every single thing that occurred. It would be quite easy if I wanted to pursue this and uncover the truth."

Ashlyn's face paled instantly the moment she heard that. Meanwhile, she silently gripped both her hands tightly. Prior to that, they were originally hanging loosely by her side. In the end, she lifted her head and looked at him as she stammered, "O-Oh? Is that s-so...." Nonetheless, Brendan mercilessly continued, "That's why I'm quite curious as to how the draft got into an outsider's hands. Why don't you accompany me to take a look at the security footage? Let's uncover the truth together." Upon hearing that, Ashlyn stumbled and instantly responded, "N-No, thanks."

"However, I'm still very curious as to how it could be so coincidental that Elise's draft was exactly the same as Coner's, and you guys somehow published it on the internet before Elise?" Somehow, Brendan's words spoke volumes and Ashlyn couldn't seem to find any excuse to deny this. Meanwhile, Elise, who was standing silently by the side, suddenly spoke up coldly. "That's the most you can achieve anyway. I guess the best you can do to reach your goal is to do such a despicable thing and use underhanded tactics. Ashlyn, you really are detestable."

At that moment, Ashlyn tried to continue denying it. After all, they had no evidence of her being the perpetrator. However, she realized that there seemed to be nothing she could say that would make her sound convincing. "I..." Before she could even speak up, Molly strode into the room from the doorway. "Mr. Griffith, Miss Sinclair, I'm sorry but I told a lie..." In response, Elise looked at Molly with a frown on her face. As for Molly, she was so frightened that she couldn't control the tears from streaming down her face. "Miss Sinclair, I lied to you. Actually, I didn't tell the truth when you asked me about it yesterday.

In fact, I did bump into Miss Lawson but she paid me a large sum to keep it a secret. That's why I didn't tell you the truth. I owe you and Mr. Griffith an apology." Molly's words were practically the final nail on the coffin for Ashlyn. All of a sudden, Ashlyn went berserk and shouted, "You b*tch! What sort of nonsense are you on about?!" However, Molly paid no attention to her and continued to apologize profusely. "Mr. Griffith, I'm so sorry. I was tempted by the money Miss Lawson offered and I ended up making this mistake.

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But I didn't realize that Miss Lawson was here to steal Miss Sinclair's design—" Meanwhile, Brendan didn't even bat an eyelid and he disregarded her words. In the end, he coldly responded, "Go and pack your stuff and get out of here immediately." "Mr. Griffith, please give me another chance," Molly hastily pleaded for mercy but Brendan couldn't care less. "We don't need a traitor in the office. Don't make me repeat myself." At that point, Molly was aware that this was a gone case. Though she was displeased with the outcome, she had no choice but to turn around and walk out of the room.

"Brendan, can you hear me out? It's not what it seems—" Ashlyn was about to continue to explain for herself, but Brendan merely looked at her solemnly. "Miss Lawson, I don't mind saving you from disgrace out of respect for our friendship all this while, but please be mindful of your further actions. Otherwise, I'll definitely lodge a police report on this incident." Ashlyn's expression dimmed when she heard that and her face fell. However, her current frightful appearance couldn't even evoke any bit of sympathy from the people around her. In the end, Brendan arranged for the security guards to kick them out.

Ashlyn pleaded continuously up to the point where she was about to be thrown out of the place, but Brendan paid no heed to her words. He merely lifted his hand and gestured for the security guards to hurry up. Once Ashlyn and Coner were thrown out of the place, he finally turned to Elise. "Elise, I'm sorry about that. It was my carelessness that caused your design to be stolen. Ultimately, I need to take responsibility for this incident," Brendan explained with an apologetic look. Meanwhile, Elise glanced at the draft in her hand and tore it up without a second thought.

"Actually, it isn't a big deal. It's just two drafts. My creativity stems from here." she murmured as she pointed to her brain. "After all, no one can steal what's in here." Brendan finally heaved a sigh of relief upon hearing her words. Meanwhile, he couldn't contain the appreciative look on his face and he subsequently beamed widely. "I kind of realize the reason Alexander chose you as his lifelong partner. It's because you're full of wisdom."

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"Well, I don't think I'm wise anyway. I'm quite annoyed too! After all, someone stole my design just like that!" Though Elise said that, she wasn't too affected by it. After all, that draft was just a half-finished design to her. However, Brendan owed her big time due to this incident and this was something that she couldn't ever obtain even if she was willing to pay for it. "Alright, let's put this aside. However, I'll probably need two more days to come up with the revised design."

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Upon hearing that, Brendan nodded in agreement. "That's fine. I'm not in a rush for it so just take your time." "By the way, about Molly..." At that point, Elise brought up Molly because she reckoned that the latter was quite talented in this field. If Molly was fired from their workshop, it was quite likely that her career as a designer would end here. Brendan, however, made his stance quite clear. "Molly's my personal assistant and she's also a part of our design team, but her actions are completely unforgivable." Meanwhile, Elise hummed to indicate that she understood.

Although she felt that it was a shame for Molly's talent to go to waste, she was unsympathetic of the woman's current predicament. After she had gone back into her office, Elise stretched her back before taking a seat and continuing with her sketch. However, her creative juices were not flowing well at the moment and more than ten consecutive sketches were unsatisfactory to her. There was also a pile of balled-up papers in front of her table. When Alexander arrived, he was quite mindful to knock on the door before entering the room. Despite that, Elise was engrossed in her sketch and she didn't give any response at all.

Left without a choice, he pushed open the door and walked into the room. He then casually picked up one of the balled-up papers from the ground and unraveled it, only to find that it was a sketch for a preliminary design. At that point, Elise heard his footsteps and she came to her senses. "Why are you here?" Alexander lifted his head to glance at her before replying, "It's time to go home. You didn't even bother to look at the time, huh?" It was only then that Elise finally noticed the time. She sheepishly rubbed her temples, she murmured, "I don't have much left to do."

"Let's head home together." Just then, Alexander moved forward and came to her side as he mentioned, "You must be tired after sketching for such a long time. I'll give you a shoulder massage." "That's not necessary. I'm fine." Though Elise had rejected his offer, in fact, she actually felt that her shoulders were quite sore. However, Alexander didn't even give her a chance to respond. He went to stand behind her and placed his warm hands on her shoulders before gently giving her a massage. At that point, Elise felt her shoulders relax significantly and she no longer felt as tense as before.

Just then, she found that her design inspiration seemed to come about quite quickly. "I think you'll need to give me some more time to complete this sketch." As she spoke, she had already impatiently grabbed a pencil and started on her sketch. Meanwhile, Alexander didn't seem to be in a hurry, so he took a seat next to her and waited silently. Neither of them spoke a word in that cramped little room and there was only the sound of her pencil

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scratching against the paper. Brendan watched the whole scene by the door and he couldn't seem to contain the smile on his face.

Shortly after that, he spoke softly and instructed his personal assistant. "Let the person on the night watch know not to disturb them." "Sure, Mr. Griffith." Subsequently, Brendan turned around and walked out of the office. The office was brightly lit up though the night had fallen. As soon as Elise completed her final stroke on the sketch, she unconsciously stretched her back. "It's finally completed!" Just then, she turned around to look at Alexander. He was still seated cross-legged at the same position and he had a magazine in his hand. However, he hadn't flipped the page for quite a while now.

She then took a closer look and realized that he had, in fact, fallen asleep. And so, she quickly took a blanket and quietly went over to place it on him. She was just about to go and shut the door but the next minute, a pair of warm hands inched toward her and Alexander hugged her waist. "Have you completed the sketch?" Meanwhile, Elise was slightly caught by surprise as his hoarse voice rang out lazily. She hastily replied, "Yes, I've completed it. We can head home now." However, Alexander tightened his grip on her. "Let me hug you for a bit more."

In the end, Elise had no choice but to stand there without moving as she gave him free rein to hug her. After quite some time, all of the lights in the office suddenly flicked off and both of them became enveloped in darkness. "What's going on? Why did the lights suddenly go out?" Elise asked frantically. However, Alexander comforted her, "I guess it must be the timer and the lights get cut off at a certain time. I'll turn my flashlight on. Let's head home." As he said that, he reached for his cell phone but despite pressing on it for quite some time, nothing happened.

"My battery's flat." Upon hearing that, Elise rummaged for her phone and switched on the flashlight. Instantly, there was a glimmer of light in the room. "Let's go." She walked in front of him and he trailed along behind but upon reaching the entrance to the office, they realized that the door was locked from the outside and there was no way of opening the door. Just then, she shoved hard on the door but it was to no avail. "What's going on? Why is the door locked?" Alexander was quite confused too, so he shone the flashlight toward the door and realized that it had been bolted from the outside.

Furthermore, there came the sounds of some footsteps shuffling by the corridor. Hence, Alexander frowned and hollered, "Who's there? Who is it outside?" The people by the door were frightened out of their wits to hear someone inside and there was a sound of something dropping from their hands and then spilling all over the ground. "What are you

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doing? Hurry up and splash it on the walls!" Several people spoke to each other and they quickly splashed the contents of the cans in their hands all over the surroundings. At that point, the air around them reeked strongly of gasoline.

"Who's there? Open the door right now!" Alexander yelled out but soon after that, there was a stinging smell that hit his nostrils. "It's gasoline." By then, Elise had caught a whiff too. "Oh no! We need to get out of here!" However, as soon as she said that, flames emerged from the window behind her and the whole room was lit up in red. "This is arson," she said with a panicked expression as she quickly covered up her nose and mouth. "Let's go. We need to leave right now!" However, the door was locked from the outside and the flames that came from the window were seemingly engulfing them.

Alexander shielded Elise by his side and moved with her in the direction that was currently away from the fire. "Follow me and keep silent." He took out his cell phone to make a call as he said that. However, the whole office was full of flammable objects and the gasoline fueled the flames too, so the fire became out of control very quickly. They did not even have time to react. The billowing dark smoke enveloped both of them and Elise coughed uncontrollably from inhaling it. She felt terribly suffocated at that point. Meanwhile, Alexander hit at the door non-stop with a metal rod that he had found, but it barely made a dent.

At that point, the people outside saw that the office was in flames, so one of them took out his phone and dialed a number. "Miss Lawson, we've set fire to the place according to your instructions. However, I think I heard someone inside earlier. Are you sure that's fine?" At that moment, Ashlyn had a sinister look on her face and she couldn't even care less about that. *How dare Brendan insult me that way?*

Well, if he refuses to give me a chance, there's nothing much to care about! Let's see what he'll do with a burnt office! "It's fine! No one would still be there at such a godforsaken hour of the night! Just set the place alight and leave! You don't need to bother with anything else after that."

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