

## Cooler Girl in Town Chapter 281 - 282

### Chapter 281 It's Right Not to Have Deep Friendships, Cooler Girl in Town

By placing an elder under house arrest and blatantly handling a helpless, weak elderly person without even bothering to put up a pretense, Faye had turned this big, gloomy mansion into her territory where she did as she pleased. "Looks like you don't interact with elderly very often, Miss Sinclair," Faye pointed out calmly. "So what if it's true?" Elise argued, frowning slightly. Very subtly, she raised her brows while the corners of her lips drooped. With her alluring eyes brimming with confidence, she said, "Since that's the case, you definitely don't know how the elderly in their seventies act like a child."

At her age, Grandma is most likely to get careless. If there's no one to take care of her and she loses her way or some accident happens to her, who could bear this responsibility?" Her explanation got Elise speechless. It was said that not even a fair judge could settle family affairs, and family disputes were the trickiest cases which couldn't be simply lorded by people on the sidelines. If Elise stood on moral grounds and started criticizing Faye, it was highly possible that she would end up with a bunch of accusations. On the other hand, she couldn't stand by and watch as an elderly person was pushed around.

"Of course I believe that your intentions are kind, Miss Anderson. However, there are many examples in this world where bad actions turned out of good intentions, and I wonder how much you know about the penalty for abuse." With the same look in her eyes, Elise looked Faye in the eyes so that the latter would know how it felt to have a taste of her own medicine. Without waiting for Faye to open her mouth, Elise added, "Going against an elderly person's will, putting her in confinement, restricting her freedom, inflicting mental abuse, etc..."

Taking all these into consideration, it can easily end up being a two-year sentence. Miss Anderson, do be careful." With the most innocent tone, Elise had uttered the most threatening words. The look on Faye's face kept changing, and she didn't look pleased at all. Narrowing her almond-shaped eyes, she surveyed Elise undisguisedly. Rowena hit the nail in the head, she thought. This is a university student without any ideas of the world. It's a small matter to be slapped with a lawsuit, but if word got out that I'm confining two old women, it'll definitely affect the plan I've painstakingly carried out for years.

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After some deliberation, Faye's lips curled upward instantly. Her entire face gleamed as she flashed a standard smile. "Thanks for the reminder, Miss Sinclair. But I think such a day won't arrive." After saying that, she spun to Rowena and the others, keeping away her smile as she said in faked dissatisfaction, "Ms. Johnson, how many times have I told you that you should get someone who could watch their strength to take care of Grandma? Look at how burly they are. When others see this, they might think that we can't afford to support the elders with the wealth that we have and couldn't wait to watch them die. That'll ruin the good reputation our family has built for generations!"

With a chuckle, Elise sighed. As expected of the woman who turned this family upside-down. With a few words, she dismissed the accusation of elderly abuse and even ridiculed me. Everything she said, hidden or not, simply meant that the Anderson Family is a strict and wealthy family. Nobody would believe that the abuse of an elderly person is happening here. After saying that, Faye secretly gave Rowena and the rest a look. Understanding what she meant, Rowena instructed the servants to keep away from Bertha. Free from restriction, Bertha regained her freedom, but upon closer inspection, she could easily notice that the servants had merely expanded the circle around her.

The tangible net had turned invisible, and it was just a double-faced act. Then, Rowena's expression changed, and she wrinkled her face pleadingly as she gazed at Bertha. "Old Madam, setting aside the fact that you hurt yourself physically the last time you sneaked out and fell into the river, the people who saved you almost lost their lives as well. Please be considerate and stop acting stubborn!" Grappling her walking stick, Bertha struck it on the ground hard a couple of times and glared at her. "Nonsense! I didn't fall into the river! You ungrateful creature might as well just act in a movie!"

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she exclaimed before she turned to Elise with a soft face. When she wanted to explain something, she saw Elise shaking her head at her before she could even open her mouth again, signally for her to not act rashly. Startled, Bertha then understood her intentions and nodded curtly. She's right. It's a worthless struggle even if I explain myself in this situation, and it may even get that kind-hearted lass into trouble. It's better if I just succumb and lay low for now.

At the thought of this, she glanced at Faye from the corners of her eyes and straightened herself by gripping her walking stick. With a cold stance, she gave way, saying, "I'm tired and want to rest in my room." Hearing that, Faye's lips twisted into a conceited smirk. That's more like it, you old fart. "Quick, help Old Madam back to her room," she ordered. "Okay!" Wiping away the aggrieved and pleading expression from her face, Rowena put on a pleasing and accommodating face instead.

"This way, Old Madam!" After giving her an icy stare, Bertha then stole a peek at Elise before lifting her foot, turning around, and walking back into the house. With one step at a time, her pace was steady, and even though it was just from the back, Elise saw the figure of a strong woman in her youth. Finally, Faye urged Elise on purpose after catching her staring at Bertha for a while, "Miss Sinclair, please leave if there's nothing else. I have other matters to attend to and I'm afraid I don't have the time for small talks." She didn't say anything more, and Elise didn't plan to hang around much longer either.

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After exchanging looks with their eyes, she then marched out of the place. A few minutes after she left the Andersons', she heard the blaring of a honk from opposite the street. Following the source, Elise saw Brendan's car and walked over. The driver with a keen judgment got out and opened the door for her. As thanks, she gave him a polite nod and got into the car. After she was seated, Brendan instructed, "Let's go."

Then, he turned to her. "Why did the Anderson Family look for you?" She cast a look at the Andersons' front gates and answered casually, "Nothing. Just small issues to go over about the wedding dress." Countless of malices lay hidden in this house worth hundreds of millions, and if it was possible, she didn't want to have anything to do with it after this.

There was enough trouble on her plate now, and even if she didn't find them a hassle, she didn't want to add more troubles for herself as that was the thing she hated the most. "That's good," Brenden said, nodding thoughtfully. "The Andersons are more than meets the eye. It's the right move not to have a deep friendship with them."

## Coollest Girl in Town Chapter 282

### Chapter 282 A Game of Cat-And-Mouse,Coollest Girl in Town

After saying that, he passed her a very pretty invitation card. "This is Designer's Night organized by a few influential and seasoned designers in the country, and there should be quite a few new designs on this show. Later, accompany me to this event to have a look." Lowering her head, Elise studied the card in her hands, which had a familiar name on it. Designer's Night was considered as the source of fresh ideas for domestic fashion designers.

It may appear as a fashion show, but in private, the audience under the stage could make a bid according to the number on the model and win themselves the chance to meet and chat with the designer about the philosophy behind the design. To put it simply, it was an exchange of design inspirations. At first, Elise wasn't very interested in it, but she didn't want to turn Brendan down, so she followed him along. She felt much better when they received a

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mask at the entrance of the venue; hidden underneath the mask, so much hassle could be eliminated because nobody would know who the other was.

There weren't many points of the show which surprised Elise. In the end, she picked a design which was kind of to her liking, then she wrote down the serial number and price before leaving the show early to go to the bathroom. When she came out, a man was standing at the door with his back facing her. At first, she thought that he was one of the models, but when she saw the mask strap around the back of his head, she realized that he was also an invited guest. Her gaze stopped on him for a couple more seconds before she looked away and prepared to leave.

When she passed by the man, he suddenly extended his arm and blocked her path. "Is anything the matter, sir?" she asked. Taking a step forward, the man stood in front of her and didn't beat about the bush either, as he went straight to his point. "Nothing. I just wish to see how the lady who has the same tastes as me looks like," he said, reaching out his hand to take off her mask. Out of reflex, Elise stepped backward, but the man pushed his luck and came in closer until she was leaning on the sink. With no room left for Elise to retreat, he placed both of his hands on the sink, trapping her in between.

On the other hand, Elise, who had nowhere to go, felt a wave of disgust over her chest. By using his male physical advantages to subdue a woman, this man had really pushed her button. "Sir, please watch what you're doing." Clenching her fists tightly, Elise suppressed her urge to strike him. "I didn't mean to snatch anything from someone else and simply wrote a price. If you would like, you can meet with the designer."

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Under the mask, a smug smirk tinged the edges of the man's lips. Although it was almost unnoticeable, it was especially glaring to Elise's eyes. She recalled that she merely wrote 1,000 as the bid half-heartedly, but this guy couldn't even out-bid her. In his eyes, the designer's inspiration isn't even worth 1,000? Everyone who was invited here is either rich or wealthy, and yet, he's so stingy with his bid and even has the cheeks to make a fuss about it. Unable to hold it back anymore, she snorted and said sarcastically, "Let me guess: A well-dressed gentleman such as you—whom people can easily tell how wealthy you are—couldn't even make a bid of more than 1,000?" Her words struck Johan Olsen in his sore spot, and he snarled under his mask angrily.

As the successor of the dignified Olsen Family, the money he would drop on the floor every time he took out his wallet would be more than 1,000. So, how could he have made such a petty bid? It's all the fault of that new assistant who has no experience with events like this. I'm going to fire him later when I get back! he thought furiously. But this woman has a sharp tongue, and it's kinda extraordinary how she insults without using any vulgar language. The thought of this made him even more excited, and he grabbed her entire mask with his large hand, impatient to have a look at the face of the woman underneath. However, a leg appeared from the side the next second and kicked him out straightaway.

Landing on the floor with a loud thud, he also took Elise's mask with him at the same time. Scrambling to his feet, he had barely checked out his injuries when he decided to twist his head to check out the woman's face instead. To his dismay, she already had her back facing him, and the man next to her was wearing a solemn expression. With the fierce, cold air around him, he looked like a murderous wolf from the Siberia. Unwittingly, Johan was stunned for a moment as he held in pain the spot where he was kicked. Alexander narrowed his dark eyes, and every word he said was aloof but firm.

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"It wouldn't be as simple as a kick if you touch her. You should be thankful." Then, he spun around, placed his arm around Elise's waist, and left. After they had left the masked man far behind, it struck Elise that Alexander should now be on a business trip in Athesea. "Why are you still here?" "I happen to have something to discuss with Brendan," he explained, opening the car door. "I'll send you back." All the way while they were walking out, his expression had been rather stony, and she thought that he must be angry. Hence, she was embarrassed to accept any more of his kind gestures. "It's okay."

Stopping next to the car, she wanted to ease the tension in the air and said jokingly, "You have serious matters to attend to; if you keep sending me to places, people might think that I've hired myself a handsome driver!" However, Alexander's face was grim, and he didn't say anything in response, which made the atmosphere especially awkward. In fact, he wasn't angry at Elise, but rather, he was mad at himself that he couldn't marry her earlier. Although the biggest reason was she hadn't reached the legal age for marriage, it still frustrated him.

If it was possible, he would write the words 'exclusively for Alexander Griffith' on Elise, but he couldn't do that. So, he could only keep her outside and watch in annoyance as unwanted characters kept approaching her. Worried that Elise might read his mind, he quickly gathered his emotions and changed the topic. "The man who blocked your path earlier has some issues with me on a project. That guy is insane, so stay away from him and don't accidentally get yourself hurt." This is such a small world, Elise thought. After twists and turns, it turns out that everyone is connected to each other. "Got it," she answered with a nod. Seeing that he wasn't angry anymore, she asked in a pleasing voice, "Have you heard of the name Faye Anderson?"

"Is she from the medical family you mentioned before, the Andersons?" Elise nodded. "Yes." "Johan Olsen is her fiancé," he said patiently. "This initially started off as a marriage between Johan and Faye's younger sister, but it suddenly became hers in the past two

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years. The couple probably have their eyes on the Andersons' assets, and that's why they struck up this engagement in private." "So, it's a business marriage," Elise concluded. Instead of answering her directly, he reached out and nudged her into the car.

A few minutes later when the car had rolled a distance away, he explained composedly, "Johan Olsen is a despicable man, and so Old Madam Anderson didn't want to acknowledge this engagement. Because of this, both families have already fallen out with each other. A broken vase could never be repaired." After listening, Elise nodded in agreement. With Bertha's stubborn personality, Elise figured she would rather fall out with the other party than put herself at a disadvantage. This was very fitting with her personality. Nevertheless, the engagement was agreed from before, and if they wanted to annul it, they had to catch hold of the Olsens' mistakes.

Judging from the situation, Elise reckoned that Bertha didn't save any face for the Olsens and unilaterally decided to annul the engagement, which led to Faye and the Olsens ganging up in revenge. Scheming and plotting against each other among big families would always end up as a bloody scene! After the car stopped in front of her campus, Elise wanted to say goodbye to Alexander after hopping off when she saw him getting out as well. "Is there anything else?" Pacing forward, Alexander held her hand and walked toward the dorms, saying, "I just remembered that it's Friday today.

Gather your things and come with me after that." It would be fine if he hadn't bumped into Johan causing trouble for Elise. He had confidence in her, but since he did bump into the scene, he thought it would be better to keep her by his side just to be safe. In addition, he also had his own selfish reasons. All of a sudden, it hit Elise that this man was a little clingy, but what surprised her even more was, she didn't find it annoying. Instead, she was secretly happy. Perhaps this was what it meant to love someone. Meanwhile, Johan fired his assistant in front of everyone at the show and drove away.

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After almost twenty minutes of driving around the city at high speed, his employee sent him Elise's university address as well as the picture of her student ID. Looking at the picture, he slammed on the brakes suddenly, and a sleazy smile spread across his face. "So I was scolded by this ugly thing?" He felt disgusted for a couple of seconds, then he turned his steering wheel around and drove toward Elise's university. I have to let this woman know what eternal doom means! Leveling the gas pedal, he smiled cunningly. The game of cat-and-mouse was his favorite game.

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