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Coollest Girl in Town Chapter 385

Chapter 385 A Lawsuit, Coollest Girl in Town

In the VIP lounge of the bank, the bank president—Remus Sawyer—was seated on the couch with an apologetic look as he tried to explain, “I wish I could approve the loan for the Olson Family, but right now, the Anti-Corruption Commission is breathing down my neck; one wrong move is all it takes for these people at the ACC to drag me in for an interrogation. I’m afraid my hands are tied.” A few days ago, an anonymous letter had been addressed to the Anti-Corruption Commission, and after looking into these matters, the Commission had called Remus over to their offices that morning for a brief chat over a cup of coffee. As things were, he knew that he had to draw the line with the Olson Family before the Commission cracked down on the case. The Olson Family would go down alongside his career the moment the Commission decided they had both been guilty. Johan was now pacing the lounge with a grim look. It took a while before he stopped and sat down next to Remus to urge, “Find a way out of this, or search for another bank willing to approve a loan in our favor. We’ve already told the public that we’d be acquiring the Griffiths’ business! What will the people say if they find out our plans have been stymied?”

Remus sighed. “Vicious rumors spread much faster than you might think. There are no other banks who would consider approving a loan for you, at least not without first putting their lives on the line. How about if you push this acquisition back by a year, or maybe half a year?” “Don’t be ridiculous, Mr. Sawyer. The stock market is as brutal as it is volatile, but it thrives on information and rumors. We can’t afford to wait that long. Besides, you promised us that you’d approve the loan, that you’d take care of it. And now here you are, leaving us high and dry!”

Amelia accused, her voice rising by several octaves. “I...” Remus couldn’t find the words to defend himself because she was right. “I wish I could keep my promises, but I didn’t think the Commission would take an interest in this all of a sudden!” The next morning, a Twitter thread began trending around cyberspace. At the time the Olson Family was supposed to kick off their much-anticipated press conference, Alexander had taken to his personal Twitter account to announce that he had invested hundreds of billions of capital into Frazier Pharmaceuticals, thereby becoming the company’s second largest shareholder. He also cleverly attached a photo of himself exchanging a friendly handshake with Nathan.

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Anyone who saw the thread guessed that Alexander had managed to secure capital from Nathan and that the both of them were officially working together. When the news broke, the stocks for Frazier Pharmaceuticals saw a steady rise in value on the market. As for the Olson Family, the fact that Nathan had bailed on their press conference coupled with their inability to come up with the capital to acquire the Griffiths' family business only affirmed the rumors—the Olson Family had not a single backer for their plans. The stock price for Olson Pharmaceuticals fell so rapidly that it tanked within the short span of the morning.

Elise was in the passenger seat as she stared at Alexander's photo with Nathan on Twitter. She clicked her tongue in mock disapproval and pointed out snidely, "I can't believe you guys bought Frazier Pharmaceuticals behind my back!" Alexander gave a low chuckle. "With your brilliance, I highly doubt the purchase would have escaped your notice. The thing is, the whole thing was pretty much up in the air until last night, and by the way, I was the only one who invested in Frazier Pharmaceuticals. You told me you didn't want to see the company go down without a fight, so I looked into it and decided to buy up the shares.

That's all that happened." Elise immediately sensed that there was something fishy underscoring this incident. She turned to look at him inquisitively as she drawled, "Mr. Griffith, from what I recall, you left behind your family fortune, so how in the world did you get your hands on hundreds of billions in capital?" She gasped dramatically. "Oh! You have a secret bank account somewhere, don't you? And you didn't tell me anything about it!" "Your insinuations hurt me. You only had to ask and I would have told you everything. Alas, my dearest Elise, when was the last time you showed any interest in what I was doing?"

he countered sadly. He knew her indifference toward life was carved into her bones, and even though he was her boyfriend, he enjoyed no special treatment. In fact, it seemed as if the only people who could stoke Elise's sentiments were her grandparents. Admittedly, there were plenty of times when he felt she had to be tethered to him by a thread. He had to draw her in bit by bit so that she would allow her walls to collapse, but as soon as he released that thread, she would drift away and treat him with the same indifference as she did the rest of the world.

Meanwhile, she parted her lips to say something, but words deserted her. At this moment, the piercing sound of Alexander's ringtone filled the car. He wore his Bluetooth earpiece and answered the call, but he hung up several seconds after quickly muttering, "Got it." "What happened?" Elise asked. He pulled over by the curb and let out a frustrated sigh before he

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said slowly, "The Griffiths have decided to file a lawsuit against me." He paused at this, then glanced over at her as he elaborated, "To be precise, the ones who are suing me are those relatives you saw the other day.

They're alleging that the ten-billion capital I invested in Frazier Pharmaceuticals belonged to the family company and that I stole it. Basically, I'm being accused of embezzlement." "How despicable of them," Elise pointed out in disgust. "They were the ones who wanted you to leave the family without taking any part of the fortune and now that you have capital, they're leeching off you again! You might call them relatives, but they're nothing but bloodsuckers!" The twinge of exasperation that Alexander felt seemed to dissipate as soon as he heard her words. She made him feel as if he was protected and that reassured him to no end.

"You don't seem the least bit concerned about where I obtained the capital," he noted with self-deprecating humor. She frowned in thought before looking at him innocently as she asked in all seriousness, "Why would I be concerned over such a small sum of money?" He felt his brows rise to his hairline as he was rendered speechless by her remark. As it turned out, he had underestimated her, for ten billion was, to her understanding, a 'small sum of money'. Over on college grounds, Addison had seen Alexander's car from a distance and by the time he pulled up at the dormitories, she barreled down the stairs to greet him and Elise. Elise had only just stepped out of the car when she saw Addison hurtling toward her.

"We pulled through! We really did! You're incredible, Elise!" the girl cried happily as she wound her arms around Elise's neck. "We recovered every cent to cover our debts, and now all the red has been cleared off our ledger! You're practically an oracle, Elise!" At the sight of this, Alexander let out a dry cough. "Miss Whitlock, I'd appreciate it if you could keep a polite distance from my fiancée." He was secretly envious of how these girls could just hug things out, regardless of whether it was a joyous or a grave occasion.

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Unfortunately, Elise was so used to putting up a strong front that the only times he could give her comforting embraces were when she was extremely vulnerable or devastated, which didn't happen often enough. Addison chuckled and untangled her arms from Elise's neck, but the next second, she drew Elise in by the waist and glued herself onto the latter. "I will do no such thing! I'm going to stick to Elise for as long as I can. I might even marry her!" Alexander frowned. *Great, now I have to watch out for both guys and girls who pine after my woman. Could you just stop being so attractive, Elise?*

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For my sake? While this was happening, Elise merely raised her hands, feigning innocence as she shot him a look that said, *Well, what am I supposed to do about this? You can't keep a diamond from shining.* After a quick round of jesting, Addison finally stood to the side like a loyal and faithful disciple. She followed Elise as she pressed, "So, what should we do next, Elise? What other stocks should my dad invest in?" As soon as Elise heard this, she stopped in her tracks and turned to regard Addison somberly. "Addison, you have to remember that stock investment isn't something you can depend on forever.

It can be addictive to gamble on such things and win, but you have to draw the line somewhere or you could spiral into self-destruction." "Self-destruction?" Addison repeated in shock before she patted her chest to soothe the fear that budded in her. "My goodness, that sounds terrifying! In that case, I'll get my dad to stop dabbling in stocks. All I want is for him to live like the honest man that he is." Elise hummed in response, then clapped Addison's shoulder consolingly as she added, "Maybe self-destruction might have been an exaggeration on my part. What I really meant to say was that you can't blindly invest in something without first assessing the probabilities.

You're a Mathematics major, and it shouldn't be hard for you to understand how stocks work if you put some effort into it. That way, you won't be easily misled or tricked into making poor investments. Do you understand?" Addison nodded, seemingly in a daze. She would like to think that Elise's words made sense, but at the same time, she was baffled by them.

Coolest Girl in Town Chapter 386

Chapter 386 Slit Her Throat, Coolest Girl in Town

That same afternoon, the Olson Family declared their bankruptcy at the end of the stock trading and the company assets were frozen while the court issued a bankruptcy order. Amelia presently appeared to be in a daze as she sat next to Jeremy, letting out long and tired sighs every once in a while.

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She wondered how she was going to tell her son that she had gambled the entire family fortune away. There didn't seem to be a gentle way to break the news, and with his poor state of health, she wasn't sure whether he could accept the blow. Then, Jeremy woke up with a violent coughing fit and the heaving made his body shudder.

Within seconds, he was coughing up blood. "Doctor! Doctor!" Amelia looked as if she had gone insane as she scrambled out of the room, and she returned with the consulting doctor and a team of nurses in tow. While the medical team went about the emergency life-saving procedure, she stood out in the hallway and watched the entire episode through the glass. It was only a full hour later that Jeremy's condition was stabilized, but the doctor walked out and informed wearily, "I'm sorry. We've done our best, but we can't promise that he will survive the next fit."

"No, don't say that! My son was perfectly fine, so don't tell me he's terminally ill all of a sudden!" Hot tears streamed past her cheeks as she gripped the doctor's arm and begged, "Please, please save my son. He's only twenty; he's still a child! He's too young to die!" However, the doctor could only sigh ruefully and he couldn't make any promises. At last, Amelia was exhausted from all the crying and she suddenly grew calm as she recalled Elise's warning from the other day at the clubhouse. "When the Griffiths wind up the company for good, that will be the end for Jeremy."

While the Griffiths were not bankrupt on paper, they were already on the verge of becoming so and this coincided with Jeremy's inexplicable deterioration in health. *Elise has to be the one behind all this! There isn't anyone else!* At the thought of this, she dried her tears and slowly sat up from the floor before she rose to hurry out of the hospital. She forked out a huge sum of cash, and within an hour, she managed to locate Elise. However, upon seeing the address, Amelia froze in astonishment. Elise was currently at the Silverton Club, the very same place where Nathan had told Amelia and Johan to hold the press conference.

Seized with a bad premonition, Amelia nearly retreated from the confrontation, but the thought of keeping Jeremy alive overwhelmed all reason. With a deep breath, she clenched her jaw and barged into the clubhouse. She was practically moving on instinct, but when she hurtled through the doors of the VIP lounge, she saw Nathan sitting insouciantly inside with Alexander and Elise. The three of them formed some sort of insidious triangle as they occupied the two couches in the lounge, and it was clear to see from their dynamics that they had known each other for quite some time.

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"Mr. York..." Amelia began, a little startled as her gaze fixed on the man. "I've been looking for you." Nathan, however, was heartless as he pretended not to know about this. "Oh, really? I had no idea. I mean, I'm sure there are plenty of things you have to deal with at the moment. Why are you so anxious to see me, Mrs. Olson?" She was as pale as a white sheet in fury before she turned red as blood rushed to her face. The Olson Family's bankruptcy would have been headline news among the investors, and for a prominent figure like Nathan, there was no way he hadn't heard about it.

He's just pretending to be baffled on purpose! However, as things were, she had no leverage against him. The three of them were already on the top of the capitalist food chain and she was the bird whose wings had been clipped. She could neither soar above them nor make him bend to her every whim. "O-Oh, it's nothing," she finally responded bitterly through gritted teeth. "Well, that's good to know," Nathan replied impassively, indulging in cruelty. At the sight of his cold indifference, Amelia grew outraged, but she forced herself to turn away from him.

She took two steps closer to Elise instead and barked, "Come with me to the hospital right now, Elise! You're the one who hurt my son, so you'll have to save him!" Regardless of the financial troubles that plagued her family, the commanding edge in her tone did not seem to have softened. Elise was unbothered as she countered coolly, "Do you have proof to support that accusation?" "Of course I do! Everyone saw you touch him, which means you're the one who landed him into such a sorry state! Don't you dare deny this!" Amelia spat. "I had no idea that your son was so weak that he could become terminally ill from a light touch.

Is he perhaps made of fine china and he'd crack at the slightest bump?" Elise asked. At that moment, it was as if panic had turned Amelia's brain to mush. She wasn't in the mood to argue with Elise now and decided that pleading was the best way to go. As she humbled herself, she begged, "Please, Elise, you have to save my son. He's too young to die like this. I'd do anything you want if you save him!" Elise wickedly eyed Amelia as she pointed out, "The Olson Family has no fortune to their name, and you're nothing but a street rat now.

What right do you have to bargain with me?" It was only then that hard realization dawned upon Amelia as she fearfully took in the apathetic look on Elise's face. She finally understood the full extent of Elise's intelligence and how a young girl like her could make all the right moves through cold, hard calculation. Barely a month had passed since the Olson Family's first encounter with Elise, but that was enough time for them to slowly lose everything. *She's a force to be reckoned with*, Amelia thought with a chill down her spine. All

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this aside, Elise was the only one who could save Jeremy and Amelia had no choice but to beg.

Amelia had been a proud woman all her life, but at that moment, she cast her pride away and fell on her knees, her bones hitting the cold, hard ground. Bowing her head, Amelia could finally see why Thaddeus had such high regards for Elise. In hindsight, she should have heeded her father's advice and known better than to trifle with the girl. "My son and I were wrong to have done all those things to you in the past. I hope you can find it in your heart to forgive us and give my son a chance to live. I promise you he'll change for the better!" "It's too late," Elise drawled icily.

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"I gave you plenty of chances—like back at the car dealer and at the police station, just to name a few occasions. Jeremy could have changed for the better after he was rescued, but he didn't." Then, she paused and held Amelia's gaze impassively. She parted her lips and emotionlessly added, "You have to pay the price eventually for all the bad things you did." "Isn't it enough that the Olson Family lost everything?!" Amelia shrieked, thumping her chest with her fists all curled up. "You took away our money, our reputation and our place in society.

We have nothing to lose now but the life of a young one and you don't even try to sympathize with us! How could you be so heartless?!" *Am I heartless?* Elise wasn't sure about this question, but she knew that an apology from Amelia was equivalent to sweeping the past under the rug. No longer wanting to stick around for this conversation, she turned to address Alexander, "I'm tired." "Okay." Alexander nodded and said in the direction of the doorway, "Take this woman out of here immediately."

The next second, two men in suits walked into the lounge and flanked either side of Amelia, thereafter dragging her out. "No! I won't leave until Elise promises to save my son! I'd rather die than be dragged out like this!" Amelia struggled in the security guards' vise-like grip, and inadvertently, she caught sight of the cabinets that were built into one side of the wall. Seized with determination, she broke free of the guards' rein and threw herself hard against the cabinets. The head-splitting pain that followed the collision made her see stars and black spots in her vision.

Fresh blood trickled down from her forehead almost instantaneously, staining half her face. She reached up to press a hand to her wound and tried to find her balance. When she did,

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she slowly opened her eyes and looked at Elise darkly, then bit out in a strained voice, "If you don't save my son, you'll have to watch me die right here right now!" The whole room fell into a deathly silence as Elise and Amelia faced off against one another.

The tension brewed and after what seemed like an eternity, an unaffected Elise took a deep breath and said, "Then go ahead and die." Amelia's eyes widened in disbelief as she couldn't imagine anyone being so ruthless. The wheels in her mind turned as she concluded, *Elise is only saying this because she thinks I wouldn't kill myself out of desperation.* She swallowed convulsively as she grew numb to the pain of her wound.

Mortality made her fear death, but she was more afraid of seeing her son die than anything else. If she had to choose, she wouldn't pick living if it meant her son couldn't be saved. A steely look flashed across her bloodstained face, and with one last glare at Elise, she ran out of the lounge. A few minutes later, one of the bodyguards brisk-walked into the room and reported, "That woman ran into the kitchen and slit her own throat with a knife!"

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