

# Cooler Girl in Town Chapter 606

## Chapter 606 Flee

"Why is Kenneth Bailey here? Could it be that Smith Co. wants a share of the jewelry industry's profits as well?"

"He seems to be up to no good. Let's see what he'll do."

Kenneth's presence calmed most of the bystanders as though he was their anchor. After a brief moment of silence, he looked up and rested his eyes briefly on Alexis' sign, which was carved in cursive script. Then, he lowered his eyes and gave Frostine's designs a cursory glance. "Is this what you guys were squabbling about?"

Of course, Fiona had heard of Kenneth's name before, so she quickly assumed a gentle demeanor and replied in a soft whisper, "Mr. Bailey, this may just be an inexpensive piece of merchandise to you, but to us designers, our designs are just like our own kids. They contain all the painstaking effort we've put into them."

"Kids, huh?" Kenneth curled his lips into a meaningful smile. Then, shifting his tone all of a sudden, he asked ingeniously, "Since it's your kid, why let it fall into somebody else's hands instead of keeping it safe?"

Fiona's expression froze. Indeed, if one knew their design work would be used in a competition, they had all the more reason to keep it safe, so there was no reason for Fiona's design to be leaked so easily.

Just then, someone spoke up for Fiona. "Uh, Mr. Bailey, aren't you blaming the victim by saying that? Are you saying that those who committed heinous crimes like murder and arson are not guilty of what they did, whereas the victims should've been the ones to reflect on their mistakes? And besides, how could she possibly guard against people who are determined to steal her work?"

"She wasn't able to guard against them, you say?" Kenneth looked at Tom and the others before turning his gaze to Fiona. Then, he said meaningfully, "She's a celebrated designer

paid handsomely by Saunders Jewelry, whereas they're just a small company on the brink of bankruptcy that nearly has trouble issuing paychecks to its employees. How could they be capable of breaking through Saunders Corporation's layers of security and stealing her design drafts?"

The person who had spoken just now fell silent. Now that he's mentioned this, it's true that Alexis isn't qualified to set itself up against Fiona.

Kenneth then continued, "Frankly speaking, if I were one of Alexis' employees, I wouldn't have plagiarized the work of one of the most talked-about designers. Is it even necessary to do that in the first place? If I were to do that, I'd be found out as soon as I published my work. What's the difference between that and announcing to the world right away that I've plagiarized her work?"

Every word he said hit the nail on the head while leaving no room for debate, especially when he spoke with an expressionless face and stony eyes that gave the impression that he wasn't to be messed with. Who would dare to ask for trouble by incurring his wrath?

Fiona didn't bother to put on airs anymore. She said imperiously, "No matter whether it's necessary or not, no excuse can change the fact that Alexis has plagiarized my work!"

Without turning a hair, Kenneth turned to meet Fiona's eyes, his thin, cold lips parting as he uttered, "Let me remind you that I'm now vouching for Alexis. If it's found out later that what you said isn't the truth, what happened to Ziggy Carnegie is gonna happen to you."

"What happened to Ziggy Carnegie?"

"Seems like the whole Carnegie Family was brought down, and the family's business chain was gobbled up overnight!"

"Could that have been Kenneth's doing?! Oh, my God! It has to be him! Only he has the capability to do so!"

"Smith Co. is simply horrifying, wiping out even the influential Carnegie Family..."

Fiona unconsciously gulped a mouthful of saliva. But there's no turning back for me now! "Are you threatening me, Mr. Bailey? Is it really okay to treat a victim like this?" With a forced smile, she started to throw dust in people's eyes. "I was just wondering what gave an

unknown company the nerve to set itself against me. Now that I see your attitude, I think I probably know the reason.”

This woman was really good with words. In just a few words, she had slung mud at Kenneth.

For an instant, Kenneth’s eyes darkened, but he didn’t continue arguing with her. Instead, he said, “Well, since you’ve said so, I’ll admit it. In any case, once the judges take a look at the products, they’ll know who the real victim is. Do any of you still want to continue making me a laughingstock?” The note of threat in the last part of his speech was evident. Perhaps because of Fiona’s provocation, he defended Alexis even more openly.

In Landred City, Smith Co. was a presence not to be messed with. Although everyone was eager to see what was next, they valued their lives, after all, so they hurriedly fled in all directions.

Watching all this from a distance, Elise was at a loss for words. Just what kind of a person is Kenneth? Whenever he does something good, he’ll definitely make such a big deal out of it in front of me as if he wants everyone to know about it, but in front of outsiders, he only acknowledges the ferocious side of him. Take the Carnegie Family, for instance. He has taken down the bad guys by bringing down all the Carnegies’ forces, but those people spoke of it as though he had bullied the weak. Not only that, but when Fiona flung groundless accusations at him, he acknowledged them without a word of protest.

She wondered if she should step forward and say thank you to Kenneth, but the latter merely darted an impassive glance at her before leaving with his entourage. It was rare that he didn’t come to her to claim credit for what he had done, so she found herself a little unused to it. Luckily, though, this matter was finally put to rest.

It wasn’t until lunchtime that Joseph called Elise. “I’ve got it figured out. Check your inbox; I just emailed you the surveillance video as well as the bank transaction records.”

“As expected of SK’s manager. You’ve regained your skills pretty quickly, haven’t you?” Elise teased.

“Hehe, Elise, why does it sound to me like you meant the opposite when you said that? Alright, I won’t disturb you any further. I’m still busy over here.”

Elise was ready to return to the restaurant after putting her phone away. However, when she darted a glance at the second floor of the restaurant across from her, she saw Kenneth standing in the corridor and looking in her direction from afar. In an instant, she was certain that he was looking at her. After meeting his eyes for a second, she quickly withdrew her gaze and fled. 'Fled' was the apt word to describe it, for she ran away in a panic, her heart fluttering the instant she met his eyes.

She absentmindedly returned to the dining table, where everyone else was also in low spirits. "Say, now that such a thing has happened, how are we gonna make it into the competition in the afternoon?" Tom said with a heavy sigh. After all, Alexis was his only hope. If he wasn't able to make a comeback this time, he didn't know if he would still have the courage to pull himself together.

Tina felt pessimistic about it as well. "Are we gonna be knocked out just like this after working so hard for three months? There's no way I can take this lying down!"

Frostine wasn't good at expressing her feelings, but one could tell from her fidgety demeanor that she wasn't more imperturbable than anyone else deep down.

Just then, the restaurant's female owner brought them a dish of steamed king crab.

"Madam, could you have mistaken? We didn't order this dish." Tom panicked somewhat. After all, Alexis had been operating at a loss so far. If they were disqualified from the competition this time, they'd have no other way to make a living. Rather than spending money on seafood, he thought it'd be better to keep the money to pay another employee's salary.

"It's Mr. Bailey's treat," the restaurant owner said with a broad smile. "He said that Smith Co. would pick up the tab for your meals, and he wants you guys to keep calm. Nothing unexpected is gonna happen."

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Chapter 607 Would You Associate With Someone Like Me?

When she was done talking, she walked away with the tray.

The ones left behind did not understand what was happening, and could only exchange looks of uncertainty with one another.

Only Elise was in deep thoughts over what she had heard, as though she had an inkling of what was to come after putting the pieces of information together.

Just as expected, when they came back to the venue of the competition, the host was in the middle of announcing the people that made it into the finals. Alexis was among the names mentioned.

In an instant, the people around the venue started harboring complicated thoughts toward Elise's group.

Plagiarism was never tolerated regardless of the industry. Yet, Alexis was not punished for it and was even selected as one of the finalists of the competition.

They had already determined how rigged the competition was and had no intention of changing their opinions on the matter.

The prior incident was still on the consciences of Tom and the others, which was why they opted to stay a low profile and out of the people's attention.

Though they had done nothing to feel guilty about, they had failed to consider the actions appropriate to the circumstances. Even if what they did was right, they should not have done it in an imposing manner, especially not in a place where many eyes were on them. After all,

what they did would incite an outcry from the public, which would lead things into a giant ball of mess.

Elise had another hand she could have played against the Saunderses but decided not to, as everyone would be the loser in the scenario. Alexis would be dragged into all kinds of brutal media manipulation. She would have been disqualified from the competition and this would stain her future as it would negatively affect her brand.

Fortunately, the advancement to the finals for both of the aforementioned participants had saved Elise a great deal of trouble.

It was at this time—with only 10 minutes left until the commencement of the finals—that Kenneth had entered the competition venue. Elise had decided to confront him after giving it a thought.

“You were the one who had arranged the list.” Elise’s tone carried a sense of confidence. “How did you pull that off with the organizers?”

As the corners of his mouth lifted, a smile gradually bloomed on Kenneth’s face. “An unusual circumstance warrants the use of an unorthodox method. The important thing is the results in the end.”

Elise knew of the ‘unorthodox method’ that Kenneth was referring to. It was nothing more than coercion and bribery, but ultimately it was a backdoor method. Those that had criticized Elise for her use of a backdoor method carried truth to them.

However, with how the situation had progressed, Elise did not have the slightest thought that Kenneth broke the rules of the game by doing so.

Rather than saying that it was an out-of-the-box method on his part, it might be better to see him as a pioneer instead.

When all was said and done, not everyone dared to go outside the norms and stand for the justice they believed in.

Elise thought to herself that even she was no exception as the only hand she thought of was something that would have left a poor taste in everyone’s mouth. Even though she was clearly framed, the only action that was left to her was to try dragging the perpetrators down with her.

She did have the means to make the organizer pay extra care to Alexis by forcing a minor issue of the non-compliance to the rules to allow Elise and her group the opportunity to explain to the public.

However, just like the disdain Tom showed for the accusation of plagiarism of the Saunders Corporation's works, Elise wouldn't be able to exercise her privileges in a calm manner.

Yet, Kenneth had taken another route and made the impossible possible.

Moreover, it wasn't arrogance that Elise saw in Kenneth's eyes, but confidence. He held within him the conviction that the people he defended were innocent and showed no ulterior motives for manipulating the outcome of the competition.

It was the brilliant and untainted kind of confidence.

Elise remembered a saying she had heard once, that there was no absolute right or wrong in this world. There would always be someone who chose to become part of the dark side of society to uphold the justice one firmly believed in.

By and large, Kenneth was one of those people.

She pursed her lips and smiled as a sort of affirmation of his righteous actions.

Kenneth then broke eye contact with her and turned his attention toward the stage, yet his gaze was distant, as though he was looking beyond the stage.

Elise, would you still be willing to associate with someone like me? Someone that can easily disregard the law; someone that holds an evil side to him?

Or would you only favor someone honest like Alexander Griffith?

However, I just couldn't see you suffering from this injustice, nor would I stand idle while the others are scheming against you. So what if this was an underhanded and backdoor method? No one shall escape my wrath after causing my beloved Elise such grievance!

I was the one that undertook the underhanded methods. If there was such a thing as retribution, then let it be I who has to suffer from it!

Soon, the finals started with the commencement of the runway of the models that were dressed similarly, as though there was a dress code.

Fiona's design, the 'Roman Holiday,' was displayed in section C. The diamond shone brightly and had a dazzling effect on it, its dazzle as soft as silk.

On the other hand, Frostine's 'Cinelle' used the red jade that was previously carved by Elise. It was seeing a ray of the evening sun as the sun gradually set under the red sky.

Just in terms of the materials used in their works alone had made the other contestants feel far inferior to Elise's group.

Nevertheless, the audience was in an uproar the moment the host had mentioned the word 'Alexis.'

"Is this a joke? You can get into the finals just by plagiarizing others?"

"She has someone powerful backing her up. There's nothing you can do even if you're feeling frustrated from this. Are you satisfied now? They could have just simply crowned someone they desire as the winner, yet they went along with the farce of the competition so people like you will have a good time."

"The winner? I doubt so! Unless they have even the judges inside their pockets! However, that would be impossible considering who was on the panel of judges this time. I heard one of them has a serious attitude and would never allow a plagiarized work to be crowned as the winner!"

"Oh? To think that someone so stubborn and unwilling to back down still exists in this time and age. Who is the judge?"

Amongst the chattering, the sight of ten well-dressed judges entering the right side of the stage in turns and then sitting at the judges' table attracted the attention of the audience.

However, Elise was so focused on her phone as she was waiting for her source to come through that she had shown no interest in them.

It was at this moment, Frostine—who was always quiet and reserved—rose from her seat abruptly. With her hands grabbing the hems of her skirt, she gaped at the judges' table in surprise.

"Are you alright?" Tina asked in concern.

As she continued gaping at the right side of the stage, Frostine pointed at the judges' table onstage, and finally spoke after she managed to slightly recover from the surprise.

"C-Clemence!"

Elise immediately put her phone away as her expression changed the moment she heard Frostine.

Frostine was sure of what she saw, which was why she wanted to leave her position and immediately go onstage regardless of the consequences.

Fortunately, Elise had managed to call for someone to hold Frostine back. "Don't rush things. What if we are mistaken? Since the person you saw won't just disappear into thin air onstage, just be patient for now!"

"But... that's Clemence! It's Clemence!" Frostine's breathing turned ragged.

Just as Elise was about to persuade Frostine, the lights of the entire venue turned dark, leaving only a spotlight which was directed at the host that was standing on stage.

It was not appropriate to make a commotion right now considering the atmosphere. Elise could only be forceful with her methods to calm Frostine down. With a whisper, she reminded Frostine not to be rash for now.

After the host's introduction, the works onstage were subsequently shone in turn by the spotlights.

Perhaps the organizer had wanted to spark the media's interest in the competition and to take on additional space for the news, for they had deliberately placed both Fiona's and Frostine's work near each other.

It became much more evident with the works being able to be compared side-by-side.

The audience immediately went into an uproar.

Naturally, the judges could not just sit idly.

"If I am not mistaken, the work of groups 01 and 02 should be the same, am I right?" The voice came from the woman who was seated at the seating reserved for the head judge.

She had a large visor on her head and looked very much like a noblewoman. However, due to the visor covering her face, only her voice could be heard but no one could see her expression when she had said those words.

Yet, Elise still froze the moment she heard the voice of the noblewoman.

"As expected, nothing escapes the eyes of the judges." The host smiled as he continued, "Just as shown, these two works were designed by Fiona and Frostine and had attracted attention just before the finals. Due to how well recognized the respective works are, the organizers have made an exception to present the two works onstage for the finals in hopes that the judges can determine which of the two works is the original."

## Cooler Girl in Town Chapter 608

### Chapter 608 Do Not Follow Me Anymore

The validity of the claim as an original work was always a controversial topic. To present the task to determine the validity of the claim had already attracted attention, more so especially when presented in a venue full of morally just designers.

The audience was chattering among themselves while the judges were arguing among themselves onstage.

After examining the works in detail for over 10 minutes, the judge with glasses picked up the microphone and announced to the audience, "We unanimously agreed that No. 01, Fiona's work, is the original!"

"Though the 'Cinelle' were made with unusual materials, the design for the 'Roman Holiday' was much more exquisite, as much attention was given to the finer details. As expected of the previous champion, her presentation of the jewel's charm was done magnificently here."

"Furthermore, Fiona was already the winner of the previous competition. There is no reason for her to plagiarize the work of an unknown person."

"All in all, the 'Roman Holiday' is the real winner of this year's competition. As for the 'Cinelle,' it should be disqualified from the competition, and for the contestant, Frostine, to..."

"Hold it—"

A soft yet resounding voice interrupted the judge.

With everyone's eyes on her, Elise stood up and got up the stage. She then took the host's microphone and said in a manner that was neither haughty nor humble as she looked over the audience, "Frostine is a friend of mine. I think it is necessary for me to show the esteemed judges and audience something in regard to this plagiarism fiasco."

She then connected her phone to a projector and then opened up a video that she got from Joseph.

"What are you showing us right now?" the judge with the glasses asked suspiciously.

Elise smiled in response, yet there was no hint of joy in her eyes. "I would assume for someone that could come out with such deep analysis on our works, you would have the eyes to observe what I'm showing you!"

The judge was taken aback.

This brat is quite an arrogant one.

The room fell silent as their attention was on the video projected on stage. The beginning of the video was a slideshow of screenshots that showed various text messages. With curiosity, the audience began reading the texts, word by word, in silence.

As the slideshow of the screenshots was over, next came the video. It was at this moment that the audience was gradually becoming agitated once more.

The content was as follows:

"Everything's in here with nothing being left out. Keep it safe, and make sure you put in a few good words for me when you see Mr. Saunders. I want to join the Saunders Corporation."

"Don't worry. Since I've obtained what I want, I'll make sure to throw you a bone as well. However, I do want to ask about your reason for your wish to work for the Saunderses."

"Isn't it obvious? Who would not wish to join them now that the Saunders Corporation is on the frontier of the jewelry industry? Furthermore, Alexis—this midget of a company—only had about 20 staff. I can't see how I am able to further advance my career in that place. If I want to achieve something big, I can't stay at that place my whole life!"

"In other words, for ambition. Nevertheless, are you sure this is Frostine's original design? Don't you dare give me another person's design!"

"Please hold your horses. My future is at stake here. Even if you are willing to cross the line, I am not willing to follow suit. I can guarantee you that there are no problems with what I gave you!"

The video was shot at an angle where Fiona's face could be seen clearly.

The audience was dumbfounded as they came to a realization.

Frostine's work was the original!

Fiona had paid Alexis' employee to steal the design from Alexis!

"This is slander!" Fiona—who was sitting in the front row—stood up in a fit of rage, then pointed her fingers at Elise who was on stage and roared, "How dare you maliciously edit that video and slander me in public! I have never uttered those words in my life! And that person! That person was just someone asking for directions!"

Elise flashed a chilling smile and retorted in an indifferent manner, "Miss Fiona is not only beautiful on the outside, but also on the inside. With how far the distance between Alexis and the Saunders Corporation, you still took the time to show directions to an Alexis employee who had lost her way. You are making me feel inferior with how kind-hearted you are!"

Though both Alexis and the Saunders Corporation were located in Landred City, they were both in the opposite direction. It would be hard for both companies' employees to cross paths with one another, and yet Fiona was claiming that an Alexis employee was just asking for directions.

Fiona's excuse was flimsy at best, yet was still full of holes.

"Fiona was taken down!"

"I doubt even Fiona would have the courage to do this. Could there have been someone else behind this that was adding fuel to the fire?"

"Who do you think is capable of making Fiona give up even her own reputation?"

"Who else but the Saunderses? Plagiarising another's work is what the Saunders Corporation does best. They are giving a bad name to the people of the jewelry industry!"

"That's right! Even the jewelry from our company was being suppressed by the Saunders Corporation! I have not wanted to put up with it for a very long time!"

"Today's incident wasn't the only time the Saunders Corporation had committed a foul play!"

As Fiona continued listening to the crusade where the audience's voice was getting louder one after the other, her legs gave out and she fell on her knees in despair.

Her career in the jewelry industry was over.

Soon after, the result of the competition was announced. Frostine's work broke through the prior fiasco and became the winner of the competition. Alexis as a brand exploded in popularity as a result, for orders kept pouring in where even Tom had started to grow weary of it.

After everything was over, Elise brought the impatient Frostine backstage. Elise then knocked on the door to Clemence's room.

"Come in." Clemence's voice was much softer than it was when she was onstage.

Frostine couldn't help but take a deep breath as the image of the long-awaited reunion filled with hugging and tears came into her mind.

Elise smiled and shook her head before bringing her inside the room.

"It's been a long time." Clemence reached her hand out for a handshake with Elise.

"Yes, it has." Elise then briefly shook her hand as a greeting.

"I've seen you appearing on TV many times. Seems like the idol star H is doing very well," Clemence joked.

"That would mean that I have achieved the results that I wanted." There was not the slightest hint of haughtiness to her tone as she continued to clearly state her intentions, "Would you mind granting me the honor to have a chat with you, one-on-one?"

"I know what you want to ask." Clemence kept her faint smile on her face, yet it gave off the feeling of rejecting what was asked of her. "However, I do not wish to talk about any issues concerning my husband. So I'm afraid there is no need for what you're asking."

As soon as she finished saying that, Clemence then pursed her lips into a smile before making an excuse to leave. "I'm sorry but I have an interview after this. Please excuse me."

She then walked toward the exit, though it was with Frostine following her from behind anxiously.

When Clemence realized Frostine was following her, she stopped walking and turned around. With a smile as though she was smiling at a stranger, she asked, "Why are you following me?"

"Clemence, haven't I been following you from the very start?" Frostine replied naively.

Clemence raised her hand and gently patted Frostine on her head. "You are not only a designer but a winner of a competition now. You have graduated from your apprenticeship with flying colors. This shows that even without me, you can still live your life just as well. From now on, you no longer need to follow me. You have your own life to live now."

Frostine had never thought that the years of waiting and searching would lead her to this outcome.

Tears were welling up in her eyes, as she stood still without knowing what to reply.

Clemence, on the other hand, was still indifferent. When she had said everything she thought that she needed to say to Frostine, she left the room in light steps.

Frostine stood still like a child that was abandoned by the road. It was a lonely and heartbreaking scene to witness.

Elise walked up to her and patted Frostine on the shoulder in an effort to comfort her. However, she couldn't hold back from sighing herself.

It wasn't easy to finally reach Clemence, yet the person in question did not wish to divulge any information. This was another dead end for one of her leads.

Why was Clemence so adamant to avoid mentioning her husband?

At this point, Frostine had completely drowned in sorrow as she whispered in a faint voice, "It turns out, Clemence really does not want me anymore..."

## Cooldest Girl in Town Chapter 609

### Chapter 609 Sly Old Fox

Edwin had gone to the psychiatric hospital early that morning. To others, he was there to visit Celina. In reality, though, he was there to borrow money from her. The moment Celina caught wind of his motives, however, she straight up whacked him and chased him out of the room. Fortunately, he managed to escape quickly, or she would have hit him with her chamber pot. Just the thought itself disgusted him.

Edwin rubbed the ear that Celina had scratched when he entered the Saunders Residence. He was despondent. Time was running out. Where was he supposed to find the money to pay back the creditors?

David was sitting on the couch when he saw Edwin come in. "Is Nana doing better?" he asked, his face expressionless.

Edwin put on a heartbroken look and shook his head. "Still the same as ever. Ever since she was exposed on TV, her hatred for Elise hasn't stopped. The doctors said that it will be better to visit her less often in the future."

The cogs in David's sharp mind whirled. "Understood. I'll visit her some time later," he said in a low tone.

"I'll return to my room then, Dad. Long car trips aren't comfortable. I want to go to sleep."

"Go then." David coldly waved a hand in dismissal.

As he was deeply worried that he would show weakness in front of David, Edwin sped up his steps and half-jogged to his room upstairs.

David's gaze remained on Edwin as he raced upstairs. Only when Edwin's figure disappeared past the top of the stairs did David turn his head back. An obvious look of cruelty flashed across his eyes.

Right then, Mrs. Woods emerged from the kitchen. David asked her quietly, "Did you get the info?"

Mrs. Woods was currently the only trusted follower he had.

She carefully looked back to eye the stairs. Once she had confirmed that Edwin was back in his room, she lowered her voice. "Yes. The hardware store said that Mr. Edwin had gone there to pawn his belongings off. I called the psychiatric hospital earlier, and they said that Mr. Edwin had gone there to borrow money from Ms. Celina. Ms. Celina's condition flared up again because of that."

"To borrow money?" David's face paled before darkening in anger. His expression was stormy as he gritted his teeth and narrowed his eyes dangerously. "Keep a close eye on him! I want to see just what trouble he can still stir up!"

Meanwhile, upstairs, Edwin's creditors called him after he had gamed for a few rounds. He didn't dare to pick up the call. He only let out a breath of relief once the call had

automatically hung up. After much contemplation, he rushed downstairs to look for Mrs. Woods.

"Mrs. Woods, do you know where my father has stored the divorce agreement for Nana and me?"

Mrs. Woods regarded him warily. "Mr. Edwin, are you planning to agree to Master David's request and divorce Ms. Celina?"

"No, I mean, yes. I was thinking of showing Nana the divorce agreement. Maybe it'll help with her condition. If it will help her get better, I'll even accept the divorce!"

Mrs. Woods regarded Edwin meaningfully. She hadn't expected him to be serious about Celina. No wonder David had tolerated him until now.

"No wonder you're so attentive toward her. If that's the case, wait here. I'll be back with the agreement."

"Thank you, Mrs. Woods!"

Shortly after that, Mrs. Woods came back with a document folder. Edwin took the folder from her and opened it. After he had confirmed the bank card was still inside it, he took the folder with him and left the house.

Since it was night, Edwin had no choice but to use the ATM to transfer the funds. After he inserted the card, he keyed in 2.5 million and confirmed the transfer. The next moment, however, a message popped up on the ATM's screen, informing him that the transfer had failed due to insufficient balance.

Edwin's good cheer immediately flickered. The Saunders Family were wealthy, so how was it that the compensation that David had given him was less than 2.5 million?

He forced himself to take a breath before he attempted to transfer 2 million to his own account, but the transaction still failed. He kept lowering the amount, until a 'transaction successful' message popped up when he entered 200,000, but Edwin's expression could not get even uglier.

200,000? It wouldn't even be able to buy a washroom here in Landred City, where land was as precious as gold. It was even less than Mrs. Woods' annual salary!

In David's eyes, Edwin as a son-in-law was worth less than a babysitter-slash-servant!

Edwin took the card out, tossing it to the ground before stamping on it.

"That old fox! That sly, sly old fox!"

He only left the bank once he had exhausted all his strength.

Meanwhile, David received a transaction notification from the bank.

...

Tom's expression was stormy as he gathered all the Alexis employees for a last-minute meeting.

"Alexis may be a small company, but we have always paid our employees on time, and we've never made you work on holidays, or deprived you of other benefits. I personally think that I've been treating you well, but I never expected that someone would sell me out, sell the company out, and sell everyone's benefits out!"

His voice took a darker and serious turn as he continued. The atmosphere inside the office instantly turned tense. The employees gossiped among themselves, but they also didn't dare to speak any louder, worried that they would end up painting themselves as the suspect.

"I am laying this out right now: stealing designs means that you are stealing company secrets. If you don't want to turn yourself in, fine. The police will make you admit your crimes!" Tom harshly warned, his voice dripping with threat.

The moment he finished his warning, the girl in the center of the first row fell to her knees with a thump.

"Mr. Shaw, I was the one who stole the designs, I admit it. Please, give me a chance to make things right. I'm the only breadwinner for my family. I can't get myself into trouble..."

Tom did not show any emotion. "The rest of you may go. Annette Fronda, come with me to my office," he said flatly. He then brought Annette with him.

Elise had already been waiting for ages inside Tom's office. When Tom and Annette entered, she was unhurriedly checking some company documents.

"Miss Sinclair, it's as you said—Annette Fronda was the one behind it. I've brought her with me," Tom said respectfully.

Shock filled Annette's eyes when she saw a girl her age seated by the desk inside the office. This girl is the true head of Alexis?

Elise slowly looked up and quietly shifted her gaze toward Annette. The imposing aura she emanated instantly made Annette lower her head to avoid Elise's gaze.

"M-Miss, I only caved in and betrayed the company because of Fiona's words... I know what I did was wrong."

"Is that so? But why did you give in?" Elise asked in a breezy manner.

Annette's nose stung, snot dripping from her nose as she wept. "My father is paralyzed, and my mother left us. My younger brother is still in school. It's hard to make ends meet. I have a good salary thanks to Mr. Shaw, but I-I couldn't restrain myself when Fiona came looking for me with such a handsome sum of money. I'm so sorry!"

"If apologies are sufficient, then why do we still need the police?" Elise asked meaningfully.

Annette ended up dropping to her knees out of fear. "Miss, I promise you that this won't happen again. I've been working at the company ever since it was still known as Shaw's Jewelry Co. I've always given my all at work, and I've always worked hard. Please, give me another chance!"

Tom's heart couldn't take it. He would feel some sentimentality toward employees who had been working at the company for a long time.

"But your promise means nothing here," Elise said meaningfully again. "Not unless..."

# Cooler Girl in Town Chapter 610

Chapter 610 Trying to Silence Me?

What company would keep an employee who had stolen company secrets?

And so, Annette left her job at Alexis without fanfare.

After she left Alexis, Annette walked right into the Saunders Corporation building—she had fallen this low because of Saunders Corporation. David Saunders must take responsibility for this outcome! she thought.

“Mr. Saunders, I have nothing left. You have to keep me, or my family will be doomed!” Annette said to David as she wept.

David was currently fretting over the incident with Fiona. He couldn’t be bothered with Annette right now, so he just gave her a half-hearted reply. “You still have the guts to ask me to keep you? Would the plan have failed and been revealed had you not left traces behind? Now I’ve lost a designer, and Saunders Corporation’s reputation is under scrutiny. I’m already being courteous since I haven’t come knocking on your door looking for compensation. Now get out!”

Annette went quiet. David had made his decision to leave her out to dry. After a moment, she announced confidently, like she had nothing else to lose, “You were the one who promised me a spot in Saunders Corporation in the first place. That was why I even took the risk. If you’re going to renege on your word, then my only choice is to go to the reporters and tell them the truth!”

David lifted his head when he heard that and looked at Annette. “You really are quite unusually gutsy. You dare to even go against me?” he asked darkly.

Annette swallowed fearfully, but she still clenched her fists and prepared herself when she remembered Elise's orders. "I'm just a nobody. I'm just asking for 10,000 bucks for my salary. You, however, are different. If this incident gets out, Saunders Corporation will be looking at losses numbering in the tens of millions. Mr. Saunders, if you comply, your company will continue to profit. If you don't, then everyone will be dragged down with me!"

David narrowed his eyes and gritted his teeth. He had his fair share of experience because of his age, but here he was, being threatened by a young woman. It certainly didn't feel great to swallow his pride, but if he didn't, he would end up facing losses.

"Fine. Go to the HR department and introduce yourself. You'll be working in your previous position!" David waved a hand dismissively, unwilling to involve himself any longer.

"Thank you, Mr. Saunders, thank you so much!" Annette repeatedly thanked him before she retreated and closed the door.

David rolled his eyes. Worker bees were troublesome to deal with. He decided to keep Annette in the company and let her calm down a little. When the time came, he would just find an excuse to fire her. If he did it through proper channels, then she probably wouldn't have any ammo against him. The most important thing right now was to handle the newly-emerged Alexis.

David had already done his research. Alexis was originally Shaw's Jewelry Co. They were an established company that had been rendered close to bankruptcy by Saunders Corporation. Somehow, however, Alexis had gotten a streak of incredible luck in recent months. Not only did their shops repeatedly carry Peculiar Jadeites, but their designers' skill levels skyrocketed. David had no other option than to get someone to steal Alexis' design drafts, but he hadn't thought that the plan would be foiled.

If Saunders Corporation wanted to stand at the top of the jewelry industry, then their competitors must not be given the chance to rise again. Alexis was unstoppable now. David had to find a way to get rid of this eyesore, or Saunders Corporation would end up becoming just a stepping stone on Alexis' road to success sooner or later.

At that thought, David irately lit up a cigar and took a deep drag on it. His mind wandered as he leaned back in his seat.

Just what should he do to ensure Alexis' humiliation?

When half of the cigar had burned away, David suddenly slapped his thigh. "That's it!"

"It's just as you expected, Miss Sinclair. All of Alexis' stores haven't been able to keep up with the customers' demand after the jewelry contest. We've got orders for well into the second half of the year!" At Alexis' headquarters, Tom was grinning from ear to ear. Shaw's Jewelry Co. was finally making waves while under his leadership. When it was time for him to die in the future, he would not have to worry about disappointing his forefathers!

Elise was practically his idol. She was skilled through her own merit, and she was also meticulous in her tasks. Every step she took had been solid!

"This is only the beginning. We need to keep up the promotions and also hire more workers. Once our name is out, business is going to boom and we won't be able to keep up with demand," Elise reminded with a straight face.

"Got it. I already made all the arrangements for that. With Smith Co. greenlighting everything, things will go smoothly. Speaking of that, why don't we send a present to Kenneth? We've benefited a lot from his kindness during the jewelry contest and for everything after that." Tom had already thought about this.

"I have my own plans for that." Elise could no longer repay Kenneth for everything that he had done. There was no need to care too much about the little details. A moment's pause later, Elise diverted the topic. "One more thing—tell the technicians to add an extra layer of ultraviolet material to the jewelry when they're undergoing the laser anti-counterfeiting process."

"But costs will go up that way. Business may be on the upswing lately, but on paper, our books still say that we're coming out negative. Wouldn't we end up losing more money that way?" Tom took a more cautious approach.

"I told you before when we decided to work together that money isn't a problem that you should be considering. It doesn't matter if the costs increase, but we need to ensure that every item has that layer so that they have double the protection against counterfeiting. But, keep the anti-counterfeiting layer a secret for now." Elise had a serious look on her face, her expression brooking no argument.

"Understood. I'll pass down the order." Although Tom was still doubtful, he had never doubted Elise's abilities. She must have her own reasons for this.

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A week passed in the blink of an eye. Alexis welcomed a new peak in sales after their first round of word-of-mouth marketing and publicity. It was the weekend, and people kept singing Alexis' praises as they thronged through the flagship store.

Near closing time, a chubby middle-aged woman suddenly showed up. Her appearance immediately disrupted the store's order.

"Where's the manager? Get your manager out here right now! I want to see which of you had the guts to sell me a fake!" The woman furiously smacked the glass display case in front of her as she ranted for an explanation.

One of the salespeople with plenty of experience immediately stepped forward and patiently talked to her. "Madam, let's go inside and have a nice, polite conversation if you have something to say, alright? Our manager is not present at the store right now. Please come in and take a seat. I'll get in contact with our manager. Is that alright?"

"Bah! I think your manager just doesn't want to see me. Trying to cajole me into going with you so you can silence me? I'm warning you now that I'm not one of those people who is content to just settle for some measly compensation! I insist on having that conversation here to let everyone know that you are a bunch of liars who sell fake jewelry!" The woman was emotional. She wouldn't listen to reason at all. Her repeated mentions of 'fake jewelry' made the other customers who were planning to place their orders put down the jewelry in their hands as they decided to observe the situation.

"Madam, the manager really isn't in right now. You'll affect the other customers like this. It's difficult for us to..."

"What? You still think of kicking me out?" The woman immediately began to throw a tantrum as she raised her voice to garner sympathy from the other customers. "Everyone, look! This evil store won't admit to selling counterfeits, and even attempted to chase me out. There is no justice left in this world!"

The salesperson had seen her fair share of customer tantrums, but there was nothing she could do to stop the unreasonable customer. All the salesperson could do was panic.

Right then, Tom walked in with Tina.

“What’s going on?”