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Read Chapter 741 of Coolest Girl in Town

Elise smiled brightly and wrapped her arms around Alexander's shoulders. With her body pressed against his, she purred, "It smells like jealousy, just like how you are right now, Mr. Griffith."

Hearing that, Alexander smirked and leaned forward to kiss her on the lips.

On the opposite side of the road, Danny pointed at them and nagged at Ariel, "Do you see that? That's a match made in heaven. They're very much in love. You won't have a chance!"

At that, Ariel crossed her arms and scoffed, "Haven't you heard of the phrase 'if there's a will, there's a way'?"

"Bah! That's bulls*hit!" Danny cursed angrily. "Elise and my brother are officially married. Their marriage is protected by the law. They love each other and you will never win her over!"

"What if I am willful?" Ariel smiled, deliberately provoking him.

Danny gasped at her challenge and inched closer toward her. Their faces were almost touching when he warned her, "If you dare to, I won't let you off easily."

His warm breath blew on her face. Ariel stared at him in the eyes and swallowed unconsciously as her cheeks burned.

Danny noticed her change and regained his composure. He looked at her flushed cheeks and asked, "Why is your face so red?"

Suddenly, Ariel came back to her senses and pushed him away. Turning around, she mumbled an excuse. "I became shy thinking about Miss Sinclair!"

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"That's absurd!" Danny stomped his feet. "I told you, you can't do that. Why are you so stubborn?"

At that, Ariel took a few deep breaths. When she was finally calm, she turned around and smiled sweetly. "I don't care. Call the cops on me if you want."

Done with the conversation, she walked to the curb. After getting into a taxi, she left.

Meanwhile, Danny was furious since that woman was so opinionated.

Recalling what she said, he reckoned that Ariel liked Elise. If she did manage to win over Elise, chaos would ensue in the Griffith Residence.

Danny nodded, satisfied with his analysis.

The only thing he could do now was to think fast and stop Ariel!

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The barbecue grill had been set up in the garden with lots of food placed on the dining table next to it at the Griffith Residence.

The four Griffith brothers gathered around the barbecue, and they were grilling different things.

Not far away, Madeline and Yuri sat side by side while Elise sat alone under the parasol. There was an empty table too.

Soon, the smell of barbecue spread through the whole residence.

Danny stayed by the barbecue grill, happily eating and grilling the food.

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Seeing that, Alexander shook his head in disapproval. He had to save some food from the next round and bring it to Elise before Danny devoured them all.

On the other hand, Jack secretly passed some food to Winona when the cameraman was not looking.

Brendan then took a couple of chicken wings and walked toward Madeline and Yuri.

Just when he was about to call out to them, the crew suddenly announced loudly, "Our special guest has arrived!"

In the next second, they saw a girl with a sweet smile walking in through the side door and greeting everyone.

She was wearing a sky-blue dress with white heels that looked like clouds, while she carried a few branded gift bags. She looked like a fairy with her long, luscious hair let down and her mixed-race features.

However, everyone was surprised when she spoke. "Hi everyone, I'm Tara Lambert. It is nice to meet you all. I've prepared some gifts for everyone."

She had a blood-curdling childlike voice.

After that, Tara handed out the gifts carefully and politely.

When she was giving out the gifts, Danny went up and accepted the gift while welcoming her to the barbecue. "Welcome! Come and try the barbecue we made; it's amazing."

"Really?" she asked.

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Hearing that, she grabbed one of the chicken wings from Brendan's hands. Her face was full of anticipation when she took a bite. Surprised by the taste, she agreed, "You're right. It's really good! Mr. Brendan, you're so good at cooking."

"Thanks," Brendan answered dryly.

Initially, Madeline thought that Tara had good manners but after watching what happened, she was unhappy.

The chicken wing Brendan was grilling was meant for Yuri, but Tara helped herself to it instead.

Madeline quickly grabbed the other chicken wing and gave it to Yuri. "Yuri, have this. Try some of Brendan's cooking."

"Thank you, Mrs. Griffith, but it's okay. I'm trying to lose weight, so I can't eat dishes with a high calorie count." Yuri declined.

Brendan's face fell when he heard that.

It was not that she could not eat dishes with a fatty content but instead, she did not want to eat the things he made.

The more he thought about it, the gloomier his face turned.

"Miss Lambert, what else do you want to eat? I'll grill it for you," Brendan said.

Even though he was speaking to Tara, his gaze was locked on Yuri.

However, Yuri acted like she did not hear anything. She grabbed a bottle of water from the table and opened it, acting as if she was in a different world.

With that, Brendan brought Tara to the side, and they enjoyed the barbecue together.

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Noticing that, Madeline tried to reason with Yuri. "Yuri, you know what I feel, right?"

Yuri smiled in response. "Mrs. Griffith, let nature take its course. Mr. Brendan might not even like me."

"No, of course not!" Madeline interrupted her. "I know my son, and I'm sure he likes you. Besides, you're all designers; you'd have common topics to talk about. Brendan is a bit dull, but it doesn't mean he doesn't like you. Trust me."

"I trust you, Mrs. Griffith," Yuri said, after which she then continued drinking water and enjoying the sun.

Despite saying that she trusted Madeline, her actions showed otherwise.

Seeing that Yuri had no plans to continue talking, Madeline could only let the topic slide.

She turned around and looked disapprovingly at Brendan and Tara, feeling a bit blue.

Even though Tara looked nice, it was her voice that aggravated Madeline. The latter just could not find it in herself to like Tara because Tara was also too proactive for her own good. What is wrong with Brendan?! He cannot be as tasteless as Alexander, right? No... History cannot repeat itself!

She had to figure something out before the situation snowballed out of hand.

Before Madeline came up with a plan, Brendan and Tara walked over with plates of food in their hands.

"Mrs. Griffith. Ms. Yuri. Come and try what Brendan made. It smells good!" Tara smiled. She looked pleasing to the eyes with her cute dimples.

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However, Madeline's face darkened because she was unhappy with what Tara said. Brendan? They just met each other and are now calling each other by their first names. She has no modesty at all!

Read Chapter 742 of Coolest Girl in Town

Yuri thought it was impolite to continue declining, so she accepted the chicken wing and took a small bite.

"How is it? Delicious, right?" Tara asked excitedly, as if she was the one who made it.

"Yeah, it's nice," Yuri replied politely.

Brendan's face darkened even more at her words. He was sure that she hated him, not the food.

"Brendan is really good with his hands. Since he's great at making clothes, cooking isn't a huge problem for him," Madeline proudly boasted.

"Speaking of which—" Tara continued the conversation. "—I've always been a fan of Mr. Brendan's designs. I didn't expect you to be so good at cooking, though. Whoever marries you would have such a happy life."

"Oh, right!" She paused and turned around to grab Brendan's jacket. "My birthday's coming up, Mr. Brendan. Can I make a reservation with you to make a gown for me?"

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Madeline rolled her eyes at Tara's question, thinking that no one was interested when Tara's birthday was. "Brendan's atelier is packed. I'm afraid he won't have time for new jobs," Madeline piped in.

"Oh no, what a shame. I've always dreamed of wearing a gown designed by Mr. Brendan for my birthday banquet. Seems like it won't be happening." Tara sighed dejectedly and lowered her head.

Meanwhile, Yuri was like an outsider throughout the whole conversation. She was calculating the calories on each bite of the chicken wing as she thought about how much she would need to exercise to burn it off later.

However, Brendan's eyes were on her all the time. He saw no reaction from her, and his fists tightened in his pockets. Out of spite, he agreed to Tara's request. "I can do that for you if you require it, Miss Lambert."

"Really?!" Tara lifted her head at his words. She jumped up excitedly and hugged him. "Oh my God! That's great, Mr. Brendan. Thank you so much!"

"Ahem! Ahem!" Madeline kept coughing, trying to hint at them to mind their distance.

Noticing her cough, Tara let Brendan go and took a step back. She bit her lips and said shyly, "I'm sorry. I got too excited. Mr. Brendan, please excuse my behavior."

Yuri was still in her world, thinking about the fashion sketches she had to amend.

At that point, Brendan was burning with rage at her indifference. His rage came and went, but there was nothing he could do.

Madeline looked between Yuri and Tara, and she became frustrated as a result.

The girl she preferred was hopeless, while the one she was not fond of kept intruding. She had to do something about it.

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After making up her mind, Madeline pulled up her sleeves and dragged Tara toward the swimming pool. "I think you're suffering from a heatstroke. Come here! Go down and cool off for a bit."

"No, Mrs. Griffith. I—"

"There's no need to be shy." Madeline did not let Tara speak and took away the phone in her hands. "I'll keep this safe for you. Don't worry, go enjoy the cool water."

"No, I—"

"Ah!"

Tara did not get to finish her sentence, and she was pushed into the pool by Madeline with a splash.

Soon, Tara resurfaced and shrieked with her arms flapping around, "Help me! I can't swim!"

"Huh?" Hearing that, Madeline had a bizarre thought. "I don't know how to swim either. If both of us were to fall into the water at the same time, who should my son save first?"

She was right—their vibes did not match at all.

The rest were far away from the commotion and only Brendan was nearby. Sensing that Tara was going to drown, he had no choice but to take off his shirt and jump into the pool to save her.

Danny then came around and took a look at the unconscious Tara on the floor. He nonchalantly took a bite off his skewer and said, "She probably needs CPR. Brendan, you should finish the job since you saved her."

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“Shut up.” Madeline pushed him aside. “Stop giving out bad ideas. I’ll do it.”

With that, she kneeled and placed a fist against Tara’s chest and used the other hand to pump her fist, punching it again and again.

Once, twice... Tara’s body kept shaking with the pumping.

After many tries, Tara finally coughed out water as she regained consciousness.

Madeline let out a long breath and wiped away the sweat on her forehead. “Your body is too weak. You should exercise more!”

While saying that, she helped Tara to her feet. “Come on, let’s get you a change of clothes. You’re shocked and cold. You should rest in the house.”

Now, no one can disturb Yuri and Brendan anymore.

Before they walked away, Madeline gave him a wink, hinting at him to grab onto the opportunity.

Brendan watched as they left. He then turned around to look at Yuri, but she avoided his gaze.

His pride was ignited at her avoidance. So, he turned around and walked in a different direction.

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At Silver Bell Spot in one of the private booths, the lights were shining, and the music was booming. Charrisa sat in a corner with her legs propped up on the sofa, drinking from the beer in her hands.

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After a moment, a man from the club walked in with a phone in his hands. He shook his head solemnly. "Still not picking up."

Everyone turned their heads and looked at Charissa.

"Mr. Keller isn't planning on leaving us, right?" one of the men asked.

"That Narissa girl has her ways. It's only been a few days, and our group is already falling apart," another man chimed in.

The man with the phone walked further in and sat down on the sofa beside Charissa. "Honestly, Charissa, do you have feelings for Mr. Keller?"

Charissa glanced at him but did not answer. She merely took another sip of beer.

"If you do, we would definitely support you." The man kept pushing for an answer.

She put down the beer and said, "Yes, I like him, but what's the point? He now has someone soft and submissive by his side. I'm not like that at all."

"Don't belittle yourself. The rest of us value you highly." The man mused, "If you and Mr. Keller got together, our group would only be more united. We've been friends for so many years; we can't let an outsider break us apart, right?"

"Yea, Narissa does not belong to our club!"

"If I had to choose, I'd definitely pick Charissa."

"Since everyone agrees, then let's teach Narissa a lesson to make her back down," the man on the sofa suggested.

"The last time we tried to ply her with alcohol, Jamie got really angry. We can't be too obvious this time," Charissa murmured.

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"You're right; we have to come up with a plan..."

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At a private hospital in Tissote, Elise walked into the ward and saw that Yvonne was massaging Trevor's arms and legs.

"Please wake up, Trevor. It's bleak in the Anderson Family without you. Only you can change things around here," Yvonne begged.

Hearing footsteps, she looked toward the door. "You're here."

"Yeah." Elise nodded and set her bag on top of the drawer. "Has Trevor's condition improved?"

"No, just the same old. No changes." Yvonne sighed. "Come talk to him. I'm going to make a call back home."

Then, Yvonne picked up her phone and walked out.

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