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Read Chapter 743 of Coolest Girl in Town

Elise brought a chair and sat by the bed.

Reaching out, she took hold of Trevor's shriveled hands. Her heart ached for him.

He was so young and at his prime, but could only lay in the hospital for most of his life. It was such a pity.

Elise had already sent the invitation to Claude, asking him to perform Trevor's surgery, but she had not received any reply.

She would wait a bit more but if Claude refused, she would have to take extreme measures.

At that point, someone knocked on the door.

"It's just me. Come on in." Elise thought it was Yvonne.

"So, this is my brother-in-law. What a fine gentleman."

Hearing the voice of a man, Elise knew she had made a mistake. Turning around, she saw Elijah, with Marcus trailing behind him.

"He is such an amazing human. He should be out there conquering the world, and not laying here. It's such a pity," Elijah said as sympathy filled his face.

"What are you hinting at?" Elise stood up, ready to fight. "Russell is head of the Anderson Family now. You should look for him for whatever you're looking for."

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“Ha! You think that without the Boyle Family’s recognition, he could become the head of the family?” Elijah mocked.

“That’s your issue; it has nothing to do with me. Whatever your family has given the Anderson Family, you can take everything back. As for the other stuff, I can’t, and won’t, give it up,” Elise told him firmly.

“Come on. Why are you always resisting me?” Elijah feigned being hurt. “I came here bringing medicine for Trevor. You’re going to kick me out?”

“Why would I believe you?” She narrowed her eyes.

“No reason at all. If you worked that little mind of yours, you’d understand. The Anderson Family owns the largest pharmaceutical company in Cittadel, but it was my family that brought them up to where they stand today, so of course we’re their predecessor,” Elijah said proudly with his hands behind him.

At his words, Elise pondered for a while and did not refute him.

As the saying went, there was always someone greater out there. Maybe the Boyle Family really concocted medicine that she had never heard of.

Up until now, she had not found more information about them. Perhaps there could be a bigger secret lying in the dark.

Elijah saw that she was conflicted and tried to lure her once again. “Didn’t the medicine I gave you for Trevor work? The result speaks for itself, doesn’t it?”

“It was you who got Bryce to bring it to me?” Elise let out a cold laugh.

“Yup.” Elijah smiled, sounding as if he was asking for praise. He leaned his body forward while holding onto the railing at the end of the bed. “Aren’t I considerate?”

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“Considerate”? If it wasn’t for you, I wouldn’t need to work like a slave under Bryce. I still owe him ten rounds of competition,” Elise mocked sarcastically.

“Competition?” Elijah did not know of this. He turned around and questioned Marcus with a dark expression, “What’s going on?”

“I’ll look into it.”

Marcus answered carefully before he swiped out his phone and walked out.

Elijah’s eyes darkened for a moment, but when he turned around and looked at Elise, he was all smiles. “Ellie, don’t worry. I’ll get Bryce off the black market and get a new owner. Is that alright?”

“Whatever you want to do has nothing to do with me,” Elise said. She did not want to deal with Bryce from the start, anyway.

“Then, let’s talk about something related to you.” Elijah changed the topic. “I’ll look for the doctor and medicine Trevor needs, and you have a meal with me. How’s that?”

Hearing that, Elise laughed grimly. “Even if you found them, what would happen? If they didn’t want to perform the surgery, I can’t force them, right?”

“I have my ways,” Elijah said confidently. “It’s up to you if you’ll believe me or not.”

At his response, Elise looked down, contemplating how believable his words could be.

When she was deep in thought, he walked quietly to her side and reached out with his hand. As his hands slowly moved toward her, he said, “You’d still need to eat, no matter what. Besides, eating with me won’t cost you anything, and you get to save your brother. So, why not?”

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Elijah's hand was about to touch Elise's shoulder, and a smile showed on his face.

However, another hand suddenly appeared out of nowhere and tightly yanked Elijah's hand away.

Surprised, Elijah turned his head, only to meet with Alexander's dark eyes.

Suddenly, sparks flew and flames could be seen in their eyes. It was obvious that the two men were about to fight.

"Wait!" Elise stopped Alexander. "Don't be impulsive."

Alexander's gaze turned cold and he roughly shook Elijah's hand off. He then warned, "If there's a next time, there's no need for that arm of yours anymore."

"Oh, is it?" Elijah tilted his head slightly and his eyes filled with provocation. "Then, we'll have to see if you have the means to do that."

Alexander tried to refute, but Elise grabbed his arm and stopped him.

She stood in front of him and replied, "If Mr. Boyle wants to have a meal, sure. But I'll be bringing my husband. Surely you won't mind, right?"

Hearing that, Eljah faltered, feeling conflicted.

"If you do mind that, then I would have to reject your offer," she added.

"No, don't. I haven't even said anything and you've decided for me." Elijah could not do anything about it, and he agreed, "Fine, bring him along. But I only prepared food for the both of us. He can watch by the side."

"No problem," Elise answered.

A moment later, they arrived at a high-end restaurant.

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It seemed like Elijah had booked the whole place. There were only three of them besides the waiters.

“Elise, have a seat.” Elijah gentlemanly pulled out a chair for Elise.

The restaurant had an open kitchen concept. When customers were waiting, they could watch the chefs cook inside and see the whole process.

When Elise and Alexander sat down, Elijah walked away.

They thought he went to ask for a waiter, but after a while, they saw him walking into the open kitchen wearing a chef’s hat and apron.

“So, you wanted me here to watch you cook?” Elise mocked him.

“Of course. Food for my beloved lady must be prepared personally,” Elijah answered. He then picked up a knife and started making the steak.

He cut off the sides of the premium Wagyu, making it a perfect portion for one. Then, he drizzled oil onto the pan and seared the sides. After sprinkling on some spices, he sliced them into thin strips and placed them on a plate.

“Have a taste.” Elijah served the plate to Elise.

Elise took a look at the plate and turned to Alexander.

“If he eats it, the deal is off. You’d have to eat with me one more time,” Elijah said smilingly, but his eyes were cold.

Alexander Griffith got my girl and dares to eat my food? In his dreams!

Alexander looked at Elijah coldly. After some thought, the former calmly used a fork to pick up a piece of steak and fed it to Elise. “Is it nice, honey?”

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"It's not bad." Elise's eyes twinkled and she looked Alexander in the eye, completely ignoring Elijah.

Elijah was so angry that he pursed his lips and his cheeks puffed up at the couple's display of affection.

How can Alexander use his food to butter up to the girl he wants and flirt in front of him too?!

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"Have another piece." Ignoring Elijah's ferocious gaze, Alexander continued to pamper Elise affectionately. Meanwhile, she obediently opened her mouth and ate it. For every bite she ate from Alexander's fork, her smile was as sweet as cotton candy.

As he was about to pick up another piece of steak for her again, Elijah finally could not stand the view and rudely snatched the plate of steak away. Alexander looked at the other man innocently, his motion halted by Elijah's sudden action. "You brag about your cooking, but you can't even let my wife finish her food."

"Shut the f*ck up!" Elijah threw the plate on the table. "Stay away from me. I don't want to see you now."

Alexander thought things through for a split second and put down his fork. "Okay, then." He turned to Elise and asked gently, "Are you already full?"

"Mhm," she happily replied.

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“Let’s go, then.” Alexander held her hand, interlocking his fingers with hers and standing up.

“What’s the meaning of this?” Elijah became anxious. “I haven’t eaten and yet, you’re already leaving?”

“You merely asked that I accompany you to have a meal, but you didn’t say for how long,” Elise replied. “I came and ate the food that was served. Have I not done everything as per request?”

“Yes, but...” For a moment, he could not think of a way to refute her.

“If you really want to be part of Ellie’s family... Well, our family does need a cook. You’re quite suitable for that,” Alexander mocked.

“You want me, the mighty young master, to cook for you? Are you out of your freaking mind?!” Elijah yelled.

“Forget it. I never force others, just like I have never forced Elise to stay by my side. It’s just fate that we love each other so much now.” Showing off their interlocked hands, Alexander continued, “We’ll make a move now. Remember to bring the medicines to us later.”

Without waiting for any response, the couple held hands and left without a backward glance.

Elijah angrily took off his chef’s toque and slammed it on the table, knocking over the rest of the steak.

“Young Master.” Marcus stepped forward and handed him a handkerchief.

Elijah had to close his eyes and take a deep breath before accepting it to carefully wipe every inch of the skin on his hands.

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“How about we go back and explain the situation to the Master?” Marcus had been observing things for a few days, and he believed Elise would not leave with them.

“Go back? Go back empty-handed, get ridiculed and be a laughingstock?” Elijah wiped his hands over and over again. His indignance grew and his strength became so intense that a few red marks gradually appeared on his skin. “I will find that one thing she can never refuse.”

...

Ever since Danny took cognizance of Ariel’s ulterior motives toward Elise, he began his stalking journey. As the saying went, know the enemy and know yourself; in a hundred battles, you would never be in peril. Danny knew that he had to figure out Ariel’s weaknesses before taking the appropriate countermeasures.

So, he deliberately changed his car this morning and waited near her house.

As she drove out of her house, Danny immediately started the engine and followed her at a distance. But after a while, Danny realized that Ariel had been driving like a headless fly and kept changing directions, as if she was unsure where she was heading to.

Even as she was finally reaching her company, she made a sharp turn all of a sudden and drove in the opposite direction.

“Did she notice me?” As Danny was unsure what was transpiring, he tried to gradually narrow down the distance between them, but Ariel did not seem to notice either.

Just as he started feeling bored, she seemed to have driven herself into a dead alley. Noticing that, she immediately turned on the flasher and was ready to reverse. It was too late for Danny, who was not paying much attention before, to

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realize that Ariel was trying to do that. He braked very abruptly and it caused his car to stall, and they collided with each other.

Ariel was about to come down and negotiate when, in a swift movement, Danny unbuckled his seat belt. He wore the cap he had prepared just for occasions like this, got out of the car and ran out of the alley. Meanwhile, Ariel came near and found no driver inside. This left her no choice but to take her bag and leave her car behind, as it was stuck in between.

Danny, who was hiding in the opposite alley, quickly stopped a car to chase after Ariel when he saw her getting into a taxi.

Never in a million years did he think that her final destination was the company. He was speechless when he realized that. What was she thinking when she was wandering around and even left her car elsewhere?

...

Madeline took Tara out the whole afternoon. The both of them then returned to the Griffith Residence with multiple shopping bags that contained mostly clothes that were handpicked for her by Madeline. Madeline said—and Tara believed it—that Tara had to dress up nicely before she could seduce Brendan. Hence the bunch of dowdy clothes.

As soon as they arrived home, she urged Tara to give the clothes a try. Madeline picked out the ugliest clothes of all and handed them to Tara. “Try this. My son loves this style. Put them on and he’ll be impressed.”

To please her future mother-in-law, Tara took the clothes back to her room and obediently wore them. Compared to her previous cute style, she looked utterly ridiculous in those clothes as she walked down the stairs.

“How do I look?” Tara stood at the stairs awkwardly and smiled reluctantly.

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“Cough! Cough! Good-looking! V-Very good-looking!” Madeline almost choked on her cup of water, but she still pretended that she liked them. “You look just like my son’s dream lover!”

The more she looked at Tara, the happier she became. Brendan would be so taken aback that he would run away had he seen Tara in this ghostly appearance. No way on earth that they would ever become a couple!

“Miss Fox, what do you think?” Tara still felt strange about the whole situation.

Madeline nudged Yuri, hinting to her with her eyes. Ignore your conscience and just praise her.

Yuri disregarded Madeline’s hint and replied in an outspoken manner, “This humorous style does not suit you well.”

“Yeah, I feel the same...” Tara breathed a sigh of relief. While she wanted to please Madeline, she was also unwilling to make a fool of herself. No one could blame her when such disapproval came out of Yuri’s mouth.

“I see that the clothes you chose are quite good. It’s just that you lack some styling skills. How about I go to your room and give you some advice?” Being a famous fashion designer herself, Yuri felt obliged to address the styling flaws happening right in front of her own eyes.

“Sure!”

The two hit it off rather quickly and went upstairs together.

When she came down again, Tara looked like a different person. She was full of confidence, looking alluring and poised. Even Madeline couldn’t help but think what a beauty the younger woman was.

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Madeline quickly pulled Yuri aside and whispered, "Yuri! Silly you! I deliberately asked her to wear those ugly clothes because I didn't want her to seduce my son. You just had to dress her up so beautifully, didn't you? This is tempting him outright!"

Yuri smiled indifferently. "I appreciate your kindness, Mrs. Griffith, but a generous person never seizes someone else's love. Tara seems to like Brendan very much, and it's my pleasure to help her achieve her beauty to the fullest extent so that he can appreciate it better."

Coincidentally, Brendan was walking down the stairs and heard what she said. His expressionless face became somber. "Seems like Miss Fox likes being a matchmaker, and is very enthusiastic in matchmaking the others. Why haven't you married yourself off, then?"

"Where are your manners, Brendan Griffith?!" Madeline reproached.

"I'm just speaking the truth." His tone was icy cold and every word of his was akin to being covered in thorns. "We have nothing to do with each other, so I suggest Miss Fox quit meddling in my affairs!"

As soon as he said that, he turned and went back upstairs.

In that instant, a hint of listlessness flashed across Yuri's eyes, a thousand emotions weighing down her heart.

"He must have been too busy with work recently. It's not about you. Don't take it too personally, Yuri." Madeline tried comforting her.

"It's alright." Yuri forced a smile, trying to let this incident slide.

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