

# Cooler Girl in Town Chapter 815

## Chapter 815 Finally Caught You

"Mister," Irvin stood up. "Have you come looking for me because I didn't give enough money?"

"I was just passing through," Alexander said expressionlessly. "Since the guy up there really wants us to see each other today, why don't I give you a lift? Where are you staying?"

"Thank you for your offer, but I'll spare you the trouble. I'm staying in a hotel nearby. I can go back on my own." As much as Irvin took a liking to the man, he still stayed vigilant.

Alexander nodded in response. "Not bad. You act like a man."

With that, he left the cafe.

"Bye-bye, mister!" The child jumped up and waved his hand before moving over to the cashier.

"Pretty lady." He pouted aggrievedly and grabbed the countertop like a marmot poking its head out, choking with sobs. "I can't find my mommy. Can you let me check the surveillance and see in which direction she has gone? Pretty please..."

What young woman could resist such a cute and handsome boy? Just like that, Irvin successfully got a screenshot of Alexander.

It was already getting late when Irvin came out of the cafe, so he decided to find a hotel to stay in first.

As he hadn't had the time to exchange Cittadel Crown, he could only go to the hotel receptionist and supervisor with Alzue Vraleing, hoping they could give him a room first and also help him exchange the currency.

It was a simple request, if Irvin was a legal adult, that was. Worse, the child didn't have a Cittadelian ID either, putting the supervisor at a crossroads, worried that trouble would befall.

"Why don't you come home with me, kid? You can stay in the hotel after I take you to an exchange center tomorrow." A male receptionist deliberately wooed the child upon seeing the Vraleing in his bag.

"Oh, please, there isn't even a place to stand in your place. Don't traumatize the child. I think this handsome little fellow should come with me," suggested a female receptionist who adored sweet and good-looking children like Irvin.

"As if you young ones can take care of a child when you can barely even take care of yourselves. Why don't you come with me, dear? I have tons of imported snacks. You can have them all; what do you say?" The sweet older female supervisor absolutely loved the child.

Just like that, the staff began arguing in the lobby.

"He should come with me!"

"Don't even think about it!"

"I said it first!"

Poor Irvin stood in the center of it all, looking devoid of life as he was powerless against the hands that dragged him around.

Meanwhile, Jamie chatted with a beauty as they entered the hotel entrance.

"Haha! Now, I really want to meet this kid that even you can't handle," the woman teased.

Jamie waved his hand. "It's a long story. Anyhow, your family is in the hotel business. If you find his name registered in one of your hotels, keep an eye on him for me and let me know."

They passed by the reception area while speaking, and Jamie took a casual gander at the bickering group before arriving at the elevator hall with the woman.

However, the man dashed away the next second, seemingly realizing something.

He took a closer look at the reception area and found who else but Irvin standing in the middle of the circle of staff?!

At that, Jamie smirked smugly in response. To think the heavens brought the kid to him!

Meanwhile, Irvin was getting woozy from all the tugging, and he wailed feebly, "Please have mercy on me... I just want to take a good rest in the hotel..."

The crowd fell silent at once, but only for a second before succumbing to their infatuation again.

"So cute..."

"Aw, my heart's melting. That's it, you're coming home with me today!"

"Come with me, dear!"

In deep agony, Irvin closed his eyes in despair. Mommy... The ladies in Cittadel are very scary when they become eager...

Just then, something shrouded him from the lights above, leading him to open his eyes, only to be met with Jamie's ravishing gaze.

"Ah!" The boy freed himself and made a run after gasping softly.

Alas, as soon as he lifted a leg, Jamie lifted him up by his backpack. "Now I've got you!"

"Let go of me! Help! A kidnapper!"

The poor boy was currently like a turtle being held by its shell, flailing his limbs uselessly, unable to change anything.

Given Jamie's social status, there was no way he would kidnap a child. Besides, even if he was kidnapping the child, the hotel staff wouldn't dare do anything to him either.

Jamie turned the kid around to face him, planning to have a heart-to-heart talk. "Kid—ouch!"

The man had barely said a word when Irvin introduced his fist to Jamie's left eye, causing the latter to howl in pain as he hurriedly placed his free hand over it. "You little rascal. Do you not know a good man when you see one?!"

"It's your fault for grabbing me!" Irvin snapped indignantly.

Livid, Jamie let out a murky breath. "Fine, kid. You've got balls. We're going to settle this here once and for all. Let's see how you can run away this time!"

With that, he clamped the child under his armpit and strode to the elevator hall.

Upon witnessing Jamie blow a fuse, the woman became somewhat ginger with her words. "So this is the devil incarnate you told me about?"

"Yeah. Don't bother yourself with this anymore. I'll take him to the room my family usually goes to."

At that, Jamie entered the elevator and went straight up.

It wasn't until he entered the room and locked the door from the inside that he let go of Irvin, who immediately dashed behind the couch and pulled out the pepper spray in defense mode.

As Jamie turned around, he thought his eyes were stinging again when he saw the oh-so-familiar spray. "This again? Can you put that thing down first?"

"No!" Irvin gripped the spray tighter. "Who are you, and why do you want to harm me?!"

"Harm you? When have I ever done that?!" Frustrated, Jamie bet the kid must've watched one too many crime dramas. Just what the heck is in that little brain of his?!

"You deliberately picked me up at the south gate and even followed me all the way here to the hotel. Now tell me you don't want to harm me!" Irvin argued, leading Jamie to quirk a brow and rub his nose awkwardly. Now that Irvin put it that way, it did look like he was trying to do something bad to the child.

"Alright, let's just say I'm in the wrong." Jamie went up to the child and extended a hand. "I apologize to you. Let's ceasefire."

"Why should I listen to you?!" Irvin raised the pepper spray high. "You're just tricking me into putting the spray down so that you can capture me for good, you kidnapper!"

"Okay, okay, I'll be honest with you." Frustrated, Jamie surrendered, raising his hands as a sign of goodwill. "I'm actually your mother's friend. She asked me to look after you. Your mom's Anastasia White, and you're Irvin White. Also, you have a sister. Am I right so far?"

Though the boy had eased a little, he still kept the pepper spray pointed toward Jamie. "How do I know you're not lying?"

Jamie chuckled helplessly in response, then pulled his phone out and clicked into a picture before showing it to Irvin.

"Take a good look. This is your mom, isn't it? The hunk next to her is me."

At that, Irvin stretched his neck to take a gander before finally putting the pepper spray down. But then, he couldn't help needing to satisfy his curiosity. "Who's the other lady holding my mom's arm?"

## Cooldest Girl in Town Chapter 816

### Chapter 816 A Man in Dishonor Is a Man in Disfavor

After Jamie took his phone back, he stared somewhat absent-mindedly at the picture for a moment before answering, "This one? She's Narissa Cuber, a friend of your mom's too. She's mischievous like you. There's not a thing in this world she fears."

Irvin thought the man was baffling, for he hadn't expected Jamie to ramble about a casual question.

"A hunk? You're the ugliest in the picture." Irvin sassed.

"You've got a terrible eye for beauty, kid." Jamie was determined to prove himself despite being despised so badly by a child. "Take a good look at this face, these abs, and these long

legs. Tell me what any part of this has to do with ugly. I don't want to brag, but there's barely anyone in Tissote more good-looking than me!"

"Yeah, right," Irvin retorted. "I already found one after I jumped out of your car."

"Who?" Jamie narrowed his eyes, and his vanity suddenly came into play.

"Here, this guy!" Irvin pulled out the screenshot he got from the cafe.

Jamie leaned over only to find it was none other than Alexander Griffith. He drew a gasp in response. As much as he wanted to retort, he knew he could only swallow his words back down.

"Okay, you win. You got lucky this time." Jamie then deliberately changed the topic, finding an out. "Your mom will arrive tomorrow. You just stay here for the night. If you need anything, you can ask the staff to get it for you. Tell them to put it on my tab."

With that, he pressed down the door handle to leave.

"Are you leaving?" Irvin looked up from his tablet in response, leading Jamie to turn around with a grin. "Why? Are you already missing me?"

"You wish." The boy's attention was now on his tablet. "I just want to tell you to come and take me to the airport with you."

"Hey, you're taking me for a chauffeur now, aren't you?" Jamie's face fell, aggrieved. "What if I say no?"

"Then, I'll find a chance to run away again and make it hard for you to explain to my mom." Irvin didn't even move his eyes away once when he was speaking.

"For a kid with a warm mouth, your words sure are cold." Jamie was rendered exasperated. This little rascal can really make a man angry.

"I can go on if you'd like," Irvin said curtly.

"Forget it. I'd like to live a couple more decades." The man left at once for fear that he would die of anger on the spot. "See you tomorrow."

"See you, himbo!" Irvin bid Jamie farewell with a deadpan face.

Jamie could only play dumb and leave when there was nothing he could do about the kid.

The entire room fell silent as soon as he left.

Irvin opened a unique search engine and uploaded Alexander's picture into it, only to receive tens of thousands of related searches.

The first link was his Wikipedia page. Alexander Griffith, former general manager of Griffith Group and current CEO of Smith Co., estimated net worth of trillions, divorced...

Irvin skimmed through it, then moved on.

He learned fashion design from his mother for a couple of years, so he could tell Alexander was wealthy from the moment they met, but what he saw next was outrageous.

'Alexander Griffith late-night voyage with supermodel; out all night.'

'Alexander Griffith divorced half a year into marriage; iniquitous or twisted humanity?'

'Alexander Griffith wife No. 3 out after mere three months.'

'Same, same, but different; Alexander Griffith divorces again after one-year marriage.'

There were a plethora of similar articles.

All in all, they said one thing—Alexander was a womanizer, and he would date and marry anyone who looked like his late wife, Elise.

Just like that, the little guy lost all liking toward the man, and his frown only deepened the further he read, to the point where he chucked his tablet aside in anger and sulked with crossed arms.

Hmph, Alexander Griffith, you skunkbag! Just when he still had a sliver of hope that his father wasn't someone like that, but now, it seemed that he was absolutely and utterly wrong! This man is nothing but a playboy! He doesn't deserve Mommy, and he doesn't deserve to be our daddy! A man in dishonor is a man in disfavor; Alexander Griffith is the worst of the worst!

"Ugh, it pisses me off!"

Irvin couldn't understand why he would be so mad either, but he was just so pissed off that he jumped around in the entire room and had a terrible sleep the whole night.

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Meanwhile, Alexander sat in front of the computer in his mansion. On the computer was a picture of Elise and their babies, and his latching gaze at it was of nothing but affection.

Knock, Knock... A knock suddenly came from the door, interrupting his train of thought.

He moved the mouse and hid the picture away before looking out the door. "What is it?" he asked impassively.

The woman from earlier that day came in with a bowl of warm soup and very naturally placed it on the desk. "I've made you some soup. It'll help with your stomach."

"I'm not hungry," said Alexander expressionlessly, "and you don't need to do this either. You're not here to be my maid."

"I know." Abashed, the woman drooped her eyelids. "All relationships are mutual. I'll also treat you well when you treat my kids and me well."

"It's all in your head," Alexander said plainly. "I treat you guys well to benefit myself and not you."

Crushed, the woman frowned but still didn't want to give up. She picked up the bowl of soup and moved to his side. "Why don't you have some soup first?"

Lo and behold, the man left his seat and stood far away just as she came behind the desk like she was some deadly plague, though.

"So you hate me so much, Mr. Griffith?" Her eyes widened with incredulity, looking hurt.

Alexander frowned in response. "I don't hate you, but I don't feel anything for you either. Don't forget that all that we have between us is a contract. All of our intimacy is only a show for the public. There isn't anyone else here, so you can drop the act."



"Is all your affection for me really just an act? Do you really have no feelings for me at all?" she asked with unyielding conviction.

"None," Alexander answered forthrightly.

She had a marriage before this, after all, so she didn't snap despite feeling sad. With that, she took a deep breath to calm down, then came up with an excuse to ease the awkwardness. "Can you at least see this as my gratitude for you?"

"If you really want to thank me, then just do what you're supposed to do according to the contract. Don't get any more ideas about what's not in the contract," he warned expressionlessly, "or I'll consider terminating the contract earlier."

A hint of loss flashed across the woman's eyes at that, for at that moment, she thought she had never truly understood Alexander.

"Got it."

She picked up the now slightly cold bowl of soup and walked to the door silently, dragging her steps, hoping Alexander would change his mind. Alas, he didn't, and the man did nothing to hold her back. If anything, he couldn't even wait until she had walked far away before closing the door.

The woman brought the bowl of soup into her bedroom and sat in front of the vanity.

Sadness crept up to her as she looked at her face, which looked a lot like Elise's. I clearly look the most like Elise Sinclair than any of his past wives, but why does he feel nothing for me?! We both share the same last name, but can I only really ever live in her shadow?