

Cooler Girl in Town Chapter 861

Chapter 861 She Won't Die

Jamie complained while walking toward the working area. The moment he turned around, his spirit and drive dissipated, leaving only eternal darkness in his eyes.

Half an hour later, everything was ready in preparation, and all of Elise's family and friends had gathered backstage to cheer for her. At that moment, the Griffiths' driver suddenly barged in.

"Mr. Griffith." The driver bowed respectfully. "Miss Jessamine was involved in a car accident. Do you want to head over and take a look at the situation?"

When everyone heard the news, they looked at each other while having their own thoughts. All the drivers of the Griffith Family were the best of the best. Why would they choose today out of all days to get into an accident? It was obvious that they were helping Jessamine steal Alexander from 'Anastasia'.

Up until now, Jessamine was still Alexander's fiancé, so it would not look good if he did not visit her in the hospital. However, today was Anastasia's first book-launching event after returning from abroad. It would not look good either if Alexander did not show up.

Right when everyone was feeling nervous for Alexander, he looked at the driver expressionlessly and asked, "Is it serious?"

Dumbfounded, the driver replied, "Miss Jessamine only suffered minor injuries, but the doctors suspect she's at risk of having a concussion."

"That means she won't die." Alexander maintained his blank expression and showed no signs of moving. "You may leave now. I'll head over once I'm done here."

Even Jamie was shocked by that. After Elise's disappearance, Alexander had countless women, but he had never neglected the old for the new. It seemed like he had indeed fallen for Anastasia.

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However, Alexander disregarded everyone's reaction and gentlemanly reached out his hand to invite Elise. "It's about time we head on stage. I'll escort you over there."

Raising her eyebrow, Elise placed her hand in his and let him lead her out of the lounge while everyone else was watching.

After making sure no one had followed them out, she complained quietly, "You're making me look like a troublemaking vixen."

She was being unreasonable.

Then, Alexander boldly placed his left hand around her slim waist and took the opportunity to take advantage of her. "Aren't you my little vixen?"

Immediately shying away, Elise warned, "Be careful! What if someone sees us? Don't forget that you still have a fiancé!"

After receiving a scolding, his face instantly fell. "Jessamine did it to herself. Smith Co. has thousands of employees and there would be hundreds—if not tens of them—getting into accidents every day. Have you ever seen the boss of a company accompanying his employee while she's in the hospital? No matter what, the only relationship we have is between an employer and employee, but she wants to cross the line."

Turning her head to look at his serious expression, Elise thought that he was even more reasonable than seven years ago, rendering him more attractive.

Perhaps to the outsiders, his method was too ruthless, but to Elise, she agreed with his decision. He should not give others false hope for something that would never happen.

She hoped that Jessamine would come to her senses after today's incident and have a clearer understanding of her position.

No matter what, she was willing to continue this act with Alexander to keep their family safe. She would not personally deal with Jessamine unless she had to.

...

At the Griffith Residence.

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After sending Elise home, Alexander went back straight to his home. He did not even call to ask about Jessamine's condition.

The moment he entered the door, he was stopped by Jessamine's children, who had been waiting for him.

"Mr. Griffith, Mommy is not doing so well. Can you please head upstairs to see her?"

"Mr. Griffith, please. Mommy doesn't feel good. She'll feel better after you comfort her!"

He was a father, after all, and he would not take his rage out on Jessamine's children because of her actions. In the end, he still came to her bedroom.

"Mr. Griffith, you're back." Jessamine was sitting up while leaning against the headboard. She looked pale and spoke weakly, "I'm sorry for today. I didn't intend to let the driver bother you, but he went against my wishes and went to find you. Did he affect your schedule?"

"Where I go is not for a driver like him to decide, so how could he have affected my schedule?" His words were void of any warmth. "Since you said he made that decision on his own, he won't need to come to work tomorrow.

Though Jessamine wanted to put in a good word for the driver, she stopped after seeing his stern expression.

Seems like I'd have to compensate the driver with my own savings.

"I've decided to hold a birthday party for the kids the day after tomorrow," Alexander suddenly mentioned out of nowhere.

"Why?" Jessamine could not accept that.

"I'm sure you know why. The longer we wait, the more reluctant you'd become. It's better to just get the pain over with, rather than prolong the agony," he stated.

"But the day after tomorrow is not their birthday. You'll hurt their feelings if you do that." She tried to reason with him.

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"If you're against this, I can call off the arrangements, but I will still send you all away and cancel my engagement with you. You pick." A cold light flashed across his eyes as a strong aura enveloped his body, which gave Jessamine an oppressive feeling.

In the end, she had no choice but to compromise. "I'll listen to you. We'll have a birthday party."

"Very good."

After saying that, he opened the door and walked out.

The moment the door closed, Jessamine clutched the bed sheets tightly.

Why can't he let me stay safely by his side for another two months?

Why does he have to make me into the laughingstock of the entire city?

Anastasia White, you've gone too far!

...

The following day, Elise received Jessamine's invitation to meet at an outdoor cafe.

When she arrived, Jessamine had already ordered everything.

"Miss White, please have a seat." She politely got up and welcomed Elise.

"Thank you." Elise then sat down in a poised manner opposite her.

Jessamine acted like a hostess and asked, "I've ordered a cup of Americano for you. You can change the order if you don't like it."

Maintaining her smile, Elise went straight to the point. "Miss Jessamine, I believe the reason you called me here today is not to discuss coffee, right? We're all intelligent people, so you can stop beating around the bush."

"Since you put it that way, I'll jump straight to the point." Jessamine composed herself and acted calm. "Miss White, we are both mothers, so I hope that for the sake of the children,

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you can wait another two months before accepting Alexander. That way, my children can have a happy birthday.”

“I seem to recall that I’ve never asked Alexander to immediately announce our relationship to the public. Miss Jessamine, may I know why you’re saying this?” Elise was clueless about Alexander’s plans.

“Yes, I know you’re being very kind, but you should be kind to us all the way. Because of you, Alexander is planning to kick us away, which means that my children will have to face the disappointment of not celebrating with Alexander on their birthday, which they have been looking forward to for a long time. So, I hope you, Miss White, can ignore Alexander for a few months and let my children experience a happy childhood.

Being a mother as well, Jessamine was sure that using children as an excuse would soften Anastasia’s heart.

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Chapter 862 Why Should I Tell You?

However, Jessamine had underestimated the tacit understanding Elise and Alexander shared. “I’m sorry, but I can’t agree to that,” Elise flat-out rejected. “Although I’m not sure why Alexander would do such a thing, I’m sure that even if I agree to your suggestion and not meet him for two months, he still wouldn’t change his decision. Since that’s the case, why should we have a meaningless agreement?”

“After everything we’ve talked about, you still won’t agree to help the three of us, right?” The smile on Jessamine’s face froze.

“You’re not listening. This is not about whether or not I decide to help you. I’m also a mother, so if I can help your children in any way, I would, but the problem is that I can’t. Without me, Alexander would still have a new woman he likes. Once a man changes his mind, he will not look back.”

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Although her words had a trace of slander in them, Elise could not tell the truth either. Thus, her only choice was to twist her words and try to lead Jessamine to realize the situation.

"It's fine if you don't agree. I don't need your fake advice. I've heard many things about you. You can even kick your father out of his home just to get the property. You're not a good one either."

While Jessamine looked at Elise with a disdainful gaze, she continued, "I've already expected that you wouldn't help me. I invited you here to see for myself what advantage you have to be able to seduce Alexander, but it seems like there's nothing special about you. You're just good at pretending to be a damsel in distress, waiting to be rescued by a man. I, Jessamine Sullivan, look down on people like you the most!"

Elise was rendered speechless by her words. She did not expect that the gentle and quiet-looking Jessamine would have such a sharp tongue. Still, she wanted to express that even if they could not close their deal, there was no need to go against each other.

At first, Elise felt a little guilty toward Jessamine for what she said, but after receiving a scolding from her, Elise did not feel that way anymore.

Squeezing a smile on her lips, Elise took out a stack of cash and threw it on the table. "It seems like we can't get along well. Today's coffee is on me. Bye."

After putting her purse back, she pushed her chair away from the table and turned to leave the cafe.

Just as she had taken a step forward, she heard a thump from something heavy falling to the ground behind her.

She turned around and saw Jessamine kneeling on the ground, acting pitifully.

"What are you doing?"

"Slap— Slap— Slap—"

Before Elise realized what was happening, Jessamine had gone mad and given herself three hard slaps.

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Just as Elise was about to stop her, people from the surrounding tables all gathered around and circled the two women. Then, they suddenly took out their cameras and began to record the scene from every angle.

It was then that Elise finally understood they were all paparazzis who had been hiding around the area.

"Miss Jessamine, Miss White, did you guys start a fight just now?"

"Miss Jessamine, why are you kneeling on the ground?"

"I just saw Miss Jessamine slapping herself. Why did she do that? Can you please elaborate?"

The paparazzi were asking all kinds of questions and had their microphones aimed at Jessamine's face.

If Alexander was the most talked-about man in the city, then the two women who were recently involved with him, Jessamine and Anastasia, would be the most talked-about women in the city. If they could secure such big news, they would stand a chance of being promoted and getting a raise.

This was not a big deal for Elise, though. Not only was she not flustered, she even crossed her arms and put on an inquisitive expression as if she was watching a show. In fact, she was silently waiting to see how the situation would unfold.

"Slap!"

Seeing that the time was right, Jessamine ruthlessly slapped herself again. This round, she even slapped harder than she did before.

"Miss White, I know that you're a very excellent person and I've never wanted to compete with you, but please spare me and my children!"

Once she said that, the paparazzi all cast strange glances at Elise and made her the target of their attacks.

"Miss White, did you humiliate Miss Jessamine just now because of your relationship problems?" one of the braver paparazzi piped up.

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Then, the others all followed his lead.

"Miss White, you also have two children, but you're now competing for his attention with Miss Jessamine. Don't you feel bad for doing that?"

"I heard that Mr. Griffith was previously in a relationship with your sister. Can you tell us how it feels to be pursued by the person who used to be your future brother-in-law?"

Finding their questions hilarious, Elise retorted, "I think that's my private matters. Do I have to explain them to you?"

Her attitude was so arrogant and it was clear that she was not taking them seriously.

After exchanging glances, the paparazzi all decided to deal with Elise together.

"As a single mother, you should know the difficulties of raising children on your own, but here you are, trying to destroy the happy life of another single mother. Do you even have a conscience?"

"Miss White, aren't you afraid that your children will see how you're bullying Miss Jessamine, who is a mother to two children?"

"Miss Jessamine and Mr. Griffith are currently still engaged. Aren't you afraid of public criticism for openly interfering with someone else's relationships?"

After all, these were all paparazzis and their ability to humiliate others was far more amateur than those keyboard warriors on the internet. Therefore, their words did not even bother Elise.

"Please don't blame Miss White. I'm the one who's useless because I can't keep the man I love. I was the one who's standing between their relationship. At first, I should have left, but the two children were looking forward to finally having a father, so I didn't want to disappoint them..." Jessamine spoke as she cried, painting a pitiful sight.

The group of immoral paparazzis felt a sudden rage arising inside them and they were even more hostile toward Elise.

After they had a discussion, they found the perfect angle to set up their cameras for a live stream.

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Once the cameraman was in position, he leaned over the monitor and looked into it. However, what he saw was just a black screen.

Assuming that he had forgotten to remove the protective cover from his lens, he raised his head, only to see that Alexander had appeared in the cafe at some point and was standing right in front of him.

There was no expression on his face and he was covering the camera lens with his hand while exuding a strong aura that deterred others; even his gaze alone looked terrifying.

The cameraman instinctively took a step backward. At the same time, Alexander grabbed the camera and smashed it onto the floor, breaking it into pieces.

“Ah!”

One of the female reporters shouted while the others were at a loss for what to do. They were all frozen in their spots while holding their precious equipment.

Then, Alexander calmly clapped his hand as his dark and gloomy eyes landed on Jessamine.

Knowing that she had done something wrong, Jessamine avoided his gaze, quietly got up, and stood to the side.

At that moment, dozens of bodyguards swarmed into the cafe and surrounded the open-air balcony. It was so packed that even a fly was not allowed to leave.

Terrified, the paparazzis gathered in a corner. “Mr. Griffith, what are you doing? We have the freedom to report the news...”

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Chapter 863 The Risk of Being a Driver

Alexander stopped his actions as his gaze turned dark and gloomy. His usual noble and cold temperament was now replaced with viciousness. Wherever he looked, the paparazzis would bow their heads, afraid to meet his eyes.

The whole place was silent, and the atmosphere was tense and suffocating; only the bold lake breeze was bold enough to mess with Elise's long hair mischievously.

After a long silence, Alexander's low but magnetic voice finally sounded. "I'm flattered that all of you here are so concerned with my private matters."

His tone was flat and there was no apparent emotion on his face, so no one could tell what his current emotion was. Hence, no one dared to reply to him.

"Since you're all so passionate about your jobs, I shouldn't make things hard for you. Tell you what, I see that most of your equipment is quite worn, so later, please leave your things here and follow my assistant, who will bring you to get your new equipment. Take it as a gift from me to all of you. Everyone here is entitled to receive the gift, so don't worry and just receive it."

After saying so, he turned to look at his assistant, who then led the bodyguards to remove all the equipment from the paparazzis.

Furthermore, to prevent them from spreading unwanted rumors, he warned them again, "What happened today is not something worth sharing. If word gets out, it will cause me to lose my reputation. So, please do a thorough check and make sure that you leave nothing behind. If I find that any of you are purposely hiding something in order to leak what has happened today to the public, you will leave me no choice but to personally visit all of you one by one to find out the truth."

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He intended to put them all in the same boat and emphasize that if any of them caused a problem, all of them would be implicated. That way, no one would dare to try anything behind his back.

As expected, the moment he said that, he saw two among the crowd obediently taking out the phones they kept hidden in their sleeves and adding them to the confiscated equipment pile.

Wearing a fake smile, Alexander commented, "Very good. Now, you may all head over to Smith Co.'s mall to do some shopping."

The leader of the paparazzis gulped and looked at his companions. After hesitating for quite a while, he took a step toward the exit to test the waters. Then, he noticed that none of Alexander's subordinates came forward to stop him.

Once everyone else saw the scene, they immediately followed in the leader's steps and dashed out from the scene.

After they had exited the cafe, they all stood by the roadside and heaved heavily to calm their nerves.

"I used to think that others were merely exaggerating when they said Alexander was the devil on earth. Now it seems that those rumors are true."

"You don't say. Who was the one who dragged me here? I almost lost my life!"

"Did you guys notice that ever since the devil arrived, he kept protecting Anastasia White. Besides his original partner, Anastasia is the only one with such treatment."

"Are you saying that Anastasia White might become the next Alexander Griffith's lover?"

"Might? I say she will. Do you want to bet on it?"

"..."

Back at the open-air dining space, Alexander tightly held Elise's tiny hands while standing shoulder-to-shoulder with her, which was an act of declaring his feelings openly.

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After they exchanged a few affectionate glances, he turned to look at Jessamine with cold and distant eyes. "Jessamine, can you tell me what happened?"

"Are you questioning me?" Jessamine was so sad that she turned her head to the side. "I don't know anything!"

When he arrived earlier, she was already kneeling on the ground with bright red cheeks. Yet, instead of showing concern for her, he helped Anastasia get out of the jar of pickles she was in. More importantly, he did all that in front of the press. Did he ever consider what kind of position I'd be forced into?

"This is your third and last strike. You better not challenge my bottom line."

Once he voiced his warning, he left the cafe while holding Elise's hand.

After the car had sped away from the cafe, Alexander was playing with Elise's hand while absentmindedly saying, "You didn't have to agree to meet her."

"What's the matter? Are you blaming me for causing trouble?" She deliberately made fun of him.

"I don't mind you causing me any trouble, but I'm worried you'd be disgusted by these losers and hate me because of it," he explained weakly.

"I like everything that involves you and wouldn't blame you for what you didn't do." Elise laughed and consecutively took out a black pen from her bag. "Actually, I didn't come unprepared. Even if you hadn't come to my rescue, I wouldn't have suffered any losses."

"A pen recorder?" Alexander was shocked at first but then smiled knowingly.

Of course. My Ellie would never let anyone take advantage of her that easily.

"She'd aroused my suspicions when she deliberately got injured during my book-launching event, so of course, I had to take precautions when she suddenly invited me to meet her here. I'm not called 'Elise the Troublemaker' for nothing!" Her lively attitude reminded Alexander of the time when they first met each other.

While looking at her affectionately, he suddenly had an epiphany. He leaned in, pecked the spot beside her lips, and quickly returned to his previous position.

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"Ellie, thank you."

With her by his side, his life felt so beautifully complete that he finally felt like he was alive and not a walking robot.

The satisfaction and happiness he felt at this moment were like the feeling a child had when receiving their favorite cotton candy; they could not wait to eat the candy but were also afraid of dropping it.

Elise was Alexander's cotton candy. He adored her so much that he would do anything for her.

"Why are you suddenly so polite?" Elise was not used to his modesty.

"Am I?" he asked with interest.

"A little." She nodded.

Then, he cupped her face in his hands and kissed her again.

While frowning slightly, she found it both hilarious and annoying. "What's the matter with you?"

"Am I no longer polite because I stopped thanking you?" A mischievous glint appeared in his eyes.

She felt her breathing hitch and quickly shoved him away. "The driver is still here!"

Alexander carressed the spot she pushed and angrily glared at the driver's seat.

Meanwhile, the driver felt a chilling gaze from behind him. He looked into the rearview mirror and met Alexander's gaze, and he immediately withdrew his gaze. Then, he gulped while silently raising the partition between the driver's seat and the back seat.

When has being a driver become a high-risk job?

Hearing the hissing sound of the partition rising into place, Elise used her hands to cover her face.

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Alexander made fun of her by saying, "You didn't cover your face when you should, but you're covering it now. Isn't your guilty conscience showing?"

With a glare, Elise reprimanded, "Stop talking!"

It was rare for the two to be alone and every move of hers was like a feather tickling at his heart. Even when she wore a fierce expression like how she was now, she still looked cheerful and beautiful to him.

As he was smiling, he suddenly fell into a daze while looking at her.

The intense gaze made Elise a little uncomfortable as she instinctively touched her face. "Do I have something on my face?"

"No." He narrowed his eyes and cupped her face in his hands again. After he finished speaking, he kissed her deeply.

She quickly accustomed herself to his momentum and gently reacted to the kiss.

Time passed without them realizing it and Alexander reluctantly let go of Elise.

He leaned his forehead against hers. The burning passion in his eyes was still fiery as he looked at her affectionately. "I love you, honey."

Smiling, Elise leaned into his embrace and spoke softly like a kitten, "I love you too."

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Chapter 864 The Last Act

The evening of the following day, Alexander held a birthday party for Jessamine's children and invited every prominent person in the entire city; the scene was very lively.

Jamie had arrived fairly early and was standing in a corner with a glass of wine in his hand while observing the guests passing by with a bored expression. Then, a familiar figure out of the corner of his eye quickly attracted his attention.

He quickly placed his wine glass on a bar top nearby and immediately chased after the figure. In the end, he finally caught her standing by an exquisitely decorated willow tree.

"I finally found you!" He quickly placed his hand on the woman's shoulder. "I knew you wouldn't miss an event like today."

The woman heard his words and turned around, showing a confused and innocent expression. "Do I know you?"

When Jamie saw the unfamiliar face, his smile froze on his face as he quickly withdrew his hand. Then, he awkwardly apologized, "Sorry. I mistook you as someone else."

"No worries. If there's nothing else, I'll be leaving."

"Go ahead."

The woman smiled and nodded slightly before walking into the crowd.

Looking at the back view of the woman, he could not help but frown.

Strange. Why do they look so similar?

"Jamie, who are you looking for?"

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Danny was full of smiles as he approached him while linking arms with Ariel. Ever since they started dating, the two were always inseparably together as if they were stuck together by glue.

Feeling bothered for no reason, Jamie retorted, "Why do you care? You stinky couple, leave me alone!"

"Hey, watch your mouth. I didn't even provoke you, so don't implicate the innocent," Ariel said with a smile.

"Yes, yes, yes. You guys are untouchable. I can't win against you guys." He then clasped his hands together and pretended to beg for mercy. "Ariel, please, I beg you. Take this man of yours away and bug some other singleton, okay?"

"Wait. I came here to bring you something good. You'll regret it if you send me away now." Danny smiled meaningfully.

"I'll be grateful enough if you just don't trick me. What good things can you bring for me?" Jamie rolled his eyes.

"Ugh. I won't trick you. I have a girlfriend now, so I won't be as unreliable as before. Anyway, just wait and see!" Danny patted his chest to assure Jamie and turned to the side to look at Ariel, who understood his hint immediately.

She let go of his arm, went away, and soon led a mixed-blooded beauty back with her.

"Let me introduce you guys." Ariel introduced the two. "This is my classmate from when I was studying my doctorate in Diajan, Shirley Duncan. She's also in the international business industry and is currently working in a transnational company from Diajan. This is Jamie Keller, the current CEO of Keller Group."

"Hello."

"Nice to meet you."

The two shook hands briefly as a token of their newly established friendship.

Sensing that it was the right time to leave, Danny suggested, "Jamie, I'll leave Shirley in your hands. You must take good care of her for us."

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It was very obvious that he was trying to set them up.

Once Ariel and Danny left, the air between them became awkward. For once, the usually chatty Jamie, who fitted into any crowd, did not take the initiative to strike up a conversation.

In the end, it was Shirley who broke the silence.

“Mr. Keller, I heard that you’re good at racing. Is it true?”

Surprised, Jamie looked up at her and asked, “Do you know much about racing?”

“I know bits and pieces.” Shirley smiled.

Now that they were talking about racing, Jamie chattered nonstop, “Actually, racing cars and fast speeds aren’t the most exciting thing for me. I think the most interesting thing about racing is the process of modifying the cars, taking a pile of auto parts that don’t go together, and turning them into a unique race car. Every part needs to be carefully arranged, and we have to paint the car in the end as well. It’s like a form of art...”

While saying that, he looked at Shirley and hoped to get affirmation and excitement from her, but what he saw was only politeness and calmness.

The never changing smile and patience she wore on her face showed that she was not that interested in racing, and it was her upbringing that made her willing to listen to his rants.

At that moment, Jamie realized that besides Narissa, there would not be another woman that shared the same passion as him.

That thought suddenly made him lose all interest. He withdrew the words he was about to say and replaced them with a smile.

“Why did you stop?” asked Shirley.

“I’m not that professional in this aspect, so talking about it any further would make me lose my act.” He found a casual excuse to end the topic.

“I think you’re quite professional. I hope I can see you do it someday,” she replied formally.

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"Of course," he half-heartedly agreed.

As they continued to exchange pleasantries, the atmosphere between them became subtle and there was no further progress in their relationship.

On the other end, Alexander pushed open the door to the lounge and entered expressionlessly.

Inside the room, Jessamine was sitting before the mirror while wearing a dazzling evening dress. There was no trace of joy on her face; instead, she wore a determined expression as if she was preparing for a final battle.

She saw Alexander come in through the mirror and realized that he had never taken the initiative to greet her ever since they met.

"Once you're ready, we'll head outside and finish our last performance." His tone was cold as usual.

"I understand." She calmly replied, "I'll be right there."

Not intending to wait for her, he went out as soon as he got the answer he wanted.

A while later, her children came inside and prepared to head over to the main venue with her.

Turning around to hug her children, she comforted them, "Kids, from today onwards, we won't be living with Uncle Alex anymore, but there's nothing to worry about because you are my children. So, even if we're chased away, we must still keep our heads held high. We must let everyone know that it's his loss to chase us away, understand?"

"Understood," the children said in unison.

Jessamine let them go and turned to her son. "Do you remember what I told you?"

"Yes." He nodded.

"Good." With full determination, she stood up, held each of her children's hands, and said, "Let's get back our dignity!"

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When Elise brought the children into the party, Alexander and Jessamine were already on stage.

He was holding a microphone, announcing his parting with the children and that he would establish a fund worth twenty-five million Cittadel Crowns as their birthday present, which Jessamine would manage before they reached adulthood. After that, they would take over the funds.

Under the stage, the crowd was in a stir and gossip was exchanged everywhere.

"As expected from the richest man in the city, he's so generous to them. That's twenty-five million! An ordinary family wouldn't be able to make that much their whole lives, but these two children acknowledged him as their father and got that sum of money as a birthday present. How lucky of them!"

"Alexander doesn't have any children. Do you think he would choose one of them as his successor?"

"They said Alexander has fallen in love with someone else. I think that wherever there's money involved, their feelings aren't far behind. Judging by this situation, I think Alexander still has feelings for Jessamine!"

"Ugh, didn't you hear? They said Alexander flipped out because of Anastasia..."

As Irwin and Alexia were blocked by the crowd and could not see the situation on stage, they could only stare at each other and get an estimate of what was happening through the conversations they heard from the crowd.

"Irwin, how much is twenty-five million?"

"Do you remember the laptop Godmother bought for me? That amount can buy at least four laptops," Irwin stated.

"Oh." Alexia immediately felt uninterested. "Mr. Handsome is so stingy."

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Cooler Girl in Town Chapter 865

Chapter 865 Have You Kissed Each Other?

Meanwhile, Elise felt speechless when she heard their conversation. The twenty-five million Cittadel Crowns was actually to compensate Jessamine, but in order to not reveal the contract, he used the children as a disguise. He would never have expected there would be so much speculation about it.

Up on stage, the emcee excitedly led the two children onto the middle of the stage and urged, "Here. Let our young host and hostess say a few words!"

When Jessamine's son took over the microphone, he looked at Jessamine before tightly clutching the microphone and staring at the crowd below the stage with a determined expression.

The young boy bowed before the crowd and attracted applause from everyone. Then, his gaze directly landed on Elise and her two children.

"I'm very thankful to Uncle Alex because he allowed me to experience what it felt like to have a father. However, this feeling ends today because I know he will soon become someone else's father."

Once he said that, the crowd was shocked and the atmosphere turned awkwardly silent.

Although they knew they should not take a child's words seriously, he had blatantly mentioned Alexander and Anastasia's relationship, which was rather inappropriate.

Meanwhile, Alexander's face was as dark as coal and he was on the edge of exploding in anger.

If Jessamine stopped the child from speaking any further right now, he would consider not falling out with her. However, if she did nothing and let the situation escalate, he was not to be blamed for anything no matter what happened next.

Of course, Jessamine knew of his vicious means, but she had gone all out this time. Since she could not have his heart, she had to cause a big scene before leaving to vent her anger!

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A while later, the child's voice sounded again. This time, his target was Irwin.

"Irwin White, do you dare to accept my challenge? I'd like to know what kind of a person I lost to!"

Once that was said, Alexander could not hold in his anger any longer. He turned to Jessamine and questioned oppressively, "Are you deaf?"

Jessamine could not help but feel happy inside. Still, she pretended to tug at her son. "You're still young and there are some things that you don't understand. I'll explain them to you later. There are so many guests here and it's best not to say such things..."

Like what they had planned, the young boy pushed her away and argued, "I'm not a child anymore and I know what I'm talking about. If that boy is not as excellent as I am, what right does he have to steal Uncle Alex?!"

Putting on the wise mother act, Jessamine knelt beside her son and tried to reason with him, "That's the grownups' business and it has nothing to do with your children. Is this how I brought you up? I said you can't bully other children, right?"

"No. I refuse to admit that..."

While the child was throwing a tantrum on stage, the crowd was enjoying the show below.

Everyone in Tissote knew that Jessamine's children were extraordinarily excellent, and if Anastasia's child accepted the challenge, it was most likely that Anastasia's child would get humiliated. However, if the child did not even dare to stand up to the challenge, he would become the laughingstock of the entire city.

It seemed like regardless of the option, Anastasia would always be at a disadvantage.

Initially, Alexander did not want to hurt those children, but as soon as he saw how the situation had escalated beyond control, his patience had also reached its limit.

He could accept being in the middle of all the gossip, but he could not bring his children down with him.

Thus, after composing himself, he was just about to speak when a childish voice sounded from below the stage and attracted everyone's attention.

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"What would you like to compete with me?!"

Everyone followed the voice and saw Irwin had walked out from the crowd at some point.

He looked radiant with his sword-like eyebrows and shining eyes. The white tuxedo he was wearing fitted his figure well. Just standing there, he reminded others of princes they had read about in fairytales.

Receiving the response he wanted, Jessamine's son snatched the microphone back and retrieved his right to speak. "Since you're in Class F while I'm in Class A, it'd be unjust of me to choose an IQ battle. So, let's have a music battle."

"Sure. How would you like to compete?" Irwin was unfazed.

"There's an orchestra right here. We'll each pick an instrument and play them at the same time. What we need to do is catch up with each other's tempo, yet not get distracted by each other. The one who completes the whole tune is the winner." Jessamine's son laid out the rules.

Meanwhile, Alexander's gaze landed on the child's figure. It seemed like he came prepared.

"No problem," Irwin agreed.

As such, Jessamine's son chose the piano whereas Irwin chose the flute.

The musicians from the orchestra were invited on stage to be the judges and the competition began ten minutes later.

The tune from the piano sounded elegant and cohesive, which was enjoyed by everyone.

On the other hand, the tune from the flute resembled a small stream, continuous and harmoniously matched with the piano's tune, perfectly integrating the melodies from both instruments.

Both of them were immersed in their performances and it was not easy to distinguish the winner.

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COOLEST GIRL IN TOWN

On the right side of the stage, Jamie watched with interest as the extraordinarily talented Irwin played the flute. He swirled the wine inside his glass and commented, "That brat actually has such a talent. He's good at keeping secrets."

"That's right. The two children are well-versed with their instruments. I think it's a tie," Shirley agreed.

"If that person were here and added some difficulty to this competition, it'd be easy to see who's better," Jamie said with a smile.

"That person?" asked Shirley.

Stunned, Jamie fell into a daze for a moment and quickly picked himself up from it. "No one. I was just spouting nonsense. I think I saw a friend of mine. Excuse me for a moment while I go and say hi."

After saying that, he left Shirley and walked away.

Once he was sure that he was not followed, he put down his wine glass and walked into the crowd, trying to locate Alexia.

The deeper he went into the crowd, the more variations of gossip he could hear.

"It's good to be rich. Not only do you get to have many women but children too. Those children are all so excellent. Alexander is so lucky."

"Tsk. No matter how excellent they are, they're still not his children. Once he passes away, his inheritance will no longer belong to him."

"If you put it that way... Is Alexander incapable of having children?"

Jamie almost burst out laughing when he heard that.

However, he could not blame them because Alexander had been with so many women, yet none of them had ever gotten pregnant.

Putting his fist to his lips, he cleared his throat to stop his urge to laugh.

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His coughing also successfully caught Alexia's attention.

"Godfather!"

"Hey!" He walked over and hugged her in his arms before running away, "Elise, I'll need you to lend me your child to use."

Elise was confused.

Do you mind listening to what you've just said?

Lend. Child. Use. Are those words supposed to go together?

Before she could react, Jamie and Alexia had disappeared into the crowd, so she could not stop them in time.

Jamie carried Alexia in his arms and ran all the way to the parking lot, found the mini French horn Narissa left behind and then stuffed it into the child's arms.

"Alexia, do you know what this is?"

"Of course." She nodded excitedly. "This is a mini French horn! Godmother used to play this. Godfather, have you and Godmother ever kissed?"

"What? What the heck are you talking about?"

Jamie felt like he was struck by lightning when he heard that. Children nowadays have such messed up imaginations. What does a mini French horn have to do with kissing?