

Coolest Girl in Town Chapter 886

Chapter 886 Wendy Jennings Stole The Limelight

When Wendy and her assistant left, Brendan finally relaxed. "How did I do?" he asked as he nudged Alexander playfully. "The anxiety of being threatened, the drama of choosing to betray your family easily got you three points for being such a talented actor! You should have joined Jack in showbiz."

"Oh, very funny!" Brendan shook his head, turned around, and placed his wine glass down. 'My scenes are over. Let's go.' "A rising star shouldn't be leaving his play this early!" Alexander teased him.

"I can assure you that if Elise were waiting for you at home right now, you'd get yourself kicked out faster than me." Brendan purposely picked on him.

"Forget what I said. Just see yourself out." Brendan smiled cheekily. Then, he donned his anxious mask and departed from the party. Not long after he left, Simon called Alexander over.

"Your highnesses, this is Mr. Alexander from Smith Co. I trust that we will be able to produce more than satisfactory designs for the competition!" Simon introduced him proudly.

Alexander nodded his head politely as a way of greeting. "Really?" Prince Caleb was hooked as he questioned, "Perhaps we would have the honor of meeting the representative of Smith Co.?"

Wendy, who wasn't far away, quirked her lips into a subtle smile. She had seen Brendan leave the building. So, she would just love to see what Alexander could pull out of his sleeves now.

"I apologize, Prince Caleb. Unfortunately, our company's representative hasn't been feeling well. So I sent him home to rest to be able to participate in the competition in his best condition." Alexander explained confidently.

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COOLEST GIRL IN TOWN

He spoke with an air of self-assurance, so it was easy enough for him to earn the trust of the prince and princess.

"Don't worry about it. The people's health always comes first. Please give our salutations to Mr. Griffith. We truly wish your genius designer a speedy recovery." Prince Caleb said, as he was of gentle nature and wasn't about to make things difficult for Alexander.

"Is Amy the designer of Smith Co.?" Princess Diana asked. Even though her Mandarin was poor, she asked excitedly before switching back to her mother tongue. "You know what, she's the best designer! If Amy is going to compete, it couldn't be any more perfect!"

The Amy she's talking about is actually Elise Sinclair!

But, of course, Alexander will not reveal his trump card this early. Therefore, as an attempt to smooth things over, "As the wise had said, the waves behind drive on those before. Amy's reign has already passed, and there is now an endless stream of excellent designers in Cittadel. I'm sure there will definitely be someone who will make the princess shine!"

"Okay, then I'm eager to meet the new rising star in fashion design." Princess Diana chimed in enthusiastically.

Wendy came up to Alexander and decided to interrupt their friendly chat.

"Prince Caleb, with all due respect, the champions of Princeton University design competition are over this way. However, if your highnesses don't mind, I would like to give you a tour." Wendy cut in with a friendly smile.

"Yeah, we don't mind. We will be able to see the most outstanding designer! Madam, will you please lead the way?" Princess Diana promptly said, utterly intrigued.

"Right this way, your highnesses!" Wendy stood aside with her cane to allow them to pass.

Prince Caleb led Princess Diana to the main entrance.

Wendy turned to leave on her high heels but turned to Alexander with a sly smile, "Sorry for stealing your thunder, Alexander. I'll definitely let you have it next time. If there's a next time."

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"Don't worry. The wind blows both ways. Since you're the elder, you ought to have the first pick. On the bright side, the royal highnesses will see my brother's incomparable work of art after your grand tour. I should be thanking you for giving us this opportunity!" Alexander replied nonchalantly.

Wendy shook her head in contempt.

Elise was gone, and Brendan was her pawn. Yet, Alexander was still immersed in the fantasy of his own making, where he still had a fighting chance.

"I hope that you'll be able to have the last laugh!"

Call her petty; although she knew that victory was hers, she refused to allow Alexander to have the last say. So, she held on to her assistant's arm and turned to follow the prince and princess' footsteps.

The royal guard walked over briskly after she left. He quickly tucked a business card into Alexander's hand and continued his duty to chaperone the prince and princess.

Alexander read the card and saved the number into his contacts. His face was expressionless as he put the business card away as if nothing had happened then he headed back to the party.

...

Meanwhile, Jamie ate his supplements heartily despite being a patient confined to his private ward. Julius and Arthur sat at his bedside with grim looks. Despite remaining silent, they were thinking about similar things.

They both know Elise's secret account in Dragonweiss, and no one else can access that account besides her. No one had been able to since she disappeared seven years ago.

However, when Jamie got into an accident, Elise's account mysteriously came back to life. They were both worried about Boss' safety yet terrified that her account had been hacked. Everything happened one after another, which made it difficult for them to voice their concerns.

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COOLEST GIRL IN TOWN

Initially, they intended to visit Jamie at the hospital to discuss the situation. Yet, when they walked into the ward, there sat a man who was so cheerful that it was highly suspicious.

Julius and Arthur sat for around ten minutes, then turned to look at each other. Then, finally, they both exchanged a glance, stood up in sync, and trapped Jamie.

"Explain yourself! Did you sell our Boss out to save your life?!"

The door of the ward swung open as the words left his mouth, and in came Elise wearing the mask of Anastasia White.

She raised a brow when her eyes laid on such an interesting scene. "What are you guys doing?"

Julius and Arthur didn't expect a stranger to participate in a Dragonweiss meeting. At that moment, they scrambled for an excuse to divert the stranger's attention.

Jamie used that distraction to shove the two men off him. After the successful attempt, he began to cuss them out, "Hey, how could you question me like this? The boss saved me. I, Jamie Keller, will never sell out my boss. Are your brains there for decorations? Hm? Where is it? Did a pig eat them? Or were my snacks actually your brains?"

Elise facepalmed, "Do you even think before you speak?"

Jamie sheepishly scratched his forehead and looked at them innocently. "Hehe, it's my mistake. I'm a patient, you know. You can't hold this against me."

Elise looked at him, tilted her chin up, then pointed quietly at Arthur beside him.

Jamie immediately made an OK gesture with his hands quietly, then cleared his throat, "From now on, Anastasia White is the new boss of Dragonweiss and will be welcomed warmly with applause!"

As soon as Jamie finished his announcement, Arthur and Julius made eye contact, confused. In the whole ward, there was only applause coming from Jamie himself. It soon quieted down, and the atmosphere turned awkward.

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Arthur didn't bother hiding his hostility as he snarled, "There is only one head in Dragonweiss, and no one can replace them!"

Cooler Girl in Town Chapter 887

Chapter 887 The Caring Wife

"Jamie, what kind of sick joke are you pulling?" Julius' expression was just as nasty. Anastasia was now Alexander's new love, so she wasn't a stranger to Julius. Yet, Julius only knew a tad bit about the other party's connection.

She could be like other women who replaced Mrs. Griffith, but that never meant that she could replace Elise and lead Dragonweiss.

"I'm not kidding," Jamie continued, as though he was not afraid of death. "We have already been without a leader for such a long time, so it's high time for someone to take us to new heights. Miss White is powerful, so this position is hers!"

As he spoke, he didn't forget to gaze at Elise, acting as though he was utterly smitten. There wouldn't be any issues now that she had masked her true identity. Since her life was full of hope, how could he not worship her?

Arthur narrowed his eyes at his words and could barely reign in his murderous aura. "I won't stop you if you want to betray us, but only Elise can give me orders. Since we don't share the same principles, we'll go our separate ways today. So don't look for me anymore!"

At that, Arthur turned and walked toward the door of the ward. When he passed Elise, she hurriedly removed her voice disguise and used her original tone to address him. "Are you leaving me too, Arthur?"

He stopped in his tracks. It was as if someone had pressed his acupuncture point; he froze on the spot. His eyes even widened to the size of saucers when his mind registered just to who the owner of this voice belonged.

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Although it took Arthur a long time to regain his composure, he saw Elise's wise eyes when he turned his head. Sure, that familiar voice and gaze were definitely Elise, but why did she hide it under another identity?

A while later, Arthur suddenly realized something and excitedly grabbed her arm. "Boss, it's you, right? You're back!!!"

I can't be wrong. Seven years ago, Mr. Griffith showed himself as Kenneth Bailey, and now Elise has done the same!

Before Julius could react, Arthur immediately hugged Elise. "I knew it. You are still alive. You won't abandon us, and I waited. This is awesome..."

As he spoke, he burst into tears.

Since he was afraid of appearing weak, he quickly released her and turned away to pretend to straighten his hair while taking the opportunity to dry his tears.

Yet, he still couldn't escape Jamie's sly eyes. "F*ck. Arthur, you are crying! You are so weak, hahaha!"

Apart from Arthur, even Julius was close to tears.

"Shut up!" Arthur knew that he had been tricked, but he only dared to attack Jamie and tried his best to regain the rest of his dignity, "What do you know? My eyes were blinded by sand!"

"Oh, really. There's sand in a VIP ward? The hospital must be slipping." Jamie pursed his lips in mock disgust. "No matter what, you don't have what it takes to be a man. I didn't shed even a single tear when I recognized our Boss."

"Come on, if you want to play tricks, forget about tears. I'll punch your lights out!"

The two went back and forth with their banter for a while as it livened the atmosphere, but it was still causing a commotion.

"Cut it out," Elise interrupted. "Let's get down to business. I didn't come back to reconcile with you all. I have things to discuss."

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COOLEST GIRL IN TOWN

“Just say the word, Boss. We’ll try our best to fulfill it!” An enthusiastic Julius was eager to prove his worth.

“We can finally fight together again!” Arthur said with feeling.

Elise was rather touched, but she was aware that it was not the time to celebrate. So, she had to remain calm instead.

“For the next period of time, our opponent is Wendy Jennings, someone considered to be at the top of the world of physics. Apart from her own power, we need to deal with the corruption that protects those involved. Our actions must be highly confidential, and everyone will only take orders from me. I will distribute the respective tasks separately via an encrypted file. Everyone has to complete their tasks within the specified time successfully. Any questions?”

“Nope.” Arthur patted his chest and promised, “As long as you are here, we’ll be fine!”

“Yeah. We’ve been working hard for so long. Once we’ve brought down the organization, you guys can rest.”

...

By the time Alexander returned home, Elise had showered and changed into her pajamas.

She got up to help him change when she spotted him coming in. “Did everything go well at the banquet tonight?”

“I did get something good out of it.” Alexander took a business card from his pocket and handed it to her.

Elise glanced at it before frowning. “Mack Thompson? Isn’t that Prince Caleb’s bodyguard? He doesn’t have a good reputation.”

“That’s why I don’t plan on working with him.” Alexander strode over to the bar and poured himself a glass of warm water.

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COOLEST GIRL IN TOWN

Elise paused in thought before joining him at the bar. She sat down opposite him and leaned against the counter as she stared at him with gleaming eyes. "Are you thinking about linking him up with Wendy?"

"My wife knows me well." Alexander leaned in and gazed at her fondly as he shared his game plan. "No matter how strong your opponent is, they will still run themselves to ruin if they have a foolish ally who bogs them down."

Elise nudged his chin a little coyly. "Wendy might not choose to work with someone you've ruled out."

"That's true." Alexander nodded in agreement, but he still had a look of confidence. "But the world works in mysterious ways. Something completely ordinary can become high in demand if enough people compete over it. As long as I leave a trail of crumbs, I'm sure someone will take the bait."

"Mack Thompson is an insatiable man. So you need to be extremely careful when you deal with them, or you might end up stuck with him," Elise cautioned.

"Don't worry." Alexander held her hand in his as he promised solemnly, "I won't let us end up with the short end of the stick, Ellie."

The love and adoration in their eyes as they stared at one another ignited their hearts, and the fire in their hearts seemed to have affected the room's temperature.

Knock. Knock. Knock.

All of a sudden, someone started knocking on their door. It effectively destroyed the mood, and they had to douse the flame.

Elise went to answer the door. She saw Chubs and Irvin standing outside. The former hung his head low while the latter was fuming. It was clear that they had gotten into a fight.

She crouched down and addressed Chubs first. "What happened? Can you tell me?"

Chubs handed over the exercise book in his hand before complaining, "Irvin didn't keep his promise. We agreed that I'll receive a dessert as a reward for every exercise book I complete, but he won't let me eat it now."

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COOLEST GIRL IN TOWN

Elise frowned. The pitiful look on his face brought out her sympathy. He must be so upset after having his hopes dashed.

Alexander came over and looked at Irvin. "What's going on?"

Irvin pouted in frustration and rolled his eyes at Chubs. "Real men don't snitch."

Chubs hung his head even lower as his chubby fingers began to fidget nervously.

Cooler Girl in Town Chapter 888

Chapter 888 Oftentimes, Personality Is More Important

Elise felt that he was being too pushy and asked sternly, "Let me ask you this. Who's the reason why things have come to this? Would this have happened if you had kept your word? You didn't do what you should've done in the first place, so why do you expect others to tolerate your mistake?"

Irvin looked a little shamefaced, but he stood by his reasoning. "It's been several days since we agreed that he could get a dessert as a reward if he finished his workbook, and we shouldn't be holding to the same old standard. People should constantly strive to do better instead of holding to the lowest passable standard and feeling good about themselves when they have achieved it. I'm only doing this for his own good."

"But... you didn't tell me about this beforehand." Chubs was so aggrieved that his eyes were red.

"That's because you don't hold yourself to any form of expectations. Didn't you notice that Specky has progressed twice as much as you have? You have eyes, too, you know." Irvin was a little furious and didn't hold back with his sharp remark.

Chubs had nothing to say. He slowly lowered his head as the situation became a stalemate.

After giving it some thought, Elise decided to be the mediator. "None of you is in the wrong. Why don't I decide how we can resolve this?"

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COOLEST GIRL IN TOWN

Neither one of the boys answered.

"I'll take your silence as your agreement, then." She decided with a smile. "Alright, here's what I think. Chubs has just completed the first stage, so he gets to have a dessert as a reward. From now on, it's time for him to begin the next stage of his learning progress. If he finishes the task within the time Irvin has set, he gets another dessert as a reward!

"However, he won't get the reward if he fails to finish the task, and Irvin will make adjustments to the tasks as well. Chubs will get a reward each time he meets expectations and a small punishment if he doesn't. Either way, from now on, the process must be fair and transparent. You need to discuss things calmly instead of fighting. Understood?"

Chubs nodded eagerly. "Understood!"

"What about you, Irvin?" Elise made a funny face in the hopes that Irvin would give in.

However, he turned away in a huff. While he neither agreed nor objected, it was clear from his body language that he wasn't satisfied with the outcome at all.

"I'll take Chubs down for his reward then, yeah?"

Elise tested the waters by standing up, and after noting Irvin's lack of response, she took Chubs downstairs.

Once they disappeared down the stairs, Alexander spoke up. "Are you dissatisfied with the way Mommy has resolved this?"

Irvin stubbornly looked off into the distance without denying it.

"Do you think Mommy's favoring an outsider?" Alexander raised his voice and took on a more severe tone. "Answer me."

"Well, isn't she?" Irvin replied exasperatedly.

"It seems to me that you don't think you've done anything wrong," Alexander remarked coolly.

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COOLEST GIRL IN TOWN

“What did I do wrong? It’s not my fault he’s not very intelligent.” Irvin glared at Alexander in discontent.

“But you already knew he wasn’t very intelligent when you met him. You’re the one who chose to be friends with him, so you’re also responsible for not doing a good job of teaching him. Being someone who is capable isn’t the only requirement to become a great person; you also need to have the courage to take on responsibility instead of pushing it onto others. Doing that will only hinder how far you can go in life.” Alexander gave his true, earnest advice.

Irvin let out a sigh. “But he’s too dumb. Am I supposed to waste so much time on him every day?”

Alexander crouched down and placed a hand on Irvin’s shoulder. He looked his son straight in the eye and said, “You have to know that people aren’t required to be intelligent before they can have friends. Oftentimes, a person’s character is far more important than the number of mathematical questions he can solve.”

Irvin became thoughtful after hearing that, and after a long while, he bowed to Alexander. “I think I know where I went wrong.”

With that, he turned back to his study with a solemn expression.

Half an hour later, the door to the study creaked open slowly.

Chubs stuck his head in and peered into the room. When he saw that Irvin was standing on the balcony with his back to everyone, he opened the door just a little bit wider so that he could squeeze in. Then, he bent down and tiptoed toward his desk.

Specky spotted Chubs and was about to greet him, but Chubs shushed him.

Chubs wiped the sweat off his brow as he glared at Specky in vexation. Are you trying to get me into trouble?!

After finally making it to his desk, he was about to pull the chair out when Irvin turned around all of a sudden. The two boys looked straight at each other.

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“Hehe.” Chubs chuckled sheepishly before apologizing, “I’m sorry, Irvin. I played with Lexi for a bit before coming over. As for the cake, I only ate one slice. Just one! I didn’t eat more than that!”

Irvin quietly stared at Chubs. He had a serious, complicated look in his eyes that made him look like a grown-up instead of a young boy.

Chubs noticed the awkward atmosphere. He started sweating again as he averted his eyes guiltily.

At long last, Irvin’s boyish, decisive voice rang out. “Look at me, Chubs.”

Chubs gulped and mustered the courage to look at Irvin. He was trembling a little, and his hands fidgeted beside him.

It had been the same ever since the day he met Irvin. Although they were the same age, whenever Irvin became serious, the aura that emanated from him would make Chubs feel compelled to submit to him.

“As the saying goes, birds of a feather flock together. In order to be friends, we need to be like-minded people who have the same interests and values. That’s how we can form a lifelong friendship without ever turning away from each other. I don’t like being complacent. I will always strive to do my absolute best in every situation, and I expect the people around me to be the same so that we can get along easily.

“Being my friend means that every day will become even harder than the day before. You can leave now if that scares you. We’ll still be friends, but I won’t force you to do anything you don’t like.”

Irvin finished and stood there calmly to wait for Chubs’ response.

Chubs scratched his head and thought about it for ages before trying to negotiate. “Can I... I mean, can you make adjustments to the task once a week instead? Make it fewer and further between?”

Irvin sighed in disappointment. Although this wasn’t the answer he wanted to hear, he had to act as if he wasn’t affected by it. “Sure. Anyway, you can go home now.”

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COOLEST GIRL IN TOWN

He doesn't need to work hard anyway. I expected too much from him. Chubs' eyes lit up. Is he making it up to me? Is he letting me go home early because of our fight today?

"Okay."

Despite feeling overjoyed, Chubs didn't dare to let his happiness show. He got his bag and walked out the door as told.

However, he started singing cheerfully once he walked out the main door.

He had no idea that as a result of his lack of discernment, Irvin, who was still upstairs, endured the pain of having a friend walk out on him for the first time.

...

Wendy led Prince Caleb and Princess Diana to a Victorian-style building.

The hall was grand and brightly lit. Everything was already set up, and once they took their seats, the models began coming down the runway to start the fashion show of clothing that was yet revealed to the public.

Every single article of clothing the models were wearing was the proudest creation recently designed by the renowned designers that Wendy had found. Tens of the latest trends and ideas from the top designers in the world all gathered together on the stage in a series of bold, dazzling clashes.

However, the wondrous feast for the eyes did not seem to pique the royal couple's interests. Their expressions remained lackluster throughout.

In fact, by the time the last model finished her walk, the look on Princess Diana's face was the most scathing it could possibly be.

As soon as the music stopped, Prince Caleb rose from his seat in relief. "Okay. It's over, right? We can leave now, yes?"

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Coollest Girl in Town Chapter 889

Chapter 889 Amy's Sick?

"I feel the same way," Princess Diana declared. The royal couple felt as if they had been cheated. The so-called top-notch designs that would astound the world were nothing more than a ploy to trick them.

Wendy was quick-witted enough to know that she had made a blunder. She quickly started apologizing, "I'm so sorry for disappointing you, Your Highnesses. I wanted to prepare a surprise just for you, but I never thought that these designers didn't take it seriously at all. They even tricked me with these designs that aren't even fit to be presented on the runway."

"You don't need to feel bad about it, Miss Jennings. We felt your sincerity. Even though the clothes weren't amazing, they were still good enough to be considered high fashion. Perhaps, it's just us who couldn't enjoy it because of our exacting tastes."

Prince Caleb didn't want to end on a sour note on his first day here, so he decided not to hold it against Wendy.

"I respectfully disagree, Your Highness. It's my fault for not being a good host. There's nothing I can say to defend myself. If it's alright with the two of you, could you tell me what kind of designs you favor? I'll plan an even better fashion show for you later on, and I'm sure it will please you, Your Highnesses." Wendy sounded unquestioningly sincere.

"If I must put it into words, then... The designs must be magical and romantic, full of liveliness and surprise. At the end of the day, the designs must mesmerize the audience," Princess Diana described enthusiastically. She glanced at the models on the stage and frowned. "Either way, I didn't get that feeling from any one of the designs on these models."

It was always hard to describe something as conceptual as feeling, so Princess Diana's response didn't help much at all.

After mulling it over carefully, Wendy finally took a sketch from her assistant and held it out to Princess Diana. "Your Highness, may I know if this design is to your liking?"

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The design came from Brendan's atelier. It was a wedding gown that Elise had designed for Faye.

Princess Diana's eyes lit up as soon as she saw the design. "Actually, this is exactly the kind of feeling I'm looking for! Goodness me! If I'd seen this design sooner, I would've worn it at my wedding! And look here. It even has Amy's signature! I've found her at last!"

Wendy finally got the answer she'd been looking for. Elise was Amy, just as she'd suspected.

Well, what a pity that neither Amy nor Elise are still here.

"So, Amy is one of your design representatives, Miss Jennings? What a coincidental twist of fate! This must be the surprise you prepared for us, right?" Princess Diana grabbed Wendy's hand in excitement like an overjoyed kid.

Wendy chuckled along awkwardly. "Yeah. What a coincidence indeed."

"Where's Amy, then? Let's go and meet her." Prince Caleb had heard his wife talking about Amy for ages now. He couldn't wait to meet the designer in person.

For a moment, Wendy didn't know what to say. She stared blankly at the royal couple for a few seconds before coming up with a flimsy excuse. "Unfortunately, Amy... She's also sick."

"How very odd." Princess Diana looked troubled. "Mr. Griffith's representative is sick, and now, Amy too?"

It was a somewhat unbelievable excuse. Wendy tried to think of a way to overcome this when her assistant answered on her behalf.

"It's the flu, Your Highnesses. It's been going around lately here in Cittadel, and a lot of people have caught it. Please do be careful and avoid getting it, too."

"I see." Prince Caleb was innocent enough to believe the lie. "What a pity. Do let us know right away when Amy has recovered. We'd like to see her as soon as possible!"

"I will," Wendy promised. "I'm sure Amy will recover soon enough. I will tell her that the two of you send her your good wishes, Your Highnesses."

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"Tell Amy the brand's hers if she's willing to participate in the selection!" Princess Diana declared excitedly.

"Yes, I will definitely pass your message along!"

...

It was Sunday again.

Alexander brought Elise with him to an artisanal cafe that belonged to his company to meet Mack, Prince Caleb's bodyguard.

Mack was already there when they arrived.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting." Alexander went forward to greet Mack.

Mack stood up to greet back. "It's alright. Please, take a seat."

Seeing that Alexander brought a woman with him, Mack couldn't resist asking, "Who's this?"

"The future Mrs. Griffith." Alexander wrapped his arm around Elise's shoulder in a public display of affection.

"Oh. Well, the two of you look good together." Mack chuckled.

He knew that rich men in Cittadel loved fooling around with women. The rumors had spread to Yveltalia as well, so he didn't believe that this woman was truly going to be Alexander's wife. He simply said a few words out of courtesy.

"Thank you," Elise replied with a faint smile before pulling her makeup out of her purse to fulfill her role as an airheaded female companion.

Mack eyed her perceptively. Now, he was even more convinced that she was just an airhead whose only job was to look pretty and began to regard her derisively.

"Did you ask to meet me because you have something you wish to say, Mr. Thompson?" Alexander drew Mack's attention back to him.

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“Oh, yeah. That’s right. I wanted to talk business with you, but...” Mack paused and hinted that Elise shouldn’t be listening in on what he was about to say.

However, Alexander had no intention of chasing her away. “It’s fine. My woman listens to me. You can say anything you want, Mr. Thompson. I can guarantee that no one else apart from the three of us will know about it.”

Since Alexander gave his word, Mack leaned back into the couch and crossed his legs carelessly.

“I won’t beat around the bush, then. I can help you win the bid for the brand collaboration between the two countries, Mr. Griffith. It’ll save you a lot of effort if you choose to work with me.”

Alexander took a sip of coffee with a faint smile before commenting slowly, “Tell me what your terms are, Mr. Thompson.”

“So, you’re a straightforward man too, Mr. Griffith. I’ll be frank, then. I want half of the profits from the brand, but of course, it won’t be all for me. I’d need to grease the palm of quite a few people back in my country to ensure that the deal goes off without a hitch,” Mack explained in all seriousness.

Alexander swirled the coffee in his cup with an indifferent expression on his face. “Half the profits, huh? Are the people at Smith Co. supposed to go unpaid, then?”

“You shouldn’t be saying such a silly thing when you’re the top businessman here in Cittadel, Mr. Griffith. You can always fudge the numbers reported to finance on both sides and increase retail prices. Won’t you be making enough then?” Mack flexed his knuckles and tapped the table with a sly smile.

Alexander set his cup down and looked at Mack with a grim expression. “The brand was conceptualized as one that would benefit both nation’s citizens. How many of them would be able to afford the products if we do what you suggest, Mr. Thompson?”

Mack’s smile froze, and his eyes flashed dangerously. “Are you trying to talk about business ethics, Mr. Griffith? Can you swear on your life that you’ve accomplished everything you have without ever resorting to any trickery? Benefiting the citizens? You and I both know that’s just all talk. Don’t tell me that a fashion brand can change the citizens’ lives. What a joke!”

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Coollest Girl in Town Chapter 890

Chapter 890 Couldn't Come to an Agreement

Sensing that things were becoming a little tense, Elise cut in sharply. "Here in Cittadel, we have a saying that goes, every mile starts with a single step. The more unlikely and hopeless something seems, the more we need people to bear the responsibility of taking up the challenge. If everyone avoids doing it because it seems unreachable, then the citizens will be filled with resentment. How will there be peace in the country?"

Mack's eyes flickered. He didn't respond right away, but he seemed to be considering the validity of Elise's statement. After a brief pause, a smile returned to his face as if nothing had happened. Flattery rolled off his tongue with great ease. "I'm moved by how patriotic the two of you are. You know, I often show the most admiration for people who have a heart for society.

How about this? I will only take 40% of the profits. The two of you can use the remaining 10% on my behalf for charity. What do you think?"

"That works," Alexander started with a smile, but his words took a vastly different turn before Mack could start celebrating. "If Smith Co. takes charge of the brand, I will personally decide to give you 10% of the profits so that you can report to those back home."

Mack's smile vanished as his eyes filled with hostility once more. "10%?! You must be kidding, Mr. Griffith!"

"You're the one who started the joke," Alexander replied, unphased.

Mack straightened up as he fumed with a threatening air. "I had to overcome all sorts of objections before most of the decision-makers back at Yveltalia were willing to relinquish control of the brand. Is this how you repay me, Mr. Griffith? 10%? How am I supposed to go back with such a measly amount of money?! How outrageous!"

Slam!

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He smashed his hand on the table, and the servers standing further back all jumped in alarm.

They heard that those in the upper class cared a lot about their conduct in public, so they never expected such a bad-tempered customer today. All at once, they started reminding themselves to be even more cautious when serving him.

Alexander glanced at the table before looking up at Mack and commenting airily, "Everyone knows this is a very profitable venture. Why would you be willing to hand over the brand to someone else if Yveltalia could handle the brand themselves, Mr. Thompson? You only chose to do so because you're aware there aren't any suitable talents among the designers in Yveltalia. The brand will undoubtedly fall into the hands of the Cittadelians, but here you are, trying to use something that belongs to the Cittadelians to curry favor with your people back home. Clearly, you're a lot shrewder when it comes to business than I am."

Feeling somewhat humiliated that Alexander had seen right through him, Mack stubbornly retorted, "Yes, Cittadelians are most likely going to win the bid, but it doesn't mean you'll get to enjoy it all yourself! I doubt it'd be that easy for you to have the whole pie to yourself if I don't put in a good word for you in front of the Prince and Princess so that you get their support!"

"Well, we don't like it when things are too easy anyway," Elise commented mysteriously. "When it comes to business, we Cittadelians care about sincerity the most. We don't work with those who aren't sincere. If you wish to work with other Cittadelians in the future, Mr. Thompson, it'd be best if you're prepared to be honest."

"I don't need a woman like you to tell me how I should communicate with others." Mack didn't bother to listen to her. "You can be pleased with yourselves now, but you won't be for long. You're not my only choice. Soon, you'll find out that rejecting me was a terrible decision!"

Pissing him off wasn't the couple's ultimate goal. Alexander and Elise started changing their tune once they saw that Mack was furious.

"Truth be told, I do wish to work with you, Mr. Thompson. It'd be great if you're willing to show us a little more consideration and accept the cut of the profits that I offered earlier." Alexander pretended to try and make an appeal. He tugged on Elise's dress under the table.

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COOLEST GIRL IN TOWN

Elise got the hint at once and played along with him. "That's right, Mr. Thompson. Smith Co. is the front-runner among all those in the running here in Cittadel. Working with us is your best choice. Why don't you just agree to it now? You can think of it as making a friend."

"Letting the two of you do charity at my expense? I'm afraid that's not a friendship I can accept!"

Mack rejected them outright and marched out of the cafe.

"Don't go, Mr. Thompson! We can still discuss the terms if you're not satisfied. How about 15%? Or a fifth? Even 25% is alright!"

Elise pretended to go after him, but Mack paid no heed to her.

Once he was out of the cafe, Elise grinned and turned to Alexander. She shrugged her shoulders and lamented, "Oh, my. We couldn't come to an agreement. What should we do now?"

Alexander got up and pulled her into his arms. "Isn't that exactly what you wanted, Mrs. Griffith?"

She ran her finger along his chin playfully. "Likewise."

From now on, in Mack's eyes, the two of them were cunning businesspeople who wanted to have their cake and eat it too.

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It was evening, and Brendan arrived home with a few exquisite gift bags in his hands.

As soon as he walked into the house, he saw Wendy sitting on the couch in the living room with her assistants spread out all over. Yuri was sitting stiffly beside Wendy and started giving him pointed looks as soon as she saw him.

No one would show up just like that for no reason. Brendan knew that Wendy was here with ill intentions.

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COOLEST GIRL IN TOWN

"You didn't beat me up enough the last time, so you're back to do it again?" He glared at Wendy.

"You don't need to be so hostile. My people went too far last time, so I'm here to apologize and see how you're recovering." Wendy pretended to express her concern.

"Stop beating around the bush. Just tell me what you want." Brendan didn't want to waste time dealing with her.

"Sure enough, the men of the Griffiths are all pretty smart. Well, I'll get to it then. Before the selection process officially begins, you need to find a few of Amy's one-of-a-kind designs and make some changes to them to make them better, and then give them to me so that I can get your name out there in front of Prince Caleb and Princess Diana," she said.

"I'm willing to come up with a few new designs, but I won't plagiarize someone else's work. How's that any different from stealing? I won't do it." Brendan abided by his professional ethics.

Wendy wasn't affected by his claims. Her haughty gaze slowly flickered downward until it landed on the bags in his hands. "Such exquisite gift bags. One look and I can tell that you must've chosen some things for the baby. A baby with your and Miss Fox's DNA would surely be adorable. You wouldn't want the baby to lose his or her life before they even get to see the world, right?"

Children would always be their parents' weakness.

However, the one that Brendan truly cared about was Yuri. He only cared about the baby because the baby was hers.

Wendy didn't know that, and he wasn't planning on enlightening her, so he played along.

He balled his fists and clenched his jaw, acting as if he were infuriated. "If you do anything to Yuri or the baby, I'll make sure you'll never get what you want, even if it means taking my own life!"

Wendy stood up and scoffed derisively. "I know you're not afraid of dying, but I wonder if you're afraid of seeing them die in front of you."

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