

Coollest Girl in Town Chapter 891

Chapter 891 Obstacles to Success

Brendan felt as if all the rage in him had instantly disintegrated. Yet, he was still filled with hatred as he clenched his fists so hard that his knuckles cracked in response to the force of his muscles.

“That’s right. That’s the expression I’m looking for,” Wendy uttered with a pleased look on her face. “Rage is the primary driver for creativity and destruction. You can do it. Is one week enough?”

He lowered his head in denial. “It requires some skill and time to imitate someone else’s work, not to mention that Prince Caleb and Princess Diana are experienced individuals—they have high standards. One week is way too short. Are you trying to make me come up with some horrendous designs so that I make a fool out of myself?”

“Ten days, then,” she insisted with finality. “I’ll be waiting for your good news.”

With that, she led her people out of the room.

Yuri followed behind and shut the door before locking it from the inside. She then jogged back and apologized to Brendan, “I’m sorry. You wouldn’t have been forced to do these things you don’t like if it weren’t for me.”

“It’s fine. This allows us to stall things for a while,” he uttered dismissively.

Then, he pulled out a delicate pair of princess shoes from the gift bag. “Look at this! Is it nice? I bought this for our daughter,” he said excitedly.

The shoes were glittery, and there were handmade ribbons attached to the straps of the shoes. The tiny yet detailed designs made Yuri fall in love with them instantly.

“It’s gorgeous.” The worry in Yuri’s eyes disappeared as she happily took the shoes into her hands to look at them.

After a while, she seemed to recall something.

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“What if it’s a boy?” She turned and looked at Brendan in puzzlement.

“We can buy another pair of shoes once the child is born.” He was still grinning as he put the shoes away. “Anyway, I hope it’s a girl. Better yet, one looks just like you. That way, I’d have two precious princesses in the house.”

Yuri eyed him speechlessly.

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Monday came in the blink of an eye. Specky arrived at the Griffith Residence after class was over. He was in the midst of an educational game when he started sighing.

“What is it? Is it too hard?” Irvin figured that his friend might not have adapted to the fast pace of the game.

“No, it’s fine.” Specky turned around to look at Irvin before hanging his head low and throwing his hands up dejectedly. “It just feels like something’s missing. Perhaps, things have been too peaceful the past few days.”

Chubs was not around, and the room was oddly silent when it was just Specky and Irvin who were present.

Irvin looked at the seat Chubs usually sat thoughtfully. A rather conflicted look surfaced in his eyes before he gathered his emotions and turned to look at Specky with a calmer expression. “We all have to be responsible for our choices. You should focus.”

Specky didn’t seem to understand what Irvin meant entirely, but he nodded and did as he was told anyway.

“I got it,” Specky muttered obediently. He had just turned back to his device when the door was thrown open all of a sudden.

Chubs’ round figure made its way into the room.

“Ta-da! My dad bought these chocolates from overseas. Do you guys want some? Yes? No?” He held two boxes of expensive chocolate up as he cried out excitedly.

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Both Irvin and Specky couldn't process the situation when they saw how happy Chubs looked.

Chubs felt rather embarrassed to have his friends staring at him, so he quickly hid his chocolates away as he straightened his back and stood with his legs closed. He looked as if he were being interrogated.

Irvin was the one who broke the silence. "Didn't you give up? What are you doing here?"

"Give up? I never said that." Chubs eyed the other boy with an innocent look on his face. "I only mentioned I want to go a little slower, and then you sent me off."

"You left just because I told you to do so? Do you not have a mind of your own? Also, why weren't you here for the past two days?" Irvin frowned.

"You're our leader, so of course, I have to listen to your orders," Chubs uttered in a matter-of-factly tone. "And it was the weekend; everyone's on holiday over the weekend. Even my father didn't go to work."

It seems like Chubs doesn't know how to read between the lines. Irvin was speechless. I can't believe I thought that it was my personality that made it hard for me to keep friends around.

"Have you made a decision?" He sounded rather grumpy. "It's going to be hard if you choose to stay. Aren't you worried about that?"

"No." Chubs shook his head before responding with a straight face, "My dad told me that those who suffer alongside me are the ones who truly care for me. If you're willing to take in an idiot like me, I'd never complain about a single order you give!"

After that, Irvin was silent for a while. It seems like Daddy is right. I must have misjudged Chubs' character.

Chubs started to panic when he saw how silent Irvin was. "Are you... Are you tired of me, Irvin?"

Specky hurried over and pulled Chubs in for a pat on the shoulder. "Come on now. I'm not tired of you! I need you around so that someone performs worse than I do!" he joked.

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“Nonsense! I’m following close behind you—you’re the one who’s going to be last!” Chubs cried in annoyance.

“You’re the last place; you’re the last. Lalala!” Specky teased.

“I don’t want to hear that word anymore! I’ll crush you!” Chubs replied. Irvin pressed his hand to his forehead helplessly. Is it really necessary to debate who the last and second-last place is? “Shut up! I want you guys back in your seats and start studying now. You guys can only leave after you have done everything on the agenda today!”

With that order, Chubs and Specky let go of each other before speeding off to their seats. They were eager to head home.

When Irvin saw how earnest the two boys were, he couldn’t help but curl his lips into a smile. Then, he returned to his couch and worked on his laptop. About two minutes later, Alexia knocked on the door and entered with a pot of hot tea to replace the one in the room.

Even though she didn’t say anything, both Chubs and Specky found their attention drawn to her. The trio started exchanging playful glances with one another right in front of Irvin.

Since Alexia was the one who started it, he couldn’t do anything but look away and pretend that he didn’t realize anything. However, Alexia took this opportunity to push her boundaries. After a while, she returned to the room with a plate of fruits.

Then, she borrowed the maid’s broom to come in and clean the room. It was obvious that she had no intention of leaving the room after that.

When she saw Chubs’ chocolate on the table, her eyes lit up. “Chocolate? I’ve never tried this brand before...”

“You can have all of it. Hehe!” Chubs offered all of his chocolates with a generous smile.

“Thank you, Chubs!” The smile on Alexia’s face was as sweet as honey. She leaned closer to look at his schoolwork then. “Did the school hand this out to you guys? Why didn’t anyone tell my mom to collect it? This looks rather odd. Do you know how to do it? Is it hard?”

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She was like a question generator—she never seemed to run out of questions. Irvin felt as if there were millions of bees buzzing around him the whole time. He couldn't concentrate on his work because of all the noise.

When Irvin saw that Chubs had lowered his pen and stopped doing his work, Irvin finally put his laptop aside before walking over and grabbing Alexia by her collar. He dragged her downstairs and handed her over to Elise.

"Mom, didn't I tell you that you and Alexia are not allowed in the room during our study session? The boys and I need our private space to get things done!" Irvin was frustrated.

"Oh, alright." Elise pouted. "But are you guys not hungry at all?"

"Yeah. Chubs and Specky look pretty hungry to me," Alexia remarked with all seriousness in her pretty eyes in support of her mother.

Irvin's expression darkened as he puffed out his cheeks and crossed his hands in front of his chest. He spoke like a lecturer who was angry at his students. "You guys are getting in their way to success!"

"Is that so?" Elise was amused. "Are we also getting in your way, then?" she teased.

"Mom!" he exclaimed. He wasn't joking at all. Elise hastily apologized when she saw how serious he was. "Okay, okay. I promise not to disturb you guys anymore. Alright?"

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Chapter 892 Perfection is Her Flaw

Irvin nodded before turning to look at Alexia. Elise glanced at her daughter for a while before raising her hand to swear an oath once more. "The same goes for Alexia, too!"

"Yep!" Alexia held her hand up half-heartedly before she tottered over to hold Irvin's face and kiss him. "You can't be angry after I've kissed you, Irvin. An angry boy is a naughty boy."

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Irvin shook his head before heading upstairs. "I can't deal with you two!" With his hands behind his back and a slightly hunched posture, he walked up the stairs the way an old man would. Both Elise and Alexia chuckled at the sight of this. After Elise was done laughing, she came up with a new idea. Since we can't disturb Irvin anymore... "Why don't we pay Daddy a visit, Alexia?"

"Are you talking about Mr. Griffith? Did he agree to be our daddy?" Alexia grabbed her mother's arm in excitement. "Yeah, he did." Elise beamed. "But you're only allowed to call him Daddy when no one else is around. When there are other people in the room, you have to call him Mr. Griffith. This is our little secret, okay?"

"I got it!" Alexia spun around excitedly. "Yay, I've found the best father in the world!"

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It was late at night when Elise and Alexia came out of the elevator at Smith Co.'s headquarters. Elise had prepared some food for Alexander, and she held her daughter's hand as they walked over to the president's office. It was past working hours, so Alexander's assistants had gotten off work, and all the lights had been turned off except the ones that lit up the walkway. When they arrived at the office, they saw Alexander working through the glass window.

The dim lights in the office shone down on a corner of the office table, and Alexander's sharp features were further enhanced by the shadows. He looked especially elegant and classy as he focused on his work, and he even seemed rather sexy because of his messy fringe. Men always look the coolest when they're being all serious, Elise thought to herself.

"He's so handsome!" Elise snapped back into reality when she heard Alexia's excited cries. "Shh!" Elise held her finger to her lips before she pulled her phone out and placed her packed meal aside. She lifted Alexia in her arm before she adjusted her front camera angle so that she could take a selfie with Alexander, who was hard at work, in the background. However, she forgot to keep her phone silent, and Alexander was immediately alerted when he heard the sound of the shutter. "Who's there?" he asked.

"It's me!" Elise replied before she walked into the room with her food in one hand while holding Alexia's hand with the other. Alexander couldn't hide the excitement on his face the moment he saw them. He left his desk and walked over to greet them. "What are you guys doing here?"

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Elise shut the door behind her before she presented the meal that she had prepared. "I'm here to deliver some homemade supper, Mr. Griffith." The moment the door was shut, Alexia let go of Elise's hand before running over to the man. "Daddy!"

Alexander felt as if he were on cloud nine when he heard Alexia's sweet voice and felt her warm and tight hug against him. He felt as if his heart had melted, and he couldn't help but curl his lips into a huge smile as he held Alexia up in the air. "Hey, Lexi. Tell me, who taught you to call me by that name?"

"I've wanted to do it for a long time!" she claimed proudly. "Don't worry, Daddy. This is our little secret, and I won't tell anyone else about it. I'll only tell Irvin! Hehe." Alexander ruffled the girl's fluffy hair. He felt a surge of emotions running through him when he finally heard the young girl call him her father. "You're such a good girl, Lexi."

She pressed her head into the man's palm and rubbed against his hand as if she were a kitten. Now that Mr. Griffith is my daddy, it feels rather different even as he's patting me on the head. Alexander couldn't help but feel sorry when he saw the loving look on his daughter's face. "It's really late. You guys shouldn't be out. It's dangerous," he uttered.

"Well, we didn't have a choice. Your son thought we were being too loud, so we had no choice but to switch our focus to someone else. Hey, you're not going to chase us out too, are you?" Elise uttered as she feigned anger.

"I couldn't bear to do such a thing even if I had the guts to," he replied in a sweet tone. Elise beamed at him before she turned to look at the drafts that were on his desk. She held them up in puzzlement. "Why do you have all these clothing designs?" Smith Co. was a finance and management company—there was no reason for its boss to have all these designs on his desk.

"I'm trying to design outfits on my own," Alexander replied honestly.

"Why have you never told me that you know how to do that?" she asked curiously.

"Well, I only started learning a few years ago. Why don't you give me some comments, master?" he teased.

"Well, it doesn't look too bad. It looks a little like something I would design. Wait... This is my design, isn't it?" Elise seemed to have realized something, but she wasn't entirely sure.

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"Don't question yourself. This is your design. I simply modified it." Then, Alexander told her all about how Brendan had been forced to imitate her work.

After explaining Brendan's situation, he told Elise about his plan. "So, I'm planning to stick to the arrangement. I figured that I could give them a taste of their own medicine. These are all the design drafts that you left in SK Group, and I figured that I'd be able to use them after modifying them a little. I can't wait to see the look on Wendy's face when these designs are presented on stage."

Elise thought for a moment before an idea popped up in her mind. She picked up a pencil on the desk before she started making some changes to the draft. "This sounds like a huge surprise. Why don't you let me be a part of this?" Alexander didn't stop her. He simply brought Alexia to the couch, where he feasted on all of the food that Elise had prepared.

By the time he was done with his meal, Elise had already completed her first draft. "What do you think?" She handed the draft over to Alexander. "You're one of the globally-recognized designers for a reason. I can't believe how gorgeous this looks now that you've modified your design from ten years ago." Alexander offered all his generous praise before he spoke in a slightly meeker voice. "But... I'm afraid your identity would be exposed if the design is too perfect."

"Hmm, I guess you're right." Elise didn't feel offended by his words. Instead, she glanced at Alexia before urging her to come over. "Come to Mommy, Lexi!"

"Oh! I'm coming!" Alexia tottered over and jumped into Elise's arms. "What is it, Mommy?"

Elise showed Alexia the design that she had just made. "You're the best, Lexi. Why don't you help me take a look at this design? This dress seems a little plain. What should we add to make it look better?"

"Hmm..." Alexia dragged her long hum for a while before she noticed the picture of a bunny on the wrapper of some candy she had just eaten. She came to a conclusion immediately. "You can add a bunny! You can add it on the chest, the way the school adds its logo on my uniform!"

"A large bunny, huh? Okay!" Elise agreed to this suggestion without any hesitation.

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About three days later, the Whitney and Griffith Families had arranged for a meeting. They wanted to plan Danny and Ariel's wedding. Adam and Madeline arrived nearly half an hour earlier in an attempt to show their sincerity. They were worried that Danny would never get himself a wife, so Madeline persistently questioned Ariel during their meeting.

"What does your family do, Ariel? Should we prepare more gifts for our in-laws? Would it be more formal for you guys to try things out at home? Does your family have any superstitions? You need to tell me about them if there are any! You can tell Adam and me if you have any requests. You don't have to be shy with us! We don't need much—all we need is to have a daughter-in-law as nice as you!" Madeline uttered, leaving the others rather speechless.

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Chapter 893 Madeline Helping the Enemy

Danny went up to console Madeline. "Oh, my. Just sit and relax. You're acting so anxious that people might think you're the one marrying today."

"Ugh. Just go away and stop babbling nonsense." She rolled her eyes. Following that, he chuckled and continued to ramble on about random topics, which calmed the anxious atmosphere.

Time went by quickly and it was already half an hour later, but Ariel's mother was still nowhere to be seen. Taking a look at his watch, Danny discreetly called for Ariel to meet him outside the private room. "Is everything fine on your mom's side? Why don't you call and ask her?"

That was exactly Ariel's intention, so she immediately phoned her mother. "Mom, where are you?"

"I'm still at the hotel," replied Rebecca Caddel, her mother, in a cold tone.

"Didn't we agree to meet the Griffiths at Gleaming Gold Restaurant? Have you forgotten about that? It doesn't matter. I'm heading over now to bring you there."

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While saying so, Ariel was about to hang up when she was stopped by her mother. “You don’t have to do that.” Rebecca’s tone was firm. “I didn’t forget about it. To tell you the truth, I have no intention of going!”

“Are you going back on your words? Mom, that would make the others think that we, Whitneys, have no morals.” Ariel was feeling defeated.

“Others? You meant the Griffiths, right? The matter between you two hasn’t been decided yet, and they’re already complaining about us. I think the Griffith Family doesn’t have much morality either. Tell them to say whatever they want to my face.” Rebecca was still acting insufferably arrogant.

Ariel gave Danny a conflicted look before moving away from him and covering the phone’s speaker to express her dissatisfaction to her mom as best as she could. “You’ve been urging me to get married to a rich man for so many years. I’ve finally found such an excellent son-in-law for you, yet you’re here putting on airs. I don’t understand, Mom. What are you dissatisfied with?”

“What are you trying to say? You haven’t even married him, yet you’re already taking his side. Suppose you want to put in a good word for the Griffiths that badly, then fine. I’ll agree to meet them under two conditions. First, Danny International Finance Corporation must be under your name, and secondly, your child must have our last name, Whitney. If they don’t agree to my conditions, there’s no need to meet up for dinner tonight and we can avoid ruining each other’s night.”

“You’re being unreasonable. Who in the world would agree to such an unreasonable—”

Tut. Tut. Tut...

Without giving Ariel a chance to further discuss the matter, Rebecca hung up right after stating her condition.

Meanwhile, Ariel clutched her phone and exhaled a long breath. Throughout her career, she was never afraid of dealing with any sorts of challenging incidents in her field. Yet, the only thing she failed to master was her relationships at home.

“What did Mrs. Whitney say?” asked Danny while leaning in.

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She found it hard to tell him, so she kept shaking her head. "Why don't we call off today's dinner?"

"No way." He became anxious and grabbed her hand while asking gently, "You can tell me. What's the matter?"

She was the woman he had thought about marrying for seven years, so how could he let things slip through his fingers at the very last moment?

Following that, Ariel recited her mother's condition to him.

"These conditions..." Seemingly lost in his thoughts, Danny muttered while touching his chin with a complicated expression.

Meanwhile, she mistook his actions as being conflicted and was about to escape the scene. "I told you we should call it off. I'll head inside and apologize to Mr. and Mrs. Griffith."

"Wait!" He pulled her back and joked, "What are you running away for? I didn't say I wouldn't marry you. What's there to apologize about?"

Sighing resignedly, Ariel reasoned, "Though I grew up abroad, I still know about the Cittadelian customs. Mr. and Mrs. Griffith wouldn't allow their grandchildren to have 'Whitney' as their last name."

"It doesn't matter if they agree to it or not. I make the decisions for my son." Danny touched her long, black hair as if he was coaxing a child. "Just listen to me. Pick up Mom and we'll tell her that we agree to her conditions."

"And you're making a decision without asking your parents? Is this going to work?" While looking toward the door to the private room, the scene of her mother and Madeline arguing with each other appeared in her mind. Then, she suddenly felt inexplicably cold.

"Your husband has his ways. Be good and pick up your mom." With a confident gaze, Danny patiently coaxed her.

After hesitating for a bit, Ariel was successfully persuaded and left to bring her mother. After all, it was Danny who had previously thought of a way to make Madeline accept her, so she thought it would be the same this time.

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Right after she left, Danny ran back into the private room and pulled Madeline into the empty room next door. He then closed the door and began throwing a tantrum for no reason. "Mom, I don't want to marry Ariel anymore. Women are such troublesome beings!"

Hearing that, Madeline went up and slapped him in the back. "You rascal. What are you talking about?!"

Danny put on an impatient attitude. "There's no use hitting me because I still won't change my mind. I heard that in order to be the Whitneys' son-in-law, the guy must transfer all his assets to their daughter, and their first son must have the last name, Whitney. Don't you think that's too much? How can we become in-laws with such a family?"

"Uhm." Madeline could not quite accept those terms either. "They do sound a little ridiculous. "Money isn't an issue, but won't it be embarrassing for the Griffiths if the child has the same last name as their mother?"

"That's right. What's more important in this world than our family's image?" He yelled upon slamming his hand on the table. "I only used seven years to make that company the scale it is now. Although it isn't difficult to start all over, that's my first company and I have strong feelings toward it. Moreover, it's just a wife. It doesn't matter if I lose her, but to take away my company? In her dreams! And... How can she ask for my kid to have her last name? I just won't give birth to one, then. I can ask my buddy if we can adopt a child together. Even though that kid isn't my biological child, at least they would have my last name! Am I right?"

As soon as Madeline heard the word 'buddy', she immediately thought of Jamie. Immediately, she dashed over and slapped him on the face. "Hey, stop it! Don't say that ever again!"

So, this brat has long thought about adopting a child with Jamie and creating a family of their own. If we cancel the marriage with the Whitneys and let Danny marry Jamie, wouldn't the Griffith Family become the joke of the entire Tissote? No, that can't happen. Isn't it just a company and a child's last name? Nowadays, there are many children with their mother's last name. By then, we'll just announce that Danny loves his wife so much that he doesn't want his in-laws to be the last line of the Whitney Family, which is why they chose to arrange for the child to have their last name. Wouldn't that save both families from embarrassment? That's right. Nothing is more terrifying than letting Danny marry a man and bringing him back home!

Sitting down, Madeline tried to persuade her son. “Danny, it’s normal to spend some money when it comes to marrying someone. After this, I’ll personally take charge of the matter and have Alexander help you out. I’m sure you’ll be able to get back on your feet in no time without suffering any losses!”

“Really?” While acting dumbfounded on the outside, Danny was secretly giddy inside.

“Of course. When have I ever lied to you?” Madeline continued, “The last name ‘Whitney’ sounds good too. I’m sure your child will be grateful that you’re so reasonable.”

“Mom, why are you always siding with the outsider?”

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Chapter 894 You’re The Mosquito!

“You brat. What nonsense are you talking about? We’re all about to become a family, so she’s not an outsider.” Madeline gave Danny another slap on the back.

“Ouch!” With a pained expression, he rubbed his sore spot while complaining, “You weren’t like this when Elise married into our family.”

That made Madeline speechless. She was silent for a bit before speaking with a heavy heart, “It was my first time being a mother-in-law and I’ve gone overboard when dealing with many things. If I had known Alexander would turn into such a scumbag, I would’ve been nicer to Elise back then. Thinking about it now, I feel very sorry for her.”

“If she comes back in the future, will you still make things difficult for her?” asked Danny.

“What nonsense are you talking about?” Madeline returned to being serious immediately and pointed at his nose. “I’m telling you, Ariel is a nice woman, so you’d better behave nicely later. Otherwise, I’ll—” As she spoke, she made a gesture as if she were about to hit him.

Pretending to dodge humbly, Danny continued to mess with her. “No way. I think we shouldn’t let them have what they want!”

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Slap! Another slap on the face was delivered by Madeline. "You don't want to let her have her way, then what? I should let you mess around outside, huh? I'm warning you, Danny Griffith. Besides marrying a woman and having children, you have no other choice in this lifetime!"

I will never agree to you marrying Jamie!

While rubbing his numb face, he smacked his lips in aggravation. "You actually slapped me. Am I not your son?"

Laughing, she responded, "If you marry Ariel, you are my son, but if she runs away, I won't recognize you as mine anymore."

"And you say you're my mother!" Danny pretended to be jealous and snorted. Then, he got up and left the room.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"To see if your beloved daughter-in-law has successfully picked up her mother!"

"You brat!"

Fifteen minutes later, Ariel helped her mother into the VIP private room and nervously introduced everyone. "Mr. and Mrs. Griffith, this is my mom. Mrs. Whitney, this is Mr. Griffith and Mrs. Griffith."

"Welcome! Please have a seat!" Madeline warmly welcomed Rebecca. "Oh, right. Hey, manager. You can start serving the dishes now! The traffic must've been horrible, hasn't it? Why don't I get them to serve a pot of tea? To freshen up a little."

Initially stunned, Rebecca soon returned a smile and shook her head. "There's no need for that. Just let them serve the food as usual."

Knowing that her conditions were unreasonable, she had prepared herself for a verbal fight, but she still felt shocked when she saw the Griffiths being so welcoming.

While waiting for the dishes to be served, Ariel felt as if she was sitting on pins and needles. This was because she knew that Madeline was known for being difficult to deal with while

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Rebecca was an aggressive person. Therefore, she could not imagine the scene if those two women started quarreling.

Thinking of that, she felt restless until Danny enveloped her hands in his big hands. At that moment, she turned to look in his direction and saw him closing his eyes. She finally calmed down after seeing his reassuring gaze.

Soon, all the dishes were served at the table and Madeline raised her glass. "This first toast goes to our children. I hope they have mutual affinity and a long-lasting relationship."

Once she said that the other three cooperated and raised their glasses, except for Rebecca. Instantly, the atmosphere became awkward.

"Mom," Ariel reminded her. Although she did not agree with this marriage, she should show the guests some respect at the very least. However, she ignored Ariel's words and continued sitting there with an unruly and arrogant expression.

Had this been in the past, Madeline would have flipped the table and left at this point. Since it was her son's fault this time around, she could only hold in her grievances and continue. After holding her glass midair for half a minute, she withdrew her hand with an awkward smile while trying to ease the situation. "Mrs. Whitney, you must've just gotten off the plane and are still feeling jet-lagged. It's alright. Let's start eating so that we can end sooner and let the children send you back to your hotel to rest. We can continue this discussion after you have a good rest."

"There's no need for so much trouble." Rebecca did not show the slightest respect for Madeline and expressed herself clearly, "Doesn't your son want to marry my daughter? Sure, but your son has to transfer all of his assets to my daughter." Once she said that she crossed her hands before her chest and waited for things to get interesting.

However, Madeline did not respond immediately after putting down her glass; instead, she composed herself and suppressed the humiliation she felt before giving a nod. "Alright."

She agreed.

Obviously, her compromise was completely out of Rebecca's expectations, prompting her to freeze as she was at a loss for words for a moment there.

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Even Ariel was surprised by Madeline's answer and she stared at Danny while her eyes widened in disbelief. How did he do it?

On the other hand, he proudly raised his chin and one of his eyebrows was raised so high that it seemed like it was almost touching the sky. Aren't I awesome? Admire me, woman!

A long while later, Rebecca finally came back to her senses and straightened up her posture. With one hand on the table, she continued to probe the Griffiths to see how much they could compromise. "The children Danny and Ariel give birth to must also have Whitney as their last name!"

"Sure." Madeline willingly agreed with a smile on her face.

"Pfft. Cough... Cough..." Adam, who was beside her, almost choked on his drink and carefully wiped his hands with a napkin while looking at her with a strange gaze. Is this still my unreasonable wife? When has she become so open-minded? Is this an illusion?

While looking around, Adam pinched the back of Madeline's hand without her knowledge. "Ouch!" She felt the pain and instantly rolled her eyes. "What are you doing?"

That gave him quite a shock and he quickly shivered. "N-Nothing. It's just a mosquito..."

"You're the mosquito!"

After berating her husband, Madeline turned to Rebecca and her voice became gentle and soft. Also, since they had agreed to such a strange request, that naturally left Rebecca at a loss for words.

Clearing her throat, she straightened her body once again before picking up her glass to raise it upon standing up. Then, her cold attitude immediately changed from arrogance to melancholic and gentle.

"Seeing that Mrs. Griffith has agreed to all of my terms, which shows the care and respect your family has for my daughter, I believe that you'll treat her very well. I'll finish this glass as my punishment." Rebecca was quick to down an entire glass of red wine.

Just like that, Danny and Ariel's wedding was finalized.

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Ten days later, Wendy brought Brendan to the prince and princess' residence to show them the latest designs. However, Prince Caleb did not look a least bit interested. "If they're the same work from the designer as last time, I suggest you head home earlier."

"Your Highness, you've misunderstood me. The designer this time around has the same teacher as Amy, so I think you and Your Highnesses will like them."

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Chapter 895 Brendan Got His Chance Revoked

"Really?" Prince Caleb raised an eyebrow while looking at Brendan, who was behind Wendy. "Is he the one you were talking about? May I know how to address you?"

Taking two steps forward, Brendan greeted, "Your Highness, my name is Brendan Griffith and I'm Amy's fellow colleague. We've been exchanging our knowledge for a while, so I'm sure you'll both be very pleased with me."

"Brendan Griffith?" While raising his eyebrows meaningfully, Prince Caleb asked, "Aren't you the designer representing Mr. Alexander? Why is Miss Jennings the one introducing you to me?"

Meanwhile, Brendan lowered his head and remained silent, allowing Wendy to be the one to answer. "Actually, Mr. Brendan didn't sign a contract with Alexander, so they don't have a committed relationship. Mr. Brendan is free to represent anyone, including himself, so there's no problem with him participating in the selection process." She provided a very formal answer.

Prince Caleb then smiled as he averted his gaze between Wendy and Brendan. Isn't this a more delightful way of saying you're poaching talents from others? "Sure. Let me have a look at your designs, then," he answered unhurriedly.

Following that, Brendan took out his designs and handed them over respectfully. With his legs crossed, Prince Caleb placed the designs on his lap and flipped through every piece.

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Meanwhile, Princess Diana excitedly approached and leaned against him while straining her neck to look at the drawings. However, the longer they looked at the designs, the stranger their expressions became. At one point, Princess Diana even sat up straight.

After looking at the last design, Prince Caleb threw the stack of papers onto the table. He raised his head and looked at Wendy with a face devoid of emotion and a pair of furious eyes. "Miss Jennings, do you think the Princess and I are fools?"

An experienced Wendy was not fazed by his question and maintained her calm expression instead. "I don't quite understand what you're talking about, Your Highness."

"I didn't mind that you tried to use those trashy outfits to trick me last time, but now, you're actually publicly plagiarizing Amy's designs, huh? This is disrespectful to Amy. Did you think the Princess and I wouldn't notice the difference?"

Prince Caleb was furious as his anger spiked when his gaze fell on Brendan. "And you! Don't you know what intellectual property is? You're a disgrace to your fellow fashion designers!"

While narrowing her eyes, Wendy fell into deep thought. It seems like I have indeed underestimated the Yveltalia royalty's ability to appraise things.

"I'm very sorry, Your Highness. I don't know anything about plagiarism. It was Mr. Brendan who found me and asked that I find a chance to introduce him to you. My love for talent has blinded my judgment, which is why he had successfully tricked me. If you don't believe me, you can send out people to investigate this matter. Before today, Brendan and I had never met in private and we never had any interaction with each other. This matter is obviously staged!" Wendy immediately pretended to be the victim and began blaming others.

Seeming to have guessed that she might throw him under the bus, Brendan pretended that he wanted to defend himself. "That's not true. Your Highnesses. Today's incident was all planned out by Wendy. She—"

"What are you guys standing there for? Get them out of here." Wendy took advantage of the crowd and chased Brendan away from the venue. "Tell the organizing committee that Brendan is suspected of plagiarism, which is misconduct, so his right to compete in today's competition should be revoked!"

Before Brendan had a chance to argue for himself, his mouth was covered by one of Wendy's men as they brought him away.

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That way, not only did Wendy manage to keep herself out of this matter, but she also had a reasonable reason to ban Brendan from the competition, which was like breaking one of Alexander's lifelines. Now, she had an even higher chance of winning! Even she was impressed with her own plan of disregarding someone after they served their purpose.

On the other hand, though Prince Caleb was clueless about what they were onto, he had completely lost his patience. "Miss Jennings, I think you've grown soft after getting older, which is why you keep getting used by others. I think you should leave these things to the younger generation. We still have someplace we need to be, so we won't be keeping you here anymore."

Since the order to leave was so obvious, she knew it would not do any good if she continued to stay, so she left with her assistant.

After exiting the guesthouse, Wendy stood by the roadside and took a deep breath. It seems like finding someone to pretend to be Elise is impossible, so I have to find another way.

"Miss Jennings, what are we going to do with Brendan?" the assistant asked.

"Let him go."

Now that Brendan was a useless pawn, Wendy would just let him do whatever he wanted. He would not be able to cause much of a problem anyway.

"Yes, Miss Jennings." With a nod, the assistant immediately took out his phone and relayed the order. Only after he hung up did Wendy descend the stairs while tightly clutching her walking stick.

Before she could leave, Mack came running out of the guesthouse and blocked their path to leave. "Miss Jennings, please wait a moment. Don't you guys want to know why Prince Caleb and Princess Diana threw such a big fit, as well as who they are meeting later?"

Those words attracted Wendy's attention as she withdrew her track to look at Mack. "I'm listening."

Subsequently, Mack heaved two warm breaths and fished his phone out from his pocket. Moments later, he showed her the screen. "Half an hour ago, Alexander posted on the web, saying that he will be holding a runway show in Amy's memory. The few designs that have been publicized are all in line with Amy's usual design style with just a little refinement. All

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of them are very attractive, and though both were copying Amy's designs, Alexander chose a generous way to worship her legacy. On the other hand, you guys chose to cover it up and say that it was your original design, but in fact, it paled when compared to the originals. How can you expect the Highnesses, who are Amy's loyal fans, not to be angry at you?"

After hearing that, Wendy smirked sarcastically and did not try to defend herself. Her assistant came forward furiously and reminded her, "Miss Jennings, could Brendan be the one who ratted us out?"

Shaking her head, Wendy argued, "If I were him, he wouldn't have shown up here tonight. It's not like he has the guts to do it as well."

"How did Alexander think of the same plan as us?" the assistant asked in confusion.

"Maybe he's too smart, or maybe, he doesn't even trust his family members. Regardless of the reason, everything proves that our enemy is stronger than us," Wendy elaborated.

Seeing the situation, Mack hurriedly offered a plan. "Actually, it isn't impossible to make the prince and princess change their minds as long as you guys choose to cooperate with me."

"What do you want?" Wendy went straight to the point.

"Money." He did not beat around the bush either. "I want half of the profits from the new brand. The more I get, the better."

"Very good. I agree to your terms," she answered.

"Don't you think I'm asking for too much?" Meanwhile, Mack felt that things were going way too smoothly.

"You'll only develop ambition if you have a desire. If you don't want anything in return, what can I use to stimulate your determination to do anything grand?" Wendy looked at him with a faint smile on her face.

Those words successfully persuaded Mack. "I do admire you, Wen—"

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“Wait a moment. You’ve already stated your conditions, but I haven’t stated mine.” She interrupted him. “Every year from now on, you will take in a batch of international students from the Cittadel’s Department of Physics in your name. How about that?”

“Miss Jennings, you are so true to your fellow citizens,” he taunted.

“Regarding this matter, you will only need to provide your name. I’ll have someone deal with the handling fees for the rest. So, is that a yes or a no?”

“Of course, it’s a yes!” Mack spread out his hands and began imagining his bright future. “I feel honored thinking about a scholarship that will be named after me. Wendy, we will succeed, won’t we?”

“Sure.”