

Coolest Girl in Town Chapter 899

Chapter 899 What He Was After All Along

It went without saying that Elise knew the right thing to do. She gave Princess Diana a reassuring pat on the back of her hand and said, "I understand. It'll remain a secret between us."

Elise went home after sending Princess Diana back to the hotel. As soon as she entered the house, Jamie limped over with his crutches to greet her. "Boss! Hehe. You're finally back!" He was grinning widely, but he had a cast on both his left arm and right leg, and the wounds on his face hadn't healed either. He had to hobble over on one foot instead of walking normally. It was hard for others to decide whether to find him pitiful or strong for still holding up so well.

"What are you doing?" He looked so unstable that Elise hastened to hold him up. "I thought you were only going to be discharged from the hospital next month."

"Well, I was bored out of my life at the hospital. Julius and the rest all have work to do, so can't you give me something to do as well?" Jamie grumbled.

"All you need to do right now is focus on your recovery. The rest can wait." She let go of him and retorted bluntly.

As soon as she said that, Jamie threw his crutches to the side and began stomping his right leg despite the cast. "I'm fine! Look, Boss. I can do anything!"

"Ahh! Oh, no! Ah, shoot—"

He had only just claimed to be in excellent health when he lost his balance and fell backward onto his butt.

"Oh, for goodness sake! Can you not?!"

Elise's instinctive reaction was to help him up, but she quickly mulled it over and pretended not to notice he was on the floor so that he had to suffer a little.

Jamie's left arm and right leg were still in casts, and after falling on his tailbone now, he was in so much pain that his eyes welled up with tears. Even so, he didn't admit to it. "It's fine, Boss. You don't need to help me. I can get up by myself!"

Well, his bravado immediately went out the door the moment he saw Irvin passing by.

"My dear godson, quick! Come and help your godfather up. Ugh, I'm in so much pain..."

Irvin stopped and glanced down at Jamie, but he was unmoved. "You asked for it," he remarked off-handedly before walking off.

"Hey, kiddo!" Jamie cried out. "How can you be so heartless at such a young age? If you keep this up, you won't be able to find yourself a wife in the future!"

Irvin was surprisingly calm. "From the looks of it, there's no way of telling who'd find a wife first."

Jamie rolled his eyes and gave up trying to argue with Irvin.

He's got such a sharp tongue. It's even worse than his father's!

Meanwhile, Alexia came down at just the right time and saw Jamie sitting pitifully on the floor, so she rushed over to help him.

Jamie was deeply touched. "You're the only one who cares, my beloved goddaughter. I'll leave all my money to you!"

"I don't want your money. You should find me a godmother and give me a sister to play with instead!" Alexia was eager to encourage the adults to have more children.

"About that... Let's talk about that in the future." He scratched his head as helplessness flashed across his eyes for a fleeting moment.

Elise noticed his expression, and her eyes flickered in thought. She swiftly changed her mind and instructed casually, "Now that I think about it, there is something that no one's attending to just yet. Princess Diana and I ran into an old classmate of hers today. Perhaps you can look into this person's details and background."

Jamie immediately saluted her. "Yes, ma'am! I'll do a good job, I promise!"

Then, he started asking curiously, "But everything there is to know about Princess Diana is already on the Internet. Are you sure you want me to do such a simple thing, Boss?"

"Well, whether it's simple or not depends on how you think about it. I, for one, don't believe in coincidences. This is the task. Are you doing it or not?" She purposely egged him on.

"I'll do it, of course! Don't worry, Boss. I'll definitely find every single little detail about that guy, down to the brand of underwear he wears!" Jamie promised before breaking into a grin again. "So uhh... Boss, once I'm done, can you give me Narissa's new number?"

Elise smirked. I knew it. This is what he was after all along. It'd be weird for him not to do anything after going so long without hearing anything from Narissa.

"That'll depend on your performance," she teased.

"No problem!" He smacked his chest confidently. "Just wait for me to bring you the good news!"

He retrieved his crutches and hobbled off.

Elise felt both amused and exasperated as she watched him leave. She got out her phone and sent him Narissa's contact.

Just as soon as she pocketed her phone and turned around, she saw Irvin standing there and staring at her with a glass of milk in his hand.

"Did you need something?" she asked, feeling somewhat evasive.

"Yeah." Irvin nodded with a solemn face. "Mommy, what do you think about me taking the college entrance examination straight away?"

"Huh?" At first, Elise was dumbstruck. She stared blankly for a short while before finally regaining her cool. "Well, Irvin, perhaps we should keep a low profile, hm? After all, your academic credentials aren't all that important for you to begin with, and you can focus fully on your studies if you avoid taking those examinations for now. You might end up causing a huge stir if you take the college entrance examination, you know. You don't want the reporters to pester you for an interview every day, right?"

"Oh. Let's forget it, then."

Ever since then, Irvin started wondering how he could get into college to do even deeper research without the media finding out about it.

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Meanwhile, at one of the office buildings in Tissote.

Margaret and Edmond exited the building with the proposal in their hands. They both had despondent expressions on their faces; their shoulders heavy with disappointment.

This was yet another rejection in a series of refusals within the past month. They had met with a majority of the investors in Tissote, but no one was willing to invest in them. The company was going to go under if they couldn't find an investor soon.

"Come on. Let's go to the next one!"

Margaret swiftly regained her spirits as they set off for their next stop.

Along the way, a disheveled beggar shot out from the side and grabbed Margaret's purse.

"Pretty lady, please show me some kindness. I haven't eaten in three days. Please give me some money for food..."

Edmond was already in a foul mood, and the stench coming from the beggar only made it worse. He kicked the beggar off without showing any mercy. "F*cking hell. What rotten luck, and so early in the day, too! Get away!"

The beggar crashed to the ground, and her hair scattered to the side, revealing her grimy face.

Margaret tossed some tissue at the beggar and glanced carelessly at her before moving in to take a closer look.

"Mrs. White?" Margaret was startled when she recognized Lyra's face. "What happened to you? How did you end up like this? Where's Mr. White and Adelpha?"

Lyra was so hungry that her eyesight was hazy. She blinked and stared at Margaret for ages, but figuring it was someone who knew her, she began to wail, "It's all because of Anastasia White, that walking disaster! She owed a huge sum of money and couldn't pay it back, so all

of the Whites' family assets were frozen. The debt collectors come knocking every day, and no one dares to give us a job. We don't have money to buy food, so we have no choice but to beg on the streets!"

She wiped her tears and seemed to regain some of her clarity. She grabbed onto Margaret as if she were her only lifeline. "Margaret, you're Adelpha's good friend. Help me, please. Buy me a meal. I'm starving. Please, I'm begging you..."

Cooldest Girl in Town Chapter 900

Chapter 900 A "Sincere" Apology

Margaret fell silent in thought once she heard what Lyra said. Her brows furrowed as she pondered just how much of what Lyra had told her could be trusted.

Everyone knew that Alexander was generous toward his woman. If Anastasia did in fact owe someone money, he would not stand idly by. Why would the Whites have to be responsible for the debt?

Edmond kicked off her hands in disgust. "What are you blabbering, you crazy woman? Get your hands off me! You'd never be able to pay me back if you ruined my bespoke suit!"

Overwhelmed with despair, Lyra wiped her tears and wailed, "Why is my life so hard?"

Just then, Margaret cast aside all traces of her prior aloofness as she bent down and gently helped Lyra up. "Don't cry, Mrs. White. I'll buy you some food and find you a place to stay."

"What's wrong with you? We still have an appointment with an investor!" Edmond tapped his watch impatiently to remind Margaret that they didn't have much time left.

"They're not going to invest in us anyway. It doesn't matter if we skip the meeting." Margaret gave him a look that hinted he should go along with her. "Come on! Hurry up and give me a hand!"

Edmond couldn't argue with her, but he couldn't bring himself to touch Lyra either, so his only choice was to trudge along begrudgingly behind Margaret.

It took them one hour to settle Lyra's needs, and once they left the hotel, Edmond started ranting at Margaret. "I have no idea what's going on inside your head. We can't even take care of ourselves right now, so why are you getting involved in the sh*tty business with the Whites?"

"I have my reasons, of course." Margaret finally explained what she had been mulling over. "Anastasia White could very well be the next Mrs. Griffith. Do you think that anyone would force the Whites into such a predicament without Alexander's permission?"

"You're right. Does that mean it's Anastasia herself who's doing this to the Whites?" Edmond began to shake a little. "Does that mean that she's also the reason why we've hit a roadblock in our project?"

Margaret nodded. "I thought everything was settled after Alexander humiliated me at the television station a while back, but from the looks of it now, they won't stop until they've ruined us."

"We're doomed if we try to stand against Alexander! Why are we still breaking our backs over this? We should apologize to Anastasia right away and beg her to forgive us!" Edmond was willing to admit he was a wuss. He didn't want to end up in the same state as Lyra.

"We'll do as you say. Let's apologize and admit our mistakes," Margaret said in a rare show of solidarity.

"Hurry up then! What are we waiting for?" Edmond didn't want to waste a single second.

However, Margaret glanced at him and her cold eyes flashed menacingly. "Anastasia won't bother to listen to us if we just go over like that."

"Then tell me what you think we should do. I'll do whatever you say." Edmond looked dead serious. He had full faith in her intelligence and was certain that they could brave this storm just like they always had in the past.

Margaret's expression shifted slightly. She started surveying him with a look of icy indifference.

Edmond felt a shiver down his spine. Just as he averted his eyes to avoid her gaze, she suddenly dashed behind him and shoved him onto the street.

As a result, his left foot was run over by a cab before he could even register what was happening.

“Arghhhhh!”

Edmond howled in agony as he held his leg. “I’m dying! Help! Call an ambulance!”

“Can you still bear the pain?” Margaret crouched down and calmly checked his injury.

“F*cking hell! I’m warning you, Margaret. If I lose my leg because of this, I won’t stop until I make you pay!” Edmond bellowed at the top of his lungs. He couldn’t be bothered to maintain his image in public.

“Go ahead and take it out on me. At the very least, we can prove our sincerity now.”

An hour later, Margaret helped Edmond into Alexander’s villa.

Alexander, who had only injured his leg earlier, now had a cast on both his left arm and left leg, as well as gauze wrapped around his forehead with blood oozing through the bandage still.

A few moments later, Alexander came downstairs with Elise and they both sat down on the couch.

“I heard you were doing whatever you could to see me. Well, I’m here now, so spit it out.” Elise’s expression was uninviting. She had no patience for them.

Margaret and Edmond exchanged a look before steeling themselves and kneeling down on the ground.

“Anastasia, we came here today to apologize to you.”

“I was selfish. I stole your pen name and your writing. I’ve brought all the evidence that proves you’re the true owner and I’m returning everything to you now.”

"I'm sorry. Although it's taken me very long to apologize, I really hope that you can forgive me."

Having said that, Margaret took a leather folder out of her bag and pushed it forward.

Elise glanced at the folder but her expression didn't change. It was hard to tell what she was thinking.

Margaret kept her head low for a while. Seeing that Elise wasn't showing any response, she tugged on Edmond's shirt to get him to speak up as well.

Edmond knocked his head on the ground. "Anastasia, I mistreated you in the past. I fooled around and cheated on you. I shouldn't have listened to Adelpha and gotten tricked by her instigation to destroy your reputation and harm your life. From now on, I'll reflect upon myself and spend my entire life making it up to you. I just hope that you'll forget about the past and continue having a happy life."

Elise remained distant and unmoved.

Margaret quickly jumped in. "As they say, someone who knows how to repent is far more valuable than gold, right? After everything we've been through, we really have changed for the better. Anastasia, did you know that Edmond regretted hurting you so much that he jumped off a building? He wanted to atone for his mistakes by taking his life. Even though he didn't die, he truly wishes to make it up to you."

Alexander cocked his eyebrows in amusement. "That sincere, huh? Which floor did he jump off from? How did he get so lucky to survive with just a broken leg?"

"I wanted to die too but a tree cushioned my fall. I took it as a sign that fate wants me to stay alive and spend the rest of my life making it up to Anastasia instead," Edmond declared as he pretended to be speaking straight from the heart.

"That's what I want to say too. Anastasia, we'll spend the rest of our lives making you happy. We won't do anything else but that. Can you give us a chance, please?" Margaret looked absolutely sincere as well.

"You don't need to spend the rest of your life on that. You have a chance in front of you now," Alexander said. "Anastasia owes me money. She still owes me tens of millions even after

the amount the Whites have paid back. Since you feel so regretful now, you can take over the debt and take the burden off the Whites' shoulders."

"Alright," Margaret agreed without any hesitation.

If Alexander were to deal with them behind their backs, they might end up on their deathbeds not knowing how it even happened. In comparison to that, it was far better to owe him money in exchange for their lives.

However, Edmond was far less receptive to that idea.

He came here to apologize so that he could save his company. He had broken his leg and kneeled in front of them, yet he was being asked to turn over all of his wealth and fortune to repay Anastasia's debt. Isn't that the same as losing everything?

"If you want to repay her debt for her, you can do it alone! Don't count me in!"