

Cooler Girl in Town Chapter 909

Chapter 909 Call the Police

When the reporter he was paired with was testing the machine, Noah excused himself to the bathroom. Then, he avoided the servants and went to Alexander's study room. Then, he locked the door and walked toward the biggest desk in the room. He started looking through the documents. He checked everywhere, from the table to the drawers, and did not miss any corner of the room.

Even though he was being cautious, he never expected Alexander to be watching his every move.

When Alexander saw Noah's familiar face, his eyes darkened. After some time, he stood up and went straight home. On the other hand, Noah had been in the study room for ten minutes but found nothing. Then, he stood by the window and scanned the room, wondering if he had missed any spots.

Just then, he heard a little girl's cry for help. "Ah! No! Help me, Mommy!"

When Noah heard the little girl's voice, he subconsciously opened the curtains to find a big dog pouncing on a seven-year-old girl. It was a crucial moment! At that moment, he held the side of the window out of instinct and stepped onto the windowsill. He was ready to jump down from the second floor and rescue the girl. However, when he was halfway out, he suddenly stopped by the window and looked back at the room reluctantly.

This is the perfect chance to investigate Alexander. Should I just give up? However, this is a life-and-death situation. If I don't do anything to save her, wouldn't I be no different from those scheming businessmen?

After hesitating for a moment, Noah decided to grit his teeth and jumped out the window. After rolling on the ground, he got up and sprinted toward the girl. Then, he picked her up and comforted her as he drove the dog out.

"It's fine. Everything's fine now. Go! Get lost, beast!"

However, Noah noticed that the girl in his arms was laughing heartily under such serious circumstances. "Hahaha, I'm fine, mister. Maggie doesn't bite!" she said.

Hearing her words, Noah was dumbfounded as he looked at her. Only then did he realize that the dog looked silly. Even when he had scolded the dog, it still smiled at him.

Such a silly pet dog doesn't have an aggressive personality. The little girl was just playing a game with her dog, but I was too nervous to notice it. That's why I thought the dog was going to attack her. Thus, I lost the chance to investigate Alexander because of some kid. Maybe the little girl is just an illusion arranged by Alexander to confuse outsiders!

As Noah thought about it, he was furious. Then, he put the girl down and walked away angrily. When he entered the hall from the side door, he quickened his pace and was ready to leave. However, as he entered the room, Elise called out.

"Are you leaving, Mr. Adaway? We haven't started the interview yet," said Elise. When she heard Alexia's voice, she was going to check on her. Then, she saw Noah jumping out of the window of Alexander's study. Hence, she would let him leave only after confirming his intentions.

Hearing her words, Noah nodded with a dark expression and said, "I'm sorry, Miss White. I have a family emergency, so I'll have to hand the interview over to my colleagues." Then, he walked toward the door.

"Wait." As Elise called out, she exchanged glances with her bodyguards and asked them to stop Noah.

When Noah realized he was being stopped from leaving, his expression changed, and he decided to put down his act. "What is the meaning of this, Miss White? Is the Griffith Residence some kind of illegal place that not even a news reporter has the right to leave?!"

Hearing his accusation, Elise didn't budge. "Don't accuse me of anything, Mr. Adaway. Our guest bathroom is in the guest room behind me. Care to explain why you appeared in the backyard?" She smiled.

At that moment, Noah's expression stiffened. Then, he made a lame excuse, saying, "It's my first time here. I have never seen such a huge manor. Is it illegal to walk around the house?"

"How do you explain this, then?" As Elise spoke, she showed him the work permit she had in her hand. Then, she tore the first layer of the work permit, revealing a whole new identity. No matter the looks, name, or age, Noah didn't match up with the man's identity, which meant that he was not a reporter. Fortunately, Elise noticed something was off with him and quickly produced the work permit so that he could confess.

When Noah realized his identity had been exposed, he gave up and said, "Why don't you just kick me out? I wasn't going to stay here anywhere."

"I will." Elise smiled thoughtfully. "However, now is not the time. Someone will be here to pick you up." Then, she turned toward the bodyguard and said monotonously, "Call the police."

"Hey! Wait!" When Noah heard that she was going to call the police, he panicked. After all, with his identity, he would be on the papers tomorrow if he went to the police station. At that moment, his father would be the laughingstock of the town. Hence, after giving it some thought, he decided to apologize.

"I'm sorry, Miss White. I shouldn't have barged into your house and faked an identity. It's my fault. I hope that you can sweep this matter under the rug since I saved the child."

Listening to his words, Elise didn't say anything and just stared at him. Her pretty eyes could easily look right through him. She knew that he hadn't realized his mistakes and was just trying to stop her from calling the police. Hence, she didn't need to forgive him.

"What should I do for you to allow me to leave?" asked Noah as he was feeling guilty.

"That depends on when you will tell the truth. Alternatively, I can just talk to your father," replied Elise with a smile. Since they had come into contact with Raffle, it was easy to recognize Noah.

When Noah realized she had recognized him from the start, he was furious. "You knew it all along, and yet, you let me in on purpose. This is a trap that you set up!" As he spoke, he widened his eyes, and an intimidating aura surrounded him.

"If you didn't have any wicked ideas, you wouldn't have fallen for my trap," said Elise in response to his hypocritical words.

At that moment, Noah couldn't say anything else other than try to keep things at bay. "Anyhow, I did this on my behalf. This has nothing to do with my father. Don't tell me you think you can snitch on me when you are already a grown-up."

Suddenly, Alexander's voice sounded from the doorway. "We'll find out if that works in a short while."

Noah turned around and saw Alexander standing by the doorway for God knew how long. Then, he marched toward them and wrapped his arms around Elise's waist as they sat by the couch. Then, he casually switched on the massive TV in the center of the room. The next moment, the TV played out footage of Noah rummaging through Alexander's study.

Then, Alexander threw the remote control aside and looked at Noah. "With this surveillance footage and the fake work permit, you can be accused of burglary. When that happens, how will your father explain it to the media?"

Cooldest Girl in Town Chapter 910

Chapter 910 You Don't Really Understand Your Father

Noah balled up his fists and gritted his teeth. His knuckles cracked as he exerted more force with his hands.

"I said it's something I did in private, and it has nothing to do with my father. Moreover, I was just looking for the competition's proposal. It was supposed to be handed to my father a long time ago, but you've repeatedly refused to give it to him. That's why he was taken to task by a higher-up. I had no choice but to do such a thing!"

Alexander dipped his head. "Your father has a great son. Unfortunately, he's not a good father."

"You have no right to judge whether he's a good father. At the very least, he has earned my respect in other aspects." Although there were some conflicts between Noah and his father, he always respected the latter.

"Would a good father tell his son to steal something from someone's home? I've learned something new," Alexander mocked him in a weird tone.

"How many times do I have to repeat myself? Can you stop slandering him? This was my idea. If my father isn't a responsible person, would he suffer from insomnia because of what you've done? Stop acting high and mighty here when you're in the wrong, Alexander!" Noah became increasingly agitated.

Alexander's lips twisted into a sneer. "It seems that you don't really understand your father, Mr. Adaway."

"What do you mean by that?" Noah felt that something was off, but he couldn't tell what it was.

"Nothing." Alexander waved his hand. "You can leave now. I'll pretend that nothing happened today."

"For real?" Noah couldn't believe that this man, whom even his father found hard to deal with, would let him off easily.

"Perhaps I'll change my mind in a second. Do you want to find out how much patience I'm left with?" Alexander arched his brow and shot him a warning with his gaze.

After giving it some thought, Noah turned around and ran away.

"Are you letting him go just like this?" Meanwhile, Elise felt that they had let him off the hook too easily.

"Just consider it repayment for saving Lexi. Raffle's son is not a fundamentally bad person, you know," Alexander explained.

"He's obviously more foolish than his father." Elise waved the work permit in her hand. This kind of false evidence that could be exposed easily was like a time bomb in the business world.

Alexander let her sit on his lap and wrapped his arms around her. "So, we'll gain some advantage by letting him go."

Without refuting him, Elise shrugged.

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The next day, at a high-end cafe in Tissote, Prince Caleb was seated in a private room while enjoying a cup of aromatic coffee.

A moment later, a masculine voice was heard saying above his head, "Nice to meet you again, Prince Caleb."

Prince Caleb put down the coffee and was ready to rise from the chair to greet the person. However, the moment he lifted his head and made out the person's face, his smile faded.

"Why are you here, Mr. Alexander? My guest will be arriving at any moment, so I'm worried I do not have time to have a chat with you." Prince Caleb intended to dismiss him.

After what Margaret had done previously, the relationship between them had become awkward. More importantly, Prince Caleb had stopped hiding his hostility toward the designers from Cittadel, so he refused to come into contact with the Griffith Family again.

Instead of getting furious, Alexander put on a smile. "Are you waiting for the designer you met online?"

"How do you know that?" Prince Caleb became nervous. "What did you do to him?"

"Isn't that person right in front of you?" Alexander asked with a smile.

"Are you messing with me?" Prince Caleb roared, evidently enraged. "You know nothing about design."

Alexander directly fished out his phone and showed him their chat history on the internet from the day before.

Seeing that, Prince Caleb became infuriated and pushed his hand away. "Dang it! How dare you mess with me, Alexander?! Do you think I do not have a way to deal with you in Cittadel?"

"Please calm down, Prince Caleb. I don't intend to mess with you. I just want to tell you that as the person you've selected, I've only been studying design for several years, and countless designers in Cittadel are more talented than me. Moreover, the history of fashion design in Cittadel dates back thousands of years ago. It has a much longer history than that

in Yveltalia. It's unlikely that your country can defeat us when it comes to fashion design," Alexander said calmly.

"Do you think you're smart?" Prince Caleb dismissed what the other man had just said.

"I wouldn't say I'm smart," Alexander replied humbly. "I just want you to get the facts right as soon as possible and stop wasting time on something unrealistic. After all, we both hope that we'll fight for even more benefits for the citizens of the two countries. There's no room for vested interests here."

"Are you lecturing me now?" Prince Caleb snapped. "If everyone thinks they're very smart just like you, I won't use their design even if it's good. You're too proud, Alexander, and I don't like it."

He rose from the chair and stared at Alexander with a dispassionate expression. "This is the first as well as the last time. If you dare do such a rude thing to me again, I'll immediately contact the Department of Commerce and tell them to revoke your company's right to take part in the competition. Behave yourself."

After he finished speaking, he immediately left the place.

Certainly, he was aware that Alexander was a bright person, but he also knew he wouldn't be able to manipulate such a talented individual.

Rather than a professional designer, he wanted a puppet he could control to be in charge of this project—that person could never be Alexander.

Right after Prince Caleb left the place, Alexander received a call from his assistant.

"Something serious has happened, Mr. Griffith. A group has gathered at our headquarters claiming they have to do a routine inspection. Now, we're unable to run the company."

"Got it. I'll go back now."

The moment Alexander hung up the call, he received a call from Raffle.

"How is it going, President Griffith? I heard that the authorities have taken action. Are you alright?" Raffle asked with feint concern.

"You called at the right time," Alexander replied impassively.

"Well, this can't be helped. You're in charge of an important project that I'm handling. I care about outstanding entrepreneurs like you. Now that the authorities are in your company, it must have a huge impact on you. Have you come up with a solution, President Griffith?"

"Haven't you called to give me the solution?" Alexander went straight to the point.

"Haha. I love how straightforward you are. Yes, I do have a solution, but first of all, you have to hand in the proposal as promised. When the higher-ups understand that you're a talented person, it'll be easier for me to smooth things over. Don't you agree?"

Alexander didn't reply to him at once. He stood there in silence and fell into his thoughts.

Businessmen were most afraid of authorities coming to knock on their doors. Now that Alexander's company was under the authorities' inspection, it was obvious that Raffle was the mastermind behind it. He was trying to mount pressure on Alexander and force him to hand in the proposal.

However, it was no different from exposing the work for the competition if Alexander gave him the proposal now. If Raffle and Wendy joined forces and did anything shady, his effort throughout this while would go to waste.

After pondering on it for a moment, Alexander decided to do something drastic.

He directly hung up on Raffle and called his assistant. "Just cooperate with the authorities. Also, tell the employees who are not affected by the inspection to stop working right now. They'll be given paid leave."

Cooler Girl in Town Chapter 911

Chapter 911 There's Nothing to Talk About Between Us

An hour later, the phones were ringing off the hook in various departments. Since Smith Co. had stopped its operations, many other industries had been affected as well. Everyone had become less efficient and even the stock market plunged, causing huge losses in Cittadel's entire economy.

Several common workers were implicated all of a sudden, which caused a series of serious road accidents. At that moment, the entire Cittadel had descended into chaos.

Meanwhile, Raffle was seated in a chair with his eyes closed. As he gently tapped the armrest with his fingers, he waited for Alexander to give in to him. However, before Alexander phoned him, he received a call from his higher-up.

"What on earth are you doing, Raffle? The world is in chaos, and you're still hiding in the Department of Commerce! I'll give you one hour to settle the issues with Smith Co. If you can't do that, you'll be replaced by someone else!"

Raffle was taken to task, and before he could respond, the other side hung up on him. He had been working diligently for the past few decades, but it was his first time being reprimanded by his higher-up. After telling someone to look into the matter, he picked up his coat and left his office.

He got into his car, looked at his wrinkled face through the rear mirror, and became deluged with a sense of etherealism.

He had been working for far too long, and it was to the point where he had lost sense of what he really wanted to do. Soon, he regained his rationality and clearly understood that he didn't have a choice.

He was on the same boat as Wendy and the others, so there were only two eventualities for him; he would either keep walking down the same path or die on the way.

Thirty minutes had passed, but he still couldn't find out Alexander's whereabouts. Hence, he could only seek help from Wendy.

"Alexander is right in his home. Just look for him directly. Before that, tell your people to do a full inspection on Smith Co.," Wendy ordered.

"I'm worried that he won't resolve the dispute easily." Raffle didn't have the confidence to persuade Alexander. "Since we're from different sides, why would we have to resolve the dispute with him?"

"What do you mean?" "The longer you stall for time with Alexander, the more time we'll have to make some arrangements in the company. Your task is to serve as our cover-up."

"I know what to do." Twenty minutes later, Raffle arrived at the Griffith Residence. He kept persuading Alexander and even tried to enrage him, but the latter still didn't bother sparing him a glance.

Seeing that the other man just wouldn't respond to him, Raffle adjusted his pants and bent his knees in an attempt to kneel.

"Wait a minute," Alexander finally replied to him. He moved his eyes away from the monitor and stared at him with a dispassionate gaze. "There are kids in the house. You'll scare them by doing this."

Raffle could only straighten up and beg for the other man's mercy with his head hung low. "What do you want me to do to let Smith Co. resume its operations?"

"It's not like there's anything I can do about it. It depends on how fast the authorities will finish doing the inspection." Alexander played dumb.

"That can be settled with a phone call. We're both intelligent people, Mr. Griffith, so let's stop beating around the bush. Just tell me the conditions you have," Raffle said.

"I love how frank you are." Alexander shot him a look of approval, then said solemnly, "Honestly, my brother and I don't like anyone bossing us around. If you're swamped with work, you'd better not interfere in his company and the competition this time."

"Apart from this matter, you can bring up other conditions. I'll do my best to fulfill them." Raffle turned him down.

Disturbing Alexander's participation in the designers' competition was the only task assigned to him by the organization, so he could not give in.

"There's nothing to talk about between us, then."

Alexander shifted his attention back to the monitor, and the entire living room was engulfed in a sense of awkward silence.

Meanwhile, Elise was searching for some information in the study on the second floor when a risk alert popped up on her screen. After clicking on it, she realized that someone was trying to break into the company's intranet.

The other party was skillful. In just half a minute, they had broken through three barriers, and they were just two barriers away from getting the company's most confidential files.

Certainly, Elise wouldn't miss such a chance to let her children learn something about anti-hacking, so she quickly beckoned to the little ones. "Come over here, Irvin and Lexi. I'll show you how to do it."

Irvin and Alexia stood beside her and watched attentively.

Only then did Elise start working on dealing with the hacker. In just two minutes, she managed to upgrade the firewall and encrypted all the important data.

"Mommy, this way, the hacker can still break into the intranet." Alexia pointed at the screen where the progress of the other party getting the data was shown. She appeared puzzled.

A successful hacker was supposed to ensure the safety of their computer and stop anyone from breaking into the system.

"They won't succeed," Elise replied. "I've hidden all the confidential files. By letting the person in, we'll see what they want to copy and find out what their intention is. By then, we'll no longer be in a passive position. Do you get it?"

"Can't we settle the issue easily by breaking into the other party's system instead?" Irvin said calmly.

"You have a point!" Elise was elated. She excitedly kissed his chubby face. "You're so smart, Irvin!"

Then, her fingers flew over the keyboard, and as she pressed the 'Enter' button, footage of the hacker's front-facing camera appeared on Elise's monitor.

When she saw Wendy's face, she wasn't surprised one bit. However, upon recalling that Raffle was downstairs, she hurriedly left the room.

When she reached the living room, Alexander and Raffle were still in a deadlock. The atmosphere was rather intense.

She shuffled toward Alexander in light steps and sat down beside him. Then, she leaned close to him and told him about the hacking incident.

At the same time, Raffle received a call from Wendy. "It's done. You can leave now." Raffle's eyes brightened. He kept his phone inside his pocket and became energetic in an instant.

"Alexander, I dare you to keep Smith Co. closed for business. I'll only be punished at most, but from now on, you'll never have any peaceful days again. According to the rules, a designer's work won't be selected for the competition without my permission. There will come a time when you'll be forced to beg me. Just wait and see!"

After threatening Alexander, he turned around and left. Elise arched her brow, then fished out Alexander's phone and connected it to the real-time footage of her computer.

When Alexander saw how conceited Wendy looked, he snorted and turned to look at Elise with a smile. "Amy, why don't we become one?" "Alexander!" Elise was bashful and helpless. "Can you stop being a rascal in broad daylight?"

Alexander appeared innocent. "What I mean is that I want you to teach me your skills. What's on your mind?" Elise was at a loss for words, her face flushing. "Nothing..."