

Cooldest Girl in Town Chapter 903

Chapter 903 No One Walks Out This Door

At Trade Street intersection. The gray sports car slowly came to a stop at the traffic light. Danny's hands rested casually on the steering wheel as he turned to Ariel with adoring eyes.

"You haven't let go of that wedding gown ever since you laid hands on it. You must really like it a lot.

"This is nothing. You wouldn't be interested in this gown at all if my other sister-in-law were here," Danny declared with pride.

Initially, he wanted to ask Elise to design a gown for Ariel, but he was afraid that he might end up causing trouble if he did, so he had no choice but to set his sights on Brendan instead.

As they chatted, Brendan's eyes flickered out onto the street. He noticed the cafe at the corner of the street on his right.

Margaret and Edmond were coming out of the cafe with Raffle. All of them had furtive looks on their faces as if they were plotting something.

Honk!

The ear-piercing honk from the car behind snapped Danny out of his thoughts. He glanced at the traffic light, and by the time he turned to check on the trio again, they were long gone.

Danny drove off. First, he dropped Ariel back at her mother's house before sending a text to Alexander to inform him about what he had seen earlier. Then, he drove back to Griffith Residence. He planned to check on a few things himself.

As soon as he entered the house, he saw Madeline sitting on the couch rubbing her feet. She was wincing in pain but the foot rub seemed to give her relief.

A sea of shopping bags cluttered around the couch, so much so that there was barely any space left to walk.

Danny went over and started teasing, "My dearest Mom, you're getting up in your years, you know? Take it easy when you go shopping. Just get the store to send over anything that catches your eye. You don't need to tire yourself out like that."

Madeline rolled her eyes at him. "You ungrateful little brat. Why did I tire myself out like that, huh? Who do you think it's for? It's all for you! I wouldn't have put myself through all this if it weren't for the sake of getting along with your mother-in-law. I've never had to walk so much in heels in my life! Look, my skin is chafed now. Ouch—"

"You went out with Ariel's mother?" Danny subconsciously lowered his voice.

"Who else could it be?" Madeline stared at her sore heel—she wasn't sure if she should touch it—before grumbling to herself, "Why would she let you marry her daughter if I don't butter her up first to make sure she knows her daughter will be in good hands? What if you fail to get married this time? Don't tell me you plan on spending the rest of your life as a bachelor."

Danny was moved beyond words.

He always thought that his mother would be very harsh toward any woman her sons dated. Who would've known that at the end of the day, she was still the one who always put their best interests first? She was the one who loved them the most.

"Mom," Danny called out solemnly. "Thank you."

"If you really want to thank me, then you better have a happy marriage with Ariel. Don't get any of those silly ideas again!" Madeline reprimanded.

Danny was amused. "Don't worry, Mom. I won't do anything that'll make you fret anymore. I'll take you to your room."

"Oh, you little brat. Look at you finally discovering your sense of decency." Although Madeline appeared as if she didn't care for Danny's response, deep down inside, she was

filled with contentment. As Danny helped her up the stairs, she kept giving him advice. "Remember what your mother tells you, okay? If you want a happy home, the man and the woman must first be good to each other..."

The next day.

A maid started knocking on Elise and Alexander's door bright and early in the morning.

"Mr. Griffith, Mr. Thompson has come. He says he's looking for Mrs. Griffith and won't leave until he sees her!"

The couple had no choice but to march down the stairs weary-eyed to greet their uninvited guest.

"Mr. Thompson." Elise stretched lazily. "You're here early. How can I help you?"

"Good morning, Miss White. I'm here to look for you. Prince Caleb wants to see you, so please come with me." Mack looked positively giddy in a way that tempted others to slap him.

"What for?" Alexander sounded tired, and it was most likely due to the couple's long, strenuous night.

"I'm afraid I'm not at liberty to disclose that for now. Miss White will find out soon enough once she gets there," Mack smirked as he retorted airily. He looked like the cat that caught the canary.

Elise leaned against Alexander and continued scrolling through her phone. She showed no sign of getting up.

"Please wait a moment, Mr. Thompson. I will get changed and come with you," Alexander said.

"That won't be necessary." Mack raised his voice and called out haughtily, "Prince Caleb only wishes to meet with Miss White. You can visit him some other time, Mr. Griffith!"

Alexander's expression darkened and his eyes turned menacing. Even the air around him turned hostile.

However, Mack looked him straight in the eye with full confidence and didn't back down at all, to Alexander's surprise. The air around them became tense.

Just then, Elise's phone buzzed.

She glanced at the screen and saw that she just received a text from Princess Diana. 'You must make sure Mr. Griffith comes with you!'

Elise was silent in thought for a second before she casually passed Alexander her phone and stood up. "So what if the prince wants to see me? I don't want to see him, so I'm not going."

Mack narrowed his eyes and stared at her dangerously. "Prince Caleb and Princess Diana have come from afar. They're honored guests here at Cittadel. It seems to me that your attitude is a little too disrespectful, Miss White."

Alexander finished reading the text and pocketed the phone before standing up and putting his arm around Elise's waist. "So you do know that you're guests, huh? You're in Cittadel and you don't have the right to restrict the freedom of Cittadelians. Anastasia is my loved one. No one gets to walk out this door in one piece after demanding to see her alone without my presence, not even the authorities here in Cittadel!"

Alexander's imposing aura made it clear that he was not to be fought on this. Any form of provocation wouldn't work on him.

After thinking in silence for quite some time, Mack finally gave in. "In that case, please come with us, Mr. Griffith."

Half an hour later, Mack had brought the couple to Prince Caleb and Princess Diana's place.

Prince Caleb and Princess Diana were sitting at the head of the grand hall, while Margaret stood beside Raffle. Her sharp eyes glinted murderously as if she was about to send someone to their death.

Elise sighed in annoyance. Margaret again. Why is she even more irritating than the Whites? She's like dog poop that can't seem to be scraped off the bottom of the shoe.

Elise didn't even have to spend any time guessing. She knew that Margaret was certainly up to no good again.

Sure enough, as soon as Elise and Alexander greeted the royal couple, Raffle and Margaret began their performance.

“Mr. Griffith and Miss White, as this is a matter of great importance, please overlook the fact that I didn’t inform you in advance.” Raffle stood aside to let Margaret take the stage. “This morning, Miss Ainsley knelt outside the Department of Commerce to protest against the injustice of the designer selection. After understanding the situation, I realized that I couldn’t make the decision myself, so I brought her here in the hopes that everyone could discuss how we could resolve this matter. Miss Ainsley, go ahead and say whatever it is you have to say in front of Prince Caleb and Princess Diana.”

Raffle was the one who brought Margaret over to lodge a complaint, but the sly fox was here acting as if he was merely doing what was right.

Cooler Girl in Town Chapter 904

Chapter 904 Strategic Retreat

Alexander and Elise smirked at each other, but they didn’t disrupt the show just yet. Instead, they had all the patience in the world as they chose the best seats for the show.

“I have something to report, Your Highness. I wish to report Anastasia White and Alexander Griffith for their private dealings. They engaged in nepotism and ignored the rules of the designer selection by including Anastasia in the list of candidates even though she doesn’t have any design experience at all. They’re trying to rig the results of the selection!”

Margaret knelt on the floor and wagged her finger at Anastasia as she vented furiously as if she was doing the world a great favor by exposing a heinous crime.

“How absurd!” Princess Diana huffed. “A designer is judged based on their talent, not their experience. Prince Caleb and I have both seen Miss Anastasia’s designs. Although they’re not necessarily the world’s most jaw-dropping designs, they certainly are good enough to allow her to join the selection. So what if the rules are bent a little for her?”

As Princess Diana spoke, she gave Elise a look of reassurance, letting Elise know that she was on her side and that Elise didn’t have to panic.

Elise nodded lightly in gratitude.

"Your Highness, does this mean that as long as a person is talented, it doesn't matter how terrible her character is and how dishonorable her actions are? Can a person like that be in charge of a brand that represents both Yveltalia and Cittadel?" Margaret cried out in deep anguish.

"What do you mean?" Prince Caleb asked sternly.

"Anastasia White." Margaret pointed at Elise. "The woman who's sitting beside Alexander right now is a despicable woman who is heartless, cruel, and has no sense of decency, not even toward her own family!"

"A few years ago, she selfishly stole her own younger sister's boyfriend and even got pregnant out of wedlock without knowing who the father is. And now, she's living out her life of luxury while her parents beg on the streets without a home to stay in. If a person as materialistic, selfish, and immoral as her becomes an international designer, what kind of an example would she be setting for the younger generation? Your Highnesses, have you considered just how serious the consequences would be?"

"Why should I believe you?" Prince Caleb calmly asked on purpose so that Margaret could continue.

"I have proof!" Margaret was still kneeling on the floor. "And if that's not enough, I can bring Anastasia's parents over and provide videos of them begging on the streets. Anastasia and I have been friends for over a decade. I have no reason to slander her. I wouldn't have taken the risk to complain about her at the Department of Commerce if she hadn't gone too far. I really don't want to see her setting a bad example for the future generation!"

Raffle passed over the information he had prepared from the start. "The video that Miss Ainsley is referring to is on this tablet. You can take a look, Your Highness."

Alexander, who had been silent all this while, couldn't resist remarking sarcastically, "You're so well-prepared, Secretary Raffle. Look at you giving so much attention to my fiancée's matters despite all the work you have on hand. I feel so bad for troubling you."

"Please don't misunderstand, Mr. Griffith. I prioritize all matters, regardless of who it involves. This is no ordinary matter. It'd also be in your best interest to resolve it as soon as possible," Raffle declared as the staunch defender of justice.

"So I should be thanking you, huh?" Alexander cocked his eyebrows as his eyes flashed coldly.

Raffle surreptitiously averted his eyes to avoid Alexander's piercing gaze.

After watching the video, Prince Caleb let out a heavy sigh. "What do you wish to say, Miss White?"

Princess Diana kept eyeing Elise as well. Defend yourself, Anastasia!

Elise's gaze swept across the room before she said coolly, "I will voluntarily withdraw from the designer selection."

"So you're admitting that everything Margaret said about you is true!" Mack couldn't wait to affirm her guilt.

Elise's sharp gaze landed on him for the briefest moment before flitting away. She looked straight ahead and announced loudly, "On the contrary, I'm withdrawing for the sake of maintaining the fairness and justice of the rules."

"Prince Caleb and Princess Diana agreed to let me join the selection because of the children, and out of courtesy too. I never thought it'd invite so much dissatisfaction from others. The designer selection is something that'll benefit both countries. I don't wish to be the reason why it's held up. I'm not withdrawing from the selection because of a guilty conscience. Instead, I'm doing so because it's the quickest and most efficient way to resolve this matter. My priority is to do what's best for both nations' citizens."

"Don't try to weasel your way out with those ridiculous claims! What do you mean for the sake of the citizens? You're just using that as an excuse to hide your selfish, despicable, and immoral ways!" Margaret fired back.

Elise looked Margaret straight in the eye without any fear. "So what if I'm a selfish and immoral person? Who has the right to point fingers at my life if I'm not part of the selection?"

While speaking, she made her way over to Margaret. By the time she finished speaking, she was mere inches away from Margaret.

Margaret gulped subconsciously due to Elise's domineering presence.

However, Margaret soon snapped out of it, and her expression hardened with hostility once more.

She had gone so far as to lodge a complaint in front of Prince Caleb and openly stand against Alexander. She wasn't going to let Anastasia continue proving how worthy of awe her life was.

Margaret wanted to drag Anastasia down with her. She wanted Anastasia and all of Anastasia's descendants to live an average life just like she herself had. She wanted them to be lowly citizens who couldn't escape from their mundane life no matter how hard they tried!

She had nothing left. She had to make sure that Anastasia fell into the gutter with her!

"Your Highness, Secretary Raffle, you heard what Anastasia said. She admitted to being a b*tch. A woman like her deserves to be mocked by all of society! She shouldn't be allowed to be a public figure! Hurry up and do something!" Margaret was so beside herself with impatience that she forgot all about who she was.

Prince Caleb sensed the commanding tone in her voice and eyed her sharply.

Margaret felt shivers down her spine. She fell silent at once.

At last, Prince Caleb slowly started hinting, "Mr. Griffith, as the foremost entrepreneur in Cittadel, you have the highest chance of becoming the representative of this brand. Both nations will be watching everything you say or do. It's better for you to be more selective when it comes to the woman you keep beside you. Love should go both ways. Miss White, if you truly love Mr. Griffith, then you should know better than to drag him down at a time like this."

"Are you breaking us up on Alexander's behalf, Your Highness?" Elise snorted. "Let me remind you that this is Cittadel. You don't have the power to do anything you want here."

Prince Caleb's expression darkened as his eyes flashed with rage. "Are you threatening me, Miss White? Are you saying that as Yveltalia's representative for this selection, I don't have the right to look into the corporations who are bidding for the brand?"

“All things go both ways. You’re the one who tried to get involved in my relationship with Alexander. You showed no respect for others, so why are you demanding that others respect you and cooperate with you?”