

Read Chapter 781 of Coolest Girl in Town

Chapter 781

Chapter 781 She Hasn't Coaxed Me

Soon, Brendan made his way to the bar and got himself a glass of champagne, which he guzzled down in one shot. In fact, he immediately caught on to the situation the moment Danny mentioned Alexander's name. Despite their brotherhood, he felt sorry for Elise because it seemed to him that Alexander cheated on her with another lady after she left for three months.

After all, she had many admirers and could have settled with anyone among them, yet she picked Alexander instead. At the thought of that, Brendan felt his anger gnawing at his mind as his abnormal obsession with flawlessness began to take over him.

Deep down, he could never tolerate any unfaithful behavior in a relationship. Although that started as a perfectionism complex at first, that obsession grew even stronger ever since Yuri came back. Therefore, he tended to lose control over himself and let his emotions get the better of him whenever he ran into something like that.

"Mr. Griffith." A lady's voice was heard coming from not far away.

Brendan quickly pulled himself together, but when he saw 'Anastasia', the smile on his face instantly faded away. Elise then walked up to the man and raised her glass to toast him. "Thanks for the help both of you gave me last time. Where is the other Mr. Griffith?"

Brendan looked back in frustration, glaring at the lady emotionlessly. "Are you trying to thank me or my brother? I'm here for work, so why should I bring him along?" Upon hearing that, Elise awkwardly raised her eyebrows because she hadn't heard Brendan's impulsive tone for a while. "Anyway, my brother is already married, and his wife is Elise Sinclair. That's also the same way everyone else in our family feels. So, if I were you, I wouldn't waste my time and energy on any more silly plans, Miss White." Brendan made his point understood intimidatingly.

Elise was amused yet helpless after hearing Brendan's words. Although she was happy deep down that Brendan stood up for her, she hoped that the Griffith Family could forget about her, considering the gravity of the situation. If the Griffith Family can't remember about me at all, I suppose I don't have to be concerned about the Boyle Family and those unseen forces backing them in the shadows. As much as Elise was aware of her responsibilities, she knew there was no way she could rush the process. "You're getting the wrong idea, Mr. Griffith." Elise patiently tried to continue smiling. "I was just about to

recommend someone to work for you out of my admiration for your talent. Nothing else more.”

Brendan put down the empty glass in his hand and took another one full of wine, but when he was about to take a sip, he suddenly paused. “In my line of work, only those with real talents can survive. So, if you’re hoping to pull some strings for someone else right here, I’m afraid you’re going to be disappointed.”

“I know your style, Mr. Griffith. Talent is all that matters to you when it comes to recruiting. So, think of me as the bridge between the two of you. It’s your call whether you’re interested in accepting this person.” Elise didn’t want to irk the man by pushing her luck too far.

As Brendan was not someone unreasonable, he decided to consider Elise’s recommendation and eased up on her. “Give me your contact then.”

After the two of them exchanged name cards, they were interrupted by some noise from the entrance. “Mr. Joslin is back, so aren’t you going to attend to him?” Brendan implied that he didn’t want to be disturbed anymore.

“In that case, I’m going to excuse myself.” Knowing Brendan was someone who liked some peace and solitude, Elise decided to walk away and leave him alone.

On the other hand, Benjamin was sitting on the stage while Benedict, his eldest son, was giving his father his blessings. After that, he had his assistant deliver a sophisticated-looking box to him before he handed it to Benjamin. “Father, I wish you a long life full of happiness and joy.”

“Good.” Benjamin nodded and put down the present. In the meantime, Elise, who was somewhere nearby, saw Benedict and held her skirt hem high, whereupon she scurried toward him.

“Hi, Uncle Benedict.” Elise politely greeted Benedict with a smile, but the man continued to stand there without giving her any response, as if he didn’t hear her at all. A few moments later, he walked away from Elise and Benjamin, leaving them behind but not before saying, “I’m going to get some rest. Please excuse me.”

Noticing Benedict’s reaction, Elise helplessly shifted her gaze to Benjamin for help. “Don’t look at me.” Benjamin tried to steer clear of trouble. “You’re going to have to clean your own mess.”

“Alas! I guess I’m going to have to take this slowly,” Elise said to herself helplessly. After all, she knew Anastasia had made a lot of silly decisions that strained her relationship with her family members. Thus, she understood why Benedict was reluctant to entertain her. I guess I should consider myself grateful for not being chased out of here during

Mr. Joslin's birthday. For that, I should probably stop acting like an annoying fly and leave Benedict alone.

On the other hand, Benedict was sitting on the couch in the estate but didn't see anyone coming even though he had already drunk half of the water in his glass. Out of curiosity, he tiptoed to the balcony and hid behind the curtains, secretly peeking outside, only to realize that Elise didn't come after him. Instead, she was seen happily chatting with Benjamin on the balcony.

Benedict pouted in frustration and turned around, shouting at the kitchen, "Noa! Come here now!"

"Yes, Young Master Benedict. What can I do for you?" A woman in a maid's dress came running, speaking with a peculiar accent.

"Didn't you just say Anastasia apologized to Grandpa? Why didn't she seem to bother me now that I'm back?" Benedict asked with a sour look on his face.

"Yeah." The woman looked at him innocently. "But I don't really know what's going on."

Benedict stroked his chin in a puzzled manner. Is she mad at me because I was too rude? Should I go after her and coax her? Nah! A true man has to uphold his principles! She must apologize to me first, or I won't talk to her. Benedict nodded to himself, but when he saw the woman still staring at him, he dismissed her by waving his hand. "Alright, you've been quite a great 'help', so you may go now."

"Okay!" The lady then scurried away and made herself scarce.

In the meantime, Elise was surrounded by people who wanted to gain her favor when she appeared to be back to talking terms with Benjamin. Thinking Benjamin would be happy to see the place getting crowded, Elise greeted anyone who approached her patiently. As time went by, Elise found herself listening to the conversation between two elderly. However, she suddenly felt someone's wandering hands on her lap. After making sure it was intentional, she swiftly grasped the man's hand and twisted his wrist, whereupon the place was filled with the man's painful scream that drew every guest's attention.

"Ouch! Ouch! Ouch! Please let go of me!" The man had a painful look on his face, seemingly struggling to straighten his body while shouting in agony.

"If I let you go, who am I supposed to hold responsible for this harassment?" Elise intentionally strengthened her grip, putting the man through immense pain.

"Oh, dear. Is there some kind of misunderstanding going on, Mr. Ford? Anyway, this is Anastasia from the Joslin Family, so just admit your mistake." Someone stepped in and tried to defuse the situation.

“What’re you talking about? I haven’t even heard about that at all. Plus, she is not related to the Joslin Family by blood, anyway. Look at what she is doing to me now. I was just joking, but she took it so seriously that she wanted to kill me!”

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Chapter 782

Chapter 782 I Almost Forgot You

The man didn’t seem to think that he was in the wrong, showing no signs of admitting his mistake.

“You’re right. I’m not related to the Joslin Family by blood. Therefore, anything I do will have nothing to do with them.” Elise calmly added, “This is between you and me. You harassed me, so I’m going to cut off your hand for that. Sounds fair, doesn’t it?”

“Please don’t do that, Miss White. Mr. Ford is probably drunk. Don’t stoop to his level and ruin such a wonderful occasion.” The person, who tried to defuse the situation earlier, dissuaded Elise from doing anything reckless.

“That doesn’t justify the harm that you have done to me. Gentlemen, you guys are definitely better than this!” Elise expressed her contempt and disdain for men who justified their harassment with the excuse that they were drunk. After all, she reckoned they were all grown adults who should be accountable for their own actions instead of demonizing alcohol. Come on, gentlemen! Take responsibility for your actions like a man! Don’t talk like this guy is innocent at all. You don’t know what’s going on. Grow up, guys! Stop acting like children because all you do is talk big. Elise’s reply instantly rendered the person speechless.

“I’m going to teach a lesson, lady!” Miguel lost his temper, raising his hand to slap Elise in the face. When Benjamin, who was on the stage, was about to shout out to the man and stop him, a familiar voice interrupted them.

“Stop!” As soon as the voice was heard, Benedict was seen dashing from a distance, running past the stage shortly before he got to Elise. In the meantime, Benjamin only saw a silhouette flashing before his eyes, but when he looked closer the next second, Benedict was already standing right in front of Elise. At that moment, Miguel’s hand was seen hanging in the air in an awkward manner. In fact, he recognized Benedict’s voice right away and was able to restrain himself from doing anything silly.

“What do you think you are doing, Mr. Ford?” Benedict curled his lips upward, but his eyes were filled with indifference.

Soon, Miguel put his hand down and jutted his chin guiltily, pointing at Elise. “Mr. Joslin, your niece seems to have a short fuse, doesn’t she? I accidentally just touched her, yet she tried to rip my arm off. Don’t you think she took this a little too far?”

“I see.” Benedict nodded and turned his attention to Elise. “Anastasia, let go of him.”

“Uncle Benedict!” Elise had no intention of letting Miguel off easily.

“Listen to me.” Benedict spoke with a hushed tone, smiling as if he was coaxing a child.

Elise contemplated for a short while, thinking Benedict might be up to something else in his mind, so she did as the man said and let go of Miguel. Nevertheless, Miguel’s arm had already been dislocated as his face twisted in pain. “Ah, Mr. Joslin! You truly need to educate your niece well. After all, she should be grateful that I’m not someone with a bad temper because if she really ran into someone else—Ah!” Before Miguel could finish his sentence, he suddenly felt a leg landing on his chest, whereupon he fell backward on his back. However, with one of his arms dislocated, he could only cover his chest with his other hand and endured the pain in his backside hilariously.

Meanwhile, some of the guests failed to keep a straight face and chuckled audibly, although they quickly hid their amused looks due to concerns about their own decency. In the meantime, it turned out that the person who landed a kick on Miguel was none other than—Benedict. “I was just joking too, Mr. Ford. I hope you wouldn’t mind that, would you?”

Upon seeing that, Elise smiled in amusement. Now, that man finally has a taste of his own medicine. It appears that Anastasia’s uncle is quite an interesting man. On the other hand, Miguel decided that he should hold back no more and stand up for himself. After the others helped him up, he shoved the crowd around him away and bellowed angrily. “I did nothing more than just grazing her skin. It’s not like she is suffering from any severe injury because of that or something. So, was that kick of yours really necessary, Mr. Joslin? Miss White is such a ‘lucky’ little girl.”

“I could say the same for you. My uncle only just kicked you in the chest, and you still seem to be fine. It’s not like you’re losing an arm or a leg because of that. Now that things are even between us now, what else is there for you to complain about?” Elise refuted Miguel’s words.

As soon as Elise finished her sentence, Benedict stretched out his arm right before her, signaling her to step back and remain calm. “She is my only niece, so of course, I’m going to make sure she receives all the love and care I’m giving her. Do you have a problem with that, Mr. Ford?” Benedict faked a smile as he stared at Miguel.

“Hmph! She is nothing but a child, and she is going to marry someone else one day. For that, you might want to calculate every step you’re going to take now so that you

wouldn't lose what matters more to you." Miguel smiled, trying to turn the table and dominate the situation.

"Are you threatening me, Mr. Ford?" Benjamin smiled ambiguously.

"Oh, I wouldn't dare to, but if the Ford Group divests from the Joslin Group, I bet you're going to suffer huge losses, Mr. Joslin. Therefore, I'd advise you to think twice with every decision you make." Miguel held his injured shoulder but was seen with a haughty look on his face. Deep down, he didn't fear Benedict at all, thinking the latter was completely at his mercy.

Benedict smiled and turned around, setting his eyes on the crowd in front of him. "I believe you just heard the man, ladies and gentlemen. Mr. Ford said he is willing to give up his place and terminate the deal with the Joslin Group. In order to avoid all the trouble and hassle of traveling, anyone who is interested in the deal is welcome to approach me for further discussions."

As soon as Miguel heard that, he began to feel panicky. What's Benedict doing? Is he for real?

"Mr. Joslin, you have no idea how long I've been waiting for this opportunity. So, you have to give it to me."

"No. No. No, I spoke to Mr. Joslin about it. First come, first served. So, queue up and wait for your turn!"

"Mr. Joslin, I could transfer the deposit now right away. Please tell your secretary to check the amount."

In order to work with the Joslin Group, the guests did everything they could to secure Miguel's place as Joslin's Group partner.

"Good. Good. Good..." Benjamin raised his hand to calm the crowd down. "I got your message now, so we're going to talk about that later in the guest room." He then turned around, his smile instantly fading away from his face. "Did you see that, Mr. Ford? You're not the only one who wants to work with the Joslin Family, but since you insist, I'll send my assistant over to your company to talk about the details related to the termination of our contract. As for the compensation you're supposed to make for violating the contract, I'm going to forget about that for old times' sake."

"Um..." Miguel was tongue-tied, not expecting Benedict to kick him out of the place over a young lady whom he thought little of. Upon stammering for a few moments, he thought of the man who helped him defuse the situation earlier and walked up to him. He then whispered to him and shoved him closer to Benedict.

“Mr. Joslin.” The man smiled reluctantly as he tried to ingratiate himself with Benedict. “Please let Mr. Ford off this time. I will make sure he apologizes to Miss White.”

Benedict curled his lips upward and smiled sinisterly. “Oh yeah, I nearly forgot about you. Since you like to flatter others so much, you should join Mr. Ford this time. From now on, your company is no longer a partner of the Joslin Group.”

“Ah!” Frightened, that man begged Benedict with a shaking voice. “Please don’t do that, Mr. Joslin. I’m innocent. Listen to me, Mr. Joslin. I—”

Benedict impatiently shook off his hand. “What a nuisance! If you don’t stop what you’re doing now, I’m going to have to do a lot worse than just terminating our deal!” As soon as he finished his words, he walked away from the crowd charmingly.

“Uncle Benedict!” Elise caught up to the man and followed right beside him. “Thanks for saving me back there!”