

Coollest Girl in Town Chapter 888

Chapter 888 Oftentimes, Personality Is More Important

Elise felt that he was being too pushy and asked sternly, "Let me ask you this. Who's the reason why things have come to this? Would this have happened if you had kept your word? You didn't do what you should've done in the first place, so why do you expect others to tolerate your mistake?"

Irvin looked a little shamefaced, but he stood by his reasoning. "It's been several days since we agreed that he could get a dessert as a reward if he finished his workbook, and we shouldn't be holding to the same old standard. People should constantly strive to do better instead of holding to the lowest passable standard and feeling good about themselves when they have achieved it. I'm only doing this for his own good."

"But... you didn't tell me about this beforehand." Chubs was so aggrieved that his eyes were red.

"That's because you don't hold yourself to any form of expectations. Didn't you notice that Specky has progressed twice as much as you have? You have eyes, too, you know." Irvin was a little furious and didn't hold back with his sharp remark.

Chubs had nothing to say. He slowly lowered his head as the situation became a stalemate.

After giving it some thought, Elise decided to be the mediator. "None of you is in the wrong. Why don't I decide how we can resolve this?"

Neither one of the boys answered.

"I'll take your silence as your agreement, then." She decided with a smile. "Alright, here's what I think. Chubs has just completed the first stage, so he gets to have a dessert as a reward. From now on, it's time for him to begin the next stage of his learning progress. If he finishes the task within the time Irvin has set, he gets another dessert as a reward!

"However, he won't get the reward if he fails to finish the task, and Irvin will make adjustments to the tasks as well. Chubs will get a reward each time he meets expectations and a small punishment if he doesn't. Either way, from now on, the process must be fair and transparent. You need to discuss things calmly instead of fighting. Understood?"

Chubs nodded eagerly. "Understood!"

"What about you, Irvin?" Elise made a funny face in the hopes that Irvin would give in.

However, he turned away in a huff. While he neither agreed nor objected, it was clear from his body language that he wasn't satisfied with the outcome at all.

"I'll take Chubs down for his reward then, yeah?"

Elise tested the waters by standing up, and after noting Irvin's lack of response, she took Chubs downstairs.

Once they disappeared down the stairs, Alexander spoke up. "Are you dissatisfied with the way Mommy has resolved this?"

Irvin stubbornly looked off into the distance without denying it.

"Do you think Mommy's favoring an outsider?" Alexander raised his voice and took on a more severe tone. "Answer me."

"Well, isn't she?" Irvin replied exasperatedly.

"It seems to me that you don't think you've done anything wrong," Alexander remarked coolly.

"What did I do wrong? It's not my fault he's not very intelligent." Irvin glared at Alexander in discontent.

"But you already knew he wasn't very intelligent when you met him. You're the one who chose to be friends with him, so you're also responsible for not doing a good job of teaching him. Being someone who is capable isn't the only requirement to become a great person; you also need to have the courage to take on responsibility instead of pushing it onto others. Doing that will only hinder how far you can go in life." Alexander gave his true, earnest advice.

Irvin let out a sigh. "But he's too dumb. Am I supposed to waste so much time on him every day?"

Alexander crouched down and placed a hand on Irvin's shoulder. He looked his son straight in the eye and said, "You have to know that people aren't required to be intelligent before they can have friends. Oftentimes, a person's character is far more important than the number of mathematical questions he can solve."

Irvin became thoughtful after hearing that, and after a long while, he bowed to Alexander. "I think I know where I went wrong."

With that, he turned back to his study with a solemn expression.

Half an hour later, the door to the study creaked open slowly.

Chubs stuck his head in and peered into the room. When he saw that Irvin was standing on the balcony with his back to everyone, he opened the door just a little bit wider so that he could squeeze in. Then, he bent down and tiptoed toward his desk.

Specky spotted Chubs and was about to greet him, but Chubs shushed him.

Chubs wiped the sweat off his brow as he glared at Specky in vexation. Are you trying to get me into trouble?!

After finally making it to his desk, he was about to pull the chair out when Irvin turned around all of a sudden. The two boys looked straight at each other.

“Hehe.” Chubs chuckled sheepishly before apologizing, “I’m sorry, Irvin. I played with Lexi for a bit before coming over. As for the cake, I only ate one slice. Just one! I didn’t eat more than that!”

Irvin quietly stared at Chubs. He had a serious, complicated look in his eyes that made him look like a grown-up instead of a young boy.

Chubs noticed the awkward atmosphere. He started sweating again as he averted his eyes guiltily.

At long last, Irvin’s boyish, decisive voice rang out. “Look at me, Chubs.”

Chubs gulped and mustered the courage to look at Irvin. He was trembling a little, and his hands fidgeted beside him.

It had been the same ever since the day he met Irvin. Although they were the same age, whenever Irvin became serious, the aura that emanated from him would make Chubs feel compelled to submit to him.

“As the saying goes, birds of a feather flock together. In order to be friends, we need to be like-minded people who have the same interests and values. That’s how we can form a lifelong friendship without ever turning away from each other. I don’t like being complacent. I will always strive to do my absolute best in every situation, and I expect the people around me to be the same so that we can get along easily.

“Being my friend means that every day will become even harder than the day before. You can leave now if that scares you. We’ll still be friends, but I won’t force you to do anything you don’t like.”

Irvin finished and stood there calmly to wait for Chubs’ response.

Chubs scratched his head and thought about it for ages before trying to negotiate. “Can I... I mean, can you make adjustments to the task once a week instead? Make it fewer and further between?”

Irvin sighed in disappointment. Although this wasn't the answer he wanted to hear, he had to act as if he wasn't affected by it. "Sure. Anyway, you can go home now."

He doesn't need to work hard anyway. I expected too much from him. Chubs' eyes lit up. Is he making it up to me? Is he letting me go home early because of our fight today?

"Okay."

Despite feeling overjoyed, Chubs didn't dare to let his happiness show. He got his bag and walked out the door as told.

However, he started singing cheerfully once he walked out the main door.

He had no idea that as a result of his lack of discernment, Irvin, who was still upstairs, endured the pain of having a friend walk out on him for the first time.

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Wendy led Prince Caleb and Princess Diana to a Victorian-style building.

The hall was grand and brightly lit. Everything was already set up, and once they took their seats, the models began coming down the runway to start the fashion show of clothing that was yet revealed to the public.

Every single article of clothing the models were wearing was the proudest creation recently designed by the renowned designers that Wendy had found. Tens of the latest trends and ideas from the top designers in the world all gathered together on the stage in a series of bold, dazzling clashes.

However, the wondrous feast for the eyes did not seem to pique the royal couple's interests. Their expressions remained lackluster throughout.

In fact, by the time the last model finished her walk, the look on Princess Diana's face was the most scathing it could possibly be.

As soon as the music stopped, Prince Caleb rose from his seat in relief. "Okay. It's over, right? We can leave now, yes?"

Cooler Girl in Town Chapter 889

Chapter 889 Amy's Sick?

"I feel the same way," Princess Diana declared. The royal couple felt as if they had been cheated. The so-called top-notch designs that would astound the world were nothing more than a ploy to trick them.

Wendy was quick-witted enough to know that she had made a blunder. She quickly started apologizing, "I'm so sorry for disappointing you, Your Highnesses. I wanted to prepare a surprise just for you, but I never thought that these designers didn't take it seriously at all. They even tricked me with these designs that aren't even fit to be presented on the runway."

"You don't need to feel bad about it, Miss Jennings. We felt your sincerity. Even though the clothes weren't amazing, they were still good enough to be considered high fashion. Perhaps, it's just us who couldn't enjoy it because of our exacting tastes."

Prince Caleb didn't want to end on a sour note on his first day here, so he decided not to hold it against Wendy.

"I respectfully disagree, Your Highness. It's my fault for not being a good host. There's nothing I can say to defend myself. If it's alright with the two of you, could you tell me what kind of designs you favor? I'll plan an even better fashion show for you later on, and I'm sure it will please you, Your Highnesses." Wendy sounded unquestioningly sincere.

"If I must put it into words, then... The designs must be magical and romantic, full of liveliness and surprise. At the end of the day, the designs must mesmerize the audience," Princess Diana described enthusiastically. She glanced at the models on the stage and frowned. "Either way, I didn't get that feeling from any one of the designs on these models."

It was always hard to describe something as conceptual as feeling, so Princess Diana's response didn't help much at all.

After mulling it over carefully, Wendy finally took a sketch from her assistant and held it out to Princess Diana. "Your Highness, may I know if this design is to your liking?"

The design came from Brendan's atelier. It was a wedding gown that Elise had designed for Faye.

Princess Diana's eyes lit up as soon as she saw the design. "Actually, this is exactly the kind of feeling I'm looking for! Goodness me! If I'd seen this design sooner, I would've worn it at my wedding! And look here. It even has Amy's signature! I've found her at last!"

Wendy finally got the answer she'd been looking for. Elise was Amy, just as she'd suspected.

Well, what a pity that neither Amy nor Elise are still here.

“So, Amy is one of your design representatives, Miss Jennings? What a coincidental twist of fate! This must be the surprise you prepared for us, right?” Princess Diana grabbed Wendy’s hand in excitement like an overjoyed kid.

Wendy chuckled along awkwardly. “Yeah. What a coincidence indeed.”

“Where’s Amy, then? Let’s go and meet her.” Prince Caleb had heard his wife talking about Amy for ages now. He couldn’t wait to meet the designer in person.

For a moment, Wendy didn’t know what to say. She stared blankly at the royal couple for a few seconds before coming up with a flimsy excuse. “Unfortunately, Amy... She’s also sick.”

“How very odd.” Princess Diana looked troubled. “Mr. Griffith’s representative is sick, and now, Amy too?”

It was a somewhat unbelievable excuse. Wendy tried to think of a way to overcome this when her assistant answered on her behalf.

“It’s the flu, Your Highnesses. It’s been going around lately here in Cittadel, and a lot of people have caught it. Please do be careful and avoid getting it, too.”

“I see.” Prince Caleb was innocent enough to believe the lie. “What a pity. Do let us know right away when Amy has recovered. We’d like to see her as soon as possible!”

“I will,” Wendy promised. “I’m sure Amy will recover soon enough. I will tell her that the two of you send her your good wishes, Your Highnesses.”

“Tell Amy the brand’s hers if she’s willing to participate in the selection!” Princess Diana declared excitedly.

“Yes, I will definitely pass your message along!”

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It was Sunday again.

Alexander brought Elise with him to an artisanal cafe that belonged to his company to meet Mack, Prince Caleb’s bodyguard.

Mack was already there when they arrived.

“Sorry to have kept you waiting.” Alexander went forward to greet Mack.

Mack stood up to greet back. “It’s alright. Please, take a seat.”

Seeing that Alexander brought a woman with him, Mack couldn't resist asking, "Who's this?"

"The future Mrs. Griffith." Alexander wrapped his arm around Elise's shoulder in a public display of affection.

"Oh. Well, the two of you look good together." Mack chuckled.

He knew that rich men in Cittadel loved fooling around with women. The rumors had spread to Yveltalia as well, so he didn't believe that this woman was truly going to be Alexander's wife. He simply said a few words out of courtesy.

"Thank you," Elise replied with a faint smile before pulling her makeup out of her purse to fulfill her role as an airheaded female companion.

Mack eyed her perceptively. Now, he was even more convinced that she was just an airhead whose only job was to look pretty and began to regard her derisively.

"Did you ask to meet me because you have something you wish to say, Mr. Thompson?" Alexander drew Mack's attention back to him.

"Oh, yeah. That's right. I wanted to talk business with you, but..." Mack paused and hinted that Elise shouldn't be listening in on what he was about to say.

However, Alexander had no intention of chasing her away. "It's fine. My woman listens to me. You can say anything you want, Mr. Thompson. I can guarantee that no one else apart from the three of us will know about it."

Since Alexander gave his word, Mack leaned back into the couch and crossed his legs carelessly.

"I won't beat around the bush, then. I can help you win the bid for the brand collaboration between the two countries, Mr. Griffith. It'll save you a lot of effort if you choose to work with me."

Alexander took a sip of coffee with a faint smile before commenting slowly, "Tell me what your terms are, Mr. Thompson."

"So, you're a straightforward man too, Mr. Griffith. I'll be frank, then. I want half of the profits from the brand, but of course, it won't be all for me. I'd need to grease the palm of quite a few people back in my country to ensure that the deal goes off without a hitch," Mack explained in all seriousness.

Alexander swirled the coffee in his cup with an indifferent expression on his face. "Half the profits, huh? Are the people at Smith Co. supposed to go unpaid, then?"

“You shouldn’t be saying such a silly thing when you’re the top businessman here in Cittadel, Mr. Griffith. You can always fudge the numbers reported to finance on both sides and increase retail prices. Won’t you be making enough then?” Mack flexed his knuckles and tapped the table with a sly smile.

Alexander set his cup down and looked at Mack with a grim expression. “The brand was conceptualized as one that would benefit both nation’s citizens. How many of them would be able to afford the products if we do what you suggest, Mr. Thompson?”

Mack’s smile froze, and his eyes flashed dangerously. “Are you trying to talk about business ethics, Mr. Griffith? Can you swear on your life that you’ve accomplished everything you have without ever resorting to any trickery? Benefiting the citizens? You and I both know that’s just all talk. Don’t tell me that a fashion brand can change the citizens’ lives. What a joke!”