

Cooldest Girl in Town Chapter 890

Chapter 890 Couldn't Come to an Agreement

Sensing that things were becoming a little tense, Elise cut in sharply. "Here in Cittadel, we have a saying that goes, every mile starts with a single step. The more unlikely and hopeless something seems, the more we need people to bear the responsibility of taking up the challenge. If everyone avoids doing it because it seems unreachable, then the citizens will be filled with resentment. How will there be peace in the country?"

Mack's eyes flickered. He didn't respond right away, but he seemed to be considering the validity of Elise's statement. After a brief pause, a smile returned to his face as if nothing had happened. Flattery rolled off his tongue with great ease. "I'm moved by how patriotic the two of you are. You know, I often show the most admiration for people who have a heart for society.

How about this? I will only take 40% of the profits. The two of you can use the remaining 10% on my behalf for charity. What do you think?"

"That works," Alexander started with a smile, but his words took a vastly different turn before Mack could start celebrating. "If Smith Co. takes charge of the brand, I will personally decide to give you 10% of the profits so that you can report to those back home."

Mack's smile vanished as his eyes filled with hostility once more. "10%?! You must be kidding, Mr. Griffith!"

"You're the one who started the joke," Alexander replied, unphased.

Mack straightened up as he fumed with a threatening air. "I had to overcome all sorts of objections before most of the decision-makers back at Yveltalia were willing to relinquish control of the brand. Is this how you repay me, Mr. Griffith? 10%? How am I supposed to go back with such a measly amount of money?! How outrageous!"

Slam!

He smashed his hand on the table, and the servers standing further back all jumped in alarm.

They heard that those in the upper class cared a lot about their conduct in public, so they never expected such a bad-tempered customer today. All at once, they started reminding themselves to be even more cautious when serving him.

Alexander glanced at the table before looking up at Mack and commenting airily, "Everyone knows this is a very profitable venture. Why would you be willing to hand over the brand to someone else if Yveltalia could handle the brand themselves, Mr.

Thompson? You only chose to do so because you're aware there aren't any suitable talents among the designers in Yveltalia. The brand will undoubtedly fall into the hands of the Cittadelians, but here you are, trying to use something that belongs to the Cittadelians to curry favor with your people back home. Clearly, you're a lot shrewder when it comes to business than I am."

Feeling somewhat humiliated that Alexander had seen right through him, Mack stubbornly retorted, "Yes, Cittadelians are most likely going to win the bid, but it doesn't mean you'll get to enjoy it all yourself! I doubt it'd be that easy for you to have the whole pie to yourself if I don't put in a good word for you in front of the Prince and Princess so that you get their support!"

"Well, we don't like it when things are too easy anyway," Elise commented mysteriously. "When it comes to business, we Cittadelians care about sincerity the most. We don't work with those who aren't sincere. If you wish to work with other Cittadelians in the future, Mr. Thompson, it'd be best if you're prepared to be honest."

"I don't need a woman like you to tell me how I should communicate with others." Mack didn't bother to listen to her. "You can be pleased with yourselves now, but you won't be for long. You're not my only choice. Soon, you'll find out that rejecting me was a terrible decision!"

Pissing him off wasn't the couple's ultimate goal. Alexander and Elise started changing their tune once they saw that Mack was furious.

"Truth be told, I do wish to work with you, Mr. Thompson. It'd be great if you're willing to show us a little more consideration and accept the cut of the profits that I offered earlier." Alexander pretended to try and make an appeal. He tugged on Elise's dress under the table.

Elise got the hint at once and played along with him. "That's right, Mr. Thompson. Smith Co. is the front-runner among all those in the running here in Cittadel. Working with us is your best choice. Why don't you just agree to it now? You can think of it as making a friend."

"Letting the two of you do charity at my expense? I'm afraid that's not a friendship I can accept!"

Mack rejected them outright and marched out of the cafe.

"Don't go, Mr. Thompson! We can still discuss the terms if you're not satisfied. How about 15%? Or a fifth? Even 25% is alright!"

Elise pretended to go after him, but Mack paid no heed to her.

Once he was out of the cafe, Elise grinned and turned to Alexander. She shrugged her shoulders and lamented, "Oh, my. We couldn't come to an agreement. What should we do now?"

Alexander got up and pulled her into his arms. "Isn't that exactly what you wanted, Mrs. Griffith?"

She ran her finger along his chin playfully. "Likewise."

From now on, in Mack's eyes, the two of them were cunning businesspeople who wanted to have their cake and eat it too.

...

It was evening, and Brendan arrived home with a few exquisite gift bags in his hands.

As soon as he walked into the house, he saw Wendy sitting on the couch in the living room with her assistants spread out all over. Yuri was sitting stiffly beside Wendy and started giving him pointed looks as soon as she saw him.

No one would show up just like that for no reason. Brendan knew that Wendy was here with ill intentions.

"You didn't beat me up enough the last time, so you're back to do it again?" He glared at Wendy.

"You don't need to be so hostile. My people went too far last time, so I'm here to apologize and see how you're recovering." Wendy pretended to express her concern.

"Stop beating around the bush. Just tell me what you want." Brendan didn't want to waste time dealing with her.

"Sure enough, the men of the Griffiths are all pretty smart. Well, I'll get to it then. Before the selection process officially begins, you need to find a few of Amy's one-of-a-kind designs and make some changes to them to make them better, and then give them to me so that I can get your name out there in front of Prince Caleb and Princess Diana," she said.

"I'm willing to come up with a few new designs, but I won't plagiarize someone else's work. How's that any different from stealing? I won't do it." Brendan abided by his professional ethics.

Wendy wasn't affected by his claims. Her haughty gaze slowly flickered downward until it landed on the bags in his hands. "Such exquisite gift bags. One look and I can tell that you must've chosen some things for the baby. A baby with your and Miss Fox's DNA

would surely be adorable. You wouldn't want the baby to lose his or her life before they even get to see the world, right?"

Children would always be their parents' weakness.

However, the one that Brendan truly cared about was Yuri. He only cared about the baby because the baby was hers.

Wendy didn't know that, and he wasn't planning on enlightening her, so he played along.

He balled his fists and clenched his jaw, acting as if he were infuriated. "If you do anything to Yuri or the baby, I'll make sure you'll never get what you want, even if it means taking my own life!"

Wendy stood up and scoffed derisively. "I know you're not afraid of dying, but I wonder if you're afraid of seeing them die in front of you."

Coolest Girl in Town Chapter 891

Chapter 891 Obstacles to Success

Brendan felt as if all the rage in him had instantly disintegrated. Yet, he was still filled with hatred as he clenched his fists so hard that his knuckles cracked in response to the force of his muscles.

"That's right. That's the expression I'm looking for," Wendy uttered with a pleased look on her face. "Rage is the primary driver for creativity and destruction. You can do it. Is one week enough?"

He lowered his head in denial. "It requires some skill and time to imitate someone else's work, not to mention that Prince Caleb and Princess Diana are experienced individuals—they have high standards. One week is way too short. Are you trying to make me come up with some horrendous designs so that I make a fool out of myself?"

"Ten days, then," she insisted with finality. "I'll be waiting for your good news."

With that, she led her people out of the room.

Yuri followed behind and shut the door before locking it from the inside. She then jogged back and apologized to Brendan, "I'm sorry. You wouldn't have been forced to do these things you don't like if it weren't for me."

"It's fine. This allows us to stall things for a while," he uttered dismissively.

Then, he pulled out a delicate pair of princess shoes from the gift bag. "Look at this! Is it nice? I bought this for our daughter," he said excitedly.

The shoes were glittery, and there were handmade ribbons attached to the straps of the shoes. The tiny yet detailed designs made Yuri fall in love with them instantly.

"It's gorgeous." The worry in Yuri's eyes disappeared as she happily took the shoes into her hands to look at them.

After a while, she seemed to recall something.

"What if it's a boy?" She turned and looked at Brendan in puzzlement.

"We can buy another pair of shoes once the child is born." He was still grinning as he put the shoes away. "Anyway, I hope it's a girl. Better yet, one looks just like you. That way, I'd have two precious princesses in the house."

Yuri eyed him speechlessly.

...

Monday came in the blink of an eye. Specky arrived at the Griffith Residence after class was over. He was in the midst of an educational game when he started sighing.

"What is it? Is it too hard?" Irvin figured that his friend might not have adapted to the fast pace of the game.

"No, it's fine." Specky turned around to look at Irvin before hanging his head low and throwing his hands up dejectedly. "It just feels like something's missing. Perhaps, things have been too peaceful the past few days."

Chubs was not around, and the room was oddly silent when it was just Specky and Irvin who were present.

Irvin looked at the seat Chubs usually sat thoughtfully. A rather conflicted look surfaced in his eyes before he gathered his emotions and turned to look at Specky with a calmer expression. "We all have to be responsible for our choices. You should focus."

Specky didn't seem to understand what Irvin meant entirely, but he nodded and did as he was told anyway.

"I got it," Specky muttered obediently. He had just turned back to his device when the door was thrown open all of a sudden.

Chubs' round figure made its way into the room.

“Ta-da! My dad bought these chocolates from overseas. Do you guys want some? Yes? No?” He held two boxes of expensive chocolate up as he cried out excitedly.

Both Irvin and Specky couldn’t process the situation when they saw how happy Chubs looked.

Chubs felt rather embarrassed to have his friends staring at him, so he quickly hid his chocolates away as he straightened his back and stood with his legs closed. He looked as if he were being interrogated.

Irvin was the one who broke the silence. “Didn’t you give up? What are you doing here?”

“Give up? I never said that.” Chubs eyed the other boy with an innocent look on his face. “I only mentioned I want to go a little slower, and then you sent me off.”

“You left just because I told you to do so? Do you not have a mind of your own? Also, why weren’t you here for the past two days?” Irvin frowned.

“You’re our leader, so of course, I have to listen to your orders,” Chubs uttered in a matter-of-factly tone. “And it was the weekend; everyone’s on holiday over the weekend. Even my father didn’t go to work.”

It seems like Chubs doesn’t know how to read between the lines. Irvin was speechless. I can’t believe I thought that it was my personality that made it hard for me to keep friends around.

“Have you made a decision?” He sounded rather grumpy. “It’s going to be hard if you choose to stay. Aren’t you worried about that?”

“No.” Chubs shook his head before responding with a straight face, “My dad told me that those who suffer alongside me are the ones who truly care for me. If you’re willing to take in an idiot like me, I’d never complain about a single order you give!”

After that, Irvin was silent for a while. It seems like Daddy is right. I must have misjudged Chubs’ character.

Chubs started to panic when he saw how silent Irvin was. “Are you... Are you tired of me, Irvin?”

Specky hurried over and pulled Chubs in for a pat on the shoulder. “Come on now. I’m not tired of you! I need you around so that someone performs worse than I do!” he joked.

“Nonsense! I’m following close behind you—you’re the one who’s going to be last!” Chubs cried in annoyance.

“You’re the last place; you’re the last. Lalala!” Specky teased.

“I don’t want to hear that word anymore! I’ll crush you!” Chubs replied. Irvin pressed his hand to his forehead helplessly. Is it really necessary to debate who the last and second-last place is? “Shut up! I want you guys back in your seats and start studying now. You guys can only leave after you have done everything on the agenda today!”

With that order, Chubs and Specky let go of each other before speeding off to their seats. They were eager to head home.

When Irvin saw how earnest the two boys were, he couldn’t help but curl his lips into a smile. Then, he returned to his couch and worked on his laptop. About two minutes later, Alexia knocked on the door and entered with a pot of hot tea to replace the one in the room.

Even though she didn’t say anything, both Chubs and Specky found their attention drawn to her. The trio started exchanging playful glances with one another right in front of Irvin.

Since Alexia was the one who started it, he couldn’t do anything but look away and pretend that he didn’t realize anything. However, Alexia took this opportunity to push her boundaries. After a while, she returned to the room with a plate of fruits.

Then, she borrowed the maid’s broom to come in and clean the room. It was obvious that she had no intention of leaving the room after that.

When she saw Chubs’ chocolate on the table, her eyes lit up. “Chocolate? I’ve never tried this brand before...”

“You can have all of it. Hehe!” Chubs offered all of his chocolates with a generous smile.

“Thank you, Chubs!” The smile on Alexia’s face was as sweet as honey. She leaned closer to look at his schoolwork then. “Did the school hand this out to you guys? Why didn’t anyone tell my mom to collect it? This looks rather odd. Do you know how to do it? Is it hard?”

She was like a question generator—she never seemed to run out of questions. Irvin felt as if there were millions of bees buzzing around him the whole time. He couldn’t concentrate on his work because of all the noise.

When Irvin saw that Chubs had lowered his pen and stopped doing his work, Irvin finally put his laptop aside before walking over and grabbing Alexia by her collar. He dragged her downstairs and handed her over to Elise.

“Mom, didn’t I tell you that you and Alexia are not allowed in the room during our study session? The boys and I need our private space to get things done!” Irvin was frustrated.

“Oh, alright.” Elise pouted. “But are you guys not hungry at all?”

“Yeah. Chubs and Specky look pretty hungry to me,” Alexia remarked with all seriousness in her pretty eyes in support of her mother.

Irvin’s expression darkened as he puffed out his cheeks and crossed his hands in front of his chest. He spoke like a lecturer who was angry at his students. “You guys are getting in their way to success!”

“Is that so?” Elise was amused. “Are we also getting in your way, then?” she teased.

“Mom!” he exclaimed. He wasn’t joking at all. Elise hastily apologized when she saw how serious he was. “Okay, okay. I promise not to disturb you guys anymore. Alright?”

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Chapter 892 Perfection is Her Flaw

Irvin nodded before turning to look at Alexia. Elise glanced at her daughter for a while before raising her hand to swear an oath once more. “The same goes for Alexia, too!”

“Yep!” Alexia held her hand up half-heartedly before she tottered over to hold Irvin’s face and kiss him. “You can’t be angry after I’ve kissed you, Irvin. An angry boy is a naughty boy.”

Irvin shook his head before heading upstairs. “I can’t deal with you two!” With his hands behind his back and a slightly hunched posture, he walked up the stairs the way an old man would. Both Elise and Alexia chuckled at the sight of this. After Elise was done laughing, she came up with a new idea. Since we can’t disturb Irvin anymore... “Why don’t we pay Daddy a visit, Alexia?”

“Are you talking about Mr. Griffith? Did he agree to be our daddy?” Alexia grabbed her mother’s arm in excitement. “Yeah, he did.” Elise beamed. “But you’re only allowed to call him Daddy when no one else is around. When there are other people in the room, you have to call him Mr. Griffith. This is our little secret, okay?”

“I got it!” Alexia spun around excitedly. “Yay, I’ve found the best father in the world!”

...

It was late at night when Elise and Alexia came out of the elevator at Smith Co.’s headquarters. Elise had prepared some food for Alexander, and she held her daughter’s

hand as they walked over to the president's office. It was past working hours, so Alexander's assistants had gotten off work, and all the lights had been turned off except the ones that lit up the walkway. When they arrived at the office, they saw Alexander working through the glass window.

The dim lights in the office shone down on a corner of the office table, and Alexander's sharp features were further enhanced by the shadows. He looked especially elegant and classy as he focused on his work, and he even seemed rather sexy because of his messy fringe. Men always look the coolest when they're being all serious, Elise thought to herself.

"He's so handsome!" Elise snapped back into reality when she heard Alexia's excited cries. "Shh!" Elise held her finger to her lips before she pulled her phone out and placed her packed meal aside. She lifted Alexia in her arm before she adjusted her front camera angle so that she could take a selfie with Alexander, who was hard at work, in the background. However, she forgot to keep her phone silent, and Alexander was immediately alerted when he heard the sound of the shutter. "Who's there?" he asked.

"It's me!" Elise replied before she walked into the room with her food in one hand while holding Alexia's hand with the other. Alexander couldn't hide the excitement on his face the moment he saw them. He left his desk and walked over to greet them. "What are you guys doing here?"

Elise shut the door behind her before she presented the meal that she had prepared. "I'm here to deliver some homemade supper, Mr. Griffith." The moment the door was shut, Alexia let go of Elise's hand before running over to the man. "Daddy!"

Alexander felt as if he were on cloud nine when he heard Alexia's sweet voice and felt her warm and tight hug against him. He felt as if his heart had melted, and he couldn't help but curl his lips into a huge smile as he held Alexia up in the air. "Hey, Lexi. Tell me, who taught you to call me by that name?"

"I've wanted to do it for a long time!" she claimed proudly. "Don't worry, Daddy. This is our little secret, and I won't tell anyone else about it. I'll only tell Irvin! Hehe." Alexander ruffled the girl's fluffy hair. He felt a surge of emotions running through him when he finally heard the young girl call him her father. "You're such a good girl, Lexi."

She pressed her head into the man's palm and rubbed against his hand as if she were a kitten. Now that Mr. Griffith is my daddy, it feels rather different even as he's patting me on the head. Alexander couldn't help but feel sorry when he saw the loving look on his daughter's face. "It's really late. You guys shouldn't be out. It's dangerous," he uttered.

"Well, we didn't have a choice. Your son thought we were being too loud, so we had no choice but to switch our focus to someone else. Hey, you're not going to chase us out too, are you?" Elise uttered as she feigned anger.

"I couldn't bear to do such a thing even if I had the guts to," he replied in a sweet tone. Elise beamed at him before she turned to look at the drafts that were on his desk. She held them up in puzzlement. "Why do you have all these clothing designs?" Smith Co. was a finance and management company—there was no reason for its boss to have all these designs on his desk.

"I'm trying to design outfits on my own," Alexander replied honestly.

"Why have you never told me that you know how to do that?" she asked curiously.

"Well, I only started learning a few years ago. Why don't you give me some comments, master?" he teased.

"Well, it doesn't look too bad. It looks a little like something I would design. Wait... This is my design, isn't it?" Elise seemed to have realized something, but she wasn't entirely sure.

"Don't question yourself. This is your design. I simply modified it." Then, Alexander told her all about how Brendan had been forced to imitate her work.

After explaining Brendan's situation, he told Elise about his plan. "So, I'm planning to stick to the arrangement. I figured that I could give them a taste of their own medicine. These are all the design drafts that you left in SK Group, and I figured that I'd be able to use them after modifying them a little. I can't wait to see the look on Wendy's face when these designs are presented on stage."

Elise thought for a moment before an idea popped up in her mind. She picked up a pencil on the desk before she started making some changes to the draft. "This sounds like a huge surprise. Why don't you let me be a part of this?" Alexander didn't stop her. He simply brought Alexia to the couch, where he feasted on all of the food that Elise had prepared.

By the time he was done with his meal, Elise had already completed her first draft. "What do you think?" She handed the draft over to Alexander. "You're one of the globally-recognized designers for a reason. I can't believe how gorgeous this looks now that you've modified your design from ten years ago." Alexander offered all his generous praise before he spoke in a slightly meeker voice. "But... I'm afraid your identity would be exposed if the design is too perfect."

"Hmm, I guess you're right." Elise didn't feel offended by his words. Instead, she glanced at Alexia before urging her to come over. "Come to Mommy, Lexi!"

"Oh! I'm coming!" Alexia tottered over and jumped into Elise's arms. "What is it, Mommy?"

Elise showed Alexia the design that she had just made. “You’re the best, Lexi. Why don’t you help me take a look at this design? This dress seems a little plain. What should we add to make it look better?”

“Hmm...” Alexia dragged her long hum for a while before she noticed the picture of a bunny on the wrapper of some candy she had just eaten. She came to a conclusion immediately. “You can add a bunny! You can add it on the chest, the way the school adds its logo on my uniform!”

“A large bunny, huh? Okay!” Elise agreed to this suggestion without any hesitation.

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About three days later, the Whitney and Griffith Families had arranged for a meeting. They wanted to plan Danny and Ariel’s wedding. Adam and Madeline arrived nearly half an hour earlier in an attempt to show their sincerity. They were worried that Danny would never get himself a wife, so Madeline persistently questioned Ariel during their meeting.

“What does your family do, Ariel? Should we prepare more gifts for our in-laws? Would it be more formal for you guys to try things out at home? Does your family have any superstitions? You need to tell me about them if there are any! You can tell Adam and me if you have any requests. You don’t have to be shy with us! We don’t need much—all we need is to have a daughter-in-law as nice as you!” Madeline uttered, leaving the others rather speechless.