

Cooldest Girl in Town Chapter 893

Chapter 893 Madeline Helping the Enemy

Danny went up to console Madeline. "Oh, my. Just sit and relax. You're acting so anxious that people might think you're the one marrying today."

"Ugh. Just go away and stop babbling nonsense." She rolled her eyes. Following that, he chuckled and continued to ramble on about random topics, which calmed the anxious atmosphere.

Time went by quickly and it was already half an hour later, but Ariel's mother was still nowhere to be seen. Taking a look at his watch, Danny discreetly called for Ariel to meet him outside the private room. "Is everything fine on your mom's side? Why don't you call and ask her?"

That was exactly Ariel's intention, so she immediately phoned her mother. "Mom, where are you?"

"I'm still at the hotel," replied Rebecca Caddel, her mother, in a cold tone.

"Didn't we agree to meet the Griffiths at Gleaming Gold Restaurant? Have you forgotten about that? It doesn't matter. I'm heading over now to bring you there."

While saying so, Ariel was about to hang up when she was stopped by her mother. "You don't have to do that." Rebecca's tone was firm. "I didn't forget about it. To tell you the truth, I have no intention of going!"

"Are you going back on your words? Mom, that would make the others think that we, Whitneys, have no morals." Ariel was feeling defeated.

"Others? You meant the Griffiths, right? The matter between you two hasn't been decided yet, and they're already complaining about us. I think the Griffith Family doesn't have much morality either. Tell them to say whatever they want to my face." Rebecca was still acting insufferably arrogant.

Ariel gave Danny a conflicted look before moving away from him and covering the phone's speaker to express her dissatisfaction to her mom as best as she could.

"You've been urging me to get married to a rich man for so many years. I've finally found such an excellent son-in-law for you, yet you're here putting on airs. I don't understand, Mom. What are you dissatisfied with?"

"What are you trying to say? You haven't even married him, yet you're already taking his side. Suppose you want to put in a good word for the Griffiths that badly, then fine. I'll agree to meet them under two conditions. First, Danny International Finance Corporation must be under your name, and secondly, your child must have our last

name, Whitney. If they don't agree to my conditions, there's no need to meet up for dinner tonight and we can avoid ruining each other's night."

"You're being unreasonable. Who in the world would agree to such an unreasonable—"

Tut. Tut. Tut...

Without giving Ariel a chance to further discuss the matter, Rebecca hung up right after stating her condition.

Meanwhile, Ariel clutched her phone and exhaled a long breath. Throughout her career, she was never afraid of dealing with any sorts of challenging incidents in her field. Yet, the only thing she failed to master was her relationships at home.

"What did Mrs. Whitney say?" asked Danny while leaning in.

She found it hard to tell him, so she kept shaking her head. "Why don't we call off today's dinner?"

"No way." He became anxious and grabbed her hand while asking gently, "You can tell me. What's the matter?"

She was the woman he had thought about marrying for seven years, so how could he let things slip through his fingers at the very last moment?

Following that, Ariel recited her mother's condition to him.

"These conditions..." Seemingly lost in his thoughts, Danny muttered while touching his chin with a complicated expression.

Meanwhile, she mistook his actions as being conflicted and was about to escape the scene. "I told you we should call it off. I'll head inside and apologize to Mr. and Mrs. Griffith."

"Wait!" He pulled her back and joked, "What are you running away for? I didn't say I wouldn't marry you. What's there to apologize about?"

Sighing resignedly, Ariel reasoned, "Though I grew up abroad, I still know about the Cittadelian customs. Mr. and Mrs. Griffith wouldn't allow their grandchildren to have 'Whitney' as their last name."

"It doesn't matter if they agree to it or not. I make the decisions for my son." Danny touched her long, black hair as if he was coaxing a child. "Just listen to me. Pick up Mom and we'll tell her that we agree to her conditions."

“And you’re making a decision without asking your parents? Is this going to work?” While looking toward the door to the private room, the scene of her mother and Madeline arguing with each other appeared in her mind. Then, she suddenly felt inexplicably cold.

“Your husband has his ways. Be good and pick up your mom.” With a confident gaze, Danny patiently coaxed her.

After hesitating for a bit, Ariel was successfully persuaded and left to bring her mother. After all, it was Danny who had previously thought of a way to make Madeline accept her, so she thought it would be the same this time.

Right after she left, Danny ran back into the private room and pulled Madeline into the empty room next door. He then closed the door and began throwing a tantrum for no reason. “Mom, I don’t want to marry Ariel anymore. Women are such troublesome beings!”

Hearing that, Madeline went up and slapped him in the back. “You rascal. What are you talking about?!”

Danny put on an impatient attitude. “There’s no use hitting me because I still won’t change my mind. I heard that in order to be the Whitneys’ son-in-law, the guy must transfer all his assets to their daughter, and their first son must have the last name, Whitney. Don’t you think that’s too much? How can we become in-laws with such a family?”

“Uhm.” Madeline could not quite accept those terms either. “They do sound a little ridiculous. “Money isn’t an issue, but won’t it be embarrassing for the Griffiths if the child has the same last name as their mother?”

“That’s right. What’s more important in this world than our family’s image?” He yelled upon slamming his hand on the table. “I only used seven years to make that company the scale it is now. Although it isn’t difficult to start all over, that’s my first company and I have strong feelings toward it. Moreover, it’s just a wife. It doesn’t matter if I lose her, but to take away my company? In her dreams! And... How can she ask for my kid to have her last name? I just won’t give birth to one, then. I can ask my buddy if we can adopt a child together. Even though that kid isn’t my biological child, at least they would have my last name! Am I right?”

As soon as Madeline heard the word ‘buddy’, she immediately thought of Jamie. Immediately, she dashed over and slapped him on the face. “Hey, stop it! Don’t say that ever again!”

So, this brat has long thought about adopting a child with Jamie and creating a family of their own. If we cancel the marriage with the Whitneys and let Danny marry Jamie, wouldn’t the Griffith Family become the joke of the entire Tissote? No, that can’t

happen. Isn't it just a company and a child's last name? Nowadays, there are many children with their mother's last name. By then, we'll just announce that Danny loves his wife so much that he doesn't want his in-laws to be the last line of the Whitney Family, which is why they chose to arrange for the child to have their last name. Wouldn't that save both families from embarrassment? That's right. Nothing is more terrifying than letting Danny marry a man and bringing him back home!

Sitting down, Madeline tried to persuade her son. "Danny, it's normal to spend some money when it comes to marrying someone. After this, I'll personally take charge of the matter and have Alexander help you out. I'm sure you'll be able to get back on your feet in no time without suffering any losses!"

"Really?" While acting dumbfounded on the outside, Danny was secretly giddy inside.

"Of course. When have I ever lied to you?" Madeline continued, "The last name 'Whitney' sounds good too. I'm sure your child will be grateful that you're so reasonable."

"Mom, why are you always siding with the outsider?"

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Chapter 894 You're The Mosquito!

"You brat. What nonsense are you talking about? We're all about to become a family, so she's not an outsider." Madeline gave Danny another slap on the back.

"Ouch!" With a pained expression, he rubbed his sore spot while complaining, "You weren't like this when Elise married into our family."

That made Madeline speechless. She was silent for a bit before speaking with a heavy heart, "It was my first time being a mother-in-law and I've gone overboard when dealing with many things. If I had known Alexander would turn into such a scumbag, I would've been nicer to Elise back then. Thinking about it now, I feel very sorry for her."

"If she comes back in the future, will you still make things difficult for her?" asked Danny.

"What nonsense are you talking about?" Madeline returned to being serious immediately and pointed at his nose. "I'm telling you, Ariel is a nice woman, so you'd better behave nicely later. Otherwise, I'll—" As she spoke, she made a gesture as if she were about to hit him.

Pretending to dodge humbly, Danny continued to mess with her. "No way. I think we shouldn't let them have what they want!"

Slap! Another slap on the face was delivered by Madeline. “You don’t want to let her have her way, then what? I should let you mess around outside, huh? I’m warning you, Danny Griffith. Besides marrying a woman and having children, you have no other choice in this lifetime!”

I will never agree to you marrying Jamie!

While rubbing his numb face, he smacked his lips in aggravation. “You actually slapped me. Am I not your son?”

Laughing, she responded, “If you marry Ariel, you are my son, but if she runs away, I won’t recognize you as mine anymore.”

“And you say you’re my mother!” Danny pretended to be jealous and snorted. Then, he got up and left the room.

“Where are you going?” she asked.

“To see if your beloved daughter-in-law has successfully picked up her mother!”

“You brat!”

Fifteen minutes later, Ariel helped her mother into the VIP private room and nervously introduced everyone. “Mr. and Mrs. Griffith, this is my mom. Mrs. Whitney, this is Mr. Griffith and Mrs. Griffith.”

“Welcome! Please have a seat!” Madeline warmly welcomed Rebecca. “Oh, right. Hey, manager. You can start serving the dishes now! The traffic must’ve been horrible, hasn’t it? Why don’t I get them to serve a pot of tea? To freshen up a little.”

Initially stunned, Rebecca soon returned a smile and shook her head. “There’s no need for that. Just let them serve the food as usual.”

Knowing that her conditions were unreasonable, she had prepared herself for a verbal fight, but she still felt shocked when she saw the Griffiths being so welcoming.

While waiting for the dishes to be served, Ariel felt as if she was sitting on pins and needles. This was because she knew that Madeline was known for being difficult to deal with while Rebecca was an aggressive person. Therefore, she could not imagine the scene if those two women started quarreling.

Thinking of that, she felt restless until Danny enveloped her hands in his big hands. At that moment, she turned to look in his direction and saw him closing his eyes. She finally calmed down after seeing his reassuring gaze.

Soon, all the dishes were served at the table and Madeline raised her glass. "This first toast goes to our children. I hope they have mutual affinity and a long-lasting relationship."

Once she said that the other three cooperated and raised their glasses, except for Rebecca. Instantly, the atmosphere became awkward.

"Mom," Ariel reminded her. Although she did not agree with this marriage, she should show the guests some respect at the very least. However, she ignored Ariel's words and continued sitting there with an unruly and arrogant expression.

Had this been in the past, Madeline would have flipped the table and left at this point. Since it was her son's fault this time around, she could only hold in her grievances and continue. After holding her glass midair for half a minute, she withdrew her hand with an awkward smile while trying to ease the situation. "Mrs. Whitney, you must've just gotten off the plane and are still feeling jet-lagged. It's alright. Let's start eating so that we can end sooner and let the children send you back to your hotel to rest. We can continue this discussion after you have a good rest."

"There's no need for so much trouble." Rebecca did not show the slightest respect for Madeline and expressed herself clearly, "Doesn't your son want to marry my daughter? Sure, but your son has to transfer all of his assets to my daughter." Once she said that she crossed her hands before her chest and waited for things to get interesting.

However, Madeline did not respond immediately after putting down her glass; instead, she composed herself and suppressed the humiliation she felt before giving a nod. "Alright."

She agreed.

Obviously, her compromise was completely out of Rebecca's expectations, prompting her to freeze as she was at a loss for words for a moment there.

Even Ariel was surprised by Madeline's answer and she stared at Danny while her eyes widened in disbelief. How did he do it?

On the other hand, he proudly raised his chin and one of his eyebrows was raised so high that it seemed like it was almost touching the sky. Aren't I awesome? Admire me, woman!

A long while later, Rebecca finally came back to her senses and straightened up her posture. With one hand on the table, she continued to probe the Griffiths to see how much they could compromise. "The children Danny and Ariel give birth to must also have Whitney as their last name!"

"Sure." Madeline willingly agreed with a smile on her face.

“Pfft. Cough... Cough...” Adam, who was beside her, almost choked on his drink and carefully wiped his hands with a napkin while looking at her with a strange gaze. Is this still my unreasonable wife? When has she become so open-minded? Is this an illusion?

While looking around, Adam pinched the back of Madeline’s hand without her knowledge. “Ouch!” She felt the pain and instantly rolled her eyes. “What are you doing?”

That gave him quite a shock and he quickly shivered. “N-Nothing. It’s just a mosquito...”

“You’re the mosquito!”

After berating her husband, Madeline turned to Rebecca and her voice became gentle and soft. Also, since they had agreed to such a strange request, that naturally left Rebecca at a loss for words.

Clearing her throat, she straightened her body once again before picking up her glass to raise it upon standing up. Then, her cold attitude immediately changed from arrogance to melancholic and gentle.

“Seeing that Mrs. Griffith has agreed to all of my terms, which shows the care and respect your family has for my daughter, I believe that you’ll treat her very well. I’ll finish this glass as my punishment.” Rebecca was quick to down an entire glass of red wine.

Just like that, Danny and Ariel’s wedding was finalized.

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Ten days later, Wendy brought Brendan to the prince and princess’ residence to show them the latest designs. However, Prince Caleb did not look a least bit interested. “If they’re the same work from the designer as last time, I suggest you head home earlier.”

“Your Highness, you’ve misunderstood me. The designer this time around has the same teacher as Amy, so I think you and Your Highnesses will like them.”

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Chapter 895 Brendan Got His Chance Revoked

“Really?” Prince Caleb raised an eyebrow while looking at Brendan, who was behind Wendy. “Is he the one you were talking about? May I know how to address you?”

Taking two steps forward, Brendan greeted, “Your Highness, my name is Brendan Griffith and I’m Amy’s fellow colleague. We’ve been exchanging our knowledge for a while, so I’m sure you’ll both be very pleased with me.”

“Brendan Griffith?” While raising his eyebrows meaningfully, Prince Caleb asked, “Aren’t you the designer representing Mr. Alexander? Why is Miss Jennings the one introducing you to me?”

Meanwhile, Brendan lowered his head and remained silent, allowing Wendy to be the one to answer. “Actually, Mr. Brendan didn’t sign a contract with Alexander, so they don’t have a committed relationship. Mr. Brendan is free to represent anyone, including himself, so there’s no problem with him participating in the selection process.” She provided a very formal answer.

Prince Caleb then smiled as he averted his gaze between Wendy and Brendan. Isn’t this a more delightful way of saying you’re poaching talents from others? “Sure. Let me have a look at your designs, then,” he answered unhurriedly.

Following that, Brendan took out his designs and handed them over respectfully. With his legs crossed, Prince Caleb placed the designs on his lap and flipped through every piece.

Meanwhile, Princess Diana excitedly approached and leaned against him while straining her neck to look at the drawings. However, the longer they looked at the designs, the stranger their expressions became. At one point, Princess Diana even sat up straight.

After looking at the last design, Prince Caleb threw the stack of papers onto the table. He raised his head and looked at Wendy with a face devoid of emotion and a pair of furious eyes. “Miss Jennings, do you think the Princess and I are fools?”

An experienced Wendy was not fazed by his question and maintained her calm expression instead. “I don’t quite understand what you’re talking about, Your Highness.”

“I didn’t mind that you tried to use those trashy outfits to trick me last time, but now, you’re actually publicly plagiarizing Amy’s designs, huh? This is disrespectful to Amy. Did you think the Princess and I wouldn’t notice the difference?”

Prince Caleb was furious as his anger spiked when his gaze fell on Brendan. “And you! Don’t you know what intellectual property is? You’re a disgrace to your fellow fashion designers!”

While narrowing her eyes, Wendy fell into deep thought. It seems like I have indeed underestimated the Yveltalia royalty’s ability to appraise things.

“I’m very sorry, Your Highness. I don’t know anything about plagiarism. It was Mr. Brendan who found me and asked that I find a chance to introduce him to you. My love for talent has blinded my judgment, which is why he had successfully tricked me. If you don’t believe me, you can send out people to investigate this matter. Before today, Brendan and I had never met in private and we never had any interaction with each

other. This matter is obviously staged!" Wendy immediately pretended to be the victim and began blaming others.

Seeming to have guessed that she might throw him under the bus, Brendan pretended that he wanted to defend himself. "That's not true. Your Highnesses. Today's incident was all planned out by Wendy. She—"

"What are you guys standing there for? Get them out of here." Wendy took advantage of the crowd and chased Brendan away from the venue. "Tell the organizing committee that Brendan is suspected of plagiarism, which is misconduct, so his right to compete in today's competition should be revoked!"

Before Brendan had a chance to argue for himself, his mouth was covered by one of Wendy's men as they brought him away.

That way, not only did Wendy manage to keep herself out of this matter, but she also had a reasonable reason to ban Brendan from the competition, which was like breaking one of Alexander's lifelines. Now, she had an even higher chance of winning! Even she was impressed with her own plan of disregarding someone after they served their purpose.

On the other hand, though Prince Caleb was clueless about what they were onto, he had completely lost his patience. "Miss Jennings, I think you've grown soft after getting older, which is why you keep getting used by others. I think you should leave these things to the younger generation. We still have someplace we need to be, so we won't be keeping you here anymore."

Since the order to leave was so obvious, she knew it would not do any good if she continued to stay, so she left with her assistant.

After exiting the guesthouse, Wendy stood by the roadside and took a deep breath. It seems like finding someone to pretend to be Elise is impossible, so I have to find another way.

"Miss Jennings, what are we going to do with Brendan?" the assistant asked.

"Let him go."

Now that Brendan was a useless pawn, Wendy would just let him do whatever he wanted. He would not be able to cause much of a problem anyway.

"Yes, Miss Jennings." With a nod, the assistant immediately took out his phone and relayed the order. Only after he hung up did Wendy descend the stairs while tightly clutching her walking stick.

Before she could leave, Mack came running out of the guesthouse and blocked their path to leave. “Miss Jennings, please wait a moment. Don’t you guys want to know why Prince Caleb and Princess Diana threw such a big fit, as well as who they are meeting later?”

Those words attracted Wendy’s attention as she withdrew her track to look at Mack. “I’m listening.”

Subsequently, Mack heaved two warm breaths and fished his phone out from his pocket. Moments later, he showed her the screen. “Half an hour ago, Alexander posted on the web, saying that he will be holding a runway show in Amy’s memory. The few designs that have been publicized are all in line with Amy’s usual design style with just a little refinement. All of them are very attractive, and though both were copying Amy’s designs, Alexander chose a generous way to worship her legacy. On the other hand, you guys chose to cover it up and say that it was your original design, but in fact, it paled when compared to the originals. How can you expect the Highnesses, who are Amy’s loyal fans, not to be angry at you?”

After hearing that, Wendy smirked sarcastically and did not try to defend herself. Her assistant came forward furiously and reminded her, “Miss Jennings, could Brendan be the one who ratted us out?”

Shaking her head, Wendy argued, “If I were him, he wouldn’t have shown up here tonight. It’s not like he has the guts to do it as well.”

“How did Alexander think of the same plan as us?” the assistant asked in confusion.

“Maybe he’s too smart, or maybe, he doesn’t even trust his family members. Regardless of the reason, everything proves that our enemy is stronger than us,” Wendy elaborated.

Seeing the situation, Mack hurriedly offered a plan. “Actually, it isn’t impossible to make the prince and princess change their minds as long as you guys choose to cooperate with me.”

“What do you want?” Wendy went straight to the point.

“Money.” He did not beat around the bush either. “I want half of the profits from the new brand. The more I get, the better.”

“Very good. I agree to your terms,” she answered.

“Don’t you think I’m asking for too much?” Meanwhile, Mack felt that things were going way too smoothly.

“You’ll only develop ambition if you have a desire. If you don’t want anything in return, what can I use to stimulate your determination to do anything grand?” Wendy looked at him with a faint smile on her face.

Those words successfully persuaded Mack. “I do admire you, Wen—”

“Wait a moment. You’ve already stated your conditions, but I haven’t stated mine.” She interrupted him. “Every year from now on, you will take in a batch of international students from the Cittadel’s Department of Physics in your name. How about that?”

“Miss Jennings, you are so true to your fellow citizens,” he taunted.

“Regarding this matter, you will only need to provide your name. I’ll have someone deal with the handling fees for the rest. So, is that a yes or a no?”

“Of course, it’s a yes!” Mack spread out his hands and began imagining his bright future. “I feel honored thinking about a scholarship that will be named after me. Wendy, we will succeed, won’t we?”

“Sure.”