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Coolest Girl in Town Chapter 736

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Jamie hurried back to the club after he was done with his business at the company.

However, as soon as he entered the place, he saw Narissa and Charissa standing face to face, and the atmosphere was so overwhelming it was terrifying.

“What’s going on here?”

He walked to the men and stood between them.

“Didn’t I tell you to take care of Narissa? Is this how you take care of people?”

Enter title...

“I swear to God, I am not accountable for this!”

The man who tried to dissuade the situation just now was still a little confused.

“I don’t know what is wrong with Charissa today. She must have eaten gunpowder or something because she keeps firing off at Narissa. And Narissa is as stubborn as a mule! I am scared of getting on their bad side. I have no choice but to let them be.”

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Jamie was aware of how good Narissa was to be able to complete the operation of the world's top assembler within three days. He knew that Charissa did not even hold a candle to her.

Charissa would only be left embarrassed if she insisted on going through with the challenge.

After watching for a while, he automatically walked to Narissa's side and tried to appease her with a silly smile.

"Please don't make me look bad, Young Miss Narissa. At least for my sake. Let me apologize on behalf of Charissa. She is just a little hot-tempered, but she isn't a bad person"

"Stay out of this, Jamie!"

Charissa called out to him from afar.

"Can you just listen to me?" he responded irritably.

Why was she, someone who was usually clever, unable to tell that he was protecting her?

"There is no room for discussion."

Charissa wasn't going to back down at all.

"You have to prove yourself if you want to join our club." Time seemed to stop right after she said that. It even felt like a fight was going to break out any time

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now.

The corners of Narissa's lips curled up in a sly smile and she gloated, "What are you anxious about? It is not like I am competing with you. It is a good thing that she sincerely wants to see my technique. Stop trying to patch things up here"

She then turned to Charissa and reconfirmed, "You sure you want to do this?"

"I am sure," the other woman replied firmly.

Jamie threw a glance at Narissa again, only to see that she was equally stubborn in that imposing manner.

"Alright."

Left with no other choice, he retreated and became another one of their audience.

Those who were overconfident would only know to back off once they had fallen from the high place they were at.

Following that, both sides agreed on the rules of the competition: the club would provide two vehicles that had been dismantled to the same extent, and the women would start to assemble them at the same time.

The one who finished first would be the winner.

Based on a normal person's speed, it would take an hour at the least, even with the assistance of the machine.

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And Charissa's highest record happened to be 50 minutes.

After all, she was their friend, so they picked the vehicle that Charissa usually used to practice with for her.

However, Narissa wasn't aware of this as she rarely came to the club.

That was how Charissa had the upper hand right when the competition started.

Finding it somewhat odd, Narissa stole a glance at Hozier and the rest of them, only for them to, possibly out of guilt, quickly run away when they noticed her.

Them wanting to conceal the truth was the exact reason they gave themselves away, and Narissa immediately understood what was going on. It seemed like they were ganging up to bully her because she was an outsider.

Too bad, she thought.

They are messing with the wrong person.

Sure enough, Narissa started to speed up within 10 minutes.

As she gradually caught up to Charissa, she even showed signs of overtaking the latter.

By the time 30 minutes had passed since the start, Narissa was already many steps ahead of Charissa.

Narissa was the first one to drop her wrench at 42 minutes.

Dusting off her palms, she walked out of the assembly workshop and

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announced, "I am done."

Biting the bullet, Charissa snapped out of her surprise and hurriedly completed assembling the car at 49 minutes. But in the end, she still lost to Narissa by a long shot. It wasn't a result that she could raise her head at.

The women then stood side by side, where one was a disappointed mess, while the other was as relaxed as ever.

"What do you have to say now?"

Narissa wanted a conclusion to this competition.

Charissa only wordlessly reacted by tightly balling her hands into fists as shame consumed her.

What could she say? She was the one who claimed that she was better, but she had so easily lost to Narissa. She didn't even know how she could face Hozier and the gang, let alone give Narissa an explanation.

Charissa was getting more enraged the more she thought about it. She took off her gloves and furiously threw them on the floor.

"Fine, I am not as good as you are. I will leave. I will let you take my spot here!"

That was all she blurted out before she unhesitantly walked out.

"Hey, Charissa. Hold on—"

"Let's go after her!"

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The men quickly went after her then.

With only Narissa and Jamie left in the initially lively workshop, the place suddenly seemed too wide and lonely for just the two of them.

“I might have offended your friends,”

Narissa remarked with a shrug.

“It’s their fault. I don’t blame you”

Jamie stared in the direction of the entrance, his gaze seemed to get more absorbed by the second. He had a vague feeling tugging at his heart, but he couldn’t confirm his suspicions. He could only wish that Charissa wasn’t acting this way today because of the reason he thought of.

Or else, they might not be able to continue being friends anymore.

At a business district in Tisotte, the roar of a car’s exhaust caught the attention of many passers-by as a red sports car crossed an intersection.

When everyone looked over, they saw the cyc-catching red vehicle parked in front of a high-end café.

After the car door opened, Matthew got out and took off his sunglasses before he looked around, a satisfied and smug smile appearing on his face.

After he had assumed Jordan’s identity, he would habitually do this every time he stood under the sunlight.

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It made him feel like he was no longer the rat that used to hide in the gutter.

With that, he felt like he was the final victor.

After a while, he put on his sunglasses again and went up to the second floor of the café according to the text message sent by the mysterious person.

Unlike the fully occupied first floor, there were only a few customers on the second floor.

The place had obviously been booked by someone.

As Matthew looked around from the top of the stairs, he quickly found a female customer dressed in black with a lace fascinator on her head sitting by the window.

He started to walk over and subconsciously reached out.

“Hello,” he greeted.

However, he retracted his hand in disappointment when the woman lifted her chin.

“Celina? You are still alive, huh?”

His words were full of barbs.

As the person who paid the most attention to Alexander and Elise, Matthew had witnessed first hand how Celina had foolishly gone against Elise, only to finally sacrifice her own father, David.

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Matthew didn't think such a stupid person even had the chance to collaborate with him. He wouldn't have come to this meeting if he had known that Celina was the person who asked to meet him.

And that was exactly what he did.

After he spat that out, he started to leave when the woman suddenly called out to him.

"Hold on."

Celina stopped him as she slowly stirred the coffee in her hand.

"Haven't you heard the saying that the enemy of your enemy is a friend? What harm could it do to you if you had one more person you can call 'friend'?"

Matthew proceeded to put his hand on the table and knocked twice.

"Friends and useless teammates are two completely different things. I could very well sacrifice my life if I were to work with you. Why would I take such a huge risk?"

Hearing this, Celina put down the coffee, and her expression suddenly turned cold and reserved.

She then said to herself without any emotion on her face, "I understand why you would think this way. You are not the only one. Even I find myself stupid when I think about my past self"

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Celina came to a pause and turned to look at Matthew with the same look.

“You don’t have to give me an answer so soon. You should think about it. Or at least, go take a look at Alexis that Elise had built from the ground. After all, you might not be able to see it anymore in a few days.”

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A faint smile appeared on Matthew’s face after he heard Celina’s words.

“It seems like you have indeed changed a lot.”

“You would too, if you see your father who loves you so much being burned to death with your own eyes” Celina solemnly said without a hint of a smile on her face.

The old Celina had died in the fire along with her father.

The only belief she had now was to avenge her father.

Celina wanted Alexander and Elise to experience all the pain she had to suffer.

Enter title...

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A strong interest arose in Matthew's eyes, and he stretched out his hand again.

"It is a pleasure to collaborate with you."

He saw the same hatred and anger in her eyes. It was hatred that would never diminish and be diverted. It was deep and strong enough to bring about destruction.

At that, Matthew thought to himself, Alexander and the Griffith Family, you'd best watch out.

I am back, and I am bringing your nightmare with me this time.

Back in the private house, it was so quiet in the space that even the rustling as the breeze blew through the green leaves and branches outside the window could be heard.

Abby was in the middle of embroidering a picture of a serene night scenery when the movements of her hands suddenly stopped as her mind unconsciously drifted.

The woman behind the screen noticed this, and she stood up slowly.

Her tone was neither light nor heavy when she asked, "It is only for two hours, and yet you can't calm your heart?"

Her voice pulled Abby back to reality, and the girl hurriedly stood up to bow and apologize, "I am sorry, Master"

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“Come, tell me what you are thinking about.”

The woman’s voice didn’t have much emotion.

“There has been a shortage of silk threads for students lately.I can’t even get them online or in physical stores.I am worried that I won’t even have threads to use on the day of the competition,” Abby said worriedly.

“I see.I will take care of that.All you need to do is focus on practicing, understand?” the woman said.

“I understand, Master.I will concentrate on this,”

Abby genuinely assured her.

As soon as she finished speaking, her teacher who had been behind the screen all this time suddenly walked out slowly.

When Abby saw her, she was so shocked that she didn’t know what to say.

Her teacher turned out to be the nation’s film royalty, Riverlyn Zabel! Even though Riverlyn had not been on screen these years for some reasons, Abby had seen her films before, and she was impressed by Riverlyn’s acting skills and morale.

“What’s wrong? Do I not meet your expectations?”

Riverlyn showed no emotion on her face.

Abby shook her head as quickly as she could then.

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“No! I just didn’t expect it to be you”

“There are too many unpredictable things in this world” the actress said.

“Yes.”

Abby nodded in agreement.

“I was the one making a fuss”

“It is okay.Let’s stop here today since you can’t concentrate.Pack your things
and come with me”

Riverlyn instructed.

“Okay.”

Abby immediately started packing up her threads and equipment.

The two left the private house and grabbed a ride that brought them to a
residential apartment in the city.

Riverlyn went upstairs and when she came down again, she was holding an old,
worn-out book in her hands.She then handed the book to Abby.

“This is what my teacher passed on to me, and now I am passing it to you.Time
is running out.You won’t be able to learn a lot just relying on my teaching.How
much you can learn depends on your understanding of the knowledge you have
in hand”

“Thank you, Master, I will definitely study hard.”

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Abby was very grateful.

Hearing this, Riverlyn nodded and said, "Let's go get something with me."

After Abby tucked the book away, the duo walked to the side of the road and they started to cross the road.

However, as soon as they reached the middle of the road, a car suddenly rushed out of the alley next to them and drove toward them quickly.

Riverlyn's immediate reaction was to protect Abby, which resulted in her own fall to the ground.

She had just got back on her feet when four or five people came out of the car and surrounded them.

"You are Riverlyn, aren't you? Where is 'The Embroidery of Citadel'? You better hand it over!"

Abby's eyes widened in horror, and she unconsciously touched the backpack behind her. She remembered clearly that the book Riverlyn had just given her had the words 'The Embroidery of Citadel' printed on the cover.

It seemed like these people were here for the secrets the book held.

"Who are you?"

Riverlyn was extremely calm as her tone remained neutral.

"We are people who want your life."

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A flash of killing intent appeared in the eyes of the leader of the pack.

“Where is the book?!”

“I don’t know.”

Riverlyn held her head up high without backing down.

“Fine. A feisty one, aren’t you? I will fulfill your wish and make you disappear from this world, then. Even if there is the book, Cittadelians will never be able to beat Rosepeak in embroidery as long as you are gone.”

“Get her!”

After the man finished speaking, the rest of the group rushed forward and dragged Riverlyn into the car.

“Master! Master! Let go of her! Let go of my master!”

Despite how Abby tried her best to stop them, she could never be these men’s opponent with her strength alone. She could only watch Riverlyn being stuffed into the car. She wanted to follow them, but she was pushed down to the ground.

“Don’t come over here, Abby. Protect yourself, and protect yourself well!”

Riverlyn then shouted loudly, “Remember, your talent is far more than what you think you are capable of. You can’t lose the competition. You can’t lose!”

Bang! The door was unhesitantly closed, and all that was left in Abby’s head was Riverlyn’s resolute expression.

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The girl got up and chased after the car for a while before she finally thought of calling someone for help.

“Miss Sinclair, M-Master Zabel has been abducted...”

“What?! How did this happen? Are you alright?”

Elise’s voice came from the other end of the call.

“I am okay, but those people said they are going to kill Master Zabel. What should we do?!”

“Don’t worry about these for now. I want you to get a ride back home right this instant and stay home. I will come to you.”

“Alright.”

As soon as Abby hung up the phone, she ran to another street and stopped a taxi.

After she told the driver her address, she took her backpack and pressed it against her chest tightly.

This was both her and Riverlyn’s hope, and this was also the whole of Cittadel’s honor.

Even a woman of such skills wasn’t afraid of death.

How could Abby, the only descendant of the Mellor Family, be so timid in the face of reclaiming justice for her country? The more she thought about it, the

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more she saw things through.

Even her eyes had sparks in them now. I won't disappoint you, Master Zabel! On

the other side, the car turned into a corner before it started to decelerate.

It even changed directions several times in a row before it finally drove into the courtyard house in the historic town area.

Seeing Riverlyn get out of the car, Elise took the initiative to reach out and hold her hand.

"As expected of a film star. Your acting is one of a kind"

"Acting is what I do to earn my keep. How am I supposed to stay in the industry if I can't even do it well?"

Riverlyn smiled bitterly before she joked, "But your driver's driving skills are pretty bad. He almost hit your beloved student."

"Children won't grow up if you don't show them tough love,"

Alexander interjected as he stood beside them.

Hearing this, Riverlyn nodded in agreement.

"If that is the case, would you like to sign your contract now?" Elise asked.

"You are the boss. You call the shots."

Riverlyn replied with a smile.

Truth was, Riverlyn had already prepared herself to re-enter the industry the

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moment she agreed to play the part in this little show they put on. She could sign the contract anytime.

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At the same time, Narissa was modifying a racecar with Jamie at the vehicle modification club when her phone vibrated for a short second. She whipped out her phone, only to see that she had received a message from an unsaved number that she didn't recognize.

'7PM tonight. Silver Bell Spot. Room 202.

Jamie: As though entertained, Narissa suddenly revealed a smile.

Jamie noticed the odd smile, and he huddled closer to take a peek at her phone.

Enter title...

"Whose message did you receive for you to get all jittery like that?"

"It is none of your business!"

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She quickly kept her phone.

“Tsk!”

The man turned to the other side.

“It is not like I want to know anyway.”

Narissa pondered for a moment before she suddenly put a hand on his shoulder.

She had a wide smile on when she asked, “Poor Jamie, would you like to come along? I have a drinking session with my friend tonight at 7.30PM.”

“What do you mean ‘poor Jamie’?!”

He stubbornly added, “Yours truly is a busy man. I have a few rounds to go tonight. I can’t make time, okay?”

“Oh—is that so?”

She nodded understandingly.

“I won’t force you anymore then. I need to get home to prepare myself. Bye!”

“Hey! We are not done with this car here. Are you just leaving like that?!”

Jamie called out to her, only for Narissa to wave him off without sparing him another glance.

“D*mn woman who doesn’t listen when I nag a little! I would’ve gone with you if you tried to persuade me”

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Jamie quietly grumbled to himself.

Narissa came to the appointed location when night fell.

As soon as she pushed the door to the private room open, she wasn't at all surprised to not see Jamie in there.

The ones sitting in there were the other people from the club, and Charissa was the leader of the pack.

"There you are, Narissa. Welcome!"

"Come sit. Don't hold back"

The men pretended to welcome her and had her sit beside Charissa.

Narissa calmly took a drink from the table, and even intentionally asked, "Why isn't Jamie here?"

The people in the room each gave a different reaction then, but they all attempted to hide the truth from her.

"Something came up. Jamie is late, but he will be here soon."

"Indeed, indeed. He even asked us to take good care of you."

"Yeap. We can start drinking while we wait for him" corners of Narissa's lips lifted as she put on a naive expression.

"Sure!"

As soon as she said that, a bottle full of whiskey was loudly placed on the table

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in front of her.

Charissa had her grip tight around the bottle as she squeezed out a fake smile.

“Miss Cuber, this is your welcome party we are having to welcome you to join our club. But, we have a rule. All newbies will have to finish a whole bottle of whiskey if they want to be recognized as an official member.”

Narissa kept nodding at Charissa’s words.

“What you mean is that I not only have to prove my skills, I also have to prove my alcohol tolerance? Is that it?”

Everyone else’s expressions immediately dropped after they heard her words.

As their goal was to cause trouble for her, they naturally wouldn’t have a reason to justify their actions. But now that Narissa was putting her words in their mouths, they couldn’t help but feel slightly offended by it.

They were expecting her to quietly take their low blows in order to join them, and at least pretend that everyone was harmonious with one another.

However, the way Narissa was saying it sounded as if she was trying to blow this issue up.

Jamie would definitely get angry if he were to find out that his friends were bullying his other friend.

Right in that instant, everyone exchanged glances with each other, and none of

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them dared to recklessly do anything.

Narissa voluntarily tried to ease the awkwardness then.

"I don't mind drinking, but isn't it meaningless to have a drink by myself? I would prefer having someone to be my drinking buddy' The air immediately felt more comfortable as everyone let out a breath of relief then.

"Sure thing! Go on and choose someone. It is fine even if you get everyone here to drink with you!"

"That is a bit too much."

Narissa's eyes were like crescent moons as she smiled.

"Why don't you drink with me, Charissa? It would be fun for the ladies to drink together"

"Um..."

The men somehow started to hesitate. A bottle of whiskey was no child's play. Even if Charissa wasn't the worst drinker among them, she wasn't great to the point where she could finish a whole bottle of whiskey.

"I will drink two glasses if she drinks one,"

Narissa threw out her bait.

"Fine."

Just like that, Charissa had taken a bait, and she proceeded to fill two glasses

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to the brim.

“You are fun!”

She placed one of the glasses in front of Narissa.

“I will have to oblige your request, then. Come, chug it down!”

Narissa took the glass and clinked it to Charissa’s glass.

“Cheers.”

She smiled.

They both looked very normal when the first glass went down.

Charissa had to calm herself down when she was on her third glass.

By the fifth one, she couldn’t even take another sip.

Narissa, on the other hand, slowly finished the contents of her glass before she

gently put pressure on Charissa.

“There’s no need to rush, Miss Wynd. I can wait.”

For people who lived a life weaving through society, dignity was what kept them

afloat.

Upon hearing her words, Charissa was overcome by the need to win. She then

tilted her head and gulped down half of what was in her glass.

However, instead of drinking it in, most of the liquid was flowing out from the

corners of her mouth.

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She still couldn't finish the whiskey even when she did that.

What was more, she even started throwing up as she held herself on the table.

Narissa shook her head and put down her glass when she saw this.

After she picked up her bag and stood up, she looked down upon them from above and said, "I am up for any challenge you throw my way, but it don't do something as cowardly as using Jamie's name"

She abruptly left without sparing them another glance after that.

In the corridor, Narissa happened to come across Jamie, who had just arrived.

"Wasn't it supposed to be 7.30PM? Why are you leaving when I just came?"

Jamie looked at his watch, only to see that he was 15 minutes earlier than the time she told him.

"What can I do? My opponent is too weak,"

Narissa solemnly said. She looked as though she had no intention to stay there any longer.

"You do reck of alcohol."

He intentionally flapped his hand around in disdain.

"How much did you drink?"

"Not much. Only a bottle of whiskey," she simply said.

"How is that 'not much'?"

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Jamie turned around and threw a glance at her.

“What kind of friends are these? How can they let a woman drink so much at night? Try not to hangout with them too much”

“It is nothing. My family has a winery. I have been drinking alcohol like it is water since I was young. A bottle of whiskey is just right for me to warm-up,”

Narissa continued to explain nonchalantly.

“D*mn, you are good!”

Impressed, the man gave her a thumbs-up.

Narissa was already walking away in big strides, but the gang she was drinking with still managed to catch up to her by the time she and Jamie reached the entrance of the establishment.

“Jamie!” one of the men called out to him.

Jamie still had a face full of smiles with Narissa at first, but as soon as he saw Charissa and the men, his eyes darted back at Narissa and he immediately understood what had happened before his arrival.

“Jamie, look at how drunk Charissa is. Why don’t you give her a ride home?” one of the men from the gang asked.

Jamic’s expression was indifferent as he coldly growled, “You lot should be able to manage.”

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Hearing this, the man started to question him, "We have been friends for so many years, Jamie. Are you really tossing Charissa aside for that woman?"

"You mean, I need permission from you to send people home?"

Jamie narrowed his eyes.

"I don't mean it that way."

The man looked as though he had been wronged.

"But...Don't blame me for saying this, but Narissa is a heavyweight when it comes to alcohol. She pretended to be all innocent and naive when Charissa asked her to drink, which is why Charissa is so drunk now. That woman has no class"

Instead of answering him, Jamie asked in return, "And you think it is classy for you to let a woman finish up a bottle of whiskey?"

"Isn't it normal for her to drink more since she has a high tolerance?" the man rebuked.

"You should probably shut up now."

Jamie was thoroughly irked at that point.

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