

Coolest Girl in Town Chapter 741 - 745

Chapter 741 No Modesty at All!

Elise smiled brightly and wrapped her arms around Alexander's shoulders. With her body pressed against his, she purred, "It smells like jealousy, just like how you are right now, Mr. Griffith."

Hearing that, Alexander smirked and leaned forward to kiss her on the lips.

On the opposite side of the road, Danny pointed at them and nagged at Ariel, "Do you see that? That's a match made in heaven. They're very much in love. You won't have a chance!"

At that, Ariel crossed her arms and scoffed, "Haven't you heard of the phrase 'if there's a will, there's a way'?"

"Bah! That's bulls*hit!" Danny cursed angrily. "Elise and my brother are officially married. Their marriage is protected by the law. They love each other and you will never win her over!"

"What if I am willful?" Ariel smiled, deliberately provoking him.

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Danny gasped at her challenge and inched closer toward her. Their faces were almost touching when he warned her, "If you dare to, I won't let you off easily."

His warm breath blew on her face. Ariel stared at him in the eyes and swallowed unconsciously as her cheeks burned.

Danny noticed her change and regained his composure. He looked at her flushed cheeks and asked, "Why is your face so red?"

Suddenly, Ariel came back to her senses and pushed him away. Turning around, she mumbled an excuse. "I became shy thinking about Miss Sinclair!"

"That's absurd!" Danny stomped his feet. "I told you, you can't do that. Why are you so stubborn?"

At that, Ariel took a few deep breaths. When she was finally calm, she turned around and smiled sweetly. "I don't care. Call the cops on me if you want."

Done with the conversation, she walked to the curb. After getting into a taxi, she left.

Meanwhile, Danny was furious since that woman was so opinionated.

Recalling what she said, he reckoned that Ariel liked Elise. If she did manage to win over Elise, chaos would ensue in the Griffith Residence.

Danny nodded, satisfied with his analysis.

The only thing he could do now was to think fast and stop Ariel!

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The barbecue grill had been set up in the garden with lots of food placed on the dining table next to it at the Griffith Residence.

The four Griffith brothers gathered around the barbecue, and they were grilling different things.

Not far away, Madeline and Yuri sat side by side while Elise sat alone under the parasol. There was an empty table too.

Soon, the smell of barbecue spread through the whole residence.

Danny stayed by the barbecue grill, happily eating and grilling the food.

Seeing that, Alexander shook his head in disapproval. He had to save some food from the next round and bring it to Elise before Danny devoured them all.

On the other hand, Jack secretly passed some food to Winona when the cameraman was not looking.

Brendan then took a couple of chicken wings and walked toward Madeline and Yuri.

Just when he was about to call out to them, the crew suddenly announced loudly, "Our special guest has arrived!"

In the next second, they saw a girl with a sweet smile walking in through the side door and greeting everyone.

She was wearing a sky-blue dress with white heels that looked like clouds, while she carried a few branded gift bags. She looked like a fairy with her long, luscious hair let down and her mixed-race features.

However, everyone was surprised when she spoke. "Hi everyone, I'm Tara Lambert. It is nice to meet you all. I've prepared some gifts for everyone."

She had a blood-curdling childlike voice.

After that, Tara handed out the gifts carefully and politely.

When she was giving out the gifts, Danny went up and accepted the gift while welcoming her to the barbecue. "Welcome! Come and try the barbecue we made; it's amazing."

"Really?" she asked.

Hearing that, she grabbed one of the chicken wings from Brendan's hands. Her face was full of anticipation when she took a bite. Surprised by the taste, she agreed, "You're right. It's really good! Mr. Brendan, you're so good at cooking."

"Thanks," Brendan answered dryly.

Initially, Madeline thought that Tara had good manners but after watching what happened, she was unhappy.

The chicken wing Brendan was grilling was meant for Yuri, but Tara helped herself to it instead.

Madeline quickly grabbed the other chicken wing and gave it to Yuri. "Yuri, have this. Try some of Brendan's cooking."

"Thank you, Mrs. Griffith, but it's okay. I'm trying to lose weight, so I can't eat dishes with a high calorie count." Yuri declined.

Brendan's face fell when he heard that.

It was not that she could not eat dishes with a fatty content but instead, she did not want to eat the things he made.

The more he thought about it, the gloomier his face turned.

"Miss Lambert, what else do you want to eat? I'll grill it for you," Brendan said.

Even though he was speaking to Tara, his gaze was locked on Yuri.

However, Yuri acted like she did not hear anything. She grabbed a bottle of water from the table and opened it, acting as if she was in a different world.

With that, Brendan brought Tara to the side, and they enjoyed the barbecue together.

Noticing that, Madeline tried to reason with Yuri. "Yuri, you know what I feel, right?"

Yuri smiled in response. "Mrs. Griffith, let nature take its course. Mr. Brendan might not even like me."

"No, of course not!" Madeline interrupted her. "I know my son, and I'm sure he likes you. Besides, you're all designers; you'd have common topics to talk about. Brendan is a bit dull, but it doesn't mean he doesn't like you. Trust me."

"I trust you, Mrs. Griffith," Yuri said, after which she then continued drinking water and enjoying the sun.

Despite saying that she trusted Madeline, her actions showed otherwise.

Seeing that Yuri had no plans to continue talking, Madeline could only let the topic slide.

She turned around and looked disapprovingly at Brendan and Tara, feeling a bit blue.

Even though Tara looked nice, it was her voice that aggravated Madeline. The latter just could not find it in herself to like Tara because Tara was also too proactive for her own good. What is wrong with Brendan?! He cannot be as tasteless as Alexander, right? No... History cannot repeat itself!

She had to figure something out before the situation snowballed out of hand.

Before Madeline came up with a plan, Brendan and Tara walked over with plates of food in their hands.

"Mrs. Griffith. Ms. Yuri. Come and try what Brendan made. It smells good!" Tara smiled. She looked pleasing to the eyes with her cute dimples.

However, Madeline's face darkened because she was unhappy with what Tara said. Brendan? They just met each other and are now calling each other by their first names. She has no modesty at all!

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Chapter 742 Go Cool Down

Yuri thought it was impolite to continue declining, so she accepted the chicken wing and took a small bite.

"How is it? Delicious, right?" Tara asked excitedly, as if she was the one who made it.

"Yeah, it's nice," Yuri replied politely.

Brendan's face darkened even more at her words. He was sure that she hated him, not the food.

"Brendan is really good with his hands. Since he's great at making clothes, cooking isn't a huge problem for him," Madeline proudly boasted.

"Speaking of which—" Tara continued the conversation. "—I've always been a fan of Mr. Brendan's designs. I didn't expect you to be so good at cooking, though. Whoever marries you would have such a happy life."

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"Oh, right!" She paused and turned around to grab Brendan's jacket. "My birthday's coming up, Mr. Brendan. Can I make a reservation with you to make a gown for me?"

Madeline rolled her eyes at Tara's question, thinking that no one was interested when Tara's birthday was. "Brendan's atelier is packed. I'm afraid he won't have time for new jobs," Madeline piped in.

"Oh no, what a shame. I've always dreamed of wearing a gown designed by Mr. Brendan for my birthday banquet. Seems like it won't be happening." Tara sighed dejectedly and lowered her head.

Meanwhile, Yuri was like an outsider throughout the whole conversation. She was calculating the calories on each bite of the chicken wing as she thought about how much she would need to exercise to burn it off later.

However, Brendan's eyes were on her all the time. He saw no reaction from her, and his fists tightened in his pockets. Out of spite, he agreed to Tara's request. "I can do that for you if you require it, Miss Lambert."

"Really?!" Tara lifted her head at his words. She jumped up excitedly and hugged him. "Oh my God! That's great, Mr. Brendan. Thank you so much!"

"Ahem! Ahem!" Madeline kept coughing, trying to hint at them to mind their distance.

Noticing her cough, Tara let Brendan go and took a step back. She bit her lips and said shyly, "I'm sorry. I got too excited. Mr. Brendan, please excuse my behavior."

Yuri was still in her world, thinking about the fashion sketches she had to amend.

At that point, Brendan was burning with rage at her indifference. His rage came and went, but there was nothing he could do.

Madeline looked between Yuri and Tara, and she became frustrated as a result.

The girl she preferred was hopeless, while the one she was not fond of kept intruding. She had to do something about it.

After making up her mind, Madeline pulled up her sleeves and dragged Tara toward the swimming pool. "I think you're suffering from a heatstroke. Come here! Go down and cool off for a bit."

"No, Mrs. Griffith. I—"

“There’s no need to be shy.” Madeline did not let Tara speak and took away the phone in her hands. “I’ll keep this safe for you. Don’t worry, go enjoy the cool water.”

“No, I—”

“Ah!”

Tara did not get to finish her sentence, and she was pushed into the pool by Madeline with a splash.

Soon, Tara resurfaced and shrieked with her arms flapping around, “Help me! I can’t swim!”

“Huh?” Hearing that, Madeline had a bizarre thought. “I don’t know how to swim either. If both of us were to fall into the water at the same time, who should my son save first?”

She was right—their vibes did not match at all.

The rest were far away from the commotion and only Brendan was nearby. Sensing that Tara was going to drown, he had no choice but to take off his shirt and jump into the pool to save her.

Danny then came around and took a look at the unconscious Tara on the floor. He nonchalantly took a bite off his skewer and said, “She probably needs CPR. Brendan, you should finish the job since you saved her.”

“Shut up.” Madeline pushed him aside. “Stop giving out bad ideas. I’ll do it.”

With that, she kneeled and placed a fist against Tara’s chest and used the other hand to pump her fist, punching it again and again.

Once, twice... Tara’s body kept shaking with the pumping.

After many tries, Tara finally coughed out water as she regained consciousness.

Madeline let out a long breath and wiped away the sweat on her forehead. “Your body is too weak. You should exercise more!”

While saying that, she helped Tara to her feet. “Come on, let’s get you a change of clothes. You’re shocked and cold. You should rest in the house.”

Now, no one can disturb Yuri and Brendan anymore.

Before they walked away, Madeline gave him a wink, hinting at him to grab onto the opportunity.

Brendan watched as they left. He then turned around to look at Yuri, but she avoided his gaze.

His pride was ignited at her avoidance. So, he turned around and walked in a different direction.

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At Silver Bell Spot in one of the private booths, the lights were shining, and the music was booming. Charrisa sat in a corner with her legs propped up on the sofa, drinking from the beer in her hands.

After a moment, a man from the club walked in with a phone in his hands. He shook his head solemnly. "Still not picking up."

Everyone turned their heads and looked at Charissa.

"Mr. Keller isn't planning on leaving us, right?" one of the men asked.

"That Narissa girl has her ways. It's only been a few days, and our group is already falling apart," another man chimed in.

The man with the phone walked further in and sat down on the sofa beside Charissa. "Honestly, Charissa, do you have feelings for Mr. Keller?"

Charissa glanced at him but did not answer. She merely took another sip of beer.

"If you do, we would definitely support you." The man kept pushing for an answer.

She put down the beer and said, "Yes, I like him, but what's the point? He now has someone soft and submissive by his side. I'm not like that at all."

"Don't belittle yourself. The rest of us value you highly." The man mused, "If you and Mr. Keller got together, our group would only be more united. We've been friends for so many years; we can't let an outsider break us apart, right?"

"Yea, Narissa does not belong to our club!"

"If I had to choose, I'd definitely pick Charissa."

"Since everyone agrees, then let's teach Narissa a lesson to make her back down," the man on the sofa suggested.

"The last time we tried to ply her with alcohol, Jamie got really angry. We can't be too obvious this time," Charissa murmured.

"You're right; we have to come up with a plan..."

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At a private hospital in Tissote, Elise walked into the ward and saw that Yvonne was massaging Trevor's arms and legs.

"Please wake up, Trevor. It's bleak in the Anderson Family without you. Only you can change things around here," Yvonne begged.

Hearing footsteps, she looked toward the door. "You're here."

"Yeah." Elise nodded and set her bag on top of the drawer. "Has Trevor's condition improved?"

"No, just the same old. No changes." Yvonne sighed. "Come talk to him. I'm going to make a call back home."

Then, Yvonne picked up her phone and walked out.

Coolest Girl in Town Chapter 743

Chapter 743 Aren't I Considerate?

Elise brought a chair and sat by the bed.

Reaching out, she took hold of Trevor's shriveled hands. Her heart ached for him.

He was so young and at his prime, but could only lay in the hospital for most of his life. It was such a pity.

Elise had already sent the invitation to Claude, asking him to perform Trevor's surgery, but she had not received any reply.

She would wait a bit more but if Claude refused, she would have to take extreme measures.

At that point, someone knocked on the door.

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"It's just me. Come on in." Elise thought it was Yvonne.

"So, this is my brother-in-law. What a fine gentleman."

Hearing the voice of a man, Elise knew she had made a mistake. Turning around, she saw Elijah, with Marcus trailing behind him.

"He is such an amazing human. He should be out there conquering the world, and not laying here. It's such a pity," Elijah said as sympathy filled his face.

"What are you hinting at?" Elise stood up, ready to fight. "Russell is head of the Anderson Family now. You should look for him for whatever you're looking for."

"Ha! You think that without the Boyle Family's recognition, he could become the head of the family?" Elijah mocked.

"That's your issue; it has nothing to do with me. Whatever your family has given the Anderson Family, you can take everything back. As for the other stuff, I can't, and won't, give it up," Elise told him firmly.

“Come on. Why are you always resisting me?” Elijah feigned being hurt. “I came here bringing medicine for Trevor. You’re going to kick me out?”

“Why would I believe you?” She narrowed her eyes.

“No reason at all. If you worked that little mind of yours, you’d understand. The Anderson Family owns the largest pharmaceutical company in Cittadel, but it was my family that brought them up to where they stand today, so of course we’re their predecessor,” Elijah said proudly with his hands behind him.

At his words, Elise pondered for a while and did not refute him.

As the saying went, there was always someone greater out there. Maybe the Boyle Family really concocted medicine that she had never heard of.

Up until now, she had not found more information about them. Perhaps there could be a bigger secret lying in the dark.

Elijah saw that she was conflicted and tried to lure her once again. “Didn’t the medicine I gave you for Trevor work? The result speaks for itself, doesn’t it?”

“It was you who got Bryce to bring it to me?” Elise let out a cold laugh.

“Yup.” Elijah smiled, sounding as if he was asking for praise. He leaned his body forward while holding onto the railing at the end of the bed. “Aren’t I considerate?”

“‘Considerate’? If it wasn’t for you, I wouldn’t need to work like a slave under Bryce. I still owe him ten rounds of competition,” Elise mocked sarcastically.

“Competition?” Elijah did not know of this. He turned around and questioned Marcus with a dark expression, “What’s going on?”

“I’ll look into it.”

Marcus answered carefully before he swiped out his phone and walked out.

Elijah’s eyes darkened for a moment, but when he turned around and looked at Elise, he was all smiles. “Ellie, don’t worry. I’ll get Bryce off the black market and get a new owner. Is that alright?”

"Whatever you want to do has nothing to do with me," Elise said. She did not want to deal with Bryce from the start, anyway.

"Then, let's talk about something related to you." Elijah changed the topic. "I'll look for the doctor and medicine Trevor needs, and you have a meal with me. How's that?"

Hearing that, Elise laughed grimly. "Even if you found them, what would happen? If they didn't want to perform the surgery, I can't force them, right?"

"I have my ways," Elijah said confidently. "It's up to you if you'll believe me or not."

At his response, Elise looked down, contemplating how believable his words could be.

When she was deep in thought, he walked quietly to her side and reached out with his hand. As his hands slowly moved toward her, he said, "You'd still need to eat, no matter what. Besides, eating with me won't cost you anything, and you get to save your brother. So, why not?"

Elijah's hand was about to touch Elise's shoulder, and a smile showed on his face.

However, another hand suddenly appeared out of nowhere and tightly yanked Elijah's hand away.

Surprised, Elijah turned his head, only to meet with Alexander's dark eyes.

Suddenly, sparks flew and flames could be seen in their eyes. It was obvious that the two men were about to fight.

"Wait!" Elise stopped Alexander. "Don't be impulsive."

Alexander's gaze turned cold and he roughly shook Elijah's hand off. He then warned, "If there's a next time, there's no need for that arm of yours anymore."

"Oh, is it?" Elijah tilted his head slightly and his eyes filled with provocation. "Then, we'll have to see if you have the means to do that."

Alexander tried to refute, but Elise grabbed his arm and stopped him.

She stood in front of him and replied, "If Mr. Boyle wants to have a meal, sure. But I'll be bringing my husband. Surely you won't mind, right?"

Hearing that, Eljah faltered, feeling conflicted.

"If you do mind that, then I would have to reject your offer," she added.

"No, don't. I haven't even said anything and you've decided for me." Elijah could not do anything about it, and he agreed, "Fine, bring him along. But I only prepared food for the both of us. He can watch by the side."

"No problem," Elise answered.

A moment later, they arrived at a high-end restaurant.

It seemed like Elijah had booked the whole place. There were only three of them besides the waiters.

"Elise, have a seat." Elijah gentlemanly pulled out a chair for Elise.

The restaurant had an open kitchen concept. When customers were waiting, they could watch the chefs cook inside and see the whole process.

When Elise and Alexander sat down, Elijah walked away.

They thought he went to ask for a waiter, but after a while, they saw him walking into the open kitchen wearing a chef's hat and apron.

"So, you wanted me here to watch you cook?" Elise mocked him.

"Of course. Food for my beloved lady must be prepared personally," Elijah answered. He then picked up a knife and started making the steak.

He cut off the sides of the premium Wagyu, making it a perfect portion for one. Then, he drizzled oil onto the pan and seared the sides. After sprinkling on some spices, he sliced them into thin strips and placed them on a plate.

"Have a taste." Elijah served the plate to Elise.

Elise took a look at the plate and turned to Alexander.

"If he eats it, the deal is off. You'd have to eat with me one more time," Elijah said smilingly, but his eyes were cold.

Alexander Griffith got my girl and dares to eat my food? In his dreams!

Alexander looked at Elijah coldly. After some thought, the former calmly used a fork to pick up a piece of steak and fed it to Elise. "Is it nice, honey?"

"It's not bad." Elise's eyes twinkled and she looked Alexander in the eye, completely ignoring Elijah.

Elijah was so angry that he pursed his lips and his cheeks puffed up at the couple's display of affection.

How can Alexander use his food to butter up to the girl he wants and flirt in front of him too?!

Cooldest Girl in Town Chapter 744

Chapter 744 Mind Your Own Business

"Have another piece." Ignoring Elijah's ferocious gaze, Alexander continued to pamper Elise affectionately. Meanwhile, she obediently opened her mouth and ate it. For every bite she ate from Alexander's fork, her smile was as sweet as cotton candy.

As he was about to pick up another piece of steak for her again, Elijah finally could not stand the view and rudely snatched the plate of steak away. Alexander looked at the other man innocently, his motion halted by Elijah's sudden action. "You brag about your cooking, but you can't even let my wife finish her food."

"Shut the f*ck up!" Elijah threw the plate on the table. "Stay away from me. I don't want to see you now."

Alexander thought things through for a split second and put down his fork. "Okay, then." He turned to Elise and asked gently, "Are you already full?"

"Mhm," she happily replied.

"Let's go, then." Alexander held her hand, interlocking his fingers with hers and standing up.

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"What's the meaning of this?" Elijah became anxious. "I haven't eaten and yet, you're already leaving?"

"You merely asked that I accompany you to have a meal, but you didn't say for how long," Elise replied. "I came and ate the food that was served. Have I not done everything as per request?"

"Yes, but..." For a moment, he could not think of a way to refute her.

"If you really want to be part of Ellie's family... Well, our family does need a cook. You're quite suitable for that," Alexander mocked.

"You want me, the mighty young master, to cook for you? Are you out of your freaking mind?!" Elijah yelled.

"Forget it. I never force others, just like I have never forced Elise to stay by my side. It's just fate that we love each other so much now." Showing off their interlocked hands, Alexander continued, "We'll make a move now. Remember to bring the medicines to us later."

Without waiting for any response, the couple held hands and left without a backward glance.

Elijah angrily took off his chef's toque and slammed it on the table, knocking over the rest of the steak.

"Young Master." Marcus stepped forward and handed him a handkerchief.

Elijah had to close his eyes and take a deep breath before accepting it to carefully wipe every inch of the skin on his hands.

“How about we go back and explain the situation to the Master?” Marcus had been observing things for a few days, and he believed Elise would not leave with them.

“Go back? Go back empty-handed, get ridiculed and be a laughingstock?” Elijah wiped his hands over and over again. His indignance grew and his strength became so intense that a few red marks gradually appeared on his skin. “I will find that one thing she can never refuse.”

...

Ever since Danny took cognizance of Ariel’s ulterior motives toward Elise, he began his stalking journey. As the saying went, know the enemy and know yourself; in a hundred battles, you would never be in peril. Danny knew that he had to figure out Ariel’s weaknesses before taking the appropriate countermeasures.

So, he deliberately changed his car this morning and waited near her house.

As she drove out of her house, Danny immediately started the engine and followed her at a distance. But after a while, Danny realized that Ariel had been driving like a headless fly and kept changing directions, as if she was unsure where she was heading to.

Even as she was finally reaching her company, she made a sharp turn all of a sudden and drove in the opposite direction.

“Did she notice me?” As Danny was unsure what was transpiring, he tried to gradually narrow down the distance between them, but Ariel did not seem to notice either.

Just as he started feeling bored, she seemed to have driven herself into a dead alley. Noticing that, she immediately turned on the flasher and was ready to reverse. It was too late for Danny, who was not paying much attention before, to realize that Ariel was trying to do that. He braked very abruptly and it caused his car to stall, and they collided with each other.

Ariel was about to come down and negotiate when, in a swift movement, Danny unbuckled his seat belt. He wore the cap he had prepared just for occasions like this, got out of the car and ran out of the alley. Meanwhile, Ariel came near and found no driver inside. This left her no choice but to take her bag and leave her car behind, as it was stuck in between.

Danny, who was hiding in the opposite alley, quickly stopped a car to chase after Ariel when he saw her getting into a taxi.

Never in a million years did he think that her final destination was the company. He was speechless when he realized that. What was she thinking when she was wandering around and even left her car elsewhere?

...

Madeline took Tara out the whole afternoon. The both of them then returned to the Griffith Residence with multiple shopping bags that contained mostly clothes that were handpicked for her by Madeline. Madeline said—and Tara believed it—that Tara had to dress up nicely before she could seduce Brendan. Hence the bunch of dowdy clothes.

As soon as they arrived home, she urged Tara to give the clothes a try. Madeline picked out the ugliest clothes of all and handed them to Tara. “Try this. My son loves this style. Put them on and he’ll be impressed.”

To please her future mother-in-law, Tara took the clothes back to her room and obediently wore them. Compared to her previous cute style, she looked utterly ridiculous in those clothes as she walked down the stairs.

“How do I look?” Tara stood at the stairs awkwardly and smiled reluctantly.

“Cough! Cough! Good-looking! V-Very good-looking!” Madeline almost choked on her cup of water, but she still pretended that she liked them. “You look just like my son’s dream lover!”

The more she looked at Tara, the happier she became. Brendan would be so taken aback that he would run away had he seen Tara in this ghostly appearance. No way on earth that they would ever become a couple!

“Miss Fox, what do you think?” Tara still felt strange about the whole situation.

Madeline nudged Yuri, hinting to her with her eyes. Ignore your conscience and just praise her.

Yuri disregarded Madeline’s hint and replied in an outspoken manner, “This humorous style does not suit you well.”

"Yeah, I feel the same..." Tara breathed a sigh of relief. While she wanted to please Madeline, she was also unwilling to make a fool of herself. No one could blame her when such disapproval came out of Yuri's mouth.

"I see that the clothes you chose are quite good. It's just that you lack some styling skills. How about I go to your room and give you some advice?" Being a famous fashion designer herself, Yuri felt obliged to address the styling flaws happening right in front of her own eyes.

"Sure!"

The two hit it off rather quickly and went upstairs together.

When she came down again, Tara looked like a different person. She was full of confidence, looking alluring and poised. Even Madeline couldn't help but think what a beauty the younger woman was.

Madeline quickly pulled Yuri aside and whispered, "Yuri! Silly you! I deliberately asked her to wear those ugly clothes because I didn't want her to seduce my son. You just had to dress her up so beautifully, didn't you? This is tempting him outright!"

Yuri smiled indifferently. "I appreciate your kindness, Mrs. Griffith, but a generous person never seizes someone else's love. Tara seems to like Brendan very much, and it's my pleasure to help her achieve her beauty to the fullest extent so that he can appreciate it better."

Coincidentally, Brendan was walking down the stairs and heard what she said. His expressionless face became somber. "Seems like Miss Fox likes being a matchmaker, and is very enthusiastic in matchmaking the others. Why haven't you married yourself off, then?"

"Where are your manners, Brendan Griffith?!" Madeline reproached.

"I'm just speaking the truth." His tone was icy cold and every word of his was akin to being covered in thorns. "We have nothing to do with each other, so I suggest Miss Fox quit meddling in my affairs!"

As soon as he said that, he turned and went back upstairs.

In that instant, a hint of listlessness flashed across Yuri's eyes, a thousand emotions weighing down her heart.

"He must have been too busy with work recently. It's not about you. Don't take it too personally, Yuri." Madeline tried comforting her.

"It's alright." Yuri forced a smile, trying to let this incident slide.

Coolest Girl in Town Chapter 745

Chapter 745 Looking For Me?

The following day, Ariel sat in her newly repaired sports car in the underground parking lot of a condominium.

She nervously held the steering wheel as she mumbled to herself, "It's been half a month. I can't get lost again. I must memorize the route. When I leave the place and arrive at an intersection, I'll have to turn left and drive until another intersection before making a right turn. Then, another left, right and left. Okay, I got this!"

After repeating for a few times, Ariel took a deep breath, then started the engine and drove out of the parking lot.

From a corner, a black BMW tailed after her.

Ariel drove extremely slowly and arrived at the intersection. When she was waiting for the lights to turn green, she kept on muttering to herself, "Right, then left. Right, then left..."

Soon, the green lights came on.

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Ariel made a right turn and drove straight. After a while, she was confused again. "What's next after the right turn?"

"Make a right at the intersection before... before another right? Yeah, that should be it! Make a right, then another right."

With that, she turned right at the next junction. Now, she had ended up on an unfamiliar road.

Ariel was stunned. "Where is this now..."

She wanted to work on her sense of direction, which was why she did not even bring her phone along. Now, she was stuck.

Stretching her neck, she tried to scan the road in front of her. Maybe I can figure out the roads with my cleverness.

Ariel continued driving along the road. After making numerous turns, she noticed a familiar ramp and hope lit up in her. She stepped on the gas and sped out of the alley, only to realize there was a river right in front of her.

She tried slamming on the breaks, but it was too late.

At that moment, a black sedan drove in from the side and Ariel's car slammed into it with a bang. The impact had caused her car to dent the black sedan, but luckily both cars stopped and did not fall into the river.

Ariel let out a deep breath and quickly unbuckled her seat belt. She then went down and checked the damage on the black sedan.

Both cars were severely damaged. Even though they were both at fault, Ariel was willing to bear all the repair costs, so she took out her checkbook.

Ever since she had gotten her driving license, this was not the first time an accident had happened. She knew very well how much it would cost for repairs.

While she was still writing down the numbers, the door of the black sedan swung open and the car owner came down. She was shocked upon seeing who it was.

"How could it be you?" She looked at Danny's gloating face with embarrassment.

Danny walked forward and bent down to check where his car was smashed in. "My gosh, do you like jumping into the river so much?"

Ariel quietly massaged her temples.

He stood like a model with his hands in his pockets and looked at Ariel with a smile. At that point, he could not hold in his laughter any longer. "Hahaha! I can't believe it. You have no sense of direction at all. Who would've thought about that? You're killing me here!"

Ariel's face turned beet red. This little punk! Isn't he trying too hard to look for my weakness?

She narrowed her eyes as a sly look swept across her face.

In the next second, she approached Danny and forced him to back up against the car.

"What are you doing? Trying to murder me, are you?" Danny looked at her cautiously.

"If you dare talk about this, I won't say it's not a possibility," Ariel answered with a cold look, as if she was going to eat him alive.

Danny swallowed hard as he became apprehensive. He weakly threatened her, "I'm warning you—don't mess with me. I've got three brothers and a sister-in-law. If anything happens to me, they won't let you off!"

"Don't worry. I don't crave blood that much." Ariel placed her hand on his chest and slid it downward. When she reached his six-pack, she stopped and did not move her hands anymore. "But if you talk about this anywhere else, I can't promise that I won't eat you."

"You, you... Don't you like my sister-in-law?" Danny was taken aback and jerked his neck backward.

"You are you, whereas Miss Sinclair is Miss Sinclair. I won't neglect either one. Look at this six-pack... How sexy it would be..." Ariel continued teasing him.

"In your dreams! It doesn't matter if it is me or Elise, because you won't get away with it!"

Danny was like a snake; he slithered away from her embrace and ran.

"Stop right there!" Ariel demanded with her hands crossed in front of her. "One more step and I'll withdraw the investment!"

Danny stopped in his tracks. Even though he did not turn around, he was under her control now.

Ariel was a huge investor. He put in a lot of effort to get her back from another country. If she left because of him, it would be a huge loss.

“Now, be a good boy and be my driver; or else, I’ll leave Cittadel for real. Even though I’m not good at recognizing roads, I can still easily get a cab to the airport,” Ariel threatened cheerfully.

It was Danny’s first startup, and Elise was a shareholder too. If he gave up now, it would be such a shame.

After careful consideration, Danny turned back and frivolously flattered Ariel. Chuckling, he murmured, “Ms. Whitney, it was all my fault. Why don’t you be the bigger person and forgive me, please?”

“We’ll see.” She walked over to the passenger’s seat and looked at him. “What are you waiting for? Come and open the door for me.”

“Of course!” Danny continued to lick her boots. “Here I come!”

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It was late at night when Narissa left the video arcade. After walking for a while, she heard footsteps. Someone was following her.

She had her guard up and did some quick thinking. Then, she picked up her speed and turned into an alley.

On the other side of the road was a café. On the second floor, Charissa and her gang saw what happened and freaked out.

“Do you think Narissa realized something was off?” one of the men asked.

“Hard to say; that woman is smart. Who knows where she’ll run to now?” another man added.

“Don’t worry.” The smile on Charissa’s face deepened as she revealed, “That alley’s a dead end.”

Sure enough, not long after Narissa entered the alley, a high wall blocked her path.

A moment later, a few men holding baseball bats turned up at the alley's entrance.

Narissa smiled calmly and counted them with her fingers, "One, two, three... there's six of you. They only managed to get you guys? Seems like they aren't as great as they claim. Stop wasting my time. Let's settle this at one go."

At the end of her sentence, the six men rushed up together, and fighting sounds soon came from within the alley.

After a few minutes, Charissa and her gang panicked when they did not see anyone walking out of the alley.

"She's not dead, right? We don't want to get people killed for real."

With heavy hearts, they left the cafe and came to the alley.

However, what they saw was the six men lying on the ground, their faces filled with bruises.

"What is this? Where is she?" Charissa grabbed the man closest to her and roared.

"Looking for me?"

Narissa's voice gently rose from behind them.