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Coollest Girl in Town Chapter 383

Chapter 383 Trading Secrets, Coollest Girl in Town

The spy followed Jeanie all the way to the DNA test facility and waited until Jeanie left before paying a small bribe to get insider information from the laboratory employees. As it turned out, Jeanie had wanted to confirm the biological relation between herself and someone of the name of Elise Sinclair, hence the trip to the facility. When Faye heard this, she was so agitated that she shoved everything off her desk and let them clatter to the ground. On the other end of the phone, the spy dared not breathe or interrupt when he heard the sound of breaking glass and tumbling objects that followed Faye's fit of rage. After what felt like a long pause, Faye finally replied in a sinister manner on the other line, "Go and get me those results; I want them as soon as they're out, no matter the cost." ... The next day, in light of the steady regression that Griffith Group experienced on the stock exchange, the financial news added insult to injury by publicizing Alexander's resignation. Given that he had been the leading figure of authority in the company, his departure plunged stakeholders into a panic they had never felt before and they hurried to sell off the shares they had in hopes of recouping some of their losses.

Incidentally, Amelia announced that plans for the Olson Family to acquire Griffith Group were underway, which launched the price of their shares to new heights on the stock exchange. Nearly everyone who kept up with the news in the city knew that the Olson Family would inevitably emerge victorious in this power struggle. For the sake of success, she decided that it was best to see Nathan and have their pending partnership formalized in writing. With Johan in tow, it wasn't until after he and Amelia had arrived at the hotel that they were told of Nathan's departure.

A huge bribe had been forked out before Nathan's bodyguard caved into the temptation and told them of Nathan's whereabouts. Upon obtaining the information, Amelia and Johan set off to look for Nathan. Little did they know that Nathan had left to badger someone as well and that someone happened to be none other than Elise. Over at the Silverton Clubhouse, he was lobbying Elise with no small amount of persistence. "I've thought about this, and I think you know A's whereabouts. I can't stand not knowing the truth; you need to tell me where A is right now!

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Or you could tell me what the deal is between you and A.” Finally, desperation kicked in as he urged, “Fine, I’ll compromise! How about if you just tell me whether A is a man or a woman? That isn’t too much to ask, right?” Alas, all his wheedling was to no avail, for she merely stared ahead absentmindedly as she sat on the couch with her arms crossed. Across from Nathan, Alexander could no longer stand his relentless badgering. “President York, how do you think your investors might feel if they find out that their best pitcher lacks fortitude? I wonder if they would reconsider their investments.”

“Get off your high horse,” Nathan snapped, glaring at Alexander indignantly. “And you’re one to talk, Mr. I-Left-My-Family-Fortune-Behind! Haven’t you heard that the mighty who have fallen would still command more respect than the average person? Do you honestly believe that I’d have taken on all those investors and capital without a contingency plan? I would have made a joke out of myself!” Alexander nodded before he pointed out coolly, “I think you already have done so.”

Indeed, Nathan was behaving like an idiot right now; he was aimlessly pacing around as he glanced from left to right. He looked like he was a couple of cards short of a full deck. “Hmph! Don’t get all haughty with me! I bet you want to know who A is as much as I do,” he retorted wickedly. “Aside from me, A might be the only other person in this city who could help to restore the Griffith Family’s glory.” When she heard this, Elise quietly shot Nathan a look. Alexander, too, merely smiled and offered no retort as he allowed Nathan the pleasure of blowing his own trumpet.

Much to Nathan’s oblivion, the man who carried himself with such easy grace despite the recent controversies had been strategizing and planning since the beginning. As far as Alexander was concerned, Nathan was nothing but a pawn. It was during times like these when Elise would find herself doubting that Alexander was all that he seemed. He certainly had the makings of someone who exceeded the capacity of a mere successor to the Griffith Group. At this time, her phone vibrated and pulled her out of her thoughts. She flipped open her phone and read the message that had popped up on the screen.

After noticing this, Nathan sneaked up behind the couch and subtly peered at her screen from over her shoulder. When he saw that the symbol on the screen was the same one that marked his correspondences with A, he nearly choked and spat out his beer. The message on the screen read, ‘There’s someone looking into you. What’s your take on this?’ Nathan sputtered and began to cough violently as disbelief crashed over him like a tidal wave. In

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truth, he had paid SK Group a hefty price for them to look into A's whereabouts as well as Elise's background.

He was almost certain that the message was sent by a member of SK Group, which meant Elise was likely in the group, too. Elise, on the other hand, seemed unfazed as she looked up at him and asked in a steady voice, "You had someone look into me?" "Old habits are hard to change; I've been in the business industry long enough to know that it's always better to be cautious. Trust me, I bear no ill intention," Nathan explained with a grin. "Oh, I didn't think the absence of ill intentions justifies the act of snooping," she countered darkly, narrowing her eyes.

Again, the intimidating gleam that seemed so at odds with her image flashed in her eyes once more. A chill ran down his spine and he suddenly had a bad feeling about being here. He snapped out of his reverie when Elise said calmly without looking up, "I'm A." Nathan fell silent, exasperated by how easily the lie rolled off her tongue. He made to leave and as he walked toward the door, he grumbled under his breath, "Do your research before you spew such nonsense, little girl. You were probably doing finger-painting in grade school when A was reigning over the stock market..."

He had only just reached the exit of the clubhouse when Amelia and Johan obstructed his way. "Mr. York!" Amelia greeted with a dazzling smile. "The Griffiths are going to hit rock bottom by the time the stock exchange opens tomorrow. I think it's high time we discuss that collaboration and put it down in writing, don't you?" While Nathan had never evaded them on purpose, photos of them being seen together had been captured from the media more often than not in recent times and rumors of an upcoming collaboration had circulated throughout the industry.

In actuality, Nathan had yet to agree to a collaboration, which made Johan see him as a wild card. For each day that the collaboration remained unconfirmed, the risk of Nathan joining Alexander's forces only grew larger; at this rate, it would only be a matter of time before the Griffiths would return in social graces. While it meant the Griffiths' defeat tomorrow might be definite, it certainly would not be permanent.

However, with Nathan on his side, Johan could entirely wipe out Griffith Group. Presently, Nathan was still fuming and he had no patience to deal with Johan and Amelia. Without much thought, Nathan brusquely dismissed them, "I know. Go and get the contract drawn up." An overjoyed Amelia asked, "Really?"

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Oh, it's splendid to know you've made up your mind. Shall we go over the details tomorrow morning?" He hummed in response, then turned to burrow into his car with the same irritability as a grizzly bear. As Johan and Amelia watched Nathan's car speed away, he said slowly, "Aunt Amelia, we're so close to winning this."

Coolest Girl in Town Chapter 384

Chapter 384 The Day of Miracles, Coolest Girl in Town

It was late at night and the entire Griffith Family had already drifted off into sleep when Penny, a member of the household staff, pried open a small gap in the door of the backyard. Through the gap, she could see Matthew's figure standing on the other side of the door; he looked to have been waiting for a while, and not wanting his patience to run out, she quickly and cautiously informed, "Young Master Alexander has decided to sever ties with the rest of the Griffiths. It was quite the scene!" In the dimness, his cold and sinister face seemed to brighten at the news. "I see. Well done, Penny."

"There's no need for praise." Whatever Penny was doing now went against her good conscience and she was already uneasy as things were. However, she knew she didn't have a choice, not while Matthew was threatening to hurt her grandson, who had only just started schooling not too long ago. "I'd be grateful enough if you could keep your word and leave my family unhurt, Young Master Matthew." "Don't you worry, Penny; I wouldn't lay a finger on your family as long as you cooperate with me," he drawled with an icy smile. "Well, you best keep that in mind!"

After having thrown the words brusquely over her shoulders, Penny closed the door to the backyard and lightly tread back into the house. She had never done anything as unsettling as this before, and to make matters worse, she was cohorting with a criminal whom the police were after. She had a feeling that she would not be able to get any sleep for the rest of her days. Meanwhile, under the moonless night sky, Matthew slowly turned away from the house and walked into the distance as he took the phone out of his pocket... The next morning, news of Alexander cutting off the Griffiths broke all over the city, and along with it came word of the Griffith Family's hard fall from grace.

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Within an hour of the stock market opening, the Griffiths saw a steep decline in the value of their shares that amounted to hundreds of billions; they were merely a fraction away from entirely falling out of the market. The Securities Regulatory Commission were worried that a shift in market dynamics such as this would turn the shareholders manic and it was only when the Commission intervened that the Griffith Group was saved from plummeting even further. Despite the damage control, everyone knew that the Griffiths' reign was coming to an end; the thread that tied them to capitalist privileges was fraying fast and it would break at any second.

While chaos took the stock market by storm, Elise was tucked away in the classroom and listening to an open lecture. Addison was sitting next to her, but she seemed restless as she tapped her pen against the desk, sighing every once in a while like she was pondering life's biggest conundrums. At some point, Elise finally couldn't stand the girl's plaintive disposition any longer and asked softly, "Normally, you'd be playing video games by now. What's up?" "I'm not in the mood," Addison answered with a weary sigh, sounding depressed. "My dad's business ran into some problems; they're saying we might be bankrupt soon.

When that happens, I won't be able to stay in college anymore. I'd probably have to immediately find work so that I can pay my dues." "That sounds pretty serious." Addison had always been the life of the party, as if she had not a care in the world. Elise didn't think that things could turn so bleak that bankruptcy would be in the books. "Right?" Addison sighed again. "Unless a miracle—like a really big one—happens, my family would end up like your boyfriend's and we'd have to wind up the company for good."

She was wallowing in self-pity, but as soon as she heard herself, she hurried to explain, "Sorry, Elise—I'm not saying that your boyfriend's family would be bankrupt; I just thought that our situations are close enough by comparison..." *To be fair, though, the Griffiths will be devastated by hundreds of billions worth in losses if they were to go bankrupt.* She couldn't imagine how the Griffiths would pull through. Conversely, Addison's family was facing a much smaller setback.

The debts that came from their bankruptcy wouldn't be enough to entirely crush them and they could pay those off if they just tightened their belts a little. "It's fine," Elise said, not at all bothered. She lowered her gaze in thought before she asked, "Does your dad invest in stocks?" Addison shook her head, a little stunned as she pointed out, "You overestimate me,

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Elise. Stocks are for upmarket companies, and a business like ours—"That's not what I meant," Elise interrupted when she saw that the girl had misunderstood.

Patiently, she began to explain, "I was thinking that it wouldn't be hard for your dad to make some money from buying stocks now that the market is experiencing a giant shift in dynamics. It's a good investment opportunity." "I don't really know about stuff like this," Addison confessed sheepishly. She might have been a major in Mathematics, but the concept of stocks was foreign to her and she treated it with more fearful respect than curiosity. After all, she was from a middle-class family; the only things she had ever heard about stocks were how someone racked up insurmountable losses and how someone else had leaped off a ledge after their stock prices took a huge dip in the market.

Either way, the stock market was not a playground for the faint-hearted. More to the point, Addison's father was a down-to-earth man with principles. He liked knowing that the profit he earned was out of honest work and while the pace was much slower than investing in stocks, it still gave him a peace of mind. "Take it easy. People like us aren't meant to become millionaires overnight!" Those were the words with which he imparted his wisdom and philosophy and Addison kept those same words close to her heart. At this moment, Elise narrowed her eyes as she gazed at the lecturer who had decidedly taken a passionate stance on teaching before mystifyingly adding, "Tomorrow will be a miraculous day, and those who believe in miracles will be rewarded."

For some reason, Elise's cryptic demeanor had only made Addison want to trust her more. Her hands darted out to grab Elise by the wrist as she stared at Elise with a fanatic gleam in her eyes, "Elise, I believe in you. I'll have my dad gamble what's left of our money on your boyfriend!" Elise let out a light chuckle at the girl's sudden bold decision. "There's no need for that. The Griffiths are rotten to the core, and so is their worth." "Huh?" The spark of hope that Addison had felt seconds ago now died. "Does that mean that the Griffiths are bound to go bankrupt and that our family has no better investment options?"

"Not really," Elise replied. "Frazier Pharmaceuticals could make for a good investment. You could tell your dad to gamble on this, but you have to be quick and get the shares by today, or there won't be any left by tomorrow." "Okay!" Addison agreed. She had no idea what Elise meant, but she knew that the girl wouldn't set her up to fail. Behind them was a boy from their faculty, who had heard every single word of their exchange.

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The Olson Family's press conference was about to start at 10:00AM that morning and all members of the media had already arrived. They were all waiting for Nathan to show up. This would mark the dawn of a new era in Tissote wherein the Olson Family would climb to the top of the social pyramid. However, when 11:00 AM rolled around, Nathan was still nowhere to be seen. The reporters were growing agitated as they chattered among themselves. They were beginning to wonder that the Olson Family had pulled a feint and that Nathan had never agreed to working with them in the first place.

Even as the crowd grew doubtful, they dared not leave the scene, for the Olson Family was already reaping rewards from the seismic shift in the stock market. Backstage, Amelia and Johan were beside themselves with panic. Everyone was calling Nathan's phone, but none of them was able to get hold of him. It took another half an hour before both Amelia and Johan realized that Nathan had bailed on them, and that he had never intended to attend the press conference today in the first place.

As it turned out, the billions that they had raked in from the stock exchange and their skyrocketing worth were not enough to impress him. He had decided to humiliate them in front of the press and the public! Johan was frantic as he called Nathan's number incessantly, but Nathan never picked up even once. Eventually, his phone died and he threw it onto the floor as he cursed angrily, "Who the hell does he think he is? He's just some agent!

Does he really think the Olson Family can't do better without him?!" He had only just finished ranting when Amelia's phone rang. Thinking it might be Nathan, she quickly answered the call and pressed the phone to her ear before demanding anxiously, "Hello? Mr. York, where in the world are you?" The person on the other line said something, and whatever it was made Amelia grow grim. When she hung up the phone, she turned to look at Johan as she said gravely, "Come with me."

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