

Cooler Girl in Town Chapter 881

Chapter 881 Kill Me and Your Baby!

Brendan snorted contemptuously, and a cold gleam flashed across his eyes. "Did you ever stop to consider that she's a consenting party?"

"Humph!" Christopher refuted hotly, "If so, why do you have to place the bodyguards all over the villa?"

Brendan had had enough of this farce. So, he turned to look at Yuri, beckoned her to come to him, and called out tenderly, "Come here."

Yuri's hand, hanging at her side, curled slightly before she forced herself to relax. Then, after a moment of hesitation, she walked straight to him. Brendan adjusted their posture so her body could block Christopher's line of sight.

He caressed Yuri's face with his large palm and played with her hair with his fingers. Although his actions and words were gentle, she could feel a hint of malice as he crooned, "Kiss me."

It was an order and a warning. Even if he didn't explain anything, Yuri knew what consequences she would have to face if she rebelled against him, especially now.

After Brendan said that, he took a step back and stood in place with a kind smile on his face. He looked so mild-mannered and gentlemanly, but only Yuri knew how terrifying the man behind that persona was.

Despite Christopher not being a part of their play-by-play and thus didn't understand Brendan's schemes, he was worried enough about Yuri's safety that he said reassuringly, "Yuri, don't worry. Just tell him what you're thinking. I'll help you!"

When Brendan heard his words, the hatred he felt for Christopher flashed across his eyes for a split second. Although he had an iron-clad control over his facial expression and suppressed the emotion almost immediately, Yuri keenly spotted the minute change in his demeanor.

She knew Christopher would suffer from the consequences of his actions if she didn't dance to Brendan's tune.

At the thought of this, she inhaled as she balled her fists, tiptoed, and kissed his lips lightly. Then, she hurriedly turned to the side and lowered her head to hide the resentment on her face.

Then, in order to dissuade Christopher, she feigned composure and demanded coldly, "Mr. Edwards, please leave and don't disturb us again."

“Yuri!” Christopher shouted in shock. He had no idea that Yuri would do whatever Brendan pleased. No woman in the 21st century would be so submissive as she was.

This was coercion through and through, and Brendan was the typical psychopathic control freak.

He was powerless to do anything, and Yuri had lost her basic reasoning and judgment. Nevertheless, it seemed impossible to take her out of here forcibly at the moment.

Christopher walked to Brendan and warned gravely, “I won’t let this go so easily. You’d better make sure that Yuri would never come to harm under your care. Otherwise, when I take her away and trust me, that day will come eventually. Then, I’ll make sure you pay for your actions!”

After he said that, he looked at Yuri deeply before leaving reluctantly. As soon as the door closed, Yuri fell on the sofa and wiped her lips as though by doing so, she could remove the memory of kissing Brendan willingly. When Brendan saw her actions, he interpreted them as an apparent provocation.

His calculative glance became gloomy instantly. He gripped her neck fiercely and pushed her back against the sofa. “Do you hate me that much? You want to kiss Christopher, don’t you? You want to leave with him and stay as far away from me as possible, don’t you? Answer me!”

Yuri’s face flushed due to the chokehold he had on her. She could feel slightly dizzy as her breath came in short pants, but she refused to give in. “Yes, just kill me! Just kill your baby and me!”

The veins on his hands rippled as he applied more force. There was a brief moment when he considered dying with her so no one could ever take her away from him.

Still, at the last moment, he couldn’t bring himself to kill her. He released her and left the room, leaving her laying limply on the sofa as she struggled to regain her breathing.

When he got to the door, he took his anger out on the bodyguards and slapped anyone who came to greet him three times in a row.

“If you let anyone in again, I’ll kill you myself!”

That night, Adam called Alexander. He told him that something had happened at home and requested him to come home.

The minute Alexander walked into the living room, he saw Christopher and an officer in police uniform sitting on the sofa, both looking grave.

Nevertheless, the office's attitude toward Alexander was rather courteous. He offered his hand and greeted him, "I'm sorry for inconveniencing you, Mr. Griffith. I hope you understand that it's the protocol that you have to come by personally."

"It's quite alright." Alexander shook hands with the officer briefly. "How do I refer you, sir?"

"Detective Fowler would do," the officer introduced himself.

"Perfect." Alexander gestured for the officer to take his seat. What is the occasion for your visit, Detective Fowler?

"Well, I have some questions that I need to ask Mr. Brendan in person." Detective Fowler chuckled politely and stated the reason for his visit as he did not dare to provoke such an influential figure.

As soon as he finished speaking, Brendan leisurely strolled into the living room from the main door.

"That's him!" Christopher immediately shot up from his seat as he pointed at Brendan and bellowed, "He is the control freak imprisoning Yuri! Yuri is in his house now!"

Brendan remained standing and didn't seem the least bit panicked as he commented, "Not bad. You're quite persistent, and you have even come all the way here. Unfortunately, it seems that I have underestimated your feelings for Yuri."

"Cut the crap! You've violated the law by restricting Yuri's freedom for a long period of time and preventing her from participating in social activities. Detective Fowler, arrest him!" Christopher felt even more confident than he was in the morning now that an officer was here to back him up.

"I know what to do." Detective Fowler slowly stood up with an impartial attitude. He truly hoped that Brendan could prove himself innocent. Otherwise, things would get messy. Plus, he could already imagine the building migraine if things were to blow up. "Mr. Brendan, please ask Miss Fox to come and explain her situation to us in person."

Brendan remained unflappable, but it was clear that he wasn't about to cooperate. There was even a trace of mockery in his tone as he said, "Detective Fowler, it seems that you don't know that Yuri is pregnant with my child, and we will soon be engaged."

"You're lying! Yuri is afraid of you! How could she possibly agree to marry you?!" Christopher's already short fuse was immediately lit.

Brendan shrugged as he chuckled and taunted, "She has met my family, and my family knows that we're getting married. Just ask around."

Detective Fowler turned to look at Alexander and Adam for clarification. "Gentlemen, is it true? Are they getting married?"

"Yes, they are." Adam asserted, "My wife likes Yuri, and we even plan to hold the weddings of our two sons together, but we haven't managed to announce the news because we're caught up with a lot of things. I didn't expect that it would cause such a big misunderstanding."

"You're lying!" Christopher expressed his disbelief, "All of you are his accomplices! How can you ignore Yuri's safety just to protect Brendan? What if something bad happens to her? How could any of you sleep at night?!"

"Hey, just what do you mean by that?!" Madeline, who had been silent all along, finally lost her temper. "I haven't even begun questioning you! You glared at us as soon as you barged in and treated us as though we were criminals. Who do you think we are? My son can have all the women in the world! He doesn't have to use such a despicable method to get a girl. If you hear another word coming out of your mouth, I'll sue you for slander and ensure you get sentenced to jail!"

Don't Judge the Book by Its Cover

"I'm telling the truth! Brendan, if you really are innocent, release Yuri, and let her talk to the police herself!"

Christopher refused to give up because he was confident that Yuri was locked up against her will.

"Alright." Brendan shrugged indifferently. "As you wish."

He took out his phone and dialed the villa's number. A few seconds later, Yuri's voice resonated from the other end of the line, "What's the matter?"

Brendan raised the phone with a smile and uttered flatly, "Yuri, Mr. Edwards came to my house with a police officer. He insisted that I have imprisoned you. Please talk to them, will you?"

Christopher snatched the phone out of Brendan's hand and shouted agitatedly, "Yuri, are you listening? It's me! Don't worry. I've called the police. Just say that you're locked up against your will, and we'll get you immediately. You don't have to be controlled by him ever again!"

Unfortunately, it seemed like a cry for help was not in the cards for one Yuri today.

"Yes, I can hear you."

Her tone of voice was light with a tinge of irritation. "I told you this morning. We broke up long ago, and Brendan treats me very well. My life is great. So, please stop pestering me."

"You're saying that the police officer is also there, right? Sir, please listen carefully. Brendan is the father of my child, and we're going to get married soon. I don't want anyone to ruin our relationship. We may be influential, but we are still citizens and obey the law just as citizens do. Please respect our privacy, and don't believe in Christopher's nonsense."

Christopher was up in arms as he yelled into the phone, "No! Yuri, wake up! I'm helping you! If you go on like this, you'll lose yourself. Yuri!"

Beep! Beep!

All that awaited Christopher was the merciless dial tone as Yuri ended the call.

Christopher stared at the screen in utter disbelief as he squeezed the phone tightly. He was clutching onto it so tightly that his hand began to shake.

He gritted his teeth as he tried to face the harsh reality for what it was before finally losing it. He pounced at Brendan swiftly and aimed a fist in his direction. "B*stard! What the hell did you do to Yuri?!"

As he shouted, he lunged at Brendan. Nevertheless, Brendan had nimble reflexes as he defended himself, quickly grabbed Christopher by the neck, and shoved him against the sofa, successfully restricting him.

Madeline was so shocked by the abrupt fight that she shrieked and clutched her chest in fright. Then, she turned to the officer and reprimanded, "Detective Fowler, this is the man you brought to our home! Based on the circumstances, I think it's only right for me to assume that you've come here with ill intentions. Tell me which precinct you are from. I want to speak to your superior!"

"No, please don't, Mrs. Griffith! I'm sorry, it's all my fault. I should have investigated the case better before I came here. Please forgive me," Detective Fowler apologized profusely. "Don't worry. I'll look into this case carefully and clear your name. Please forgive me and allow me to make up for my mistakes."

The Griffith Family was highly affluent. Just from their company's revenue alone accounted for a large percentage of the country's GDP. So, it was only a logical conclusion that they're also a family that the government highly respected. Hence, if Detective Fowler received a complaint from them, it would ruin his career and life.

“Don’t think you’re getting away so easily! I refuse to accept your apology. Hurry up and call your superior!” Madeline had been up in arms the whole time and finally had a chance to vent her anger, so she seized the opportunity like a shark scenting blood.

On the other hand, Brendan had no intention of putting the police department in a difficult situation. Thus, he grabbed Christopher and handed him over to the officer. “Detective Fowler, I believe you’re not on Mr. Edwards’ side. Today, you and I are the victims of his false accusation. Please take him back to the station and question him.”

Detective Fowler heaved a sigh of relief when he saw that Brendan was giving him an out of his situation. For that reason, he immediately handcuffed Christopher and avowed, “Don’t worry, Mr. Brendan. I’ll solve this case as soon as possible and ensure that this kind of thing will not happen again!”

“Since we’ve solved the problem, I’ll take him back to the station. Excuse me.”

Rightly fearing that Madeline would insist on talking to his superior, Detective Fowler nodded at Brendan and escaped with Christopher in tow.

Madeline rolled her eyes in annoyance as she glared at their departing figures. “Christopher looks like a gentleman, but I didn’t expect him to stoop so low! They’ve broken up, yet he is still bugging Yuri to this day! The people of old are wise by saying that we can never judge a book by its cover!”

Then, she bustled over to Brendan, cupped his face, and checked on him. “Let me see. Did he hurt you?”

“I’m fine.” Brendan pushed her away and said dispassionately, “I’m sorry for the inconvenience. Yuri is alone at home. I’ll be taking my leave now.”

“Wait up.” Alexander stopped him. “Can I have a word with you?”

Brendan lowered his eyes and thought for a while before nodding in agreement.

“Let’s talk while we walk.”

Alexander patted his shoulder and strolled out with his brother side by side.

After he ensured that Madeline was not in hearing range, Alexander advised, “Sometimes, you can’t push a woman too far. Things may backfire when you are obsessed with the results.”

Brendan nodded absent-mindedly. “I know what I’m doing. Don’t worry.”

“Good.” Alexander nodded and changed the subject. “By the way, I think you should have received the news that the royal family of Yveltalia will be visiting our country

soon. At that time, the prince and princess will select the most outstanding fashion designer and establish a brand for them as the first business collaboration between the two countries.”

“Yeah, I’ve heard a little about that,” Brendan remarked lightly.

“Yveltalia and Cittadel just established diplomatic relations last year, and both countries are trying to find a balance in this relationship, which means that both sides will be lenient no matter how much money they pour in to make the collaboration work. The profit of this project is huge. I want you to win the hearts of the royal family. Can you do that?” Alexander asked seriously.

Brendan stopped in his tracks and sighed heavily. “Well, I wish I could give you a confident answer, but the designers from Yveltalia will be participating in the selection too. The competition is very intense.”

Alexander placed his hand on Brendan’s shoulder and encouraged, “Our country’s fashion designers are equally as brilliant as the foreign designers in clothing design. You’re a brilliant designer. I’m sure you’ll be able to snag first place.”

Brendan shrugged. “To be honest, I would have agreed immediately if Elise had been around.”

Alexander’s eyes flickered slightly. Then, after a moment of silence, he continued, “You’re now the best fashion designer in the country. Have some confidence in yourself. Take this as a challenge for you to reach better heights!”

Although Elise’s identity was about to be made public, Alexander decided to boost Brendan’s confidence first since he seemed to be in low spirits recently.

“Alright, I’ll do my best.”

The following day, Yuri hid under the covers and poked her head out to look at the clock on the wall.

It was already 9.30AM, but Brendan was still at home.

She frowned in frustration because she desperately needed to use the bathroom.

“If you’re awake, get up and wash up. Then, after breakfast, get changed. You’re going out with me today.”

Brendan’s voice echoed across the room, and he ruthlessly exposed her for feigning sleep.

Yuri scowled in embarrassment at her predicament. But, alas, there was nothing she could do but obediently follow his instructions.

As she walked past him, she stopped and asked curiously, "Where are we going?"

"You'll know when we get there." Brendan took a sip of coffee leisurely and refused to give her a straight answer.

Bang!

Yuri made a face at his back, rushed into the bathroom, and slammed the door with a loud bang, expressing her dissatisfaction.

Coollest Girl in Town Chapter 882

Chapter 882 Don't Judge the Book by Its Cover

"I'm telling the truth! Brendan, if you really are innocent, release Yuri, and let her talk to the police herself!" Christopher refused to give up because he was confident that Yuri was locked up against her will.

"Alright." Brendan shrugged indifferently. "As you wish." He took out his phone and dialed the villa's number. A few seconds later, Yuri's voice resonated from the other end of the line, "What's the matter?"

Brendan raised the phone with a smile and uttered flatly, "Yuri, Mr. Edwards came to my house with a police officer. He insisted that I have imprisoned you. Please talk to them, will you?"

Christopher snatched the phone out of Brendan's hand and shouted agitatedly, "Yuri, are you listening? It's me! Don't worry. I've called the police. Just say that you're locked up against your will, and we'll get you immediately. You don't have to be controlled by him ever again!"

Unfortunately, it seemed like a cry for help was not in the cards for one Yuri today.

"Yes, I can hear you."

Her tone of voice was light with a tinge of irritation. "I told you this morning. We broke up long ago, and Brendan treats me very well. My life is great. So, please stop pestering me."

"You're saying that the police officer is also there, right? Sir, please listen carefully. Brendan is the father of my child, and we're going to get married soon. I don't want anyone to ruin our relationship. We may be influential, but we are still citizens and obey

the law just as citizens do. Please respect our privacy, and don't believe in Christopher's nonsense."

Christopher was up in arms as he yelled into the phone, "No! Yuri, wake up! I'm helping you! If you go on like this, you'll lose yourself. Yuri!"

Beep! Beep!

All that awaited Christopher was the merciless dial tone as Yuri ended the call.

Christopher stared at the screen in utter disbelief as he squeezed the phone tightly. He was clutching onto it so tightly that his hand began to shake.

He gritted his teeth as he tried to face the harsh reality for what it was before finally losing it. He pounced at Brendan swiftly and aimed a fist in his direction. "B*stard! What the hell did you do to Yuri?!"

As he shouted, he lunged at Brendan. Nevertheless, Brendan had nimble reflexes as he defended himself, quickly grabbed Christopher by the neck, and shoved him against the sofa, successfully restricting him.

Madeline was so shocked by the abrupt fight that she shrieked and clutched her chest in fright. Then, she turned to the officer and reprimanded, "Detective Fowler, this is the man you brought to our home! Based on the circumstances, I think it's only right for me to assume that you've come here with ill intentions. Tell me which precinct you are from. I want to speak to your superior!"

"No, please don't, Mrs. Griffith! I'm sorry, it's all my fault. I should have investigated the case better before I came here. Please forgive me," Detective Fowler apologized profusely. "Don't worry. I'll look into this case carefully and clear your name. Please forgive me and allow me to make up for my mistakes."

The Griffith Family was highly affluent. Just from their company's revenue alone accounted for a large percentage of the country's GDP. So, it was only a logical conclusion that they're also a family that the government highly respected. Hence, if Detective Fowler received a complaint from them, it would ruin his career and life.

"Don't think you're getting away so easily! I refuse to accept your apology. Hurry up and call your superior!" Madeline had been up in arms the whole time and finally had a chance to vent her anger, so she seized the opportunity like a shark scenting blood.

On the other hand, Brendan had no intention of putting the police department in a difficult situation. Thus, he grabbed Christopher and handed him over to the officer. "Detective Fowler, I believe you're not on Mr. Edwards' side. Today, you and I are the victims of his false accusation. Please take him back to the station and question him."

Detective Fowler heaved a sigh of relief when he saw that Brendan was giving him an out of his situation. For that reason, he immediately handcuffed Christopher and avowed, "Don't worry, Mr. Brendan. I'll solve this case as soon as possible and ensure that this kind of thing will not happen again!"

"Since we've solved the problem, I'll take him back to the station. Excuse me."

Rightly fearing that Madeline would insist on talking to his superior, Detective Fowler nodded at Brendan and escaped with Christopher in tow.

Madeline rolled her eyes in annoyance as she glared at their departing figures. "Christopher looks like a gentleman, but I didn't expect him to stoop so low! They've broken up, yet he is still bugging Yuri to this day! The people of old are wise by saying that we can never judge a book by its cover!"

Then, she bustled over to Brendan, cupped his face, and checked on him. "Let me see. Did he hurt you?"

"I'm fine." Brendan pushed her away and said dispassionately, "I'm sorry for the inconvenience. Yuri is alone at home. I'll be taking my leave now."

"Wait up." Alexander stopped him. "Can I have a word with you?"

Brendan lowered his eyes and thought for a while before nodding in agreement.

"Let's talk while we walk."

Alexander patted his shoulder and strolled out with his brother side by side.

After he ensured that Madeline was not in hearing range, Alexander advised, "Sometimes, you can't push a woman too far. Things may backfire when you are obsessed with the results."

Brendan nodded absent-mindedly. "I know what I'm doing. Don't worry."

"Good." Alexander nodded and changed the subject. "By the way, I think you should have received the news that the royal family of Yveltalia will be visiting our country soon. At that time, the prince and princess will select the most outstanding fashion designer and establish a brand for them as the first business collaboration between the two countries."

"Yeah, I've heard a little about that," Brendan remarked lightly.

"Yveltalia and Cittadel just established diplomatic relations last year, and both countries are trying to find a balance in this relationship, which means that both sides will be lenient no matter how much money they pour in to make the collaboration work. The

profit of this project is huge. I want you to win the hearts of the royal family. Can you do that?" Alexander asked seriously.

Brendan stopped in his tracks and sighed heavily. "Well, I wish I could give you a confident answer, but the designers from Yveltalia will be participating in the selection too. The competition is very intense."

Alexander placed his hand on Brendan's shoulder and encouraged, "Our country's fashion designers are equally as brilliant as the foreign designers in clothing design. You're a brilliant designer. I'm sure you'll be able to snag first place."

Brendan shrugged. "To be honest, I would have agreed immediately if Elise had been around."

Alexander's eyes flickered slightly. Then, after a moment of silence, he continued, "You're now the best fashion designer in the country. Have some confidence in yourself. Take this as a challenge for you to reach better heights!"

Although Elise's identity was about to be made public, Alexander decided to boost Brendan's confidence first since he seemed to be in low spirits recently.

"Alright, I'll do my best."

The following day, Yuri hid under the covers and poked her head out to look at the clock on the wall.

It was already 9.30AM, but Brendan was still at home.

She frowned in frustration because she desperately needed to use the bathroom.

"If you're awake, get up and wash up. Then, after breakfast, get changed. You're going out with me today."

Brendan's voice echoed across the room, and he ruthlessly exposed her for feigning sleep.

Yuri scowled in embarrassment at her predicament. But, alas, there was nothing she could do but obediently follow his instructions.

As she walked past him, she stopped and asked curiously, "Where are we going?"

"You'll know when we get there." Brendan took a sip of coffee leisurely and refused to give her a straight answer.

Bang!

Yuri made a face at his back, rushed into the bathroom, and slammed the door with a loud bang, expressing her dissatisfaction.

Coollest Girl in Town Chapter 883

Chapter 883 Humans Are Fortune's Fool

Yuri fell asleep not long after getting into the car. Perhaps her pregnancy made her feel easily exhausted. When she woke up and noticed the familiar mountainous scenery, she sobered up.

She turned her head and looked at Brendan in surprise. "Why are you taking me here?! Stop the car! I want to go back!" She tried to urge him to stop.

Brendan remained composed as he maneuvered the steering wheel calmly. "We're getting married soon. As the soon-to-be son-in-law, I should personally visit my in-laws."

Yes, they had come to Yuri's hometown and would reach her house soon. Yuri had not returned to her hometown for more than a decade.

It was not that she did not want to come back, but she dared not to. However, she was defeated by Brendan's insistence. After all, she was pregnant now and could not afford to risk harming the child she was carrying.

Soon, they arrived at the entrance of Yuri's house, and her parents were waiting at the door. As soon as the car stopped, the two elders came forward, opened the front passenger seat door, and helped Yuri get out of the vehicle.

"Yuri! It's really you! You're home! I miss you so much! You're gone for so many years. Why haven't you come home even once? How can you do this to me..." Cindy, Yuri's mother, began to cry.

Yuri's father, Thiago Fox, expressed his yearning with a firm attitude and red-rimmed eyes, "Yuri, why didn't you visit? How could we ever rest easy not knowing how you were doing?!"

Yuri could not bear to see her parents' tears. She refused to come home all these years because she was worried that she wouldn't be able to handle her parents' disappointment.

At this moment, she could no longer feign composure when she looked at her aging parents. She finally let go of all her reservations as she embraced them tightly and sobbed.

They wrapped their arms around each other as they walked into the house and conveyed their pain and longing for the other after at least a decade of separation.

Brendan did not disturb their family reunion. Instead, he gave them the privacy they needed as he went to the kitchen and began to cook them lunch.

This meal was the most lively one the Fox Family had had in over a decade.

The overjoyed Thiago dragged Brendan into drinking. Unfortunately, due to his joy, he went more than a little bit overboard with the wine. So, at the end of the day, they were so wasted that they fell asleep right there and then.

After Yuri and Cindy hoisted the men into the room and tucked them in, they went back to sit in the living room and began to have a heart-to-heart between mother and daughter.

Yuri ran her fingers through her mother's hair and pursed her lips in heartache. "I gave you so much money over the years because I want you to live a comfortable life. Why don't you hire a maid? I've only been gone for a few years, but look at your greying hair and wrinkles..."

She thought her parents would be able to live a comfortable life as long as she provided them with financial support. Therefore, when she saw the white hair on Cindy's head, she realized nothing was more important than being by her parents' side.

"It's your money. I can't use them. I spent some because your father was sick last year, and I saved up the rest as your dowry." The corner of Cindy's eyes crinkled when she smiled, but she was delighted to finally see her daughter again. "Brendan is a good man. Your dad and I are happy that you're together."

"No." Yuri looked a little awkward. "We're not in that kind of relationship."

"What do you mean? Hey, you're pregnant. Don't you want to marry him?" Cindy scolded sternly, "Darling, you've been working for so many years. It's time for you to settle down. It's hard to find a good man these days!"

"Mom!" Yuri whined. "I'm your daughter. Why are you taking his side instead of mine? What if he's not as good as you think? This is the first time you've met, and you are already siding with him."

Earlier, when they were having lunch, Brendan and Thiago were like close friends as they chatted and drank wine. Their closeness made Yuri feel like an outsider when this was her family.

"Nonsense! You're our daughter, so of course, we will always side with you!" Cindy took her hand and confided solemnly, "Brendan has been taking care of us all these years. He didn't even mind doing the farming work. During the farming season, he would rush here from the city to help us. Also, he helped us a lot when your father was admitted to

the hospital last year. He did everything for us without any complaints. If it hadn't been for him, your dad and I would have collapsed!"

Yuri was utterly unaware of Brendan's efforts. She didn't expect him to take such good care of her parents.

Yuri couldn't help but feel the complicated emotions surging inside her when she came across such information. She turned her gaze to look at the room where Brendan was sleeping in, and there was a hint of tenderness in her eyes.

"It's extremely rare to see men who would go all this way for their in-laws, especially considering how he has helped us for years... Yuri, I've taught you to be grateful. Brendan treats you so well. You can't break his heart!" Cindy squeezed her hand tightly and expressed her genuine fondness for Brendan.

As she listened to her mother's sincere compliments, she felt a sharp pain in her heart. Then, she turned her head to the side lest Cindy glimpsed the tears brimming in her eyes.

"Mom, please stop. He was that guy."

"I don't want you and Dad to suffer the same pain I've suffered. So I'll leave him as soon as possible so that he can let go of the past and pursue his true happiness."

Cindy's eyes widened in shock. "What? That's him? Oh my goodness! Is this some kind of a joke?!"

She was so frustrated that she slapped herself in the face. "It's all our fault! I'm sorry that you were born as our daughter. You don't even pursue your happiness because of us!"

"No, mom! Please stop!" Yuri grabbed her hand and halted her actions. "I'm grateful that you and Dad have raised me well. It's not your fault at all. I only have myself to blame for not having a chance to be loved."

"Oh, my poor girl..."

They embraced each other and bawled sadly.

Yuri's vision gradually blurred, and she began to recall the past.

Back then, she and Brendan fell in love at first sight, and they worked flawlessly together in fashion design. Over time, they became romantically involved.

Unfortunately, Brendan's admirers envied their relationship. These people conspired together, and with the help of their family influence, they set a scheme to frame Thiago.

This incident not only cost Thiago and Cindy their jobs, but they also had to give up their fortune.

Yuri had no choice but to leave the country where Brendan could not find her, per those admirers' demand. She didn't even dare to contact her parents because only in this way would those admirers leave her parents alone.

After so many years, Brendan was still the dazzling prince, but Yuri had no money to her name. She also had to protect her parents and lay low to not attract those people's attention.

Fate was a cruel mistress. It was unfortunate, but after all this, she and Brendan could never be together.

As for the child growing in her belly, it was an accident, nothing more.

That night, he came home drunk, went to her room, and cried uncontrollably. She could no longer suppress her emotions when faced with the hurting man before her. So, they embraced each other and spent the night together.

Perhaps the heavens loved to play tricks on her. Not long after, she found out that she was pregnant.

She had planned to abort the baby, but she couldn't bear to do so.

She was determined to raise the baby alone, but Brendan learned about her pregnancy.

Despite her seemingly confident stance when she was confiding with her mother, she hadn't actually come up with a foolproof way to leave Brendan.

The next day, Brendan and Yuri went back to the city.

On the way, Yuri seemed to be in a better mood. Brendan had a faint smile on his face as he observed her expression through the rearview mirror from time to time. Finally, he felt he had done something right, which was reflected in his mental state. For the first time in a long while, he had found peace.

Unfortunately, when he was sneaking looks at her through the mirror again, two cars suddenly rushed out on both sides of the road. He couldn't hit the brake in time, so he turned the steering wheel with all his might to prevent the cars from crashing straight into Yuri's side.

But by doing so, the cars collided on Brendan's side head-on.

Coollest Girl in Town Chapter 884

Chapter 884 Brendan Was Ambushed

The airbags were launched in record time due to the violent collision. After the heavy impact, Brendan could feel his ears ringing, and he briefly lost his vision. Concussion, at the very least. Fortunately, he soon regained his sight.

The first thing he did was turn his head to check on Yuri. "Are you okay? Are you hurt?" "I'm fine... Your head!" Yuri was safe and sound, but she saw blood flowing down his forehead.

Brendan absent-mindedly touched his wound when he saw several people coming out of the cars from his peripheral vision. Besides, judging from their current situation, there was no way that those people were Good Samaritans. Therefore, he couldn't waste his time on an injury right now. So, he swiftly unbuckled his seat belt.

"Stay in the car, and wait for me. No matter what happens, don't get out of the car." After he gave her firm instructions, he yanked the door open, got out of the car, and walked toward the men.

He calmly buttoned the last button of the suit and asked, trying to probe for information, "Gentlemen, mind telling me who you work for? I'm with Smith Co. Let's get to know each other, shall we?"

Considering their subsequent actions, these men were not in the mood for a friendly chat. Well, more like not in the mood for a conversation at all. That was because about four to five men attacked him simultaneously.

Brendan dodged their attacks swiftly, and they did not manage to hurt him one bit. However, he was forced to be on defense as he was severely outnumbered and injured. It was clear that these men were planning on wearing him down. He had to hand it to them; it was a good tactic. If the skirmish dragged on, he would soon be at a disadvantage. For that reason, he desperately had to find a breakthrough to end the fight as quickly as possible.

He soon figured out that the leader of the men was the man with a mustache smoking at the side. Hence, he timed his attacks, kicked a man in the way, rushed out of the ambush, and succeeded in bringing their leader to heel. "Stop! All of you!"

The pen that was a measly stationery had now become a possible murder weapon. Unfortunately, he didn't have much of a choice regarding his weapon, so he had to make do as he pressed the pen against the man's neck.

It was evident that Brendan had managed to turn the tide and take control of the situation.

Just as he was about to breathe a sigh of relief, one of the men succeeded in sneaking into his car due to his inattention and held a sharp dagger against Yuri's neck. The man pressed the blade's sharp edge against her neck, causing blood to ooze from the cut. The bright red of her blood created a stark contrast to her fair skin.

"Well, well, Mr. Brendan! You think you're so good at fighting, don't you? Go on! I want to see if you want to bask in the glory of winning or keeping your family safe!" the man jeered, all the while pressing the dagger harder against Yuri's neck.

"No! Stop!" Brendan immediately let go of the man with a mustache and raised his hands in defeat. "Don't hurt her. Just come at me."

The leader massaged his reddened neck. He felt humiliated after being held hostage, albeit briefly, so he didn't hesitate to attack Brendan.

The defeated fighters lunged forward and joined their leader to beat Brendan mercilessly. They had no intention of stopping, even when Brendan had spat out blood due to his injuries.

"No, stop! Brendan, go! Leave me! I don't want to owe you favors! Get up and leave! Help! Help us, please! Help..."

Yuri desperately cried for help, but they were in the middle of nowhere. No one could hear her cries and aid them. Instead, her desperate wails and the sound of Brendan being used as a punching bag echoed across the mountain.

After the men were finally satisfied tormenting Brendan, he didn't even have the strength to get up. Eventually, the leader grinned and stopped his men. "Alright, that's enough. Bring that woman over."

Yuri was forcefully dragged out of the car and made to kneel before Brendan. The man pressed her head down so that her face was only inches away from his, and she could clearly see his severely wounded face.

Yuri's tears streamed down her cheeks like rivers as she looked at his bloody and lifeless face. Her heart hurt so much, as if her heart was being roasted on a spit.

Why?! Why did he treat her so well?! She could never ever repay his favor in this life or the next! At this moment, the leader grabbed Brendan's hair, pulled his head up, and forced him to look at Yuri. "How is it, Mr. Designer? You're still alive, aren't you?"

"Listen carefully. I want you to make sure that Alexander loses at the clothing design selection. If you don't do as I say, I'll ensure that your wife will experience what you've experienced today! Every punch and every kick!"

He patted Brendan's bloody face and threatened flatly, "This is just a warning. Remember what you feel today. If you try to outsmart me, I promise that death will be an unattainable wish for you!"

With that, he signaled his men, got into the car, and drove away, leaving the couple behind. Yuri crawled over, helped Brendan up from the ground, and embraced him gently. She patted his face repeatedly, trying to wake him up.

"Brendan. Brendan! Can you hear me?"

"Don't sleep! Oh, come on, open your eyes and look at me! Look at me, okay?"

"Please, open your eyes and say something! Please! Help! Somebody, help us! Help!"

It was already late at night, and she felt despair weighing on her as darkness swallowed them whole. The only illumination came from the busted headlights. Brendan was motionless in her embrace, but his warm and slow breathing indicated that he was still alive.

Yuri quickly regained her composure and suddenly thought of a small clinic they had passed by a few minutes ago. With that thought in mind, she decided to take Brendan there for treatment.

The car was damaged and could not be started. Despite facing such a challenge to her simple plan of getting Brendan some treatment, she didn't wallow in her negativity as she made a simple stretcher using spare tires and climbing rope. By hook or by crook, she was going to get Brendan to that clinic.

After the stretcher was ready, she intended to move Brendan to the tires when he suddenly woke up, grabbed her arms, and refused to budge. It seemed as if he was trying to resist her.

"You're already so injured, so for once in your life, can you please stop fighting me?!" Yuri was frustrated and anxious.

Brendan opened his eyes with difficulty and looked at her. Then, after a long while, he opened his mouth and whispered weakly, "How about we start anew?"

Yuri felt a lump in her throat and almost geared up, but she forced herself to stay calm and chided, "You're always so willful and stubborn. This is not the moment to talk about this! Get up!"

Brendan used the last strength he had to tug her into his arms. His blood-stained eyelashes flickered slightly, and he began to cry. "Every day when you push me away, it feels like you're leaving me forever. Let me die here if you don't want to be with me. I love you so much, yet I have to pretend to hate you. It's so tiring and heartbreaking..."

He looked at her with his teary eyes and pouted sadly. The blood on his face made him look even more miserable and pathetic.

Yuri could not bear to say any hurtful words when she looked at his face and earnest gaze. Brendan suddenly fainted in her arms the instant he noticed her change. "Brendan! No! Wake up!"

No matter how she shook him or shouted at him, Brendan didn't respond, and she freaked out. "I'm sorry! I swear I will stop fighting you! We can start over! Let's date again! Please wake up! I'll do anything you want!"

"I'm sorry, Brendan. I lied. I miss you every single day. I've never forgotten you. Please wake up!"

Yuri hugged him tightly, fearing that he would die in her arms just like that. At this moment, Brendan suddenly coughed violently. Then, he opened his eyes and grinned impishly. "I almost suffocated."

Yuri was taken aback by his words. Then, when she realized what had happened, she snapped out of it and shouted at him angrily, "What the hell?! Are you kidding me right now?!"

Coolest Girl in Town Chapter 885

Chapter 885 Fish in Troubled Waters

Just as Yuri reached out to punch him, Brendan caught her fist in his palm. There was a sense of serenity in his gaze when he looked at her solemnly. "You've promised me whether it was a lie or a joke. A man never goes back on his words, so don't even think of ditching me again."

She twisted her wrist but couldn't break free as she instinctively retorted, "So what? I'm a woman and not a man. So, it doesn't count."

Brendan frowned as the strength of his hands increased unconsciously. "Are you trying to go back on your words? I won't allow it!"

Yuri sighed helplessly before tugging him. "Get up. I'll take you to the hospital." aHis grip on her remained tight as he stubbornly remained where he was.

He would rather die than return to the state when their relationship was still up in the air.

Yuri had no choice but to surrender. "I won't take back my words if you follow me obediently, okay?"

Brendan was stunned for a moment, released his hand, and nodded like a child. "Okay."

Despite the clinic being a few minutes away by car, Yuri dragged Brendan for more than half an hour.

After he got himself checked out by the doctor and received IV treatment, the nurse came to treat Brendan's wound.

The nurse handled the wound efficiently like it was no big deal, which was a huge contrast as Brendan was in so much pain that he couldn't keep himself from squirming.

Yuri couldn't stand it and took responsibility. "I have experience in this, so let me handle it. You should go and take a rest, nurse."

"Alright, if there's anything, just call me." The nurse yawned and went back to the lounge.

Yuri found a stool, placed the tray aside, and carefully applied ointment on Brendan.

Brendan's eyes never left her figure. After a while, he couldn't help but ask, "Who took care of you when you were sick during all those years when abroad?"

"I don't usually get sick, but I rely on myself when I am sick. Unfortunately, people with poor fortune can't count on outsiders," Yuri said lightly.

"You can rely on me from now on." Brendan said seriously, "You have to remember you are no longer alone anymore, ouch-"

Before he finished speaking, Yuri accidentally touched the wound. It hurt so much that he inhaled sharply.

"Sorry," Yuri apologized immediately. She looked at his furrowed brows and teased, "Designer Brendan, you should look after yourself first."

Brendan's eyes flickered; he did not answer as if he recalled something.

After Yuri bandaged him up, she accompanied him into the ward. Soon, the two fell asleep.

The day after tomorrow, Brendan woke up and allowed the nurse to remove the syringe. Then, he carried Yuri to the bed and dialed Alexander's number in a phone he had borrowed from the nurse.

"I have some issues here..." Brendan explained what had occurred last night.

"Where are you guys now?" Alexander inquired sharply.

"At her hometown's clinic, it's no big deal, but the other party was obviously prepared. I'm just warning you because I'm worried they have other arrangements." Brendan said calmly.

"I see. Just be back as soon as possible."

After Brendan talked to him for some time, both brothers hung up.

"What happened?" Elise came over with two glasses of wine and handed one to Alexander.

"I think Wendy Jennings must have her eyes on Brendan." Alexander looked solemn.

"As there are only a handful of top fashion designers in the country, and Brendan is the best among them, so it makes sense to be targeted. Is he okay?" Elise asked.

"He was safe and sound," Alexander said.

Elise nodded and carefully pondered things over. "First Jamie, now Brendan. It looks like Wendy is bound to win the designer selection this time, but she is a little too eager to win by simply firing off one shot after another."

"Being enthusiastic is not bad, but being insufficiently eager makes her more prone to mistakes. The alleged errors occur when people are preoccupied. Our strategies will be more effective the more specific Wendy's objectives are." Alexander's eyes were piercing like that of a master tactician.

Elise's eyes lit up as she heard his words. "Since Wendy wanted Brendan to be the spy, let's turn the murky waters murkier. We could cooperate with her schemes and feign confusion to buy more time. "

Alexander raised his glass in respect for her brilliance. "That is exactly what I planned to do."

As expected of his wife, always on the same page.

...

The weather became cooler in September. Yveltalia's Prince Charlie and Princess Diana also arrived in the imperial capital on this day to begin their royal tour.

After the meeting with the official seniors, the prince and princess were led by the mayor to their welcome party.

This is the most exclusive venue in the capital. The attendees were either wealthy or of noble lineage; some of them were renowned designers who had recently achieved significant success in the fashion industry.

The prince and princess were surrounded by people the moment they entered.

Some wanted fame; some wanted to network, and so on... Suffice to say, everyone had their own motives behind friendly smiles and polished courtesies.

As the most famous designer, Brendan did not go forward to please them. Instead, he was standing by himself in the corner.

Soon, Wendy came to the venue with her assistant.

She looked around and locked her eyes on Brendan, who was entirely out of sorts. Then, she swooped in like a hawk locking onto its prey.

"Designer Brendan, what a pleasure." Wendy reached out for a handshake.

Brendan looked up, and his eyes grew ferocious and menacing as he saw her face. Nevertheless, he could not afford to cause a scene, so the only tells of his fraying temper were his hands balling into fists as his nails bit into the palm of his hands.

Wendy's hand hung in the air for a moment, and then she withdrew it calmly. "I heard that Designer Brendan had gotten back with his first love. Isn't this worth celebrating?"

Brendan's eyes turned even more vicious. "I don't understand. You have come this far. Why bother doing all of this? What do you want?"

Wendy smiled. "Sometimes, it's bad when you know too much. Instead, you have reunited with your first love so cherish the moment. You never know what's going to happen."

Brendan was calm inside, but he still played the part of a man feeling threatened astoundingly as he glared at her. At that very moment, he truly embodied the description, 'if only looks could kill'.

"Ms.Wendy," Alexander appeared from behind and stood beside him. "Long time no see. It seems that you're getting along with my little brother very well?"

Wendy smiled mysteriously. "Mr.Griffith has such a good right-hand man. It seems that the designer selection will surely be yours. "

Alexander placed his hand on Brendan's shoulder. "There will be no downsides when brothers join forces. Therefore, that is only normal. I believe that Ms.Wendy won't be disappointed."

Wendy gave Brendan a deep look and walked away with her assistant.