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Coolest Girl in Town Chapter 186 - 187

Chapter 186, Coolest Girl in Town

"Jack has something going on, and Danny is out as well," Alexander explained. *Oh, but...* Elise was about to word her excuses when Alexander followed up quickly with, "Why don't you sit down and watch some television with me?" She took on the invitation with obvious reluctance, but the next moment, even as her eyes were fixed on the television screen, her mind had already wandered somewhere else. Time ticked by slowly, and when the clock struck 11.30PM, Alexander turned to look at her. "We'll set off the fireworks and firecrackers in the backyard later; do you want to come along with me?"

She snapped out of her thoughts and asked blearily, "Wait, is it time already?" "Another half-hour to go," he replied. "Oh," she muttered. "Then we should probably make our way over now." They sauntered over to the backyard where the fireworks and firecrackers had been readied for the new year celebration. Alexander went about arranging them, laying down the lead-in wires as he said, "We'll set them off as soon as the clock strikes midnight." Elise hummed in response. Just then, seemingly by magic, Alexander produced a simple envelope and handed it to her, saying, "Here, it's a gift for you."

She stared at the envelope, which was bulging with what was presumably cash, and asked in astonishment, "F-For me?" With a trace of impatience, he shoved it into her hands. "Just take it, will you? I've never had to think about getting gifts for girls, and I won't have you turning down my kind gesture." She sputtered when she heard this, then caught herself and quickly accepted the envelope. She tested the weight of it and thought the amount was more than generous. "Haven't you ever dated a girl before this?" she asked without thinking and instantly regretted it.

She wanted nothing more than to bite off her own tongue; the topic of exes was taboo in relationships, and she should have known better than to ask about it. Trying to save herself, she added, "Don't get me wrong. I didn't mean it that way." To her surprise, Alexander answered nonchalantly, "Hmm... I did date a girl once, but that only lasted half a month." He kept his reply brief and final. Judging from how unruffled he looked, it seemed as if his past relationship had no effect on him whatsoever. However, Elise could only dream of mirroring his calm demeanor.

He might be unaffected, but he's my first love! She noted sourly how her inexperience put her at a disadvantage in their dynamics. "Oh, so what was she like? Was she pretty?" She did

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not notice how jealousy had worked its way into her tone when she asked this. Alexander, too, was surprisingly oblivious to how pointed her question came off. "I don't really remember," he confessed plainly. Elise was clearly pleased with his answer, and the spike of jealousy she had felt now receded.

"Okay, come on, we have to start lighting the fireworks." He glanced at his watch and saw that there were two minutes left until midnight. "Okay, get ready," he announced, then clicked the lighter and set the flame to the lead-in wire. In a matter of seconds, a loud crackling sound filled the backyard, after which came the thundering boom as the fireworks shot upward and lit up the night sky with glorious technicolor. Elise and Alexander stood side-by-side; there was a quiet togetherness to them as they tipped their heads up to watch the firework show. When the festive show came to an end, she glanced at Alexander and said with a small smile, "Happy New Year."

He reached out and drew her into his arms, then muttered close to her ear, "Happy New Year." After what felt like a long embrace, they released each other. "We should get some rest; plenty of visiting to do tomorrow." With that, he took Elise by the hand and led her back into the house, whereupon they returned to their individual bedrooms. They slept soundly that night and had sweet dreams that lasted them until dawn. Elise woke up early the next morning.

It was a whole new year, and the morning air was thick with festive cheer. She donned a bright red coat and made her way downstairs, thereafter greeting the elders cheerily, "Happy New Year, Grandpa and Grandma!" Then, Stella came into the dining room with a tray of freshly made Berliners, which were doughnuts filled with sweet jam. "Miss Ellie, have a Berliner! They're supposedly meant to bring in good luck for the new year."

Elise had only just taken one and thanked Stella for it when her phone rang. She picked up the call and blanched when she heard what was said on the other line. Meanwhile, having just come downstairs, Alexander saw the look on her face and demanded urgently, "What's wrong?" She put down her Berliner and immediately headed out of the door, throwing a hasty "Grandma, I have to get going now, and I won't be back till late!" over her shoulder. At the sight of this, Alexander grew worried and chased after her.

"Where are you going, Elise?" It was only then that she said hurriedly, "Mikayla's back, and I have to go see her." Upon hearing this, he grabbed his car keys and offered, "I'll drive you over; get in the car." Not wanting to waste another minute, Elise got into the car as told, and Alexander sped toward Mikayla's house. Presently, a crowd had gathered around Mikayla at

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her house, and one after another, they pestered her as delicately as they could. "Mikayla, have you no recollection of me at all? I'm Mom."

"And I'm Dad! Don't you remember?" Mikayla looked around at these people who claimed to be her family, but her mind continued to draw a blank as she shook her head, bewildered and frustrated. The crowd sighed in resignation, and Mikayla's mother was the only one who took her hand tearfully. "It's okay; it doesn't matter if you don't remember us, as long as you're back home safe and sound." Mikayla bristled at the crying woman holding her hand. For some reason, she was getting irritated by the waterworks, and she pulled away brusquely as she snapped, "Can you please just stop crying?"

She assessed the crowd dubiously and asked, "Are you all really my family?" However, the question had only just rolled off Mikayla's tongue when Elise walked up to her. Having heard this, Elise felt her heart leap to her throat. She marched through the crowd and called out hesitantly, "Mikayla?" When Elise saw Mikayla standing unscathed before her, she became overwhelmed with relief. She rushed forward and pulled the other girl into her arms, murmuring, "You're finally home, Mikayla."

Her enthusiasm was met with a stiff and somewhat helpless reaction on Mikayla's part. "I... I don't actually know who you are, so could you let go of me for a bit?" Stunned, Elise untangled her arms slowly and gaped at Mikayla, dumbfoundedly. "What did you just say, Mikayla? What do you mean you don't know me?"

The surrounding family heaved long sighs, and Elise was dumbfounded. Mikayla's mother, on the other hand, could no longer hold back her tears. The droplets rolled down her cheeks, and she quickly reached for a tissue, clearly upset with her daughter's condition. Elise was completely astounded by how unexpected this all was. With her gaze fixed on Mikayla, she asked somberly, "Mikayla, do you really not know anyone here?"

The other girl nodded. "All I know is that I got sent here for some reason. These people are telling me they're my family, but I don't recall ever seeing them at all." The concept of amnesia was not foreign to Elise, but this was the first time she had seen someone close to her become a victim of it. *Did Mikayla suffer some kind of brain injury from the avalanche? Is that why she lost her memory?*

Coollest Girl in Town Chapter 187

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Meanwhile, Jack had rushed over to Mikayla's house and caught her words in time. He stopped in his tracks when he came up to her, and there was an unreadable look in his eyes. When their gazes met, it was clear to see that she was utterly confused, and he could not see a trace of recognition registering on her face. "Oh, you're here," Elise said, drawing him from his thoughts. He turned to regard her with a look of askance. However, Elise was at a loss for an explanation, too. After hearing Elise sigh in frustration, Jack walked up to Mikayla and asked plaintively, "Don't you remember me?"

Mikayla's eyes searched his face, and with a shake of her head, she inquired, "Who are you?" Jack felt as if all the air had been sucked out of his lungs. He found himself answering without much thought. "A friend." Comprehension dawned on Mikayla. Then, her gaze flickered over to Elise as she pointed out, "I don't know why, but you're so familiar to me." "That's because we're best friends. We always will be," Elise said firmly, clasping Mikayla's hand in hers. Mikayla broke into a wide smile. "Really? That's so good to hear. I thought I had no friends at all, but as it turns out, I have both of you!"

"Mikayla..." Jack pressed his lips into a grim line, and when he tried to say something again, he paused. After a while, he added, "Get some rest. We'll drop by to see you another day." A little displeased by this, Mikayla asked in a somewhat withdrawn voice, "Are you really going to visit me again?" Elise hummed in affirmation. "We will, and we'll definitely help you recover your memory." Mikayla beamed and agreed to let them leave for now.

"Okay. I'll see you guys soon, then." Elise and Jack looked grim after they had left Mikayla's family home. Alexander, on the other hand, fell in step next to Elise, and he reached out to squeeze her hand as though giving her strength. "Any of you got an idea on how we're supposed to help her regain her memory?" Jack asked, looking uncertain. Elise pursed her lips and said, "I've read about amnesia on the internet once. Apparently, the condition affects each patient differently; where some regain their memory in a couple of days, others could take months or years.

Some never recover their memory at all." Jack lowered his gaze in despair. "I should have been with her in Switzerland. If I had, then maybe none of this would have happened." "All the what if's aside, we can't change what has already happened," Elise consoled. "Right now, all we can do is figure out a way to help Mikayla regain her memory." "I know what we can do," Jack said seriously. An idea popped into Elise's mind as well. After she and Jack had gone their separate ways, she gave Jamie a call while heading home. "Jamie, you know that expert you mentioned who deals with amnesiac cases?

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Do you think you could get him to come to Athesea?" On the other line, Jamie was still groggy with sleep as he tossed in the warmth of his covers. "Hey, Boss, correct me if I'm wrong, but it's New Year's Day today, isn't it? Why are you looking for a doctor all of a sudden?" "A friend of mine has amnesia, and I'm trying to help her recover her memory," Elise explained. Jamie bolted upright in bed, suddenly wide awake.

"Your wish is my command, Boss. Don't you worry. I'll call up the doctor and arrange for him to come to Cittadel as soon as possible." "Thank you, Jamie." Elise hung up the call and stared out the window, still unsettled by how shocking her reunion with Mikayla had turned out to be. *You have to recover your memory soon, Mikayla*, she found herself praying. Back at the Griffith Residence, Elise and Alexander had only just stepped past the threshold and given their coats to the servants when Laura's voice rang out. "Ellie, have you and Alex returned at last?"

Hastily recomposing herself, Elise forced out a sweet smile and greeted, "Happy New Year, Grandma!" Laura came around the corner and grinned at the younger girl. "You little brat," she said affectionately. "Where did the both of you run off to early in the morning? Did something happen?" Elise closed the distance between them and looped her arm through Laura's. "Whatever it was, it's already been settled. What did you and Grandpa get up to?"

"What else? A bunch of friends came over to visit us for the new year, but that was all. By the way, your aunt called earlier and said that she'd be arriving in Athesea later. She wants you to pick her up from the airport." Surprised, Elise exclaimed, "I didn't know Aunt Cynthia was coming back!" "Well, she heard about your engagement to Alex and decided to rush back home." Without hesitation, Elise said, "When will her flight get here?"

"I'll pick her up from the airport." Laura had asked one of the maids to take note of the flight arrival time earlier, and now she handed the note to Elise. Glancing at the time scribbled on the paper, Elise noted how there were three hours before Cynthia's flight landed. That being said, she was beside herself with excitement and hurtled up the stairs to change out of her clothes, determined to leave for the airport right away. She would have barreled out the door if Alexander had not pulled her to a stop. "Hey, calm down. I'm going with you." She turned to grin at him, and when their eyes met, she quipped, "Thanks!"

He merely reached out to rub her head. "You don't have to thank me." They left the house, and Alexander drove to the airport. Cynthia's flight arrived just on time, and having waited with barely-concealed anticipation by the arrival terminal, Elise and Alexander soon caught a glimpse of the familiar figure sauntering toward them. Elise's arm shot upward, and she waved frenetically, shouting, "Aunt Cynthia!" Cynthia spotted her immediately and

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brisk-walked over, musing pensively, "Here I was thinking my disguise was foolproof until you saw right through it, munchkin."

Elise coquettishly linked arms with Cynthia. "That just means I know you too well, Aunt Cynthia." "You should have told me you were engaged, you infernal girl. You didn't even tell me you were in Switzerland the last time. I had to hear it from your grandmother, and she wasn't planning on letting it slip, either. What, are you conspiring to marry yourself off in secret or something?" Cynthia accused, glowering at her niece with mock exasperation. "Alexander and I were hoping to keep things simple, and we were going to tell you after the new year celebration," Elise explained.

Just then, Cynthia registered Alexander's presence, and upon a faint recollection of him, she said jokingly, "Ellie's been this way since she was a child. I certainly hope you're ready to put up with her for the rest of your life." Alexander was solemn as he answered, "I am, Aunt Cynthia." The three of them exited the airport and piled into the car, where Cynthia proceeded to strip off her disguise and reveal her pretty face. "Have you decided on a dress for the engagement party, Ellie?"

And what about the diamond ring?" Stumped, Elise shot a brief, awkward look at Alexander, then said quietly, "Aunt Cynthia, we haven't exactly gotten around to those just yet." Cynthia was taken aback by this. "But the big day is arriving soon! Why didn't you get around to these errands? Carelessness has no place in wedding planning, you know!" Alexander made a timely interjection.

"Aunt Cynthia, my brother Brendan is designing the dress personally, and as for the ring, our company has launched a collection this year which spotlights a one-of-a-kind pink diamond. I think it'd be perfect for Elise." "Oh," Cynthia mumbled. Then, after a moment of thought, she added, "Why didn't you let Elise design the dress? She was always rambling on about how she'd want to design her own wedding dress." Upon hearing this, Alexander frowned and asked Elise in bewilderment, "Do you actually know how to design wedding dresses?"

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