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Coollest Girl in Town Chapter 419

Chapter 419 Extreme Measures

"I'm on my way to visit my grandma, so I thought I didn't need to bring my ID along. Besides, I was in a hurry, so I left it at home," Claude answered as 'honestly' as he could. He was an innocent-looking guy to begin with, and nobody would suspect him of anything.

Jackson stared at him for a moment, then he took the verification device from the young officer and said indifferently, "Give me your ID number."

"830..." Claude told him a string of numbers, smiling all the while.

A while later, the officer in charge frowned and looked at Claude, holding the device with one hand. "Your name is Mike Oxlong?" he asked seriously.

Yeah, I know, right? "Nice name, huh?" Claude smiled drily.

"Yes. Remember to bring your ID anywhere you go next time."

Claude nodded, and his eyes glinted. "I will, officer." He smiled.

"Let them go!"

After he got past that stop, Claude returned to his old, cunning self once more. "I'll double your pay, driver. Hit the wheels!"

"You got it!" Energized by the temptation of more money, the driver floored the accelerator and sped past all the cars that passed the checks the same time as them.

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The officer in charge was checking the other cars, then he looked back for some reason. When he saw the green taxi driving off into the distance, he thought about the name he saw quietly. Mike Oxlong... Mike Oxlong... Hey, wait a minute! That sounds like 'my c*ck's long!' Only an idiot would come up with that name! That's a fake ID!

"Dammit! He ran off right under my nose." The officer in charge smacked his head in frustration and turned his walkie talkie on at once. "All officers, hunt down a cab with the plate number 4739!"

Half an hour had passed when his order reached the front line officers. The driver had already arrived at the mall in twenty minutes, seeing as he could get double the fare.

"Here you go." Claude handed him a wad of cash and joked, "You should be an F1 driver with that kind of skill."

The driver happily took the money and arched his eyebrow. "You're not the only one who told me that. Before I worked as a taxi driver, I was a super racer."

"Of course you are." Claude smiled in amusement and got out of the car, then he headed into the crowded mall.

Claude was long gone when the officer in charge got a cab and came to the mall. Looking at the locked mall, the officer flew into a rage, then took his phone out and called someone. "Where are you, Alexander?"

Alexander told him the location and hung up. It turned out that the officer in charge was none other than Alexander's good friend—Jackson. Jackson hopped into his car and went to the rendezvous point as fast as he could.

He couldn't have escaped me so easily. Someone powerful must have helped him. If I want to arrest him, I have to go for something extreme.

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Chapter 420 Fatal Mistake

Elise picked Claude up and went back home. She put him in a disguise and they hurried out. "We'll have to go to Joseph, stat."

Claude turned on his serious mode when Joseph was brought up, and he followed her out.

They made a beeline for Joseph, but when they came into the hall, they saw Alexander and Jackson talking in there. When Claude saw Jackson, he gasped. Sh*t. Just my luck.

Claude's flight response was triggered, but Elise caught him before he could run. It was then he remembered his appearance had changed. With Elise's amazing skills, not even his father could recognize him if he was here.

Jackson didn't seem to be trying to arrest him either, so he heaved a sigh of relief and eased up.

"And they are?" Jackson looked at them.

"Elise Sinclair and her friend," Alexander said calmly.

It had been a while since she heard Alexander calling her by her name. She paused for a moment and looked at him. What's up with him? Usually, he would tell people that I'm his fiancée, but he seems to be distancing himself from me today.

Ever since Claude saw Alexander, he kept staring at Alexander's face. It was too impeccable, and he thought it was a threat for Elise' chastity. He took out a bottle of pills and handed it to Alexander.

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The bottle looked plain. It was obvious that the pills were shady, and nobody in their right minds would take it.

"What is this?" Alexander asked cautiously.

"Contraceptives," Claude answered. "We're all men here, so I know what you're thinking. To be honest, she's still too young to have kids, and we can't have her taking any contraceptives. Her body needs to be kept in top shape. Since you're the man here, you take the responsibility."

An awkward silence fell upon them.

Even Jackson—who was usually serious—had to clear his throat to keep himself from laughing.

Alexander's face darkened. He put his hands in his pockets and refused to take the bottle of pills. I don't need a stranger to tell me about my family planning. Or is this what Elise wants? Is she just getting someone else to tell me that? So, she doesn't want to marry me or bear my children?

At that point, Elise couldn't keep her silence any longer. She leaped up and knocked Claude on his head. "Are you stupid? What kind of idiot would give their host a bottle of contraceptives as a meeting gift?"

"Ow!" Claude covered the bruise on his head and started getting tearful. I was just being considerate. "What do you know? I'm doing this for you! You're SK's—" He realized he almost had a slip of tongue, so he stopped talking and looked at Jackson cautiously.

"She's SK's what?" Jackson was smart enough to see through the problem.

"SK... SK..." Claude stammered and paced around the hall. When he saw the hand moisturizer on the table, he got an idea. "She's SK-II's ambassador! She has to keep her skin and body in top shape! She'll lose her value if she gets pregnant." Then he turned around and looked at them seriously. "Have you guys even heard of that brand before? It's a high-end skincare product. I know you guys haven't."

"Is that brand real?" Jackson looked at Alexander dubiously.

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Alexander nodded, but he was impatient. "Yes." He would always take a look at the list of gifts for his clients, and SK-II was on the list of high-end skincare products.

Jackson loosened up a little after getting the confirmation, but he still thought Claude's eyes looked familiar. Now where have I seen those eyes before?

"I see. And who might this gentleman be?" Jackson asked.

Claude hesitated. Mike Oxlong's out now, and this guy's in the system. If I make up another name that doesn't exist, he'll know who I am this time.

"Max E. Mumm." Elise answered for him.

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