

Coollest Girl in Town Chapter 253

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Quentin then scanned across his surroundings before stopping his gaze at Elise and Alexander. Instantly, his face turned much gentler. Seeing that, Maxwell turned to the direction he was looking at, but had no idea what he was thinking. "Mr. Fassbender, your arrival truly brings delight to the mass. Shall we head upstairs for a rest, where no one can disturb you?" Straightforwardly, Quentin refused his offer. "No need, Mr. Dahlen. I'm just a normal guest like any other. Don't be so courteous with me." Maxwell obsequiously laughed. "There's no

courtesy, Mr. Fassbender. Just my obligation as the host." At that moment, Maya, who was on the dance floor, noticed Quentin, who was looking in her direction. Swiftly, she straightened her back and danced more gracefully, hinting at her dance partner to take control of the dance floor together. Consequently, every other dancer stopped dancing and gave them the spotlight. With that, only two pairs of dancers remained—Maya and her partner, as well as Elise and Alexander.

Although Elise was confused, she didn't stop her steps given that the music had yet to stop. Alexander then wrapped his arm around her waist and whispered, "Let's leave after this one." "Okay," she answered, and followed Alexander's tempo as they continued to dance. The next second, she noticed Quentin, who was standing outside the dance floor. Thrilled at his arrival, she gave him a big smile, to which Quentin responded with a much more benign, subtle grin. Although Maxwell had noticed his change, he still didn't manage to find out what caused it.

He tracked Quentin's vision to her own daughter, who was on the dance floor, and instinctively assumed that Quentin's sudden change was caused by Maya. Instantly, there was an uncontrollable joy in his heart, which he suppressed as he calmly uttered, "Mr. Fassbender, this is my daughter, Maya. I'll have her walk you through the surroundings later." Quentin turned to him. "Your daughter's quite the dancer, Mr. Dahlen."

Hearing that, Maxwell seemed to have an epiphany. *Is he into my daughter?* Although Quentin was over forty, he did a fine job maintaining his youthful look. One would assume he was only in his early thirties. And Maya was twenty years old this year. Even though there was quite a big gap between their ages, the man in question was the Quentin Fassbender. Therefore, out of courtesy, trivial details such as age could be easily overlooked. Bearing that in mind, Maxwell had a hard time containing his excitement. "Thank you, Mr. Fassbender."

The girl's been to dancing classes since she was a kid. It seems her hard work has paid off!" Unaware of his underlying intentions, Quentin politely praised, "Yes, she's a very talented dancer indeed." Finished, he turned away. In that instant, Madeline walked over to him from among the crowd and greeted, "Nice to meet you, Mr. Fassbender. I'm Madeline Bowen from Griffith Group." As Quentin was

about to leave, he halted his steps when he heard the company name. He then turned to Madeline and had roughly figured out her identity. "Nice to meet you too, Mrs. Griffith."

Before Madeline approached him, she was feeling somewhat uneasy, fearing that a giant figure like him wouldn't respond to her. However, a pleasant surprise was that he would care to entertain her. "Mr. Fassbender, I've heard that you're planning to establish subsidiaries within the country. Not sure if it's true or false, but I would like to tell you that Griffith Group has great advantages that could benefit your expansion.

If you like that, perhaps you could consider collaborating with our company." Quentin nodded. "It's true that Griffith Group excels in this aspect. Each of the young masters of the Griffiths is outstanding, especially Alexander. He's really an exceptional young man." Hearing his compliment for her son, she was overjoyed. She then hastily replied, "To think that Mr. Fassbender knows Alex! What an honor!" "It's nothing, Mrs. Griffith. Young Master Alex truly is one of a kind!" Quentin turned to the dance floor, looking at Alexander and Elise with his admiring eyes.

"Besides, I admire his extraordinary vision. We shall work together in the future when we get the chance." Never had Madeline expected things to develop so smoothly. "That's great news!" Having said that, she turned to her son, but was immediately angered when she saw Elise. "Oh, Alex! He's good at everything, and never let me and his father worry about him. Among all things, he just had to be stubborn at picking his partner." From those words, Quentin sensed something odd. The woman was blatantly insulting his own daughter! "That's a pretty biased statement, is it not, Mrs. Griffith?"

Young people nowadays are into romantic freedom. Now is no longer what it used to be. Arranged marriage is nothing but a matter of the past." Failing to acknowledge the message in his words, Madeline hastily replied, "Even so, homogamy still matters! The Griffiths would become a joke to society if that country girl without a solid family background were to get into our family!" *Ah, so that's how it is. She doesn't think Elise is worth her family.* "Are you perhaps talking about Young Master Alex's fiancée, Mrs. Griffith?" "That's exactly who I'm talking about!"

Mr. Fassbender, you can laugh all you want, because even I am utterly displeased with that woman. Unfortunately, it was the Griffiths' old man who had determined the marriage. Now that he has passed away, I was thinking if I could revoke the engagement. I'll be satisfied if Alex finds someone who at least meets the standards of our family." Hearing that, Quentin mocked, "I totally agree with you, Mrs. Griffith. Indeed, you have to find someone of your own standards. In this case, you may have overestimated yourself." *Overestimated?* Baffled, as she was about to quiz him, she realized that Quentin looked rather displeased compared to earlier.

She grew frustrated, not knowing what she said that upset him. "I'm just thinking out loud, Mr. Fassbender. About our collaboration..." "We'll talk about it later. It'll depend on Alexander's performance." *If Alexander does Elise even the slightest wrong one day, he'll be getting it from me.* Meanwhile, the song playing on the dance floor stopped. Elise eagerly walked out of the dance floor, to which

Alexander questioned her exhilaration. "What made you so excited?" She explained, "My godfather's here! I wanna see him!" Reminded by her words, he turned to Quentin, who was apparently right beside Madeline.

For some reason, he couldn't help but feel uneasy, as if something bad was about to happen. "I'll come with you." And so, both of them walked toward Quentin. Elise, having noticed Madeline's presence, instantly felt nervous, and her steps grew hesitant. "What's wrong?" Alexander asked out of concern. As she was about to answer, Quentin waved at her. She then smilingly replied, "Nothing. Let's go."

Thereupon, they headed toward Quentin. Nonetheless, this time, instead of calling out "Papa," Elise greeted, "Uncle Quentin." Hearing her addressing himself as that, Quentin scowled in confusion, though he was able to grasp the reason for her change. Someone had been bullying his daughter, and was about to receive their payback. He could allow anything, even the worst, to happen to himself, but to have anyone bully her daughter was strictly forbidden.

"You're here too, Ellie! What a coincidence!" Madeline was dumbfounded. "You know each other, Mr. Fassbender?" Quentin forthrightly stated, "Why, I've been looking after the girl as she grew." At the revelation, Madeline's face blanched, realizing that she had been flagrantly criticizing the girl right in front of him. *Hell, they knew each other?*

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Madeline's face instantly shifted between an interesting range of colors. Wasn't the most sightly thing to see, but Quentin ignored her. "Ellie, I've heard that you were the highest scorer in the college entrance examination for your city. That's an amazing feat! Which university did you apply to?" Elise chuckled. "Tissote University! But I still haven't gotten my letter of admission yet. It'll probably arrive in a few more days."

"Tissote University is among the crème de la crème nationally! Since you managed to get a spot there, it just shows how smart you are! I'm so proud of you!" Quentin had a look of pride on his face. He couldn't wait to announce this piece of good news to the world. "Thank you for all the compliments. I'll continue to work hard." "Do your best! I have high expectations of you." Everybody could see every one of the pair's interactions. Madeline was well and thoroughly stunned. She never once thought that Elise and Quentin would know each other, and from the looks of things, they were close as well.

The bystanders were smart; they had been a little taken aback by Elise when they saw her, a strange girl, dancing with Alexander, earlier. Now that they saw her interacting affectionately with Quentin, they surmised that Elise was no ordinary girl. Right then, Maya approached them with her father, Maxwell, alongside. "Mr. Fassbender, this is my daughter, Maya." Maya was all smiles as she greeted Quentin. "Pleased to meet you, Uncle Quentin!" Quentin raised an eyebrow

slightly. He couldn't accept others calling him that, so he gave Maya a terse reply. "No need for such stiff politeness, Miss Dahlen!"

His curt response was enough to establish his attitude; his tone with her and with Elise seemingly came from two different people! Maya couldn't quite hide her expression now, but she was mindful of her family's business, so she didn't dare to raise her voice at Quentin. She simply smiled instead. "I've heard about you for a long time, Uncle Quentin. Now that I've met you in person, you seem to be a little different from what all the legends say. After all, the Quentin Fassbender that people whisper of is a solemn and serious businessman. However, I feel like you're far friendlier than what the rumors said about you."

Her choice of words was absolutely beautiful; no regular person would have been able to find a flaw in her spiel. But Quentin was no regular man; he had long since gotten used to hearing people trying to get into his good books like this, so he didn't feel any way toward Maya. He just didn't feel right with how she addressed him. "Miss Dahlen, we aren't that close to each other. Please, call me Mr. Fassbender."

Maya wasn't the only one affected by this, her expression changing upon hearing that; even Madeline began to ruminate on this turn of events. Prior to this, Maya had been talking about how close she was with Quentin and how highly he thought of her. Now that Madeline saw what just happened, things weren't as how Maya said they were. On the contrary, Elise seemed even closer to Quentin than Maya was! *However, Elise is just a country bumpkin. How did she get to know a man of high status like Quentin? Is there something that I'm not aware of?*

Maxwell swiftly came to Maya's rescue. "You're absolutely right, Mr. Fassbender! Maya calling you 'Uncle Quentin' isn't exactly appropriate. After all, you look so young, and you don't look like you're much older than Maya. She didn't quite notice this, so please, don't take offense to my daughter." It was simple, but there was an extra layer to his words when he placed Quentin on the same level as Maya—Maxwell's motives were plain as day.

The only reason Quentin came here today was to see Elise. If he hadn't known that Elise would be here at this banquet, he wouldn't have attended such an occasion to socialize with others. Now that he had met Elise, he was no longer willing to spend another minute here. So, he said, "I have some other business to attend to, Mr. Dahlen, so I'll be on my way!" "Don't you want to stay a little longer? If there's anything you need, I can make the arrangements—" However, Quentin didn't give Maxwell a chance to finish as he simply turned to Elise. "Ellie, my girl, remember to let me know if you need anything, okay?"

Elise nodded, having picked up on his intentions. "Got it!" Quentin dipped his head before turning around and leaving with his entourage, completely ignoring everyone else. The moment he left, the atmosphere in the hall immediately changed. Everyone had seen how Quentin treated Elise, and they quickly approached her, clamoring for her attention like groveling limpets. "Hello there, Miss Sinclair. I'm Sprowls from Bluestar Enterprises. Nice to meet you." "Miss Sinclair, you're such a beautiful lady. Please take a look at our company if you have the time.

It's a company with a bright future ahead." "Here's my name card, Miss Sinclair! I hope that you'll keep an eye on our company in the future." Elise was wordless. She knew that their sudden one-eighty was because of Quentin. She also knew what their thoughts truly were. The next moment, Madeline changed her tune as well, and she grabbed Elise's hand. "It was my fault earlier, Elise! You're a grown woman; please don't hold it against me." Elise raised an eyebrow slightly and glanced at Alexander, who was off to the side. He answered her with a smile, but he didn't speak.

Elise was grateful for his trust in her, so she withdrew her gaze and looked at Madeline. "Don't be a stranger, Mrs. Griffith. We're family, after all. We don't have to be so stiff with each other." Madeline was so touched by this that she nearly cried. "You're so understanding, Elise! I was blind earlier. That being said, how did you know Mr. Fassbender?" All Elise said was, "He was a neighbor of mine ages ago. There's nothing else to it."

This revelation immediately dropped a roadblock in Madeline's plans. She had been thinking that if Elise and Quentin were that close, it wouldn't be entirely impossible for the Griffiths to make inroads with the Fassbenders. But now that Elise said so, her plan wouldn't work anymore. *Well, I suppose that's to be expected. How could anyone just easily worm their way into the Fassbender Family's graces, when they were a single, large trove of wealth?* Madeline's demeanor promptly chilled. Elise didn't mind this change. "It's getting late now. I'll be going first."

Madeline made a noise of affirmation. "Sure. You may take your leave." Alexander then called out from the side, "I'll go with you." Madeline wanted to stop him, but this time, she caught sight of Elise, and she decided to drop the notion. She just allowed the pair to leave. After they left the banquet, Elise's eyes darted around. Alexander got a little curious then. "What are you looking for?" Elise fixed her gaze on her target, her eyes glinting.

"Over there." Alexander followed her gaze, and he saw a Rolls-Royce parked by the side of the road. He could already guess who owned it. "Is it Mr. Fassbender?" Elise made a sound of affirmation. "Papa signaled to me before he left to come out and find him. That's why I was in such a hurry to leave." Elise walked over to the car with quick steps as she explained to Alexander. When she neared the car, the chauffeur got out and opened the door for her most respectfully.

"Please take a seat, Miss!" Elise thanked him and got into the car. Alexander followed suit. With the door now closed, the car began to slowly take off and leave the grounds. "Papa!" A smile bloomed on Quentin's face when Elise called out to him. "Ah, Ellie, you didn't acknowledge me as your godfather earlier in front of everyone. Were you worried I would embarrass you?"

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"No way, you got it all wrong; that wasn't my intention. I was just worried about the possible trouble that'll crop up." After all, many people would try to suck up

to Quentin, considering his identity. Elise had only expressed that they were on somewhat close terms, and already, there was a whole queue of people trying to get to him through her. And Quentin knew this better than anyone else. "You're getting even more crafty by the day, my girl!" Having said that, Quentin looked at Alexander, his eyes narrowing slightly when he recalled Madeline's words earlier. He then quickly continued, "How has life been treating you recently, Ellie? If anything happens, come straight to me! You'll always have my full support." "I know, Papa! Don't worry about that! I've been doing just fine." "That's all I need to hear!" After saying that, Quentin seemingly thought of something. He then dug out a bunch of keys from his pocket and handed it over to her. "I'm very proud of you, knowing that you got into Tissote University. These are the keys to the house that I bought for you near campus. You can stay there. It'll be more convenient for you that way."

Elise stared at the keys. Her heart wouldn't stop thumping furiously in her chest. Property prices in Tissote were sky-high; just a single studio apartment would set one back millions already. "This is too expensive a gift. I can't accept this." Much to her surprise, Quentin became unhappy when she said that, and he shoved the keys right into her hands. "This is for my darling daughter, so it's not expensive to me at all! I'm going to be upset if you don't accept it."

"Okay, Papa! I'll take it." It was only then that Quentin's expression lightened up. "That's my girl, being so considerate and polite even with her godfather! Say, when are you going to Tissote? It'll be easier for me to help you make the necessary arrangements." "Early September, I guess!" "Okay, got it. Let me send you two back. Or, do you want to go to the Griffith Residence instead?" "No, I already moved out. I currently stay at a place at Bollinger Gardens that I bought myself," Elise quickly said. Quentin's eyes narrowed slightly at that before he asked, "Ellie, did something upsetting happen to you recently?"

Elise shook her head. "I'm fine! I just thought that I was imposing too much on the Griffiths' hospitality, so I decided to move out myself." Quentin clearly wasn't buying any of that, but he didn't call her out on her lie either. He simply said, "No matter what happens, remember to tell me, okay? Don't keep everything to yourself." "Don't worry, Papa. I'm fine, really!" Quentin felt even more heartbroken when he heard her say that, but he didn't show any sign of it on his face. Elise was the first one to get out of the car when he dropped Elise and Alexander off at their destination.

However, seeing how Alexander still remained seated in the car, she proceeded to call him. But then, Alexander said, "Head in first. There's something that I want to talk to Mr. Fassbender about." Elise asked, "Why are you guys acting so mysterious all of a sudden, Papa? Can't I listen in too?" Quentin chuckled. "How can a woman listen in on a conversation between two men? Hurry upstairs now! Get some rest!" Elise pouted.

"Okay, Papa! I'm going now. See you later." She then waved and proceeded to make her way into the building. After the car door was closed again, the atmosphere between Alexander and Quentin inexplicably changed. Neither of them spoke, but Alexander could sense a certain pressure weighing down on him. It was the first time someone made him feel that way. Quentin quirked an eyebrow slightly and said, "I'm not going to beat around the bush, Alex, so let me

just cut right to the chase. I've watched Ellie grow up with my own eyes. I know her personality and her feelings better than anyone.

Since you've chosen her, then I ask you to take good care of her. Do not let her suffer, ever. As for your mother, there are certain things that I can't possibly say. Still, I will have to remind you of this: regardless of anything, Ellie has me watching her back..." Alexander understood Quentin's intentions. "Rest assured, Mr. Fassbender! Elise is my fiancée, so naturally, I'll protect her from anything. Even my mother cannot challenge my decision! I ask you to not worry about this."

Having heard his reply, Quentin felt a lot more at ease. "All right, I'll trust you for now because of what you've said." Having gotten out of the car, Alexander then watched the car drive off into the distance. Elise appeared out of nowhere after the car left and gently tapped him on the shoulder. "What did Papa say to you? You don't exactly look good." Alexander looked at Elise standing before him, and then he reached out to hug her, saying to her in the softest and gentlest of tones, "Your godfather asked me to take good care of you." "Just that?" "That's not all." "What else did he say?"

"He also told me not to bully you, or he will make me regret it." A huge smile spread across Elise's face upon hearing that before she ribbed him. "Haha, now you know, don't you? I've got someone powerful backing me." "Mhm, I know now, so I have to be even nicer to you." Elise couldn't restrain herself anymore. She burst into laughter. "Isn't that something you should be doing in the first place?" "That's right! Mr. Fassbender's words just strengthened my resolve." Alexander was serious when he said that. However, deep down, he knew that nothing had changed even though Quentin's words had had an effect on him.

His original desires aligned perfectly with what Quentin said. This was a tacit understanding between two men, all for someone that they both wanted to protect. "Let's go home! It's getting late already." Alexander took the initiative and led her inside. The two of them then went upstairs. They had just arrived home when Elise got a phone call from Danny. "Hey Boss, your letter of admission is here. When should I bring it over?"

"Tomorrow, then." "Sure do, Boss! Once again, congratulations! By the way, lemme tell you another piece of good news: my own admission letter is here too. When the time comes, we can go to Tissote for university together, even if we won't be attending the same uni..." Elise could hear the excitement in his voice. "Congrats! You got what you wished for!" "Thanks, Boss! I wouldn't be here today if it wasn't for you."

Danny was absolutely sincere when he said that. Elise smiled. "It's all thanks to your own hard work. I just gave you a little push." She might have said that, but Danny knew that if it wasn't for Elise, he might not even have gotten into university. After hanging up, Elise absentmindedly placed her phone on the table. She walked over to the French window, taking in the night view of the city. *Time sure flies. It's been nearly a year since I came to this city.*

Many things have happened during this one year. And during this period, I've grown a lot... The next day, Elise went to the studio. She had just taken one step into

her office when Brendan came over to her. "Elise!" Elise raised her head to look at him. "What is it? Did something happen?"