

## Coollest Girl in Town Chapter 645

Chapter 645 Alexander Takes Supplements!?

“Only you are being so difficult!” Martin was so furious that his mustache bristled, and he glared angrily. “Sheldon didn’t complain about me disturbing him!”

“Who said that?” Sheldon immediately quipped up. “Mr. Young, I want to complain about Mr. Kamp too! He is discriminating against us! He doesn’t watch any of the other students. He only stares at us both!”

“Me too!” Elliot also shouted from across the aisle.

“What has this got to do with you!?” Martin rolled his eyes at Elliot.

Elliot smacked his lips. Then, he lowered his head and muttered under his breath, “Looking at you upsets me so much that my answers are all jumbled up...”

However, Mason did not take Elise’s side in this matter. “The invigilation rules did not mention preventing a teacher from standing in a certain spot for an extended period of time. You have all undergone the mock exams before, so you should know that an invigilator has the right to stand anywhere. It’s more important that you adjust your mentality as soon as possible.”

Martin curved his lips triumphantly. Let’s see what other things you can come up with now. No matter what, I’m going to discover the secrets behind how Elise answers the test questions today!

Elise pondered for a bit. Then, she stood up and asked, “Mr. Young, can I take the test on the table next to you?”

There were two tables on the podium. One was higher, and one was lower. They usually used the lower table to store chalk and other miscellaneous stationery. Nevertheless, it was pretty neatly organized.

“Won’t the pressure be great if I stare at you?” Mason asked in amusement.

“Nope.” She moved quickly while speaking, carrying her chair and sitting beside him.

He couldn’t stop laughing at the sight. I’ve been teaching for so many years, but this is the first time I’ve ever met such a unique student. Of course, there have been many students with great confidence and abilities. Even so, she is the first one to act so magnanimously.

“Okay, okay. The test will continue like this.” Mason hurriedly spoke up to defuse the situation when he saw that Martin was about to lose his temper again.

Martin burned with rage but had nowhere to vent his anger. Thus, he could only glare furiously at Elise, who was sitting on the podium, and his gaze never shifted away from her for a second.

Unfortunately for him, the exam ended with him failing to discover anything.

While he collected the test papers, he deliberately pulled a little trick. He picked out her test papers and positioned them so that they were placed third from the bottom. This way, he would immediately recognize her test papers even after they were sealed and bound. When the time comes, it doesn't matter what kind of results she gets. I only need to do a little something...

---

...

After the exam, somebody suggested that they head to the Snack Street for a gathering. The Elite Class had been established for so long, but they had never held a party before. The class monitor was met with a hundred responses as soon as he made the suggestion, and everybody agreed to his proposal.

Along the way, Elliot seemed gloomy. Sheldon hooked his arm around Elliot's shoulders and intentionally stretched out his hand to tickle the latter's stomach. "Mr. Howard, are you sad because you did badly in your exams?"

"F\*ck off." Elliot pushed Sheldon away irritably. "Who is worried about that!?"

Sheldon rubbed his chest where Elliot shoved him and asked suspiciously, "What else is there to worry about?"

"I'm worried about my father." Elliot sighed and suddenly looked depressed. "He's ill. He's terribly ill."

"Don't joke around. I saw your father on the cover of a gossip magazine just two days ago, surrounded by women. He sure doesn't look like a sick person to me," Sheldon joked.

Elise's sharp hearing caught those words, and she couldn't help listening in on their conversation. Elliot Howard... Mr. Howard... They can't be from the same family, right?

"As you said, that was a few days ago. He has not regained consciousness since passing out at a hotel during his last outing. Even the doctors have no idea what's wrong with him." Elliot slumped his head dejectedly and aggressively kicked at a rock by his feet. "Although I don't like my father, he is very good to me. I don't want anything to happen to him."

The mention of his father made him stop in his tracks. His eyes were red-rimmed, and he looked like an abandoned child.

Sheldon walked over and patted Elliot heavily on the shoulder, then he said comfortingly, "Don't worry. Mr. Howard will be fine."

"Um..." Elise cleared her throat uncomfortably and asked awkwardly, "Is your father's surname Howard?"

Sheldon smiled wryly. "What do you think, Boss? Have you gone senile? You forgot the exam time this morning. And now, you have even forgotten the common sense that all children take after their father's surname?"

"Okay." She was sure now—that handsy Mr. Howard is Elliot's father. Then, she continued, "Sheldon is right. Your father will be fine after sleeping for a few days."

When she saw how distraught Winona had been, she used the needle with the most potent anesthetic. Unfortunately, it would probably take two to five days of sleep for the effects of the drug to recede.

"I hope so." However, Elliot did not hold out much hope, and he was wondering if he should head abroad in search of a doctor.

"But, your father is quite the debauched man," Elise said meaningfully.

"You must be talking about those gossip magazines." Elliot looked at her innocently. "I think it's fine. My father is single and wealthy. Isn't it normal for him to have a few women around him? He was hoping to find me a stepmother who would love me. But those women are always targeting his money. None of them have ever thought of being nice to me. He later figured it out, so he only looked to fool around without bringing marriage to the table."

"Single?" She stopped in her tracks. "Are your parents divorced?"

He looked even more depressed and shook his head. "My mother died in labor when giving birth to me. For so many years, it was my dad who brought me up alone."

She originally thought that this would be a story of a lecherous man fooling around outside so much that his wife became fed up with his behavior and eventually left her family and her children behind. However, she had not expected such a sad story instead.

"I'm sorry." She quickly apologized.

“It’s fine.” He lifted his hand and scratched the back of his head. “In any case, I’ve never had a mother since I was a child, and I’ve gotten used to it. Besides, my father has always spoiled me, so I’ve never suffered any grievances.”

Elliot had once mentioned what he did not lack the most. Mr. Lowry of Blitz Entertainment also said previously that Mr. Howard held a very high position in the industry. With a family background like that, it was true that a child would grow up cherished and all his troubles swept away easily.

“Here.” She took out a small glass bottle containing transparent liquid from her bag. “Take this back with you and ask your family doctor to inject your dad with this. He should be able to wake up by tomorrow.”

“What is this?” He picked the bottle up and examined it.

“Um... My husband gave it to me; it’s just a supplement that’s very good for the body. Just think about it. A person will feel energetic if their body is nourished. I’m sure he will wake up as soon as his vitality is restored.” She came up with a bunch of excuses in response.

“A supplement?” Sheldon seemed to have heard something incredible. Suddenly, his gaze became curious when he looked at Elise. Then, he leaned over and sneakily whispered in her ear. “Mr. Griffith is so strong. Does he usually need to take vitality enhancement supplements?”

“You!” Her face flushed red. Then she reached out and smacked his head. “I was talking about supplementing the body with nutrients! I didn’t mean that!”

“Hehehe...” Sheldon rubbed at the spot where he was beaten and smiled tauntingly. “Boss, you don’t need to understand. I understand. I understand...”

Elise was rendered speechless. What the hell do you understand!?

## **Coolest Girl in Town Chapter 646**

### **Chapter 646 She Wants to Die!**

As soon as those words came out, Alexander walked over from afar. He asked faintly, “What are you guys talking about?”

“Nothing!” Elise hurriedly said. “We were just talking about the exam.”

His eyes dimmed slightly. Ellie is hiding something from me, after all. However, he still pretended to be calm and asked, “Did you do well on the exam?”

“I did my best,” she replied. “I’m done here. Let’s go.”

She was worried that Sheldon and Elliot might talk nonsense in front of Alexander, so she quickly took the lead and left, and Alexander followed behind her.

When they got into the car, he handed a document to her.

“As you guess, Raul Mckay and Keira Collins are not cousins. They are lovers. After Keira was diagnosed with cancer, they separated for five years. During this period, Raul never engaged in another relationship. It wasn’t until he saw the news about Keira suffering from food poisoning online that he came to visit her at the hospital.” He explained.

“So, they are a pair of star-crossed lovers,” she said expressionlessly.

“Yes.” He turned to look at her, and the look in his pitch-black eyes held complicated emotions, making it impossible to guess what he was thinking at the moment.

“Let’s go and have a private meeting with Raul first.” Then, she made a decisive decision.

“Okay.” He immediately started the engine and drove off.

Unfortunately, Raul also coincidentally happened to be a chef at a five-star restaurant.

Elise and Alexander arrived at the restaurant where Raul worked and ordered a whole table full of Keira’s favorite dishes. They asked the waiter to summon the head chef when all the dishes were served.

Raul was slightly surprised to see them. Even so, he maintained basic professional etiquette and greeted them good-naturedly. “Sir, Madame, do you have any comments on my dishes?”

“I heard that you were just a normal chef five years ago, Mr. Mckay. Do you have a secret for becoming domestically and internationally famous in a short time?” Elise asked casually.

“Cooking is similar to life itself. God rewards hard work. As long as a person is hardworking enough, anybody will have the chance to become a better version of themselves.” Raul stood with his hands behind his back and provided an extremely professional answer. He gave off the feeling that he was using his professionalism to keep them at a distance.

“Wow! That’s truly inspirational.” She nodded meaningfully and abruptly changed the subject. “Indeed, hard work always pays off, but the truth is that not everybody will get the opportunity to work hard. Isn’t that right, Mr. Mckay?”

"I don't understand what you mean, Miss." He looked at her confused, but a niggling feeling of doubt suddenly emerged in his heart.

Needless to say, he recognized Alexander and Elise. He also knew that the motives behind the appearance of these two could not be pure. However, he was just a chef. He was not good at anything else besides working with food, so he could not understand the hidden meaning behind their words.

"Did Mrs. Collins tell you that we can treat Keira's illness?" Elise asked, straight to the point.

His expression changed quickly. Those slightly tired eyes seemed to brighten considerably, but he deliberately suppressed his emotions. Then, finally, he replied somewhat uncertainly, "Mrs. Collins has never mentioned that before. Don't try to deceive me."

"Do you think we need to deceive you?" Alexander said in a low voice. "Five years. How did it feel to not meet the person you love for five years? I believe just five days is unbearable enough." He paused at this point and glanced at Elise affectionately. Only then did he continue to reason with the other party through pathos and logos. "You finally got back together with Keira. Are you just going to watch helplessly until the day the heavens separate you forever?"

"You investigated me." Raul narrowed his eyes and couldn't help becoming vigilant toward them. Then, he lifted his chin and stubbornly said, "Even if that's the case, don't bother thinking that you can get anything out of me. Kiki's demands are my demands. No matter what she wants to do, I will never betray her."

"Even if she wishes to give up her own life?" Elise questioned aggressively. "Then, let me ask you this: Do you really love her? Or do you actually hate her? If that's not the case, then how can you just watch as she chooses death?"

He reacted as though she had touched upon a sore spot. His eyes widened abruptly, and he looked like he wanted to argue about something. Nevertheless, after a few moments of hesitation, he suppressed the rage that surged up in him.

"If there are no issues with the dishes, then I will take my leave now." After he said that, he gave them a slight bow and turned to leave.

"I thought your feelings for Keira were sincere. But, it turns out you're just a scumbag who doesn't want to be dragged down by her issues." When he turned away, she suddenly spoke up in an enigmatic manner. "She had cancer for five years, but there was never a day when you stayed by her side during that time. Now that you've seen her again, did you finally let go of the obsession in your heart? Did you get a clear glimpse of how ugly she looks when sick? Did that strengthen your conviction and justify your decision to abandon her to fend for herself?"

Those words made him pause in mid-step. His hands that were hanging by his sides clenched tightly into fists. He stood there in silence for a few moments before he suddenly turned around and slammed his fists down on the table. Then, as he lost control of his emotions, he yelled at the top of his voice. "You don't know anything!"

This sudden turn of events immediately attracted the attention of everybody in the restaurant. Practically everybody turned to look in this direction.

The moment he realized that he had lost his composure, he straightened himself and looked around him in a slight panic. Then, he took off his hat and ran into the alley in the back, where he frantically punched every brick and stone on the wall as though his hands were not made of flesh and bones. He kept going at it and disregarded the pain he felt.

By the time Elise and Alexander caught up to Raul, he was sitting on the ground with his back against the wall. His expression was pained and conflicted—he looked like he was on the verge of a breakdown.

She took out a tissue, handed it to him, and then murmured, "If you love her, you should know what's best for her."

"It's useless." Then, he used both hands to cover his forehead and conceal his face and shook his head vigorously. "Kiki doesn't want to live. She wants to die. Nobody can stop her..."

The probability of cancer recurrence was so small that it was only one in tens of millions of people. However, Keira was that one person out of tens of millions of people.

She had been cured once, but her cancer came back again in such a short time. The roller-coaster ride had destroyed her will. Therefore, the possibility of getting cured no longer brought her any joy. She did not wish to go through another bout of great sorrow and joy again. So, instead of dragging the people around her down day by day, she decided that she might as well take the money to give them a more comfortable life afterward. Even if doing this would take her life, she would not feel as though she owed them too much in her heart.

"Is there somebody threatening you in the shadows?" Elise asked suspiciously.

"No! There's nobody!" Raul shouted emotionally. "Kiki is a good person! She is the best woman in the world!"

"A good woman? Will a good woman blackmail others for 10 million without reason? My mistake, it's not just 10 million. It's the entire Griffith Food Co." Her expression was frosty. "Frankly, we can afford to pay the 10 million. However, we cannot suffer this grievance. If you don't tell us the truth, we will simply use this money to ask the media to

reveal the order receipt and the surveillance video on the day of the incident. What do you think will happen to Keira?”

“You can’t!” He got up from the ground and rushed toward her in agitation.

Alexander quickly stood in front of Elise and separated them.

## Cooler Girl in Town Chapter 647

### Chapter 647 It’s a Guy Thing

“You can’t do that to Kiki!” Raul furrowed his eyebrows deeply, looking extremely agitated.

“And, what gives her the right to do that to my husband?” Elise was completely unsympathetic. “How are we not innocent in this matter? If she insists on blackmailing us, we will only end up in a lose-lose situation.”

He lowered his gaze with a conflicted expression and immersed himself in his own thoughts, seemingly contemplating the odds of her acting recklessly in retaliation.

He had promised Keira that he would keep her secret, but he never imagined that he would face a situation like this. She only mentioned taking advantage of her illness to extort some money from Alexander to support her mother. She never said what would happen to her after that. If she can’t even rest in peace after receiving that money, then what’s the point of all that money?

From what he had gathered from Elise, the balance on their accounts would remain beyond the reach of most ordinary people even if the company went bankrupt. So even if Mrs. Collins received 10 million in compensation, there was a possibility that Alexander and his wife would make her life extremely difficult in the future.

But... Keira has made up her mind. So I should support her wishes!

Alexander could see that Raul was still hesitating. Thus, he patted Elise on the arm and indicated for her to leave first. “Leave this to me.”

She considered this for a moment and obediently went back into the restaurant.

Inside the narrow alley, Raul remained leaning against the wall and seemed to be in an extremely poor mental state.

In the midst of that silence, Alexander suddenly took out a pack of cigarettes from his pocket and offered them to him.



He glanced up at Alexander, seemingly surprised that such a refined and privileged person would enjoy such ordinary things.

Alexander pushed the cigarettes forward once more, urging the other party to take one.

Only then did Raul take a cigarette out of the pack and dig out a lighter to light the cigarette.

Likewise, Alexander lit a cigarette; then, after puffing on the cigarette a few times, he threw the half-smoked cigarette to the ground and snuffed out the fire with his foot. Then, he patted Raul on the shoulder and said earnestly, "Sometimes, men will never be understood by their loved ones. You must be prepared to make sacrifices once you've found somebody you love. If I were you, I would be willing to do anything as long as Keira survives. It doesn't matter even if she hates me, blames me, or refuses to see me again. There's nothing more important than her life. Don't you think so?"

Raul held his cigarette between his fingers and turned to the side to glance at Alexander before turning his head away again. Then, as he made up his mind about something, he took a deep drag on his cigarette.

After Alexander finished speaking, he stuffed the remaining half pack of cigarettes into the outer pocket of Raul's shirt and left without another word.

Elise anxiously asked about the situation when he returned to the car. "How is it? Did you figure out the mastermind behind the scenes?"

"Not yet." Alexander buckled his safety belt. "But, I will soon."

Those words felt like half-truths to her, but she also knew that he would never say anything that he was uncertain about. Thus, she was relieved.

---

...

The next day, Keira sat leaning against the head of the bed in the hospital ward. Her complexion was ashen. She stared out the window blankly as she looked at the gloomy sky; it felt as though she was looking at her fate. It was completely dark, without the slightest hint of light in sight.

Raul walked in with an insulated lunchbox and arranged the dishes he made himself on the dining table, one at a time. "These are all your favorites. Have a taste and see if my skills have improved."

She stared at him coldly and looked unimpressed. "You don't need to do this. We broke up five years ago."

He ignored her, brought out a small bowl for her, and placed a piece of meat into the bowl. "You were the one who decided that. Getting together is a decision made by two people, so breaking up should also be a decision made by two people. It doesn't count if you are the only person making the decisions."

"Raul Mckay!" Her tone was firm. "Do you not understand words? I don't want to see you! Leave! Don't appear in front of me again!" I'm about to die soon. I don't want the last memory he has of me to be so ugly.

"Stop making a fuss and eat." He completely ignored her temper tantrum, then he speared that piece of meat with a fork, and fed the meat to her. "Open your mouth. Ah..."

"I'm not eating!" She raised her hand and slapped away the fork in his hand. "I told you—I will never eat what you make again! How many times will you make me repeat myself!?"

He sighed as he bent down to clean up the mess. He slowly said while cleaning up, "I didn't stop you when you decided to leave five years ago. But, this time around, I don't care how far I can go with you. I am not going anywhere. I know you don't want to drag me down. But, all of my efforts were for you. What's the point if I can't be together with you?" He stood firm beside the bed and looked her straight in the eyes. "I promised Alexander I would step forward to clarify the truth for their company. I also told them we don't need the compensation money anymore."

Her eyes filled with tears when she heard the first part of his speech, but she suddenly became agitated by the end of his sentence. "What!? What right do you have to make decisions on my behalf!?"

"I can't just watch you die!" He unconsciously raised his voice. "They said there's a high chance that you can be treated and cured. If you survive, then we can take care of your mother together. The three of us can live a good life together. Everything will get better..."

"Better!?" She lost control of her emotions, and tears leaked out from the corner of her eyes. "I know my body best. This illness will never get better! I don't want to die someday without leaving anything behind for my mother! Raul Mckay, you're too much! Get out! I don't ever want to see you again!"

Outside the door, Mrs. Collins returned with a flask of hot water in her hands just in time to hear her daughter's words. She stood outside the hospital ward and looked lost for a long time.

"Why can't you just try once more?" Raul begged. "Even if you won't do it for me, do it for your mother. Can't you just try one more time? If you can recover once, then you can recover a second time. But, we can't bear the shock of losing you. Not even once!"

“That’s right! The doctor can cure this cancer, but it can also come back. I struggled against this cancer from when I was in my twenties to my thirties. In the end, I returned to my starting point again. What’s the point of this struggle!?” Despair filled Keira’s expression. “I would rather sacrifice my life in exchange for my mother’s comfort for the rest of her life. I won’t need to continue lying on the bed like a cripple and forcing her to take care of me.”

She stubbornly turned away, lifted her hand to wipe the tears streaming down her face, and was determined not to face her own vulnerability.

Mrs. Collins couldn’t bear watching outside the door any longer and pushed open the door to enter the room.

“Mom?” Keira looked over in astonishment. “When did you come back? How much did you hear...”

Before she could finish her sentence, her mother hugged her tightly. Those wrinkled hands patted her back in sadness.

“You stupid child! How can you be so foolish!? So foolish! What’s the point of me living alone if you’re no longer here!? I’ve never loved money. I love my daughter! I will disown you if you dare to have such thoughts again!”

“Mom...”

The mother-and-daughter pair hugged each other and wept. In the end, Keira was successfully persuaded. So, she decided to continue receiving treatment and came forward to clarify the situation for Griffith Food Co.

With the help of the media, Alexander was finally cleared of the stain on his reputation.

Elise stood among the audience, watching the mother-and-daughter pair being interviewed. Then, she looked at him in curiosity. “Just what did you tell Raul?”

Alexander pursed his lips and smiled. “It’s a secret between men.”

## **Coolest Girl in Town Chapter 648**

Chapter 648 Survival of the Fittest, the Strong Devour the Weak

As soon as the press conference was broadcasted on the news, Owen immediately received a phone call from Wendy.

“Miss Jennings.” His tone was respectful. “I assume you’ve seen the news?”

"I told you to cause trouble for Alexander. Is this all you can do?" Her tone wasn't harsh, but every word carried a connotation of blame.

"I'm sorry. It's my fault." He lowered his head while holding the phone. "I will find another opportunity."

"Haven't you realized? You're working at the wrong angle," she calmly said. "Elise and Alexander are husband and wife. If other people cause trouble for them, it will only strengthen their bonds and make them reveal a united front to the outside world. This method will never work even if you repeat a similar incident ten times or a hundred times over."

"You mean..." He carefully probed at her plans.

"All corruption begins from within. Since Elise stubbornly refuses to realize her error, then we have to help her see Alexander's two-faced nature." Wendy narrowed her eyes slightly, and a shrewd look flashed in her eyes. "When she despairs over the people closest to her, she will learn how filthy this world is and how inferior humans are. Then, she will naturally approach us and join us. At that time, we can finally work together to bring about the coming of the apocalypse!"

"But, Miss Jennings," Owen asked uncertainly, "will the apocalypse really come?"

"What are you trying to say?" Her tone became hostile.

"Please don't misunderstand." He quickly explained himself. "Of course, I know that humans are hopeless. But, can we really create a new world that belongs to us if we destroy the humans and the current world? Up until now, I've only ever seen traces of the new world in games..."

Half a minute of silence came from the other side of the phone when he finished speaking. The silence during that half-minute made him feel as though a century had passed. His heart rose to his throat, and he couldn't help swallowing nervously.

A long time later, her voice rang out again gloomily. "Don't forget this: Even if there is no new world, humans are pathetic. So we must prevent them from progressing any further. Only the very best and outstanding people have the qualifications to survive. Survival of the fittest. That's our mission!"

"I understand." He solemnly gave a salute as he clutched the phone tightly. Then, he looked before him and continued, "The strong will devour the weak. These filthy humans deserve to be destroyed!"

---

...

After they left the press conference, Alexander and Elise returned to the villa. Quentin and Layla had been back in Tissote for some time, but they had yet to meet with Alexander. So, it was high time to visit them. Layla came out of the house to greet them as soon as they got out of the car. She tugged at Elise and grinned from ear to ear. "Sweetie, you are my daughter indeed! I lost five kilograms just by following your diet for a few days. Not to mention, I don't feel hungry at all!"

"It's great that you've lost some weight." Elise smiled gently. Then, she turned around and introduced Alexander. "Mama, this is Alexander."

"Mama." Alexander took the initiative to greet Layla.

Layla nodded repeatedly. "Not bad. Not bad. What a handsome-looking man. You're well-matched with Elise!"

"Thank you, Mama." He had expected to receive criticism and mentally prepared himself under that assumption. But, contrary to his expectations, she turned out to be so warm and friendly.

During dinner, Layla also enthusiastically piled food onto Alexander's plate. "We're a family now. Don't be so reserved. Eat more."

Alexander smiled and thanked her, and his appetite was much better than usual.

"Men should always stay in shape, no matter how old you are. It's enough to only eat until you're half-full. There's no need to be greedy." On the other hand, Quentin looked grumpy and was not very welcoming toward Alexander.

The corners of Alexander's mouth lifted. However, he remained smiling without taking those words to heart.

"He's gotten old and senile. Don't listen to him." Layla continued to do things her way as usual. "Come. I'll get you another bowl of soup."

Quentin's expression changed and became extremely ugly. Finally, he angrily snapped, "Why are you serving him soup? He's a man. It's not like he doesn't have hands. Why does he need you to serve him?"

As soon as those words left his mouth, the atmosphere around the table became extraordinarily awkward.

However, he was not afraid of making the situation uncomfortable. So, he leaned back in his chair, straightened his jacket, and grimly put on the attitude of the head of the house. He was deliberately making things difficult for Alexander, so there was no reason to conceal his intentions.

Thus far, Owen stood first in the line of son-in-law candidates that he approved of, and Kenneth was a close second. There were a few others who were bearable, but Alexander was the only one who was unacceptable. The main reason was that the Griffith Family was no longer the same as before. Even if it was only because of all the wretched things that Alexander's mother had done to Elise in the past, this man was not worthy of his goddaughter.

Quentin felt like a ball of rage was stuck in his chest, and he simply could not understand. How did Alexander manage to slip through the gaps and steal the victory at the last moment!?

Alexander had expected this outcome. Therefore, he unhurriedly put down his utensils and looked toward Quentin. He was just about to speak when Layla took the opportunity away from him.

"It's such a joyous occasion. Let's open a bottle of wine. Quentin, come with me to the wine cellar to pick a good bottle of wine." She walked forward to drag Quentin away while she spoke.

"I'm not going." Quentin shook her hand off and leaned back in his chair like a boss.

She looked at the others around the table and smiled patiently. At the same time, she reached out and harshly pinched him around the waist. "Are you coming!?"

"Ouch!" He jumped out of his chair in pain. Then, he quickly bowed and begged for mercy. "I'll go! I'll go! Is that enough, Your Majesty!?"

Then, she turned around and pulled him away by the ear after removing her hand from his waist. "Let's go quickly! As if I'll let you continue being such an ingrate in this place!"

Just like that, Quentin was dragged into the cellar with not a shred of dignity left, and Layla finally released her hold on him after turning on the light.

"Oww..." He rubbed his stinging ear and complained in an aggrieved voice. "Have you gone crazy, you old lady!? How can you be so violent toward me!? Are you trying to kill your husband!?"

"You deserved that!" She was so furious that she laughed sardonically before she explained. "Alexander is our godson-in-law. Why are you making things difficult for him!?"

"So what if I'm making things difficult for him!? I'm setting the ground rules with him for Elise!" he replied with great confidence.

"Come on. Do you think I don't know you? You just hate his guts." She persuaded him earnestly. "To be honest, I don't really like him either. Nevertheless, he is the person

Elise chose. If you disrespect him, then you are also disrespecting Elise. I know you love our goddaughter. Do you think I don't love her?

In any case, these are the affairs between them as husband and wife. If they live a happy life, then we'll just spoil them silly. That's the best-case scenario. If they are not doing well, then we will naturally support Elise. Besides, they have just gotten married. Why are you pointing fingers at them for no reason? Have you ever thought about the consequences before? What if something really happens between them down the road? Won't it be our goddaughter who suffers heartbreak?"

He never imagined that his wife would have such great wisdom. For a moment, he was utterly fascinated by the sight of her, and for a split second, he couldn't even feel the pain in his ear any longer. Perhaps, women are inherently better at maintaining a marriage than men.