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Coolest Girl in Town Chapter 251 - 252

Chapter 251, Coolest Girl in Town

Madeline's eyes were full of condescension when she heard Elise's answer. That's an authentic country girl for you—drooling over whatever's out of her reach! Of course she'd be happy to attend after hearing she might get a chance to meet with the world's number one billionaire. How shameless! She then chuckled. "Sure. Do attend the banquet with Alex." When Madeline finally left, Alexander turned to Elise. "I thought you weren't interested. What gives?" She answered, "As she just said, my godfather will be attending the banquet as well! It's been a long time since I last saw him, so I decided it's time I meet him again." Consequently, Alexander recalled his mother's words. I wonder how'd she react if she were to know that the Quentin Fassbender that she's preying on is the godfather of Elise... That'd be a blast, wouldn't it? Nonetheless, he had no intention to reveal the truth to Madeline as he desired for her to eliminate the prejudice she had against Elise and learn to accept her wholeheartedly.

"Let's go together, then." Elise nodded. "Let's!" ... SK Group's anniversary banquet was held in a manor that belonged to the Dahlens. The banquet gathered ninety percent of celebrated business owners in Athesea. Anyone who had gotten the invitation would bring along their loved ones, and that reflected just how influential the Dahlens were in the business industry of Athesea. "Greetings, Mrs. Griffith, Young Master Alexander."

Maxwell Dahlen took the initiative and approached Madeline and Alexander with a warm welcome. As the owner of the manor, he seemed to have ignored Elise, who was right beside them, as he proceeded with his passionate chatter with Madeline. Madeline, who enjoyed being treated with utmost respect, revealed a boastful look with a subtle smirk, posing as a noblewoman. Alexander, on the other hand, wrapped his arm around Elise's waist and pulled her close to himself, appearing to be quite intimate.

Seeing that, Maxwell finally noticed Elise's presence and inquired, "And this is?" As Madeline was about to speak, Alexander swiftly replied, "My fiancée." At his answer, Maxwell couldn't help but feel slightly bewildered. Nevertheless, thanks to the countless experience he garnered from dealing in the industry for many years, he was able to cover up his ignorance. "Oh, yes. I've heard about your engagement, but I've never expected her to be such a beauty!"

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If I may, which grand family do you come from?" Elise, who had nothing to hide, raised her eyes and smilingly answered, "I come from a prairie. My parents passed away when I was but a girl, and all I had left was my grandparents." Hearing her upfront answer, Maxwell couldn't help but reveal a knowing look. "I've heard about young people practicing spiritual affection nowadays, and my skepticism would have persisted had I not seen the two of you together."

Upon those words, Madeline felt somewhat embarrassed, saying, "They're just kids. They have a long way to go yet." Whether literally or implied—all of her words suggested her disagreement toward their marriage. Maxwell, on the other hand, pretended not to have sensed her meaning and simply notified his leave. "Please make yourselves at home, Mrs. Griffith, Young Master Alexander. I'm afraid duty calls." When Maxwell left the conversation, Madeline shot Elise a resentful glare.

If Alexander weren't present, she would have rebuked the young woman a thousand times over. "Alex, Maya's right there. Should we go and say hi?" Alexander rejected her without a second thought. "Go ahead. Elise needs a timeout." Before Madeline could say anything, he escorted Elise to a resting spot, to which the latter questioned, "What's wrong with you?" Alexander looked her in the eyes and suddenly hugged her tight, whispering, "You don't have to care what my mother has to say, nor do you need to care what everyone else thinks.

As long as I'm breathing, I'll always be by your side." "Mm-hmm," Elise mumbled as the unhappiness in her heart waned. "I know. But you don't have to be so anxious either. It's normal for families like yours to be into homogamy, and your mother's dissatisfaction toward me is only rooted from the idea that your family is out of mine's league. Regardless, as long as we're in love with each other, nothing else matters."

"That's right. Remember that as long as we're in love with each other, people who wish to split us apart can only dream on. You know what, Elise? I've always had this thought—why are you only eighteen? If only you were already twenty, I would have married you and brought you home." Immediately, Elise blushed and punched his chest. "Stop it!" "I'm serious. Let's get married as soon as you turn twenty, okay?"

She grew bashful at his request. All this time, she had always pictured herself as a kid, and talking about marriage could sometimes stupefy her. "That'll depend on your performance." Alexander earnestly nodded. "I won't let you down." "Mhm." She was satisfied with his answer. The next second, she finally realized the curious gazes directed toward them, and hastily pushed Alexander away. "Okay, that's enough.

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Everyone's looking at us." Yet, Alexander didn't seem to care about it. "It's not illegal to embrace my own fiancée, is it? Plus, it's not illegal for them to watch us either, so it's out of our control." "But it's embarrassing!" Caressing her head, he replied, "Then we shall continue later." While they were conversing, Madeline had found Maya. "Maya!" Enthusiastically, Maya approached her with a hug. "Godmother, you're here! Is Alex here with you?"

"Yup, he's right there." Under Madeline's guide, she turned to the direction, only to see Alexander benignly staring at Elise. She couldn't help but feel envious of the person whom he was looking at with his bewitching gaze. If only I was the one he's looking at... "Here's a gift for you, Maya." As Madeline said that, she pulled out an elegant box, to which Maya quickly withdrew her eyes. "You've given me so many gifts, Godmother..."

"Oh, silly girl, don't be so courteous with me." Swiftly, she shoved the gift onto Maya's palm. "Alex is a slow one when it comes to relationships. If you want to impress him, perhaps you can come visit us more frequently, even if it's only to have a chat with me." "Thank you, Godmother." "Right! Didn't you say Fassbender's coming too? Where is he?" Madeline quizzed as if she was mindlessly blurting questions.

Despite that, Maya could easily read her mind. After all, none from families like theirs would care about emotional attachment; it was always about benefits. "Uncle Quentin will arrive a little later. He's probably en route as we speak." Hearing Maya addressing Quentin as "Uncle Quentin," Madeline couldn't help but wonder how deep the connection between the Dahlens and the Fassbenders went.

For a mighty figure like Quentin, who would never attend an ordinary banquet, to attend the Dahlens' banquet would mean that he shared a healthy, terrific relationship with them. "I'll be honest, Maya. We, the Griffiths, wish to expand our business worldwide, and we know your Uncle Quentin's business is developing pretty good out there, so I'd like to ask for a favor—could you perhaps introduce me to him?"

Maya was stunned by Madeline's straightforwardness. To be fair, she wasn't exactly close with Quentin, nor was she sure whether he would even attend the banquet. All the words she had uttered was solely to impress Madeline by using Quentin's name. "It's not that I'm unwilling to help you, Godmother, but Uncle Quentin's a busy man. How about this? I can bring you to him shortly after, but that's all I'm able to help you with."

Madeline was pleased by Maya's reply. After all, Quentin was not a typical man whom one could easily meet with during normal days. Now, thanks to Maya's connection, things were

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rather convenient for Madeline. "Thank you, Maya! Don't worry. I'll remember everything you did for me."

Maya responded with a subtle smile, though her heart was enjoying the sensation of being ingratiated. She then added, "Uncle Quentin's a kind man. He once complimented the art I made, and even told my dad that he would consider taking me in as his goddaughter." Quentin Fassbender's goddaughter—an identity every woman would die to have. Although Quentin was an international billionaire, he didn't have a child of his own blood.

If one were to be recognized by him as his goddaughter, it would mean more than just being his goddaughter. It would be an iconic identity, and possibly a gateway to the Fassbenders' limitless wealth. Madeline was dumbfounded, her eyes wide and still. "Did he really say that, Maya?"

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Indubitably, what Maya said didn't actually happen. She was aware that Madeline had no way of approaching Quentin, so she persisted with her lie. "Of course! Would I joke about such a thing?" Madeline cackled. "I know you wouldn't. Like I said, our Maya's a smart, kind, beautiful, and generous girl! There's not another person in the entire Athesea that could match up with your perfection, and you've proved that today.

I trust my instinct about you. Don't forget that I'm still waiting for you to get married with Alex, okay? I can't wait to have you as my daughter-in-law!" Feeling somewhat bashful, Maya turned to Alexander's direction. "Well, I won't mind if he doesn't..." Madeline was highly impressed by Maya. She thought that anyone that deserved to marry her son should at least have a solid family background and the capability to lead the Griffiths' businesses to success. As for Elise, she had been disdaining her all this while; she could never find it in herself to accept her.

"It's okay. I know what you're thinking. Come, let's go see Alex." Meanwhile, Alex fetched some tidbits over to Elise, who found herself feeling relieved after eating some dessert. At that moment, Madeline brought Maya over and said, "Alex, go dance with Maya when the banquet starts."

Disregarding her words, Alexander had his full attention on Elise. "Do you like this one? Do you want more?" "No, thanks," Elise answered. Then, the man withdrew his gaze and said, "Sorry,

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I'll only dance with my fiancée." Ignoring his answer, Madeline countered, "Elise wouldn't know how to dance. You're gonna make a fool out of her if you bring her onto the dance floor. Maya, on the other hand, has learned various styles of ballroom dances, and she'd mastered every single genre of them, so bring her. You'll surely impress everyone." Alexander was upset by his mother's condescending words toward Elise.

Glowering, he was obviously offended. "Since Miss Dahlen's so exceptional at dancing, I'm sure she'd have a line of men waiting to dance with her, whereas I, having no talent in dancing, would only be a drag to her." "I don't mind at all, Alex..." Maya gently mumbled. Though, Alexander didn't seem to care what she said. The four were surrounded by nothing but awkwardness then. Seeing that, Madeline gazed viciously at Elise, thinking that she was the root of all of her disconcertment.

She then pleaded, "Alex, save your mother some pride, will you? Maya's the host today. You shouldn't treat her like a joke in front of everyone." Without any intention to compromise, Alexander apathetically declined. "What does that have to do with me?" At his reply, Madeline was shocked speechless, while Maya's face reddened. The latter let out a scoff and vexedly fled. "Maya!" Madeline yelled, though Maya didn't seem to have the desire to turn around as she coldly left.

Madeline then turned to his son and confronted him in a suppressed voice. "What's wrong with you, Alex? Are you in love with this woman so much you won't even care about your mother's pride?" As if she was heartbroken, she pointed at Elise. "Is this woman so important that you'd forgotten I'm your mother? You really disappoint me, Alex." "I'm sorry." Alexander instinctively stood before Elise, calmly clarifying, "Elise is my fiancée.

She'll soon be my wife—the one person I'll spend the rest of my life with; the one purpose of my life. And you, Mom, are someone whom I respect the most in the whole world, so I truly hope that you can accept the person I love. But if you can't get yourself to... Well, not that it matters." Finished, he reached out his hand to Elise, who, filled with joy, slowly put her hand onto his palm. "Care for a dance?" As Elise stared at him, there was an inexplicable feeling in her heart.

She grasped his hand regardless. When he unconditionally chose her, she decided to respond to him with her unwavering commitment. "Sure!" At her answer, Alexander quickly tugged her entire body into his arms. The two held each other tightly like the most perfect couple—a sight that stung Madeline's eyes. Silently, Madeline clenched her fists, trembling as she gazed at the couple who were walking side by side onto the dance floor.

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At the same time, Maya, too, was led to the middle of the dance floor by a tall, slender man. She boastfully raised her chin, and there was a dash of hostility in her eyes when she looked at Elise and Alexander. As the music started playing, there was not a tinge of fright in Maya as the main dancer for the opening. Her elegance swayed across the dance floor, and none could resist looking at her. "Don't be nervous.

Just follow my lead. It's okay if you make a mistake," Alexander whispered to Elise, who had the urge to tell him that she'd learned the same style of ballroom dance when she was a kid, so she was no stranger to the dance moves. "Don't worry. I'll be fine." Staring at her glistening eyes, he grinned. "Let's go, then." Slowly, the two slipped onto the dance floor. Elise followed Alexander's every step closely, and her ability to match him astounded him.

"You know this dance?" She subtly smiled. "A little. I dabbled." Alexander bluntly replied, "A little? Look at you, you're a professional! You must have spent years learning it, huh? There's no way 'I dabbled' can get you here." Elise wordlessly beamed. Her movements were gracious and in no way inferior to Maya's.

Besides, with Alexander as her partner, the scene was definitely a sight for sore eyes. "Who's the woman beside Young Master Alex? I've never seen her before." "He must have gotten a new girlfriend after hearing everyone calling his fiancée hideous. This one's really beautiful though." "He always seemed so professional, like he had no interest in women. I guess there's this side to Young Master Alex too, huh?"

"Haha, I know right! He's a man after all, and one that, too, can't get himself to resist beautiful faces at that. I've always thought he was different from us, but I guess I was wrong." ... All of a sudden, the crowd suddenly opened up a path. Maxwell was seen leading a middle-aged man into the venue.

The latter's presence attracted the approaches of many. "You actually came, Mr. Fassbender! It's a surprise to see you here. What an honor to meet you! I am..." Despite everyone's warm welcome, Quentin merely responded with short, polite greetings and nothing more.

The man who spoke to him moments ago was seen wiping the sweat off his forehead, proposing, "Mr. Fassbender, our company is currently..." Before he could finish, however, Quentin's assistant came and interrupted him. "Excuse me, but Mr. Fassbender's not discussing work tonight." Rejected, the man tactfully walked away.

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