

Cooldest Girl in Town Chapter 461

Chapter 461 Closer Than Friends

Jeanie clenched her jaw tightly. The next moment, she made a harsh decision—no matter what price she had to pay, she would not let Faye hurt her family again. This would be the last time ever.

Right at that moment, the door to the ward suddenly flew open. Elise walked out of the room, supporting her weight on the door.

Alexander's sharp eyes immediately took notice of this, and he quickly reached out to help her stand, but Elise waved dismissively. "Call the doctors over. He isn't dead yet. Bring the instruments, quick!" she said weakly.

"Oh, all right!" Danny was the first one to react, and he charged over to the reception. "The doctors! Where are they?!"

The doctors and nurses soon arrived. Alexander helped Elise to the side.

The door to the ward was wide open. Faye watched on as an entire crowd worked to save a dead man. Displeasure was clear in her eyes.

And yet, the waves of a heartbeat returned to the heart rate monitor's screen, and they even got stronger and stronger. At this, Faye's expression morphed in a fascinating manner. Her grip on her shoulder tightened to the point that her nails dug into her flesh. Impossible. He was dead. How could he be revived?!

Jeanie took in Faye's sinister expression. She walked over briskly and blocked Faye's view. "Leave this place now." Jeanie's expression was chilly, her tone brooking no argument.

Faye shot a glare at Trevor before turning to meet Jeanie's eyes. After a brief standoff, she immediately changed gears, a concerned look on her face as she spoke to Austin. "Dad,

since Mom doesn't want me here, I'll leave. I don't want to rile her up. You two will be fine. Please tell me if there's any change in Trevor's condition."

Austin was vexed as he pinched his forehead and waved at Faye. "Go ahead."

Faye hadn't expected Austin to not even try to get her to stay. Instantly, her expression dimmed. She didn't even bother to hide the displeasure on her face as she stomped off angrily in her heels. As she waited for the elevator, she gritted her teeth. "That ingrate is sturdier than I thought. He still isn't dead even though he's so badly injured!"

Meanwhile by the ward, Danny came running over excitedly to Elise just when she had regained some of her strength. "He's alive! He's alive!"

"Mm." Elise wasn't surprised by this turn of events. Trevor might not be dead, but he would be unconscious for the near future; his body was still frail and weak. "Arrange for a few more guards to stand watch outside of the ward. Do not allow anyone uninvolved in Trevor's care in."

"I know what I should do." Danny nodded solemnly before retreating to give Alexander and Elise some space.

Now that Danny had left, the ward was once again quiet.

"I need to go to the black market again," Elise muttered to herself.

"To look for Claude?" Alexander asked.

Elise nodded. "I managed to bring Trevor back from the brink of death, but to truly save him, I need to find Claude."

"And if he isn't at the black market?" Alexander asked thoughtfully. "You and Bryce are... good sisters, as he put it. I don't think he would pull any dirty tricks."

"Alexander." Elise abruptly lifted her head and looked at him seriously. "There's no such thing as eternal enemies, or eternal friends." Especially when it comes to people like Bryce.

Perhaps Bryce did treat her favorably, but that was because there was no one else worthier than Elise for Bryce to maintain a friendship with. The moment a juicier business prospect cropped up, he would definitely not hesitate to turn his back on her.

All of the sudden, Alexander felt like Elise was a completely different person, as though everything in her eyes was just an exchange of mutual interests. He thought she didn't believe in true love, and she didn't truly love him.

"But I'll always be your beloved." Alexander took her hand, rubbing it gently against his palm as he lowered his head and gently spoke. "If there's anything you want to do, go ahead and do it. I'll always support you, but you have to promise me to watch out for your safety."

A pause, then a sigh. Alexander continued then, "On second thought, let me go with you. I don't feel at ease letting you go alone."

Elise smiled mildly. "But you ended up hurt when you came with me last night."

Alexander had an exasperated expression. "Fine. I am indeed too weak." He couldn't protect the woman he loved. He was indeed unworthy of fighting with her side-by-side.

"That's not what I meant." Elise held his hand, her clear, pretty eyes looking at him with deep affection. "I just can't stand you getting injured. I won't be able to focus that well with you there!"

Alexander smiled in response. "So, we're closer than friends?"

"Yep." Elise casually threw her arms over his neck and pressed herself close. "Why do you have to be so handsome? I don't even feel safe leaving you at home; how will I dare to take you with me?"

Alexander withdrew himself from her hold, a playful but confused look in his eyes. "Why does it feel like you're trying to sweet-talk me? Who taught you to speak like that?"

"Do I even need to be taught to speak that way?" Elise's eyes turned into crescents from her smiling. "With you around, anyone will be able to master the art of honeyed words without a master!" With that, she shamelessly hugged him tightly without easing up.

Alexander couldn't resist it when she was acting coy like this. With no other choice, he pitched his voice up. "Okay... I'll do as you say!"

That night, Elise entered the black market again. It hadn't been long since her arrival when Macaque came looking for her. "Miss Sinclair, Master Bryce has decided on a change in venue. I shall take you there."

Elise nodded without answering.

Soon, she reached a pub, where she saw Bryce drinking contentedly. Elise stood by the door and watched him from a distance. "You knew I was coming?"

Bryce put down his glass before he picked up a bottle of wine and languidly poured himself another glass. "I didn't know you would be coming. However, I knew that we would certainly be meeting each other again shortly. I am simply unsurprised." A pause later, he looked at the glass in his hand. "Is that not how things have been for us these few years? We would meet each other often for a while, and then we would go for a long period of time without contacting each other."

"I don't have time to reminisce over the past with you," Elise stated her objective. "One of my people was missing when I left your place. Return him to me."

"I have never touched anyone from your party." Bryce's expression was roguish. "I simply thought that you did not want him any longer."

"Whether I want him or not, that's my own business. He went missing in your territory, so you better not tell me that this is something you have no control over." Elise's tone took on a sharper edge.

Bryce froze, his hand reaching out for the glass of wine hanging in midair. A dark look flashed across his eyes. "El, you can't come tyrannizing me so flagrantly simply because I indulge you. I've told you that he's not here. I do not wish to repeat the same line for the third time."

Elise collected herself. In truth, she had thought that there was a possibility of a third party being involved in Claude's disappearance; simply, she had been holding out hope for the opposite.

"Sorry for bothering you." With that, Elise turned to leave.

"Hold it!" The smile returned to Bryce's face. "Just because he's not here in my territory doesn't mean that I can't help you with his rescue."

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Chapter 462 Short Debts Make Long Friends

Elise paused. Before she could turn around, Macaque had respectfully presented her with a box in his hand.

Bryce smiled a faint smile. "I'm also worried about your brother after he was hurt like that, El. This medicine can't bring the dying back to life, but it can keep him in a state of suspended animation for half a year to buy you time to save him."

Elise darted a glance at the box in Macaque's hand. Instead of taking the box right away, she threw a sidelong glance behind her. "And the conditions are?"

That was the reason Elise had never really taken too much advantage of Bryce despite them having known each other for such a long time. Whatever he gave her, he would always have her pay him back doubly in other ways. It had occurred to Elise more than once that it was a waste of his talents for Bryce, who was so good at doing business, to stay in the black market. He should've joined the financial market to play the numbers game with those capitalists, she thought.

"That's why I'd say no one in the world knows me better than you do, El," Bryce replied ingratiatingly.

"Stop beating around the bush. Just cut to the chase," Elise said irritably.

"Alright. You never speak with me longer than necessary, anyway; I'm already used to it." Bryce put down his wine glass. When he looked up again, his eyes flickered with shrewdness. "I want you to participate in the arena ten times and win all of them for me."

"Okay," Elise replied without hesitation. After a moment's pause, she turned to look at Bryce, her eyes slightly narrowed. "Tell me who asked you to give me the medicine." Bryce had few things to care about, but he didn't have much time to spend at leisure, so he couldn't

possibly have looked into the Anderson Family's affairs. Since he had the medicine prepared beforehand, someone must have told him to do so.

"Well..." Bryce hesitated without giving Elise the answer. After lowering his head, he continued with a half-smile, "That'd be a separate deal, El. Short debts make long friends. If you want to know who it is, you've got to wait until you have something I need."

"Great." Elise clenched her teeth. Then, she turned around, took the box from Macaque, and left the room without looking back.

Bryce watched all of this quietly, but the smile in his eyes slowly faded. Then, he said indifferently through his thin lips, "Go make arrangements for the arena matches."

"Yes, Master Bryce," Macaque replied reverently.

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Elise returned to the hospital with the medicine. After she administered it to Trevor, his vital signs quickly stabilized.

Thomas was called over at the last minute, but the results of the medical examination were similar to what Bryce had said: Trevor had gone into a vegetative state once again. Even though the results were still unacceptable, he was lucky to have escaped death, so Jeanie and Austin thought it was a silver lining.

After the medical staff had left, Elise spotted Harald in the hallway and made an excuse to leave the ward. Seeing him entering the nearest emergency exit, she followed behind him quietly.

Slowly, she heard voices coming from the stairwell. Harald said, "...Have you thought this through? That guy refused to take responsibility for you earlier, and now he'd become a vegetable. You're not his girlfriend or anything right now, so the Andersons aren't gonna think highly of you if you volunteer to look after him."

Then, a young female voice replied, "He just didn't know what had happened, but it's fine as long as I know it myself. He's my first man, Harald. I can't just leave him to die."

The Field Family had only one daughter. Judging from the voice, it was probably Yvonne.

Harald let out a heavy breath. "How could you call that 'leave him to die'? You're an unmarried lady. How could you go look after a guy? If that guy still refuses to marry you after he comes around, who else in the world's gonna marry you?"

"If the Andersons are really that ungrateful, I'll stay unmarried for life. I'm smart, anyway. When I graduate, I'll naturally find a good job to support myself," Yvonne replied in a fit of pique.

Harald didn't sound very pleased either. "That's nonsense! There isn't a girl who stays unmarried for life!"

It surprised Elise that the Field Family still had a daughter who had such a noble character. Indeed, with the state Trevor is in, he needs someone to look after him constantly. Money can buy people, but it can't buy a genuine heart, she thought. After pondering for a moment, she walked over to the wooden door of the emergency exit and opened it.

Fifteen minutes later, Elise returned to the ward with Yvonne.

Looking at Yvonne, Jeanie asked, "Elise, who is..."

"She's the caretaker I've found for Trevor. She can be trusted." Then, Elise said, "Yvonne, you'll be in charge of looking after my brother from now on."

"Okay." Yvonne nodded.

However, Jeanie doubted Yvonne's capabilities somewhat because of how young she looked. "Are you really up to the task? You look so young."

"I am, Mrs. Anderson. I took care of my mom during the ten years she was bedridden, and the doctors praised me for not letting her suffer the least bit," Yvonne said sincerely.

Seeing that Yvonne was quite well-behaved, Jeanie didn't give her too much of a hard time. "Alright then. Since you're the person Yoyo hired, I'll let you try it. If you can't do the job, we can hire another person to help you."

With that, Yvonne stayed beside Trevor and looked after him under the assumed name of Yvonne Greens.

Having made the arrangements for it, Elise had Jeanie meet her alone outside the ward. She asked with a serious look on her face, "Mom, you said earlier that it was because of Faye that my brother got into this state. On what basis did you say that?"

Upon hearing Elise's words, Jeanie felt a twinge in her nose, and her eyes reddened. At last, my Yoyo is willing to acknowledge Trevor as her brother, she thought.

"What's wrong?" Elise didn't realize she had just called Trevor as her brother in front of Jeanie. Ever since she acknowledged him as her brother, everything seemed to fall into place, as though that was the way things were supposed to be.

"Nothing." Jeanie fought back the tears that sprang to her eyes. After collecting herself, she explained, "Trevor was supposed to keep me company at home these days, but he got wind that Faye was bidding for a piece of land in Riverdale. If she succeeded in doing so, she'd gain greater support from the board of directors than before, so Trevor drove to Riverdale overnight, planning to stop that woman by getting his hands on that piece of land before she did. But who would've thought that he'd get into such a terrible car accident as soon as he left the city? Faye has to have something to do with this!"

Then, she suddenly stopped and grabbed Elise's hand nervously. "That woman's a madwoman, Yoon. I'll avenge your brother, so don't get yourself involved in this. Now that your brother's already in such a state, you mustn't get in trouble as well."

"Mom." Elise took Jeanie's hand with a determined look in her eyes. "The one who's gonna be in trouble isn't me, but the one who did this to Trevor. Please watch over him while I go to the Anderson Residence."

"No, you can't!" Jeanie grabbed Elise's hand in a tight grip. "I can't let you go there. Your dad's been taken in by her. How are you gonna fight against them alone? Just take this as my plea to you, Yoyo: stay here, and never go anywhere or do anything, okay?"

Elise knitted her fine eyebrows slightly. She replied in a helpless tone, "Do you think she'll let all of us off if we do nothing?"

"I know she won't..." Jeanie's eyes suddenly shone with a determination to face death unflinchingly. "But Yoyo, you're not supposed to be facing all this. Just give me a bit more time. I'll take care of all this!"

Elise had a vague feeling that something was amiss. "What are you gonna do?"

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Chapter 463 Forever on Your Side

As soon as Elise finished her sentence, though, Alexander stepped out of the ward. “I heard what you two said just now. Mrs. Anderson, you have to believe that Elise knows what to do and what not to do,” he said impassively. “I’ll go with her, so you can rest assured.”

Since he had said so, Jeanie couldn’t stop Elise anymore, so she had no choice but to give them the nod.

Alexander and Elise then exchanged a brief look before walking outside together tacitly.

The car drove away from the hospital. After the couple were a distance away from the hospital, Alexander broke the silence, asking, “What are you gonna do after arriving at the Anderson Residence?”

Elise rested her elbow on the car window to support her chin. Staring blankly out of the window, she said absentmindedly, “Act according to the circumstances, I guess. I don’t know what’s gonna happen either.”

However, Alexander asked, “What if your dad defends Faye?” He knew it was cruel of him to say this, but he had to do so since he didn’t want Elise to face the scene unprepared.

Upon hearing his question, Elise fell silent for a moment. After all, Austin had viewed Faye as his only daughter over the last dozen years, so their relationship was close. In fact, Faye had already been much dearer to him long ago than Elise—his biological daughter—did. It wasn’t that Elise hadn’t thought of the possibility Alexander brought up; she just didn’t expect that she would be facing it so soon.

However, some things were inescapable.

Elise never intended to provoke Austin and Faye on her own initiative. To put it in an uncaring way, as long as Faye didn't hurt who she cared about, she wouldn't give a damn about it if Faye stole the Anderson Family's property or even Austin away. But since Faye was behind Trevor's car accident, she would certainly find out the truth about it.

As for Austin... Elise had seen how much Alexander suffered at the hands of Madeline and Adam, so her reason wouldn't allow her to make the same mistake. Her only worry was that she might go soft on him because of their blood relationship.

"It doesn't matter if anyone defends Faye. She has hurt my brother." She raised her voice, as if talking to Alexander while hypnotizing herself and warning herself not to waver.

"Okay." Alexander reached his hand out to hold hers. "I'm always on your side."

Elise fiddled with his hand with a wry smile without answering him.

When the car stopped in front of the Anderson Residence, the couple got out of the car together and rang the doorbell.

The servant trotted out from the inside and stood behind the iron fence. After looking at Elise's face, she opened the gate from the inside. "Welcome back, Miss Yoona," she said with a respectful smile.

"Do you know me?" Elise remembered that she had never come to the Anderson Residence before, let alone identify herself.

"Yes, of course. Everyone in the household knows that you've been found. It's Master Austin who said so himself in front of everyone, and he even showed us your picture and told us to keep your appearance in mind and respect you just as we respect Miss Faye. He really cares a lot about you," the servant said while leading them into the house.

Her words rendered Elise at a loss for a reply for a moment.

Alexander took Elise's hand while picking up on the topic on his own initiative, asking, "Did Mr. Anderson give any other instructions?"

"That's for certain," the servant answered. Her words gushed out as she continued, "Not only did he have Miss Yoona's room renovated and redecorated, but he even had the kitchen prepare a new menu according to her past favorites to make it convenient for her to come

back anytime. Oh, by the way, Miss Yoona, you're gonna stay for dinner this time, right? What would you like to eat? I'll tell the kitchen right away."

"No, that's not necessary. We'll leave after saying a few words to Mr. Anderson. Your madam's still waiting for her to go back, after all," Alexander replied gently.

"Haha! So Miss Yoona and Madam are closer, huh? But it's bad to forget about such a good father like Master Austin, Miss Yoona. I've watched him have dinner alone every single day, and he seems quite lonely. If you're free, please come back and visit him often," reminded the servant.

Alexander replied good-temperedly, "We already have our own plans about this, so please don't worry about it."

The servant could tell that Alexander was a well-brought-up man. When he said he and Elise had already made plans, he was actually implying that she shouldn't be too much of a busybody, but he had said so in a way that spared her feelings. "Yes, you're right, sir. Sorry for speaking out of turn," she apologized. Then, she pointed to the sofa, saying, "Sir, Miss Yoona, please wait here while I call Master Austin downstairs." As she spoke, she was about to go to Austin.

However, Elise said, "Just tell Faye to come downstairs. I know she's at home." Before coming here, she had tracked Faye's location and learned that she was at the Anderson Residence.

The servant didn't understand why, but Austin had said before that Elise's orders had to be obeyed too. Therefore, she obediently went in another direction and went upstairs to go to Faye.

Instead of Faye, it was Austin who came downstairs shortly after the servant went upstairs. He slowly came downstairs before greeting Elise and Alexander, saying, "You're back, huh?" Then, he asked, "How's Trevor? Has he gotten any better?"

Elise sounded a bit displeased, though. "How much better can he get in a vegetative state?"

"You're right." Austin let out a sigh. Then, he looked up at her, asking, "Why are you asking for Faye?"

Coming straight to the point, Elise replied, "To seek justice for Trevor."

"You came here after listening to your mom's allegations, eh?" Austin lowered his head with a wave of his hand. "Those were nothing but groundless speculations that have no factual basis. You shouldn't take them at face value."

"Who am I supposed to trust if I don't trust my mom? Should I trust an outsider like you do?" Elise shot back in a confrontational manner.

"What nonsense are you talking about? There are no outsiders in this family!" Austin pulled a long face in displeasure. "Both you and your sister are my daughters. There's nothing different."

Elise didn't want to keep arguing with him over the subject. Directly, she got around the sofa and headed upstairs.

"What are you doing?!" Austin jumped to his feet. "Are you gonna hurt your own sister in front of me?!"

Elise paused in her tracks, but she didn't look back. "That's just your imagination. I've never acknowledged before that I have a sister," she said while walking upstairs.

Austin strode up to Elise. Standing on the stairs, he reproached Elise in a condescending manner, saying, "Just walk over my dead body if you want to hurt your sister without any justification!"

Elise retracted her feet and looked up at Austin. Then, she narrowed her eyes, which shone with a dangerous gleam. "Are you determined to defend her?"

Austin didn't answer her.

Elise then asked, "Do you know that Trevor's now as good as dead?"

"He's not dead yet," Austin retorted almost stubbornly. "I know about my own son. He won't die so easily."

"Easily?" Elise sneered. "Did you forget the years you guys spent at Pinewood Hospital? You didn't see the nurse wipe the blood off Trevor's body, so you thought he wouldn't be in pain, did you?"

Austin shut up again; he had nothing to say.

"It seems that you've made the choice, but I'm gonna ask you again," Elise said recklessly in despair. "Either hand Faye over and let me take her away today, or I'll leave right away and take action against the Andersons from now on. Make your choice."

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Chapter 464 Pay For His Foolishness

"That's sheer nonsense!" Austin flung his arms in vexation.

"Nonsense? I'm not in the mood for nonsense, nor am I joking either," Elise said expressionlessly. "Well then, I'll take it as you've chosen to stick with Faye."

Austin didn't refute her.

The words the servant had just said rang in Elise's head. In an instant, disappointment welled up inside her.

Sometimes, being foolish could be fatal. Despite his current age, Austin was appallingly not as farsighted as Jeanie and Bertha. Even they knew that Faye was a greedy and wicked monster who would bite the hand that fed her someday if kept around, but he believed her wholeheartedly. In that case, let him pay for the so-called love between father and daughter and his foolishness, thought Elise.

Shooting a glance upstairs, Elise saw Faye, who quietly avoided meeting the former's eyes while hiding behind a pillar. "Since you've heard it all, keep this in mind," Elise said to the person upstairs. "From now on, you and the Andersons have another enemy." With that, she stormed off right away without taking another glance at Austin.

"You've made another wrong decision," Alexander said before going out after her.

Shortly after the couple walked outside, they saw Bertha waiting in front of them. Even though Elise was in low spirits, she went straight up to the old woman without avoiding her.

“Yoona.” Bertha looked at Elise while being visibly heartbroken. “I feel I haven’t seen you for ages.”

“You’ve got to be kidding, Old Mrs. Anderson. It’s only been a month or so,” Elise replied flatly.

“No, it’s different.” Bertha stepped forward and held Elise’s hands in her wrinkled hands, rubbing the latter’s hands again and again. “I used to know you as Miss Sinclair, but now you’re my dear granddaughter. Now that I think about it, we’ve not seen each other for almost 15 years.”

Elise didn’t say a word. She didn’t understand how Bertha had made the calculations. Regardless of whether she was speaking to Bertha as Elise or as her granddaughter, it had indeed only been a month since they last spoke to each other. However, when Elise saw Bertha shedding tears of emotion, she decided to not be too particular about it.

After a while, Bertha wiped her tears away. Holding Elise’s hand in a tight grasp, she said, “Please don’t get angry with your dad. He has his reasons for doing so.”

“Are you gonna advise me not to fight Faye like he did?” Elise shot back. At first, she had wanted to tell Bertha that Trevor had nearly died because of Faye, but she bit back the words that sprang to her lips for the sake of Bertha’s health.

“I’m not trying to advise you. There are some matters that you don’t understand, and the matters at present aren’t the only things he needs to consider,” Bertha replied with some hesitation. In the end, she dared not reveal too many of the details.

“I’m not gonna try to understand what I don’t understand either,” Elise replied coldly. “I only do what I believe is right and defend the right person.”

Bertha replied patiently in earnest, “But there are no absolute rights and wrongs in the world. Perhaps what you see is only an act that people put on to pull the wool over your eyes, no?”

“I don’t understand what you mean.” Elise was puzzled. “What’s right is right, and what’s wrong will always be wrong. There’s nothing that they should be afraid of facing. If they’re afraid, that only shows they’re too cowardly to summon up their courage. Are the others

supposed to sympathize and play along with you if you're a chicken? There's no such thing in the world."

"You're gonna suffer for being so young and impetuous, Yoona," Bertha said worriedly.

"I'll suffer, then." Elise withdrew her hand from Bertha's grasp. "I'd rather suffer than have a guilty conscience," she said. Then, she gave Bertha a nod and walked out.

Alexander listened to the two women's conversation from behind them for a while. After Elise had left, he walked up to Bertha and apologized to her on Elise's behalf, saying, "I'm sorry if Elise has offended you. She has a simple heart, so she doesn't see people and things in a roundabout sort of way."

"Do you think I'm gonna get angry with my own granddaughter?" Bertha let out a sigh. Then, she recalled something and added, "Since you're always around her, please always remind her that fearlessness isn't a good thing. I fear that she might end up being covered in scars one day."

"Please don't worry. I won't let anyone touch a single strand of Elise's hair even if that means I'll get hurt myself," Alexander promised.

Bertha nodded. "I'll be entrusting this granddaughter of mine to you, then. Please be sure to take good care of her for me."

"I will. Alright then, I've got to go."

"Goodbye."

Alexander bowed to her slightly before going out after Elise.

Meanwhile, Elise's phone rang as soon as she got into the car. "Hello? Who's that? Just shoot if you have something to say. If not, I'm hanging up," she said in a rapid-fire way.

"Hey, don't! Are you gonna cast me aside now that I'm no longer needed?" Nathan complained. "You can't cozy up to people when you have a favor to ask of them and ignore them when you no longer need their help, sweetie."

"Get straight to the point, please," Elise urged impatiently.

“The point? I thought you knew what it was,” Nathan replied. He continued unhurriedly, “The Dahlens have gone bankrupt, no? I’d done the job, but you didn’t call me, so I can only call you to have you keep your side of the bargain.”

Elise thought she seemed to have underestimated Nathan’s capabilities. “What? That’s quick!”

“Well, how long it takes depends on my mood.” Nathan stared into space with a grin while holding his cell phone. “I put what you’d asked me to do at the top of my list of priorities. You didn’t forget what you’d promised me, did you?”

Elise was rendered speechless; indeed, she had forgotten her promise to Nathan. After a brief pause, she replied boldly, “I didn’t, of course. How about tonight? As it happens, she’s got time for a couple of drinks.”

Nathan replied, “Sure. I’ll prepare two bottles of fine wine then. You come over and have Alexander join us too. Let’s drink to our heart’s content!” His mood uplifted, he turned to look at the Romanée-Conti in the liquor cabinet. It’s only proper to serve A with wines of such distinction, I suppose, he thought.

“Okay, let’s meet up at the villa where we were last time,” Elise said. With that, she hung up before Nathan could say the words on the tip of his tongue.

Nathan looked at the phone while smacking his lips in resignation. “Is it really fine for someone as mysterious as A to meet with us casually at Dawn Villa? Does she really have no idea how many people are gonna throng the place if word leaks out about it...” he muttered. On second thought, though, he felt that A was putting her trust in him. She’s only so unperturbed because she believes I won’t expose our whereabouts, he thought.

That night, Nathan arrived early at Dawn Villa, bringing the wine with him. Not only did he go out of his way to dress himself in the most expensive suit in his closet, but he even had his hair redone so that every strand of his hair stuck up in a meticulous curve.

After waiting for a long time, he finally heard footsteps outside the door.

Alexander was the first to come in, whereas Nathan stood up, getting all psyched up with his eyes fixed on Alexander’s back. At last, I’m gonna meet with the elusive and mysterious A after six years! he thought. He believed that as long as he and A teamed up at this meeting, building a new financial empire would be a piece of cake.

Soon, a thin small figure wearing a peaked cap came in.

Nathan's eyes dimmed somewhat. A seems far from the towering figure I'd imagined, he thought. However, he braced himself soon afterward. Well, her looks and her stature are secondary; what matters the most are her capabilities. As long as she's talented, her image will be much more majestic than that of mountains and rivers.

The next second, though, the thin and small figure took off her cap, and her beautiful long hair fell loosely around her shoulders. When she looked up at Nathan, he was completely taken aback. "Elise? What the hell's going on? Are you fooling me?" He felt deceived.

"No one's fooling you." Elise tossed her cap onto the sofa. Then, she threw up her hands and said in an easy manner, "Didn't you say you wanted to meet with me in person? Eye me now to your heart's content, then."

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Chapter 465 The Colluding Husband and Wife

"This is..." This is totally different from what I'd expected, okay?!

Nathan could hardly believe it when he saw the nonchalant look on Elise's face. Without even bothering about his elegant-looking suit, he quickly walked to the door and craned his neck to look outside. However, there wasn't a soul to be seen when he looked around. His arms akimbo, he turned around and stood where he was in a daze for a few seconds. Then, he turned back and stood face-to-face with Elise, eyeing her up and down once again with skepticism in his eyes. "You're A?" he asked.

"Yeah, it's me." Elise folded her arms across her chest.

Nathan pulled a long face at once. "Say, even if you didn't manage to make an appointment with her, you didn't have to joke with me like this. Don't tell me you've not even met her in person."

However, Elise asked calmly in reply, "If I'm not A, then what do you think A's supposed to look like?"

"In any case, she'd never look like you." Nathan exhaled a deep breath in annoyance. When he turned and saw that Alexander was about to open the bottle of Romanée-Conti, he immediately ran up to the man and stopped him, saying, "Don't touch it! This bottle's for A. If you two finish it off, then what am I gonna serve A with when I meet her for real later?"

Just then, however, he heard a lady's faint and delicate voice speak behind him. "That's stingy of you, Natty."

Upon hearing that, Nathan felt like something had exploded inside his head. In an instant, his pupils dilated, and he looked back in disbelief. "How did you know about this nickname?" He looked bemused. "Did A even tell you about that?"

Natty wasn't Nathan's actual nickname. It was only a nickname that A gave him without thinking when they were working together back then because she thought Natty sounded similar to his first name. Even though many who had been part of the collaboration were aware of this nickname, no one dared to challenge Nathan's authority like A did, for he was a big name in the investment community even then. Therefore, he hadn't heard this nickname for years.

"Jeez, what a bother." Elise plonked herself down on the sofa. "Seriously, do you need me to reminisce about how we used the situation to our advantage during the first equity hedge battle between you and that self-important father of yours and how we wiped him out and made him lose all his capital?"

Finally, Nathan had no choice but to look Elise in the face. A kept a low profile and was never keen on acquiring fame or wealth, so she would never brag to anyone in great detail about those exhilarating and unrestrained stock wars. Furthermore, no one knew that the person they had jointly defeated at the time was none other than Nathan's own father.

Nathan's mother was abandoned by his father before he was born. Not only that, but the man even refused to say goodbye to her for one last time in her dying moments. In order to get back at the man, Nathan amassed his strength until he finally stood in the brokerage

firm with dignity and fought him. At first, he thought he had honed his skills enough, but Nathan's father was more experienced and thus much craftier. Halfway through the scheme, he almost had all his possessions swallowed up by that so-called father. It was A who had saved the desperate situation for him, allowing him to bring the man down from the top of the financial pyramid.

Therefore, to Nathan, A wasn't only an idol but also his benefactor. If it weren't for A, he wouldn't have been able to avenge his mother and reclaim his dignity.

On the other hand, Elise was running out of patience. "Are you still not gonna believe me?"

"No, I believe you. It's just that I still have trouble adjusting to that." Nathan seemed somewhat ill at ease. He continued in self-deprecation, "Perhaps it just never occurred to me that the person who had easily spent more than one billion as she pleased would be a teenage girl."

Elise had yet to celebrate her 20th birthday at present, which meant she was only about 13 years old seven years ago. It was truly unimaginable for someone at that age to have a commanding presence in the capital market.

Elise got up, came to Nathan's side, and gave him a pat of comfort on the arm like a mature and respectable old man. "It's okay, Natty. You're still young. As you gain more experience, you'll find that there are always people who are better than you in the world."

Nathan pulled a wry face; he never dreamed that he would be preached to by a 20-year-old lady one day.

Elise didn't care much about it, though. After finishing her sentence, she went to the liquor cabinet and picked up the bottle of Romanée-Conti. Then, she opened it right away, pouring the wine into three wine glasses. Picking up two of the glasses, she then turned around and handed one to Nathan.

Alexander picked up the remaining glass of wine and walked over to them, forming a circle with them.

Nathan glanced down at the wine glass with a faint smile. Then, he took the wine glass, clinked glasses with the couple, and finished his wine in one gulp with a toss of his head.

Having finished her glass of wine, Elise licked her lips, seemingly savoring the endless aftertaste that the wine had left in her mouth.

“Pretty nice, isn’t it? I bought it at an auction for two million. There are less than ten bottles of it globally,” Nathan said.

“Yeah, it’s nice indeed.” Elise compressed her lips into a smile. In an instant, she came up with a mischievous idea. Walking back to the liquor cabinet, she brought the entire bottle of Romanée-Conti over and filled Nathan’s wine glass with it right away.

“Hey, that’s enough!” Seeing Elise pour wine recklessly into his glass, Nathan immediately held it up, but the glass was already 80% full at that point. He said helplessly, “Elise, you only need to pour a mouthful of the wine into each glass just so we can taste it. It’s not like we’re gonna get drunk.”

Elise crinkled her eyes in a smile. “Well, I was just worried that you couldn’t remember what it tasted like. After all, the bottle will cease to be yours very soon.”

Nathan was puzzled upon hearing her words.

“Didn’t you say you had prepared this bottle of wine for A?” Elise asked shamelessly.

Upon realizing what Elise meant, Nathan panicked at once. I only have a bottle of good wine of such distinction! he thought. “Well, I did say that, but... Good wine is supposed to be shared with everyone!”

“Don’t be so stingy, will you?” Elise shoved him in the chest. “Think about that wretched father or yours and your current standing. Is the huge favor I’ve done for you not worth you giving me a bottle of wine as a present?”

“Well, it’s worth it, but this bottle—”

“That settles it, then!” Elise dashed outside with the wine bottle in her arms without giving Nathan the opportunity to finish his sentence. As she ran, she shouted, “Thanks for the wine! Call me again if you have such a good thing to offer me next time.”

“Hey, wait a minute! Stop!” Nathan yelled. Helplessly, he watched the top-grade wine in his collection being taken away in such an open and aboveboard way. His face crumpled into a look of desolation, and his heart was bleeding.

At the sight of the scene, Alexander couldn't help bursting into laughter.

Only then did Nathan recall there was another person around. Turning to stare at Alexander, he narrowed his eyes, which flickered with slyness.

"What do you want?" Alexander asked with a straight face. "I'm straight."

"Bah, who cares about it, anyway?!" Nathan rolled his eyes. "I mean, remember to call me the next time you two are gonna have a drink."

Alexander replied with a sly smile, "Well, I can call you, but aren't you gonna give me a bottle of good wine to thank me in advance?"

With a slap on his thigh, Nathan agreed to it without hesitation, saying, "No problem. I still have another bottle of Romanée-Conti at my place, only that it's not as good as that one. I'll have it delivered to you later."

"Thanks." Alexander gave him a faint smile. Then, he put down his wine glass and walked out with his hands in his pockets.

As Nathan watched Alexander disappear from the door, he suddenly felt that something was amiss. Did I just let them take away two bottles of Romanée-Conti at once? Shit! What a colluding couple!