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## Coolest Girl in Town Chapter 561 - 565

Chapter 561 Love Affair in Their Youth

"Yes, that's me," Elise said. Wry-necked, she took a peek behind the plump-looking woman. It's my house, alright.

In the next second, Quentin appeared behind the woman and greeted Elise with a cheerful smile on his face, "Ellie, you're back!"

"Papa?" Elise stayed frozen in place. "W-Why are you here?"

"To come and see you, of course." Quentin stepped forward. Then, he started introducing the woman. "Meet my wife, your Mama, Layla. Say hi."

"M-Mama?" Elise repeated the word again, feeling uncertain.

However, Layla responded. "Hi. Why don't you come inside first?" After saying that, she turned around and headed inside the house.

Elise looked at Layla's plump figure. Then, she looked at the thin yet elegant-looking Quentin and whispered, "Is that Joey's mum?"

Upon hearing that, Quentin nodded slightly. His eyes trailed after Layla, his gaze full of love and happiness. "Isn't she pretty?"

Elise was at a loss whether to cry or to laugh. Nevertheless, she nodded her head, acknowledging Quentin's words. "She is!"

"And here I thought you only wanted Joey and would abandon Joey's mum," Elise teased Quentin as she took off her shoes.

"How could you accuse me like that?" Quentin rolled his eyes. "Do I look like an irresponsible man to you?"

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From top to bottom, Elise scrutinized Quentin all over again. He is still dapper in appearance and keeps his body in such good shape at this age... Papa has the prerequisite to be an irresponsible man indeed.

As smart as Elise was, she would never say her thoughts out. Instead, she answered, "Of course not."

She paused for a while. Then, she lowered her voice again and leaned closer to Quentin's ear. With a gossipy manner, she probed, "Tell me how you and Mama met back then."

Slightly embarrassed, Quentin said, "Sigh! Who never once had a love story in their youth before? I may be old now, but I recall I used to have admirers that could stretch across the globe!"

"Why are you two still chit-chatting over there? Hurry up and come in!" Layla's loud voice was suddenly heard from inside.

Elise unknowingly widened her eyes and exchanged glances with Quentin. "Wow... Mama sure has a strong vocal cord..."

Upon hearing that, Quentin smiled but did not answer anymore. Then, he patted Elise on the arm, and the two entered together.

As soon as they made their way into the living room, Elise realized that Joey was also there, wearing a pair of headphones. She was minding her business and immersing herself in her own world.

"You two sure are close, with your non-stop tête-à-tête," Layla suddenly spurted out of the blue.

"Huh?" Elise did not understand what Layla meant. Papa and I haven't seen each other for a long time. Of course we need to catch up with each other.

"Tsk!" At once, Quentin signaled Layla with his gaze. "What nonsense are you talking about?"

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"If you don't harbor any hidden intentions, why would you care what I'm spurting out of my mouth?" Layla rolled her eyes fearlessly. Then, she turned her eyes to look at Elise again. "Your Papa told me that you're a great cook. We haven't eaten anything yet because we're waiting to have a taste of your cooking. I know it's late, but can you make us a meal, considering we came all the way here? It won't be too troublesome, right?"

"No... Not troublesome at all," Elise said with a good temperament. Then, she took off her coat and walked into the kitchen. "Why don't you all rest for a moment while I cook us a few simple dishes? Since all the ingredients are ready-to-cook, I just need to stir-fry them. I'm sure I'll be done in a jiffy."

"Don't go over the top, alright? To have a full belly at dinner is not good for one's health." Quentin advised.

All of a sudden, Layla gave Quentin a slap on the arm before he could finish speaking. "Why do you like making other people's businesses part of your business?"

Feeling helpless, Quentin sighed. "What's ruffling your feathers again?"

"None of your business!" Layla got up and sat on the other side.

Baffled, Quentin turned to Joey for help. "Joey, has your mother been this grumpy all these years?"

"Yup," Joey said calmly. "Lately, she's been grumpier than before."

"Why? Did you anger her again?" Quentin asked in a serious demeanor.

Joey was a little speechless. She took off one earphone and turned her head. Poker-faced, she said, "Don't put all the blame on me! She's your wife, not mine! Who was the one who pampered her so much, resulting in her current feistiness?"

Joey's words successfully shut Quentin up, and the atmosphere in the living room finally settled down.

The food was served about 40 minutes later, and the four of them sat around the table.

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Grasping onto her seniority, Layla waited for Elise to set up the table before picking up her utensils while pulling a long face.

Layla's sole purpose for the visit was to declare her right as Mrs. Fassbender. She had heard a lot about the scandalous rumors between Elise and Quentin. Rumor had it that Quentin was very protective of Elise. She even heard a rumor that Elise had an abortion because of Quentin before.

Layla was aware that everything that had been rumored happened when she and Quentin were separated. But now that she was back, and Quentin had acknowledged the legitimacy of both her and Joey, Layla would absolutely not turn a blind eye to anything. It's fine if there's nothing going on between Elise and Quentin. However, if other issues were to arise, I won't let them happen under my watch.

After all these years, she had learned to take things easy. However, she was ready to risk everything for her daughter's sake.

With an expressionless face, Layla picked up a piece of the roasted chicken and put it in her mouth. Originally, she intended to take advantage of this meal hour and humiliate Elise.

However, the moment Layla put the piece of chicken into her mouth, the wonderful taste spread instantly. At once, her taste buds subdued to the deliciousness of the dish, and she felt as if she was taking a walk in the clouds. The taste was remarkably enjoyable!

Refusing to believe it, Layla then picked up her utensils and tasted each dish on the table.

After having a taste of everything, she wordlessly became a hungry monster—stopping at nothing, the woman who kept talking about keeping fit actually downed two bowls of rice.

“Burp!” Layla put down her utensils and burped.

“How was it? Told you Elise is a great cook!” Quentin said proudly.

“I-I was just hungry... Burp!” Layla tried to be stubborn and denied. However, she was startled and embarrassed by the sudden burp.

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“Joey...” Layla stood up with the help of the table. “Accompany me outside. I want to ease my digestion.”

“But I’m not done yet!” Joey seldom got to taste such a delicious meal before. She was indulging herself in the good taste of the food. Why would she possibly want to leave the dining table now? “Haven’t you visited this manor before? The manor’s brightly lit, so you’ll do just fine walking around by yourself. If you’re scared, you can take the dog at the entrance along with you.”

“Why are you so useless?” Layla immediately thought of slamming the utensils in Joey’s hands away. “The tiniest spec of favor could easily win you over. Answer me quickly! Are you coming or not!?”

“Fine. I’ll go! Geez, I must have owed you in my past life!” Joey drawled and reluctantly left the dining table with Layla.

After ensuring both Layla and Joey were off at a distance, Elise braved herself up and asked, “What’s wrong with Mama? Why do I have a feeling that she doesn’t seem to like me?”

“Don’t mind her.” Quentin waved his hand which was holding the utensils. “Women tend to hold grudges when they’re around this age. And, to think that she gave birth to my daughter... Oh, I can already feel that my headache will be twice as painful in the future.”

“But you still love her regardless. Otherwise, you wouldn’t have looked for her...” Elise teased.

“Why, you little mischievous girl! How dare you tease me!” Pretending as if he wanted to teach Elise a lesson, Quentin raised his hand. Nonetheless, he was reluctant to punish Elise. Then, Quentin sighed. “Can you scoop me another bowl of tomato soup? I haven’t tasted your tomato soup in a long time. I really miss its flavor!”

“Yes~”

In a kindly manner, Elise served Quentin another bowl of tomato soup. At that moment, Elise had completely forgotten about the harm inflicted on her by the Anderson Family. Quentin really filled in the void of her long-lost fatherly affections.

## Coolest Girl in Town Chapter 562

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Chapter 562 Tendency to Hold Grudges

At the same time, in Smith Co.'s President's office, Johnny hung up the phone. Then, he calmly shifted his gaze toward the refined-looking man, who was resting on a reclining chair.

Feeling rather uneasy, Johnny pretended to cough to draw the man's attention. "S-Sir..."

Upon hearing that, Kenneth turned his head around from his seat. A half-smirk was formed on the corners of his mouth. "What's the matter? Is there something strange about my face? Why are you still not getting used to looking at me even after so long?"

Just as Johnny was about to answer, someone suddenly knocked on the office's door twice. The door then opened and revealed that that someone was Melody. She walked in boldly with a pile of documents in her hand.

"All documents are here. This is the company's development plan for the next five years, and this is a list of all the company's loss-making projects in the past year," Melody said. Next, she expressionlessly threw the document on the coffee table in front of Kenneth.

Since he was resting his feet on the coffee table, Kenneth almost got them slammed by those documents. Hence, he instinctively ducked and joked, "Seriously, Melody? Have you not learned how to treat your boss a little better?"

"Sure, on the precondition that you're still aware you're the boss." Melody made fun of Kenneth with her precise words in an unperturbed manner. "Johnny and I have been handling most of the company's business. Unlike someone right here, we work our a\*ses off to reach our targeted KPI. Right now, that certain someone suddenly got carried away by a whim and requested us to cast aside the project that we have been working on for more than half a year. I'm pretty sure no person in their right mind would smile when being thrown into such a situation."

"Uh..." Kenneth turned to look at Johnny for help.

Nope! There's no way I'm participating in this fight! Count me out, bro! Johnny flung up his hands and leaned against the leather seat behind him.

Upon seeing that, Kenneth thought, How cruel!

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"Alright... Alright..." Kenneth sat up and heaved a long sigh. Then, he looked at Melody, his gaze filled with sorrow. "Love is a spark from nowhere that extends to eternity. Once a person is in love, they do things out of impulse."

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"I fear that I'm not good enough. I did all these because I wanted Elise to try accepting all the different sides of me. Before this relationship fully blooms, I will spend all day and night in anxiety. You two are my right-hand men. Can't I at least entrust my faith or rely on you two to help me?"

For a moment, Johnny and Melody could not bear to go against their consciences, considering it was rare for Kenneth to show his vulnerable side.

"Fine." Melody placed both hands into the pockets of her high-waisted pants. "From the day I decided to work for you, I had expected there would be a day that I would go through hell or high water. Alright, we'll continue helping you watch over Smith Co., so go ahead. Be your lover's guardian."

Just then, as if he was performing in a Sichuan Opera, Kenneth changed his facial expression. In an instant, he stood up excitedly and walked over to Melody. Then, he patted her shoulder solemnly. "Just as I thought! You're the most soft-hearted person here. Oh, by the way, don't forget to make the payment to Ellie's show. I would like to inject monetary capital into the show's production team!"

Once he was done speaking, Kenneth moved his feet and walked out.

Both Melody and Johnny exchanged glances, and they shook their heads silently. We must have owed him in our past lives!

...

Meanwhile, in the manor, Layla was still burping even after taking a long walk.

While burping, Layla ranted. "E-Elise... Burp! What's she up to? She purposely made me stuff myself and suffer from burping!"

"Mom! Be reasonable, will you!? No one forced you to stuff yourself with so much food..." Joey was speechless after she heard Layla's words.

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Pausing, Layla halted in her tracks and refused to move a step further. “Joey, how could you side with an outsider? Can’t you tell that I’m actually drawing water to your mill?”

“Drawing water to my mill? What? Mom, what are you planning exactly?” Joey asked, looking puzzled.

“I don’t think the relationship between your dad and Elise is as simple as it looks. Who knows what would happen if I don’t keep an eye on her and make her suffer a little! For all I know, half of the Fassbender Family’s property could be going into her pocket in the future!” Layla said presumingly.

“W-What? Mom, that doesn’t make any sense!” Joey debunked Layla. “Those gossips have been clarified long ago. Plus, Elise has a talented, handsome, and rich fiancé. Why would Elise chase after dad? What does dad have? You actually think Elise would chase after an old guy with a wrinkled face like dad?”

“Tsk! How can you say that about your dad!?” Layla raised her meaty hand and hit Joey on the arm.

“Mom... I was just joking...” Joey pursed her lips, feeling frustrated.

“As the old saying goes, ‘a daughter is the father’s sweetheart’. From what I see, you’re probably not sweet enough. Next time, don’t come up with such jokes. It’s not funny. You know how much your dad cares about his looks. He would be devastated if he found out that his own daughter said he is old and ugly.” Upon mentioning Quentin, Layla’s voice turned soft.

With her gaze fixating on Layla, Joey felt slightly surprised. Then, she teased her. “Mom... I didn’t know you were so in love with dad.”

“Hey!” Layla gave Joey a scolding. After that, she took Joey’s arm and returned to the manor by the way which they came. “Come on. Let’s go! I can’t leave your dad for too long with Elise!”

Dumbstruck, Joey really felt that Layla was overreacting. Yeah, I don’t know Elise very well. But during the time spent with her, my judgment toward her was that she was not of an evil heart. Not to mention that she’s a friend of H’s. It’s highly unlikely for H to have misjudged Elise. I trust whoever H sees fit.

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“HAHAHA! If so, then they are really stupid! You’re still so amazing, Elise!”

As soon as the mother-daughter duo arrived at the doorstep, they heard Quentin’s hearty laughter.

Enraged, Layla immediately paced into the house. Then, she deliberately showed up in front of them and snorted. After that, she went upstairs furiously.

Taking a glance at the direction Layla stormed into, Quentin immediately restrained his laughter. “I’ll go take a look. Elise, you must be exhausted from what happened today. Why don’t you hit the hay early tonight?” Then, he got up and trailed after Layla.

“Okay, Papa,” Elise said with a smile.

In truth, she could sense Layla’s ill-feeling toward her. However, it got resolved thanks to Quentin.

Quentin treats me with great care. So, I must return the favor to his family.

Elise believed that sincerity must be returned with equal sincerity. Layla is someone who Quentin loves. I’m sure the tense atmosphere between us will be resolved as long as I spend time nurturing my relationship with her.

Joey waited by the door for a while. After Quentin went upstairs, she walked in and tried to be the mediator for Layla. “I’m sorry. Mom usually doesn’t act that way. She’s like this probably because she’s approaching menopause. I hope you’re not hurt by her rude behavior.”

Joey was very strong-minded, so Elise knew that she had received great recognition from Joey, judging from the light tone in her voice when she said those words.

“It’s okay. Mama is simply straightforward in character. I like getting along with people like her. I don’t have to constantly feel as if I’m playing mind games since she wears her heart on her sleeve,” Elise said.

“Yeah, you’re right.” Joey acknowledged Elise’s words.

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“Oh, and by the way...” Elise spoke. “You’ve been learning computer programming with my friends during this time. How are things going for you?”

“Nothing much.” Joey shrugged her shoulders. “It’s not as difficult as I’d imagined.”

In all honesty, she did face difficulties occasionally. However, Joey did not say anything about it because she subconsciously did not want to look weak in front of Elise.

“That’s good.” Elise squinted her eyes, and she smiled like a Cheshire cat. “You possess the talent in this field. And in time, you will definitely achieve remarkable results! I will ask Papa to lift the restrictions he had set upon you before.”

Joey was inexplicably moved by Elise’s words, and she was clueless about how to react for a moment. She merely bit her lip and silently brushed her foot against the floor.

“It’s getting late. Let’s go upstairs and get some rest. Pick a room that you like. And don’t worry. We have cleaners to clean the room every day. The sheets and quilts are very clean.” Elise naturally changed the topic.

“Oh, okay...” Joey responded vaguely. Then, she grabbed the sling bag on the sofa, hung it around her neck, and ran upstairs.

Halfway up the stairs, Joey suddenly stopped with her back facing downstairs. Feeling awkward yet sounding sincere, Joey said in a low voice, “Thanks, sis.”

Seconds after Joey finished saying that, Elise could hear the sound of shoe soles rapidly colliding with the wooden floor. And by the time she came around, Joey’s figure had disappeared from the entrance of the stairs.

This was not the first time Joey had called her ‘sis’, but it was the first time she acknowledged Elise’s status as her sister.

Feeling delighted, Elise thought, Today’s such a happy day! As for Austin, I’m just going to pretend like he never existed.

## Coollest Girl in Town Chapter 563

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Chapter 563 This Kid Has Potential

The next day, right after Elise had finished eating breakfast, the doorbell of the villa rang. Thinking that it was Winona, she immediately got up and went to open the door.

Winona had sent her a message last night, saying that she would visit her with investors and guests that day, but she hadn't expected her to arrive so early. However, the moment she opened the door, all she saw was Kenneth.

Elise frowned. She looked at the entitled expression on Kenneth's face and had a bad feeling.

Winona walked out from behind Kenneth and looked at Elise with a weak smile. "Hey, Elise. Hehe..."

Feeling herself on the verge of tears, Elise raised one eyebrow and asked in disbelief, "Winona, this isn't what I'm thinking, right?"

Kenneth was definitely not an investor or a guest. She must have made a mistake, and these two just happened to run into each other.

"I'm sorry, Elise." Winona raised her right hand to her forehead, making an apologetic gesture. "I only learned today that Mr. Bailey is the guest designated by the investor. The contract has already been signed. If you don't cooperate, you will have to pay a large penalty for breaching the contract..."

Elise slapped a hand to her forehead. "Oh my God..."

"Do you two have to act like that?" Kenneth was completely clueless. "At any rate, I'm investing a huge amount of money. Besides, I'm rich and handsome. Do you have to dislike me so much?"

"The reason why we dislike you, don't you know that yourself?" Elise retorted angrily.

"What should I know about? Hmm?" Kenneth took a step forward until he was almost pressing up against Elise, leaving only half an inch between them.

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Elise could even clearly feel his warm breath fanning on her face. Kenneth's roughness on the day of the trial broadcast rapidly flashed in her mind, causing her to instinctively take a step backward. This step also successfully cleared the way, and Kenneth took the opportunity to slip in from the side.

Winona knew that she had made a mistake, so she stood obediently outside the door, not daring to pass. However, her stomach started growling. She hurriedly covered it, but Elise still heard it.

"You haven't eaten breakfast yet?" Elise asked.

"Well... this place is too far from where I live, so I didn't have the time," Winona replied truthfully.

"Forget it, come on in. Do you want to eat some desserts I made in the morning?"

"Yes!" I can afford to slip up at work, but the opportunity to taste Elise's cooking? No way I'm missing out on that! Winona thought.

As soon as Kenneth entered, he saw Quentin and his family inside. He and Quentin had met in Landred City before, and they nodded at each other as a greeting.

"This must be Mrs. Fassbender." Kenneth stepped forward and shook hands with Layla.

"You really look just like what Mr. Fassbender has told me. You're as gorgeous as ever, as though you haven't aged a day at all."

Layla couldn't conceal her smile, but she still replied humbly, "You really are good at sweet talking. I'm already this old. How can I be as wonderful as you claim? So, how should I address you?"

"Mr. Bailey is the president of Smith Co. He is young and promising. At this age, he already has a few assets under his name in the country, and no one can compare with him," Quentin introduced from the side.

Layla nodded. "So you're Mr. Bailey. You really are an outstanding young man."

"Of course not." Kenneth smiled lightly and sat down on the sofa next to him.

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“Mr. Bailey, are you here for my goddaughter?” Layla probed.

Quentin shook his head and continued to watch the news on his tablet.

In front of the elders, no matter how lackadaisical one usually was, they would deliberately restrain themselves. Kenneth looked peaceful and humble, and explained generously, “Today, I did come here for a reason. I’ve been wanting to grow my popularity on the internet recently, so I planned a variety show with Miss Sinclair. Today happens to be the day of the live broadcast, so I came earlier.”

“Mr. Bailey, working with my goddaughter was the right choice. She’s beautiful and cooks well—the hallmarks of a fine and virtuous woman. She’s the perfect candidate as a wife,” Layla praised meaningfully.

“Great minds think alike. It seems that you and I have a connection, Mrs. Fassbender. If there is a chance in the future, I’ll be under your care again.” This was exactly what Kenneth wanted.

Layla nodded in satisfaction. This young man’s got potential. “Don’t worry, Mr. Bailey. A talented person like you would definitely be able to achieve what you want.”

“I hope what you said will come true,” Kenneth replied with a smile.

After a few more pleasantries, Elise brought Winona over to take him away. “Kenneth, don’t forget that you’re here to work. It’s time for the live broadcast.”

She had been watching them from the kitchen for quite a while as Kenneth easily made Layla smile from ear to ear with just a few words. It feels just like that one annoying little brat during Christmas parties, but this brat just had to have a smooth tongue that made him likeable to everyone.

And Elise felt that Kenneth was just like that brat right now, torturing her with his antics but flattering the elders with a smile.

Hearing that, Kenneth rose from his seat, not forgetting to say goodbye to Layla before he left. “Well then, Mrs. Fassbender, I’ll be leaving to work with Elise first.”

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“Oh, go ahead. Young people should spend more time with other young people. Don’t worry about us,” Layla said with a smile.

Elise was dumbfounded. Within just a few minutes, Kenneth already has Layla in the palm of his hand? And here I am, having cooked for her twice, but she’s still lukewarm to me. How did Kenneth succeed as soon as he came? This guy... Did he spike Mama’s drink or what?

Elise couldn’t find an answer even after racking her brains. During the livestream, she was still absentminded as they trimmed the back garden together. Therefore, the result was—every few minutes, Kenneth had to call her name.

“Miss Sinclair?”

“Elise?”

“Elise?”

And so on.

At the end of the livestream, Kenneth successfully gained the nickname of ‘Wife Simp.’

The push and pull relationship between the two had made the netizens interested instead, and they wanted to see if the famous Kenneth could successfully pursue this woman, causing the number of viewers to reach a total of nearly 20 million.

Kenneth wanted to hit the iron while it was hot and host another broadcast in the evening, but Elise found an excuse and refused. She couldn’t escape working with him daily, but she wasn’t willing to spend time with someone day and night just to deliberately give the audience an ambiguous feeling.

Because she was afraid that Alexander would see this. She couldn’t just dismiss his feelings.

In the evening, Layla walked out of the bathroom in her nightgown and uttered casually as she walked, “Will your goddaughter be fine, working on this job? That Mr. Jack and Kenneth’s fans are completely slandering her...”

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“You don’t have to care what they say. Those are all paradoxical rumors. Just don’t listen or look at them. How wouldn’t I know what kind of person Elise is?” Quentin didn’t even bat an eyelash.

“You say that, but for a girl, isn’t her reputation the most important thing? If her reputation is ruined...”

Knock, knock.

“Papa, Mama, are you asleep?”

Halfway through Layla’s words, they heard Elise knocking on the door outside.

Quentin put his book down and gave Layla a look, signaling her not to spew nonsense, before shouting at the door, “Not yet. Come on in.”

Creak!

The door handle immediately turned, and Elise walked in with a basin of hot water.

“Mama, do you want to soak your feet?”

## Coollest Girl in Town Chapter 564

Chapter 564 Don’t You Dare Tell Your Papa!

Layla was taken aback for a moment and did not answer. Is Elise trying to get on my good side?

“Huh? What are you doing?” Quentin was anxious. “We have our own hands and feet, plus there are servants in the house too. How can we let you do this kind of thing? That basin must be heavy. Put it down quickly! Don’t hurt your hands!”

While speaking, he walked over and helped Elise put the basin on the floor.

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Elise didn't know if she should laugh or cry at his reaction. "You're overexaggerating if you think I can't even lift a basin. You're really treating me like a princess."

"You're more precious than a princess," Quentin said angrily.

Layla didn't want to put Elise on the spot at first, but when she saw them being so close, her expression immediately darkened. She deliberately walked loudly in her slippers and sat down on the sofa, saying in a prideful voice, "Then I'll have to trouble you."

"You old woman, are you out of your mind?" Quentin went over to pull her. "We're going to sleep already. Why are you soaking your feet? Get up and go to bed quickly."

Layla shook him away and settled down again, replying impatiently, "A woman's business has nothing to do with you. Besides, Elise wanted to do this. If I don't appreciate her efforts, I'd be a horrible person! Stop making trouble and trying to drive a wedge between us!"

"What kind of logic is that..." Quentin finally understood how unreasonable women could be.

Of course, it was impossible to live to this age without experiencing these things. However, he didn't need to pay attention to those women in the past, but now one of them was his wife and the other was his goddaughter. He was caught in between a rock and a hard place, and it made his head hurt.

"It's fine, Papa. Mama is right; there are bound to be some little secrets between women. You should go to the bedroom and rest," Elise persuaded him.

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When she said that, Quentin couldn't really stay around anymore. "All right, then. Call me if you need anything."

After a long and thoughtful reminder, Quentin stepped back into the bedroom.

Seeing his figure disappear behind the door, Elise took out the basin again and walked to Layla, where she squatted down and put Layla's feet in the warm water for her.

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As Layla looked down from above, watching Elise calmly cup some water in her hand and pour it on her ankle before rubbing it patiently and gently, she felt her cold heart gradually soften.

Still, she was stubborn and asked vindictively, "Were you this respectful to your papa before?"

"Not particularly," Elise said nonchalantly. "I don't have to do that for Papa. You saw it earlier too. He wouldn't let me wash his feet."

"That means that you're deliberately trying to butter me up." Layla's expression turned cold. "Anyway, since there are only the two of us here, and Quentin can't hear me, I'll just give it to you straight. I don't like you, and I don't like you approaching my husband's daughter even more."

"All right, I understand. I'll try hard not to disturb Papa and Joey in the future," Elise said pleasantly.

Her easygoingness made Layla look narrow-minded instead, and she suddenly couldn't find the words to answer.

A long pause later, she finally managed to squeeze out a sentence. "That's what you say, but in reality, you're always making Quentin and Joey happy, and they can't stop thinking about you."

"If that's the case, I have to thank you for telling me this." Elise suddenly smiled. "I was abandoned by my parents when I was very young. My grandparents found me later and raised me, but I rarely had the experience of getting along with my parents and sisters. Papa is good to me and treats me as his own daughter, and Joey also likes me as if I were a part of her family. I'm truly grateful for all these, and I never thought about asking for more."

"Therefore, Mama, as long as your family is doing well, I can get out of your lives and stop disturbing you. If, and only if, you need me one day, you have to bring Papa and Joey to my place. Can you promise me that?"

Layla didn't expect that Elise had such a past. As a mother, she really couldn't help but feel distressed that a girl who was around the same age as her daughter had lived such a bitter life.

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However, she still acted tough. Even if her concern and worry were already showing on her face, she refused to take the initiative to give in.

As though they had been talking about someone else, Elise easily diverted the topic. "I had specially prepared this bath water. It has detoxification and moisturizing effects, and it can improve blood circulation as well. When I have time later, I can give you an acupuncture massage as well. I believe it won't be long before you're able to lose weight without going on a diet."

"Really?" Layla's eyes lit up. A woman's figure was her lifelong pursuit, and she couldn't be bothered about keeping up her facade anymore at this moment.

"Of course." Elise raised her head and smiled. "The other day, you said you wanted to lose weight. Besides, when I saw that your temper was a little uncontrollable, I knew that there was a problem with your body. Today, I finally got the prescription right, so I wanted to give you a soak to try out the effects."

"No wonder. I was just wondering why I felt so comfortable just now, so it turned out to be a medicinal bath..." Layla thought for a while, and then asked, "Then, about my acne..."

"You can get rid of that too. I've already prepared the prescription. As long as you drink it on time, it'll be fine. I was worried that you would think it's too bitter, and I didn't know how to tell you," Elise said.

"Of course not. I managed to bring up my daughter alone. What else would I be afraid of? Just have the servants prepare it and I'll drink it!" Layla said readily.

"All right, I'll ask them to prepare it tomorrow." Elise wiped Layla's feet dry for her, and then wiped her own hands clean. "Well, I won't disturb you and Papa anymore. I'll go out first and come back tomorrow."

Saying that, she carried the basin and headed out.

Layla hurriedly chased after her and grabbed her, warning in a low voice, "Don't tell your papa about this!" She had been overweight for more than ten years, and she really wanted to return to her previous figure so that she could be more confident in front of Quentin.

Amused, Elise said in a low voice, "I won't. This is a secret between us."

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“All right.” Layla then let go of her hand and pursed her lips in satisfaction. “You can go now.”

...

In the dim chamber, Charlene was tied to a stone stool. There was a window on the ceiling where the moon and the night sky were visible.

However, all she could see was the bucket hanging above her head, dripping water at a uniform speed.

Every drop of water hit her brow accurately.

Charlene was about to break down. Her eyes were hollow, her mouth ajar. She couldn't even remember when was the last time she had slept.

Creak—

The door of the chamber opened, and Alexander walked in. When he smelled the stench of decay inside, he subconsciously raised his hand to cover his nose.

Cameron greeted him and reported respectfully, “The water dripping punishment is already on the tenth day, but she hasn't given in yet. Do you want to try another way?”

Alexander waved his hand, motioning for him to stand down. He then raised his feet and walked to the stone stool, looking at Charlene condescendingly. “You still don't remember what happened back then, do you?”

“I don't know what you're talking about...” Charlene's cheeks trembled and her teeth clattered, making a faint chattering sound.

## Coolest Girl in Town Chapter 565

Chapter 565 I'll Pay For Everything Tonight

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Alexander looked at her blankly for a few seconds, then raised his hand and accelerated the speed of the dripping water without hesitation.

Drip, drip, drip—

The water flowed down, splashing all over her face. Charlene's breathing turned panicked, and she was about to lose her breath.

"Help, help!"

Charlene closed her mouth, trying to force out the water flowing into her nose, but the water was flowing too fast, and she couldn't get rid of it at all.

"Please, save me..."

Alexander stood expressionlessly in place, completely indifferent. He had no sympathy for those who hurt Elise.

Charlene tried to resist until the last second, but when a lot of water was inhaled into her lungs, her nose, eyes, and ears began to ring, and she felt that her life was in danger. She finally panicked.

"I'll tell you! I'll tell you everything! Let me live! I don't want to die!"

...

The next day, Elise got up early and went downstairs to make breakfast, but when she went to the kitchen, she saw Layla inside.

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She stood by the door, at a loss of whether she should enter or not.

Layla turned off the stove hood before spotting her. After a moment of astonishment, she said lightly, "Go get your papa and Joey."

"Oh, all right." Elise responded blankly, and then turned back upstairs.

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When she went downstairs again, breakfast was already on the table.

“Oh, aren’t these the breakfast we only have at our hometown? I haven’t eaten these for many years...” Quentin looked at the grand breakfast on the table and dug in.

Layla smiled inexplicably. She put a bowl of soup in front of him, then turned her head to look at Elise and stretched out her hand.

“What do you need?” Elise asked fearfully.

“I’m getting you soup.” Layla’s voice suddenly became several decibels louder. After speaking, she realized that she had unconsciously lost her temper again. She hurriedly lowered her voice and pointed to Elise’s left hand. “Give me your bowl.”

Elise smiled brightly and handed over her bowl obediently. “Thanks, Mama!”

For women, just a simple word or a sentence was enough for them to make up with each other.

They had their breakfast in silence. After Quentin put down his fork, he still felt a little greedy and reached out for the slice of bread on the plate.

Just as he was about to touch the bread, a fork suddenly stretched out and knocked his hand off.

“You still wanna eat? You don’t think your blood sugar is high enough, do you? This is for Elise. She works hard for her live broadcasts every day, and all you do is sit at home and do nothing, but you still want to take her food? I’m ashamed of you!” Layla said protectively.

“Fine, fine. I won’t eat anymore, all right?”

Quentin stood up and walked to the living room while deliberately saying bitterly, “When I eat with my two daughters from now on, I guess I won’t be full anymore!”

Though he said that, his face was full of smiles.

As expected, no one could resist Elise’s charms. Now he could finally rest easy.

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"You old man, what nonsense are you saying..." Layla muttered. She turned her head and placed the bread on Elise's plate. "Your papa just likes to fool around. Ignore him. Here, you should try this. It's my specialty."

"Thanks, Mama." Elise took a bite and quickly gave a thumbs up. "It's not sweet nor greasy, and the taste is just right. Mama, you're amazing!"

"Hehe, of course. My grandmother was a gourmet, so I learned a lot from her," Layla said with a smile.

"Mom, I can see your double chin..." Joey suddenly pulled the rug under her feet.

"Go away." Layla rolled her eyes. When she looked at Elise, there was a smile on her face again as she asked hesitatingly, "Elise, the thing that we talked about letting the servants prepare, how's it going?"

Elise immediately realized that she was talking about the medicine for weight loss and acne. "Don't worry; it's ready. I'll bring it to you when we finish eating."

"That's great!" Layla was so happy that she quickly filled Elise's plate again.

After eating too much breakfast, Elise went out for a run to get rid of the excess calories. When she stopped to rest after a ten-kilometer run, she received a text message from Jacob.

'It's completed.'

Elise lowered the brim of her hat, threw half of the mineral water she had drunk into a nearby trash can, and took a taxi to pick up her custom made prosthetic mask.

...

At nightfall, in the VIP room of Sierra Hotel, a table of guests in the room were chatting exuberantly. Faye was late.

As soon as she sat down, she even drank three glasses of wine to make amends.

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This amount of wine was nothing to Faye. She wouldn't get drunk even if she drank ten more glasses.

However, after toasting with a second person, Faye's vision began to blur.

She blinked, trying to clear her eyes, but she saw that all the people at the same table suddenly fell on the table and lost consciousness.

In the next second, Faye couldn't keep her heavy eyelids open. Her vision turned black, and she collapsed.

A few minutes later, the door of the private room was pushed open from the outside again. Elise walked in with a safe, walked straight to Faye, and put the safe on the table in front of her.

"Since you like to cause trouble for me so much, I'll let you experience a day in my life."

An hour later, Faye gradually regained consciousness. She raised her hand and rubbed her drowsy head. Opening her eyes, she found herself in the guest room of the hotel where she had just eaten.

When Faye first came out to socialize, she was bad at holding her alcohol and often got drunk. Hence, she was familiar with the guest rooms in this hotel.

However, she had no idea why she got drunk so quickly today.

Who helped her up?

She couldn't remember.

Faye hated this feeling of memory loss, because it was very likely that a trivial matter would ruin her future.

She sat up and sobered up for a while before putting on her shoes and walking out of the room with her bag.

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When she exited the elevator, she bumped into Celina, one of her friends that she often had afternoon tea with.

Celina looked at “Elise’s” face and got angry, saying through gritted teeth, “We meet again!”

Faye wanted to open her mouth and explain why they left on bad terms the previous time, but she was feeling too uncomfortable, so she gave up and let Celina run her temper.

Celina quickly realized that “Elise” was in a strange state and said thoughtfully, “Are you drunk?”

“Look, she’s drunk!” Celina looked at her friends with certainty. “This b\*tch caused me to be locked up by my dad and made me a laughing stock. Girls, catch her for me. I’ll pay for everything tonight!”

After the birthday party, Celina became notorious, and those with a slightly powerful family background stopped paying attention to her. Now those around her were all trying to suck up to the Saunders Family and were just waiting for the opportunity to show their loyalty.

As soon as she finished speaking, several people hastily grabbed “Elise” and dragged her to the staff room.

“What are you doing? Celina, are you crazy?!” Faye struggled weakly. Is this crazy woman treating me as an enemy just because of a fight at the manor entrance last time?!

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