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Coolest Girl in Town Chapter 645

Chapter 645 Alexander Takes Supplements!?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I'm sorry." She quickly apologized.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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