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Coolest Girl in Town Chapter 648

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

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

"Miss Jennings." His tone was respectful. "I assume you've seen the news?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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