

Coolest Girl in Town Chapter 827

Chapter 827 I've Been Posing as You

Onyx's expression kept changing throughout their conversation before it settled into a cold look. "I'm not interested in living in your house either. I would've long moved out of the house if I'm not looking after it for your mother. Are you implying that I have to pay your debts for living in the house? Dream on! We'll move out right away. There's no way I'll take over your debts."

At the end of his words, he turned to Lyra and ordered, "What are you waiting for? Grab some help and pick up the things."

Sighing, Elise feigned hurt as she fell onto the sofa.

As she had briefed the children on her plan beforehand, the trio wasn't worried about her feelings getting hurt, but gathered around her nonetheless as their curiosity piqued.

Their curiosity had created a miserable scene of the mother and her children cuddling against each other for comfort from Onyx's perspective. Looking at them, he was even more sure of his guess, in which Anastasia had to come home because she was heavily indebted.

Thirty minutes later, as his resolution to leave the house reached its peak, he yelled at the people from downstairs. "Enough! Just pick some clothes. The documents are more important. We can come back later if you left anything behind."

The pathetic look on her face had driven him to make the resolution of leaving the house as soon as possible, or else he would get himself tangled up in their business. He wouldn't want to waste even a penny of his hard-earned money on them.

A few minutes later, Lyra and the servant rushed down the stairs with some suitcases in tow.

He walked over to the duo and took one of them before he pushed the suitcase toward the door without wasting a second.

A wheel fell off of Lyra's luggage on their way to the exit. Seeing she was struggling to pull the luggage, he shoved the handle of the suitcase he was pulling into her hand. Then, he carried hers on his shoulder and dashed off of the house.

Walking over to the French windows, Elise looked at their hilarious behavior and couldn't help but chuckle.

Irvin stood beside her. "Mommy, since when do we owe Mr. Yorkson money?"

"Winning is all that matters." Humming, she shrugged before explaining, "Didn't you say your grandfather is a different man from what I've told you? I'm just giving him a small test to see if he has changed. If he has chosen to share the burden with us, we'll continue to consider him a family. Since he's not willing to do that, which means he doesn't see us as his family. Therefore, we don't need him either. Can you get that?"

"Do people always change?" Irvin wasn't able to accept the statement.

At that, Elise answered with a gentle tone, "A relationship built on true hearts won't, so we only need to care about those who're being sincere with us. It's meaningless and unhealthy to worry ourselves over the hypocrites."

At last, he nodded and found her words giving him the déjà vu.

Then, he recalled that the playboy, Alexander, had said the same thing.

As Alexander shared the same opinion with Elise, Irvin began to doubt if the man was as undependable as he was portrayed in the news.

Elise had no idea about the thoughts that ran through his mind. Turning to face Alexia and Mimi, Elise clapped as she announced, "Darlings, we have a new house!"

She was happy to find herself chasing the two deadbeats out of the house with minimum effort.

Meanwhile, Lyra was staring longingly at the villa even though the car was moving away from it before she tugged the hem of Onyx's shirt. "Dear, are you sure we're leaving the house to Anastasia just like that?"

"What an ignorant woman you are! We must leave now. It'll be too late when the creditor comes for her." He found no reason to stay. "The house is under her name, so there's no way we can take it. Thus, we must keep the money cautiously."

"Let's go." He kicked the driver's seat. As an idea occurred to him, Onyx turned to his wife. "By the way, I'm fine with the matter of setting up the blind dates for Adelpha. We'll get her back after we buy a new house."

He decided that it was about time for them to look for a son-in-law to depend on.

"All right! I'll call her right now."

Within an hour after the pair made a hasty exit from the White Residence, Margaret showed up at the door.

As she was well-prepared, she took a seat on the sofa without bothering to hide the aggressiveness on her face. "Anastasia, you must know the reason why I am here."

Calmly taking a sip of her coffee, Elise replied leisurely, "Of course. It seems like you already knew that I am Cardashian. You're more competent than I imagined."

"Why did you do that? Am I still your best friend? You hide your identity from me even when I have serious business to discuss with you. I had been doing nothing for a whole day in the hotel." She only thought her friend had gone wrong with a harmless joke until now.

"What else?" Elise replied, not bothered by her questions. "After all, I'm not interested in publishing a biography. It won't look good on us if I reject your request at the airport and lead it into a fight in public."

Her words shifted the woman's attention away as Margaret asked, "Why not? The cost of raising the children isn't low. Nobody will ever say no to money nowadays."

"I can depend on the book royalties for my previous works." Elise's words had a second meaning. "Since you're here, I want to discuss the matter to stop using my pen name. I'm planning to reveal my identity to the public."

"I told you, this matter requires planning. Your dad's business and the procedure are the aspects to take into account. Besides, the children are young. You'll pressure yourself if

there's a dispute later. Let's be patient for the moment. " Margaret lied to Elise with practiced ease.

"Don't worry about it. I'll take care of my own business. My only requirement is to claim back my authorship." Elise raised her voice.

"It's complicated. I'm afraid that we can't do anything but wait for a few more years." Margaret's face turned cold as she saw Elise wasn't convinced.

"A few more years?" Elise sneered. "Seven years ago, I had discussed the same thing with you. Now, however, you're asking me to wait for another few more years. Is the matter too hard to deal with, or you've never wanted to deal with it?"

"Are you questioning my motives?" Margaret narrowed her eyes as a look of surprise flashed in her eyes.

"Seven years ago, I asked someone to look for 'Margot Anastasi' and see the author in person. However, the request led the person to meet you, but you never informed me about it." The smile on Elise's face disappeared in a split second as her usual calm eyes shone with cold glints, and a strong and domineering aura enveloped her.

At this point, Margaret didn't need more hints to understand that she was exposed.

Pondering for a while, she sat upright and stated, "You're right. I've been posing as you. Everyone in the industry has been seeing me as none other than Margot Anastasi."

"Well, I respect you for being honest with me." The corner of Elise's lips curled up, but her eyes betrayed no amusement. "You've been only giving me the basic income over the years, but pocketed the shares and gratuity to yourself for more than ten years. I think that's enough. Now it's time to return them to their rightful owner."

"And who's the rightful owner I must return them to? You?" Margaret smiled, not taking Elise's words seriously. "They belong to me in the first place. There's no way I'll give them to you. You want to tell others that you are Margot Anastasi, but you have no proof."

Margaret then continued with a triumphant smile. "We're the best in the industry. Do you think 'Margot Anastasi' can make its name recognized by others without my operation? I'm the one who accomplished Margot Anastasi. You have no right to take everything that comes with the name."

Elise snorted at Margaret's arrogance, and the mocking amusement showed up on her face. "So you're saying that the authorship belongs to the publisher that promotes the work and the editor, right? What about the hard work of the author? How do you calculate them?"