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Coolest Girl in Town Chapter 253 - 254

Chapter 253, Coolest Girl in Town

Quentin then scanned across his surroundings before stopping his gaze at Elise and Alexander. Instantly, his face turned much gentler. Seeing that, Maxwell turned to the direction he was looking at, but had no idea what he was thinking. "Mr. Fassbender, your arrival truly brings delight to the mass. Shall we head upstairs for a rest, where no one can disturb you?" Straightforwardly, Quentin refused his offer. "No need, Mr. Dahlen. I'm just a normal guest like any other. Don't be so courteous with me." Maxwell obsequiously laughed. "There's no courtesy, Mr. Fassbender.

Just my obligation as the host." At that moment, Maya, who was on the dance floor, noticed Quentin, who was looking in her direction. Swiftly, she straightened her back and danced more gracefully, hinting at her dance partner to take control of the dance floor together. Consequently, every other dancer stopped dancing and gave them the spotlight. With that, only two pairs of dancers remained—Maya and her partner, as well as Elise and Alexander.

Although Elise was confused, she didn't stop her steps given that the music had yet to stop. Alexander then wrapped his arm around her waist and whispered, "Let's leave after this one." "Okay," she answered, and followed Alexander's tempo as they continued to dance. The next second, she noticed Quentin, who was standing outside the dance floor. Thrilled at his arrival, she gave him a big smile, to which Quentin responded with a much more benign, subtle grin. Although Maxwell had noticed his change, he still didn't manage to find out what caused it.

He tracked Quentin's vision to her own daughter, who was on the dance floor, and instinctively assumed that Quentin's sudden change was caused by Maya. Instantly, there was an uncontrollable joy in his heart, which he suppressed as he calmly uttered, "Mr. Fassbender, this is my daughter, Maya. I'll have her walk you through the surroundings later." Quentin turned to him. "Your daughter's quite the dancer, Mr. Dahlen."

Hearing that, Maxwell seemed to have an epiphany. *Is he into my daughter?* Although Quentin was over forty, he did a fine job maintaining his youthful look. One would assume he was only in his early thirties. And Maya was twenty years old this year. Even though there was quite a big gap between their ages, the man in question was the Quentin Fassbender. Therefore, out of courtesy, trivial details such as age could be easily overlooked. Bearing

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that in mind, Maxwell had a hard time containing his excitement. "Thank you, Mr. Fassbender.

The girl's been to dancing classes since she was a kid. It seems her hard work has paid off!" Unaware of his underlying intentions, Quentin politely praised, "Yes, she's a very talented dancer indeed." Finished, he turned away. In that instant, Madeline walked over to him from among the crowd and greeted, "Nice to meet you, Mr. Fassbender. I'm Madeline Bowen from Griffith Group." As Quentin was about to leave, he halted his steps when he heard the company name. He then turned to Madeline and had roughly figured out her identity. "Nice to meet you too, Mrs. Griffith."

Before Madeline approached him, she was feeling somewhat uneasy, fearing that a giant figure like him wouldn't respond to her. However, a pleasant surprise was that he would care to entertain her. "Mr. Fassbender, I've heard that you're planning to establish subsidiaries within the country. Not sure if it's true or false, but I would like to tell you that Griffith Group has great advantages that could benefit your expansion.

If you like that, perhaps you could consider collaborating with our company." Quentin nodded. "It's true that Griffith Group excels in this aspect. Each of the young masters of the Griffiths is outstanding, especially Alexander. He's really an exceptional young man." Hearing his compliment for her son, she was overjoyed. She then hastily replied, "To think that Mr. Fassbender knows Alex! What an honor!" "It's nothing, Mrs. Griffith. Young Master Alex truly is one of a kind!" Quentin turned to the dance floor, looking at Alexander and Elise with his admiring eyes.

"Besides, I admire his extraordinary vision. We shall work together in the future when we get the chance." Never had Madeline expected things to develop so smoothly. "That's great news!" Having said that, she turned to her son, but was immediately angered when she saw Elise. "Oh, Alex! He's good at everything, and never let me and his father worry about him. Among all things, he just had to be stubborn at picking his partner." From those words, Quentin sensed something odd. The woman was blatantly insulting his own daughter! "That's a pretty biased statement, is it not, Mrs. Griffith?"

Young people nowadays are into romantic freedom. Now is no longer what it used to be. Arranged marriage is nothing but a matter of the past." Failing to acknowledge the message in his words, Madeline hastily replied, "Even so, homogamy still matters! The Griffiths would become a joke to society if that country girl without a solid family background were to get into our family!" *Ah, so that's how it is. She doesn't think Elise is worth her family.* "Are you

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perhaps talking about Young Master Alex's fiancée, Mrs. Griffith?" "That's exactly who I'm talking about!

Mr. Fassbender, you can laugh all you want, because even I am utterly displeased with that woman. Unfortunately, it was the Griffiths' old man who had determined the marriage. Now that he has passed away, I was thinking if I could revoke the engagement. I'll be satisfied if Alex finds someone who at least meets the standards of our family." Hearing that, Quentin mocked, "I totally agree with you, Mrs. Griffith. Indeed, you have to find someone of your own standards. In this case, you may have overestimated yourself." *Overestimated?* Baffled, as she was about to quiz him, she realized that Quentin looked rather displeased compared to earlier.

She grew frustrated, not knowing what she said that upset him. "I'm just thinking out loud, Mr. Fassbender. About our collaboration..." "We'll talk about it later. It'll depend on Alexander's performance." *If Alexander does Elise even the slightest wrong one day, he'll be getting it from me.* Meanwhile, the song playing on the dance floor stopped. Elise eagerly walked out of the dance floor, to which Alexander questioned her exhilaration. "What made you so excited?" She explained, "My godfather's here! I wanna see him!" Reminded by her words, he turned to Quentin, who was apparently right beside Madeline.

For some reason, he couldn't help but feel uneasy, as if something bad was about to happen. "I'll come with you." And so, both of them walked toward Quentin. Elise, having noticed Madeline's presence, instantly felt nervous, and her steps grew hesitant. "What's wrong?" Alexander asked out of concern. As she was about to answer, Quentin waved at her. She then smilingly replied, "Nothing. Let's go."

Thereupon, they headed toward Quentin. Nonetheless, this time, instead of calling out "Papa," Elise greeted, "Uncle Quentin." Hearing her addressing himself as that, Quentin scowled in confusion, though he was able to grasp the reason for her change. Someone had been bullying his daughter, and was about to receive their payback. He could allow anything, even the worst, to happen to himself, but to have anyone bully her daughter was strictly forbidden.

"You're here too, Ellie! What a coincidence!" Madeline was dumbfounded. "You know each other, Mr. Fassbender?" Quentin forthrightly stated, "Why, I've been looking after the girl as she grew." At the revelation, Madeline's face blanched, realizing that she had been flagrantly criticizing the girl right in front of him. *Hell, they knew each other?*

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Madeline's face instantly shifted between an interesting range of colors. Wasn't the most sightly thing to see, but Quentin ignored her. "Ellie, I've heard that you were the highest scorer in the college entrance examination for your city. That's an amazing feat! Which university did you apply to?" Elise chuckled. "Tissote University! But I still haven't gotten my letter of admission yet. It'll probably arrive in a few more days."

"Tissote University is among the crème de la crème nationally! Since you managed to get a spot there, it just shows how smart you are! I'm so proud of you!" Quentin had a look of pride on his face. He couldn't wait to announce this piece of good news to the world. "Thank you for all the compliments. I'll continue to work hard." "Do your best! I have high expectations of you." Everybody could see every one of the pair's interactions. Madeline was well and thoroughly stunned. She never once thought that Elise and Quentin would know each other, and from the looks of things, they were close as well.

The bystanders were smart; they had been a little taken aback by Elise when they saw her, a strange girl, dancing with Alexander, earlier. Now that they saw her interacting affectionately with Quentin, they surmised that Elise was no ordinary girl. Right then, Maya approached them with her father, Maxwell, alongside. "Mr. Fassbender, this is my daughter, Maya." Maya was all smiles as she greeted Quentin. "Pleased to meet you, Uncle Quentin!" Quentin raised an eyebrow slightly. He couldn't accept others calling him that, so he gave Maya a terse reply. "No need for such stiff politeness, Miss Dahlen!"

His curt response was enough to establish his attitude; his tone with her and with Elise seemingly came from two different people! Maya couldn't quite hide her expression now, but she was mindful of her family's business, so she didn't dare to raise her voice at Quentin. She simply smiled instead. "I've heard about you for a long time, Uncle Quentin. Now that I've met you in person, you seem to be a little different from what all the legends say. After all, the Quentin Fassbender that people whisper of is a solemn and serious businessman. However, I feel like you're far friendlier than what the rumors said about you."

Her choice of words was absolutely beautiful; no regular person would have been able to find a flaw in her spiel. But Quentin was no regular man; he had long since gotten used to hearing people trying to get into his good books like this, so he didn't feel any way toward

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Maya. He just didn't feel right with how she addressed him. "Miss Dahlen, we aren't that close to each other. Please, call me Mr. Fassbender."

Maya wasn't the only one affected by this, her expression changing upon hearing that; even Madeline began to ruminate on this turn of events. Prior to this, Maya had been talking about how close she was with Quentin and how highly he thought of her. Now that Madeline saw what just happened, things weren't as how Maya said they were. On the contrary, Elise seemed even closer to Quentin than Maya was! *However, Elise is just a country bumpkin. How did she get to know a man of high status like Quentin? Is there something that I'm not aware of?*

Maxwell swiftly came to Maya's rescue. "You're absolutely right, Mr. Fassbender! Maya calling you 'Uncle Quentin' isn't exactly appropriate. After all, you look so young, and you don't look like you're much older than Maya. She didn't quite notice this, so please, don't take offense to my daughter." It was simple, but there was an extra layer to his words when he placed Quentin on the same level as Maya—Maxwell's motives were plain as day.

The only reason Quentin came here today was to see Elise. If he hadn't known that Elise would be here at this banquet, he wouldn't have attended such an occasion to socialize with others. Now that he had met Elise, he was no longer willing to spend another minute here. So, he said, "I have some other business to attend to, Mr. Dahlen, so I'll be on my way!" "Don't you want to stay a little longer? If there's anything you need, I can make the arrangements—" However, Quentin didn't give Maxwell a chance to finish as he simply turned to Elise. "Ellie, my girl, remember to let me know if you need anything, okay?"

Elise nodded, having picked up on his intentions. "Got it!" Quentin dipped his head before turning around and leaving with his entourage, completely ignoring everyone else. The moment he left, the atmosphere in the hall immediately changed. Everyone had seen how Quentin treated Elise, and they quickly approached her, clamoring for her attention like groveling limpets. "Hello there, Miss Sinclair. I'm Sprowls from Bluestar Enterprises. Nice to meet you." "Miss Sinclair, you're such a beautiful lady. Please take a look at our company if you have the time.

It's a company with a bright future ahead." "Here's my name card, Miss Sinclair! I hope that you'll keep an eye on our company in the future." Elise was wordless. She knew that their sudden one-eighty was because of Quentin. She also knew what their thoughts truly were. The next moment, Madeline changed her tune as well, and she grabbed Elise's hand. "It was my fault earlier, Elise! You're a grown woman; please don't hold it against me." Elise raised

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an eyebrow slightly and glanced at Alexander, who was off to the side. He answered her with a smile, but he didn't speak.

Elise was grateful for his trust in her, so she withdrew her gaze and looked at Madeline. "Don't be a stranger, Mrs. Griffith. We're family, after all. We don't have to be so stiff with each other." Madeline was so touched by this that she nearly cried. "You're so understanding, Elise! I was blind earlier. That being said, how did you know Mr. Fassbender?" All Elise said was, "He was a neighbor of mine ages ago. There's nothing else to it."

This revelation immediately dropped a roadblock in Madeline's plans. She had been thinking that if Elise and Quentin were that close, it wouldn't be entirely impossible for the Griffiths to make inroads with the Fassbenders. But now that Elise said so, her plan wouldn't work anymore. *Well, I suppose that's to be expected. How could anyone just easily worm their way into the Fassbender Family's graces, when they were a single, large trove of wealth?* Madeline's demeanor promptly chilled. Elise didn't mind this change. "It's getting late now. I'll be going first."

Madeline made a noise of affirmation. "Sure. You may take your leave." Alexander then called out from the side, "I'll go with you." Madeline wanted to stop him, but this time, she caught sight of Elise, and she decided to drop the notion. She just allowed the pair to leave. After they left the banquet, Elise's eyes darted around. Alexander got a little curious then. "What are you looking for?" Elise fixed her gaze on her target, her eyes glinting.

"Over there." Alexander followed her gaze, and he saw a Rolls-Royce parked by the side of the road. He could already guess who owned it. "Is it Mr. Fassbender?" Elise made a sound of affirmation. "Papa signaled to me before he left to come out and find him. That's why I was in such a hurry to leave." Elise walked over to the car with quick steps as she explained to Alexander. When she neared the car, the chauffeur got out and opened the door for her most respectfully.

"Please take a seat, Miss!" Elise thanked him and got into the car. Alexander followed suit. With the door now closed, the car began to slowly take off and leave the grounds. "Papa!" A smile bloomed on Quentin's face when Elise called out to him. "Ah, Ellie, you didn't acknowledge me as your godfather earlier in front of everyone. Were you worried I would embarrass you?"

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