# Coolest Girl in Town Chapter 325 - 326

#### **Chapter 325**

Reminded of that, Jamie could only suppress the anger within him.

"Where's Matthew?" Alexander interrogated Jessica with a tone colder than the harshest winter as he glared at her with a gaze sharper than the tip of a spear.

"Who's Matthew?" Jessica crossed her arms, calmly lying against the leather couch. She had yet to know how horrendous a man like Alexander could become.

"The man who sent you fifty million." Alexander's face was, as ever, unaffected, though the fists he was concealing in his pockets were flexing. Typically, he wouldn't touch another woman, but given that Elise's life was at risk, if Jessica still remained uncooperative, he might as well break the gentlemen's code.

Hearing that, Jessica seemed to have recalled something, mindlessly replying, "Oh, him. Who knows. We only knew each other for a few days. We're hardly acquaintances. Why would he tell me what his plans are?"

Jamie scornfully scoffed. "Hardly acquaintances? So you're saying Matthew's an idiot who would simply give money to any woman he meets on the streets?"

"Can't recall saying that." She lifted her glass of champagne on the table and elegantly took a sip. "Then again, nothing is impossible in this world. If a boring woman like Elise could be craved by a couple of men, what's wrong with me having a few pursuers who would give me anything I want?"

Tilted, Jamie stomped forward and slammed the glass out of her hand as he stepped on the couch with one leg. He leaned his entire body onto the woman and pointed his finger at her nose, threatening, "Stop fooling around! There's 'hardly acquaintances' and then there's 'pursuer.' Seriously, which one is it?"

It would be a lie if she said she wasn't afraid to be oppressed by such a big man. Nonetheless, she was still a doctor. With her emotions fully under control, she easily shook off her nervousness. "Come on, is it against the law to have some fun?"

"Don't make me hit a woman!" Jamie's patience had reached its limit

"Who's stopping you?" Jessica shamelessly stuck her body against Jamie's. "I'd take money from literally anyone. Why'd you think I'm scared of you?"

"You..." Jamie was rendered speechless by the woman's irrationality. As he expected, the woman was harder to reason with than anyone else.

At that moment, Alexander came over and dragged Jamie behind him. He then took a deep breath to maintain his composure. "Elise has always treated you as a good classmate and a good friend. Why are you doing this?"

"A good friend?" Jessica snickered. "What kind of good friend always steals the spotlight of others? I was supposed to be the class representative back then. Ever since she transferred to our school, I was always hard stuck at second place, losing all my deserved honor to her, so what gives? Sure, she was slightly better than me in her studies, but that's it! What gave her the right to remain above me all the time? I was pissed. I want her out of my life. I want her to have a taste of what it's like living under someone else's shadow!"

Alexander expressionlessly listened to her. When the room was silent again, he slowly blurted, "Is that it?" In order to tear someone apart, one should first understand what was going on in the opponent's mind. As for Jessica, someone who couldn't accept anyone else being better than her, she was prone to making hasty mistakes, and it would hardly break a sweat to goad her into regretting something she'd done.

"That's it." She revealed a look of utter defeat. "Murder, torture, do as you like. I've had my share of pleasure, and I'll die without regrets."

However, Alexander was unresponsive. He stared wordlessly at her for almost half a minute. It wasn't until he sensed a trace of fright in her eyes that he showed her a knowing smirk. "There's a chance of me forgoing what you did to Elise and not calling the cops on you. I might even turn a blind eye to the assets under your name, which you could continue to make good use of."

Surprised by his announcement, Jessica frowned. "Are you joking?"

"I never joke." Alexander gazed her right in the eyes. Suddenly, his eyes darkened and malice surged within. "But if you choose not to cooperate with me, not just you, but your parents as

well as your little brothers will each have their fate turned into the biggest jokes you'll ever know."

"What do you want!" Immense terror gushed in her heart. "The blame is all on me! Don't drag my family into this!"

"Why, of course." Alexander shot her a terrifying grin and a glare that bore no delight. "The blame is all on you, but why'd you drag Elise into this? Since you're not seeing reason, I guess I'll play your game to see who's more unreasonable."

Jessica had never been met with a gaze as icy as his. Her entire body was trembling under his leer, as if she had absolutely lost control of her own nerves.

Subconsciously, she gulped and dared no longer to talk back to Alexander.

About time. Knowing he had triumphed in the psychological war, Alexander loosened his face and returned to his humble self. "Tell me everything you know about Matthew since your first encounter till your last rendezvous and everything you've spoken to each other. Every. Single. Thing."

"Fine..." Jessica collapsed onto the couch and began telling stories between her and Matthew.

In the meantime, Elise was still under Matthew's grasp.

After ending the call with Alexander, in order to leave no traces, Matthew no longer had any interaction with the outside world; he spent every day at home. Nevertheless, with three people living under the same roof, a restock of consumables was only inevitable. Although he had stocked up the portion of his and Heather's, now that Elise was here, he had to go out alone in the afternoon to acquire some more edibles. Not in the slightest was he worried about Heather turning her back on him, but he still left a message to her, forbidding her to have any private interaction with Elise. Before leaving, he locked the doors from outside and carefreely departed.

All this time, Elise was leaning against the door to listen to the activities outside her room. After hearing the lock of the door and ensuring Matthew had left, she started pacing around her room, figuring out how to break out of it. Through her last attempt, she knew there was no way to escape if she continued staying in her room. Thus, the only measure was to get

out of the room. However, Heather wouldn't come over on her own accord; Elise had to come up with a way to lure her over. Sadly, all Heather cared about was Matthew, and nothing else in the house would be able to draw her attention.

Wait. Me! I'm "nothing else"! No matter how reluctant one was, they would still attempt to look after the person their loved ones desired to protect. Having thought of that, Elise resolutely clasped her hands and punched the glass window of the wardrobe beside her. As the glass shattered, blood stains were seen on the glass fragments. In that instant, her hand was covered in blood. Only under careful observation could one identify the fragments of glass stuck in her flesh. Unsure whether there were cameras around her, she proceeded to strike the walls with her bloody hand while smashing things that would cause blaring noises.

Meanwhile, Heather was watching her in the security room. Despite Elise's actions, she showed no reaction at all. She even thought, Why is such a crazy b\*tch receiving all the goodness-all of Matt's love? All of a sudden, a horrifying idea popped up in her mind. If she no longer lives, then I'll be Matt's closest woman!

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As the ill intent wafted in her mind, she could no longer suppress the demon within her. As if she was possessed, she lost control of her own emotions. With that, she grabbed a fruit knife in the living room and hid it in her sleeve. Deranged, she unlocked the door to the room confining Elise.

As Elise, on the other hand, was about to bang on the door, the door was pushed open. When she looked Heather in the eye, she immediately knew the woman in front of her wasn't the Heather she knew. Although she couldn't quite put Heather's shift in behavior into words, her presence undoubtedly put her on edge.

With a still face, Heather stared at Elise for a couple of seconds. She scanned at the latter's injured hand before stating aloofly, "You're hurt."

"Baffled, Elise was only reminded of her injury then, to which she awkwardly replied, "Right. I didn't even realize it until you mentioned it." Perhaps it was the stupefaction upon seeing Heather's sudden change that made her forget the sting on her hand.

With a knowing look, Heather took a step into the room and shifted her body sideways to allow Elise a path out of the room. "I'll treat it outside. Matt will kill me if anything happens to you." As she spoke, she carried a tremendous determination within her, which she revealed not on her face, but under her glistening eyes.

As subtle as it was, Elise was able to sense it, and she grew even more cautious. At the same time, she was tempted by her goal, as she had her keen eyes fixated on the main door which was right opposite her bedroom's door. She would be able to escape once she stormed out the bedroom. Nonetheless, Heather wouldn't be so kind to let her off. There was no telling if she could still breathe after exiting through the door. However, when she thought of her grandparents and Alexander, she gritted her teeth and decided to give it a try.

Under Heather's scorching gaze, Elise grabbed her injured hand and walked out the room. When she was passing by Heather, her steps subconsciously decelerated.

Heather watched as Elise walked past her. It wasn't until Elise's back was fully facing her that she revealed a vicious expression. In a flash, the knife that was in her sleeve was already raised above her head, All she had to do in that instant was stab her. In that case, the blame could be easily deflected by saying the then-dead woman, who was trying to escape, were accidentally murdered in a circumstance where Heather was forced to use a knife after a massive effort of trying to stop her from running. As such, there would no longer be an Elise Sinclair in the world. Simultaneously, Matthew wouldn't blame her for Elise's death. Bearing that in mind, Heather grasped

her knife even tighter and held it even higher before going for the forceful stab.

It was a perfect execution, except for the fact that she had forgotten the giant mirror in the living room that was reflecting every detail of her actions. Elise saw the glinting knife in the mirror, and without any contemplation, she dodged the stab with her agility harnessed from years of experience as a veteran racer.

Accordingly, Heather missed her attack. And when she realized it, Elise was already at the living room's couch. "Why are you trying to kill me?" Elise glowered, unable to take in what just happened.

Heather gnarled her teeth and pointed the knife at Elise. Her facial expression resembled that of the most gruesome demons. "Because you don't deserve Matthew, and you ruined him! Thus, you should pay for it with your life!" Having said that, she recklessly charged toward Elise.

Due to the injury on her hand, Elise couldn't attempt to disarm her. She could only run around the couch as she evaded each attack from Heather. Very soon, they ended up in each other's previous positions, facing each other.

Heather squinted her eyes as she panted, anxiously holding the knife toward Elise. "Stop running. You can't run away from this, Elise. This is your life, destined to be ended for the sake of Matthew and I. Just face the reality!"

"You face the reality!" Elise coldly gazed at her, unable to figure out how idiotic could a woman be to be willing to commit crime for a man's attention. "Matthew never loved you! Whether I exist or not, he won't truly care about you! How much longer are you planning to deceive yourself?"

"Shut up! You're lying! Matt and I are in love. His actions toward you are only out of envy for Alexander. I'm the only person who really understands him! We've been together for so long, and I'm the only one that deserves him. Once you're out of the picture, the three of us can finally live happily ever after!" Heather was so drunk in her fantasy that she'd lost all rationality.

Among her words, Elise caught something rather critical. "You're... pregnant?" She looked at Heather's flat stomach and inquired, to which Heather gave no response, but her silence obviously admitted the existence of a tiny life within her. Instantly, Elise's eyes lit up. She switched up her strategy and aggressively taunted, "Once you kill me, your child will have a murderer for a mother. How happy could that be?"

Hearing the terms "child" and "murderer" in the same sentence, Heather was triggered. Forcibly, she woke up from her fantasy, only to find the knife in her hands, before turning to Elise in fear and agitation. She realized she had been too hasty. In

mere minutes, she simply wanted Elise to disappear so that all her issues could be resolved. Overly immersed, she had completely forgotten about the law and the consequences of killing. She had to admit that Elise had moved her. Even if it was for the sake of her children, she shouldn't be attempting such a crazy stunt.

Seeing as she slowly laid down her weapon, Elise sincerely stated, "You can still come back from this. As long as you're willing to change, it's never too late to turn back. In the same way, if you let me go, I promise not to investigate Matthew once I return safely. I can even help you get out of this place, to somewhere nobody could recognize you. Think about it. Isn't that what you want?"

"What I want..." Heather muttered as she lost herself in thought.

Watching as she'd lowered her guard, Elise immediately turned to the main door of the house and started counting down in her heart. Five, four, three, two... one! Swiftly, she dashed to the door and ferociously pushed down the door handle. To her surprise, the door remained unopened. What. Am I supposed to pull this instead? Pushing and pulling, she found all her attempts were in vain, as if the door was fused with the walls.

Sensing the loud disturbances, Heather regained her senses. "Trying to escape?! Not a chance! Matt says he'll die if you're gone. No! Don't run!" Her mind went overdrive just by imagining Matthew being in danger. At once, she rushed toward Elise and grabbed her, attempting to drag her back into the bedroom.

As Elise had just arduously broken out of the cursed bedroom, going back into it would mean more torment. Thus, she endured the pain on her hand as she withstood the dragging force from Heather.

Consequently, the knife that Heather had yet to unhand was probing Elise's stomach. The more force Elise exerted, the deeper the tip of the knife pressed against her flesh, as if it was about to pierce through her clothes and her tender skin.

Under the tense situation, Elise improvised. Instead of resisting, she pushed along Heather's force. Heather, unable to react in time, fell down. The two of them tripped together, and Elise was on top of Heather, pressing the latter's hand against her body. With that, Heather loosened her grip as the sharp knife fell onto the ground with a clank.

Regaining her senses, Elise swiftly picked up the knife and pinned Heather down with one hand, holding the knife at her throat with the other. "Don't move!"