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Chapter 323

Elise turned her head around, only to find Matthew leaning against the bathroom door frame. He seemed to have heard everything they said. Like a predator with keen eyes, he was constantly tracking Elise, his prey. He revealed a grin that bore no amicability, as if he was mocking her for her attempt to rebel. "Let's go out," he blurted.

As usual, Heather heeded his order and said nothing more, leaving Elise without turning back.

Once the door was shut, Matthew's grin turned into a glower. He walked into the bathroom and forcibly dragged Elise out before throwing her ferociously onto the couch. Beside the couch was a coffee table, where on top of it lay the trending bridal magazines, along with a number of blue files neatly stacking on top of each other. "You have one night to decide which gown and diamond ring you like best. The other ones are wedding plans given by the bridal company. Keep them if you like it. If you're not interested in any of them, I'll make the choice."

He condescendingly glared at Elise, who was rubbing her wrist that was aching. Even under the pain, she wouldn't reveal a trace of vulnerability on her face. It was as if she was born with nobility and pride flowing in her blood, and such a dominant woman was the only one right for him. However, he was reminded of Alexander, the man who always put himself above all else, who always stepped on him like an ant, and who always thought he knew it all. The jealousy and rage from the mere thought of Alexander was driving him insane, so he didn't dare to dwell on it. With that, he shot Elise an inexplicable gaze before leaving the room and slamming the door shut.

Meanwhile, Heather was making tea in the living room. Striding over, Matthew threw himself onto the couch before staring at the ceiling. He then shut his eyes, letting out a heavy sigh.

Heather felt her heart ache at the sight of that. Thereupon, she fetched him a cup of hot tea and sat down beside him. "Don't push yourself too hard."

Disregarding her concern, Matthew reminded, "These days are most crucial. We can't afford any mistakes."

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"I understand." Heather nodded, though she felt somewhat bitter. Her loyalty to Matthew was unwavering, and that was indubitable. However, Elise's words left some doubt in her burning-for-love heart. Is staying by his side unconditionally really the best choice for him? Besides... She touched her abdomen. The child was given to her by God, but she knew very clearly that Matthew would reject it without any hesitation.

"Matthew." She inquired, "If we finally succeed, will there still be a place by your side for me?"

Hearing that, Matthew subtly grimaced. Although he had a soft spot for her, he insisted on keeping up his apathetic facade. "I'm not like those guys. Since things have happened, I'll take full responsibility for it. Even after Elise and I got married, I will pay for all of your expenses, and you won't have to be burdened by anything."

"Is responsibility all there is between us?" Heather's voice was rather raspy. She couldn't stop tears from welling up in her eyes.

"That's enough." Matthew sprung up from the couch and walked toward his bedroom. "I'm tired. We'll talk about this next time." Having said that, he hastened his feet and vanished from Heather's vision in just a couple of steps.

In that instant, no one in the house had a calm mind.

Elise, unaware of the situation between the other two, was still planning her escape. After countless times of her vision brushing over the magazines and wedding plans on the coffee table, her eyes shone as she remembered something.

She recognized one of the magazines was published exclusively for the members of a certain luxurious brand in the city. Although its products' quality didn't live up to its popularity, all the items were subscription based and tailor-made, so all of its subscribers would each receive limited-edition goods periodically.

Given Matthew's current situation, he wouldn't dare to splurge so openly. Thus, he must have received the magazine—the one currently in Elise's hands—from an old acquaintance of his. If she was able to figure out who it came from, she could leave traces for the outsiders and lead them to her. The problem is, how should I bring up the topic of the magazine naturally? After an entire night of pondering, an idea finally popped up in her mind right before dawn.

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The next day, Matthew pushed open Elise's door. When he entered the room, she was already in her garments looking neat, casually sitting on the couch as she read the magazines on the table.

"So what will it be?" He placed one of the two cups of hot coffee in his hands on the table before her before taking a seat on the couch across from her. Crossing his legs, he languidly took a sip of his coffee.

Frowning, she pushed the magazines on the table away. "At least find a girl to practice with if you really wanna marry me. Simply picking some women's magazines based on some men's judgment, you're not really good at this, are you?"

Having lived together with her for the past few days, Matthew was already used to her erratic behavior, but he treated it merely as acting. Smiling, he placed his cup on the table. "Well, I do adore how you're way smarter than an ordinary woman. You saw right through me. I mean, can you blame me? It's my first time marrying somebody, and I only had guy friends to ask advice from. Just tell me which one of the designer gowns you favor."

"I prefer something from abroad, but it might take at least three months from ordering, production, and delivery. Can you afford to wait that long?" Elise deliberately troubled him.

"I can't." He candidly admitted, yet his expression was rather amiable. He jokingly replied, "That's why I'm gonna need you-my fiancée-to give me a chance. You can pick whatever that's locally made. I'm sure the Sinclairs and Alexander will definitely do anything to help you."

"Hmph!" Elise harrumphed before she purposefully mocked, "And here I thought you loved me so much you could fly me to the moon if I ever wanted to. It seems like you're just a dependent little man. In this aspect, Alexander's no doubt the winner."

There was a trace of indescribable emotion in Matthew's eyes when he sensed that Elise was deliberately provoking him. She must have come up with a terrible idea, and is waiting for the opportunity to stab me in the back when she gets it! However, he was in a good mood today, so he didn't care to argue regardless of the mockery she threw at him. After all, he would never allow her to leave.

"Don't you know? I'm a wanted man, so my life is naturally my priority. Otherwise, you'd be spending the rest of your life as a widow." Matthew rested his hand on his knee, tapping on

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it from time to time, “I can’t determine how much patience I have left to wait for your answer, so it’s best you tell me what you want before I leave, or I’ll force whichever gown I like on you.”

That was exactly what she had been waiting for. With that, she pretended to be reluctant and gritted her teeth. “You wish! Since I’m forced to pick one, I’ll pick something I like. Lay’s highlight of the month—I want nothing else other than that.”

At once, Matthew revealed a pompous grin as he tidied his attire. “Wise and timely, that’s my fiancée alright. You’re much cuter this way.” After he said that, he turned around and left. When he walked past the doormat in his glowing leather shoes, a small pile formed on the mat before it quickly returned back to normal.

Once the door was shut, Elise let out a long sigh of relief. Right now, that Lay magazine she read earlier was concealed under the very mat Matthew stepped on. Most fortunately, he didn’t seem to have noticed it.

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In fact, Matthew hadn’t realized there was one less magazine. However, he wouldn’t allow Elise to make a fool out of him right under his nose. Therefore, after exiting the room, instead of relaying her request to her family, he went into the study room and turned on his computer and googled for Lay Magazine. To him, a wedding gown meant nothing more than a woman’s garment, but for her to make the choice so specifically, she must have had her underlying reasons. After all, the woman was too intelligent to not be cautious of. He looked into every detail of the magazine assiduously, from its founders to its current board of shareholders. After identifying nothing suspicious, he slowly pulled out his phone and dialed Alexander’s number.

Meanwhile, Alexander, who was on his way to meet Jessica, saw the call and instantly hit the brakes, pulling his car over by the road. After collecting his feelings and making sure he could draw all his concentration at the conversation, he hit the “accept” button on the car’s monitor. After all, he couldn’t afford to miss any detail in Matthew’s words. Right when the call was accepted, he was greeted with Matthew’s impatient tone. “Took you long enough. Perhaps you don’t cherish her life as much as I expected.”

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"I'm busy preparing for your wedding, so I hope it's not all crap that's coming from you." Alexander had no intention to blindly follow Matthew, or he would be walking right into his manipulation. Another minute wasted meant another minute Elise was in danger, and he couldn't bear to risk that!

Hearing that, Matthew subconsciously gripped his phone. One thing he loathed extremely was Alexander's pompous attitude, as if he was donning a crown and an ego that could shatter upon a light tap. In that instance, a suffocating silence surged.

Alexander was growing more anxious as he heard nothing but silence from the other side. As he was about to lose control, Matthew's familiar voice sounded once again. "I've sent the wedding plan to the company email. As for the wedding gown, Elise wants Lay's highlight of the year. Time's kinda tight, but I believe you'll handle it. After all, this is Elise's wish." After laying out the conditions emotionlessly like it was a business deal, Matthew suddenly sounded fascinated as he complacently quizzed, "The woman of your life is preparing for her marriage with me. How do you feel, Alexander?"

"Not good." Alexander openly expressed his disconcertment. "If you're the one who lost his woman to another man, would you still be able to laugh?"

"Of course not." Matthew grinned as he lay back against his leather chair, casually replying, "That's why I'm the one doing the snatching. I got what I want, and soon, I

will receive everyone's blessing. Enough. I don't wish to waste any more time with a loser. Just do as I ordered, and do not tarry. Or I can't guarantee whether what you see next is an unharmed, living person, or an ice-cold body." Before Alexander could respond, he hung up the call.

"Beep... Beep..." The static noises in the phone sounded rather irritating, and that distraught Alexander. Matthew was so meticulous that he allowed not the slightest loophole for Alexander to figure out Elise's whereabouts. Despite the helpless sensation that was agonizing him, he had to remain calm in order to analyze the message within Matthew's words. Wedding plan, gown... What are they hinting at? Elise's

intelligence is out of this world, so there's no way she would surrender so easily. In other words, there must be a hidden message behind these two things. Having thought of that, he sent Cameron a text to summon all of the key managers to an emergency meeting, where they were ordered to scrutinize the wedding plan in the company email, as well as Lay

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Magazine. After leaving his command, he started his vehicle and headed toward Jessica's location.

Jamie, who had been waiting by the gates for almost half an hour, finally caught Alexander's car in sight. Before Alexander was even out of the car, he hastily went to him. "Is there news about Boss?" Although he intended for them to exchange information while walking into the building, Alexander revealed nothing but his cold scowl as he was walking, as if he heard nothing from Jamie. Seeing that, Jamie didn't care to persuade him and tacitly kept quiet and guided him to Jessica.

The clubhouse, apparently extravagant, was filled with waiters that were all attractive men, as well as consumers that were mostly single ladies. People would even refer to the place as "reverse brothel." At the door of Room 101 stood a tall, muscular bodyguard. At Jamie and Alexander's arrival, he opened the door for them to enter.

The scenery in the room was highly obscene, where numerous nude men were stripdancing on the stage, flaunting their figures. In the corner was a group of rather fresh-looking men, each in their space, glaring at each other. Yet, each of them had their own unique charm.

Among all that was happening was Jessica sitting alone in the center of the couch, enjoying what she had in her vision. At first glance, Alexander couldn't recognize her, but it was no fault of his as no one in the world would ever assume the woman in front of him, who was covered in jewelry and heavy makeup, to be the innocent Jessica he knew.

At that moment, Jamie gave a signal to his underlings, who then barged into the room and cut the music. The music ended, and so did the crowd's chanting. And so, everyone in the room looked toward the entrance. "F*ck y'all lookin'at? Get the f*ck out!" Jamie yelled overbearingly. Even the men that were aggressively staring earlier lowered their heads and retreated along the walls. Very soon, Jessica became the only

person in the room.

"You know why I've come." Alexander cut to the chase as he had done his research.

"I do." Jessica was awfully calm, as if she wasn't surprised at all by his presence.

Jamie, however, was as hasty as a bull, hurrying forward and kicking all the liquor bottles off the table. "Then be quick with it! Where's my boss?"

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“Beats me.” Jessica was, nonetheless, telling the truth as she was clueless about Elise’s whereabouts. After receiving the payment, she had never contacted Elise ever again.

“Don’t make me beat a woman up. Spit it out!” Jamie gave no special treatment to women. Anyone who dared to lay a finger on his boss had only death to face, regardless of their gender.

Alexander, on the other hand, was remarkably composed. Steadily, he stated, “Tell me how Matthew found you, how you contacted each other, how many times you’ve met, and where. Don’t miss out on a single detail.”

Unable to comprehend the motive of his interrogation, Jamie frowned and shrugged as he was filled with confusion. “Boss has already been kidnapped. What’s even the point of discussing the cause and effect now?” Then, he turned his attention back to Jessica, his gaze razor-sharp and penetrating. “You know what? We can only win a scum in her game by becoming another scum. Otherwise, she won’t crack.” He clenched his fists. If necessary, he wouldn’t even mind taking things into his own hands as long as he got the information regarding Elise. Moral obligations no longer mattered to him. After voicing his threat, he took a few steps backward as two of his brawny men that were standing by at the door charged into the room toward Jessica.

Before the men could lay their hands on the woman, Alexander sternly yelled, “She’s the last person who saw Elise. Will you be able to uphold her responsibilities once you kill her?”

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