

# Coolest Girl in Town Chapter 441

## Chapter 441 Murderer

At such a time, even the most formidable doctor in Tissote couldn't determine a result.

Maxwell looked at Elise suspiciously, and before she could say anything, he dashed into the room. Maya was seen lying still on the bed. From afar, she seemed like a body that was no longer breathing. "Maya?" He warily approached. The room was as silent as the grave, and not a movement was seen. His heart skipped a beat before he lost his balance and collapsed to the ground as his face blanched. "Daddy's so sorry, Maya! I shouldn't have sent you to this murderer!"

In the next second, a fragile voice came from above the bed. "What are you doing, Daddy?"

As if he had woken up from a nightmare, he sprung up from the ground and went to the bedside. With tears profusely shedding, he grabbed Maya's hand. "You're fine! You're fine!"

"Who told you that?" Elise stood expressionlessly at the door. She pulled out a piece of prescription from her pocket and tossed it onto the ground. "Do as the note says, for one month."

"Will do, will do!" Maxwell gratefully nodded.

Maya, on the other hand, couldn't grasp why her father would behave so courteously in front of the woman. She was about to say something but was eventually held back by her illness.

Claude briefly peeked at the prescription on the ground and let out a couple of coughs with his fist before his lips. He stared at Elise as if he was pondering. Oh, merciless Father! The sick woman's gonna lose her sense of taste after one month based on what's on the prescription.

"Don't forget your promise to me," Elise calmly said.

"Don't worry. I'll have somebody clear up some properties and transfer them to you right away!" Maxwell replied.

Coldly, Elise glanced toward the figure on the bed before turning around to walk down the staircase. Following behind her was Claude, who—despite her shady action—joyously inquired, "The building's full of doctors, Father. Don't you fear the prescription would get seen through?"

Without even turning back, Elise answered, "Do you think anybody could deny anything I came up with?" Her tone was neither light nor weighty, yet Claude couldn't help but feel a chill running up his spine.

"Cuzzie!" When they reached the first floor, Daniel was seen pettily approaching them. He seemed to want to grab Elise but didn't dare to do so. Thus, he awkwardly paused with a farewell pose. "I see you're leaving. Why don't you take your cousin brother along with you?"

"What's that noise?" Elise didn't even care to look at him. She turned around and asked, "Since when did I have a cousin brother? Do you know?"

"Nope," Claude tacitly replied.

"Come on, Cuz! I only offended Maxwell for your sake. You're not gonna ignore me, are you?" Daniel attempted to shift the blame away from himself.

"For my sake?" Elise stared straight into his soul. "Did I ask you to rescue the patient by putting her life in danger? Did I ask you to toy with Maya's life?"

"I—" Daniel was rendered speechless. Hasty, he went on a tangent. "They're going to break one of my legs, Cuz. Do you really not care about me?"

"I do. Of course I do." Elise took out a bag of medicinal powder from her pocket with a pair of fingers and tossed it into his hand. "I mixed this myself. It's the most effective painkiller you'll ever know. Take it after they take away your leg, and I assure you won't feel any pain within twenty-four hours." Saying that, she patted Daniel's shoulder and walked out of the room. Having only taken a couple of steps, she stopped and turned around, reminding, "By the way, there's a side effect to the medication. After twenty-four hours, the pain on your leg will worsen tenfold. Do consume at your own risk!" Unlike a quack doctor, she made sure to give her patients gentle reminders.

Daniel was left thoroughly dumbfounded.

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When Elise arrived at home, she bumped into Alexander, who also coincidentally returned. They greeted each other at the doorstep.

"Where did you go?" Alexander quizzed.

"Went to buy some herbs," Elise answered.

"Herbs?" Seeing Claude, who was behind her, was empty-handed, he subtly smiled. He did not intend to expose her. "Let's go in." After saying that, instead of going back to his own house, he went into Elise's yard.

Upon entering the door, they saw Jackson and a few other uniformed police officers surrounding the yard.

At their arrival, Jackson approached Elise. "Excuse me, Miss Sinclair. I'll need you to follow me."

"Jackson." Alexander frowned. "What's going on?"

"Sorry, Mr. Griffith. Things happened so suddenly I couldn't properly greet you." Jackson orderly uttered, "Three authoritative professors from Tissote University's physics department were found dead this dawn. And Miss Sinclair's notebook was found at the scene. She's now our only suspect, so we urgently need her cooperation."

"You could use some improvements in how you run things." Alexander was visibly hostile. "Hasn't anyone told you that Elise hadn't been to class lately?"

"You should know, Mr. Griffith, that not attending class doesn't mean not going to school," Jackson calmly stated.

Ultimately, Elise and the rest were brought to the crime scene. Due to the massive number of people in Tissote University, two police cordons were set up around the area to prevent any trespassers and possible rumor spread. Walking past the police cordon, the group of people came to the physics lab building.

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## Chapter 443 Reuben Hunts

Watching as Elise escaped right out of his grasp, Jackson angrily smashed his phone.

Why is everyone willing to risk suspicion just to protect that pretty face? Just you wait. I'll dig up everything there is about you, Elise Sinclair!

...

Having exited the police cordon, Simon had his assistant and men leave him, and he walked ahead with Elise.

"Don't worry about the case. I'll handle it for you. Since you're studying at the university, you should focus on doing so. No one else will come to bother you."

"I'm not worried." Elise was being rather casual with mindlessness. After pausing for a moment, she switched the topic. "Say, Mr. Bull, you summoned the best forensic officer in the force, and even came here yourself. There's more to this suicide than meets the eye, eh?"

"Though it sure met yours." Simon faintly smiled before raising his head, revealing the glower on his face. "Indeed, as you said, something's fishy about this case. In the last six months, there have already been four cases of suicide committed by physicists in this city alone. This one's the fifth."

As expected, it's aimed at physicists. Elise squinted her eyes. This must be related to the group suicides Joseph mentioned.

"Physics is one of the most complex subjects there ever are, and people who excel in this field are as rare as a pearl. A country's scientific development is closely determined by the standards of the nation's physicists. If these talented souls continue to go, physicists are

going to go extinct in this country.” Simon was one who truly cared about the world, and he couldn’t help but let out a sigh of disappointment when he thought of that.

“So you’re suspecting the culprits are from overseas, and are deliberately targeting our scientists?” Elise tacitly quizzed.

“Beats me.” Simon shook his head in confusion. “Similar cases have also happened in other countries, so...”

Elise nodded in acknowledgment of his message. Rather than the techniques themselves, these countries are more interested in people who understand said techniques. There’s no way they are willing to sacrifice these talents even for the sake of causing disputes.

“Okay. You shouldn’t be concerned about such matters. Just focus on your own development, will ya?” Donning a senior’s role, Simon gently patted Elise’s head and expressed his affection for her. “Just make sure you get to live a free life.”

“That’s what I’ve been doing.” Like an agile little hedgehog, she swiftly and noiselessly dodged the man’s hand. She still couldn’t get herself to get used to such intimate interaction. Head touching, for instance.

Seeing her reaction, Simon wasn’t exactly surprised. He then departed after saying his goodbyes.

Elise, too, headed back to her courtyard house. More precisely, it was Alexander’s courtyard house. When she entered the house, Miller and Addison were already inside.

At Elise’s arrival, Alexander went to her at once. “Jackson’s not going to let this off so easily. I’ll handle him.”

“Mm.” Elise nodded and paused for a second before warning Alexander, “Be careful out there.”

Alexander lifted his commissures and gave her an affirming gaze before leaving.

Slightly stunned, Elise stood still to contemplate for a while before entering the house. Straightforwardly, she interrogated Addison, “You went to the physics department this morning?”

"Yup." Addison innocently nodded. "The substitute said that the professor left some homework there. So I went to fetch it, only to find no one in the room. I was even bumped into, literally."

"Who bumped into you?" Elise pursued.

"I didn't see clearly. It was too early I wasn't even fully awake," Addison claimed.

Upon those words, even Claude realized what happened. "Someone just set you up, girl. Do you know that?"

"How?" Addison was absolutely clueless. "What happened back there? Is someone suspecting me for stealing a lost belonging?"

As death was nothing minor, the higher ups in Tissote University, fearing the incident would harm the university's reputation, tried to contain the news as much as possible. Even the witnesses were told to keep things to themselves. And that was also why Addison had no idea what happened within the strict, barricaded area.

"Theft is nothing." Claude waddled carefreely to her and suddenly pulled a perplexing expression, muttering, "Somebody's dead. Murder happened in the research building, and you, right now, are the biggest suspect the cops have eyes on!"

"M-Murder?" Shocked, Addison shot her eyes wide open. "How can this be? I mean, why me?"

"There are witnesses that saw you showing up at the crime scene, and that you left Elise's notebook there. Those are enough to prove that you're the biggest suspect!"

"No, it's not me!" Addison sprung up from her seat, startled, and she agitatedly grabbed Elise. "Elise, I only went to submit my assignments. I know nothing! I don't even know who died!"

"Calm down. It's nothing. Don't worry and relax." Elise softly comforted her. "You have me here, don't you? I'll look into it. Trust me, okay?"

Vaguely grasping the situation, Addison was still holding Elise's arm with her trembling hands.

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Chapter 444 Why the Persistence?

Elise informed Addison, "For now, stop attending class and just stay here. Also, stop wearing that jacket. You may pick something else in my room."

"Okay." Addison naively nodded.

She was only an ordinary girl. For her to have gotten involved in an incident pertaining to death, she had surely grown less bold and were now less likely to go on a high profile. Shortly after, she grabbed Elise and said, "Let's eat, Elise. I've been living in fear for so long. I'm starving!"

After eating, Claude clapped his tummy and collected his belongings, preparing to head out.

All of a sudden, a car was heard pulling up outside the house.

Miller, who was rather on edge, went to the top floor. And after identifying the people in the car, she turned around and shouted, "You don't have to go anymore."

"What?" Drops of sweat surged on Claude's forehead. I finally got the chance to prove myself, and she's suddenly telling us we no longer have to go?

A few minutes later, in Alexander's courtyard, Reuben, the witness who reported his sighting, was tied up and thrown onto the ground. His mouth was sealed off with a tape, and his eyes plainly reflected his dissatisfaction.

Elise knew who he was—the fellow student who stained her name by accusing her of cheating in the Mathematics Olympiad. Although he didn't reveal himself back then, she had heard things about him.

“Clement, can you please take him to the empty room inside?” Elise requested.

Without a word, Clement turned to Alexander for confirmation. After receiving Alexander’s answer, he lifted Reuben up with one arm and carried him into the room, to which Elise tightly followed.

Wanting to clear things up in her mind, Addison went after Elise.

After putting the man on a chair inside the room, Clement tacitly retreated. He was like a robot that wouldn’t show any expression regardless of what he was doing.

Then, Addison shut the door, and Elise tore away the duct tape covering Reuben’s mouth.

“I knew it was you, Elise! Aren’t you too hasty, wanting to kill off any witness?” The initial words out of his mouth were already overstepping.

“I’m guessing you’re not setting Addison up solely because you’re envious of me. Tell me, who gave you the orders?” Elise went straight to the point, having no interest in taking detours.

“Give me orders? Why would a man with such an excellent academic performance and a bright future like me need to receive orders from anyone else? Am I sick of life already?” Reuben revealed a scornful grin. “Besides, do you even have evidence? You don’t. But I... I am the proof itself—the living proof that’s gonna prove that you’re a sick murderer!”

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### Chapter 445 Alexander’s Solution

“You know, you look pretty good yourself, but why do you gotta be so vicious?” Addison angrily added, “Don’t you know that if either Elise or I end up in jail, one of us is gonna live with the infamy forever?!”

"What does that have to do with me?" Reuben apathetically continued, "I'm simply a member of society trying to fulfill my responsibilities, and whatever happens to you in the future is your own fault."

"How dare you!" Addison was left tilted and speechless. As she was about to teach him a lesson, Elise reached out and stopped her.

"So, it seems like you're not going to be upfront either way," Elise expressionlessly uttered.

Reuben indifferently heaved a sigh as he sat up straight, leaning against the back of the chair. "What is this, forced interrogation? No, more like a coercion against an innocent man. Sadly, Elise, you're underestimating me. No matter where I go, you're a murderer, and I'll tell that to anyone I see. Don't even think about changing my mind!"

"Oh, man's got the balls." Elise lifted her eyebrows and spoke in a tone that was neither light nor heavy. Slowly, she raised her arm, revealing the silver needle in her hand. "Let's see how long your balls will last you." Saying that, she probed the needle into his skin around his collar that was not concealed by his clothes.

Instantly, Reuben could feel a sting and electricity surging through his entire body. Gnawing his teeth, he forced himself not to blurt a sound as he subconsciously clenched his fist. No matter how hard he tried to suppress the torment, his agony still showed on his face. Nonetheless, because of that, Elise was reassured that his identity was not as simple as an ordinary physics student like any other.

"Pushing the limits, aren't we?" Elise revealed a cold smirk as she cruelly went on, "Oh, but this is only the beginning. I've coated the needle with some type of powder I manufactured. As time passes by, your pain will only worsen, so I'd advise you to speak up before we get there."

Reuben's body started to shiver from the pain, and he was sweating profusely on his forehead. As his vision was starting to get hazy, he began letting out whimpers. After some time, he slowly raised his head. Mustering every last trace of conscience he had left, he forcibly opened his eyes. With his eyes filled with red, tiny veins, he persistently gazed at Elise, provoking her as he gritted his teeth, "Is that all you've got? Come on, give me all you got! No matter what you do, I won't surrender what I have!"

His expression was so ferocious that even Addison, whose heart was filled with pique, couldn't help but feel shocked. Never had she seen a face as desperate as his from someone her age. It was as if Reuben was a prey that was forced to back into a corner and was putting up a last, struggling fight in its defense.

Elise took a deep breath. After a pause of silence, she took the needle out of his body before turning around to leave. After all, the reason she studied medicine was to help others. Hence, she couldn't bring herself to use it for torture.

"Elise? You're leaving just like that?" Although Elise's methods were certainly barbaric, Addison couldn't help feeling distressed as the truth had yet to reveal itself. She then chased after Elise before stopping just two steps later.

"Hehe..." Reuben feebly snickered. "Look, I haven't even started yelling and she's already feeling guilty about this."

"Shut the f\*ck up!" Addison's vulgarity revealed itself. "Reuben, you're nothing but a disgrace to humanity!"

Reuben used all his strength to get himself up against the back of the chair as he slothfully raised his eyebrows, giving her a look of "whatever you say."

Frustrated, Addison clenched her teeth in anger and eventually left the room.

Seeing the women had come out of the room, Alexander approached them. "How did it go?"

"He wouldn't talk." Elise shook her head and sighed.

"Worst guy ever!" Addison pouted her lips and yelled, "What a sight for sore eyes!"

Elise bitterly grinned. "That's not what you think it means, dear."

"What's wrong? My eyes sore just by looking at him. Nothing else sounds worse than this." Despite her proficiency in mathematics, language and literature were obviously not quite her forte.

Elise slightly frowned but said nothing more.

At that moment, Alexander extended his arm and tenderly patted her shoulder. "Take a break. I'll take care of it." Having said that, he opened the door to the room and went inside.

Reuben, having already regained his senses, was now complacently sitting on the chair. He shot Alexander a scornful gaze. "Here comes another one." After a momentary pause, he goaded, "Give me all you got. As long as I'm still breathing, I'll expose everything that has taken place here once I'm out. Every single thing!"

Alexander looked at him with a condescending leer, seemingly having no intention in participating in his debate. His ebony eyes, under the shadow of his fringes, appeared more grim by each second.

Receiving no response, Reuben lifted his head as a tinge of confusion flashed across his eyes. "What's with the silence? Are we going soft now? I'll have you know that sugarcoating is not gonna work, so it's best that you swallow down whatever you intended to spit."

As if he didn't hear him, Alexander reached out his hand to grab a chair and sat before Reuben. He crossed his legs with his right ankle on top of his left knee before slowly raising his eyes, saying languidly, "Reuben Hunt, the youngest member of the Physics Boundary Organization. Having gained the International Physics Award at the age of thirteen, you entered the organization and swiftly became one of its core members. You then involved yourself in countless 'suicide cases' of physicists within and outside the country, and had always managed to get away scot-free."

Hearing that, Reuben became visibly nervous. "Who are you? How did you find out about Physics Boundary?"

"Not that you need to know." Alexander remained a still face, and there was not a twitch in his still eyes. "All you have to do is tell me why you made Elise one of your targets."

"I've got nothing to say." Reuben was stupefied as his eyes exposed his nervousness.

"Even if you don't tell me, do you think I won't be able to find it out? I'm only giving you a chance to live." Alexander's utterance was tranquil, as if he was casually speaking at home. Anyone outside the situation would assume he was only having a friendly chat. However, the mannerful man was, in fact, a threat to every living being.

"It seems like I'm not leaving here alive if I continue to keep my mouth shut," Reuben mumbled to himself as he lowered his head. "Since that's the case, you can go look for the

answers yourself!" Upon saying so, he lowered his head as much as he could and sneakily bit his own tongue.

In a matter of seconds, when Alexander realized it, he quickly went to grab his hair and lifted his head, only to find that it was already too late. Reuben's eyes were staring ahead blankly; he was no longer breathing. There was even blood flowing on his tongue. Scowling, Alexander pressed his cheeks to force his jaw open as his eyes were filled with annoyance knowing that he could have stopped his suicide. Still, he was one step too late.

Due to his big movements, he accidentally kicked a chair over. And the loud bang attracted the rest into the room. The moment they entered, all they saw was Alexander strangling Reuben, who was dead with his eyes staring ahead blankly.

Claude's nose twitched as he was stunned. "You didn't just kill him because you're trying to get us out of this, did you?"