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Alexander had no intention to prolong the conversation. He then ended the call before making another to Cameron. "Is there no way to amend the documents?"

"Mrs. Griffith must have thought of that beforehand. She's now hoarding the document and even told the company's shareholders that you're passing your share and the company's rights to inheritance on to Matthew. And they're heavily against it." Cameron didn't know Alexander's decision was for the sake of Elise until the phone call between Alexander and his mother earlier. *Giving away his honor and benefits without any hesitation, he loves her that much, huh...*

"Thanks," Alexander replied flatly as he frowned.

Given how Matthew had gone this far unscrupulously, if Alexander refused to compromise with him, Elise would definitely be the first one to take the hit. He didn't manage to protect her, so how could he allow her to be harmed the second time? At

once, he summoned his private jet. About two hours later, the jet landed on the grassy yard of Griffith Residence.

At his arrival, Danny was stunned. *He ordered Cameron to handle the matter, but now he's coming back himself?* "Alexander, what happened to Boss? Why did you hand everything over to Matthew? Is he threatening her?" Danny shot a volley of questions.

Although he was once resentful toward Elise, ever since he was beaten by her fair and square, he wholeheartedly surrendered and started treating her as his real boss. It pained him to see the lengths his mother would go to hurt her, and he didn't want things to escalate to the point where Alexander and their mother turned against each other.

"She's currently in a bad spot. You know Matthew well. Give him a call. If he's willing to change his mind, I might let him off easy." Despite his aggressive words, Alexander's face revealed only agony. *After all he has done, killing him off is only merciful!*

"What about you, then?" Danny chased after his brother.

Without even turning around, Alexander coldly blurted, "Company." Naturally, he had to head to the company after knowing his mother had perturbed their shareholders.

Danny, still following after his brother, inquired, "It's true that Mom's overstepping her boundaries, but we've all known she's always been like that. And she hasn't recovered from her injury, so can you go easy on her?"

Those words, however, battered Alexander's heart. After all, he wasn't someone who would easily make an enemy out of his own mother. "Make the call, Danny." He pursed his lips, attempting to collect his feelings before extending his arm to give his brother a pat on the back. Among the chaos, one thing he was pleased to find was that his little brother was much more mature than how he used to be.

Having reached the company, Alexander was welcomed by the stony glares of the shareholders. With that, the shareholders started reprimanding him. "You know you're not the only owner of Griffith Group, and that Matthew is in no way capable of managing a company. How could you transfer your shares over to him?"

"You know damn well what kind of a person he is. Are you trying to destroy what we had built?"

"You must have spent too much time with that Elise woman! Can't you see she's tearing you and the company apart?"

Seeing how the shareholders were rebuking him, Madeline felt satisfied. More precisely, she had been ecstatic since the moment Alexander showed up, as that suggested the accomplishment of her plans. *Whatever Matthew intends to do to Elise is solely up to him, and I couldn't care less. They could both die in a car crash and I won't even shed a tear!*

At how the shareholders were each pressuring him by standing on the moral high ground, Alexander coldly scoffed. "Why, everyone of you... Do I no longer have the right to pass on the shares that's legitimately under my name?" Those words, spoken to the shareholders, were also targeted at his mother. He frankly continued, "I didn't come here to beg for anything, for I've come only to notify all of you this I have my rights and liberty on how I manage my own affairs.

Anyone who wishes to challenge that can bring it to the court.” Alexander had always been an intimidating figure in Griffith Group, and no one dared to defy him. After all, he was already the president of the company at such an early age, and his achievements had surely astounded many. Moreover, with such an overbearing aura he was emitting, no one was bold

enough to raise their voice.

Nonetheless, his speech left a fatal blow in Madeline’s heart. With how he brought up “going to court” right in front of her, he was obviously provoking her with a lawsuit.

From the start of her rantings to the moment where she stabbed her own chest with a knife, all of those memories flashed across Madeline’s mind, and she couldn’t repel them. Bearing the stinging ache on her chest, she was finally able to see clearly Alexander’s emotions and attitude-how he was willing to neglect her for Elise’s sake.

What’s the point of persisting any more? Let alone filing a lawsuit, he wouldn’t even care if I actually die. Regardless of how arrogant she was, a change of mind was only a matter of epiphany. Upon the realization, she handed the documents to Alexander. Drained, hollow, she couldn’t even speak a word.

Instead of grabbing the documents, Alexander was rather concerned about his mother. “Are you okay? Let me send you to the hospital.” At the end of the day, they were still family, so there was no way Alexander’s feelings wouldn’t falter.

Nevertheless, Madeline shoved his hand away. “Take the documents and go save Elise. I’m fine. Don’t worry about me.” In fact, debating about her condition was no longer relevant.

However, to Alexander, her behavior was totally out of character. Swiftly, he grabbed her arm and pleaded with a raspy voice, “I’m begging you. Stop causing me troubles at such a crucial time, okay?” All he wanted to do now was to rescue Elise from Matthew’s hands as quickly as possible. He was utterly exasperated by all these shenanigans.

Look at what I’ve become in my own son’s eyes! All of a sudden, Madeline laughed at herself. She had always taken things to the extreme, always threatening to kill herself when things didn’t go her way. “Don’t worry. I’m not that eager to die yet. I just need some time alone.” She attempted to push Alexander away, but the latter grasped her even tighter.

Given her atrocious condition, Alexander wouldn't feel any less burdened to leave her alone. "You pushed me into Griffith Group when I was still in my teens. Now that I'm an adult, why can't I choose whom I intend to spend the rest of my life with? You're my dearest mother, and that's an unchanging fact no matter what happens, no matter how you end up.

All I ever wanted is to be happy following my own heart. If you haven't been stopping me, she would've already become mine. Do you know that?" If it weren't for his mother, Elise wouldn't have returned to the Northwest prairie. Sadly, any further quarrel would only be a waste of time as things were already in the past now.

Upon those words, Madeline felt suffocated. She couldn't bring herself to speak a word. *Right. If it weren't for me, they would've been bound to each other.*

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"..." Madeline began, but her words got stuck in her throat. She had thoughts to express, but couldn't find where she should begin with as she was haunted by her terrible, horrendous mistakes. Eventually, she muttered, "Will you still be able to... begin again?"

Without turning back and responding, Alexander grabbed the documents and left. Yet, in his mind was nothing but resolute answers. No matter what happened, Elise would stay Elise-the woman he would never give up on.

Before Alexander got into his private jet, he received a call from Quentin. "Are you Griffiths handling the Matthew situation, or should I do it for you?" Apparently,

Quentin, too, was informed about Matthew's capture of Elise.

"I'll handle it," Alexander coldly replied. Since Matthew was also one of the Griffiths, it was only right for him to settle the family affair.

In the meantime, Matthew boasted before Elise, "Did you know? Alexander decided to transfer the shares under his name to me in exchange for your freedom. Your grandparents are also begging me. I know that they tensely wished for your release, but what are they gonna do if I'm not going to let you go?"

At that moment, Elise couldn't find the words to describe her own feelings. Alexander knew that she was confined under Matthew's grasp. With how deranged Matthew was growing, Alexander must have figured out what his brother did to her. She was aggrieved, incandescent, but unfortunately, she was no match for Matthew. There was nothing she could do for the time being as he was threatening her with her grandparents. "Do you think you own everything after getting what you want, Matthew? You're a wanted man. Do you seriously think you can run from this?" she questioned with an icy gaze.

Her words pierced right through Matthew's heart. The term "wanted man" felt like a smack to his face.

"What do you know? You think I chose this? Do you know what Madeline did? My mother's life was forced out of her because of that witch! Do you know what she's been doing under the radar all these years: If it weren't for my luck, I, Matthew Griffith, would have died in her hands!" Matthew, whose emotions were stirred, was screaming his words as if he was in hysteria while clutching Elise's shoulders and violently shaking them.

If this was in the past, she would have sympathized with him. But that was no longer

the case. "Why do you think others should pay for your agony? Alexander let you off the last time. If you're truly grateful, restarting wouldn't be an issue, you know?" Elise leered at him.

Matthew scoffed at her words. "Restart? As if it's that simple! Tell me, Elise, if you were in my shoes, would you still be able to forgo this grudge of mine?" After all, only two that had undergone the same torment could truly relate to each other.

But at this point, Jonah had already passed away. Alexander was innocent, but so was she, so why was she the one that was dragged into the matter? "Alexander and I already broke up. There's no use taking me hostage. Do you really expect you can lead him by the nose with what you've done?" Elise snickered as she provoked Matthew.

The Alexander she knew was extremely vengeful, especially toward Matthew, who had repeatedly tilted him. Even if Alexander wouldn't lay a hand on him out of family ties, she herself wouldn't forgive him so easily.

Matthew was shocked to see the hatred and determination in her eyes as he was reminded of the first time she revealed her real self. He was the one who saw her first, and their beginning was so pleasant. How did things turn into such a disaster? The thing that disturbed him the most was the fact that everything he set his eyes upon and everything he could have had were all taken away by Alexander. "You wish to kill me? Even under this circumstance, you wish to kill me?" Despite knowing the answer, Matthew persistently shot the question, and felt a tingling soreness in his throat while he was at it.

"Does a scrub like you even deserve to live?" Elise hit him with a piercing gaze. She never confronted him back when Jonah was in trouble, and she even treated him as a friend. Later when Matthew asked her out, she thought he could still redeem himself. However, she now finally understood that a pitiful man's devastation was only brought forth upon him by himself.

Matthew was aware of Elise's grudge for him, and how much she wanted him dead. Yet, he decided to live, to live until the day where both Alexander and Madeline would eventually kneel before him.

At that moment, Heather walked in carrying a bag of lunchboxes. Without speaking a word, she placed the bag down and headed out.

As she was leaving, Elise quickly stopped her. "Wait a minute, Heather. I need your help. Can we go to the bathroom for a sec?"

However, Heather did not stop walking. She had no intention to help Elise, to which

Matthew voiced. "Help her out

Elise was the unobtainable gem to Matthew's life as Matthew was to Heather, and Heather deeply hoped for her to thoroughly disappear from the universe. Nonetheless, she had no choice but to listen to Matthew's order. After entering the bathroom, she grew impatient at Elise's stillness. -Cut the crap, Elise. Just tell me what you want" She hated even imagining them being together-Matthew putting himself down just to please Elise.

"Why are you following after Matthew so pettily? Are you going to raise his kids after he has one: Have you ever stopped and thought about how your parents would feel: Elise countered with a series of questions.

Disconcerted, Heather replied, "F*ck off with your sentiment cards. You just want a way out from me. Forget it, Elise. That's impossible."

Elise stared at her and continued to interrogate, "Then what? Do you think you, the accessory to murder, can escape this once Matthew kills: Think about your parents before you do anything stupid. You're the only daughter they have, aren't you?"

Heather was around Elise's age. If it weren't for Matthew, she would still be living her lavish life with her family in her parents' loving arms. Nonetheless, she was now living a nomadic, unstable life, so not missing home was indubitably a lie. Sadly, to her, giving up on Matthew would be much more excruciating than dying. "Stop talking. You can't change my mind."

At once, Heather turned around and left, but was immediately grabbed by Elise. "If you're not leaving Matthew, are you willing to sacrifice your own life for him? And if you die, how are your parents gonna feel? There's still time to pull out from this, Heather."

"But I can't just stand idly and watch him die right in front of me. It has come to this, Elise. There's no way back. And you should know that." Heather understood Matthew had made peace with death before he decided to do all this. She had spent too much time and effort to keep herself by his side, willingly, and regardless of the insignificance of assistance she could provide.

"You can't change her mind. So I suggest you spend your time on things that matter more. A perfect wedding, for instance."

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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."

"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 tailormade, 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.

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 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."

"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

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?"

"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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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!