

Coolest Girl in Town Chapter 466

Chapter 466 He's Elise's Lackey

Elise kept sending text messages on her cell phone on their way home.

Jealous, Alexander asked, "Who are you texting? You're replying to the messages so quickly."

"A wine lover who loves drinking more than everything else. He certainly won't let this bottle of Romanée-Conti slip through his fingers," Elise replied. As she spoke, she took a selfie with the bottle of Romanée-Conti in her arms. Then, she opened the chat window on WhatsApp and sent the picture.

When Alexander caught sight of the scene from the corner of his eye, he couldn't help stepping on the gas even harder. So far, Elise has never done anything intimate to me like sending me selfies. Who's the one she's texting, and why do they deserve such treatment? Could it be her grandparents? No, their state of health wouldn't allow them to drink too much alcohol. Nor could it be the Andersons, who are now in a state of utter confusion. It couldn't be Elise's classmates, either. They're all ladies, so whether they drink alcohol or not is questionable, and besides, they can't tell good wine from bad, he thought. As he was too absorbed in thought, he unconsciously blurted out what he was thinking. "Who could it be..."

Then, in a moment of inattention, he accidentally rear-ended the car in front of him.

Tacitly, both drivers pulled over to the side of the road to avoid blocking traffic on the road.

"Are you alright?" Alexander hurriedly checked on Elise's condition. After making certain that she was unscathed, he unbuckled his seat belt and got out of the car. Then, he walked around his car to the rear end of the other car. However, when he saw the female driver who was checking on the damage done to her car, his bushy eyebrows furrowed. "Maya?"

Maya looked up at him with mixed emotions flickering across her eyes. “It’s you? Well, never mind.” She kicked the car’s rear bumper. “Just go ahead with your business. You don’t have to take responsibility for this.” Having been reduced to a nobody at present, she could no longer be of any help to Alexander, nor was she good enough for him. On top of that, she didn’t want him to see her at the lowest point in her life.

After the Dahlen Family went bankrupt, all the family’s property, movable or immovable, was sold off by the bank, leaving Maya with nothing else but the SUV. Devastated by the blow, Maxwell went into a coma and was lying in the hospital. In order to pay his medical expenses, Maya sold everything she could. Having parted with her luxury cosmetics, designer clothing, and luxury handbags, she now wore a shirt and a pair of jeans—the simplest and most convenient sort of clothing. As a result, she no longer looked like the daughter of a rich family.

Alexander honestly didn’t recognize Maya at first glance.

Just then, Elise got out of the car and walked up to them. “How is it?”

“It’s fine. I’ll take care of it.” Seeing Maya turn her head away, Alexander considerably stopped Elise from continuing to come toward them. Then, he took out a bank card and handed it to Maya. “Here. The money in it should be enough for you to get the car fixed or swap it for a newer car that’s more comfortable. Your car’s gonna be scrapped soon, I think.”

“No, I don’t want it. Take back your money,” Maya said stubbornly, before biting her lower lip at once. Only by doing so could she prevent herself from bursting into tears.

It wasn’t that Maya didn’t know how worn-out the car—which had been kept in the underground garage for more than ten years—looked, but she had no other option. Everything that belonged to the Dahlens had been taken away, except for this car, which she and her family could keep on using because it was registered under her deceased grandfather’s name. She couldn’t be left without the car. She had to go back and forth between her recently rented home—where she had to move all the usable stuff to—and the hospital, where she had to look after her unconscious father.

If it weren’t for the man named Nathan York, she would still be a little princess living the life of luxury, and her father, who loved her more than anyone else did, wouldn’t have fallen into a coma. Even now, she still had a hard time accepting reality, not to mention facing Alexander.

On the other hand, Elise recognized Maya's voice at once upon hearing the latter's words. "Maya?"

"No, I'm not Maya." Maya sniffled. "You've mistaken me for someone else." Then, after casting a sidelong glance at Elise, she resolutely took the bank card in Alexander's hand. "I'll keep the money, so let's drop the matter. I won't be bothering you two anymore. Alright, you may leave now." The Dahlens had gone bankrupt, causing her to be reduced from being the daughter of a wealthy family to her current state. Consequently, she only wished that everyone who knew her in person would never show up in her life again.

Just then, a luxury car pulled up behind Elise. Getting out of the car, Nathan strode up to the couple with his long legs, asking, "Are you guys alright?"

It's him! At a glance, Maya recognized Nathan, whom Maxwell had kept talking about on the phone before falling into a coma, and whose name the relatives who came to settle scores with her family had mentioned again and again. It was all because of Nathan that the Dahlens fell from heaven to hell overnight, turning me from a rich lady who lived a life of luxury into the down-and-out woman I currently am! It was him who caused suffering to both the Dahlens and my father, who loves me more than anyone else does! The Dahlen Family's ruined, yet this guy's still alive and well like he's got nothing to do with it. This is simply unfair! Why?! The Dahlens had never offended this guy, so what gave him the right to snatch everything from us as he pleases?!

"Ellie, I'm gonna call you Ellie from now on," Nathan said while looking at Elise. "It's okay that you took the wine away, but could you pay attention to your identity and protect yourself, hmm?" Then, he turned to look at Alexander and called him to account, saying, "I seriously wonder if you're really fit to be her boyfriend."

Elise shot a disdainful look at him. "That's none of your business. Why don't you mind your own business instead?"

"How could you call this 'none of my business'?" Nathan replied. Then, he continued as if it were a matter of course, "You gave me everything, so your safety is my utmost priority, of course!"

Elise shuddered at Nathan's words. What he said sounds so embarrassing in every way, she thought.

Meanwhile, Maya stared at the three, her eyes widening in anger as her fingernails almost dug into her flesh. Turns out he's Elise's lackey, huh? So it was Elise who gave the orders. She was the culprit behind everything; it was her, this b*tch, who drove me into such a predicament!

Just then, Nathan urged, "Have you dealt with the matter here? There's still something I haven't told you; you guys left too early just now."

Alexander knew that Maya probably didn't wish them to stay here for too long. "Alright then, let's go," he replied. As he spoke, he turned around and left with his arm around Elise's waist.

"Well, now that you've met with me, how about you go back to Mesdra with—"

Before Nathan could finish his sentence, he and the couple suddenly heard the sound of someone collapsing to the ground. When they looked back simultaneously, they saw Maya lying unconscious on the ground.

Maya was the daughter of Madeline's best friend, after all, so Alexander couldn't bear to look on without doing anything. Walking over to Maya, he helped her up and leaned her against the car, supporting her with one hand while taking out his cell phone and calling the ambulance with the other.

Elise didn't want to waste too much time, either. With a flip of her hand, she produced a silver needle. Crouching down beside them, she inserted the silver needle into a spot that was several inches below Maya's temple.

After Elise took out the silver needle, Maya opened her eyes. "Were you the ones who saved me?" she asked confusedly.

"No, it was Elise," Alexander replied.

Maya turned to look at Elise with a frown. Looking both delicate and pitiful, she asked, "Don't you blame me for having come between you and Alexander?"

"Who said that?" Elise stood up and took out a piece of tissue to wipe the silver needle clean before putting the needle away. "I just didn't want to stay here and wait for the ambulance. And besides, what you said about your having come between Alexander and me is just your imagination. There was never a third party in our relationship."

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Chapter 467 Let Her Kneel if She Wants To!

A flicker of resentment flashed across Maya's eyes for an instant, but it quickly vanished as she looked up at Elise sincerely. "You're right. I could never have come between you two since the very beginning. Everything that happened in the past is all my fault. I wonder if you can let me stay around you two from now on, even as a servant. Please think of this as giving me an opportunity to make amends for what I've done."

However, Nathan unmasked her mercilessly at once. "What a funny woman you are! Weren't you having your eyes on Elise's boyfriend earlier? What, are you switching to the softer approach now? Wanna steal Alexander from Elise by staying close to them? You sure have no problem humbling yourself, huh?"

"No, I won't do that anymore!" Maya explained in a panic. "I promise that I'll obey no one else but Miss Sinclair. If you guys are still worried, from now on, whenever I see Alexander, I'll automatically keep a three-meter distance from him. Are you guys still not gonna believe me if I do this?"

Alexander shook his head, sighing. "You don't have to do this."

Maya dared not look at him; she merely stared stubbornly at Elise, waiting for her reply.

Finally, after a long time, Elise replied slowly, "That's not necessary. I have enough servants at home, and besides, I don't have the habit of abusing others and ordering people around. You've paid for everything you did to me when the Dahlens went bankrupt, so we no longer owe each other anything. From now on, let's go our separate ways. Don't show up in front of me anymore." With that, she turned around and got into Alexander's car without the slightest hesitation.

Nathan and Alexander both darted a glance at Maya before getting into their respective cars. Soon, both cars disappeared into the flow of traffic.

As Maya sat slumped on the ground, her face slowly contorted with hatred. Her hands clenched tightly into fists, and she ground her teeth audibly. Who does Elise think she is by acting all high and mighty? What else does she have left without her man? Does she think she can just walk away after ruining me? It's not that easy! Since I can no longer find happiness, I'll never let her live a peaceful life! At the thought of this, she immediately got up and into her worn-out SUV. Then, she quickly started up her car, heading for the Sinclair Residence.

Meanwhile, Elise and the others arrived home just in time for dinner. Everyone in the family sat around the dining table, but their mood was a bit down with the absence of Jeanie, Trevor, and Claude. The only person who enjoyed dinner with great relish was Nathan, who lived alone and thus seldom had the opportunity to eat home-cooked meals. Even though he often had dinner with his clients, those dinners were all formal with food that was bland and tasteless. On the contrary, both the food served at the Sinclair Residence and the atmosphere here made him feel somewhat at home.

Moses listlessly reminded Nathan, saying, "Watch your table manners a little, Mr. York. You're a financial tycoon with at least billions of funds in your hands, after all." I haven't bickered with Claude today. How boring, he thought.

Nathan's expression froze for a moment before he smiled with embarrassment. "He he... I'll try my best, okay?"

"Don't listen to him, President York! Feel free to eat as much as you please, and come here often," Danny said. He had heard many legends about Nathan, who was great enough to be idolized by every hot-blooded youth because he had single-handedly striven to become who he was today. It felt like a dream to Danny that he was now having dinner with the legendary man.

Just then, a loud clang came from the gate. When everyone turned to look at the gate, they saw a thin and weak figure dragging a bag of stuff into the yard with great difficulty under the dim light. However, it wasn't until she came nearer that they got a good look at her face.

"Isn't she that daughter of the Dahlen Family?" Nathan frowned. "Didn't she have enough after extorting money from Alexander back on the road? How dare she pursue us all the way here? Seems like I haven't done enough damage to her family yet," he said while putting down his cutlery. Then, he walked out first, threatening, "Wanna latch onto us, huh? Don't you know that an unmarried woman like you should keep your distance from men? Get lost at once along with your stuff, or I don't mind letting you experience total despair!"

Maya glared at him bitterly. "Well then, just go ahead and let me go bankrupt once again! I'm afraid of nothing. I've lost everything now, anyway!"

Indeed, a person who had nothing in the world was the hardest to deal with. They had nothing to lose, so they had nothing to be afraid of.

However, Nathan was no simpleton. Having fought his way up from the bottom rung of society, he had seen all kinds of people and used all kinds of tricks. The instant Maya growled at him, he immediately gave off a commanding aura through every pore with a murderous look in his shrewd eyes. "Well, seems like you aren't even afraid of death."

Maya swallowed a mouthful of saliva almost imperceptibly. She was afraid of dying, of course, but she couldn't yield to Nathan. She had to stay here to pay them back a hundredfold for the suffering they had inflicted on her. "Wanna kill me, huh? Well, you can do that, but get in the line!" She went past Nathan right away. Walking a few steps into the yard, she shouted, "Elise, I know I can't hide it from you. It's right that I have a purpose in cottoning up to you, but it's not for Alexander's sake—it's for the sake of my dad. He's been in a vegetative state since the Dahlens went bankrupt, but I know you have a way of curing him. As long as you're willing to do so, I'm willing to do anything. Even if you're not, I'll stay at the Sinclair Residence as a servant until the day you're finally willing to treat my dad!"

Elise calmly picked up a piece of vegetable, put it in her bowl, and toyed with it for a moment. Then, she laughed as if she had heard a joke, saying, "Sounds like you're not gonna leave if I refuse to treat your dad, huh?"

"That's right," Maya replied with determination. "My dad has doted on me his entire life, so there's no way I'm gonna leave him in the lurch. Elise, just take this as my plea to you. I can even kneel down if you want me to." Almost as soon as she finished saying that, she knelt down on the ground with a thud. "I can kneel to you. As long as you're content and appeased, I'm willing to do anything!"

Elise narrowed her eyes. She was unfazed by such moral coercion, but Maya was someone Alexander knew in person, after all. Therefore, she quietly observed his response.

Alexander seemed to be in a world totally different from theirs, though; he was peeling the shrimps before him with rapt attention. After peeling a bowlful of shrimps, he wiped his hands clean with a napkin and put the bowl of peeled shrimps in front of Elise, smiling faintly. "I tasted one of them, and it's pretty sweet. You can eat more of these since shrimps won't make you fat."

Elise understood what the man was implying with his gesture—he implied that he would let her make decisions herself, and that he wouldn't interfere with her decisions. Quirking up the corner of her mouth, she picked up a shrimp and put it into her mouth. After chewing it for a while, she swallowed it, crinkled her eyes, and smiled at Alexander. "It's sweet indeed."

Alexander smiled with satisfaction without saying a word in response. Lowering his head, he picked up his cutlery and continued eating slowly.

Only then did Elise turn to look at the yard behind her. "Since she wants to kneel, let her kneel as she pleases. Don't spoil the fun for her, Natty. Come back and eat." Her voice was neither soft nor loud, but what it said was resounding.

With that, the murderous aura around Nathan disappeared at once, and he quickly returned to his seat and picked up his cutlery. Then, lowering his head quietly, he asked in a whisper, "Can you address me by a different nickname next time? I'm a financial tycoon, after all. Save me some dignity, will you?" No matter how I think about it, Natty sounds like a name for an odd jobs man or a servant for a rich family!

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Chapter 468 You Still Wanna Do So Despite Knowing That?

"Oh," Elise murmured calmly.

"'Oh'?! What does that even mean?" Nathan put on a sullen face; he couldn't help thinking that Elise was up to some mischief. As such, he took the initiative, suggesting, "How about this? Since we're the best of friends, let's address each other by our nicknames rather than our given name. From now on, you'll call me Nate, and I'll call you Ellie. What do you think?"

However, his suggestion was met with no response.

The look of anticipation on Nathan's face froze as he truly experienced what it felt like to make a fool of himself.

In the end, it was Robin who saved him from the embarrassment. "Let's eat first, Mr. York."

"Alright!" At the mention of eating, Nathan's spirits rose again.

However, everyone at the dining table except Nathan had something weighing on their minds. They ate much more silently than usual, ending today's dinner in silence.

After dinner, Maria came in to clear the table.

Maya's legs happened to have gotten numb from kneeling. As soon as she rose unsteadily to her feet, she dashed into the living room and snatched the tray in Maria's hand, speedily filling it with the dishes and cutlery on the dining table.

Maria stood beside her at a complete loss for what to do with some spoons and forks in her hand. Not knowing whether to put them down or not, she turned to look at the Sinclairs for help.

Elise said, "It's okay, Maria. Just let her do it. Take it as you've got a helper, and get some rest."

Astounded by the unexpected honor, Maria replied, "I don't need any helpers! I'm but a maid."

"No, you do need one. Don't be reserved with her. She likes doing these," Elise said nonchalantly.

Upon hearing Elise's words, Maria turned to glance at Maya. There's no way she could serve anyone as a maid with her skinny arms and legs, she thought. However, since Elise had said so, she didn't say anything else and nodded in silence.

Maya plonked the dishes on the tray with a loud clatter as if she was piqued.

Maria's heart ached at the sight of the scene. Luckily, it didn't take long before the table was cleared; only then did Maria feel relieved.

Maya held up the tray while asking with difficulty, "Where am I supposed to wash these?!"

"This way!" Maria hurriedly showed her the way. With that, the two women disappeared from everyone's sight one after the other.

A practiced conspiracy theorist, Nathan had seen too many examples of people who submitted to their enemies and endured humiliation until they successfully made them lose all standing and reputation. Therefore, he couldn't help but ask, "Are you gonna let her stay around? You don't need me to tell you the examples of people who endured humiliation in order to bring their enemies down, do you?"

"I've got plans of my own," Elise replied impassively.

Seeing that she didn't intend to say another word, Nathan didn't continue the subject.

Just then, Alexander handed his cell phone to Elise. "Take a look at this."

"A land auction in Landred City?" Elise turned to look at him. "You wanna be a property developer or something?"

"No, it's you who's gonna be a property developer." Alexander switched to a more comfortable posture while wrapping his arm around her shoulder. "Land No. 6 is the land Faye has her eye on. It's also the land Trevor tried to acquire."

Upon hearing this, Elise couldn't help turning to read the details of the auction on the cell phone, memorizing the information one by one while scrolling the phone's screen with her fingertip.

Just then, Alexander continued, "I've prepared the money and the plane tickets. We'll set out tomorrow and help your brother get the land."

Elise was lost in thought all of a sudden as she stared at the phone's screen. To think that he would be so meticulously attentive to me! He didn't even overlook my family's honor and needs, she thought.

Seeing that she hadn't responded for a long time, Alexander put out his hand and placed it on her soft, fine hair. "What's wrong? Don't feel like confronting Faye head-on yet?" he asked, before pausing for a moment. With a thoughtful look on his face, he continued with a nod, "Well, that's understandable. Your dad's gonna be present at the auction then. Sorry for not considering that. Let me go to the auction on your behalf, then. Your dad isn't very satisfied with me, anyway, so it doesn't make any difference if I'm meaner."

The furrows in Elise's brow deepened. How could he be so kind to me...

"You're weird," Nathan teased. "Other men would only be too eager to please their father-in-laws, yet you go out and go against Austin in public. I'm afraid he'll never agree to marry his daughter to you!" As he spoke, he came up with an idea in his mind. Now that I've finally learned that Elise is A, how can I let her run away from under my very nose? I'd better offer to represent them at the auction so that I'd have an excuse to go to Landred City with them, he thought.

However, just as he was about to speak, Elise spoke first. "It's not necessary, Alexander. I have nothing to worry about. I'm going in person. I said before that I'll make him pay for his foolishness."

At the sight of the scene, Robin heaved a heavy sigh and got up with the aid of his stick. He commanded in a stern voice, "Come with me, Alexander!"

Noticing that something was wrong with Robin's voice, Elise gave Alexander an innocent look and asked him in a whisper, "Did you make Grandpa angry?"

"No, I didn't." Alexander shook his head and gave her a reassuring pat on the shoulder. "I'll go take a look."

Alexander and Robin went all the way to the innermost part of the backyard before stopping.

Robin turned around with a grave face. After making sure that Elise didn't follow them, he said with a sigh, "Did you ever have Elise's interests in mind when you did this today? She's Austin's biological daughter. Even though she hasn't been formally acknowledged as his daughter, her relationship with him is no longer a secret in Tissote's upper-class circles. And now, you're taking her on a long journey to snatch what her father has his eye on. What do you think the outsiders are gonna think of her? Do you want Elise to become an unfilial daughter in their eyes?!"

Alexander pressed his lips together without answering.

Robin then continued, "We've already been secretly worrying about Elise behind her back, knowing full well how dangerous the Anderson Family is. Trevor's such a fine young lad, but he ended up lying in his sickbed again in a single night. And what have you done? Not only do you not keep Elise away from those infighting, but you even put her out in the spotlight, fooling around and stirring up trouble with her! Do you really want to get Elise killed?!" The

more he spoke, the more agitated he became, and he struck the ground heavily with his stick again and again, as if striking Alexander's heart.

After a long time, Alexander looked Robin in the eye and said in all earnestness, "I know that Elise's always been surrounded by malice. She's had a hard life, and she isn't really happy."

Robin's face turned livid. His eyes shone with flames of anger, and his wrinkled face had the authority of an elder written on it. "And you still wanna do so despite knowing that?"

"Yes," Alexander admitted readily in a dignified voice. "I know she's unhappy, and that's exactly why I'm gonna accompany her while she does what she wants. What you're considering is her reputation as an unmarried young lady, but I just want her to live the rest of her life as she pleases. I want her to smile more."

Robin's expression slowly eased at his words, but he still looked conflicted as he thought of something. "Of course, I know that one would be happiest when they live their lives as they please. But humans are social animals, so we have to think about the consequences before doing anything. If you two are gonna invite endless trouble upon yourselves just for momentary happiness, then I'd rather Elise live a duller life."

"No, that's not gonna happen!" Alexander raised his voice all of a sudden. "I'll back her up. She may do whatever she wants, and I'll take care of all the trouble. I can keep her safe, Mr. Robin!" What I want isn't an Elise who does everything by the book, keeps thinking back and forth to herself, and is full of misgivings, but an Elise who's as laid-back, free, ingenuous, and unaffected as a kid, he thought.

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Chapter 469 Forgotten Family

Robin stared at him for a long time, yet he couldn't bring himself to say a word. Given they were both men, he knew very well it was not an empty promise but a genuine one when Alexander swore to protect Elise's smile.

In that very instant, Robin couldn't feel any older. Or rather, he had been old for a very long time, so old that he had grown so much more timid than a rat, fearing anything that came his way. All this time, he had been praying for stability that he had shut out everything that was remote from his vision. Perhaps Alexander was right. Temporary stability couldn't be exchanged for eternal security. No one could tell what the future might hold, so instead of living in fear, maybe it was time to live more carefreely and enjoy every moment. Even though they were senile, they shouldn't let Elise live as they did—monotonously and aimlessly. Right now, the only person that was standing in Elise's shoes was Alexander, who was right before him.

The concern on Robin's face gradually waned as he nodded, for he had found someone that could love Elise more than they did. "Very well. Remember what you said today, Alexander. If you fail to protect her even for one second, Laura and I are going to abhor you until our very last breath!"

"Don't worry, Mr. Robin." Alexander seemed more determined than ever. "I will spend forever keeping the smile on her face!"

Robin subtly nodded, and suddenly recalled the incident with Matthew. He warned, "As for your brother, it's best that you handle him as soon as possible. There may be a day when he comes back to ruin you and Elise's life."

"I've got a lead on him. I never spent a second slacking," Alexander earnestly claimed.

As such, Robin, seeing there was nothing else to nitpick, nodded. "As long as you know what to do. Now, I officially hand Elise over to you. Please cherish her."

"Thank you, Mr. Robin! I won't disappoint you!" Alexander was utterly moved as he revealed his delight.

"My disappointment means nothing. Elise, however..." Robin jokingly teased.

"Hehe..." Alexander chuckled in his baritone voice. "I won't let her down either!"

Robin stopped teasing him. "Now, go back to her, or she's gonna think I'm bullying you. This girl, she's not even married yet, but she has already forgotten about her family!"

Alexander went to help him walk. "Are you kidding, Mr. Robin? I'm now one of you too! Whether she thinks of me or you, her heart will still be with the Sinclairs. There's not a difference, is there?"

"Keep sweet talkin'!" Despite saying that angrily, Robin was obviously on cloud nine.

Seeing them depart with gloomy faces and return smiling, Elise got curious. "Smiley faces, what's the good news?"

Robin wordlessly beamed as Alexander answered, "Mr. Robin said you're forgetting about him."

"What!" Elise went up and held Robin's arm, leaning her head against him. "I'll always think about you, Grandpa!"

"Hahaha! Really? Does that mean you will be my granddaughter forever and not get married to another man?" Robin mischievously poked fun at her.

"No way!" Elise speedily raised her head. With a serious expression, she replied, "I still gotta get married! But I'll always think of you too!"

Robin lifted his hand and booped her nose. "What a sly, greedy girl!"

Unwilling to give in, Elise pinched her nose and pulled a clown face at him.

Since she was heading to Landred City the next day, she later gave Laura an acupuncture. And by the time she was done, it was already midnight. With that, she walked out of the room and sneaked into Alexander's yard.

Catching her red-handed, Robin shook his head and sighed. "Heartless little girl..."

Being made fun of, Elise immediately let out a sneeze. "Achoo!"

Hearing that, Alexander came out of his room and took off his coat before covering her with it. "And we have ourselves a doctor who has no concept of keeping herself warm during cold days."

Elise childishly giggled. "Heh, doesn't that doctor have you?"

"And what if she doesn't?" Alexander rebuked.

"Then nobody would know she's a doctor!" She boldly jested, only to call upon Alexander's scowl, to which she hastily gratified him. "Okay, okay. I'm just kidding. I'll learn to take care of myself. Satisfied, Mr. Griffith?"

"Whatever." After he said that, his frown quickly turned into a smile. "Why are you here this late? Did Mr. Robin actually get it right—someone's dying to get married to me?"

"Hell no!" Elise pompously turned away. "I came for Captain Gleeman!"

"Jackson?" Alexander questioned, "What for?"

"It's between me and him. Don't be nosy!" Having said that, she went to open the door to Jackson's room and entered.

Meanwhile, Clement, who just took off his shirt and was getting ready to sleep, was startled at Elise's barging in. Ferociously, he tugged the bed sheet and wrapped his entire body as he curled up in the corner. However, having protected his own bare skin, he exposed Jackson's skin to Elise.

Although Jackson's only exposed part was his torso, it was enough to fluster him as a woman's touch was rare to him. He kept on eyeing at Clement, desperately calling for his rescue, to which the latter simply glanced at the woman before silently clutching his sheets tighter.

Jackson was frustrated yet had no way to express it. Damn it, Smith!

Suddenly, Alexander walked in and gently knocked Elise's head.

"Ouch!" Elise pretended as if she was in agonizing pain. "Why'd you do that?"

"Know your boundaries!" Alexander viciously glanced at her. Entering the room, he passed to Clement a coat, and covered Jackson with another one. "Okay. You may come in now."

Rubbing the struck spot on her head, Elise walked to the bed.

Since Jackson had his back facing her, Elise craned her neck and looked him in the eye. "Let's work together, Captain Gleeman. What do you say? Claude, or Max, is kidnapped. I

suspect he's still in Athesea, and I'm gonna need your help for a city-wide search, in exchange for your freedom. Contrary to your belief, I did not kill Reuben, but I'd like for you to keep this between us for now. So, if you're game, blink your eyes; if you're not, I'll slit your throat." As she uttered her last words, she brushed the side of her finger against her neck.

Jackson peered at her in stupefaction. Wow, it almost sounds like I have a choice!

Nevertheless, quickly, Elise revealed a grin. "Just kidding. If you don't, you'll have to continue staying here. There's already too much on my plate, and an entire precinct of cops tailing me wouldn't exactly help. I'm sure you understand." Having said that, she gazed at Jackson, awaiting his answer.

Jackson, on the other hand, took his time to contemplate. For starters, he would have to leave the courtyard house to enable himself to make further decisions. With that in mind, he rapidly flickered his eyes.

At once, Elise pulled out a silver needle and punctured him with it.

A few minutes later, Jackson regained control of his body. He rolled out of bed and even started shadow-boxing.

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Chapter 470 Figure It Out

"Don't forget our agreement, Captain Gleeman," Elise reminded.

"I'm a man of my word." Jackson was as cold as ever. "But your friend got me fired. I'd love to help you, but I simply can't."

"Right, Simon Bull! How could I forget about him!" After a sudden realization, Elise muttered to herself, "I should have gone to Mr. Bull right away, and I didn't have to let you go..."

Hearing that, Jackson was dumbfounded. "You know, Miss Sinclair, I'm still here. Maybe you could've omitted some words from your mouth."

"Nah, it's fine. We're literally best friends. It doesn't matter whether you heard them or not." After giving him a pat on the shoulder, Elise exited the room.

"Wait, what do you mean?" Jackson stopped her.

"Nothing." She explained, "I'll have the mayor look for Claude."

"What about me?" The man was somehow disaffected.

"Do whatever you want. Who cares." Elise waved her hand as she walked out.

"I now know Max's identity. Are you not afraid that I might arrest him?" Jackson warned.

"Be sure to tell me when you do. I don't mind seeing for myself how the self-proclaimed justice enforcer Captain Gleeman would look like when he abuses his position to handle private affairs." Elise halted her steps, though she didn't turn back.

"What are you trying to say?" Jackson squinted his eyes as he grew more hostile.

"What I'm trying to say is, no matter how shady Claude is, he's still a doctor at the end of the day. How grave of a crime could he possibly commit? The only reason you'd arrest him pertains to him treating whomever. He's a trained doctor. That's why you wouldn't kill him or hurt him as you couldn't afford any damage to him. Otherwise, the person you wanted to rescue would have no choice but to die." Finished, Elise resolutely left.

As Jackson was left standing rooted to the spot, speechless, his eyes grew gloomier. After a while, he regained his senses and slowly turned to Alexander. "Max is Claude, who happens to be so close with Elise, whom Moses always treats with utmost respect. Besides, her needling skills are crazy deadly, and no one could dodge her attacks. Seriously, who's your fiancé?"

"You figure it out." Alexander patted him before returning to his own room.

Then, Jackson turned to Clement, who was still hiding in the sheets. Shortly after, he suddenly blurted, "They're already gone! Why are you so shy? It's not like I've never seen it."

Clement, who was about to drag the sheets away, heard that and immediately hid in his sheets before throwing himself onto bed.

After an entire day of slumber, Jackson couldn't feel any drowsiness within him. With that, he went out and shut the door. Having been confined for so many days, he wished to see how the outside world had become.

Back to her room, Elise dialed Simon's personal number.

Swiftly, Simon answered the call. "Elise?"

"How did you know?" Elise was surprised.

"Only a few know this number. Besides, everyone I know are old people who sleep early. Who else, except you, would call at such a time?" he explained.

"I see." And so, Elise cut to the chase. "One of my friends got kidnapped in the black market, and I need your power to run a city-wide search. Are you able to do that?"

Walking down a politician's path would mean being constantly observed. One wrong step could easily be used by others as a leverage, leading the man to his irremediable demise, and all the hard work he had put into his work would go in vain.

Thus, if she weren't driven into a corner, Elise wouldn't have come to trouble Simon. However, since Claude was involved, she urgently had to request for his help.

An anonymous enemy was the most formidable. Elise was worried that Claude might be kidnapped by someone from SK Group. Since they were malicious enough to drug Joseph, they would certainly be capable of doing something more brutal to Claude. Therefore, she couldn't afford to waste even one minute.

"Send me your friend's photo and any other details about him. I'll send men to find him right away." Simon instantly agreed to her request without hesitation.

Although she didn't intend to bother him, realizing night was the best time for suspicious activities, she quickly acknowledged it. "Okay. I'll send them over at once." Elise was about to hang up after saying that.

"H-Hold on. Don't hang up yet." Simon called for her. "You didn't cause any trouble in the black market, did you?"

"No. The black market's supervisor is a friend. No one would dare to disturb me," she confessed. "So it's not people from the black market."

"No, not that. I was talking about your safety." He grudgingly vented, "I know what the black market is like. It's where all the filth and terror resides. Is the university's security that lenient? Don't they care when students just wander however they wish at night?"

"Ah, time to keep up, Mr. Bull." Elise helplessly shook her head. "It's all about empowerment now. Only when unbound can one truly and freely experience the world! The age of locking ourselves in our rooms obediently like a goody two-shoes is long gone."

"You and your metaphors! Liberty is only good at a suitable amount. Too much of it will only lead to chaos. Without order, society is prone to corruption. And that makes me worried that someone might be taking advantage of you and your fast learner's gift!" Simon patiently advised.

"Man, you nag more than my grandpa! Maybe I should rat on you to your woman and see if you like the sound of bees buzzing in your ears!" Elise angrily suggested.

"My woman's not as good at words as you," Simon replied.

"Okay, fine, husband of the century. Yawn... Boy, am I exhausted. Talk to you later. Bye!" Faking a yawn, Elise immediately hung up. Throwing the phone aside, she grabbed her laptop and hacked into Anderson Pharmaceuticals' insider site and obtained Faye's schedule for the following week. Studying the schedule on her computer, Elise crossed her arms as she slowly lay against the back of her chair. "Oh, Faye, get ready to feel what it's like to be haunted by guilt! I'll take everything from you in Trevor's stead!"

She took a deep breath, and as she was about to turn off her computer, she received a voice call. It was a number from the loophole she created back when she contacted Xavier. Accordingly, she turned on her voice changer application before answering the call.

“Joseph, you there?” Xavier spoke in a suppressed voice, obviously trying to conceal his position.

“It’s Eliza,” Elise replied in a masculine, deep timbre.

“Give me your coordinates. Need a rendezvous.” Xavier warily observed his surroundings. Given his injury, all he could do if he were to get caught now was to acquiesce with his capturer.

After contemplating, Elise glimpsed at Faye’s schedule before giving Xavier a location in Landred City.

With that, Xavier ended the call.

Elise could vaguely figure out what Xavier had gone through to end up holding onto his last sliver of hope and making that phone call.

Though, fortunately, she didn’t miss it.