

Coollest Girl in Town Chapter 103

Chapter 103, Coollest Girl in Town

At the same time, Alexander was backstage at the same race. He was cheering on one of the contestants that day. "You've been training for two years now; it's about time you evaluate yourself with this race. Good luck! I'm looking forward to your performance." The other man gave him a firm nod.

"Don't worry, Young Master Alex. I will do my best!" The person was none other than Wilson DeMarco, the only representative of Cittadel that day! Alexander had spent large amounts of money to develop Wilson as a racer. "Wilson DeMarco from the fourth group, please get ready!"

Wilson stood up once he heard his name being announced. After bidding goodbye to Alexander, he prepared to step onto the tracks. Alexander didn't stay after that—he headed to his seats in Zone A after checking his tickets. However, the moment he sat down, he saw a familiar figure sitting just three rows in front of him. *Joy?*

That's odd. I didn't expect to bump into her here. He smirked without thinking much about the encounter. Instead, he put all of his focus on the race. "Let's go, Number 6! You're the only representative of Cittadel!" Jamie cried at the top of his lungs. His words caught Alexander's attention, and Alexander was shocked when he saw Jamie.

What a small world! But why would Jamie and Joy be together? It doesn't really make sense for them to interact with one another—one lives in France while the other lives in Athesea. Judging by the way they are interacting now, it seems like they're pretty close. It doesn't look like they just met each other here.

Alexander shifted his gaze away. *Am I overthinking this? Something feels weird!* Elise beamed when she saw Wilson. "This participant seems pretty good. I think he might be a favorite to win." Jamie didn't agree at all. "Wilson's a new face in this scene, Boss. Furthermore, he's not from one of the nearby countries.

"I think it's unlikely for him to be a favorite." Most of the locals here held prejudices toward people from faraway countries like Cittadel. In fact, that was one of the reasons Elise nearly lost her title as the champion back then. "We'll find out soon." Elise understood the rules of the race, but she genuinely thought that Wilson seemed like a promising racer. Her predictions were right—Wilson won first place within his group of racers.

"I think he has great potential," Elise uttered in a serious tone. Jamie sighed once more. "Boss, although you're my boss, let's agree to disagree this time. I still think Z from Germany has better skills. I have more faith in him." Elise chuckled in response. "Why don't we bet on this, Jamie?" A bad feeling emerged in Jamie's chest immediately as he had never once won a bet against Elise. "What are we betting on, Boss?"

“Since we’re here at the race, let’s bet on the person we think will be the champion.” Elise laughed. “Please spare me, Boss! I’ve known you for so long, yet I’ve never won a single bet against you. You’re going to take my entire fortune if we continue betting! Please show me some kindness and spare me for once,” Jamie pleaded. His playful words made Elise burst out laughing.

“Okay! Fine! You look so pitiful when you talk that way. Let’s just place a small bet this time. Let’s bet on a fancy meal.” Jamie was relieved to hear that they would only be betting on a meal and nothing more. “A fancy meal it is. Are you betting on Wilson, Boss?” “Yes!” Elise replied.

“I’ll bet on Z, then! Regardless of who loses today, we can’t go back on our promises, okay?” Once they made the deal, both of them shifted their focus back to the race. At that moment, Elise felt someone tapping on her shoulder. She turned around to find Alexander staring directly at her.

She was so shocked that her eyeballs nearly popped out of her sockets. “M-Mr. Griffith! What are you doing here?” Alexander stared at her and Jamie for a while. Jamie was shocked by Alexander’s glare. “What a coincidence! I didn’t expect to see you here, Miss Sinclair.” He then turned to Jamie.

“Are you here to watch the competition too, Mr. Keller?” It took all of Jamie’s brain juice for him to generate possible stories to ensure that Elise’s identity wouldn’t be exposed. “I happened to drop by for business, and I came over to watch this race because I heard about it.”

Jamie tried to keep his distance from Elise as he spoke. However, Alexander had already seen them interacting in a close manner previously. *Why are they pretending as if they don’t know each other now? How odd!* He couldn’t help but recall how Jamie and Elise used to spend time together in the Griffith Residence.

Images of the past were juxtaposed with scenes of the present, although Alexander didn’t know what made him connect the two to each other. “Do you guys know each other, Miss Sinclair?” Alexander asked. Elise immediately felt a chilly breeze from behind her. However, she didn’t seem like she had anything to hide.

“I got a seat next to Mr. Keller, and he happens to be from Cittadel as well. That’s why I spoke to him. I guess you could say that we know each other!” Her narrative was flawless! If it were any other day, Alexander might have bought her story. However, there had been too many coincidences at that point—something told him that the situation wasn’t as simple as it appeared to be.

His gut feeling told him that Jamie and Elise knew each other, but he didn’t expose them. “I didn’t expect a wealthy woman like you to enjoy watching races, Miss Sinclair. You’ve surprised me,” Alexander said instead. Elise had a response prepared for this. “It’s just an interest.

I can’t say that I’m a diehard fan of this sport. What about you, Mr. Griffith? Did you come to France just for this competition?” “That’s exactly right,” Alexander muttered. Elise was about to say something else, but the next race had already

begun, so she shifted her focus onto the tracks while Alexander returned to his seat.

“What is he doing here, Boss?” Jamie whispered. Elise sat straight and maintained her posture as she hissed in Jamie’s direction. “Shut up and watch the show. You’ll have to buy me a meal if you lose.” Only then did Jamie focus on the game with his mouth sealed. By the time the race was over, Alexander was long gone.

Elise stole a few glances at the seats behind her, and she assumed that Alexander had left when she couldn’t see him anywhere. Jamie dragged his feet gloomily. “Didn’t everyone say that Z was a favorite to win? He isn’t even that great. I can’t believe he only got third place in the preliminaries.

I don’t think he’s going to be the champion,” Jamie uttered dejectedly before turning to Elise. “What sort of superpowers do you have, Boss? How on earth did you recognize the potential in Wilson?

His skills are much more refined than the rest of the competitors. If everything goes right, he might just be the champion this year.” After Jamie finished his long speech, he realized that he would have to buy Elise a meal. That made him feel even worse. *Why am I always losing?*

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“I’m not too sure about him getting first place, but I dare say that he’ll be in the top three.” After Elise provided her solid opinion on the matter, both of them walked toward the exit with Elise leading the way. As they were heading out, Elise noticed something from the corner of her eye.

She saw Alexander standing beside Wilson, and she was immediately intrigued. “Hey, Jamie. I need to use the washroom. Why don’t you wait for me outside?”

Jamie didn’t seem to suspect anything. “Go ahead, then. I’ll wait for you at the exit.” After that, Elise made her way toward the washroom with her gaze still fixed upon Alexander. She ended up hiding in a corner where she could hear Alexander’s voice. “You did pretty well today.

You just need to be a little more stable.” “My condition is much better today, and it’s all thanks to your advice, Mr. Griffith. I’ll do my very best for the finals tomorrow,” Wilson replied in a humble tone. Alexander patted him on the shoulder. “Go get some rest.” Once their conversation was over, Wilson walked off.

Elise seemed to have understood something after hearing their exchange. *Could Wilson be under Alexander? Does that mean that Alexander has been secretly training a racecar driver to participate in this international event?* Elise figured that it was something that Alexander would do—she could tell that Alexander was a fan of racing, after all.

Elise had no intention to stay any longer, so she walked toward another exit to leave the stadium. However, she had only taken a few steps when she saw Alexander walking toward her. They came face to face with each other, and Elise greeted him since she had no reason to avoid him.

"Hello, Mr. Griffith. What a coincidence! We meet again." This time, Alexander took a long, thoughtful glance at the woman before his eyes. *I just realized something. Joy gives me a strong sense of familiarity because she gives off an aura that's similar to Elise's. Furthermore, Joy's jet-black eyes remind me of Sare!*

Joy is like a combination of Elise and Sare! This realization came as a shock to Alexander. "Are you heading back now, Miss Sinclair?" Elise nodded.

"The event is over for today, after all. I'll be here to watch the finals tomorrow." He nodded in agreement. "I'll see you tomorrow, then!" "See you!" She waved. Their shoulders brushed past each other as they both headed in different directions.

Once Elise got to the exit, she looked around for Jamie, but before she could find him, she heard the sound of a gunshot coming from inside the stadium! The gunshot was followed by a series of screams, and the crowd descended into havoc as everyone charged frantically toward the exit. Elise was dumbfounded.

Why would there be the sound of a gunshot at a place like this? Alexander's still in there! Upon that thought, she no longer cared about anything else. She went against the flow of the crowd as she ran into the stadium. Tons of people bumped into her yet it didn't seem to slow her down, and she continued running into the stadium. Suddenly, she tripped on something and flew forward to crash directly onto the ground.

"Ouch..." She cried out in pain when someone accidentally stepped on her. Right after that, she hastily scrambled to her feet. However, people continued to bump into her as they rushed out of the stadium. She was nearly shoved against the wall when a large hand reached out and held onto her waist. Both of their bodies struck the wall, but Alexander blocked the impact by holding her close to his body. "Are you okay, Miss Sinclair?"

He had just walked out of the stadium, but he happened to see Elise falling onto the ground. He initially figured that he would mind his own business, but he had second thoughts after he recalled that Joy was his grandfather's friend's niece. He thought that it'd be rude of him if he were to walk off without offering help, so he hurried over to her. Meanwhile, Elise felt her heart racing as she stared at the man right in front of her eyes.

All the subconscious worries that lingered in her mind seemed to have been resolved at that very moment. *I think I've fallen for Alexander. As much as I don't want to admit this, it seems to be the truth! I wouldn't have run in to look for him in such a dangerous situation if I didn't like him!* Once she realized her feelings for him, she instinctively pushed him away.

"I'm fine!" Right after she finished speaking, the sound of a gunshot came from behind them. The crowd seemed to panic even more after hearing the second

gunshot, and they all charged toward the exit. Alexander did the same thing—he grabbed Elise’s arm and ran without any hesitation.

She followed the crowd, and it felt like they had run for ages before they finally came to a halt. “I can’t... I can’t run anymore...” she uttered between breaths. Alexander looked at her before looking around him. “I think we should be safe here!” Elise’s legs turned to jelly after she heard his words. Her adrenaline was what kept her going for so long. “Thank you for what you did earlier,” she said in a sincere manner.

However, Alexander didn’t seem to pay much attention to her words. “I wonder what happened. It’s legal to own guns in France, but I don’t think it’s safe to come here anymore. You shouldn’t watch the competition tomorrow. Let me send you back to the manor.” Elise immediately rejected his offer. “No, it’s fine. I don’t want to go back yet.” He raised an eyebrow as he gazed at Elise with a look of surprise.

“For the sake of your safety, I don’t think you should come again tomorrow. It’s just a competition, after all. You can watch it next year if you miss it this year. There’s always a next time.” Elise nodded. “I got it. Thank you, Mr. Griffith.” She looked away from him after that. Ever since she realized her true feelings for him, she felt especially nervous about spending time with him when it was just the two of them.

Something struck her at that moment, and she quickly reached into her pocket to pull her phone out before giving Jamie a call. However, Jamie didn’t pick his phone up after it rang for a long while. She knitted her brows as she started to feel worried. “Is something the matter?” Alexander asked.

Elise parted her lips to speak, but she bit her tongue at the very last second. Alexander noticed that she seemed rather hesitant. “It’s fine if you don’t want to tell me about it,” he offered. Elise hadn’t intended to tell him about her concern, but she figured that she had to do it for the sake of Jamie’s safety.

“Jamie is still somewhere in there. I can’t contact him.” Alexander quickly understood her concerns after he heard what she said, but he didn’t do much apart from offering some words of comfort. “He’s a grown man, so he should be fine. Don’t worry. You can try calling him after a while.

If you still can’t contact him, I’ll walk around to look for him with you.” She nodded before making a few more calls to Jamie. After a few consecutive calls, Jamie finally picked the phone up. “Where are you, Boss? Are you okay? Something happened in the stadium, and I’ve been trying to look for you.

Where did you go?” Upon hearing Jamie’s flustered voice, Elise felt a surge of relief in her chest. “I’m fine. I managed to run out of the stadium. Don’t worry.” A long sigh came from the other end of the line. “

Where are you? Should I come over to meet you now?” Elise looked around her and gave him some directions before she ended the call. As Alexander watched her talk on the phone, he realized how she sounded like a girlfriend who was caring for her boyfriend. *Could Joy be Jamie’s girlfriend?*

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Alexander naturally believed that his assumption was correct since it seemed to make sense. "I'm fine now, Mr. Griffith. My friend is coming in a while," Elise uttered. He nodded. "If that's the case, I'll leave after your friend gets here," he offered. Elise didn't reject him, so they both stood by the side of the road as they waited for Jamie.

Neither one of them spoke to each other, but complicated emotions continued to surface in Elise's heart. She glanced up at the sky above her as she curled her lips into a pleasant smile. From the start, Elise had intended to travel to France to relax and seek some answers of her own.

Right then, she felt like she had finally gotten a clear answer for herself. *I guess this trip wasn't a waste after all.* Jamie rushed over to them. "You scared me to death, Boss." After he finished his sentence, he noticed how Alexander was standing right beside Elise. He instinctively clamped a hand over his mouth.

Elise understood the reason for Jamie's actions, so she quickly reassured him. "It's fine. Mr. Griffith knows that we're friends." It took Jamie a while to process the situation before he nodded. He no longer asked any questions. When Alexander noticed that Jamie had arrived, he announced his departure.

"I'll head back now, Miss Sinclair. It can get rather dangerous on the streets of France, so you should watch out for your own safety." He left after finishing his words. The moment Alexander left, Jamie tugged on Elise's shirt as he questioned her. "What's up with you and Alexander, Boss?"

"Aren't you afraid that he might learn about your true identity?" Elise shrugged. "Hey, Jamie. Can you help me book tickets to return to the country? I'll head home tomorrow morning." Jamie was shocked to hear this. "Are you leaving before the race is over, Boss?" She nodded in response.

"I don't think there's anything else that interests me in the race. You can watch it on my behalf. I've found the answer in my heart, and everything's much clearer to me now. That's why I know that it's time to head home." Jamie had no idea what she meant, but he figured that it must be something too deep for him to comprehend. Although he didn't know what was going on, he still had to follow his boss's orders.

He therefore booked the return flight tickets for Elise, and both of them returned to the country the next morning. ... Once they landed in Athesea, the first thing that Elise did was to find a public bathroom, where she transformed herself back to how the usual Elise would look.

She didn't head back to Griffith Residence right after that and made a trip to school instead. Since Elise's academic results were decent, her teachers hadn't asked much even though Elise had taken a few days off from her classes. When

Elise arrived in class, Mikayla hastily clung onto Elise before she began to blabber all about school.

“You’re finally back, Elise. You have no idea how bored I’ve been in the past few days. I don’t have a single person to talk to in class!” Mikayla couldn’t help but complain as she put on a pitiful look on her face. “Please bring me along when you leave for a holiday the next time, Elise.”

Elise ruffled the other girl’s hair. “Alright. You can come along the next time,” Elise replied with a laugh. Mikayla spread into a wide grin upon hearing this. “By the way, Elise, did you know that my husband’s releasing a new song? He just posted an announcement on Twitter this afternoon.”

Elise was rather confused. “Your husband is...?” “Jack, of course! Who else?” Mikayla hastily explained herself, and Elise nodded understandingly after hearing her explanation. “Did he announce the album and song title?” Elise asked casually. “He didn’t say anything.

However, he mentioned that he’s trying something new with this song and that it will sound extremely different from his previous style. He created a brand-new track! I’m more and more impressed by my husband each day. Hey, Elise, why don’t you help me ask my husband out for a date someday?

I can buy him lunch.” Elise didn’t see a reason to reject Mikayla’s request. “Sure. I’ll help you pass the message to him.” Upon hearing Elise’s words, Mikayla looked as if she were about to erupt with joy. “You’re the best, Elise!” Elise curled her lips into a grin—Mikayla’s happiness was too contagious to be ignored.

That afternoon, the two of them walked out of school after classes were over. Elise waved Mikayla goodbye as they parted ways, and she watched Mikayla disappearing into the distance before she made her way toward Griffith Residence. However, Noel snuck up from behind Elise right after Mikayla left.

“You were the one who wrote Jack’s new song, right, Elise?” Noel started off with a question once he appeared in front of Elise. His tone was flat and calm—it didn’t reveal a hint of emotion. He stared deep into Elise’s eyes as if he’d be able to get an answer from them. He knew that his guess had been right when he saw Elise remaining silent for a while.

The general style of Jack’s new song was familiar to Noel. Even the way the lyrics were written reminded Noel of Elise’s style. Anyone who knew her well enough would only take a few seconds to recognize her writing. “Didn’t you say that you’d stop writing music? What made you change your mind this time?”

Noel asked. Elise hadn’t expected Noel to find out about the truth so quickly. Regardless, she had already predicted such a thing to happen eventually, so she didn’t bother to come up with any excuses. “I wasn’t the one who created this track. I simply made a few changes to it. It was no big deal.”

“But the style of this music is way too distinct. Aren’t you worried that the news might get out, H?” Elise responded with a smile that didn’t seem to reach her

eyes. "One way or another, I've decided not to pursue a career in this field. I'm only doing this to help a friend out."

As Noel glanced at the girl in front of him, he realized how she seemed different from the girl in his memory. "If that's the case, then why didn't you give me this opportunity instead?" Elise held her arms open as she explained herself clearly. "Look, I'm sorry, Noel! All of this was a coincidence. Whatever happened in the past still feels fresh to me today, and I don't think I'm able to repackage myself into a brand new person under the public's eye.

This is the only time I'm breaking my promise. I won't do this again in the future..." Noel frowned a little. "H, I know that you suffered a great deal after that event. However, the public needs to hear the truth about that incident. I trust that you'd never do such a thing, but..." As Noel continued speaking, Elise finally interrupted him.

"Look, Noel. You claim that you trust me, but your trust is dependent on other factors, too, right? We're teammates, but you've never shown your trust in me. You've never chosen to believe my words over hers in the past." A rather bashful look appeared on Noel's face when he realized that he had been exposed.

He parted his lips to speak, but no words came out. "If we can't be teammates, then we shouldn't be friends either, Noel. You can stop looking for me in the future." With that said, Elise made a move to leave. However, Noel quickly held onto her arm. "Charlene didn't do it on purpose, H.

She has been talking about you a lot—she really wants to return to the days of glory that she had shared with you." Elise scoffed as she shrugged his arm off. "I'm sorry, but I have no interest in doing such a thing." Right after that, Elise strode off and left Noel standing on his own. He watched her back as she hurried off. Elise took a long, deep breath as she walked.

Her emotions were no longer as intense as they had been three years ago, and she finally felt like she was able to accept the past incidents she had gone through. She no longer felt trapped by those issues. Even Noel's sudden mention of Charlene's name felt like nothing more than a gust of wind that vanished as quickly as it appeared.

Elise didn't know how long she had been walking on the sidewalk when she heard a loud horn beside her. She instinctively glanced up to see an MPV parked by the side of the road in front of her. The car window came down before a man stuck his head out. "What are you doing here all alone, Elise?" It was Jack.

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Elise was rather stunned to see Jack there. "I'm heading home," she explained. "Let me send you back, then," Jack offered. He hastily opened the car door, and Elise got into the car. Only then did she realize that Alexander was also sitting in

the MPV. Despite the sense of awkwardness that she felt, Elise took the initiative to greet him. "I didn't know you were here!" Alexander was flipping through some documents, and he merely responded with a curt nod.

Jack was the one who explained the situation. "I went to pick Alexander up from the airport earlier, and I happened to bump into you here. But you don't seem to be in a good mood. You look really sad." "Since when did you learn to care about others? You've never treated me this way in the past!" **This novels will be updated only on**

Elise teased him. Jack shifted uncomfortably in his seat. "You should learn to appreciate my kindness toward you, Elise. I'm just caring for you as a friend. Furthermore, you used to be so ugly, old-fashioned and noisy. Now, you're just as ugly and old-fashioned, but I've finally realized that you're a pretty decent person."

This sounded better to Elise's ears. "Thanks! My good friend told me that you're releasing a new song soon. Congratulations." The smile on Jack's face widened upon the mention of his new song. He seemed especially excited even at the thought of it. "Thank you! You should come over to hang out during the press conference for the new song." Elise rejected him immediately. "No thanks. I'm afraid your fans might murder me. However, my friend is a pretty huge fan of yours.

If you have tickets, can you give me two of them so that I can give it to her? She'll be really pleased." Jack wasn't a stingy man and he immediately got his manager, Ronald, to hand him two tickets. "It's next Wednesday. Make sure your friend shows up then!" "Thank you," Elise uttered as she took the tickets from him. Jack raised an eyebrow before he smiled. "You're welcome." Right then, Ronald spoke up from his spot in the passenger's seat.

"Hey, Jack. Charlene just reposted your tweet. Do you want to respond to her?" "She can repost whatever she wishes to. It's none of my business. I can't be bothered to respond," he uttered flatly. Ronald was rather troubled by his response. "She used to be one of the most well-known singers. In some ways, she's your senior. You should show her some respect," Ronald urged.

However, Jack continued to speak with the same nonchalant attitude. "She got rich off of one song. Apart from that, she just tries to hop onto all of the trendiest things in the industry. If I respond to her now, the media will start writing reports about our scandal tomorrow. I don't want to have anything to do with her." After wiping the sweat off his forehead, Ronald decided he would no longer insist on responding to Charlene. "Fine. Let's just ignore her, then." As the two men had their conversation, they didn't realize the grim look on Elise's face.

It was the second time that she had overheard Charlene's name that day. *It's been a while, Charlene.* Jack dropped Elise and Alexander at Griffith Residence. Once they arrived home, they were greeted by an overly-excited Jonah. "Did you get to meet my old friend, Alexander? How is he?" "Mr. Burton is well and healthy. He kept asking for you, and he really hopes that you'll get a chance to visit him in Provence," Alexander replied. Jonah let out a longing sigh upon hearing his grandson's words. "That old man still thinks about me, huh? Well, I don't know if I'll be able to see him again with this weak body of mine."

“What are you talking about, Grandpa? You’re so healthy—I’m sure you can live to see yourself turning 100 years old,” Elise uttered sincerely. Alexander added, “That’s right, Grandpa. I can go over with you next time.” Jonah took a glance at Elise and Alexander before he let out another long sigh. “I’m old now, Alexander. There’re a lot of things that I want to do, but so many things that I don’t have the energy to complete. You’re getting pretty old too—it’s about time you started your own family.”

Alexander showed great resistance toward the topic of marriage. “I have my own opinions and plans for this, Grandpa. Don’t you worry,” he muttered with a frown. Jonah had no idea what was going on in Alexander’s mind. “You should focus on your future, Alexander. Let the past be the past. You need to learn to cherish those who are right in front of your eyes!” However, Alexander didn’t seem to get the underlying meaning behind his grandfather’s words.

“I got it,” he uttered simply. Elise, on the other hand, seemed to notice something. After their conversation, she excused herself and returned to her room. *I can’t believe I’ve been here for six months already. Now, I might miss this place too much if I were to leave. ...* Once Alexander and Elise retreated to their own rooms, Jonah picked the phone up to make an international call. “Both the kids are home, Linus.”

“That’s great. I had been worried about them, but I’m glad to hear that they both got home. By the way, your grandson seems like a decent guy. I think he’d be a good match for my girl.” Jonah was pleased to hear this, and he laughed heartily before responding. “I’ve told you about this before—I’m certain that I want Elise as my daughter-in-law. It’s just a matter of time before this happens.” “You’re a cunning old man, eh? Well, just to make things clear, I’ll never let Alexander go if he dares to mistreat my Elise, okay?”

Jonah nodded in agreement. “You don’t need to do it on your own. If that brat ever wrongs my precious Elise, I’ll give him a good spanking.” Linus seemed pleased to hear this. “You’d better stick to your word, old man.” Midway through their conversation, Jonah began to frown as he recalled his concerns. “Hey, Linus. Since we’re on this topic, I just realized that both the kids hasn’t shown much progress despite our huge efforts to bring them together. You used to be a pro in relationships—you were practically undefeated when it came to girls!

Do you have any tricks on how to bring them together?” Linus chuckled upon hearing Jonah’s words. “I can’t believe you’re asking me for help, old man.” Jonah had to maintain his pride. “I’m not asking for help. I’m just telling you to act as the middleman who creates sparks between them.” Linus scoffed. “You’re so harsh with your words. Back when I was young, I...” Linus was about to continue when Helen entered the room. He had no choice but to swallow his words and return to his cowardly self. “Okay. Teenagers mingle around better with one another, so we should get them to do that. We old men shouldn’t butt in. However, you should get your grandson to feel a sense of urgency.

My precious Elise is a really wonderful woman—you’d never find someone as good if you let her go.” After finishing his words, Linus ended the call, leaving Jonah with the beeping sound of the dial tone. Jonah was determined. *It seems like I have to work harder to bring the two of them together. I’ll start getting*

worried if their relationship doesn't go anywhere soon! Immediately after that, Jonah came up with a plan.

He called the housekeeper to come over, and they both whispered into each other's ears for a while. At the same time, Matthew, who had been standing by the corner of the stairs, overheard all of their conversations. His face darkened. *So, Grandpa had plans of matchmaking Alexander and Elise all along. That way, he'd be able to transfer the Griffith Family's shares to her. Yet, I've been making an issue about Elise. My plans have gone wrong this time around.* Matthew clutched his fists silently. *If Grandpa never had any plans for me to begin with, then what's the purpose of me staying in this household?*

After all, I'm nothing but an illegitimate son to these people. A malicious smirk formed on Matthew's face as his gaze darkened. The next day, Elise handed the tickets that she had gotten from Jack to Mikayla once she arrived at school. "Here you go. Tickets to your husband's press conference for his new song." Mikayla's eyes lit up immediately. "Oh my gosh! I love you, Elise! I queued on his official website for hours last night, but I still didn't manage to buy the tickets in the end. I was so close to buying it at a higher price. I can't believe you got tickets for me!"

"Jack gave them to me," Elise uttered without bothering to conceal the truth. Mikayla was even more excited upon hearing this. "Are you serious? Did my husband give them to you? He's so kind! He gave me tickets because he knew I couldn't get them!" Upon finishing her words, Mikayla gave the tickets a huge and wet kiss.

Elise shook her head helplessly, then shifted her gaze back to her question paper. Ever since Samantha got into the production team and Riley stopped coming for classes, Elise was able to place all of her focus on her studies. She was enjoying her school life.