

Coollest Girl in Town Chapter 249

"I-I'm good. You should get some rest. I'm also about to head back to sleep."

Having said that, Elise waved him goodbye before returning to her home. Once she shut her door, all that was on her face was nothing but joy. For some reason, she no longer felt the fear she once had. And she could finally feel safe solely because he lived right next to her.

The next morning, Elise's doorbell rang. Hastily, she hurried to the door with her cartoon graphic tee on, only to be surprised by Alexander at the door. "Why are you here this early?" He lifted the bag of food in his hand. "I got you breakfast." "Come in." Alexander casually entered her home and closed the door.

Elise was still feeling drowsy moments ago, but she was wide awake now. "I'll come eat after I wash up." Thereupon, she ran into the bathroom. Done with her wash up, she came out of the bathroom, only to be warmed by the sight of the scrumptious delicacies arranged on the dining table. Accordingly, she approached the table, pulled a chair out, and took a seat. "Egg sandwich, shrimp gnocchi, churros, and almond milk—all of them are my favorites..."

Alexander handed her her cutlery. "Then you better eat up. I've helped you apply for leave, so you won't have to go to work today. Rest up, okay?" "Thank you," she blurted and proceeded to indulge in her feast. Peering at the man in front of her, she quizzed, "Have you eaten?"

"Nope," he answered. Hearing that, she took a piece of gnocchi and put it before his lips, to which the man tacitly opened his mouth, welcoming the corn-mixed shrimp gnocchi to his palate. While he was slowly chewing the food, he was savoring every single moment he was currently in. "You eat up too." She then fed him a piece of egg sandwich, which the man accepted without resistance. He would eat anything she gave him.

After their breakfast, as Elise was about to clean up the mess on the table, she was stopped by Alexander. "Let me. You should really rest." "Okay." Obediently, she stopped the action and passed on the task to him. Swiftly, the man tidied up the table and it looked as good as new. At that moment, the doorbell rang again. Elise went to open the door and saw Cameron carrying a stack of documents. "Good morning, Miss Elise. Is President Griffith here?"

"Please come in." Elise made space for the assistant to enter. With that, Cameron entered with files stacking in his arms, and was stunned. The president's on... cleaning duty? Although he was utterly confused, he pretended as if it was nothing out of the ordinary. "President Griffith, I've brought all the files over. I'll come over again to take them once you're done handling them." With a straight face, Alexander replied, "Just place it there."

Briskly, Cameron placed the documents on the tea table before rushing to offer help to his superior. "Allow me the physical task, President." Nonetheless, Alexander rejected his offer. "No, I'm fine. Just put the files down. You may leave if there's nothing else." Cameron quickly nodded. "As you wish, President Griffith." As he was about to turn around and leave, he seemed to recall

something. "Oh, by the way, President Griffith, about the thing you had me look into last night..."

Before finishing the sentence, he took a glimpse at Elise, to which the latter realized that what he was about to say could possibly pertain to her, so she should probably leave the conversation. "Why don't you go on? I'll head back to my room." Unexpectedly, she was stopped by Alexander. "You can stay.

Just say it, Cameron. From now on, you don't have to hide anything from Elise, whatever it is." Acknowledging Alexander's absolute trust in Elise, Cameron said, "Alright. Turns out, the man was hired by Maeve. I've also dug up some dirt on her as you ordered. The thing is, many sources among those I looked for were reluctant to share any bad news about her, as if they were scared of some force behind Maeve.

Hearing Maeve's name, Elise immediately felt pressured. I've never even met her once, yet she's dying to kill me off. "Who's the 'force' behind her?" she questioned. "Well..." Although Cameron was somewhat perturbed, he eventually revealed the name. Hearing the name, Elise visibly frowned, while Alexander was ever-indifferent. "One week. Get that piece of sh*t out of showbiz." His utterance was calm, yet overbearing.

That was when Cameron realized that Maeve had stepped on Alexander's toe. "Yes, President! I'll handle it right away." Having said that, he turned around and left. When Cameron finally left, Elise stared at Alexander. "You know I won't blame you even if you don't help me, right? She has a strong force behind her backing her up. And a duel between two strong figures will only lead to a gruesome result on both ends. Do you really think it's worth it?"

"I know, but no matter who it is that wishes to harm you, I'll make sure to pay it back double. Don't worry about it. Whatever it takes, I won't let her off so easily." Elise couldn't help but feel moved by his words. Peering at the man in front of her, she subconsciously smiled. "Thank you for that answer, Alexander.

I'll make sure 'gruesome' only happens on one end." Baffled, Alexander was about to question her implication, but she spared him no opportunity. "Now, while you work, I'll go get some more rest. Might crave for some seafood stew for lunch." With a pampering beam, he answered, "Let's." When she returned to her bedroom, all of her emotions dispersed. After locking her door, she walked to the bedside dresser and pulled out a tablet from within, turning it on.

Donning a gloomy face, she rapidly tapped her fingers on the tablet's screen. Stripes of black and white flashed across the screen, followed by a series of codes and figures. Shortly after, a number of infographics popped up on her screen. The images were, to say the least, explicit. Elise intuitively scoffed the moment she laid eyes on the person in the image. Oh, how the tables have turned! Who would have expected you to be such a sly vixen, cutie?

Alexander said he'd allow you one week to get out of showbiz, but maybe one week is too long. So, how about three days? Consequently, various unrecognized sources on the internet started publishing scandalous information about Maeve. When Maeve's team saw the news, they immediately released a statement to

dismiss the “slander.” Typically, once a statement was made, the matter would be resolved immediately. But this time, it didn’t.

The scandals were exposed one after another, showing no signs of stopping. Not only did the team fail to contain the spread of the news, but the scandals spread even wider like a wildfire. Within half an hour, social media platforms were flooded by hashtags and discussions related to Maeve.

“What the hell is happening? How are my old photos recurring?” Maeve raged at her manager. “Get them off the internet immediately! I do not wish to see any of those disgusting photos ever again!” “R-Right away, my precious. I’ll have them removed at once. However, we’ve spent so much money, yet there hasn’t been any effectiveness. Should I look for Mr. Fagan for help?” “Mr. Fagan this, Mr. Fagan that. Just do your damn work and stop the news from spreading!”

Maeve vexedly screamed. Little did she expect, this was only the beginning of her nightmare. Apart from the before-and-after photos of her plastic surgery, photos of her escorting in bars before she came to fame had also surged on the internet, including very explicit ones. In a flash, Maeve became the hot topic of the internet, drawing viewers and haters onto her Twitter page, shaping her into a public menace.

Right then, ‘#MaevelsOverParty’ became the trending tag on the platform. Meanwhile, Elise was scrolling on Twitter. Despite the outburst, she showed no emotions. Instead, she went even more brutal by uploading the dirt she had on Maeve with the hundreds of Twitter accounts she gained control of through her hacking skills, setting them to automatically retweet anything about Maeve’s defamation.

In less than five minutes, Twitter’s server collapsed, and she took the opportunity to infiltrate the platform’s system and made some alteration to its algorithm. With so, anyone who came to defend her would have their accounts suspended. Having done that, Elise erased all of her traces on the internet and shut down her device.

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After she rolled out of bed, she walked toward the door and overheard Alexander’s phone call. “Things are going smoothly, President Griffith. The dirt on Maeve is now all over the internet. Other than my ‘contributions,’ many accounts, too, have appeared to post nasty stuff about her. Who would have thought she had undergone plastic surgery, and even worked as an escort before she grew famous? Most importantly, she’s exposed for selling drugs and evading tax, and those two alone are enough to earn her a life sentence!”

Cameron sounded rather ecstatic on the phone. On the contrary, Alexander simply blurted, “Good job.” “Government forces are now looking into her case. Young Master Alex, we don’t even need a week! Three days are enough to get her out of showbiz!” “Good.” Once he finished speaking, Alexander saw Elise walking out of her bedroom. “That’s all for now. You know what to do next.” Ending the call, he quizzed, “What’s wrong?”

Elise silently went to him and wrapped her arms around his waist. "I can't fall asleep." Smoothly, Alexander answered the embrace. "You're thinking too much." As the two wordlessly snuggled against each other, the woman suddenly felt at ease. "You're the best." Alexander rubbed his chin on the top of her head. "No, you're the best." "Ah, right, seafood stew! I'll order some seafood from the store and have them sent over."

Subtly frowning, he inquired, "Are you really planning to cook it yourself?" Elise chuckled. "It's about time you get a taste of my culinary skills! But I do have to remind you to keep your opinions to yourself in case the stew tastes bad." Hearing that, he let out a snicker. "Uh-huh." Thereupon, Elise joyously made the call, and the grocery store delivered her order within half an hour. As she was about to start preparing the meal, she was surprised by how the apron was already on Alexander.

"W-What do you think you're doing?" Swiftly, he reached for the bag of ingredients from her hand. "I'll do it. You go rest up." "I said I'd do it!" "It's fine. I'll do it." Innocently, she handed him the grocery bag. "Thanks, I guess." Gracefully, Alexander removed the heads of the shrimps and deveined them.

His movements were the exact same as those of any other people. Yet, he emitted a distinctive aura while cleaning mere shrimps. Seeing that, Elise smiled and got out of the kitchen. She then sat on the couch and watched some TV. After some time, a subtle fragrance of seafood wafted in the air. "It's dinner time. Wash your hands."

As such, she sprung up from the couch and hurried to the dining room, only to be blessed by the sight of appetizing, salivating food, to which she wholeheartedly exclaimed, "Have you been hiding your career as a chef from me?" Right when she said that, the doorbell suddenly rang, which apparently frustrated her. Who's visiting in the middle of the afternoon? She skeptically went to answer the door, only to be dumbfounded by the identity of the visitor.

"G-Good afternoon, Mrs. Griffith. To what do I owe the pleasure?" Madeline glared at her and subconsciously let out a scoff. This scheming b*tch. Should have known she's moving out with Alexander when she so obediently chose to leave. "Let's talk, Miss Sinclair." Her tone was obviously hostile, and Elise definitely sensed it. "Why, we can talk here." Madeline took a glimpse into the house and interrogated, "Hmm."

Not willing to let me in, are you?" After saying that, before Elise could respond, she invited herself in. When she entered the dining room, she was surprised by Alexander's presence. "Alex, why are you here?" The man slowly put down his cutlery and calmly countered, "What's wrong with me visiting my girlfriend?" That's... He's right though... Madeline, having no comeback, somehow felt extremely displeased. All my effort into raising this boy into a man, and he's now being drawn away by a woman?

"I was worried sick because you didn't come home yesterday. To find you here... I mean, you should've at least informed us that you're not coming back." Soon, Elise entered the dining room. Despite her urge to disregard Madeline's existence, she couldn't get herself to completely ignore a living person who was

right beside her. After all, the woman was the mother of her lover. "You can say whatever you have to say to Elise here, Mom. You're both the most important people in my life.

"I'm sure there's no need to be sneaky." Madeline was stupefied by the fact that her own son was defending Elise. Since what she had in mind was intended for Elise, she wouldn't have any issue talking directly to her. However, if she were to say it in front of Alexander, she would surely hurt the relationship between her and her son, and she was fully aware of that. With that, she made a U-turn and beamed at Elise, pulling out an invitation card from her bag.

"Works for me. It's good news anyway. Elise, this is an invitation to SK Group's anniversary banquet, which will be cramped with noble people from the upper class. Since you're with Alex, people will be assuming you're one of the in-laws from the Griffith Family, so your attendance is naturally inevitable.

So, I brought the invitation card over. Why don't you see if you're free to attend then?" Regardless, Elise hadn't the slightest interest in said banquet, though she was amazed by how quick Madeline changed her stance. Honestly, I gotta hand it to her. She's wasting her talent for not pursuing an acting career. "I don't think it's appropriate for me to attend such an event, Mrs. Griffith, so I guess I'll sit this one out. I'm sorry."

Immediately at her rejection, Madeline walked up and pulled her hand. "Oh, you silly girl! You're one of us! It's more than appropriate for you to attend the banquet! It's only a matter of time until you and Alex are in charge of the company, so it'll be beneficial to socialize and forge a network with people from the field. Just see it as paving a way toward the future. Am I right, Alex?" She turned to Alexander, who reacted with a frown.

He then passed the freedom of choice onto Elise. "It's all up to Elise. I'll accompany her if she wishes to; if she doesn't, well, forget it." Madeline simply smirked. Before Elise could give her answer, she pompously made the final decision. "So it's set, then. Better prepare yourself, Elise. Show the world that the Griffiths' in-law is better than them!" Elise was at a loss for words. "Mom, like I said, it's up to her. Don't force her to go if she doesn't want to."

Alexander put his words rather bluntly, which slightly embarrassed his mother. "What's wrong with it, Alex? It's for your sake. How could you not see that? Besides, it is SK Group's banquet, and I heard the company's director is pretty close with Quentin Fassbender, who will also be attending the event. Well, you know who Quentin Fassbender is, right? If our family manages to establish a solid connection with him, it'd be a huge boost to our company's name.

From there, it'll be only a matter of time until we go global." At Madeline's mention of Quentin, Elise's eyes darkened. It had indeed been quite a while since her last meeting with her godfather. If he really were going to attend the banquet, she thought it would be worth it to see her godfather.

"Quentin Fassbender, you said? The billionaire, Quentin Fassbender?" Madeline wasn't at all surprised that Elise knew who Quentin was. After all, he sat at the top of Forbes' Real Time Billionaire, so naturally, anyone would know his name.

“The one and only!” Assured, Elise intuitively revealed a smile. “Then I shall attend SK Group’s banquet.”