

# Coollest Girl in Town Chapter 381

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Chapter 381 Abdication, Coollest Girl in Town

Adam had been frowning since the moment Elise and Alexander walked in, but when he heard his son's prompting, he let out a weary sigh. Then, he slowly looked up at Alexander and asked hesitantly, "I've always had faith in your capabilities, son, but now that things have come to this... I think it's best if you explain yourself to your uncles." "And why should I?"

Alexander countered coolly. "They never wanted me to explain myself when they were profiting off my management, but suddenly a little crisis comes along and I'm expected to face the gallows? I had no idea that the Griffiths are bottom-feeders who switch sides when it's convenient to do so."

"Who do you think you're talking to, boy? Watch your mouth!" the man from earlier barked angrily. He obviously spoke on behalf of those who were restless and disapproving of Alexander's recent business maneuvers.

As the man stood up, he exasperatedly slammed the table while furiously adding, "Even your grandfather did not disrespect us like this when he was alive, Alexander, but here you are, thinking you're above us now that you've taken his place! Let me make one thing clear: we only came today because we want you to choose—are you going to keep our best interests at heart, or are you going to give up everything for that woman?"

"I suggest you carefully think about this!" Alexander chuckled darkly. "I see that my grandfather's altruism has given you a false sense of achievement." There might be underlying complexities to the Griffiths' corporate and family interests, but one thing was for sure: without Jonah at the heart of it all, the others would not be doing as well as they now did.

The distant relatives would never have attained their fortune without the Griffiths, but now, it seemed that they were intent on using their status to force the Griffith Family's hand.

As it turned out, the Griffiths had been equipping the traitors with power all along. Presently, after having heard Alexander's retort, the man faltered and turned to look at Madeline for help. The both of them exchanged a glance like they were telepathically communicating with each other. Naturally, Alexander and Elise caught the silent exchange. "Mom," he called out flatly. "What is it?" Guilt colored Madeline's features as she stiffened at her son's voice.

When she turned to look at him, she inadvertently met Elise's piercing gaze, although she quickly avoided it and willed herself not to look in Elise's direction. "Did you call these folks over?" Alexander bluntly called her out.

Up until now, he still couldn't understand why his own beloved mother was so obsessed with tearing him and Elise, the love of his life, apart. Madeline's breath hitched, but she could not for the life of her come up with an answer. She knew her son was far too sharp-witted to fall for any of her lies; it would only take him seconds before he saw through her pretenses.

After what felt like a long moment, she inhaled deeply and blurted out, "Yes, I was the one who called them over. What was I supposed to do, Alexander?"

I can't just watch you throw your life away like that and drag the rest of the family down with you! Come back to your senses, son. You can still walk away before disaster strikes." Scenes like this had happened so frequently that they started to look like fragments of the same, unending nightmare that he could not shake off.

He had finally grown tired of it and with an almost resigned tone, he bit out coldly, "In that case, all the Griffith Family matters will be yours to deal with from now on!"

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Chapter 382 The Abandoned Daughter, Coolest Girl in Town

"I certainly hope you're hearing yourself," Madeline pointed out gravely. Although she wasn't the least bit surprised by Alexander's decision, she still wanted to give him one last chance to change his mind about this. "Oh, believe me, I hear myself crystal-clear." Alexander gazed at her steadily. "We won't be seeing each other as much as we used to from now on, Mom, so take care. Same goes for you, Dad."

After having said that, he spun and assessed the rest of his relatives condescendingly before he drawled with a sadistic gleam in his eyes, "You know, I wonder how the company might fare in the stock market tomorrow once word of my leaving the Griffiths gets out. I guess we'll have to wait and see, won't we?" His sardonic words lingered heavily in the air, and he deliberately took in the interior of the house one last time before he leaned into Elise to whisper, "Come on, I'll take you home." She glanced around the room and when her gaze swept over the relatives Alexander was leaving behind, she looked almost as if she was sorry for them. At that moment, she parted her lips and addressed them for the first time today, "Soon you'll find out that you've lost two valuable blue chips today."

Under the baleful scrutiny of the crowd, Elise and Alexander held hands and headed for the door. "Alexander!" Now that he had finally lost patience with his family, Danny jogged up to the couple and cried out, "I'll come with you!" He already had enough of the twisted schemes of the Griffiths. However, Alexander clapped a hand on the younger boy's shoulder and said somberly, "Stay here and take care of Mom and Dad for me."

"But I—" Danny began to protest, hoping he could convince Alexander, but upon seeing the steely look on Alexander's face, he sighed in defeat. "Fine." With one last look at Adam, Alexander walked out the door and never turned back. After Elise and Alexander left, the rest of the Griffiths were plunged into chaos, one that seemed more colossal than they could have ever imagined. Now that Alexander wasn't around to strategize the company's profits, the Griffith Group was nothing more than an empty shell.

As soon as news of his departure broke, the family would inevitably witness a bloodbath on the stock exchange. While the majority of the family scrambled to

think of feasible solutions, there were a few who deeply regretted attending the so-called intervention today. A small number of relatives decided to adopt a smarter approach by calling up their stock agents, thereafter selling their shares in Griffith Group to the Olson Family Clan. However, while they were racing to clean the mess they had created, none of them realized that this was all but Alexander's smokescreen.

Meanwhile, over at the Sinclair Residence, Jeanie finally summoned the courage to knock on Robin's bedroom door. "Come in," Robin said, thinking that Elise had returned. He slowly sat up in bed and leaned against the headboard before he waited for someone to enter. "Old Master Sinclair," Jeanie greeted courteously from where she stood at the doorway. "Mrs. Anderson? Is there something I can help you with?" he asked. Her hands were clasped tightly as she tugged anxiously on her fingers. She tried to find the right words, but after a while, she blurted out, "I was wondering whether you could lend me some cash, maybe just a few thousand."

"Oh." He nodded. He didn't think anything strange of her request and rather considered it as a matter of fact as he said, "Well, of course you're going to need some money for convenience, what with you being alone and all." "No, no." Jeanie vehemently waved her hand. "The money isn't for my personal use. I... I need it for a lab test!" She couldn't bring herself to lie to Robin, not after all the kindness the Sinclairs had shown her. "Oh?

What lab test might that be?" Robin asked almost instinctively, but as soon as he did, he winced at the bluntness of the question. He quickly added, "You don't have to tell me if you don't want to. I'll hand you my card in a bit and you can withdraw the amount as you like." "No, no, it's nothing secretive." Not wanting this conversation to drag on any longer, she took a deep breath and explained solemnly, "I need the money to run a DNA test to see whether Elise and I are related." "Are you saying Elise is your child?" he asked in shock. "I'm not sure yet."

Jeanie was trying hard to suppress the excitement growing in her, but she couldn't hide her smile as she continued, "I have a really strong feeling that she is my daughter, though. I can't shake the idea that I might be right. I guess you could call this a mother's sixth sense." When Robin heard this, he nodded slowly before he heaved a sigh and pointed out, "You know, Elise has always had it rough. When we found her, she didn't look like she was lost, but rather abandoned..." Jeanie froze at this.

*Old Master Sinclair is testing me. He's saying that he thinks Elise has been abandoned by us when she was a child, and at the same time, he's tacitly telling me to give up on reuniting with her after what I've put her through. "I swear to heaven and earth!" Her fingers intertwined and her knuckles turned white as she continued, "I've never stopped looking for Yoyo, nor have I ever thought about giving up on her, but I was... I was..." I was too useless. Before she could finish her sentence, she broke down in tears. With a cracking voice, she went on to say, "No mother would dream of abandoning her own daughter. I didn't even get to tell her how much I loved her.*

Yet, from the very moment I saw her the other day, I knew that she was my Yoyo! You know, she might have let me stay out of generosity, but in truth, I

intentionally stayed so I could get close to her. I must have subconsciously treated Elise as my own daughter, and when I heard you all mention that she was adopted, I instantly knew that she is my daughter. I can't be wrong about this!" He was moved by her words and sentiments, but he had raised Elise like his own for well over a decade and he couldn't bring himself to let her go.

As such, he remained silent in protest. As if sensing his objections, Jeanie rushed to explain, "Don't worry, Old Master Sinclair. The test will only be a confirmation for me; I won't try to bring Elise home to the Anderson Family. Knowing how heartless they are, I'd be worried for Elise's safety too. She's my flesh and blood, so I won't try to take away the happiness she has now. Please believe me!" There was hardly a greater form of persuasion than the tears of plea a mother shed for her child. Robin was quiet in thought for a long moment and at last, he glanced over at the only dresser in the room and said flatly, "Open the first drawer on the left and pick any card you want.

The pin is XXX..." "Thank you! Thank you so much!" Jeanie gave the old man a ninety degree bow. After that, she was so grateful and overwhelmed after obtaining the bank card that she had completely forgotten Elise's stern reminder as she left the house. She was oblivious to the fact that there had been a figure hovering nearby the Sinclair Residence and spying on her every movement. At the sight of Jeanie's departure through the front door, the spy swiftly made a call.

"Madam has left the house." On the other end of the phone, Faye narrowed her eyes and instructed coldly, "Follow her and make sure you stay hidden." "Yes, ma'am." After having heard this, she hung up the call. She was presently standing by the French windows in her office and gazing out at the cityscape that was decorated with skyscrapers. As she stared through the glass, her mind began to wander.

*I've called that woman my mother all these years, but even now, there is still an invisible barrier between us. She's only been gone from home a couple of days, but it seems as if she's in better spirits now, and it's all because of that schoolgirl named Elise. Jealousy seized her as she tightly hugged herself, her nails digging into the skin of her arms.*

However, she loosened her grip as the barest hint of a smile brushed over her lips. *Well, I suppose this could work out for the better. I might even be able to find out which cards my mother and grandmother have up their sleeves.* As far as Faye was concerned, the Anderson Family was hers. No one and nothing could stop her from getting what she deserved.

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Chapter 383 Trading Secrets, Coolest Girl in Town

The spy followed Jeanie all the way to the DNA test facility and waited until Jeanie left before paying a small bribe to get insider information from the laboratory employees. As it turned out, Jeanie had wanted to confirm the biological relation between herself and someone of the name of Elise Sinclair, hence the trip to the facility. When Faye heard this, she was so agitated that she

shoved everything off her desk and let them clatter to the ground. On the other end of the phone, the spy dared not breathe or interrupt when he heard the sound of breaking glass and tumbling objects that followed Faye's fit of rage. After what felt like a long pause, Faye finally replied in a sinister manner on the other line, "Go and get me those results; I want them as soon as they're out, no matter the cost." ... The next day, in light of the steady regression that Griffith Group experienced on the stock exchange, the financial news added insult to injury by publicizing Alexander's resignation. Given that he had been the leading figure of authority in the company, his departure plunged stakeholders into a panic they had never felt before and they hurried to sell off the shares they had in hopes of recouping some of their losses.

Incidentally, Amelia announced that plans for the Olson Family to acquire Griffith Group were underway, which launched the price of their shares to new heights on the stock exchange. Nearly everyone who kept up with the news in the city knew that the Olson Family would inevitably emerge victorious in this power struggle. For the sake of success, she decided that it was best to see Nathan and have their pending partnership formalized in writing. With Johan in tow, it wasn't until after he and Amelia had arrived at the hotel that they were told of Nathan's departure.

A huge bribe had been forked out before Nathan's bodyguard caved into the temptation and told them of Nathan's whereabouts. Upon obtaining the information, Amelia and Johan set off to look for Nathan. Little did they know that Nathan had left to badger someone as well and that someone happened to be none other than Elise. Over at the Silverton Clubhouse, he was lobbying Elise with no small amount of persistence. "I've thought about this, and I think you know A's whereabouts. I can't stand not knowing the truth; you need to tell me where A is right now!

Or you could tell me what the deal is between you and A." Finally, desperation kicked in as he urged, "Fine, I'll compromise! How about if you just tell me whether A is a man or a woman? That isn't too much to ask, right?" Alas, all his wheedling was to no avail, for she merely stared ahead absentmindedly as she sat on the couch with her arms crossed. Across from Nathan, Alexander could no longer stand his relentless badgering. "President York, how do you think your investors might feel if they find out that their best pitcher lacks fortitude? I wonder if they would reconsider their investments."

"Get off your high horse," Nathan snapped, glaring at Alexander indignantly. "And you're one to talk, Mr. I-Left-My-Family-Fortune-Behind! Haven't you heard that the mighty who have fallen would still command more respect than the average person? Do you honestly believe that I'd have taken on all those investors and capital without a contingency plan? I would have made a joke out of myself!" Alexander nodded before he pointed out coolly, "I think you already have done so."

Indeed, Nathan was behaving like an idiot right now; he was aimlessly pacing around as he glanced from left to right. He looked like he was a couple of cards short of a full deck. "Hmph! Don't get all haughty with me! I bet you want to know who A is as much as I do," he retorted wickedly. "Aside from me, A might be the only other person in this city who could help to restore the Griffith Family's glory." When she heard this, Elise quietly shot Nathan a look. Alexander, too,

merely smiled and offered no retort as he allowed Nathan the pleasure of blowing his own trumpet.

Much to Nathan's oblivion, the man who carried himself with such easy grace despite the recent controversies had been strategizing and planning since the beginning. As far as Alexander was concerned, Nathan was nothing but a pawn. It was during times like these when Elise would find herself doubting that Alexander was all that he seemed. He certainly had the makings of someone who exceeded the capacity of a mere successor to the Griffith Group. At this time, her phone vibrated and pulled her out of her thoughts. She flipped open her phone and read the message that had popped up on the screen.

After noticing this, Nathan sneaked up behind the couch and subtly peered at her screen from over her shoulder. When he saw that the symbol on the screen was the same one that marked his correspondences with A, he nearly choked and spat out his beer. The message on the screen read, 'There's someone looking into you. What's your take on this?' Nathan sputtered and began to cough violently as disbelief crashed over him like a tidal wave. In truth, he had paid SK Group a hefty price for them to look into A's whereabouts as well as Elise's background.

He was almost certain that the message was sent by a member of SK Group, which meant Elise was likely in the group, too. Elise, on the other hand, seemed unfazed as she looked up at him and asked in a steady voice, "You had someone look into me?" "Old habits are hard to change; I've been in the business industry long enough to know that it's always better to be cautious. Trust me, I bear no ill intention," Nathan explained with a grin. "Oh, I didn't think the absence of ill intentions justifies the act of snooping," she countered darkly, narrowing her eyes.

Again, the intimidating gleam that seemed so at odds with her image flashed in her eyes once more. A chill ran down his spine and he suddenly had a bad feeling about being here. He snapped out of his reverie when Elise said calmly without looking up, "I'm A." Nathan fell silent, exasperated by how easily the lie rolled off her tongue. He made to leave and as he walked toward the door, he grumbled under his breath, "Do your research before you spew such nonsense, little girl. You were probably doing finger-painting in grade school when A was reigning over the stock market..."

He had only just reached the exit of the clubhouse when Amelia and Johan obstructed his way. "Mr. York!" Amelia greeted with a dazzling smile. "The Griffiths are going to hit rock bottom by the time the stock exchange opens tomorrow. I think it's high time we discuss that collaboration and put it down in writing, don't you?" While Nathan had never evaded them on purpose, photos of them being seen together had been captured from the media more often than not in recent times and rumors of an upcoming collaboration had circulated throughout the industry.

In actuality, Nathan had yet to agree to a collaboration, which made Johan see him as a wild card. For each day that the collaboration remained unconfirmed, the risk of Nathan joining Alexander's forces only grew larger; at this rate, it would only be a matter of time before the Griffiths would return in social graces. While it meant the Griffiths' defeat tomorrow might be definite, it certainly would not be permanent.

However, with Nathan on his side, Johan could entirely wipe out Griffith Group. Presently, Nathan was still fuming and he had no patience to deal with Johan and Amelia. Without much thought, Nathan brusquely dismissed them, "I know. Go and get the contract drawn up." An overjoyed Amelia asked, "Really?"

Oh, it's splendid to know you've made up your mind. Shall we go over the details tomorrow morning?" He hummed in response, then turned to burrow into his car with the same irritability as a grizzly bear. As Johan and Amelia watched Nathan's car speed away, he said slowly, "Aunt Amelia, we're so close to winning this."

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Chapter 384 The Day of Miracles, Coolest Girl in Town

It was late at night and the entire Griffith Family had already drifted off into sleep when Penny, a member of the household staff, pried open a small gap in the door of the backyard. Through the gap, she could see Matthew's figure standing on the other side of the door; he looked to have been waiting for a while, and not wanting his patience to run out, she quickly and cautiously informed, "Young Master Alexander has decided to sever ties with the rest of the Griffiths. It was quite the scene!" In the dimness, his cold and sinister face seemed to brighten at the news. "I see. Well done, Penny."

"There's no need for praise." Whatever Penny was doing now went against her good conscience and she was already uneasy as things were. However, she knew she didn't have a choice, not while Matthew was threatening to hurt her grandson, who had only just started schooling not too long ago. "I'd be grateful enough if you could keep your word and leave my family unhurt, Young Master Matthew." "Don't you worry, Penny; I wouldn't lay a finger on your family as long as you cooperate with me," he drawled with an icy smile. "Well, you best keep that in mind!"

After having thrown the words brusquely over her shoulders, Penny closed the door to the backyard and lightly tread back into the house. She had never done anything as unsettling as this before, and to make matters worse, she was cohorting with a criminal whom the police were after. She had a feeling that she would not be able to get any sleep for the rest of her days. Meanwhile, under the moonless night sky, Matthew slowly turned away from the house and walked into the distance as he took the phone out of his pocket... The next morning, news of Alexander cutting off the Griffiths broke all over the city, and along with it came word of the Griffith Family's hard fall from grace.

Within an hour of the stock market opening, the Griffiths saw a steep decline in the value of their shares that amounted to hundreds of billions; they were merely a fraction away from entirely falling out of the market. The Securities Regulatory Commission were worried that a shift in market dynamics such as this would turn the shareholders manic and it was only when the Commission intervened that the Griffith Group was saved from plummeting even further. Despite the damage control, everyone knew that the Griffiths' reign was coming to an end; the thread that tied them to capitalist privileges was fraying fast and it would break at any second.

While chaos took the stock market by storm, Elise was tucked away in the classroom and listening to an open lecture. Addison was sitting next to her, but she seemed restless as she tapped her pen against the desk, sighing every once in a while like she was pondering life's biggest conundrums. At some point, Elise finally couldn't stand the girl's plaintive disposition any longer and asked softly, "Normally, you'd be playing video games by now. What's up?" "I'm not in the mood," Addison answered with a weary sigh, sounding depressed. "My dad's business ran into some problems; they're saying we might be bankrupt soon.

When that happens, I won't be able to stay in college anymore. I'd probably have to immediately find work so that I can pay my dues." "That sounds pretty serious." Addison had always been the life of the party, as if she had not a care in the world. Elise didn't think that things could turn so bleak that bankruptcy would be in the books. "Right?" Addison sighed again. "Unless a miracle—like a really big one—happens, my family would end up like your boyfriend's and we'd have to wind up the company for good."

She was wallowing in self-pity, but as soon as she heard herself, she hurried to explain, "Sorry, Elise—I'm not saying that your boyfriend's family would be bankrupt; I just thought that our situations are close enough by comparison..." *To be fair, though, the Griffiths will be devastated by hundreds of billions worth in losses if they were to go bankrupt.* She couldn't imagine how the Griffiths would pull through. Conversely, Addison's family was facing a much smaller setback.

The debts that came from their bankruptcy wouldn't be enough to entirely crush them and they could pay those off if they just tightened their belts a little. "It's fine," Elise said, not at all bothered. She lowered her gaze in thought before she asked, "Does your dad invest in stocks?" Addison shook her head, a little stunned as she pointed out, "You overestimate me, Elise. Stocks are for upmarket companies, and a business like ours—" "That's not what I meant," Elise interrupted when she saw that the girl had misunderstood.

Patently, she began to explain, "I was thinking that it wouldn't be hard for your dad to make some money from buying stocks now that the market is experiencing a giant shift in dynamics. It's a good investment opportunity." "I don't really know about stuff like this," Addison confessed sheepishly. She might have been a major in Mathematics, but the concept of stocks was foreign to her and she treated it with more fearful respect than curiosity. After all, she was from a middle-class family; the only things she had ever heard about stocks were how someone racked up insurmountable losses and how someone else had leaped off a ledge after their stock prices took a huge dip in the market.

Either way, the stock market was not a playground for the faint-hearted. More to the point, Addison's father was a down-to-earth man with principles. He liked knowing that the profit he earned was out of honest work and while the pace was much slower than investing in stocks, it still gave him a peace of mind. "Take it easy. People like us aren't meant to become millionaires overnight!" Those were the words with which he imparted his wisdom and philosophy and Addison kept those same words close to her heart. At this moment, Elise narrowed her eyes as she gazed at the lecturer who had decidedly taken a passionate stance on teaching before mystifyingly adding, "Tomorrow will be a miraculous day, and those who believe in miracles will be rewarded."



For some reason, Elise's cryptic demeanor had only made Addison want to trust her more. Her hands darted out to grab Elise by the wrist as she stared at Elise with a fanatic gleam in her eyes, "Elise, I believe in you. I'll have my dad gamble what's left of our money on your boyfriend!" Elise let out a light chuckle at the girl's sudden bold decision. "There's no need for that. The Griffiths are rotten to the core, and so is their worth." "Huh?" The spark of hope that Addison had felt seconds ago now died. "Does that mean that the Griffiths are bound to go bankrupt and that our family has no better investment options?"

"Not really," Elise replied. "Frazier Pharmaceuticals could make for a good investment. You could tell your dad to gamble on this, but you have to be quick and get the shares by today, or there won't be any left by tomorrow." "Okay!" Addison agreed. She had no idea what Elise meant, but she knew that the girl wouldn't set her up to fail. Behind them was a boy from their faculty, who had heard every single word of their exchange.

The Olson Family's press conference was about to start at 10:00AM that morning and all members of the media had already arrived. They were all waiting for Nathan to show up. This would mark the dawn of a new era in Tissote wherein the Olson Family would climb to the top of the social pyramid. However, when 11:00 AM rolled around, Nathan was still nowhere to be seen. The reporters were growing agitated as they chattered among themselves. They were beginning to wonder that the Olson Family had pulled a feint and that Nathan had never agreed to working with them in the first place.

Even as the crowd grew doubtful, they dared not leave the scene, for the Olson Family was already reaping rewards from the seismic shift in the stock market. Backstage, Amelia and Johan were beside themselves with panic. Everyone was calling Nathan's phone, but none of them was able to get hold of him. It took another half an hour before both Amelia and Johan realized that Nathan had bailed on them, and that he had never intended to attend the press conference today in the first place.

As it turned out, the billions that they had raked in from the stock exchange and their skyrocketing worth were not enough to impress him. He had decided to humiliate them in front of the press and the public! Johan was frantic as he called Nathan's number incessantly, but Nathan never picked up even once. Eventually, his phone died and he threw it onto the floor as he cursed angrily, "Who the hell does he think he is? He's just some agent!"

Does he really think the Olson Family can't do better without him?!" He had only just finished ranting when Amelia's phone rang. Thinking it might be Nathan, she quickly answered the call and pressed the phone to her ear before demanding anxiously, "Hello? Mr. York, where in the world are you?" The person on the other line said something, and whatever it was made Amelia grow grim. When she hung up the phone, she turned to look at Johan as she said gravely, "Come with me."

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Chapter 385 A Lawsuit, Coolest Girl in Town

In the VIP lounge of the bank, the bank president—Remus Sawyer—was seated on the couch with an apologetic look as he tried to explain, “I wish I could approve the loan for the Olson Family, but right now, the Anti-Corruption Commission is breathing down my neck; one wrong move is all it takes for these people at the ACC to drag me in for an interrogation. I’m afraid my hands are tied.” A few days ago, an anonymous letter had been addressed to the Anti-Corruption Commission, and after looking into these matters, the Commission had called Remus over to their offices that morning for a brief chat over a cup of coffee.

As things were, he knew that he had to draw the line with the Olson Family before the Commission cracked down on the case. The Olson Family would go down alongside his career the moment the Commission decided they had both been guilty. Johan was now pacing the lounge with a grim look. It took a while before he stopped and sat down next to Remus to urge, “Find a way out of this, or search for another bank willing to approve a loan in our favor. We’ve already told the public that we’d be acquiring the Griffiths’ business! What will the people say if they find out our plans have been stymied?”

Remus sighed. “Vicious rumors spread much faster than you might think. There are no other banks who would consider approving a loan for you, at least not without first putting their lives on the line. How about if you push this acquisition back by a year, or maybe half a year?” “Don’t be ridiculous, Mr. Sawyer. The stock market is as brutal as it is volatile, but it thrives on information and rumors. We can’t afford to wait that long. Besides, you promised us that you’d approve the loan, that you’d take care of it. And now here you are, leaving us high and dry!”

Amelia accused, her voice rising by several octaves. “I...” Remus couldn’t find the words to defend himself because she was right. “I wish I could keep my promises, but I didn’t think the Commission would take an interest in this all of a sudden!” The next morning, a Twitter thread began trending around cyberspace. At the time the Olson Family was supposed to kick off their much-anticipated press conference, Alexander had taken to his personal Twitter account to announce that he had invested hundreds of billions of capital into Frazier Pharmaceuticals, thereby becoming the company’s second largest shareholder. He also cleverly attached a photo of himself exchanging a friendly handshake with Nathan.

Anyone who saw the thread guessed that Alexander had managed to secure capital from Nathan and that the both of them were officially working together. When the news broke, the stocks for Frazier Pharmaceuticals saw a steady rise in value on the market. As for the Olson Family, the fact that Nathan had bailed on their press conference coupled with their inability to come up with the capital to acquire the Griffiths’ family business only affirmed the rumors—the Olson Family had not a single backer for their plans. The stock price for Olson Pharmaceuticals fell so rapidly that it tanked within the short span of the morning.

Elise was in the passenger seat as she stared at Alexander’s photo with Nathan on Twitter. She clicked her tongue in mock disapproval and pointed out snidely, “I can’t believe you guys bought Frazier Pharmaceuticals behind my back!” Alexander gave a low chuckle. “With your brilliance, I highly doubt the purchase would have escaped your notice. The thing is, the whole thing was pretty much up in the air until last night, and by the way, I was the only one who invested in Frazier Pharmaceuticals. You told me you didn’t want to see the company go down without a fight, so I looked into it and decided to buy up the shares.

That's all that happened." Elise immediately sensed that there was something fishy underscoring this incident. She turned to look at him inquisitively as she drawled, "Mr. Griffith, from what I recall, you left behind your family fortune, so how in the world did you get your hands on hundreds of billions in capital?" She gasped dramatically. "Oh! You have a secret bank account somewhere, don't you? And you didn't tell me anything about it!" "Your insinuations hurt me. You only had to ask and I would have told you everything. Alas, my dearest Elise, when was the last time you showed any interest in what I was doing?"

he countered sadly. He knew her indifference toward life was carved into her bones, and even though he was her boyfriend, he enjoyed no special treatment. In fact, it seemed as if the only people who could stoke Elise's sentiments were her grandparents. Admittedly, there were plenty of times when he felt she had to be tethered to him by a thread. He had to draw her in bit by bit so that she would allow her walls to collapse, but as soon as he released that thread, she would drift away and treat him with the same indifference as she did the rest of the world.

Meanwhile, she parted her lips to say something, but words deserted her. At this moment, the piercing sound of Alexander's ringtone filled the car. He wore his Bluetooth earpiece and answered the call, but he hung up several seconds after quickly muttering, "Got it." "What happened?" Elise asked. He pulled over by the curb and let out a frustrated sigh before he said slowly, "The Griffiths have decided to file a lawsuit against me." He paused at this, then glanced over at her as he elaborated, "To be precise, the ones who are suing me are those relatives you saw the other day.

They're alleging that the ten-billion capital I invested in Frazier Pharmaceuticals belonged to the family company and that I stole it. Basically, I'm being accused of embezzlement." "How despicable of them," Elise pointed out in disgust. "They were the ones who wanted you to leave the family without taking any part of the fortune and now that you have capital, they're leeching off you again! You might call them relatives, but they're nothing but bloodsuckers!" The twinge of exasperation that Alexander felt seemed to dissipate as soon as he heard her words. She made him feel as if he was protected and that reassured him to no end.

"You don't seem the least bit concerned about where I obtained the capital," he noted with self-deprecating humor. She frowned in thought before looking at him innocently as she asked in all seriousness, "Why would I be concerned over such a small sum of money?" He felt his brows rise to his hairline as he was rendered speechless by her remark. As it turned out, he had underestimated her, for ten billion was, to her understanding, a 'small sum of money'. Over on college grounds, Addison had seen Alexander's car from a distance and by the time he pulled up at the dormitories, she barreled down the stairs to greet him and Elise. Elise had only just stepped out of the car when she saw Addison hurtling toward her.

"We pulled through! We really did! You're incredible, Elise!" the girl cried happily as she wound her arms around Elise's neck. "We recovered every cent to cover our debts, and now all the red has been cleared off our ledger! You're practically an oracle, Elise!" At the sight of this, Alexander let out a dry cough. "Miss Whitlock, I'd appreciate it if you could keep a polite distance from my fiancée."

He was secretly envious of how these girls could just hug things out, regardless of whether it was a joyous or a grave occasion.

Unfortunately, Elise was so used to putting up a strong front that the only times he could give her comforting embraces were when she was extremely vulnerable or devastated, which didn't happen often enough. Addison chuckled and untangled her arms from Elise's neck, but the next second, she drew Elise in by the waist and glued herself onto the latter. "I will do no such thing! I'm going to stick to Elise for as long as I can. I might even marry her!" Alexander frowned. *Great, now I have to watch out for both guys and girls who pine after my woman. Could you just stop being so attractive, Elise?*

*For my sake?* While this was happening, Elise merely raised her hands, feigning innocence as she shot him a look that said, *Well, what am I supposed to do about this? You can't keep a diamond from shining.* After a quick round of jesting, Addison finally stood to the side like a loyal and faithful disciple. She followed Elise as she pressed, "So, what should we do next, Elise? What other stocks should my dad invest in?" As soon as Elise heard this, she stopped in her tracks and turned to regard Addison somberly. "Addison, you have to remember that stock investment isn't something you can depend on forever.

It can be addictive to gamble on such things and win, but you have to draw the line somewhere or you could spiral into self-destruction." "Self-destruction?" Addison repeated in shock before she patted her chest to soothe the fear that budded in her. "My goodness, that sounds terrifying! In that case, I'll get my dad to stop dabbling in stocks. All I want is for him to live like the honest man that he is." Elise hummed in response, then clapped Addison's shoulder consolingly as she added, "Maybe self-destruction might have been an exaggeration on my part. What I really meant to say was that you can't blindly invest in something without first assessing the probabilities.

You're a Mathematics major, and it shouldn't be hard for you to understand how stocks work if you put some effort into it. That way, you won't be easily misled or tricked into making poor investments. Do you understand?" Addison nodded, seemingly in a daze. She would like to think that Elise's words made sense, but at the same time, she was baffled by them.

## Coolest Girl in Town Chapter 386

[/ Coolest Girl in Town](#)

Chapter 386 Slit Her Throat, Coolest Girl in Town

That same afternoon, the Olson Family declared their bankruptcy at the end of the stock trading and the company assets were frozen while the court issued a bankruptcy order. Amelia presently appeared to be in a daze as she sat next to Jeremy, letting out long and tired sighs every once in a while.

She wondered how she was going to tell her son that she had gambled the entire family fortune away. There didn't seem to be a gentle way to break the news, and with his poor state of health, she wasn't sure whether he could accept the blow. Then, Jeremy woke up with a violent coughing fit and the heaving made his body shudder.

Within seconds, he was coughing up blood. "Doctor! Doctor!" Amelia looked as if she had gone insane as she scrambled out of the room, and she returned with the consulting doctor and a team of nurses in tow. While the medical team went about the emergency life-saving procedure, she stood out in the hallway and watched the entire episode through the glass. It was only a full hour later that Jeremy's condition was stabilized, but the doctor walked out and informed wearily, "I'm sorry. We've done our best, but we can't promise that he will survive the next fit."

"No, don't say that! My son was perfectly fine, so don't tell me he's terminally ill all of a sudden!" Hot tears streamed past her cheeks as she gripped the doctor's arm and begged, "Please, please save my son. He's only twenty; he's still a child! He's too young to die!" However, the doctor could only sigh ruefully and he couldn't make any promises. At last, Amelia was exhausted from all the crying and she suddenly grew calm as she recalled Elise's warning from the other day at the clubhouse. "When the Griffiths wind up the company for good, that will be the end for Jeremy."

While the Griffiths were not bankrupt on paper, they were already on the verge of becoming so and this coincided with Jeremy's inexplicable deterioration in health. *Elise has to be the one behind all this! There isn't anyone else!* At the thought of this, she dried her tears and slowly sat up from the floor before she rose to hurry out of the hospital. She forked out a huge sum of cash, and within an hour, she managed to locate Elise. However, upon seeing the address, Amelia froze in astonishment. Elise was currently at the Silverton Club, the very same place where Nathan had told Amelia and Johan to hold the press conference.

Seized with a bad premonition, Amelia nearly retreated from the confrontation, but the thought of keeping Jeremy alive overwhelmed all reason. With a deep breath, she clenched her jaw and barged into the clubhouse. She was practically moving on instinct, but when she hurtled through the doors of the VIP lounge, she saw Nathan sitting insouciantly inside with Alexander and Elise. The three of them formed some sort of insidious triangle as they occupied the two couches in the lounge, and it was clear to see from their dynamics that they had known each other for quite some time.

"Mr. York..." Amelia began, a little startled as her gaze fixed on the man. "I've been looking for you." Nathan, however, was heartless as he pretended not to know about this. "Oh, really? I had no idea. I mean, I'm sure there are plenty of things you have to deal with at the moment. Why are you so anxious to see me, Mrs. Olson?" She was as pale as a white sheet in fury before she turned red as blood rushed to her face. The Olson Family's bankruptcy would have been headline news among the investors, and for a prominent figure like Nathan, there was no way he hadn't heard about it.

*He's just pretending to be baffled on purpose!* However, as things were, she had no leverage against him. The three of them were already on the top of the capitalist food chain and she was the bird whose wings had been clipped. She could neither soar above them nor make him bend to her every whim. "O-Oh, it's nothing," she finally responded bitterly through gritted teeth. "Well, that's good to know," Nathan replied impassively, indulging in cruelty. At the sight of his cold indifference, Amelia grew outraged, but she forced herself to turn away from him.

She took two steps closer to Elise instead and barked, "Come with me to the hospital right now, Elise! You're the one who hurt my son, so you'll have to save him!" Regardless of the financial troubles that plagued her family, the commanding edge in her tone did not seem to have softened. Elise was unbothered as she countered coolly, "Do you have proof to support that accusation?" "Of course I do! Everyone saw you touch him, which means you're the one who landed him into such a sorry state! Don't you dare deny this!" Amelia spat. "I had no idea that your son was so weak that he could become terminally ill from a light touch.

Is he perhaps made of fine china and he'd crack at the slightest bump?" Elise asked. At that moment, it was as if panic had turned Amelia's brain to mush. She wasn't in the mood to argue with Elise now and decided that pleading was the best way to go. As she humbled herself, she begged, "Please, Elise, you have to save my son. He's too young to die like this. I'd do anything you want if you save him!" Elise wickedly eyed Amelia as she pointed out, "The Olson Family has no fortune to their name, and you're nothing but a street rat now.

What right do you have to bargain with me?" It was only then that hard realization dawned upon Amelia as she fearfully took in the apathetic look on Elise's face. She finally understood the full extent of Elise's intelligence and how a young girl like her could make all the right moves through cold, hard calculation. Barely a month had passed since the Olson Family's first encounter with Elise, but that was enough time for them to slowly lose everything. *She's a force to be reckoned with*, Amelia thought with a chill down her spine. All this aside, Elise was the only one who could save Jeremy and Amelia had no choice but to beg.

Amelia had been a proud woman all her life, but at that moment, she cast her pride away and fell on her knees, her bones hitting the cold, hard ground. Bowing her head, Amelia could finally see why Thaddeus had such high regards for Elise. In hindsight, she should have heeded her father's advice and known better than to trifle with the girl. "My son and I were wrong to have done all those things to you in the past. I hope you can find it in your heart to forgive us and give my son a chance to live. I promise you he'll change for the better!" "It's too late," Elise drawled icily.

"I gave you plenty of chances—like back at the car dealer and at the police station, just to name a few occasions. Jeremy could have changed for the better after he was rescued, but he didn't." Then, she paused and held Amelia's gaze impassively. She parted her lips and emotionlessly added, "You have to pay the price eventually for all the bad things you did." "Isn't it enough that the Olson Family lost everything?!" Amelia shrieked, thumping her chest with her fists all curled up. "You took away our money, our reputation and our place in society.

We have nothing to lose now but the life of a young one and you don't even try to sympathize with us! How could you be so heartless?!" *Am I heartless?* Elise wasn't sure about this question, but she knew that an apology from Amelia was equivalent to sweeping the past under the rug. No longer wanting to stick around for this conversation, she turned to address Alexander, "I'm tired." "Okay." Alexander nodded and said in the direction of the doorway, "Take this woman out of here immediately."

The next second, two men in suits walked into the lounge and flanked either side of Amelia, thereafter dragging her out. "No! I won't leave until Elise promises to save my son! I'd rather die than be dragged out like this!" Amelia struggled in the security guards' vise-like grip, and inadvertently, she caught sight of the cabinets that were built into one side of the wall. Seized with determination, she broke free of the guards' rein and threw herself hard against the cabinets. The head-splitting pain that followed the collision made her see stars and black spots in her vision.

Fresh blood trickled down from her forehead almost instantaneously, staining half her face. She reached up to press a hand to her wound and tried to find her balance. When she did, she slowly opened her eyes and looked at Elise darkly, then bit out in a strained voice, "If you don't save my son, you'll have to watch me die right here right now!" The whole room fell into a deathly silence as Elise and Amelia faced off against one another.

The tension brewed and after what seemed like an eternity, an unaffected Elise took a deep breath and said, "Then go ahead and die." Amelia's eyes widened in disbelief as she couldn't imagine anyone being so ruthless. The wheels in her mind turned as she concluded, *Elise is only saying this because she thinks I wouldn't kill myself out of desperation.* She swallowed convulsively as she grew numb to the pain of her wound.

Mortality made her fear death, but she was more afraid of seeing her son die than anything else. If she had to choose, she wouldn't pick living if it meant her son couldn't be saved. A steely look flashed across her bloodstained face, and with one last glare at Elise, she ran out of the lounge. A few minutes later, one of the bodyguards brisk-walked into the room and reported, "That woman ran into the kitchen and slit her own throat with a knife!"

## Coolest Girl in Town Chapter 387

[/ Coolest Girl in Town](#)

Chapter 387 The Mad and the Foolish, Coolest Girl in Town

Elise's expression shifted when she heard this. Nathan was the first to break the shock silence that came with the information. "Is she dead?" he asked. "No," the bodyguard replied. "She barely got through any skin and the slit isn't deep enough to kill her. She's already been sent to the hospital." To one side, Alexander noticed Elise let out a slow breath of relief and he raised his hand to dismiss the guard while saying, "That will be all." When the guard left, she muttered without making much sense, "Even a person like her would do anything to save her son."

*And I never even got to see my own biological parents. Am I just not good enough?* She then thought about what Joshua had said—that she was only adopted, and no matter how close of a bond she and her grandparents might share, they were ultimately separated by the lack of blood relation. If it all came down to choosing between her and Joshua, there was no telling whether Robin and Laura would or wouldn't pick Joshua. Elise would always be the one left behind; abandonment was a fate she had been born into. "Everyone is different," Alexander prompted meaningfully, pulling her out of her thoughts.

"Maybe," she murmured as she spun and headed for the door. At the sight of this, he rose from the couch and asked, "Where are you going?" "To save Jeremy." She had changed her mind; regardless of whether Amelia would survive the ordeal, she would still spare the woman's son. It didn't take long for Alexander and Elise to arrive at the hospital. Under Elise's expert skills in acupuncture, Jeremy regained consciousness from his coma, though his last memory was the one from the other day when he had badgered Elise. Now that he was looking at her the moment he opened his eyes, his hand flew to his neck as he demanded warily, "What do you think you're doing?"

"Your mother's been hospitalized," Elise explained icily. "What? What the hell did you do to my mom?!" he roared as he bolted upright in bed. "You little b\*tch! I swear I'll make you pay if anything happens to my mom!" She narrowed her eyes and shot him a dangerous look. "Keep saying that if you want to be a comatose forever." Jeremy knew better than to challenge her, so he shut up like she told him to. When Elise left, he hurried to look into Amelia's whereabouts. By the time he found her room, Amelia was already awake. "Mom! Are you alright? Why would you do such a thing?"

Tell me who it was that pushed you into doing something like this. I'll make them pay!" he cried, throwing himself down in the seat next to her bed as he sobbed pathetically. He might be an incorrigible troublemaker, but he still loved his mother dearly. "There, now; you're awake and that's all that matters. I'll be fine as long as you are, my child," a weak Amelia commented. "How are you 'fine' right now? Look at the state of you! I won't just sit here and take this without a fight. I'll find that person who did this to you and make them pay. Was it Elise?"

That scheming little witch has gone too far this time! I'll find her and if I can't kill her myself, I'll hire someone to do it!" "Stop!" Panic settled over Amelia as she reached up and clutched Jeremy's shirt, drawing him closer with a frantic gleam in her eyes. "That's enough. Don't go around saying stuff like that anymore. That woman is someone we can't afford to trifle with!" With slow hesitation, she added, "In the few days that you've been unconscious, the Olson Family has gone bankrupt." A loud ringing filled Jeremy's ears like his mind had just imploded. "That's impossible! I don't believe you. You're lying!"

The Olson Family is a titan in the industry and we have William and Nathan on our side. How could we have lost everything?" "You fool! Don't you understand? Nathan has been on Elise's side from the very beginning! He only got close to us for us to lower our guard!" "What?" He crashed to the floor in a miserable heap. Bewildered, he started to recall everything that had culminated into this. Now that he thought about it, it was no wonder that Alexander and Elise could access Nathan's suite whenever they liked, but the Olson Family could not.

As it turned out, the wheels of Elise's plans had been set in motion without Amelia and anyone else in the Olson Family realizing it. Everything had been a ploy to begin with. *How terrifying can one woman be?* Jeremy thought with a shiver. Presently, Amelia let out a sigh. She stared at the ceiling with a faraway gaze as she added, "It was our fault for pushing Elise's limits. We need to know our place now and we have to realize that our glory days have come to an end." "No! I won't do it! I won't go down like this!" Jeremy couldn't accept the fact that he had gone from riches to rags as soon as he had woken up from his coma.



As though having gone insane, he roared and howled, then rushed out of the hospital the same way Amelia had earlier at the clubhouse. A few days later, news of him getting beaten into a pulp headlined the entertainment gossip column. He suffered such severe brain damage from the assault that rumor had it he wouldn't be the same person even after treatment. Unable to cope with this cruel twist of fate, she lost her mind. Meanwhile, Elise had gone through the paperwork for Laura's discharge from the hospital and brought Laura home.

Following several rounds of acupuncture, Laura had already regained her mobility and Elise decided to bring her grandparents to seek medical help abroad after a month or two of recuperation. In order to celebrate Laura's discharge from the hospital, Joshua had been released from custody as well. After having not seen or heard from Joshua for the past few days, Maureen was ecstatic to see her husband return and the couple staked out a corner to talk about something in secret. Elise was helping Laura into a seat when she saw Jeanie sighing. Upon sensing that Jeanie might be in low spirits, Elise followed her into the kitchen and asked, "You look a little down, Mrs. Anderson.

Is something the matter?" Jeanie turned away as soon as she heard Elise's voice and quickly dabbed her tears. "I-It's nothing. I'm fine." While Jeanie thought she was being subtle, Elise actually saw through her gestures and grew even more worried. As she approached the older woman, Elise said gently, "Mrs. Anderson, you know about my being adopted by the Sinclairs, and that I'm not biologically related to my grandparents, but that doesn't change the fact that our bond is real. If you see me as family, Mrs. Anderson, you don't have to hide anything from me or be so courteous toward me."

Jeanie sighed. Since Elise had persuaded her, she reached out to take the girl's hand as she said wistfully, "I was feeling dejected about how a girl as wonderful as you didn't turn out to be my daughter." She paused, then mused thoughtfully, "And I'm upset because I went to get a DNA test done after I found out you were adopted. In the end... You have no idea how much I wish you were my daughter!" Elise felt her heart leap to her throat, but she maintained composure as she asked, "You went to get a DNA test done?" "Huh?" Jeanie froze for a moment before she quickly apologized, "Yes, I went out to deliver the DNA sample to the facility that ran the test for me.

I'm sorry for not staying home like you told me to, Elise." "No, I'm worried about something else," Elise explained gravely. "Something else?" A baffled Jeanie couldn't quite understand what else could worry Elise other than the trip she had made to the DNA test facility. With a sigh, Elise decided to be frank with the woman. "Faye has hired someone to keep an eye on you and the spy has been watching you from outside the house all this time." "What?"

Jeanie placed a hand over her heart and as the belated realization sank in, she muttered, "Does that mean Faye knows about the test?" "I wouldn't be too concerned about that." Elise briefly pondered on this, then met Jeanie's gaze as she asked somberly, "Mrs. Anderson, could you give me a copy of the DNA test results?" "It's all just a bunch of technical data. Would you be able to understand the data at all?" Jeanie asked. "No," Elise replied bluntly.

"Maybe I could trace the data source, though." Jeanie couldn't quite comprehend this, but she did as she was told and returned with the test results. Elise took the

results and went back to her room, then somehow hacked into the facility's database by using the facility's name and the serial number printed on the test results. When she saw the real report leap out at her from the screen, she stared at the computer for long enough that one might think she had turned to stone.

## Coollest Girl in Town Chapter 388

[/ Coolest Girl in Town](#)

Chapter 388 Forcefully Remove People From My House, Coolest Girl in Town

The woman whom Elise saved was actually her biological mother. For so many years, she had hoped to meet her mother and live with her, but when all of this was within reach, she suddenly became overwhelmed. At the same time, Faye also saw the real report. *That woman is actually Yoona! She's not dead; she's actually still alive!* Faye tightly squeezed the identification report until the document became wrinkled. She seriously wished to crush it as if doing this would remove the big stone weighing on her heart. In fact, she had worked so hard for so long to lay out her plans to reach this position, so she knew she must not allow Yoona to appear and affect everything.

Just as she was about to think of a solution, the office door was violently pushed open from the outside. Her secretary had stood in front of Johan to block him but that could not stop him from striding forward. "Mr. Olson, you can't go in. Miss Anderson is..." As the secretary spoke, Johan had already walked up to Faye. The secretary lowered her head to immediately apologize, "Sorry, Miss Anderson, I couldn't stop him..." "It's fine. You may leave first." Faye waved her hand to dismiss the secretary. When the door closed, Johan sneered, "Faye, you really are busy, huh?"

Your own fiancé has to make an appointment to see you." She unhurriedly returned to the chair and sat down. Only then did she slowly say, "You should know very well that we are only engaged and not married. We can break off the relationship at any time." "I know. Even lovers will break up in the face of hardship. If I were you, I would also make the same choice," he admitted. "Good to know," Faye spoke in a formal tone. "In that case, please leave." "Don't rush to drive me away. I haven't finished talking yet." Johan pulled out the chair and sat down, crossing his legs with a leisurely look on his face.

At this moment, she could not hide the disgust in her eyes and said in a mean manner, "You know, I truly admire you. When everyone was fighting over the family assets, you were not worried at all, and I even had to continuously push you before you would make a move. Now that the Olson Family is facing bankruptcy, you're again not worried at all. You have a good mentality." "You're right." Johan was not annoyed. Instead, he smiled before he placed his fingers on his chin. As he stretched his neck, he said quietly, "Well, I have a great girlfriend." "Hey."

Faye made a gesture of stopping him. "That was long before; I have nothing to do with you now." "Oh..." Johan laughed dryly as he revealed a calculating smile. "Faye, do you really think you can get rid of me? I did many dirty things for you and retained all that evidence. If you drive me away and make me unhappy, I might make a mistake. We will all be suffering by then!" Silence fell in the room. Narrowing her eyes, Faye stared at Johan across the table. She had underestimated this man whom she had thought only knew how to drink and be merry and did not expect to actually be countered by him.

Those matters that couldn't be brought to light would cause her to lose her position in the Anderson Family and even get herself imprisoned if they were leaked. As Faye thought of these, her expression changed and she instantly smiled again. "Then, it seems that we can't dissolve our relationship in the near future. In that case, let's endure each other's presence for a while." "Of course." Johan reached out and took Faye's hand in his before he kissed it gently. "I knew it, my dearest. You wouldn't watch me die without lending a helping hand, right?"

The smile on Faye's face gradually deepened, but what she thought in her heart was that she wished nothing more to tear him apart. ... That afternoon, Faye took Johan and a few policemen to knock on the door of Sinclair Residence. "Is anyone there?" The leader of the police in charge shouted loudly. "Is there anyone?" "Who is it? What's so urgent?" Maureen hurriedly went over to open the door. She had only just opened it when all five people barged in. "Hey, hey, hey, who are you looking for?" She hurriedly blocked their way. "Are you Jeanie Gray?" the policeman asked.

She shook her head. "No." "Then, who are you?" the policeman asked again. "I'm the mistress of the house!" Maureen exclaimed; it was only a matter of time before the old woman's life was over anyway. "Then have Jeanie come out, please. We need to take her to the station." "I don't know her," a resentful Maureen commented. "You guys are weird. Why are you here at the Sinclair Residence looking for someone with the last name of Gray?" "If you don't know her, why are you delaying us?" With that, the police headed inside. She looked at the man's uniform and did not dare to stop him, so she just trotted all the way to the front and walked in front of them. Jeanie was walking with Laura in the courtyard.

When Faye came in and saw her, she feigned distress and ran up to hold Jeanie's hand. "Mom, what are you doing? You are Mrs. Anderson of the Anderson Family. How can you behave like a servant and take care of other people's elderly?" Johan also followed suit and echoed, "Yes, Mrs. Anderson, just come back with us. Faye has been talking about you all day and she can't sleep well." As Jeanie heard those words from the two of them, she stood still. They then looked to the police and said, "Officer, we've found her." "In that case, bring her back."

Before coming here, Faye had informed them that Jeanie was a mentally ill woman who did not usually behave like herself. She had gotten lost, only to be detained by the Sinclair Family. Thus, this time, they were here to bring her back. After all, mentally ill patients did not have the right to make their own decisions and their guardians had to either make the decision to keep them at home or admit them to the mental hospital. In any case, it was not possible for them to stay in the homes of outsiders. "I'm not leaving! I'm not going back!" Jeanie resisted and shook off Faye's hand, but she was grabbed by the bodyguard Faye had brought and was dragged out in the next second. "Stop!"

At this point, Alexander and Elise entered the courtyard and saw this absurd scene. "What are you doing?" Alexander asked coldly. "How dare you forcefully remove people from my house!" "What? I'm bringing my mother back to my own home. Do I have to tell you that in advance? Alexander, you're way too full of yourself." Faye rolled her eyes at him. Then, she said to the police, "Officer, we'll take her away first!" The police nodded.

“Go back and be reunited with your family!” “How dare you take her away from here!” Elise suddenly spoke up, her voice icy. The policeman stiffened and said angrily, “What are you talking about? The daughter wants to bring her mother home, so how can you stop her?”

If her family does not agree to her staying here, you’re illegally abducting and detaining her, which you’ll be sentenced to prison for! Do you understand?” “Are you sure her family doesn’t agree?” Her face was cold. “Where is her family member who agreed to Jeanie staying? Why do I not know about it?” The police officer spread out his hands as if he had heard some big joke.

## Coolest Girl in Town Chapter 389

[/ Coolest Girl in Town](#)

Chapter 389 The Anderson Family’s Daughter, Coolest Girl in Town

“I agree,” Elise said coldly. “You?” The police officer stared at her up and down for a moment. “What’s your name?” “Elise Sinclair.” When the police heard this, his expression darkened. “Well, stop cracking jokes here. I’m busy and have no time to joke around with you. You’re a Sinclair, not an Anderson. How dare you speak up about this!” With that, he turned around to urge Faye to take Jeanie away. At this time, Elise’s voice rang out again. “I am Jeanie’s long-lost daughter, Yoona Anderson.” Her voice was not shrill, but every word was loud and clear and it shocked everyone present.

Everyone looked at her as they waited for an explanation. However, she just calmly walked up to push away the two hands holding Jeanie before taking her away. Jeanie was completely stunned by what Elise had just said and she hadn’t returned to her senses as she was dragged away by Elise. As for Faye, she quickly reacted by rushing over. Then, she grabbed Jeanie’s other hand and said fiercely, “Do you think we’ll believe it?”

The whole city knows that the Anderson Family’s other daughter died long ago. Elise, even if you’re a gold-digger, you should find another family to harm!” “Let go!” Elise said in a stern voice. “Don’t even think about it!” a stubborn Faye replied. “No matter what, I have to take my mother away today!” “Oh?” Elise slowly inclined her head and raised an eyebrow to look at her. “It looks like you want me to remind you how you bribed the staff of the DNA identification center, tampered with the DNA report, and imprisoned Old Mrs. Anderson and Mrs. Anderson.”

“Y-You’re talking nonsense!” Faye’s eyes flashed with panic, but she quickly calmed down again. Then, she smoothly added, “My grandmother is old and she always needs someone around to watch her. As for my mother, she has a certified psychiatric report from the hospital, and she needs to be placed under continual observation too. If you’re trying to say that this is me imprisoning them, I’m sure the officers will be a good judge of that!” “Is that so?” Elise sneered. “If you’re observing them so diligently, why would they still be kidnapped? Was that an accident or a deliberate set-up?”

Officer, don’t you think this is extremely strange?” “Elise!” Faye was so agitated that her voice rose higher. “You don’t need to demonize me here. In any case, I am legally my mother’s daughter and the only heiress of the Anderson Family. I am also her current guardian, so I am qualified to take her away!” With that, she

turned to the officer and begged, "Officer, you have read all the legal information, so please help me take my mother home!" "Miss Anderson, don't worry. With me here, no one can separate you and Mrs. Anderson!" Then, the police officer placed his hand on Elise's hand that was holding Jeanie.

"Miss Elise, please let go and don't obstruct our duty. Do not interfere with us!" Elise did not move but increased the force in her hand by squeezing Jeanie's hand even tighter. As the pain was being transmitted to Jeanie, she regained some sanity, but she did not feel the pain at all. Instead, when she looked at Elise's face close at hand, she inexplicably felt peace and she believed every word that Elise said. She knew that Yoona had returned!

At this moment, Elise's expression was gradually changing in which there was already a killing light in her eyes. The police officer was frightened by her aura, so his other hand inched toward the gun at his waist. He thought that Faye was probably right: Elise Sinclair of the Sinclair Family was actually crazy. *I have to be on guard.* Seeing that the situation was about to get out of hand, Alexander strode forward to squeeze both the officer and Elise's hands. "Elise," Alexander called out in a low voice. "Relax. Please relax. Mrs. Anderson will not be taken away. Trust me." When she heard that, the furious Elise finally calmed down and her delicate hand gradually slipped off from Jeanie.

At that, the police breathed a sigh of relief and released his gun. "Well, to be honest with you, you should not be interfering with the family affairs of others. Why bother making a fool of yourself?" After the admonishment, the police signaled to Faye to hurry up and take Jeanie away first.

Faye immediately understood and along with Johan, she fiercely dragged Jeanie to the outside. When they reached the door, they were suddenly blocked by a crowd of people. Cameron was blocking the door with a group of bodyguards, leaving no possibility for Faye and Johan to escape.

When the police saw that they were being blocked, they became angry. "What are you trying to do? Are you part of the underground? How dare you restrict the freedom of the police in broad daylight! Are you aware of the law or not?" After that, Alexander slowly waved at Cameron. Cameron nodded respectfully before he took a document from the assistant behind him, crossed the courtyard, and gave it to Alexander. While holding the document, Alexander slowly said, "This is the paternity report of Elise Sinclair and Jeanie Gray, also known as Mrs. Anderson. It proves that Elise is Jeanie's biological daughter.

The DNA identification center is located right here in the city, so if anyone does not believe this report, you may immediately head there with my people to verify it." With that, he threw the report at Faye's feet. Then, he looked at the police and asked, "Officer, are we now qualified to allow my mother-in-law to stay?"

The police officer looked at him with some doubt before he turned to pick up the report. Only when he saw the 99.99% probability of a confirmed paternity test did he look at Faye with chagrin. "Miss Faye, what's going on here? Didn't you say that Elise is not a relative of the Anderson Family and is illegally detaining your mother?"

How do you explain this?" Faye had no way to explain, so she gritted her teeth and glared at Elise with resentment and anger. She had underestimated Elise too much; even though she had already spent money to expunge the data from the identification center, Elise still had the real report. *What a vindictive woman! She pretends to be pure and harmless, but in reality, she still wants to claim her heritage and compete with me for the Anderson Family's assets!*

The police took a look at Faye's expression and knew that what Alexander said was true, so he felt embarrassed. "It's hard for the police to judge family affairs. You can solve your family's crap yourself! We're not going to care anymore!" After saying that, he threw the report aside and left in a rage. Alexander's men did not stop the police and allowed them to leave. Over in the courtyard, Jeanie squatted and picked up the report again.

After reading the last page, she then held it like it was treasure. Then, she walked toward Elise and hugged her tightly. "Yoyo, my daughter, you're finally back! I missed you so much!" Elise had always felt that she was sensible enough to control her emotions. However, when Jeanie hugged her and cried bitterly, her own emotions were immediately thrown into chaos.

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Faye's hand that was at her side unconsciously clenched into a fist. She gritted her teeth in indignation as she watched the two of them embrace each other. For more than 10 years, she had forced herself to become outstanding and excellent, but Jeanie and Bertha didn't even care a hoot. Elise was just a worthless girl who did not have family at an early age, so she was incomparable to Faye, but Jeanie still considered Elise as a treasure. But even so, Faye still quickly forced herself to calm down, took two steps forward and reminded Jeanie, "Mother, this is such an important matter; it is better to be cautious.

Although I also want my sister to come back, we know for a fact that she died. I wonder if the sudden appearance of this woman claiming to be my sister could be a fraud." "You shut up! My heart clearly knows whether she's the real Yoyo or not!" Jeanie released Elise before tightly holding her hand again. In a stubborn manner, she said, "Elise is Yoyo, and Yoyo is Elise. She is my daughter!" Being yelled at had caused Faye to be taken aback and momentary ruthlessness flashed in her eyes, but soon disappeared again. Then, she said quietly, "Mother, the Anderson Family has to decide if she is Yoyo.

It's not up to you alone!" Elise inexplicably felt annoyed. "It's not up to you either." "Please leave, Miss Anderson." Alexander immediately said. "This is a private place and a small one at that. We can't accommodate this many people for now." An exasperated Faye glanced at the bodyguards crowded all over the courtyard, knowing that she couldn't touch them, so she had to leave. As soon as she and her companions left, the bodyguards also withdrew. Soon, everyone returned to the main hall and sat down where Elise then explained why there were two DNA identification reports.

"What a load of balderdash!" Robin was so angry that he hit the table. "What, do they think that Elise cares about that tiny bit of assets the Anderson Family own?" All those present did not dare to answer. Joshua and his wife weren't happy as they thought that if Elise didn't return to the Anderson Family to fight for the family assets, could she be waiting to inherit the Sinclairs' family assets instead? After all, they did not agree to this. Elise was just a foster daughter, and there were no blood ties between her and the Sinclair Family, so why should she have a share of their family assets?

Of course, the couple did not dare to voice those words aloud, but only quietly made plans in their hearts. As for Jeanie, she kept grabbing Elise, afraid that Elise would disappear again. It was only after a long time that she made up her mind and said, "No, Yoyo, you must fight for it. Everything in the Anderson Family was originally yours to begin with!" Her illness seemed to have suddenly gotten better and she analyzed the situation seriously. "Faye does not have good intentions and the Anderson Family has long since become warped in her hands over the years.

Only when my Yoyo returns can the Anderson Family revive." Elise stoically listened, as if what Jeanie had said was someone else's business and had nothing to do with her. In the room full of people, everyone had their own preoccupations. Robin and Laura were still reluctant to let Elise go. Suddenly, Alexander posed a rather inappropriate question. "Mrs. Anderson, please clarify to me this: are you telling Elise to go back because you sincerely miss your daughter, or do you simply need her as a tool to fight for power and benefits?" His expression darkened as a rare trace of anger surfaced on his face. When it came to Elise, he would cast all his values aside and only cared about her.

Hearing that suddenly caused Jeanie to freeze. It was a long time before she reacted and repeatedly apologized to Elise. "Yoyo, I did not mean that. I just felt that I've owed you too much and want to give you all those things. I'm not fighting for my benefit, I'm not..." she explained anxiously and was suddenly a weak woman with no opinion. She was as incoherent and panicked as a child who had done something wrong. "I know." Elise covered the back of Jeanie's hand with hers. She faintly reassured Jeanie, "I didn't think that way." "T-Then... Will you acknowledge m-me?"

Jeanie stammered. Things had happened so fast that she forgot to ask what Elise thought, and now that she reflected on it, she was indeed a bit disrespectful. "No matter what, I am your daughter. That is a fact." Elise's face was expressionless, making it impossible to distinguish her exact mood at the moment. "You can stay here in peace now." She motionlessly pushed Jeanie's hand away and casually found an excuse to leave. "I'll go back to my room and rest for a while." "Go on," Laura responded. Elise nodded, and only then did she go back to the courtyard.

After she left, Robin sighed. "She can't get over the news." Laura gave him a look and nodded silently. However, Jeanie was fidgety. "Does E-Elise hate me?" "Give her some time," he said. "I'll go take a look," Alexander offered as he got up to walk out. Outside the door of Elise's room, he reached out and knocked twice. *Knock knock*. However, there was no response. He fell silent and thought for a while before he pushed the door open. In the room was Elise seated in front of the dressing table and staring at the mirror. Alexander walked over and stood

behind her, his big hand gently resting on her shoulder. "Are you okay?" She ignored his words and instead looked at the mirror, muttering, "Who am I really?"

*Elise or Yoona? Should I become a different person and live a different life?* She couldn't figure out how to transition between the Sinclair Family and the Anderson Family. He bent down and hugged her from behind. His cheek pressed against hers as he tried hard to warm her with his body. "You are Elise and you are also Yoona. Most importantly, you are my fiancée. You are you; your name is just a name. No matter what your name becomes tomorrow, you are always yourself." "Maybe my name is more than enough to confuse you," Elise said self-deprecatingly.

"What, am I so useless in your heart?" Alexander joked. Then, he became serious again. Looking at Elise's reflection in the mirror, he said solemnly, "I will always recognize you, no matter what your name is. I will always remember you. Marry me, Elise. I want to have a family of our own with you." "Aren't we already engaged?" Elise asked. "I mean, let's get married."

His voice rose a bit, his gaze firm and sincere. Elise's expression finally changed. Although she could see him in the mirror, she still turned and met his eyes. "You really want to marry me?" When he heard that, Alexander sighed and laughed. "When have I not wanted to?" "Maybe you will change your mind later." "I am only afraid that you will change your mind, so let's just get married, Elise. I want to be with you for the rest of my life."