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He wrapped his arms around the horse's neck, letting it continue to run freely. His eyes, however, were observing his surroundings. Right at that moment, he saw a grassy patch up ahead. Instantly, an idea wormed its way into his mind, and he promptly leaped off the horse's back and rolled onto the grassy patch. He only stopped after several rolls. "Alexander, out of the way! Quick!" Elise's frantic voice hit him. Alexander looked up, only to see Elise's horse charging straight for him, and then the horse was right above him. At that moment, he forgot how to move.

Elise was also startled by this. She could no longer stand by. She gripped the reins tightly and gave a hard kick to the horse's abdomen. Then, she dropped from the horse's back, her own body pressing down onto Alexander's. At the sight of this, the horse lifted its head and neighed at the sky. However, Elise continued to shield Alexander as she closed her eyes in defeat. The pain that she had anticipated never came though, as the horse had galloped off in a different direction.

Elise cracked her eyes open then. Her brain still hadn't caught up with reality as she took in everything when Alexander quickly spoke up. "Are you okay? Did you get hurt?" When Elise saw Alexander in front of her, she reflexively reached out and buried herself in his chest for reasons unknown to her. That incident earlier had been far too much of a close call, and during that moment as she hugged Alexander, she seemingly felt secure. Some part of Alexander's heart was touched when he felt the soft body in his embrace, for he completely forgot to push her away.

"It's all right. Everything's over now." After a while, Alexander consoled her. It was only then that Elise returned to her senses, and she quickly let go of him. "I'm glad that you weren't hurt. I have no idea what was going on with that horse. Why did it go berserk all of a sudden?" As Elise spoke, she attempted to stand up, but her right leg suddenly gave out on her, and she fell forward. Fortunately for her, Alexander grabbed her in time. "Are you okay?" Elise lowered her head to look at her leg. She could clearly feel the pain coming from her ankle. "I think it's sprained."

Hearing her say that, Alexander promptly crouched down to check her foot. "Where? Does it hurt? Can you walk?" Alexander pressed his hand against her ankle as he spoke. Elise gave a pained hiss. "Gentler, please." He quickly withdrew his hand. "That sprained ankle seems bad. You need to get to the hospital now." Tears sprang up in Elise's eyes after she heard that. *I'm out of luck today. What did I do to deserve this?*

Alexander, on the other hand, didn't say anything else as he crouched down in front of her. "Get on. I'll carry you over." Elise paused for a moment, but in the end, she got onto his back. Alexander carried her toward their starting point. Right then, Owen came cantering over on his horse. His forehead creased tightly

when he saw that Elise was injured. "Miss Sinclair, what happened to you?" Elise pursed her lips. She was a little hurt.

"I don't know what happened, but my horse suddenly got really agitated, and it threw me off its back." Owen's face took on an unsightly expression. He had clearly only ordered his men to sabotage Alexander's horse. He had never once thought about doing anything to Elise's horse, but now... Now that things had come to this, Owen immediately reined in his expression as he asked in concern, "Let's not worry about the horse for now."

Why don't you get on? I'll send you over." "You don't have to. Alex can carry me," Elise quickly declined. At that, Owen hurriedly took out his phone and made a phone call. Every time they went horse-riding, there would always be medical personnel on standby. Soon after that, two medics in white came rushing over. "Hurry and check Miss Sinclair's foot," Owen said. At the same time, Alexander put Elise down so that the doctors could check her. "Her foot isn't terribly injured. She's in no danger; she just twisted her ankle. Her bones were unaffected."

The doctor's words made Elise let out a breath. "Is that twisted ankle serious?" "It's no big deal. You'll be fine after I apply some ointment for you. It should heal by tomorrow." As the doctor said that, he pulled out a bottle of ointment from the medical kit he had brought with him and applied the ointment on Elise's foot. Then, he helped Elise with the rest of her symptoms. Soon, Elise's ankle didn't hurt as much as it did before. "Miss Sinclair, please watch out for yourself later and rest. As long as you don't put too much strain on your foot, you should be fine."

Elise thanked him. "Got it." Alexander then once again carried Elise on his back to the lounge. Having caught wind of Elise's injury, Quentin rode back to the lounge. The moment he got off his horse, he made a mad dash over. "Ellie, what happened to you?" Elise poked her tongue out, somewhat embarrassed. "I'm fine. I just fell off my horse." Quentin's expression twisted up at those words. "Why would a perfectly fine horse suddenly do that?" The stableboy was terrified by Quentin's question, and he promptly wiped the sweat from his forehead. "Mr. Fassbender, we tend to the horses carefully with all our attention every day. We have never dared to let something slip us by."

"T-That's right, Mr. Fassbender. Even with all the courage in the world, we... we wouldn't dare to do anything to the horses," another stableboy stuttered. Quentin glanced at them and said, "It is difficult to assume that you have nothing to do with this when the horse suddenly displayed unusual behavior. I will get the others to investigate this matter thoroughly. You should leave." "Yes, Mr. Fassbender." After the stableboys left, Quentin asked Elise about her condition, concerned. He only relaxed and left once he had ascertained that Elise's ankle was okay.

Not long after that, Quentin met with his most trusted subordinate and ordered, "This horse was definitely acting strange. I've been here so many times, but nothing like this has ever happened. Investigate the situation for me and see what the cause is." "Understood, sir." Quentin's eyes darkened slightly. *This incident... I hope it's not what I'm thinking.* Due to Elise's ankle, their horse-riding session came to an end. Elise's classes would start again soon, so after she explained things to Quentin, she returned to the Griffith Residence with

Alexander. Owen also came up with an excuse of his own and left Quentin's house after Elise had departed. "How did things turn out like this?! I told you to only do this to Alexander's horse!

Why did Elise fall from hers?" Owen interrogated, his expression stormy. Neil hastily explained, "Sir, that wasn't my intention. It's true that we only drugged the horse that Alexander selected, but it was only later that I found out that those two horses had mated before. Who would have thought that this beast would have feelings as well..." "You moron." Owen's face went dark at those words. "What a bunch of incompetent fools. You ruined my plans." "My apologies, sir. The fault lies with me, but I'll be sure to do better next time." Owen, however, had run out of patience.

"You think there'll be a next time? Leave! Do not ever show yourself in front of me again." "Sir, I..." "Did you not understand what I said? Get out of my sight! And I'm telling you, if this gets out, I will not show you any mercy." "Sir, we were very discreet with our actions. No one will discover this." Owen's expression lightened up, but he still did not let Neil stay. He did not revoke his order for the other man to leave.

Although his plans didn't work out after all that had happened today, Owen could see that Elise and Alexander were quite close. *It seems I have my work cut out for me if I'm going to make this work. Too bad for them, though. I love challenges.* The corners of Owen's lips curved up as a calculating look streaked across his eyes.

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Elise's ankle injury wasn't all that serious. By the next day, she recovered. Coincidentally, it was Alexander's turn to send her to school today. "Thanks for yesterday. I owe you one. I'll be sure to pay you back in the future when I get the chance to." Alexander gave an evil smile as he looked at her. Those bottomless eyes of his were seemingly filled with boundless admiration. "Elise, I didn't help you because I wanted something out of it. Why don't you consider making this act real?" Elise was stupefied by that. It felt like something was stuck in her throat, and she began to cough violently.

Her face was soon a brilliant red. "W-What kind of joke was that?" Alexander's initially tense heart relaxed at her words. He just wanted to test the waters, but it seemed that she didn't feel that way toward him, so he followed the flow of the conversation. "Just teasing. If you really feel like you owe me, just leave that debt be for now." Alexander strode out as he spoke. Elise's forehead was beaded with sweat from confusion.

She just had the feeling that Alexander was being weird today. Right at that moment though, her heart also calmed down from its frantic hammering after she heard his words. No one knew just how bewildered she had been just now; she even thought that her ears were playing tricks on her. Fortunately, she had good self-control, or she would have ended up making a scene. She muttered to herself, "This guy... He's actually learned how to crack a joke." When they arrived

at school, Elise got out of the car and waved at Alexander. "I'm going in. See you later."

Alexander made an affirming sound, only leaving once he had seen her head inside. Not long after that, however, Jack parked his car in the same exact parking spot. Mikayla hurriedly undid her safety belt. "Dar—" She nearly called him 'darling,' but she ended up holding her tongue right before she said it. "Thanks for sending me to class, Jack, but I'm fine now. You don't have to worry about this matter either." Jack hummed. "So long as you're okay. If you don't feel well, text me. Don't force yourself to weather through it. If you feel sick, you must go to the hospital immediately."

Mikayla's heart was overfilled with joy as she listened to his instructions. "Got it. I'm going to class then." Although she was a little reluctant, Mikayla still opened the door and alighted from the car. She ended up looking back several times with each step she took before she finally set foot on campus, still reluctant to part with Jack. The moment she stepped inside the classroom, she caught sight of Elise, and she made her way over to her. "Elise, I'm sorry, but my phone was broken earlier. That's why I didn't text you back." Elise looked up and smiled.

"It's fine!" But right after that, she noticed something different about Mikayla. "What happened to your face?" Mikayla touched the tiny wound that still remained as she explained, "It's nothing much. I just had a small accident. Everything's okay now." Elise sighed at that. "What are the odds? We even got into accidents at the same time." "What's wrong? Did something happen?" Mikayla quickly asked. Elise let out another sigh. "I went horse-riding yesterday and got thrown off my horse. Luckily for me, it wasn't anything serious. I've recovered from the fall already."

Having heard Elise say that, Mikayla promptly sat down. "Actually, I got hit by a car," she whispered. Elise was startled. "Wait, what? You got hit by a car? When did that happen?" "It's okay. It's all in the past now. But, do you know who hit me?" Mikayla had excitement written all over her face. It boggled Elise's mind. This was the first time Elise had seen someone not feel angry at all toward the person who hit them with their car. In fact, Mikayla actually seemed rather happy. "Who was it?" Mikayla giggled. "My husband, Jack." Elise stared at her in bewilderment.

"He was the one who hit you?" Elise suddenly recalled that day when she called Jack. He had said that he was at the hospital dealing with something. *Was he there because he went to see Mikayla after he hit her?* "Are you sure you're okay? You're not pulling my leg?" Elise asked in concern, but Mikayla shook her head. "I'm perfectly fine. I'm doing great! In fact, I'm pretty happy. My body aches a bit, but I'm still happy. After all, I got closer to my husband because of this." *Groupies... They're beyond saving*, Elise thought. "As long as you're okay, I guess."

Nothing else matters then." Mikayla didn't share her opinion though. After spending the last few days with Jack, she felt that Jack was a nice person. Not only was he handsome, but he was also an absolutely patient man. Most importantly, he had a sense of responsibility. He could have handed the situation off to his assistant or his manager, but he didn't. He even kept a close eye on her

injuries, and he would take time off to visit her in the hospital. In any case, Mikayla felt that Jack was an amazing man. *I wonder who'll be lucky enough to marry him in the future.*

At that thought, her heart soured. She was already beginning to be jealous of the girl who would marry him. Meanwhile at Orbis Entertainment, a fleet-footed man entered the room where Charlene was resting. "These are the photos that were obtained while trailing Jack." The man tossed an envelope to Charlene. Her lips curved up into a smile, her interest piqued. "Did you manage to snap anything useful?"

The man shrugged. "I made a huge discovery. Jack seems to be dating." Charlene couldn't stop her hands from stiffening the moment those words were said. She then asked, "You're serious?" The man gestured for her to open the envelope. "The proof is in your hands. The girl's still a high school student too. She most likely isn't of age yet. Jack's tastes are rather special." Charlene opened the envelope. It was filled with photos of Jack during his time with Mikayla at the hospital, and there were also photos of him dropping Mikayla off at school. "Were these photos taken at... a hospital?"

The man smiled maliciously. "Exactly. A hospital. Tell me, what would an unmarried man and girl be doing at a hospital?" Charlene's gaze met his. "Don't tell me—an abortion?" The man waved a hand after those words left her. "I don't know the reason, but the media might be interested in probing deeper. No one can control exactly how rumors spread, but public opinion? That can be completely controlled, no? Who knows. Maybe this bit of info would be enough to destroy Jack."

Charlene smirked. "That's how the entertainment industry works. We can certainly make good use of this, but that's not the main thing I wanted. Did you not manage to snap anything else?" The man leaned forward and smiled. "Charlene, I've only been trailing him for a short while before I managed to drop off such juicy info. You're not even giving me any credit for my legwork. You gotta compensate me for this, no?"

Some 'motivating' compensation so that I stay motivated to keep digging." All at once, Charlene understood. She got up and reached a hand out, pulling the man closer by his neck and kissing him. The man had a look of enjoyment on his face. Instantly, he stopped being a passive enjoyer and took control of the situation. Soon, the room got steamier...

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After everything was over, Charlene calmly got up and put her clothes back on. "Don't tell anybody about this just yet. I have my own plans." Satisfied with their earlier entanglement, the man was obedient. "Don't worry. Your word goes. I'll help you continue keeping an eye on him. If I dig up something else, I'll be sure to inform you immediately." Charlene was pleased by his answer. "All right then.

That's all for today. You can go back first." The man got up, his reluctance obvious as he wrapped his arms around her waist. "How I wish I could be with you every second of the day.

I don't want to part with you for even a moment." Charlene chuckled. "There will be plenty of time for that." A pleased look came over the man's face when he heard that. After he leaned forward and kissed Charlene's cheek, he left. Charlene looked at the bundle of photos after the man left, an idea already in her mind. She walked straight out of the room and headed to the reception counter. "Is Jack here at the agency today?"

"He is. According to the schedules, he should be rehearsing in the singing practice room today," said the receptionist. Having gotten the information she wanted, Charlene thanked the receptionist. She then took the elevator up. Jack was currently rehearsing for a commercial performance. Right at that moment, the door to the practice room swung open. Charlene stood by the door and watched Jack practice, fascinated, but she didn't interrupt him. Once Jack finished singing, she finally clapped. "Nice singing chops. No wonder you're the most popular singer out there now."

Jack's brows furrowed slightly. He didn't show any indication that he was delighted about Charlene's sudden appearance. Instead, he coldly asked, "Why are you here?" Charlene didn't mind his dismissiveness toward her though as she strode over to him. "I came to see you, of course. After all, the company has plans for us to collaborate and release a single together. I think it's a good plan. Why don't we give it a try?" Jack immediately refused. "Sorry, not interested. If you have nothing else to say, please leave. Don't bother me while I'm practicing."

Charlene wasn't miffed by his answer. Instead, she laughed and followed him. "Who said that I'm done? I never just show up without a reason." Jack was already at the end of his patience. "If you have something to say, say it. Otherwise, get out." She wasn't in a hurry. Instead, she smirked. "I heard that you've been dating someone recently, and your partner is even a high school student. Is that true?" At those words, Jack's eyes promptly darkened. Although he had no idea where Charlene had gotten this ridiculous, made-up rumor, her words would definitely harm a girl's reputation. "You heard? Do you have proof?" Jack asked. The smile on Charlene's face widened, for she realized that Jack had gotten nervous.

This was a good sign. It proved that the events in the photos were most likely real. "Don't get yourself too worked up. I may have heard a rumor, but the informant was there at the scene. The informant even said that you two went to a hospital recently..." Jack could no longer bear to hear her continue. "If you've got anything to say, say it all at once. But I'm warning you—defamation is a crime." Charlene hadn't expected Jack to bristle this much, but she hadn't come here to pick a fight with Jack. "Young Master Jack, how heavy your words are. I came looking for you today because for one, I have definite proof.

That's why I'm even talking to you like this. And secondly, I actually haven't planned about releasing anything even though I do have proof. I just have a teeny-tiny request that I want you to fulfill. Can I interest you with a deal, using the proof I have?" Jack wondered if Charlene had a few screws loose. "I don't know what proof you're talking about, but that won't threaten me. As for the

deal you mentioned, sorry, but I'm not interested. Go look for someone else." Jack had shot her down very directly.

Charlene hadn't expected him to not give her the time of day at all. Initially, she thought of using the material she had to strike a deal with Jack and manipulate her current position in the entertainment industry. But now, it was evident that she couldn't use Jack for that plan. Charlene watched him, still unwilling to let things slip. "Are you sure? If the proof I have on hand gets leaked, your reputation might end up completely in the gutter. Are you not at all worried?" Jack couldn't bear listening to her anymore. He thought that Charlene didn't just have a few screws loose in her head; even her mentality was unhinged.

Haven't I made things clear enough, or can she not understand human speech? "What should I be worried about? Miss Rivers, if you have the time to talk about unsubstantiated rumors and attempt to make underhanded deals, then you have the time to spend on working on your craft. Other than a single song released when you debuted years ago, have you had any other works? As entertainers in showbiz, at the end of the day, we need skills to back up our words. Is there any point when you keep talking about things that may or may not be true?"

Charlene's face oscillated between red and white from anger after Jack rebuked her. Her expression was not at all a pretty sight. To top it off, Jack's words struck Charlene in all her critical spots, ripping open her old wounds that she didn't want anyone to see. In all actuality, she didn't have any other works to show for herself. Her solo release had also been something that she had stolen from H years ago. Charlene quietly clenched her fists. She wanted to say more, but Jack didn't want to continue to humor her. When he saw that she still hadn't left, he picked up his jacket and left the practice room instead.

Instantly, Charlene was the only one left in the massive practice room. She looked at herself in the mirror, feeling like a joke. *So that's how you want to play it, Jack? If you won't give me an easy time, you can forget about living well too.* Charlene took out her phone and dialed a number. "Andrew, I have a huge scoop that I'd like to sell to you..." Upon hearing that Charlene had a scoop for him, Andrew scrambled to ask, "Who's the unfortunate soul you set your sights on this time?" Charlene's eyes darkened as she said, "Jack Griffith." However, she hadn't thought that Andrew would immediately refuse after he heard that it was a member of the Griffith Family.

"I don't have the guts to spill anything about him. Their PR team is a wall. And besides, with the Griffith Group backing them, I'm going to be in seriously hot water if they decide to come after me for payback." Charlene's expression began to scrunch up. "What? Don't tell me you're scared too?" "It's not a matter of being scared. You have to know, there are some dos and don'ts in my line of work. Still, I'm rather curious about what kind of earth-shattering, juicy info you have in hand."

When she heard him say that, Charlene knew that Andrew was seriously interested in the information she had. Instantly, she composed herself. "What I have here is enough to destroy Jack Griffith. I just wonder if you have the courage to expose him." Now that Charlene had said that, Andrew was no longer simply interested in the information she was sitting on. "Sounds like really

valuable material. Name your price." Shortly after their negotiation, Charlene received a notification from her bank informing of an incoming fund transfer. She then sent her backup copies of the photos to Andrew. 8 p.m. was when office workers were free after work.

After grinding through a day's work, they would scroll through Twitter and other social media platforms. Right at that hour, however, a series of photos that no one expected were published as sponsored posts. Soon after that, 'Jack Griffith Exposed For Dating,' 'Jack Griffith Solicits Underage High School Student,' 'Jack Griffith Forced Girlfriend Into Abortion,' and other similar phrases shot their way onto Twitter's trending page. The top three trends were all related to the photos of Jack. When netizens saw the photos, they were all taken aback. SentimentalBean: 'Are these pics real?

Who would have thought that Jack would be the kind of person to hurt minors? That's disgusting.' I'mYourFrog: 'Gotta reevaluate how I view the world now. Why does showbiz have someone like him? Quit your job.' HappyPrince: 'He's practically like the grossest of scumbags. I've got no idea how someone like him still has fans.' JustAWolf: 'I just pity the girl. So young, yet already forced into things like this.

It's plain to see that Jack was just toying with her. This is just so harmful toward her, especially since she's underage.' Instantly, Twitter was riddled with Tweets and replies about the photos. Out of ten posts, nine of them would be criticizing or lambasting Jack. Charlene couldn't stop the smug look on her face as she watched the posts stream in. *This is what happens when you go against me, Jack.*

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"Charlene, bad news. Something has happened." Charlene's manager, Corrine, blurted out as she arrived in a haste. As she tried to catch her breath, she continued, "Something bad has happened to Jack Griffith." Hearing that, Charlene seemed nonchalant. If anything, there was a trace of triumphant look on her face. "Why are you so surprised over that?" Thinking that Charlene might be unaware of the whole incident, Corrine elaborated to her as she tugged on her arm. "I wonder who's so daring to expose Jack. Not to mention, the information disclosed was shocking.

If things continue to go south, his acting career may come to an end soon." Charlene then raised a brow at her manager. "Isn't it a good thing if his career ends? That way, it will give me a chance to shine." Upon hearing that, Corrine could feel that something was off with Charlene. "Wait, Charlene, you've always been nice to Jack. Why the sudden change?" *You sound like you're happy that he's in this difficult position.* Corrine didn't dare to say her thoughts out loud. Nonetheless, she was suspicious of her. "Really? Since we're all adults, Jack should pay the price for his actions. Moreover, a person like him isn't worth any pity." "No." At that moment, Corrine had a sudden realization.

Staring at Charlene, she put on a serious look before asking, "Charlene, tell me the truth. Do you have something to do with this incident?" Since Corrine was on

her side, Charlene didn't bother to lie to her. "I'm teaching him a lesson. It's his fault for looking down on me." Corrine was dumbfounded to hear that. She opened her mouth as if she wanted to say something, but in the end, she only sighed. "You've caused trouble. Do you know what consequences will entail?"

Nevertheless, Charlene seemed unbothered. "It's true that he did all of this, so why should I be afraid? Not to mention, I've had enough of people sh*tting on me. I've endured it all. How dare he look down on me? Just for that, he deserves to rot in hell!" It was at that moment that Corrine realized the person before her wasn't the Charlene that she knew previously. Charlene wasn't like this in the past. However, Corrine had more things on her plate to worry about. What could she do to salvage the situation now? After all, Jack wasn't simple to deal with because he had the support of Griffith Group.

If Griffith Group was to intervene in this issue, not only Charlene would be down, but her entire company as well. Some unethical media company went to the extent of exposing Mikayla's school. It didn't take long before the school was swarmed with reporters. Needless to say, everyone wanted first-hand information from her. As it was her first time dealing with something as such, the mere unfriendly comments online were sufficient to make her break down. Tugging on Elise, Mikayla started to weep. "What do I do now? Elise, why are the people online spreading rumors?"

Nothing happened between my husband and I. Why would these unethical reporters spread lies?" A frown was evident on Elise's forehead. Although most of the verbal attacks online were directed toward Jack, it still caused significant harm to Mikayla. "Elise, what should I do? How could these people hurt my husband?" Even until now, she was more worried for Jack than herself. Looking through the comments online, she could not help but worry for him. Elise could only console her now.

"It'll be alright, Mikayla. Things will be sorted out. However, you should change your nickname for him. If someone hears it, they may make something out of it again." At once, Mikayla covered her mouth with her palm. She then looked at Elise through a thin layer of fog as she asked, "Elise, what can I do now? I can't possibly sit back and watch everyone frame my hus—Jack." Pursing her lips, Elise answered, "Don't worry about that. Now, there's a way to solve this. You can tell the truth yourself. However, I think this incident isn't as simple as it seems.

I think that someone's behind it, and the person wants to ruin Jack." "What?!" Mikayla was stupefied. "This... This..." Stuttering, she couldn't even make up a complete sentence. "Don't worry. The truth will prevail." Hearing that, Mikayla felt a little reassured. No matter what, she was determined to face the public and tell them the truth. She wanted to help Jack. Meanwhile, Jack was frowning as he read the comments online. There wasn't any other expression shown, and Ronald couldn't help but feel concerned for him. "Jack, stop reading them.

We've already executed our emergency public relations, but this issue has a big influence. Hence, we have to explain the truth to the public. Otherwise, it will leave a huge impact on your image and your future acting career." Obviously, Jack knew that too. He then said, "Send some people to protect Mikayla at the school. Don't let anyone harass her." "Even in this situation, you're still

concerned about other people. Why don't you save that for yourself?" Ronald said, exasperated. Jack then pocketed his phone before he looked up at Ronald.

"I'm innocent and I will stay so. I've not done anything, and that's the truth." Ronald knew that too, but the fans and netizens were not buying it! "The direction of this issue is looking bad for us." Standing up, Jack brushed his jacket before saying, "Let's go." Dumbfounded, Ronald asked, "Where to?" "Solve this problem." As soon as Jack came out of the company building, he was surrounded by reporters at the entrance. "Mr. Griffith, did you really have an illegitimate relationship with a high school student, impregnated her and made her get an abortion?"

"Is she underaged? Did you do that to escape from your responsibility?" "Mr. Griffith, please answer our questions. Will you leave the entertainment circle because of this?" Halting his footsteps, Jack didn't avoid the cameras. He then looked up and stared into the cameras as he said firmly, "Regarding the untruthful reports online, I will publish a legal statement soon. As for the people who created the rumors, please look forward to summons from the court." His voice was loud and clear, but the reporters didn't plan on letting him off so easily.

"Mr. Griffith, based on what you have just said, do you mean that you were not in a romantic relationship with the student?" "What's your relationship with her? Can you explain the intimate interactions you've shared with her in the hospital?" "Can you answer our questions straightforwardly?" Looking at the reporter who asked the question, Jack said, "You guys are good at making up a story with pictures. However, the truth is very unlike the rumors you've spread. You can be sued for defamation.

Which media corporation are you from? I'll remember your name so I can sue you at any time." That had rendered the reporter speechless. After all, everything had just been a rumor spread online. There hadn't been any evidence thus far. "But Mr. Griffith, you need to explain to the public.

They need to know the truth..." As the reporter's voice died down, Mikayla suddenly popped out and said something loud and clearly. "The truth is, all of you have misunderstood Jack."

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Immediately, everyone's attention was attracted by the source of the voice. At this moment, Mikayla walked forward from the crowd before she came to a stop next to Jack. As their eyes met, he wanted to stop her, but she simply gave him a look of assurance. She then told the reporters, "Mr. Griffith and I are not in the kind of relationship that you are talking about. The truth is, he is a good person. He accidentally hit me, so he sent me to the hospital and visited me often. The pictures that you people took were taken when he came to visit me at the hospital.

As for the so-called intimate interactions, please take a closer look. You'll see that it's because of the angle." "Are you saying that this is a big misunderstanding? You didn't go to the hospital to get an abortion.?" one of the reporters continued to ask. At this point, Mikayla found the situation funny. She then pulled out her hospitalization papers and showed it to the reporters. "Are these sufficient to prove it? You reporters are always trying to make something out of nothing. Do you know how big of an impact you're causing on the people accused?"

At once, everyone fell silent. She pursed her lips before she added, "What I said earlier is the truth. As for the rumors spreading online, they're all made up. Please stop spreading false news. Thank you." "Mr. Griffith, is that true? Why didn't you explain earlier? Not even your company said a word about this issue. Can you explain why that is the case?" Hearing that, Jack offered them a light smile that didn't reach his eyes. "Let's be frank, the truth isn't that important to you guys. All you seek is the topic and views. Truth or not, it doesn't matter at all. Initially, I intended to protect this young girl, so I didn't bother to engage with the media.

Now that she has stood up and cleared the air herself, I hope that the rumors will hereby die down. Aside from that, I hope that you will not disturb her daily life in the future. If there's any issue, you can come straight to me. That is all." After saying that, he moved his gaze to her, and their eyes met. Her eyes crinkled in a smile as she waved toward him. Then, he turned on his heels to leave. However, her legs suddenly felt weak, and at the next moment, she fainted and fell to the ground. "Mikayla..." That was the last thing she could hear as she slowly fell into darkness.

After accompanying Mikayla over, Elise didn't expect that Mikayla would end up blacking out. Immediately, she rushed forward, but Jack beat her to it. He then picked Mikayla up and brought her to the infirmary. Seeing this scene unfold before them, the reporters started snapping pictures without thinking twice. Elise halted her footsteps when she saw what they were doing. She then threw them a cold glare, making them shudder. Just how cold this girl's gaze was?

"Please refrain from taking photos. It's an emergency." After she said that, some of the reporters put down their cameras at once before giving each other a look. At this moment, Ronald finally arrived. It was only then that Elise left the scene to follow Jack. Outside the infirmary, the doctor briefed Jack after checking on Mikayla. "There's nothing severe. She was just too anxious. She'll be fine after a good rest." Hearing that, Jack heaved a sigh of relief. He then proceeded to ask, "When will she wake up then?" Taking a glance at her, the doctor answered, "The earliest will be in an hour, but it may take up to several hours."

After getting an answer, Jack let the doctor leave. It was only after the doctor left that Elise spoke up. "This incident isn't as simple as it seems..." Hearing that, Jack looked up at her. At that moment, he seemed to have recalled something as a cold look flashed in his eyes. "Don't worry. I know how to handle this issue." After getting his reassurance, Elise didn't want to intervene anymore. After all, it was his private matters, and she had no right to pry. "I'll take care of Mikayla. You can head back first." Humming in acknowledgement, he then replied, "Take good care of her for me."

After saying that, he left. Nonetheless, he didn't expect to see Corrine waiting outside the door for him. "Jack, Charlene didn't do it on purpose. Please forgive her." As soon as she saw him, she started to beg for his forgiveness. He scoffed before asking, "Where is she?" "Jack, this is something she accidentally did without thinking much. You've worked with her for many years. Please don't mind her." "I'll ask again. Where is she?" Feeling a chill run down her spine, Corrine stuttered. "S-She's not here." He didn't seem bothered after hearing that. He then said in a light tone, "Don't worry.

I will definitely mess with her until she's done for. Tell her to look forward to it." After saying that, he walked off. Though Corrine tried to catch up and persuade him, he didn't listen to her no matter what she said. Meanwhile, Elise's eyes darkened at this moment. *So Charlene was the one who caused all the commotion.* Looking at Mikayla, who was lying in bed, she decided to teach Charlene a lesson in her place. As Mikayla's condition was not severe, she woke up within an hour. However, the first thing that she said after she regained consciousness left Elise dumbfounded.

"Elise, how's my husband?" To say that Elise was speechless was an understatement. "All you're concerned about is your husband!" Mikayla then cheekily spat her tongue out. She seemed to have recovered and was now back to her cheerful self. "My dearest Elise, thank you for everything. Now please tell me, how is he?" Giving a pat on her head, Elise said, "Don't worry, he's fine. What about you? How are you feeling?" Hearing that he was alright, Mikayla felt relieved. "I'll be fine as long as he is. Thank you, Elise." "Silly girl. Don't mention it!" Though they said that, Elise was still worried about Mikayla's health.

Hence, Elise insisted on sending her home. After sending Mikayla back, she was about to go home herself, but nobody was here to pick her up today. Therefore, she took a cab back. When the vehicle passed by Times Square, she suddenly told the driver to stop. "Sir, please drop me off here." After paying the fare, she opened the door and got out of the car. She then headed toward a pan-European restaurant.

"Hi, I'd like a beef stew please." As she placed her order, she simply pulled a chair and sat down. "Sure. Do you want chili in it?" With a smile, she replied, "A little bit will be fine." "Got it. Please wait for a moment. It will be ready in a jiffy." After taking her seat on the chair, she fished out her cell phone before downloading a software named File Encryptor. She then logged into an account that hadn't been active in quite a while. It was an application that she had designed, and there were a number of files of hers kept within. The files included things that could be used against Charlene.

In no rush, she simply sent the content of the file to several media companies via email. Looking at the emails that were successfully sent, she smiled. It seemed that the show was about to begin. "Your beef stew is ready." At this moment, the boss of the restaurant served her a plate of beef stew. Looking at the delicacy before her, she was about to drool.

She then briefly thanked the server before she picked up the single-use utensils and started eating. Her mouth was then filled with the fragrance of the beef stew that left her utterly satisfied. Just then, someone took a seat next to her the next moment, catching her off guard. "W-Why are you here?"

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Alexander thought that it was rather coincidental. Frankly, he initially planned to head out to just find something to eat, but somehow ended up walking into this pan-European restaurant. At a glance, he saw Elise sitting in front of one of the tables. "Out on a late night food hunt huh?" When he asked that, his gaze was trained on her plate of food. Anyone would think that he himself had the desire to eat it too. Noticing that, she quickly protected her bowl. "This is mine. You can get your own if you want to." With a chuckle, he called for the boss. "I want what she's having.

The exact same one." The boss then smiled before saying, "Alright, please wait a moment." In no time, the boss came back with another serving of beef stew. "Enjoy your meal." Looking at the beef stew before him, he thought to himself, *I've never eaten this kind of cuisine before. Under Elise's influence, I got to try it for the first time today. The taste is actually pretty good.* Now, he started to like the taste of it. He then picked up his utensils and dug in.

His actions were slow and composed like a textbook example of the royals' etiquette. Elise couldn't help but comment in awe, "Watching you eat sure is enjoyable." After finishing the meal, he took the initiative to pay the bill. He then asked after exiting the restaurant, "Are you going home?" Patting her bloated tummy, she glanced at Times Square before telling him, "I'll go back after digesting the food a little. I ate a little too much earlier."

He then mimicked her actions and looked around their surroundings. "Sure." The two then took a stroll down Times Square. At this moment, a girl carrying a basket full of flowers approached them. "Sir, do you want to buy a flower for this beautiful girl?" Hearing that, Elise mentally facepalmed herself. She quickly interrupted, "No thank you! We don't need it." Who knew, the little girl then looked toward Alexander. "Sir, get her one. All girls like flowers." Raising his brows in amusement, he smiled as he took out some cash and handed it over. "

I'll take all of your flowers." At once, the girl's face lit up like it was Christmas. "Really? That's fantastic! Thank you, kind sir! Stay sweet, you two." After saying that, the little girl left the basket full of flowers behind in exchange for the money. At this point, Elise was flushed as she stood right there, watching Alexander carry those flowers. He then passed them to her. "Do you like them?" Seeing the basket full of scarlet red roses, Elise thought that it'd be pretentious to say that she didn't like it. However, what did he mean by gifting her red roses? Did he not know that he shouldn't be giving out red roses just to anyone?

"It's getting late. We should head back." Elise neither replied to him, nor did she take the flowers from him. She simply changed the topic. Noticing that, he quickly said, "Though it may be a little sudden, I just felt sympathetic for the little girl selling flowers so late at night. That's why I bought them from her." Hearing his explanation, she realized that she had misunderstood the situation. Hence, she took over the flowers and said, "The flowers are pretty."

As she said that, she hugged the flowers. Seeing her reaction, Alexander couldn't help but smile. "You can have them since you like it." Without replying, she continued walking. When out of Alexander's sight, she secretly smiled to herself as joy crept up her eyes. When the two of them returned home, the maids saw Elise hugging a basket of roses as she returned home with Alexander. Seeing that, the maids felt happy for them. *It seems that Young Master Alex and Miss Sinclair's relationship is getting stable.* Having waited for Elise for so long, said, "Boss, where did you go?"

Just as he finished his sentence, he noticed the roses she was holding and Alexander, who was following behind her. At once, he looked stumped. "Alexander, Boss, you two..." At this moment, Alexander shot him a look, making him stop his sentence right there. Danny then chuckled and said, "Boss, there's a question that I got stuck at. I've been waiting for you to come back and teach me." Humming in response, she said, "Bring it over. I'll take a look." Hence, Danny quickly made a beeline to his room. It was only then that Alexander said to Elise, "Don't stay up too late. Rest soon."

She then acknowledged him. In a few moments, Danny was back with his question. "Boss, this is the question." Taking a look at the question, she said, "Haven't I taught you the method to tackle questions like these? You should do this..." She explained it to him clearly, and he listened attentively as she elaborated. After she finished explaining the solution, she asked, "Do you understand?" Nodding, he replied, "I understand it now." As he said that, he kept his book before asking, "Boss, it's almost the semester's final exam. You didn't forget what you promised me, right?"

Of course she remembered. "Don't worry. As long as you get top three in this exam, I'll pull an all-nighter to play with you. However..." Suddenly, she thought of something and continued, "I have yet to find the password of my previous gaming account, so I'll just play with you with my backup account." Though he knew that she was good at gaming, he didn't think that her main account was anything special. Thus, he didn't think much about it.

"Alright, as long as you remember. I'll do well in my exam." After saying that, Danny headed back to his room while Elise smiled as she shook her head. She then turned her computer on. As she hadn't been using her gaming account for a few years, she didn't remember the password. Fortunately, she had set a security question that enabled her to retrieve her account back. As soon as she logged in, her profile picture in the game lit up along with the level badges. If one looked closely, they'd see that she was at the Grandmaster level, and her ranking was 1.

After logging into her account for a moment, she logged off in a few minutes. Little did she know, her small action had caused a stir in the gaming world. As usual, KK was taking a look around the global channel. However, he saw a profile picture that he hadn't seen for a very long time light up. Initially, he even doubted his eyes, so he rubbed on them to make sure that his eyes were not playing a trick on him. At once, he got a little excited and quickly sent Danny a text message.

'Come to the game quickly. Ellimane is online.' As Danny was working on his assignment, his mood to continue doing his work had flown out of the window

the moment he saw the news. Immediately, he logged into the game. "It really is Ellimane. She hasn't been on for two to three years now."

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KK was extremely agitated. Without hesitating, he immediately sent a private message to Ellimane. However, shortly after he sent the message, Ellimane went offline again. With that, KK sighed in resignation. "Ellimane just went offline. I wonder when she'll log in again." Danny knew how important Ellimane was to KK, so he comforted him. "It's okay. I'm sure she'll be online again. We just have to be patient until then." Feeling reassured by Danny's words, KK took a deep breath. Since he had already been waiting for so many years, there was no harm in waiting just a little longer.

Just then, Fortuner sent KK a message. 'Hey, guess what? I saw Ellimane online just now! I hope it wasn't just my eyes playing tricks on me.' KK replied, 'You're right. It's her—she's back.' At this moment, Fortuner was extremely excited. 'Really?! That's amazing!' Nonetheless, the two of them were not the only ones who followed Ellimane's status as many other players did the same. After all, Ellimane was ranked first in the entire server. So, every player would see her once she came online.

As such, every post in the game's forum was discussing about Ellimane, and it had become a trending topic. Meanwhile, Elise was completely clueless about this. Currently, she was scrolling through Twitter, which was trending about another topic—someone exposed Charlene, who always had a sweet and gentle image, had once worked as a club hostess. The person also leaked all sorts of sexy pictures of Charlene during that time which caused a sensation within the netizens.

Those pictures of Charlene spread like wildfire in the Twitter community to the point where it was impossible to remove all her pictures from the internet even after her celebrity agency had hired people to do so. The situation was already uncontrollable as netizens started swarming into Charlene's Twitter page to leave nasty comments about her. Charlene knew Jack would get his revenge after she provoked him. However, she did not expect it to happen so fast. She had a feeling this incident was caused by Jack, and her expression instantly turned extremely gloomy when she saw those pictures.

"N-No way... This is impossible!" Panic-stricken, Charlene stuttered while denying it. Sadly, nothing else could be done as the attention of the passersby was all focused on her. Covering her head with her hands, Charlene refused to believe it was true. "How is this possible? Those pictures can't possibly be exposed... No way..." Nevertheless, no matter how she denied it, the pictures were still being spread rapidly. Despite there being a minority of fans who defended her, Charlene's reputation was severely damaged as most people were rebuking her.

Elise's expression remained indifferent after she saw the news. This was merely a lesson for Charlene. If she still remained arrogant, Elise would definitely send her to hell personally. On the other hand, Jack had not even made his move, yet Charlene's pictures had already been spread. "Young Master Jack, these pictures are rather close to the bone. I'm afraid Charlene might not be able to make a turnaround this time," Ronald commented in an apathetic tone as he had no sympathy toward someone like Charlene at all. However, Jack frowned and asked, "Who do you think is the mastermind behind this?"

Of course, Ronald would not know, so he answered casually, "She has offended so many people over the years, so someone might have just seized this chance to expose her past. Anyhow, she is the cause of her own destruction." Jack sneered, "You're right. Since someone has already taken action, we shall join in the fun! Make her beg. Leave no opportunity for her to survive in showbiz again." Ronald naturally understood Jack's intention. "Don't worry. Even if we don't do anything, those scandals are enough to doom her. By the way, Young Master Jack, I've heard of a rumor before this that Charlene's hit song during her debut was a result of plagiarizing H's song.

Currently, H's fans are searching for evidence. Given the capability of H's fans, once the rumor is proved true, Charlene would certainly face dire consequences even if we don't go after her." Slyness flashed across Jack's eyes. "Since that's the case, we should add some fuel to the fire and escalate the storm." "Yes, Young Master Jack. You can leave it to me." The next day, the issue about Charlene plagiarizing H's old songs was exposed.

H's fans exploded in anger when they heard the news. *How dare Charlene plagiarize H's songs?! We'll not let her off!* Following that, H's fans swarmed into Twitter and bombarded Charlene's page. In no time, #BoycottCharlene had become a trending topic. Not only that, more and more scandals were being exposed thereafter. All of a sudden, Charlene became a scumbag who was detested by all. "Oh no... We're doomed..." Charlene's manager was devastated to see the scandals being spread across the internet. Meanwhile, all business partners called and asked to terminate the contracts with Charlene.

The investors too had completely pulled out while Charlene was faced with an astronomical amount of compensation. Her manager's phone rang non-stop as all the calls were to ask for termination of collaboration with Charlene. When Charlene became aware of the news, she slumped onto the ground. She knew that she was totally doomed this time, and no one would be able to save her. During that night, some could barely sleep a wink while others had sweet dreams.

After waking up, Elise stretched and saw a warm bright sun out of her window. Looking at the roses which had fully bloomed on the balcony, she smiled brightly. Thereafter, she washed up, changed, and headed out. "Good morning!" Elise greeted Danny while the latter came up to her and said, "You seem to be in a good mood, Boss." Grinning from ear to ear, Elise replied, "Of course! You better hurry up or we'll be late." Danny looked at the time and quickly stuffed some food into his mouth before laying down the cutlery. "I'm done. Let's go." With that, the two got into the car.

On the way, Danny couldn't help but tell Elise about Ellimane. "Boss, do you know that Ellimane actually went online last night? All the posts in the forum are discussing her now. I wonder when will she be back so I can see her play in the competition again." Flipping a book in her hand, Elise showed no change in her expression as she pretended to be nonchalant and asked, "Do you like her a lot?" Danny answered, "Not really, but I look up to her a lot."

After all, she's the only person who achieved a grand slam so far, and no one has been able to break her record until now. Anyway, KK is a super loyal fan of hers." Elise hummed in response and asked, "Do you wish to play with her?" Danny nodded non-stop. "Of course. It's an honor to know a legend like her."

Elise lifted her head and looked at Danny, but she didn't say anything else thereafter. It was only when they almost reached school did she blurt, "Gear up for your final examinations then. Who knows? Your dream might come true." Danny was dumbfounded hearing that and still wanted to ask something, but Elise had already gotten out of the car.

At this moment, he felt that there was some hidden meaning behind Elise's words—he even had a weird hunch, but he just couldn't figure out what it was.

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Danny decided to stop thinking about it and yelled as he watched Elise leave, "Wait for me, Boss. Also, please help me take a look at my Chinese essay later!" With that, Danny quickly caught up with Elise and the two entered the classroom one after another. Not long after Elise put down her bag, a student yelled from the classroom entrance, "Elise Sinclair, you have a parcel at the school gate. Remember to claim it." Elise was surprised. Who would send her a parcel using the school's address? Nevertheless, Elise did not bother about it and only went to take the parcel from the security guard's room in the afternoon when classes were over.

When she retrieved it, she saw it was a tightly wrapped box. However, Elise did not open it in a hurry but just brought the box back to the classroom. "Boss, what new stuff did you buy?" Danny couldn't help asking. Hearing that, Elise only just pressed her lips. *I've not bought anything online recently. What could it be?* "Let's take a look." Saying that, Elise took a pair of scissors and opened the parcel to see a fancy race car model. Danny exclaimed, "Wow, Boss, this race car model is so cool! Where did you buy it from?" With that, he reached out his hand to touch the model.

"This model is a limited edition. The finishing of it is so smooth." Elise frowned slightly. It was only then did she notice there was a letter in the box. After taking it out and seeing the receiver written on it was 'Sue', she quickly kept the letter away. *This parcel is for Sue.* Immediately, Elise closed the box and said, "It's just an ordinary race car model. I'll get you one next time if you like it." Danny giggled. "Thanks, Boss! I'm surprised that you actually like car racing because girls normally won't be interested in it. But let me tell you a secret—Alexander is a great car racer."

I shall arrange a meetup someday so that he can show off his skills to you." Elise patted Danny's shoulder. "Have you finished your homework? How do you even have time to think about car racing?" Danny pulled a long face. "I'm just thinking of getting you some good shows since you like car racing. If you don't like it, then forget it." Elise did not respond but sank into deep thoughts as she looked at the parcel. *Who sent this parcel?*

That person seems to have known my identity... After school in the afternoon, Elise and Danny went home together. As soon as Elise placed the parcel in her bedroom, her phone rang. "Boss, have you received the parcel?" It was Jamie. Elise lifted her brows and asked, "Did you send it?" Jamie quickly denied it. "Nope, it's sent by a new domestic car racing society. There should be an invitation card in the parcel. They're going to organize their first auto racing competition in Tissote on the 3rd of next month and have specially invited you to participate in the race.

The parcel was originally sent to my office, but I sent it to your school afterward." *I see.* "Are you going to join the race, Boss?" Elise rejected it directly. "Nope." Jamie seemed to have expected this response as he quickly replied, "I heard it's a really big event and they've even invited many famous car racers in the country. So, I bet it'll be very exciting. Let's not miss out on the fun! I heard that the cash prize for the champion this time is 1 billion!" Hearing that, Elise wavered a little. "Do you want to try it out, Boss?" Nonetheless, Elise still rejected it. "Nah."

Seeing how determined Elise was, Jamie decided to give up. "Alright, Boss. Just let me know if you change your mind. I still have some matters to attend to. Talk to you again soon." As soon as the call ended, Elise kept away her phone and opened the invitation letter in the box. After glancing through it, she kept it away in the storage box together with the race car model. At the same time, at Griffith Group, Cameron walked in with a parcel. "President Griffith, you have a parcel." Alexander did not lift his head but continued reading the documents in his hand. "What is it?"

he asked. Cameron glanced at the delivery slip and said, "I'm not sure. It's not written on the slip." "Open it and take a look." Cameron hummed in response and quickly opened the parcel to see a race car model, which was exactly the same model as the one Elise received. "It's a race car model, President Griffith." It was only then that Alexander lifted his head and gazed toward it. At the same time, Cameron noticed the invitation letter. "And there's an invitation letter." After saying that, he passed the letter to Alexander, who then opened the letter and perused it.

"It's an invitation from a domestic car racing society to take part in a competition. Are you going, President Griffith?" Being reminded of the last time he went to France to watch the auto racing competition, Alexander rejected it. "I'll opt out." Hearing that, Cameron stopped asking questions. "I'll help you to keep this away then." "It's okay. You can pass it to Danny. He'll love this," Alexander ordered, to which Cameron hummed in response. "I'll put it in your car so that you can bring it back later." "Alright." After reaching home at night, Alexander went to Danny's room with the parcel in his hands.

He opened the door to see Danny studying, which made him ask, "Since when did you become so hardworking?" Danny lifted his eyes as he was a little surprised. "Hey, Alex! What brings you here?" Alexander placed the box on the table. "I just got a new race car model. I know you'll like it, so I brought it back for you." Danny's eyes lit up. "Really? Guess what—today, I saw Boss receive a super cool limited-edition car model. I was so envious of her, but who knew I'd get one too!"

Danny babbled while opening the box. The moment he saw that the car model was the same exact one as Elise's, he thought his eyes were playing tricks on him. "Alex, are these car models produced by batches? Why is this model exactly the same as Boss'?" Alexander asked in shock, "Are you saying that Elise has the exact same car model?" Danny nodded. "Boss received a parcel today, and the car model is exactly like this one. Little did I expect you'll have one too. What are the odds!" At that moment, suspicion flashed across Alexander's eyes.

As Danny saw his expression, he thought that Alexander did not buy his words, so he quickly said, "If you don't believe it, I'll go get the car model from Boss so that you can take a look at it. They are really exactly the same. It makes me wonder if both of your minds actually think so alike that you guys even bought the same item!" Alexander pondered for a moment and said, "I didn't buy this. It's a gift from a domestic car racing society."

Danny didn't notice anything wrong at first, but he was shocked after digesting Alexander's words. "What?! So Boss' car model is from the car racing society too? How is this possible? Boss is a girl—it's unlikely for her to be a car racer!" What Danny said made a lot of sense. However, it made Alexander sink into deep thoughts. *Is Elise a car racer too?* Elise opened her room door and so happened to bump into Alexander, who came out from Danny's room. They met each other's eyes for two seconds before Elise quickly averted her gaze. "Have you eaten?"

Elise asked casually. However, Alexander stared at her for quite a while before answering, "Not yet. I just reached home." Elise hummed in response and said, "Let's go downstairs for dinner then." With that, the two went downstairs one after another. In the dining room, the servants had already served the food to the table. While eating, none of them initiated a conversation as Elise quietly finished her dinner.

After finishing her meal, Elise put down the cutlery and said, "I'm done. I'll head upstairs first." With that, Elise stood up and went upstairs while Alexander simply watched her leave without calling on her in the end.

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Elise felt Alexander was behaving a little weird today. The way he looked at her was as if he had something to tell her, but he had not spoken up even after the dinner was over. As such, Elise thought she might have overthought. After going back to her room, Elise switched on the computer and a new email notification popped up. Then, she clicked into it and saw it was an email from the director of

the children's home. The email provided an update of the children's situation and the previous month's statement of cash flow was also attached in it.

Elise glanced through it and thought everything looked fine, so she closed the mailbox thereafter. At the same time, she received a call from the children's home. "Hi, Miss Elise, the children are missing you. It'll be great if you can make some time to come and visit them." Elise had not gone to visit the children over this period when she was at Athesea. She glanced at the calendar and realized it was the weekend tomorrow, so she agreed gladly.

"It's my day off tomorrow. I'll be there." The director was elated to hear her response. "I'm sure the children will be overjoyed to know this. We'll see you tomorrow then, Miss Elise." The next morning, Elise put together a casual outfit. "Miss Elise, are you heading out?" a servant asked thoughtfully. Elise didn't want Robin to worry about her, so she answered, "Yeah, I have some matters to attend to. If Grandpa asks about me, please tell him that I've gone to Angel Children Home at Downtown North, and that I'll be back by afternoon." "Alright. Please take care, Miss Elise."

After leaving home, Elise first hailed a cab to the supermarket to buy some toys, snacks and books for the children. She bought so many things that the car boot was filled up to the max. Then, the cab driver sent Elise to the welfare home. The moment the children saw Elise walk in with bags of supplements in her hands, they ran up to her in excitement. "Hi, Elise. I've missed you so much!" "You're finally here, Elise!" Looking at the children, Elise beamed from ear to ear. "I've missed y'all too. Come and look at what I've bought for you." Elise distributed the snacks and toys to the children, who were all overjoyed to receive the gifts.

While they thanked Elise, the director came out. "Oh, Miss Elise, you're too kind to always bring us so much stuff whenever you come." Elise held the director's arm intimately when she saw her. "Not at all, Madam Ruth. These are just some small gifts for the children." Back then when Elise's parents passed away, it was Ruth who took her in kindly until her grandparents came and fetched her home. She had always remembered Ruth's kindness toward her, so she would contribute some money to the children's home and come back to visit them every year.

"We really appreciate your thoughts. Thanks to your support for these past years, these kids are able to live in such a decent environment. I thank you on behalf of the kids." "Hey, Elise, come and play with us!" Just then, two children came to grab Elise, and so Elise went to play with them. Little did she know that at this moment, Alexander was winding down his car window slowly outside the children's home. Looking at Elise who was having a good time with the children, he felt surprised and bizarre. Normally, he only saw her being both serious and playful, but he had never seen her this joyful before.

He couldn't help but be moved by the bright smile on Elise's face and her genuine joy. "Shall we go in, President Griffith?" Cameron asked. Alexander retracted his gaze and said, "There's no need. Let's head back to the office. Next time, send some supplies to this children's home in the name of our company." "Yes, sir." Thereafter, the car was driven away. Elise, who was playing with the children, lifted her eyes suddenly, but all she could see was a car that was disappearing. As such, she was not bothered by it and continued playing with the children.

On the other hand, joy spread across Ruth's face as she watched Elise and the children having a great time. Later, she had a chat with Elise and told her about the recent situation at the children's home. "Winter is coming soon. I'm afraid the heating supplies here are not enough—this winter might be a hard one for the kids." Hearing that, Elise quickly said, "Please buy more equipment if the heating supplies are insufficient. We can't let the children suffer." Ruth nodded but seemed to have something else to say. Seeing that, Elise spoke up, "Madam Ruth, please, feel free to tell me if there's any concern.

"I'll surely do my best to help." Ruth answered in all honesty, "Miss Elise, frankly speaking, you've helped so much that I can't bring myself to ask for your help anymore, but the current expense of the children's home is just too much and I really can't afford to upgrade the heating supplies." Elise more or less understood Ruth's meaning. She pulled Ruth's hand over and said, "Please don't worry and leave this to me. I'll try my best to get the heating supplies before winter comes." Ruth's eyes became red-rimmed as she heard that. "Miss Elise, words can't express how grateful I am toward you.

"I thank you once again on behalf of the children for your kindness to them." "It's all going to be fine, Madam Ruth." After leaving the children's home, Elise went back to the Griffith Residence and checked the balance in her bank account. There were only tens of thousands in her account, which was definitely not enough to upgrade the heating supplies. Elise caught a glimpse of the Centurion Card that Jonah had given her, but she directly ignored it as she had no intention of using it. Then, she kept away the card and thought she should think of a way to earn some money before winter came so that she could upgrade the heating supplies for the children.

At this thought, Elise was reminded of the national racing competition which Jamie mentioned before. She was rather moved by the cash prize of ten million. If she could win the prize, all the problems would be solved. And so, Elise quickly gave Jamie a call. "Hey, Jamie, please send me all the related information about the national racing competition which you mentioned last time." Jamie had not expected that Elise would actually ask for the information about the competition. "Boss, do you plan to participate in the competition?" he asked.

Elise hummed in response, hearing which Jamie was overjoyed. "Sure! Give me a minute. I'll send the information to you via email immediately." Shortly after the call was hung up, Elise received a new email. She quickly opened the email and glanced through the details of the competition. The structure was rather straightforward—every participant would take part in a total of three rounds of the competition.

The overall champion would be awarded the cash prize of ten million. Nevertheless, when Elise continued reading the content, she was surprised to see Alexander's name in the list of racers invited, which was appended at the bottom of the email. "What?! Is he entering the competition too?" Elise murmured. Then, she called Jamie and asked, "Hey Jamie, what's wrong with Alexander?"

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Jamie explained, "Not everyone invited on the namelist will attend. As Alexander is rather well-known in the racing industry, it's normal for us to invite him. What's wrong, Boss? Don't you want to compete with him?" Elise had no qualms to do so, but she was only worried that Alexander would recognize her. *If that happens, how should I explain myself?* "Are you able to obtain the list of people who have confirmed that they are participating?"

she asked. After looking at the list, Jamie replied, "I can't give a confirmed answer now. We will only know on the day of the competition itself. However, Alexander seems to be quite busy with his company, so I assume that he doesn't have time to join competitions like these." What he said made sense to Elise as well. As long as she did not run into Alexander, she was willing to give it a shot. She would treat it as helping the kids at the children's home. "Alright, then. Please help to reply to the organizer that I've confirmed participating in the competition.

Don't forget to keep it a secret." "Okay. Don't worry, Boss. I know what to do." Even though Jamie had discreetly done as told, the news that Sue was going to participate in the current racing competition still leaked out. Everyone wondered whether it was deliberately done to increase the competition's popularity or to make it more impressive. Nevertheless, once news of her participation spread in the racing industry, a rather huge storm broke out in the industry and caused those racers who initially planned to be bystanders to register for the race as well.

After all, it was a good opportunity to compete with the internationally renowned racer, Sue, and they didn't want to miss the chance. "Alexander, breaking news! There's breaking news!" A breathless Danny quickly located Alexander. "Sue is going to participate in the national racing competition this time!" As soon as Alexander heard this, he immediately stopped what he was doing and looked at Danny while asking again, "What did you just say? Sue is participating in the racing competition this time?" In response, Danny nodded profusely.

"I just received the news and it has already spread throughout the entire industry." Alexander couldn't help but be tempted by this piece of news. He calmed down before saying, "Help me reply to the organizers that I'll be joining as well." Danny was delighted to hear this. "Sure thing, Alexander. I'll send an email to the organizer right now. However, I have a secret question for you—are you there for the competition or just for Sue?" The moment Alexander heard the question, he couldn't help but recall the expression in Sue's eyes when she turned to look at him three years ago.

It was a simple gaze, yet it was forever etched in his mind. Now that she was returning to the industry, he would never miss such a good opportunity. When Danny was met with silence, he automatically understood what Alexander's answer was. "Aha! I bet you are there for Sue. To be honest, I wonder how attractive she is to make you remember her for the past three years! Alexander, you are a weird fellow, though. Why do you like people who have hidden

identities? It's the same with the singer you fancy, H—she is just as mysterious. Sue is the next one.

Even though she has participated in many international racing competitions, there's no report on her personal life whatsoever. Even if we resort to special techniques, we still can't locate any information about her. Both of them are weirdos, but apparently they are your cup of tea, Alexander." As Danny mumbled his words, Alexander wasn't in the mood to listen and instead said, "Also, help me to book a flight ticket as soon as possible." Danny pursed his lips. "Alright, got it. I'll ask Cameron to book it later." With that, he retreated. However, an obvious excitement was shown on Alexander's face.

Sue, it's been so long. Are you finally returning to the racing arena? ... Although the racing industry had been developing locally, it was the first time a national competition at this scale was organized. On top of that, the organizer even managed to successfully invite important guests like Sue and Alexander. It was two days before the competition when many racers, famous and unknown, arrived in Tissote from all corners of the country.

Elise swapped her public look with that of her original appearance and complimented it with a pair of sunglasses on her head. After handing over the boarding pass, she boarded the plane. "Miss, would you like a glass of juice or coffee?" the flight attendant in the business class asked. "Juice, I suppose," Elise casually replied. Upon hearing her reply, the air stewardess passed a glass of juice to Elise, who accepted it before asking, "How long do we have until we arrive at Tissote?" "If there are no interferences from the air traffic control center, we will be landing in about an hour."

Elise thanked her before she took a sip of the juice. Unbeknownst to her, Alexander, who was seated a row in front of her, thought that her voice sounded exceptionally familiar. He was obviously surprised when he turned and saw her before greeting, "Miss Joy, I didn't expect to meet you here." His voice caused her to choke on the juice even before she could swallow it. As a result, she started to cough violently, but she was relieved that he only recognized her as Joy and didn't discover anything else. "You are..." Elise said pretentiously before she suddenly remembered something.

"Mr. Griffith." Alexander gave a slight nod. Although Joy gave him a sense of familiarity, he didn't recall seeing her elsewhere apart from their only encounter in France. With a frown, asked, "When did you return, Miss Joy?" *Umm...* She smiled and replied, "Not long ago. Where are you going?" He replied, "Our destination should be the same." Elise looked like she thought of something. *Could it be that he is going to Tissote because of the racing competition?* Even though it was still just her speculation, she continued to ask, "Are you on a business trip to Tissote?"

If an average person asked him this, he would've nodded in response. However, he was unsure why he didn't hide his true reason from Joy, a person whom he had just met twice. "I'm participating in a competition that's held in the city. What about you?" Of course, Elise could not tell him that she was going to the same competition as well, so she simply found an excuse. "I'm going to Tissote to visit an old friend." They casually chatted with each other until the airplane landed in

Tissote. Then, they disembarked from the plane one after another and out of courtesy, Alexander asked, "My driver will be here soon."

"Do you need me to give you a ride, Miss Sinclair?" She quickly rejected him. "It's alright, Mr. Griffith. I'll see you around if fate allows us to do so." With that, she quickly turned to walk in the opposite direction as him. As he observed her leaving figure, Alexander couldn't help twitching his lips into a smile. Meanwhile, he also thought that Joy was quite an interesting woman. After all, it was the first time that a woman avoided him like he was a cobra.

He retracted his gaze and walked toward the lobby where his driver was already waiting for him. As soon as the car that picked Alexander left, Elise gingerly walked out and called Jamie on his cell. "Jamie, I'm already here. Send the hotel's location to me so that I can head over right now."

"Sure thing, Boss. By the way, I forgot to inform you that I looked into Alexander's flight information. He has already flown to Tissote and it seems that he is on the same plane as you." She hummed in agreement before she replied, "I already met him."