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A phrase immediately appeared in her thoughts—birds of the same feather flock together.

When Jeremy was speaking into Johan's ears, Johan's gaze had never left Elise as he surveyed her maliciously.

They had already discussed how to resolve this incident on their way over.

As long as the people at the automobile store insisted that it was Elise and Miller's fault, the girls would be sued for defamation instead.

Even if Alexander was here, he could do nothing about it.

Does Clearly works fine?

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Johan's eyes narrowed coldly as he calmly directed the topic at Alexander. "Alexander, your family is not the most powerful family in Athesea. Do you really think that there's no one else in the Olson Family to back me up and that I'm such an easy target to be bullied?"

Alexander's expression remained indifferent. "You are wrong. It's my fiancée who wants to play by the law now. If I were to bully you, you won't even have the time to react," he replied impatiently.

"You—" Johan was so furious that he was stumped. "We have already taken a step backwards. We would be perfectly fine to apologize, but since you guys are so unforgiving, our family will join the fight until the very end!"

When he saw both parties sizing each other up from the beginning, the policeman said timidly, "Miss Sinclair, since both young masters from the Olson Family have already realized their mistakes and are willing to apologize with some compensation for you, why don't you also take a step back and stop giving them a hard time?"

Elise turned around to look at the policeman without any expression in her eyes. "So, in your words, if they apologize, I must accept it?" she calmly asked.

“What I’m saying is that it’s a good thing to know one’s mistakes and repent. Everyone should have the opportunity to turn over a new leaf and we should be more generous with others.”

Generous? You are clearly asking me to take the treatment silently.

Without even lifting her head, Elise retorted, “I’m sorry. I was never taught to be generous with people who are rude to me. Haven’t you heard that women are usually unforgiving and petty? Unfortunately for you, I’m such a woman.”

“Fine! I have finally witnessed how well you are with words!” the policeman bellowed. He had never been spoken to in such a way, so he couldn’t care less about his boss’ reminder as he was now overwhelmed with anger. “Since that’s the case, let’s go by the law then. You said you were harassed, but where is your witness? The other girl? She is your friend, so she wouldn’t be the witness. If there isn’t any new evidence, you better be prepared to be sued for defamation and fraud!”

How dare an insignificant policeman determine the authenticity of a witness’ words!

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Meanwhile, the employees from the automobile store had also interjected, “I saw these two women approaching our client first, but after they were rejected, they turned around to accuse him of sexual harrassment!”

“Indeed. From the beginning, Mr. Olson has been keeping his distance from them.

There’s no reason at all for him to harass them!”

“I also saw that both ladies had no intention to purchase the car as soon as they entered the store. Yet, they sneakily followed our young and well-dressed client.”

“I can be the witness! Mr. Olson often visits our store and he has always been a polite person. On top of that, he even brought his girlfriend along on that day.

He is a wealthy person of status, so there’s no need at all for him to harass others!”

Everyone had chirped in with their thoughts on the case, which made the lobby of the police station noisier than the market.

However, they shared one commonality: the unanimous claim that Elise was at fault and she was accusing Jeremy. According to their words, he was the poor victim instead.

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After the policeman heard the rest of the witnesses' claims, he no longer had any hesitation. His expression darkened as he ordered, "Bring these two liars who committed slander and fraud into jail!"

However, Madeline had arrived in her high heels just as the policeman took out his handcuffs.

"Wait." She immediately stopped the policeman walking toward Elise.

Then, her gaze swept around the room.

When she saw the two young men from the Olson Family, her expression immediately changed. If I'm not here on time, Alexander is really going to offend the people from the Olson Family for Elise's sake. I blame it on Cameron! If he told me that Alexander was at the police station from the very beginning, instead of delaying the time and only telling me the truth after I had forced him to, the situation wouldn't be this intense!

After a moment of silence, Madeline added, "We shouldn't just rely on word of mouth.

It can't prove the guilt of either party. I've been to the automobile store and I know that there are surveillance cameras where the customers are. Just check the footage and we will know for sure who is at fault here."

With that, her gaze discreetly swept past Elise.

She was not here to speak up for Elise. However, since Elise was Alexander's fiancée, her current actions had also concerned the Griffith Family's reputation.

On top of that, the other party was the most adored young masters from the Olson Family Johan and Jeremy. If this matter was not properly settled, both families could bear a grudge against each other for the rest of eternity.

It was still unconfirmed whether Elise would marry Alexander, but if the relationship between the Olson Family and the Griffiths soured, it would be difficult to repair the damage done.

Once we get hold of the surveillance footage, it's fine if Elise is really being harassed. If that is not the case, then I have to assert myself as an elder here and minimize the impact of the situation so that it would not reach a bad stage.

Sure enough, the store manager had already thought of this and shrugged nonchalantly. "Unfortunately, the cameras were broken two days ago and since it coincided with our system update, the cameras were not switched on for the past two days. I'm a good citizen, you know. If I had the footage, I would have taken it out long ago. Do I need you to come here to give me such advice?"

Madeline frowned upon hearing that. If there's no surveillance footage, are we going to just listen to their one-sided story and determine Elise as the guilty party?

She sighed and blamed Alexander for his judgment. I have already told him that Elise is not ideal. She is just treating us as a stepping stone to achieve a higher status.

Now that she knows I don't approve of her, she's setting her eyes on the Olson Family. I'm also a woman myself, and I'm sure that I'm not wrong on this. This is not the time to think about this, though. As long as Elise is still Alexander's fiancée, I have to clean up this mess for them.

With yet another sigh, her expression briefly changed into a smile as she walked to Jeremy and Johan.

"Both of you are the young kids from the Olson Family, aren't you? I'm Alexander's mother and I even held you when you were just babies. You can address me as Mrs. Griffith."

When they both heard that, Jeremy and Johan exchanged gazes and understood what the other person was thinking. What the hell?

Judging from her tone, is she planning to suck up to us?

Madeline continued without any change in her stance, "There's a good working relationship between the Griffiths and the Olson Family. Personally, I think we shouldn't ruin the relationship because of a small misunderstanding. Both of you will also take over the family business one day, so you guys should understand that having a friend is better than a foe."

"You are right, Mrs. Griffith, but I don't understand what you are implying here," Johan said blankly.

He deliberately feigned confusion to pretend that he did not understand that Madeline wanted them to make up.

She was not annoyed by them. After all, she was the one asking them to forget about this matter. Then, she humbly and kindly continued, "In that case, I'll go straight to the point. Elise is my son's girlfriend, so she's considered a part of the Griffith Family. If both of you are willing to help us out and forget about this matter, the Griffith Family will definitely remember your efforts."

Alexander's expression changed when he heard this and reminded her, "Mom, what nonsense are you saying?"

"You shut your mouth," Madeline retorted in disgust. "I'm here cleaning up your mess for you, so you and your girlfriend better keep quiet."

Of course, by 'girlfriend', she was referring to Elise, who would never take such an attitude.

She walked to Madeline and coldly asked, "Mrs. Griffith, it has been less than five minutes since you arrived. Are you so sure that I'm the one at fault here?"

"It doesn't matter." Madeline lowered her voice to explain, "You are from the countryside, so you don't know the rules here and I don't blame you for that. I also don't object to your relationship with Alexander, but you can't do anything you like using the name of the Griffith Family. There are some things where you simply don't insist that you are right.

I'm now teaching you how to interact in an upper-class society. Please remove your judgment where you think that I'm deliberately picking on you again."

It was true that Madeline was being fair and square this time around. She was doing this for the benefit of the Griffith Family without having any intention to give Elise a hard time.

However, the only flaw in this was that she never stood in Elise's shoes.

Madeline's words were like a bucket of cold water that was thrown on Elise. She instantly understood that the greatest obstacle between her and Alexander wasn't Madeline, but the many rules of society itself.

And she had always hated such rules.
Ever since the Griffith Family started, they had their own unique way of interacting with others.

If her interests were at a conflict with the Griffith Family one day, Elise could see herself being abandoned by Madeline without any hesitation.
That was not what she wanted either.
Elise wanted to live her life courageously.
Then, she took a deep breath and turned to walk to the policeman who had been taking notes on the situation. "Can I borrow your computers for a bit?" she asked calmly.

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The policeman stopped typing on the keyboard when he heard her request, but he only nodded after a moment of hesitation. "Okay, but give me a minute. I have to exit some applications first."
He left the desktop homepage open for her along with some applications that required a username and password to login before getting up to give her the seat. Soon, the sound of her typing on the keyboard was louder than all the other sounds in the lobby as many people's attention shifted to her.

Although Alexander already knew that she was once a hacker, he was still taken aback by her typing speed.
He had interviewed the head of information security at his company himself, but the person was obviously not on the same level as Elise.
Not long after that, Elise built an external proxy to connect to the automobile's network and hacked into their internal surveillance camera. Once she had gotten hold of the important scenes, she quietly logged out from the proxy.
After she had finished all that, she turned the monitor to face the crowd and played the video.

In the video, Jeremy had been staring her down as soon as he entered the store. After he sat opposite her, he behaved like a hooligan and looked at her even ruder than before.
In order to make her case, Elise even focused on Jeremy and zoomed in on him, making his lecherous expression clearer to others,
Hence, everyone no longer had their doubts as to who was the one at fault.
"Is it clear for you now, Mrs. Griffith?" Elise impassively looked at Madeline.

Madeline was completely stunned as she did not expect the situation to be completely overturned by Elise in such a short time. Thinking back on how she had forced Elise to take a step back for the Griffith Family only moments ago, she was at a loss for words.
Elise never expected much to begin with and she turned her intelligent yet icy gaze on the policeman. "Is this clear for you as well?"
Her calm tone had completely embarrassed the policeman.
With that, she turned around and prepared to leave.

When she passed by Madeline, she came to a halt and commented in disappointment, "I really don't understand why as a mother, you refuse to believe in your son's choice and would rather help the outsiders instead." We have to uphold our dignity and pride ourselves. If we keep asking others to protect us, everything will be taken away from us sooner or later.

All this while, Elise had been patient and forgiving toward Madeline only because Madeline was Alexander's mother. However, she could no longer force herself to be an obedient girl who would tolerate everything. She was true to herself, unafraid of any powers or any attacks directed to her.

With that, she started walking out of the lobby at such a quick pace that Alexander had to slightly jog to keep up with her. Before Elise could even push him away, his large paws had already grabbed her small hands as they walked outside.

Just as she raised her head, she could see his side profile with the perfect jawline from her angle, as if he was the product of an angel. It was enough for her to calm her anxious heart just by looking at him. Hence, she did not shake him off and allowed him to hold her hand instead.

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Jeremy had always been the target of paparazzi because of his status and his behavior. This time around, the news of him and Johan being imprisoned was instantly on the trending page.

Everyone had been guessing the identity of the mastermind who dared to challenge the Olson Family's dignity.

Meanwhile, all hell broke loose in the Olson Family as well.

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"Elise is the one who caused my son to go to jail? Which family is she from?"

"I have no idea," the policeman replied truthfully in a timid voice.

"I only know that her fiance is Alexander Griffith and he is indeed not an ordinary man."

As soon as Amelia heard Alexander's name, she instantly knew who he was. After all, the circles of the upper-class society were tightly knitted, so everyone knew each other fairly well. Whenever they gathered, they would complain and gossip apart from carrying out some entertainment activities.

From what I have heard from Madeline, I bet Elise is the girl from the countryside who clings onto Alexander and wants to use the Griffith

Family to increase her status. Madeline is usually quite courteous, so she would not easily offend others. I bet it's Elise who is behind all this. I heard from Madeline that Alexander has been smitten by this countryside vixen. He doesn't even listen to his mother anymore, as if he is under a spell. Alright. In that case, I will help Madeline to weed the trouble from her family to vent my anger!

"Where is she now?" Amelia asked with a darkened face.
"She is a student of Tissot University, so I think she might be on campus now," the policeman replied grudgingly.
"Very well.

I want to have a good look at what this vixen looks like."

With that, she left in her high heels.

At this moment, Elise and Addison were attending their lectures. Just as the lecturer was about to play his powerpoint slides, they heard a shrill woman's voice.

"Elise Sinclair of the Mathematics Faculty, don't let me look for you in every classroom and get your *ss out of there!"

Even though Amelia was quite far away, Elise's name had clearly rang throughout the entire lecture hall.

Elise had always been famous in the university to begin with. Now that someone insulted her with her full name, everyone in her class shifted their attention to look at her.

The lecturer was a well-tempered man who decided to ignore this and he merely tapped on the blackboard to remind the students to pay attention to him.

However, Amelia did not throw in the towel. She had found a loudspeaker somewhere and recorded her voice into it. Then, she repeatedly played the recording throughout the entire campus.

"Elise Sinclair, you b*tch! If you dare to do whatever you like, you should dare to man up to your actions. I dare you to come out to meet me now! Stop hiding there like a coward!"

"Elise Sinclair, you—"

Although Amelia's insults did not annoy Elise, the lecturer was infuriated. He removed his glasses and threw his notes on the desk as he said in a low voice, "What a menace to our education!"

An annoyed Elise sighed as she took the initiative to stand up. "Sir, I'll handle this."

"You don't have to do that. I will contact the university's security immediately. We will not allow such progress to be impeded by such behavior!"

However, as he was rather elderly, he forgot to wear his glasses again due to his impatience. Hence, he fumbled around and did not make the call even after a long time.

As Elise could not stand hearing Amelia continuously repeating the word 'b*tch, she left her seat and walked out of the hall.

By the time she had arrived on the ground floor, she noticed Amelia holding a loudspeaker, along with her bodyguards, as they directed the loudspeakers at the lecture halls.

"Uncultured b*tch." With that, Elise clucked her tongue.

Although Elise's voice was quite soft, Amelia seemed to have sensed Elise's presence and immediately turned around; it was just in time to meet Elise's careless gaze.

When they locked eyes, they sharply stared down at each other, each refusing to give in to the other.

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At this moment, Amelia took measure of the woman before her. The woman was dressed in a plain and simple manner. Her clothing was decent and tasteful, and even her face was ordinary with nothing remarkable about it. It was only that her gaze seemed deep and unruly-Amelia could tell at first glance that the woman was not one to be easily messed with. However, Amelia wasn't an easy target to pick on either. Thus, she took control of her emotions and rocked up to Elise in her pair of stilettos. Since the world wasn't lacking in gossip, the academic building was packed to the brim with curious onlookers within seconds. "Elise Sinclair?"

As Amelia was already a tall woman, her heels had allowed her to tower half a head over Elise; currently, she had her chin lifted loftily and was imperiously looking down at Elise. The Olson Family had been doing well in Tissote all these years. Amelia hadn't needed to display her arrogant manner to others in a while; in her imagination, her stature was enough to weaken the knees of these country bumpkins. However, the truth was that Elise had folded her arms across her chest and sneered at Amelia, looking so scornful that she might as well be watching a clown perform at the circus.

The treatment that Amelia had never experienced before irritated her so much that she raised her voice as she repeated, "I asked you whether you were Elise Sinclair." With her expression still the same, Elise remained quiet and stared at Amelia for a moment before calmly replying, "Sorry, I don't speak with strangers. Personal habit." The answer made Amelia gasp angrily. Stranger Personal habit? How dare she! Amelia was the apple of the Olson Family's eye! How dare this yokel behave like she is above my level! Elise was as what Madeline had said-truly ignorant to etiquette and ungrateful to her superiors to the point where she spoke rudely to an elder.

Thus, after a moment of thought, Amelia raised a hand before she dropped it to slap Elise's cheek so hard that Elise's head turned to one side. "This is for your disrespect," she told Elise, narrowing her eyes haughtily, before raising another hand. "And this is for your lack of sense!" Yet, before the second blow could land on her, Elise had caught hold of Amelia's wrist. A surprised Amelia met Elise's gaze once more only to notice that the previously clear eyes were now filled with a murderous rage. More importantly, Elise's slender fingers were so powerful that they felt like they were going to snap Amelia's wrist in half at any second. "I was careless to let you hit me the first time, but you don't actually think you could be so lucky, do you?" Elise growled in a bloodthirsty manner.

By now, Amelia was in so much pain that she had scrunched her face. As she gritted her teeth and hissed, she involuntarily leaned into Elise, trying in vain to alleviate the pain in her wrist, while snapping at the bodyguards behind her, "Are you all dead? Hurry up and help me!"

Only then did the bodyguards come to their senses and rush toward Elise. However, as soon as they arrived closer toward her, she displayed her martial prowess by kicking them both to the ground in succession. Meanwhile, Addison was rushing downstairs and couldn't help patting her chest in relief when she saw the two bodyguards on the ground before shouting at the top of her lungs, "Are you okay, Elise?"

After having seen Amelia slap Elise without warning from the upper floors, Addison had hurried downstairs without thinking, only to realize that Elise had single handedly dealt with all three of them. "I'm fine," Elise answered slowly as she glanced behind her. "Take a step back, Addy. I don't want you to get hurt by accident." "Okay." A helpless Addison nodded before retreating into the doorway of the academic building to watch from afar, Seeing that Elise had dealt with the bodyguards, Amelia surrendered and tossed her shoulder bag onto the floor so that she would have a free hand to grab Elise's hair.

However, Elise inevitably caught the free hand as well. She wasn't in a good mood as of late, so she didn't feel that she should be blamed for her ruthlessness at this woman's insistence on staring down the barrel of a gun. After all, if Elise had endured being slapped, what else could the woman get away with? Thus, she exerted force without mercy, which caused Amelia's knees to give out beneath her. As she kneeled before Elise, she cried out in pain, "Ow, ow, ow... Help!" The two previously defeated bodyguards then rose to their feet and wanted to tackle Elise again, only to have her glare menacingly at them as she strengthened her grip on Amelia's wrists.

Amelia's wrists had dislocated with a click and it caused her so much pain that she began to cry. "Help me, please! She's going to kill me! Help me!" Upon seeing that, the bodyguards no longer had the courage to approach the two women. By now, even the school security guards had rushed over and were shocked to witness this scene. They had been told that there were outsiders causing trouble.

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Why did it now look like it was a female student who had the upper hand?
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Moreover, judging by the student's demeanor, she was trained in martial arts. "M-Miss... Please calm down and release the other party. It's against the rules to pick fights in school! If there's any quarrel between you both, we can see the dean for mediation. Please don't make any extreme moves!" a slightly older security guard advised Elise after summoning the courage.

As she raised her left eyebrow, Elise turned her head to look at him. What on earth is he talking about?

That was when she saw that the spectating students had begun to cheer for her.

"Wow, amazing!"

"F*cking awesome, dude!"

"You go, girl! Hang them out to dry! Give them another left hook!"

She sighed in exasperation and thought, What busybodies. She noticed from the corner of her eyes that on the floor where her classroom was, her teacher was spectating as well. However, he looked much graver than he had before.

As Elise knew very well, this wasn't a scene he wanted to witness.

To prevent the situation from deteriorating any further, she finally released Amelia's wrists.

The moment Elise did so, Amelia lost her balance and toppled heavily onto her dislocated wrists as she had no time to react. The pain made her scream and as large beads of tears rolled down her cheeks in two thick tracks, washing away most of her makeup, her image as a gentlewoman was utterly destroyed.

Biting her lip, she tried her best not to sob in public to preserve the last of her dignity.

Finally, under the accompaniment of the security guards, both of them were taken to the office of Olive Goodman, the university dean.

Because Amelia was in so much pain, a house doctor had to be summoned to reduce the swelling in her wrists before the office could finally regain its peace. The moment Amelia was finally able to lower her wrists, she began to attack Olive. "So, you're the dean. Is this what Tissote University students are like? How could they assail such a weak, vulnerable woman like me so brutally and savagely? Is this how your students are taught?"

"This is assault. I'm going to take both her and your school to court!"

While, at first, she hadn't thought of how to deal with Elise taking her son to court, she now had a solution. Assault was even worse than slander and harassment, and with this upper hand on Elise, she could make life a living hell for the woman,

After what she experienced, getting Elise to drop the lawsuit wouldn't be enough. No-Elise was about to find out the consequences of offending the Olson Family!

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A scornful Elise stared at Amelia. Like Johan and Jeremy, this woman was so good at crying foul when she was the one who came to cause trouble.

After a moment of consideration, Elise decided that while she did in fact have no direct quarrel with Amelia, she still had harbored no goodwill for any of Johan and Jeremy's family members.

Very well. If the boys are going to send someone else to fight on their behalf, I might as well deal with all of them in one fell swoop.

And so, she opened her mouth only to have Olive speak up first.

"Were you the one who assaulted this woman, Elise?"

No such serious altercations had occurred ever since Olive became the Dean of Tissote University. If it was not handled well, this incident would become a stain on her resume.

Therefore, it didn't matter who Elise was and where she came from. Olive would go to any means necessary to resolve things as quickly as possible.

"Yes," a calm Elise answered.

"So, you're admitting to provoking a fight on school grounds?" Olive pushed her glasses up her nose, slightly calming down at the confession.

As long as she could get Elise to bear all of the responsibility and make any necessary apologies and reparations for Amelia's grievances to dissipate, the problem would be resolved on its own.

Despite her popularity in school, Elise didn't come from much of a background.

On the other hand, Amelia Olson had appeared on the cover of an entertainment magazine more than once and she was even highly valued by Stanley Olson, the patriarch of Olson Family.

As the apple of Stanley's eye, Amelia only needed to tell someone to jump before they would ask how high. Even though she had overstepped her boundaries somewhat by trespassing on school grounds with her bodyguards, she was ultimately injured. If the situation was not handled in a manner that was satisfactory to her, there was no doubt that the school would be in hot water. For the sake of the bigger picture, Elise would have no choice but to take the loss. After all, she was part of the school; surely she could understand Olive's difficult position.

Unfortunately, Elise would not play along and she only scowled before saying impatiently, "I was defending myself. Everyone at the teaching building saw it, Dean Goodman."

The title was bitten out sharply, as if in question of the dean's intelligence.

Of course, that was exactly what Elise meant to do. It was ridiculous to her for a dean not to only refrain from figuring out the truth and protect the students' interests, but to partner up with an outsider to indiscriminately pressure her. Anyone with a weaker mental constitution would have broken down by now. However, Elise had not.

She would not. If anyone was going to break down, it would be Amelia.

At this time, when he read the news on the campus forum about Elise being slapped, Danny immediately set aside his matters at hand to rush in the direction of the university while calling Alexander at the same time.

At this moment, Alexander was in a video conference with his foreign work partners and had his phone placed on silent. Since the call was from Danny, Alexander reflexively set his phone aside for later.

Danny waited until the call automatically disconnected before sending a text message to Alexander.

'Your wife is being bullied at school! Come ASAP!'

Then, Danny stepped on the accelerator and zoomed off in the direction of the school. How dare that woman assault someone from the Griffith Family! Did she not value her life any longer?

At a red light, he picked up his cell phone once again to peruse the pictures that

were posted to the forum. The more he glanced through them, the more he found the showily dressed woman to look familiar. Finally, as the light turned green, he recalled who she was.

Wasn't she Jeremy Olson's mother?

Meanwhile, Alexander carelessly glanced at the contents of the text message that had appeared on his cell phone before his gaze darkened. Nevertheless, he kept his expression neutral and appeared to still be focused on what the other party of the video conference said.

It was only that below the screen, his long, well-defined fingers grabbed hold of the device and began to type rhythmically against it.

Soon enough, Danny received a reply on his side.

"An eye for an eye. A tooth for a tooth?"

Every syllable seemed emphatic.

"Very well." After seemingly having immunity now that Alexander had given his permission, Danny floored the accelerator and zoomed off with a screech.

At first, Olive thought she could have immediately rescued the school's reputation only to have Elise's words ruin her effort.

Now that she was irritated, she huffed incredulously before glaring at Elise with her bulging eyes. "What do you mean by that? Are you calling my abilities into question? Do you think you can criticize the work of whomever you wish simply because you're good at your studies? Look at what you did to Mrs. Shoal.

However smart you might be or however good your grades are, a bad character makes you rotten to the core and means that you've utterly failed as a person!" Somewhat disdainfully, Elise shrank back.

However, it was for no other reason than that Olive was leaning in so close that she was nearly spitting on Elise's face.

When Olive finally finished speaking, Elise seamlessly stepped aside to increase their distance,

Then, she pulled a piece of wet wipe from her purse to clean her own face before calmly heading to clean Amelia's hands.

Naturally, Olive was so incensed by the series of actions that she stomped her foot. "Elise Sinclair! Now is not the time to be focused on sanitation! I'm teaching you a life lesson. How dare you act like this!"

A nonchalant Elise finished cleaning Amelia's hands before folding the piece of wet wipe in half. Then, she lifted her hand with her eyes set on the bin next to the desk.

With a toss, the wet wipe arced through the air and landed unerringly inside the bin.

Only after withdrawing her hand did an indifferent Elise finally stare at the dean and sneer cynically, "Naturally, I pay attention to my lessons, Dean Goodman, but not everyone is qualified to teach."

"What do you mean by that? Are you saying I'm not your teacher if I don't personally

conduct your lessons?" a confident Olive snapped with a raised voice. "Let me tell you something, Elise Sinclair-As long as you are a student at Tissote University, I have the right to sanction you, but you don't have the right to tell me what to do.

How dare you call my qualifications to teach you into question! Students like you should be exposed to the media!"

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As soon as Olive finished shouting that, Danny barged in, challenging, "Alright, then! Let the reporters see how you teach students!"

Only now was he skidding to a perfect stop after having raced up the stairs so quickly that he nearly knocked several bystanders over and wrenched the door handle open with his momentum.

"Sorry your help arrived late, Boss!" he panted before glaring fiercely at Amelia.

"I thought we were going to summon some reporters. Why not do it now so that the whole nation can see how you treat delicate female university students, Amelia Olson?"

With that, Danny pulled his cell phone out of his pocket and unlocked it. Then, he pulled up the recording that he had downloaded from the forum of Elise being slapped, and tossed the phone right at Amelia.

The corners of Elise's mouth tugged downward in embarrassment.

Delicate? Is he referring to me?

Clearing her throat, she turned sideways to remind him, "Don't go too far." Nonetheless, Danny only raised an eyebrow at her, as if to indicate for her to wait and watch.

Meanwhile, Amelia had reflexively raised her hands to catch the phone, only to scream in pain as it impacted her broken wrists. So weak were her limbs right now that one of the bodyguards had to step forward to help her right the phone. The video was taken from an angle that showed Amelia's face very clearly and even somewhat unflatteringly. Used to being fawned over by professional photographers, she was somewhat disdainful of it.

However, when she realized the situation that she was in, she immediately instructed the bodyguard, "Delete it! Delete it at once! Break the phone!"

Understanding her meaning, the bodyguard immediately held his arm aloft, about to drop the phone to the ground.

However, Danny chose that moment to point out indifferently, "Break the phone if you must, but this video is already on the school forum. I fear someone has already

sold this baby to some reporters in advance, Amelia. Looks like you'll be trending very soon!"

At that, Amelia was so incensed that her chest rose and fell rapidly, and she slightly lifted her somewhat less painful left hand to point at Danny's nose.

"What kind of trash are you?"

Even your mother respects me. How dare you slander me behind my back?"

With a sneer, he responded, "Apologies, but I'm no trash. I'm a person, and a very handsome one at that. You, on the other hand, should look in a mirror!"

"Danny Griffith!" Amelia roared. "I don't blame you for being bewitched by Elise,

but you'd best know your place. I'm stepping in on your mother's behalf, so you'd better not interfere!"

Upon hearing that, Danny snorted as he thought, How dare she bring up our family name into this while bullying a member of our family? Throughout his life, he had met many shameless people, but none as shameless as her.

After spitting internally at her, Danny opened his mouth to start yelling when a hurried Alexander beat him to the punch.

"What are you going to do about it if we interfere?" The older sibling asked before calmly walking over to Elise and lifting a hand to cup her slap-reddened cheek. With a frown, he asked very gently, "Does it still hurt?"

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At this moment, Elise shook her head. "I thought you said you had a conference that had been put off for so long that you had to get it done today. Why are you here now?"

With a sigh, Alexander parted his lips to say with some resignation, "Company affairs are a small matter in comparison to your affairs."

The answer nearly made goosebumps rise on Danny's arms. Since when did my brother turn so sappy?

And so, he coughed with his fist raised to his lips.

"Uh... you're in public. Please watch your image-"

Immediately, Alexander shot him an icy glare, prompting him to mime a zipping movement over his mouth.

Following that, Alexander scooped up Elise's hand before standing shoulder-to-shoulder with her and staring emotionlessly at Amelia.

"You said my mother instigated you to attack Elise. Do you have any proof?"

Cowed by his imposing demeanor, Amelia choked on her own words for a moment before stammering, "I-It's just idle chatter during our normal get-togethers. Who would make a recording of it? I'm helping you discipline your future wife, Alexander.

Don't be so ungrateful!"

Ignoring the latter half of her statement, Alexander glared murderously at her before pressing through his teeth, "That means you have no proof. I'm only going to say this once-apologize to her!"

Contemptuously, Amelia sneered, "What grounds does a country bumpkin have to get an apology from me?"

Narrowing his eyes, Alexander told her even more ominously, "On the grounds that she is my fiancée and the future co-owner of the Griffith Group. Assaulting her is an assault on me.

But if you feel that it doesn't matter whether you offend Griffith Family, then by all means, leave."

Though Amelia was terrified by Alexander's demeanor, she still took the chance to say tentatively, "I am your mother's best friend. How are you going to answer to her if you harm me?"

With an unchanging expression, he peered down at her and answered lightly, "Only one member of Griffith Family will have the final say in the future, and that's me. Unfortunately for you, I'm not a particularly magnanimous person."