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The statement was like a wake-up call to Amelia.

Based on Alexander's capabilities, there was no doubt the power in the Griffith Family would eventually end up in his hands.

It meant that even if she could get away with what she did today, her precious son would suffer in the future.

After everything that happened recently, the Olson Family Clan was badly affected.

There was no saying whether they would be able to preserve their position in Tissote even after using up half of the resources that they had previously saved. Hence, it would be sheer folly to go up against the Griffith Family now. However ambitious Amelia might be, she was still a mother. What wouldn't she do for her children?

And so, after a long moment of consideration, she swallowed and turned away from the door that she had begun to walk toward. Going up to Elise, she lowered her head and said in a small voice, "I'm sorry. I'm to blame for what happened today."

Her voice was only slightly louder than a mosquito's hum.

Having too much fun to let things go just like that, Danny fanned the flames from the sidelines. "I never knew I would be going deaf at such a young age. Did someone say something?"

The Olson cousins' reputation was known so far and wide that there weren't many rich young people in Tissote who weren't afraid of them. However, Danny wasn't one of those people.

Not only was he unafraid of them, he even wished the two families would have a complete falling out so that he would have free rein to teach both the cousins and this woman a proper lesson.

Whoever touched his people would learn the meaning of death!

Already having put up with the humiliation, Amelia couldn't help cursing him in her heart for saying such a thing before reluctantly repeating more loudly, "I'm sorry, Miss Sinclair. I shouldn't have hit you. I hope you'll be gracious and forgive me!"

That was the most she could do. If they continued to make things difficult for her, then she wouldn't hesitate to have a fall out with them. At worst, the two families would just fight to the death.

Even though both Elise and Alexander could tell what Amelia was thinking, they didn't expose her.

Some people did not know the meaning of fear until they had brought calamity upon themselves.

Abruptly, Elise found the enthusiasm to say good-humoredly, "You may leave now."

The moment Amelia heard that, she turned and left without a second glance. Unfortunately, what she failed to realize was that although Elise appeared to have spared her, the younger woman actually hadn't offered a single sentence of forgiveness from start to finish.

No, Elise had planted a ticking time bomb instead. Death wasn't scary—the scary part was knowing that you were about to die but not knowing when. It seemed like the Olson Family Clan had really brought trouble upon themselves now.

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After stepping out of the office with Danny and Alexander, Elise did not return to class.

Being a discerning man who had no wish for becoming a third wheel, Danny found an excuse to leave. "Well, since everything has been resolved, I should go. I need to prepare for the SK Group's assessment."

"The SK Group?" Elise asked with a rare look of interest on her face.

"Yup." Danny nodded before elaborating with considerable pride, "You know the FBI?"

The SK Group is something like that, but with a broader scope of business. Basically, as long as you have a request, they should be able to get it done for you. Previously, they were active on the dark web, but this is the first year that they're openly recruiting members. All of the powerful families in Tissote have their eye on it."

"Is that so?" Elise's reaction was rather indifferent.

All of a sudden, Danny got the impression that he was speaking to a brick wall. At first, he thought she was familiar with the SK Group because she had an identity as a hacker, but it seemed even she had domains that she was unfamiliar with.

Still, she doesn't have to react so indifferently, does she? For a moment, he was at a loss.

After spending so long with Alexander, Elise seemed to have become much more taciturn, giving Danny the impression that she was no longer as approachable as she used to be.

Thankfully, his phone chimed at that moment, rescuing him from the awkwardness.

After pulling out the phone and reading the notification on it, he said, "I'll elaborate some other time. They're hounding me now. I'll see you later."

"Go on, then," Alexander said mildly.

On the way back to Elise's dormitory, the couple ran into Miller and Addison, who looked like they were in a hurry.

"Are you okay, Elise?" Addison panted, breathing somewhat unevenly as she bent over and clutched at her waist. Immediately after Elise was taken away, she rushed off to find Miller. Ever since their first meeting, she had considered Miller

to be virtually undefeatable. As far as she was concerned, Elise wouldn't suffer any losses even with the presence of two additional bodyguards as long as Miller was there.

On the other hand, Miller didn't show any drastic reactions, since she could tell from the way Alexander was shielding Elise that she had arrived too late. Shrugging her shoulders, she explained, "I couldn't make it here earlier. The academic buildings for the Humanities Faculty and the Mathematics Faculty are too far apart. Perhaps I should sneak into the Mathematics classes from now on?" At the end of the day, Miller was someone Alexander was forced to use his connections to get into Tissote University.

Even though he managed to get her transferred to the same dormitory as Elise, the Mathematics Faculty was Tissote University's top-performing college. Apart from having flashes of brilliance while collecting money from others, Miller's foundation in mathematics was so atrocious that she not only failed to meet the minimum requirements for admission, she didn't even perform well enough for her results to be faked.

And so, she could only be assigned to the Humanities Faculty, which had the lowest requirements for admission. Although Miller's question was directed at Alexander, Elise didn't seem to mind as she commented, "It's okay. I didn't suffer any losses, anyway."

"I think you should," Alexander said at the same time before realizing that his opinion differed from Elise's. After sharing a glance with her, they came to a tacit agreement. Glancing from Elise to Alexander, Miller remarked carelessly, "That's settled, then."

"I'll attend the Mathematics Faculty classes from now on. It's not like I'm here to study, anyway."
With great incredulity, Addison stared at the trio.

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Worried about leaving the two elderly people at home alone since Jeanie was staying overnight, Elise decided not to remain at the dormitory that night. On the way home, she remembered what Danny had said, so she suddenly asked, "Does the Griffith Family really require the \$K Group's power?" "Not really. That organization operates on the fringes of the law and isn't easily controlled. It's just that other families are vying for it as well, and we'd be at a loss if we didn't catch up" Alexander answered casually, more focused on driving. "I see."

So, it's in high demand simply because many people are vying for it." She turned her head to look at him. "And you? Are you intending to ally with them?" With a mild chuckle, he answered, "I don't really wish to." After a pause, he

elaborated, "It's not that I'm so against it, either; in fact, as long as the SK Group ignores all of the families, the fuss will die off very quickly."
"They sound like a sh*t stirrer based on how you're talking about them," she teased.

Alexander chuckled deeply in response. "If they heard you say that through a wiretap, we would be in big trouble."

"They wouldn't dare," she responded without elaboration.

Somewhat surprised by Elise's reply, Alexander studied her casually through the rearview mirror, but she had already turned her head away, obviously having no intention to explain herself. So, he dropped the topic.

Meanwhile, ever since leaving the police station, Madeline had been acting soullessly.

Her mind kept replaying the words that Elise and Alexander had said to her before they left.

Even when Adam set her lunch out in front of her, she didn't respond.

"Are you okay? You've been acting strangely ever since we returned this afternoon." He finally put down his fork, intending to have a good talk with her.

"I'm fine," she replied absent-mindedly.

To Madeline, Adam had never paid much attention to the family's activities, so there was no point in discussing her concerns with him now.

Not intending to drop the topic, he opened his mouth, about to say something when her cell phone rang.

Without looking at the caller ID, she put the phone to her ear. "Yes?"

"It's me, Mrs. Griffith. Do you have time to talk?"

Upon hearing Amelia's voice, Madeline spared her husband a single glance before standing up and taking the phone call out on the balcony.

Only after sliding the glass door shut did she say more loudly, "We can speak freely now, Madam Olson."

"In that case, I won't beat around the bush. I'm sure you know what happened between my son and your future daughter-in-law. You should know why I'm seeking you out." Amelia's tone was calm and not the least bit beseeching.

After a lifetime of being put on a pedestal, she had her nose in the air; it was difficult for her to learn how to humble herself.

However, while Madeline did not care much about that, she was momentarily at a loss for how to respond to something concerning Elise and Alexander.

Noticing Madeline's lack of a reaction, Amelia continued to speak to her own interests. "Young people are arrogant; it's very normal for them to get into clashes. That being said, we can't conduct our affairs based on what's happening right in front of our faces alone. Given that both the Olson and Griffith Family are famed and respected clans in Tissote, we're bound to have interactions again in the future. Wouldn't you agree?"

"I understand. It's simply that..." In all honesty, Madeline wasn't even sure if she could call the shots on Alexander's behalf, let alone Elise's.

"Mrs. Griffith!" Hearing the hesitation in her voice, Amelia immediately hardened her attitude. "Jeremy and Johan are responsible for the future prosperity of the Olson Family Clan. If anything happens to them, I dare not guarantee that no one else within my family would take drastic action. By that point, the situation will

have deteriorated beyond our control!"

Miserably, Madeline fell silent as she knew that Amelia was correct. The Olson Family Clan hadn't had a good reputation in Tissote in recent years. There were no lengths to which they wouldn't go and if the Griffiths forced them into a corner, they would have no choice but to retaliate,

Ultimately, it was better to have one more friend than one more enemy. After yet another moment of silence, Madeline finally threw caution to the wind and said into the phone, "I'll try, but I can't make any guarantees. Also, Mrs. Shoal, don't think this is because the Griffiths are afraid of the Olson Family Clan. If anything, I'm merely humoring you!" With that, Madeline hung up.

At the end of the day, she was still the only mistress of the Griffith Family. She wasn't going to let anyone intimidate her just like that. Nevertheless, setting her anger aside, she opened up her contacts and located a number with a gray avatar next to it. And then, she made a call to the number. Very quickly, the call connected. Without making any small talk, she got straight to the point. "Where is he?" Only after going to the supermarket and buying a ton of ingredients did Elise and Alexander return home. After dropping Elise off at the door, Alexander headed back to work.

As she started preparing lunch, Jeanie entered the kitchen to help. However, used to being pampered and waited on regardless of her state of mind, there wasn't much Jeanie could do but rinse the vegetables. Glad to see Elise, she began to start up some idle chatter.

"In today's world, there aren't many young women left like you who would make both a wonderful homemaker and a fantastic conversationalist at a dinner party, Miss Sinclair."
"I don't think that's the case. There are many such women in the world," Elise answered carelessly. "It's simply that you haven't met them yet."
"That might be true." Jeanie nodded before sighing wistfully. "I have, indeed, not left the house or experienced the outside world in a long time."

Coming to the abrupt realization that she had misspoken, Elise paused in the midst of cutting up the vegetables to comfort sympathetically, "You're young yet. There's no rush."
Upon hearing that, Jeanie muttered pessimistically, "I fear I won't live to see that day as long as my daughter is still around."
Inexplicably, Elise felt a dull ache in her chest, as if she could sense Jeanie's pain. And so, she put down her knife and lifted her head to meet Jeanie's gaze in earnest. Solemnly, she told Jeanie, "I can help you. As long as you speak up, I can help you clean it all up."

The sudden goodwill took Jeanie aback but when she recalled what Faye could do, she furrowed her brow. "It's okay. I've put you on the spot enough these few days, and I don't wish to cause Sinclair Family any trouble by involving you in my family affairs."

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"But I don't think it's any trouble," Elise told her earnestly. "I'm only doing what I

want to.”

Indeed, Elise never looked into things too deeply and only followed her heart. If she wanted Jeanie to stay, she would allow it; if she wanted to help Jeanie, Jeanie only needed to speak up. Elise’s only precondition was that it was what the other party needed.

To the best of her ability, Elise tried to look as genuine and sincere as possible to Jeanie so that the other woman would know she could be trusted. Meanwhile, a voice in Jeanie’s head told her Elise could be relied upon.

On the other hand, another voice told Jeanie that Elise was too good to be hurt. The former simply would not drag the young woman into the bottomless hellhole that was the Anderson Family.

And so, after the momentary stand-off, Jeanie finally glossed over the topic with a laugh. “Let’s not talk about this any longer. We’d better get moving. Starving must be the worst fate for an old person!”

It was her subtle way of declining the offer.

Understanding Jeanie’s meaning, Elise could only drop the topic. Lowering her head, she picked up the knife and continued prepping for lunch.

It was only that, in the time following that, they each had a load on their mind now and could no longer chatter as cordially as they had before.

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In the winter, Tissote’s skies grew dark rather early. By 6.00 PM, the lights in the living room had to be turned on.

For tonight’s dinner, Elise had prepared some food to be shared with the others at the dinner table. Even though the dishes were nothing but ordinary home-cooked food, they were fragrant and colorful.

As Jeanie sat down at the dinner table, she nearly drooled. “Looks like I’ll be having more servings than usual tonight.”

Robin chuckled warmly in response.

“Good, good. Don’t be a stranger. Make yourself at home.”

“Of course I will. I haven’t experienced such a homey atmosphere in a long time.”

All of a sudden, Jeanie’s throat itched. When she recalled Bertha staying all alone at the Anderson Residence, she couldn’t help sniffing with her head lowered.

Since the rest of them knew what Jeanie had been through, they could only watch on sympathetically without saying anything.

Realizing that she had brought the mood down, Jeanie hurried to tuck her feelings away and commented, “Ah-look at me misspeaking again.”

“Let’s drop the issue and start eating. We can’t let Elise down!”

“Indeed! One can’t function on an empty stomach. Once you’ve eaten, you’ll find the strength to go up against anything!” Laura hurried to add.

And so, the atmosphere dissolved into harmony once more, with both food and laughter being shared around the dinner table.

It wasn't until the sound of high heels clicking against the ground that the sound of laughter abruptly stopped. Standing on the stone step of the open doorway was Madeline, staring at the full dinner table in confusion and feeling an indescribable sense of pressure.

Although Elise had long stopped feeling any goodwill toward Madeline, she was ultimately Alexander's mother, and it didn't seem appropriate to send her away when she had come all the way there. So, left with no other choice, Elise could only stand up and welcome her in. After a round of introductions and an extra place setting, everyone at the table considered themselves acquainted. Despite not being very approving of Elise and Alexander's relationship, Robin treated Madeline as courteously and thoughtfully as he would any other guest.

Knowing that Elise's parents had both passed away and that Laura and Robin had only each other to rely on, Madeline imagined the elderly couple was eager to facilitate Elise and Alexander's marriage. Thus, using that as leverage, she began to approach the topic in a roundabout way. ****Truthfully, I quite like Elise, but she's still young enough to be impulsive and incapable of looking at the broader picture. I think she still needs to be disciplined by her elders.**** Having no appetite for the home-cooked food, Madeline spooned herself a perfunctory few spoons of food.

Laura and Robin's expressions sank when they heard that. Surely Madeline hadn't come to them so that she could criticize their precious granddaughter? Even Jeanie found the woman's remarks to be amiss, so she commented blindly, "Ah -children have their own opinions these days. The times are different now. There's nothing we as elders can do but put up with it. Now, Mrs. Griffith, try some of these prawns. Elise made them herself. They're quite good!" With that, Jeanie placed a prawn on Madeline's plate using her own fork.

Eyeing the fork that had previously been in Jeanie's mouth with distaste, Madeline frowned and shoved the plate away. This is what the lower classes are like-even with so many people crammed around a tiny, rickety dining table for dinner, they fail to consider the virtues of a serving utensil. Naturally, everyone at the dining table took Madeline's naked disdain to heart. Even the usually good-tempered Jeanie couldn't help showing a sliver of unhappiness.

Is this Elise's future mother-in-law'Surely she's too difficult to get along with. Won't Elise suffer if she marries into that family in the future? This won't do! And so, Jeanie made up her mind to talk Elise into reconsidering the marriage. After all, it involved not only Elise but two families as well. A wrongful marriage would very well be cause for lifelong regret!

On the other hand, Robin did not have as much patience and only slapped his fork down onto the table with a clink before growling, "I suggest you be blunt, Mrs. Griffith. I'm sure us country folk lack the social finesse that you possess and would fail to grasp what you were getting at. I would hate for you to have wasted all this effort in coming here." Any discerning person would be able to tell that he was livid.

However, always having considered herself to be above others, Madeline didn't take his reaction to heart and only fixed her expression before starting haughtily, as if he genuinely hadn't understood, "Allow me to be clearer, then." She paused and glanced at Elise, "The person you got into a dispute with today is a member of one of

their family has always Tisote's most powerful clans-the Olson Family Clan. Now, their family has been on good terms with the Griffiths and our two families have many involved interests. A fall out would bring about unimaginable consequences. What I mean to say is that you should be the bigger person and let the two Olson kids go so that you can save both our families a great deal of embarrassment. What do you think?"

"**Kids?" Elise mocked with a smirk. "Are you sure a kid would do what they did?" Startled by the coldness in her gaze, Madeline was momentarily cowed before she could resume her overbearing demeanor. "At any rate, since you're to become the Griffith Family's daughter-in-law, you'll have to put the interests of the Griffiths first. Don't forget-you're Alexander's fiancée. Everyone will remember your impulsive actions as the actions of the Griffith Family. Surely you don't need the entire family to clean up after you?"
Smash!

As soon as she finished speaking, Robin swept his hand out, knocking his glass to the ground and causing his drink to spill in a puddle. "Forget about the marriage, then!" he shouted

From the very beginning, the Sinclairs had found the Griffith Family's relationships to be too complicated, anyway. They never wanted Elise to be in too much contact with Alexander, especially not after what happened with Matthew.

Yet, Elise always talked about how good Alexander was and how unique the Griffith Family had to be to get to the point that they were at today. It was only for that reason that Robin and his wife hadn't forced the two to separate.

Based on Madeline's attitude today, however, he made up his mind that no matter what they were talking about or whether Elise was in the wrong or right, the engagement between the Sinclair Family and Griffith Family would never continue.

The apple of their eye was not to be subjected to humiliation by the Griffiths just like that!

On the other end, Alexander reached his workplace and was about to get out of his car when he suddenly noticed through his rearview mirror a very suspicious figure lurking around the corner of an alleyway.

Acting like he hadn't noticed it, he got out of the car and went into the café across the street.

Using the wall and the waitstaff as his cover, he hid himself behind a glass wall where he could observe the other party.

Sure enough, the other party followed him inside very quickly and stood at the door, searching furtively for him.

Averting his gaze, Alexander left his hiding place and boldly walked through the crowd in the direction of the shop's back door.

Finally, around the bend of the alleyway where the coffee shop's back door led, he shoved his pursuer up against the wall. "Tell me who sent you."

"No one. I'm a reporter. I have the right to take pictures and access public places. Surely you're being over-sensitive, President Griffith!"
"Oh?"

A rising tone was the only warning the man received before Alexander exerted pressure and caused the reporter's left wrist to dislocate.

"Ow!" the man shouted in pain.

Calmly, Alexander reached for the man's uninjured hand. "Now for this side..."
"I'll talk! I'll talk!" The man whimpered before admitting in a quavering voice,
"Mrs. Griffith sent me. She wanted me to keep tabs on you at all times. I'm only doing this for the money. If you're going to blame anyone, blame your mother!"

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The moment Alexander rushed to the Sinclair Residence, he could feel that there was something wrong, especially with Robin. In the past, the elderly man was always polite toward him but today, his eyes were clearly giving out a signal that he couldn't wait to kick Alexander out of the house.

Meanwhile, Madeline didn't know what was going on behind her. However, her expression instantly darkened when she saw that Robin was disrespecting the Griffith Family. In a cynical tone, she sneered, "Everyone can make fake promises, but can they really fulfill that promise? Why don't you ask your granddaughter if she can stay away from my son? Since we are going to be a family, what's wrong with getting used to it in advance?"

Madeline paused for a moment and squinted her eyes to look at Robin's reaction. Seeing that he was speechless, she smirked and continued with her ridiculous speech. "Besides, I'm not asking Elise to commit any murderous acts, I'm just asking her to be merciful and forgive those two boys in the Olson Family Clan, This is something that'll make everyone happy, not to mention that Elise has nothing to lose by doing so, so I don't understand why it can't be done. Elise, are you saying, that you are not satisfied with me as your future mother-in-law, so you're deliberately confronting me? Is that what you want?"

Throughout her comments, Madeline glanced at Elise from time to time to apply more pressure onto her.

After listening to what she had to say, Robin could no longer suppress the anger inside of him. "That is enough, Mrs. Griffith!" His voice was so loud that even Alexander, who was standing at the door, could hear his every rage. "My granddaughter doesn't need the Griffith Family to gain a higher status. Instead, you should be grateful that she chose to marry into your family. She isn't an item for you to sacrifice for your own personal gain. The Griffith Family isn't that worthy for our Elise to put aside her principles and submit to all of you!" There seemed to be a raging flame burning in Robin's eyes as his chest began to puff out angrily.

However, Madeline seemed to think that his words were a big joke, so she chuckled. "Are you saying that my son isn't worthy of your daughter? That is the funniest joke I've ever heard! You—"

“Enough!”

Before she could finish her sentence, Alexander interrupted her as he couldn't stand listening to her.

Hearing his voice, Madeline felt a shiver down her spine.

As she slowly turned her head, she could see his gloomy face approaching her.

“Alexander, why are you—” she mumbled while standing up.

“Are you about to ask why I am suddenly here?” He stood still in front of her with a chilling expression that would terrify anyone. **“Not only did you ask someone to follow me, you even found someone to look into me. Are you really that desperate to control my life? Am I your son or a puppet for you to control?”**

“How could you speak to your mother like this?” Alexander's glare was so frightening that Madeline didn't dare to look him straight in the eye, so she kept on avoiding his gaze.

“You know that I love you the most. I asked someone to follow you because I was worried about your safety. You should know that Matthew—”

Alexander didn't give her a chance to finish her words as he thundered, **“Enough! I don't want to hear about it anymore.”** With eyes as cold as ice, he uttered coldly, **“Mom, this is my last warning to you. Elise is my limit, and no one can change it. From now on, I don't want you to meet her again without my presence. Even if you two meet each other, I will still stand by her side if there's any conflict. I don't want to make you sad, but if you intend to hurt the person I love, then I have no other choice.”**

“W-What are you saying?” Madeline was so startled by her son's words that she couldn't react to it in time. **“Are you really going to cut ties with your own mother just for her?”**

He straightened his back and uttered every word firmly. **“If it's necessary, then yes.”**

At this point, Madeline couldn't believe the words that just came out of his mouth. I was only asking a favor from Elise, but he is now willing to cut ties with me? Doesn't he know that he is my son?! Why is he so sure that he'll stand by that woman's side forever?

She felt an ache inside her heart while the rage and shame drove her completely insane.

“Fine! If you want to cut ties with me, I'll allow it! From today onward, you are no longer my son! You—”She paused for a moment while pointing at Alexander before turning toward Elise. **“And you! Since you don't have any respect for the Griffith Family and are not willing to make any sacrifices, let me see how determined you are. Tomorrow, I want you to publish a statement in the newspapers and disassociate yourselves from the Griffith Family!”**

Alexander narrowed his eyes and asked, **“Are you sure you want to go down this road?”**

Everyone knew that the Griffiths had a glamorous reputation, but they themselves knew clearly that after what happened with Matthew, the family was now riddled with problems. If Alexander actually decided to leave the family, it would certainly cause a huge mess.

However, Madeline was now filled with anger, so she didn't think about it carefully as she played along. **“Show me to what extent you are willing to sacrifice for her!”**

And so, Alexander took a deep breath and uttered, "As you wish." Then, he gave Cameron a call in front of Madeline. "Go and contact all the reporters we are familiar with. I want them to send out a statement tomorrow that I'm disassociating myself from the Griffith Family."

"What?" Cameron was stunned. "Come again, President Griffith? Do you really want to disassociate yourself from the Griffith Family?"

"I don't want to repeat myself."

With that, Alexander hung up.

Listening to the call, Madeline was so frustrated that her face turned red. "Fine! I'm glad that I've raised such a wonderful son!"

However, Alexander stared at her emotionlessly, as if none of this had anything to do with him.

Truth was, Madeline knew her son well enough to know that she would never receive any reaction from him so in the heat of the moment, she simply directed her anger toward Robin and Laura.

"I see now, Old Master Sinclair. This is the granddaughter that you two have raised. Look at how well she has manipulated my son to turn against me. He used to respect me, but look at what he has become now! Are you finally satisfied?" she roared before turning toward Laura.

"Old Mrs. Sinclair, we are both women, so I understand that taking care of our husband and children is our responsibility. We don't have a say in our husbands' nature, but we are deeply responsible for what our children become in the future. I know that I shouldn't say this, but seeing how unreasonable Elise has become, don't you think that outsiders will look at you differently from now on since you are the one who raised her?"

"Y-You-"

Laura had been friendly to everyone all her life, so she had never been mocked in this way. At that moment, she couldn't catch her breath and she held her chest as she fell backward.

Fortunately, Robin was quick enough to hold her, Elise also instantly got up from her chair to support her from behind. "Grandma? Grandma!"

"I'll call an ambulance right away." Alexander quickly reacted to the situation. However, Madeline was still gloating on the sidelines, "Look at the lot of you! If you can't handle this kind of pressure, I can't imagine what will happen when you actually become the in-laws of the Griffith Family.

You are just a house of old and fragile people. How dare you say that you are not using us to elevate your status!"

Suddenly, Jeanie, who had been quiet the whole time, slammed her hand on the table and shouted, "You cruel woman! Can't you see that Old Mrs. Sinclair is in trouble? How dare you keep spouting nonsense? You're right. Elise is indeed not suitable for the Griffiths because I'm afraid that she'll be influenced by people like you and become a scum in the future!"

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"Who are you? What right do you have to stick your nose into other people's business?" Madeline was powerless in front of Alexander, but she was never afraid of outsiders.

"I'm not qualified to say anything, but at least I know how to be nice to other people. If you want others to do something for you, you must first look at what you have done to others rather than controlling other people's lives just because you think you are superior." It was rare for Jeanie to have a clear mind and she didn't plan to stop her mouth now.

"People usually see themselves in other people. If you're saying that Elise is plotting something against the Griffith Family, does that mean your initial family was more powerful before you married into the Griffiths?"

"You—" After Madeline's true intentions were exposed, she was left speechless, so she put on a disdainful look as if she was too noble to argue with her.

"Barbarians! You are all barbarians! The truth is there for everyone to see, so I won't waste my time arguing with you!"

"Enough!" Elise shouted while holding Laura in her arms.

"Alexander, you better take your mother away; otherwise, I can't promise what will happen to her!" A dark aura seemed to have enveloped her entire body. Robin and Laura were her absolute limit, so she would never allow someone else to hurt them no matter who they were.

At the moment, Elise looked like a cold and lonely demon that just crawled out of hell, and it was a side of her that Alexander had never seen before.

At that point, he began to feel anxious as he knew that if he didn't do anything quickly, he would no longer be able to enter Elise's heart.

Without any hesitation, he grabbed Madeline's wrist and dragged her out forcefully.

The Griffith Family's car was parked at the entrance, so he immediately shoved his mother inside and slammed the door shut.

"Send her back home."

After giving the driver his order, Alexander turned around and ran back into the Sinclair Residence.

Madeline didn't even have the chance to call out to him, only feeling a sense of loneliness inside her heart.

Sighing, she took out her phone and called Amelia.

*Mrs. Shoal, I'm afraid that I can't help you."

"What are you saying, Mrs. Griffith? Don't tell me that you can't even help me out on this? Or are you deliberately making excuses to stall me?" Amelia sneered.

"Mrs. Shoal, how could you say that?" Madeline didn't expect Amelia to bite back at her, and she was rather infuriated. "Do you know that I had a big fight with my son because of you? How could you suspect that I'm stalling you? If I wanted to find an excuse, I wouldn't have come here to be yelled at by everyone!"

"I'm not interested in you and your son. I only have one thing to say-if anyone dares to touch my son, I won't hesitate to give my own life to protect him! Mrs. Griffith, I hope you know what you are doing!"

"Hey" Before Madeline could speak, the call ended. Upon seeing that, she angrily

threw her phone aside.

I knew I shouldn't have helped her. Now, I've been put in a difficult position!
When Alexander rushed back into the Sinclair Residence, Laura was in a very bad condition.

When he left earlier, she could barely open her eyes but now, her breathing was weak and she looked like she was fading away.

Elise, on the other hand, was holding onto her grandmother tightly, as if she was a little kid who was afraid to let go of her precious toy.

Looking at the situation, Alexander felt an ache inside his heart, and he felt it hard to catch his breath

Then, his phone rang.

"Hello, did you call an ambulance to the Sinclair Residence? There's a problem.

We are blocked by a traffic accident at a nearby intersection and can't get through for the time being. See if you can find a way to move the patient out!"

"I understand."

Alexander quickly hung up and stepped forward to carry Laura out of the house.

"Don't move." Elise suddenly reached out to grab his wrist with a frightening force. "She can't stand any bumps for now!"

Just as Alexander approached her, Elise seemed to come to her senses and her pretty eyes flashed with a sharp light. The very next second, she entrusted Laura to Jeanie and rushed into her bedroom.

When she came back, she had a set of needles in her hands.

Elise then laid out the silver needles on the coffee table and turned toward Alexander. "Help me move Grandma here. Be careful."

"Okay."

He nodded his head, his expression dark.

With a few helping hands, they finally helped Laura to lie flat on the couch, unharmed

Then, Elise skillfully picked out some of the thinnest silver needles on the coffee table before sticking them into Laura's head and hand.

As soon as she stuck in the last needle, Laura immediately took a deep breath before her eyes gradually opened.

Her cloudy eyes looked stunned for a moment as she turned her head aside to look at everyone. "What happened to me?"

Looking at her, Elise breathed a sigh of relief. "You're fine, Grandma. We'll go to the hospital later on to do a detailed check-up."

I've always kept a close eye on Grandma's lifestyle so logically, she should be strong enough to endure the anger that comes with Madeline's words.

It was then that Elise suspected that something else was wrong with Laura, but the former couldn't detect it with just the silver needles and her pulse.

Finally, the ambulance arrived at the scene 20 minutes later.

Robin was still worried, so he followed in the ambulance while Alexander drove Elise and Jeanie, following closely behind.

Originally, they wanted to send Laura to a nearby clinic but since she was now in a better condition, Alexander made the decision to send her to the best hospital in

Tissote.

The attending doctor was Thomas Davis, a long time friend of Alexander's. After the inspection, Elise and Alexander were both called into his office.

"Old Mrs. Sinclair's situation is a bit complicated." Thomas sat at his desk while looking at the report in his hands repeatedly with a tense expression.

"Just tell us what's wrong," Elise uttered calmly.

For some reason, Alexander felt that she was acting very abnormally.

Therefore, he instinctively reached out to hold her hand.

The moment he touched her, he couldn't help but suck in a breath. Her hand is so cold and it seems to be coming from her very blood.

At some point, Elise no longer had any temperature.

Seeing how calm she was, Thomas put down the report in his hands and looked at her seriously, his expression complicated. "We detected a chronic toxin in Old Mrs. Sinclair's body."

"She was poisoned?" Elise unconsciously clenched her fists tightly so Alexander did the same, engulfing her entire fist.

"Yes."

Thomas nodded. "The toxin is tasteless. At first, the patient will not have any adverse reaction when it enters the body but when it accumulates over time, the patient's organs will fail rapidly once the attack occurs." A moment later, he spoke in a somewhat apologetic tone. "Old Mrs. Sinclair only has six months left at most."

Immediately, Elise took a big gulp while her eyes turned red.

As her body trembled uncontrollably, she clenched her fists so hard that her nails almost embedded in her flesh.

Alexander felt the unusual movement in his palm, so he quickly released his hand and saw her hurting herself.

"Elise." He held both her hands in his palms and spoke in an almost pleading tone.

"Please calm down. I beg you. Stop torturing yourself!"

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Elise did not give any response. Instead, two hot tears escaped her eyes and fell on Alexander's hand. It felt so hot that his heart skipped a beat.

The person before him seemed to have lost her soul. I have to find her! he thought.

Panicked, Alexander had no choice but to stimulate her using another method. "If you don't pull yourself together, who will help you to search for the person who harmed Grandma? Elise, both Grandma and Grandpa need you. You can't afford to collapse at this moment!"

The next instant, Elise's soulless eyes regained focus and she released both her hands. He's right.

I haven't taken revenge on the person who harmed Grandma, so I can't afford to lose my sense now. Since it's poison, there must be an antidote or a cure. I will save Grandma's life even if I have to turn the world upside down.

Returning to her senses, Elise took a deep breath. Her eyes were not as tender and watery as before; right now, they were sharp and full of determination, and most would not dare to meet her gaze.

Meanwhile, Alexander felt relieved that Elise was back to her usual self and he asked, "Dr. Davis, is there any cure?"

"I can't be sure right now.

We have to conduct further tests and do some checkups, but we can try some powerful drugs. The effect will depend on its clinical manifestation."

Thomas Davis had encountered plenty of complicated conditions having been a doctor all these years, but he had never seen any symptoms like what Laura was showing at the moment. Hence, even he himself was not confident that he could treat the patient.

"I understand." Elise nodded. "I'll leave the treatment to you, but I would like my grandmother to receive supplementary traditional medical treatment as well simple acupuncture treatment, to be exact.

I suppose that won't affect your treatment, will it?"

"Not at all." Thomas shook his head. "I happen to know a professor from the Institute of Traditional Medicine. I'll invite him over and we will have a joint consultation. I believe that we will receive some good news soon."

However, Elise rejected his kind offer and she murmured, "No, thank you. I don't feel comfortable leaving this to others. I'll handle the traditional medicinal treatment myself."

Thomas was stunned to hear that. Although he knew Elise was not insulting him, he was still astonished by the confidence that this young lady radiated.

"It's great to hear that you can perform acupuncture, Miss Sinclair." Thomas nodded, but after a brief hesitation, he tactfully reminded, "However, traditional medicine is a vast and profound subject. You have to be skillful in it in order to use it in clinical treatment. Old Mrs. Sinclair's condition doesn't allow any flaws." To him, Elise was a young lady who, at the very most, was able to maintain her composure during critical times. Perhaps she was passionate about acupuncture, but she still lacked reverence toward diagnosis and treatment of illnesses.

A patient's life was not something one should joke about, so utilizing half-baked skills in treatment was akin to murder.

"Dr. Davis, I respect your opinion and I have faith in your expertise, but you missed the fact that no one knows my grandma's condition better than I."

With that, she rose up and left the office.

Looking at her walking away in confidence, Thomas felt inexplicably frustrated.

He was the youngest attending physician in Tisotte. Countless patients and their family members scrambled to have him treat them and their loved ones; even the rich treated him with respect and did not dare to raise their voices before him.

However, this lady named Elise Sinclair made him feel as if he was a quack doctor who cheated people out of their money, a nobody who no one could recognize when he was out and about, or someone who didn't deserve any attention or respect.

"Is she the fiancée that you chose?" Thomas raised his left brow, a depressed look on his face. "I must say, she has quite the personality."

Alexander patted him on his shoulder. "Her grandmother is one of the two family members that she has left. Please try to understand that."

"There's no use even if I understand that. Didn't you hear what she said? She said that she wants to treat the old lady herself. That's complete nonsense!"

It wasn't a false accusation. Truth was, none of the professors from the Institute of Traditional Medicine dared to announce to the public that they were proficient in Traditional Medicine before their hair turned white.

A girl at Elise's age would only be a beginner in the field, yet she was going to practice her skills on a patient whose life was at stake. Although they were a family, as a doctor, Thomas couldn't allow such an unprofessional thing to happen under his watch.

Alexander calmly cast him a glance before looking toward the door.

With narrowed eyes, he explained, "Before Old Mrs. Sinclair was sent to the hospital, she passed out once and it was Elise's acupuncture that saved her life." "She passed out once?" As Thomas wasn't informed about that, he had a complex look in his gaze when he heard Alexander's explanation.

Just as he had mentioned, Laura's first episode was the most critical one. She would have lost her life if something had gone wrong.

If the truth was indeed like what Alexander had said, whereby Elise had saved her life, it meant that Thomas had definitely underestimated her.

However, Alexander didn't respond. After a moment of silence, he left and went after Elise.

At the entrance of the ward, Elise sat on her own on the bench in the hallway. She looked to the front with empty eyes and nobody could tell what she was thinking. The next second, her phone beeped. It was a notification about a deposit into her bank account.

"10,000,000 has been deposited into your account ending with the number 2138. Your current balance is..."

She lowered her head and glanced at it, a strong murderous intent flashing across her eyes.

10,000,000. In Tisotte, where every square meter counted, the amount of money couldn't even afford a decent office building,

The Olson Family Clan is treating me like a beggar, huh? Great! I've given them an opportunity, so it's not my fault that they refused to take it.

Alexander, who saw her from afar, felt distressed.

A girl, who had been as gentle as water, had become like this; she was now so cold hearted that she had a hard time warming herself to others.

If he had been able to make a firm choice when it came to choosing between his mother and Elise sooner, things might not have come to this point.

Alexander resented himself for the countless times when he had hesitated. This was why at that moment, he made up his mind.

Anyone who dared hurt Elise, no matter who it was, would only face one consequence, which was to disappear from their sight and from the face of the Earth.

Alexander sat down beside Elise. He then wrapped his long arms around her and took her into his embrace, hoping that he was able to transmit some of his warmth to her.

"I'm sorry. I didn't handle my mother's matters properly."

“Don’t be silly. Mrs. Griffith was used.” Elise clearly knew what had taken place. “I’m not stupid. I’m aware who the real culprit behind this is.”

“Alexander.” She suddenly called out his name before she asked, “You have one last chance—do you want to break up with me? I won’t be as kind as I used to be after this.”

Upon hearing that, Alexander pursed his lips, thereafter wrapping his arms around her. Pressing his face against hers, he whispered in her ear, “Coincidentally, I don’t want you to be kind anymore. I just hope that my Elise won’t be upset from now on.”

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Elise calmly allowed Alexander to embrace her, but there wasn’t a slightest emotion in her eyes when she declared, “I want the Olson Family Clan to disappear from the face of the Earth forever!”

In response, he tightened his arms around her and said, “Sure.”

Meanwhile, shocking news spread in Tisotte—the renowned investor, Nathan York, had suddenly arrived in Cittadel and he now stayed at the Gold Peace Hotel in Tisotte.

As Nathan had control over the funds of investors from all over the world, his sudden appearance at this point of time had caused a huge impact. No matter who he chose, be it the Olson or the Griffith Family, his choice would produce a new hegemon in the country’s domestic economics.

The moment Amelia and Johan received the news, they immediately rushed toward the hotel.

Usually, the information of the hotel customers would be kept confidential to prevent harassment from the outsiders.

However, as the Olson Family Clan was booming with signs to even surpass the other influential families, the hotel manager dared not offend Amelia, so he allowed her to go to the penthouse.

Nonetheless, as soon as Amelia and Johan of them exited from the lift, they were stopped by Nathan’s personal bodyguards.

His bodyguards were foreigners with burly figures, and they were taller than the two of them by at least a head.

Although Amelia tried her best to persuade them to allow them to meet Nathan, the bodyguards wouldn’t budge.

Hence, they had no choice but to leave as they were afraid to annoy a VIP of this level. If Nathan chose to collaborate with the Griffith Family because of this, they would be doomed.

When they arrived at the hall, they bumped into Elise and Alexander, who happened to rush to the hotel at that time.

When the two parties crossed paths, they eyed each other with a menacing glance, and even the hotel employees next to them quietly dodged away.

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Chapter 369

Let Him Take Care of Them for the Time Being, Coolest Girl in Town

If looks could kill, Amelia would be nothing but ashes at this point. "Who would have thought that even up to this day, you guys could still catch wind of Mr. York so fast?" Amelia muttered sarcastically. Ingratiating with the powerful and looking down at the weak was a norm among the upper-class society. Now that the Griffith Family was at a disadvantage, most people would stand by the sidelines and go so far as to avoid mentioning them. Truth was, Elise had acquired the news about Nathan's arrival via a special channel, but Alexander didn't mind the process.

All he knew was that this would be a battle that the two of them would be facing together as one. He squeezed Elise on her shoulder and took the initiative to walk past them from the side, having no intention to be held up by Johan and Amelia. "Mr. Hayden!" Amelia suddenly called out to the lobby manager. "These two people are going to barge in and disturb your valuable customers without making an appointment. Are you going to just stand and watch?" What she said put Mr. Hayden on the spot. Both parties were people he couldn't afford to offend. He initially had planned to turn a blind eye on them and the matter would have passed, but now that Amelia had dragged him into it, he wouldn't be able to be out of the picture without making a choice between them.

However, one wouldn't require much contemplation when it came to making a choice between the Olson Family Clan, who was strong in the share market and various aspects, and the Griffith Family, who was suffering a huge loss and was neglected by many at the moment. After some consideration, Mr. Hayden went up to Alexander and Elise, thereafter blocking their way. "I'm sorry, Mr. Griffith. You know how things work here. The customer staying in the penthouse dislikes any visits." "What if I insist on going up?" Alexander's expression sank and a murderous intent flashed across his eyes. "Mr. Griffith, please don't put us on the spot." Mr. Hayden bowed his head before he raised his hand to gesture to the other hotel staff to come over to block the hallway.

It was apparent that Alexander wouldn't be able to go in unless he did it by force. "It seems like you two refuse to accept the reality that the Griffith Family is now nothing!" Amelia mocked, her tone gloating. A wicked smile played at the corner of Johan's lips as he walked up to Elise. Then, he made a few turns around her while his malicious gaze roamed all over her body as he offered, "Miss Sinclair, if you are willing to say a few nice things to me, I'm more than happy to give you a hand and allow you to take a look at the penthouse. What do you say?" "Save your breath."

A hint of impatience appeared in Elise's eyes as she eyed him with narrow eyes. "If you look at me with that perverted gaze for another second longer, I swear I will destroy them!" Being well-aware of how fierce Elise was in character, Johan shrank backward as his heart leapt into his mouth. Although the woman seemed tender and weak, she exuded an intimidating presence when she decided to go all out. However, men were like cats, a creature that had the courage to do absolutely anything as long as it wasn't life-threatening. This was why when Johan remembered that the Olson Family Clan was at an advantage at the moment, the urge to stir something up overtook him again. He let out a cold chuckle and continued to lock his pervy gaze on Elise's long legs that were exposed under her skirt.

A sharp gleam flashed across her eyes, her hand making a slight move by her side and a silver needle slid to her fingers. Nonetheless, before she could make a move, Alexander flung his fist violently at Johan, and the latter collapsed on the floor. He threw punches after punches like a madman, and Johan was unable to fight back at all. In the end, Alexander lifted a foot and stomped on Johan's chest. A shock look spread across Elise's face but she soon regained her calmness and quietly kept away the silver needle between her fingers. "Alexander Griffith, how dare you?"

"Aren't you afraid that I'll make sure that the entire Griffith Family will go down together with me?!" With blood trickling down the corner of his lips, Johan tried to struggle and put on a brave front. An impassive Alexander stepped on him even harder—so hard that Johan was unable to even raise his head. With his head glued to the floor, he resembled a tortoise that was flipped upside down, and the only parts he could move around were his limbs.

The hotel customers that passed by discreetly took out their phones to record the scene. Ignoring the bystanders, Alexander nonchalantly took out his phone and dialed a number. "I'm at Gold Peace. The new manager that you employed seems to dislike me." The person on the other end of the line replied to him and Alexander hung up a few seconds later. The next instant, Mr. Hayden's phone rang urgently. Fishing out his phone, he noticed that it was a call from the general manager of the hotel. His hand trembled and he dropped the phone on the floor.

However, he immediately squatted down to pick it up before accepting the call with his heart in his mouth. Before he even said anything, the person on the other end of the line roared, "What did you do? How could you stop Alexander? Don't you treasure your job? Give full cooperation to all his requests if you still wish to stay!" "Y-Yes, sir! I-I'll do so right away!" The call was killed even before Mr. Hayden finished his sentence. He gulped, inwardly curious as to why the general manager would side with Alexander. However, he obediently stepped forward and apologized to both Alexander and Elise. "President Griffith, Miss Sinclair, please come this way. I'll lead you to the penthouse."

He paused for a moment and continued, "I'm really sorry for that. When Mr. York checked in here, he specifically instructed that nobody—not even the hotel employees—is allowed to step foot into the penthouse. So, I was put on the spot as well." Alexander darted a look at him from the front. "Is that so?" he questioned, his voice stern. "You weren't put on a spot when it was the Olson Family Clan that you were dealing with, were you?" "Uh..." Mr. Hayden was

rendered speechless, his face pale. Meanwhile, Alexander, who was in no mood to lecture him, bent over and gripped Johan's chin instead. As he stared at the latter's eyes and examined them carefully, he stated indifferently, "Indeed, your eyes don't match your face well.

"I'll come and get them in a couple of days." With that, he abruptly released his grip and retracted his hand before turning around and returning back to Elise's side. "Darling, we are meeting a client today, so we shouldn't let blood spill for the time being, alright?" Darling? Elise was stunned to hear that. This seemed to be the first time he addressed her with such endearment. After a while, she returned to her senses and nodded cooperatively. "Sure, let him take care of them for the time being." Alexander revealed a slight smile in response. "Let's go."

After they had barely taken two steps, the lift doors suddenly slid open and the bodyguards from the penthouse were seen stepping out of the lift. The moment Mr. Hayden saw that, he immediately rushed forward to ask, "Is there any request from Mr. York? Do let me know and I'll make sure that it is carried out right away." However, the bodyguard lifted a hand and pushed Mr. Hayden to one side, then marched in the direction of Elise and Alexander. "Mr. Griffith and Miss Sinclair?" he said in Chinese, his voice husky. "Yeah." "Yeah." Alexander politely nodded.

"Mr. York would like to meet you two." The bodyguard stated in Chinese, then gave way to the duo, inviting them into the lift. Mr. Hayden attempted to get into the lift as well but was stopped by the bodyguard, who explained, "Mr. York said that he only wants to meet Mr. Griffith and Miss Sinclair." Then, the bodyguard coldly pressed on the lift button to close the lift doors. Looking at the slowly closing doors, Mr. Hayden gulped in horror. What's going on?

Could it be that the news out there is fake and the Griffith Family is not suffering any losses? Not only was the general manager afraid of offending Alexander and giving him special treatment, but why is this VIP treating the two of them like this as well? Meanwhile, news about Nathan accepting Alexander and Elise's visitation instantly spread throughout the hotel and gradually on the Internet.

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Chapter 370

Feeling Insecure, Coolest Girl in Town

News about the collaboration between Nathan and Alexander resembled a bomb that suddenly exploded in Tissote's business world, creating huge ripples. The companies that previously had been taking a wait-and-see approach instantly acquired a large number of the Griffith Group's shares. While the outside world was in turmoil, the presidential suite in the penthouse was completely unaffected. When Elise and Alexander entered the room, Nathan was seen sipping wine on the couch with his legs crossed. "Have a seat." Holding a tall wine glass with his slender hand, he pointed at the couch beside with his other hand. Currently, his whole demeanor seemed somewhat unfathomable.

A hint of impatience flashed across Elise's eyes. The older he is, the more pretentious he becomes, she thought to herself. If it weren't for Alexander's presence at the moment, she would have walked up to Nathan and given him a good smack on his head to help him to clear his head. Alexander had long heard about Nathan's reputation. As they both were capable people, they exchanged a simple glance and treated each other politely. "Where's A now?" Nathan got straight to the point and asked. "You meant the long-lost Stocks Master?"

Alexander had heard about the classic collaboration between Nathan and A years ago and was aware that the two of them were close. However, he gently shook his head. "I'm sorry to tell you that we don't interact with A much." Only then did Alexander understand why Nathan had specially requested to meet them—the latter seemed to have mistaken their relationship with A. Upon hearing that, Nathan nodded without replying, but his gaze was inadvertently attracted to Elise. He found the girl rather special. When facing a tycoon of the business world, not only did she not show any admiration or respect, but what piqued his curiosity was the fact that she seemed to treat him as though he was invisible.

At the moment, she was completely unfazed by him. Upon noticing his gaze, Alexander subconsciously wrapped Elise's hand in his. "This is my fiancée, Elise Sinclair." He introduced her to Nathan in such a way that it was rather obvious what he meant. Nathan was stunned to hear that, but he then let out a soft chuckle. "I didn't expect the renowned President Griffith to feel so insecure in front of your girlfriend." Alexander cocked his head to one side, responding with a sense of humor as he murmured, "Well, I can't help it when my girlfriend is so popular." Upon hearing that, Nathan nodded.

"The two of you have such a close relationship. Keep it up." Seeing that the two of them hadn't been able to get to the point after so long, Elise decided to do so herself. "Hey." She suddenly peered at Nathan and muttered impolitely, "If you have the time, do hang around more with the bunch of fools from the Olson Family Clan. Don't shut yourself in the room all the time. You are making yourself seem like a damsel who doesn't leave the house!" Nathan was taken aback by what she said. It had been so long since anyone had dared to speak to him in such a manner. A damsel?

Standing at six feet two, I can be categorized as a sensual man even when compared with the foreigners. Yet, I'm akin to a shy damsel to her? Such poor eyesight she has! Alexander was equally shocked by Elise's rude attitude, so he quickly explained, "I'm sorry. My fiancée is quite the maverick and often has surprising ideas. She doesn't bear you any ill will." Nathan glanced at Alexander then at Elise, feeling totally stupefied. A had contacted him online and had asked him to try his best to cooperate with the two of them. And so, he had thought that it wasn't a stretch for Alexander to know A with his capabilities.

However, now that Nathan thought about it, a person like Elise seemed to be more to A's liking. "I'm not that petty." Nathan waved his hand. "A friend of A is also a friend of mine. Rest assured, I'll announce my investment in the Griffith Group's stocks. Olson Pharmaceuticals will be the least of your worries by then." Just as Alexander opened his mouth in an attempt to thank Nathan, Elise, who was beside him, abruptly stood up. "I asked you to get in touch with the Olson Family Clan. How hard is it for you to understand that?" At that instant, both

Nathan and Alexander were puzzled. "Girl, do you know what will happen if I get in touch with them?" Nathan patiently asked with a frown.

Alexander's fiancée has quite the temper. I reckon that soon, there will be another hen-pecked man in this world. "The good news will spread. Everyone will think that they have gained the support of international investors, and the defeat of the Griffith Family has been destined. The Olson Family Clan will be making tons of money and their net worth will increase exponentially." The words came out of her mouth so rapidly, as though she didn't even need to think about it. Nathan laughed. "Since you know about it, why are you requesting me to get close to your fiancée's opponent?"

Perhaps you are not getting along well with President Griffith and you want to teach him a lesson? Forgive my bluntness, but I have to say that this lesson you're about to give him is a little too harsh. If you were to do so, the Griffiths may not be able to make a comeback." As Nathan spoke, he furtively cast a glance at Alexander, gesturing to the latter to get his fiancée under control. Elise might be clever, but she was still unclear about the rules of the business world. Nathan could have stood by, but he patiently reminded her for the sake of A's request.

On the contrary, Alexander, who knew Elise really well, was aware that she wouldn't joke around at this point of time. The only reason she would make such an unusual decision would be that she had other plans. After some contemplation, Alexander gently patted the back of her hand to comfort her, which instantly calmed her irritation. After collecting herself, Elise said, "If memory serves, A's original words were for you to assist us from the sidelines but not take over the decision making. Mr. York, did you misinterpret A's true intention?" Nathan peered at Elise.

Her eyes were stunning. Although she was still young, he was able to tell from how she looked now that she would become a beauty when she reached adulthood. For some reason, he was able to feel a powerful yet shockingly unprecedented intimidating presence at that moment—it somewhat resembled what A made him feel when he or she was behind the screen. I must be seeing things, he mused to himself. How could a teenage girl be A, a miracle who had saved thousands of people from the disaster back then? He averted his gaze and asked, "Are you saying that A has other plans?"

"Mr. York, your head works slower than I imagined." Elise then insinuated, "Perhaps it's the long years you have stayed abroad that caused you to forget about a classic saying in Cittadel. 'In order to completely destroy your enemy, you have to allow them to grow'. The Olson Family Clan has made my grandmother ill, so I'll make sure that they fall from their peak and shatter into a million pieces." That's harsh. This was the only thought that Nathan had after listening to her plans.

The business elites from the whole world could be found on Wall Street and among those who revolved around Nathan were some of the most outstanding women. Yet, he had never seen such a horrifyingly devastating aura on a young face like hers. Elise gave him a sense that she certainly would be able to do anything that she promised. In all honesty, she completely resembled A. "Okay." A fighting spirit ignited inside Nathan somehow, so he quickly agreed to her request.

After exchanging their contact details, the two of them left. The next day, news about Nathan York playing golf at the golf course together with the Olson Family Clan instantly made the headlines of the major media. While lounging on the sun lounger, Johan triumphantly guffawed when he saw how exuberant he seemed in the newspaper. He glanced at Nathan, who was standing yards away swinging his golf club, and suddenly had the courage to dial a number. "Let's go and practice with President Griffith!"