

# Coolest Girl in Town Chapter 446

## Chapter 446 All Because of You!

Although Addison was always brave, she couldn't help but recoil when she saw the dead man right in front of her. Quietly, she retreated behind Elise, who was pursing her lips with a weighty expression as she was unable to determine what happened. One thing she was certain was that Alexander wouldn't kill an innocent man. So, did Reuben say something that triggered him, or did Alexander simply decide to take things into his own hands?

In the meantime, at Griffith Residence, Madeline, who couldn't reach Alexander's phone, dialed Maya's number.

"What is it?" Maxwell happened to be the one accepting the call. His voice was innately low and hoarse, so there was no telling what emotion he was feeling right then.

"Oh, Mr. Dahlen. It's me, Mrs. Griffith. I heard that Maya fell very ill, and I happened to know two pretty outstanding doctors. If you don't mind, I'll send them over to check on Maya soon," Madeline gratifyingly stated.

"It's fine." In a stiff tone, he replied, "She's recovered."

After a brief pause, he strangely added, "It's all thanks to you, Mrs. Griffith. Elise said that she was only willing to treat my daughter because of the Griffiths."

Elise treated her? She sounded as if she abhorred Maya on the phone, so why would she... After a moment of stupefaction, Madeline swiftly collected her feelings and responded with a pleasing tone. "That's great to hear! If only you knew how concerned my husband and I were. I've always seen her like my future daughter-in-law, you know?"

"Yes, yes, I know. Since you've already gotten a grasp on the situation, I have to excuse myself as there is business to attend to. Farewell."

“Thump.”

The rest of Madeline’s bootlicking words had yet to leave her throat, and she was already hearing beeps from an ended call. Thus, she could only hang up. After putting down her phone, she started pondering on Maxwell’s words, realizing that Elise had handled the situation without her knowing. This girl, despite her uncivilized mouth, is actually that kind? Or have I been too harsh on her?

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Alexander calmly scanned outside the room before withdrawing his hands. He pulled out his handkerchief and began steadily wiping. “He bit his tongue,” he serenely stated.

“We might still be able to save him.” Claude dashed over and grabbed Reuben’s hand to check on his pulse, only to reach a disappointing result. “He’s dead,” he helplessly announced as he released his hand.

At this moment, there was a commotion outside the door. The group went out and found Clement expressionlessly suppressing Jackson and dragging him toward the door.

“Sir, I caught this man attempting to break into Miss Sinclair’s room,” Clement coolly claimed.

“Let him go,” Alexander softly ordered.

“Hear that? Unhand me!” Jackson shouted as he shook himself out of Clement’s hands.

“Say, Captain Gleeman, you’re one of the government’s men. Why are you being so sneaky in here?” Claude curiously quizzed.

“Mind your own business.” Jackson shot him a cold glare before turning to Elise. “If you’re not guilty, why would you need so many men guarding the house?”

“I arranged it,” Alexander sedately answered. “Elise is currently the most rightful heir to the Anderson Family, and there are too many people who want to set out and harm her. So I’ve arranged this only to protect her and her family.”

Jackson, despite the answer, turned away with his unbelieving look.

Glimpsing at the gap between Alexander and Addison, however, he caught sight of a figure being tied to a chair in the room. Intuitively, he shoved them away and rushed into the room. He lifted the figure's head, and after identifying the man to be Reuben, he checked on his breath. Shocked in dismay, Jackson turned to the door. "You people slaughtered a helpless student?!"

"That, we can explain," Elise said.

"What is there to explain? He just reported that you are the murderer this afternoon, and now he's stopped breathing, under your roof. Tell me, what is there to explain?!"

Devastated, Jackson glanced at Alexander as he unhand Reuben before walking to Elise. Then, he grabbed her arm and was about to walk out. Out of nowhere, a pair of massive arms ferociously grabbed him, to which he turned around only to meet Alexander's piercing gaze.

"Alexander!" Jackson maniacally screamed. "You're willing to go beyond your limits for the sake of one woman?"

"She is my limit," Alexander emotionlessly remarked. "He died because of me. Unhand her."

"And what if I don't?" All of Jackson's beliefs shattered. Having been best of friends with Alexander for so long, he had never expected a moment where they would have to rival each other. But now, Alexander was willing to stick his neck out for Elise and murder a witness. He couldn't idly watch as his dearest friend walked toward his own ruin. Whether as a friend or a policeman, he was obliged to bring Elise to justice.

"You have three seconds to unhand her. After that, I'll make you." Alexander's intonation was ever-intimidating. The two gazed at each other in the eyes. None of them was willing to compromise with each other. A brief moment after those words, Alexander tensed his brows and exerted force on his hands, twisting Jackson's arm before landing a kick on his chest.

The kick sent Jackson crashing into the door frame, and he felt a stinging pain on his head and back. Nonetheless, he crawled back up as if nothing happened. Raising his clenched fist, he charged at Elise. "It's all you... It's all because of you!"

Alexander, who was rubbing Elise's arm, heard Jackson's voice and immediately, a piercing light flashed across his eyes. Swiftly, he drew his leg and was about to counter Jackson.

Nevertheless, Elise's movements were quicker than his. Before he could land a hit, a needle flew past his vision, projecting forward rapidly and finally landing and probing on Jackson's neck.

As expected, the moment Jackson clutched his own neck, his legs turned into jelly as he collapsed before the rest. Despite his partial paralysis, he glared at them with his hateful eyes, obviously upset.

"Captain Gleeman." Elise calmly stared at him. "I don't mind the prejudice you hold against me. But I strongly believe that you should trust Alexander. He's no criminal nor will he become an accomplice. And I wouldn't do anything to betray his trust. Since you're so determined that I'm the murderer and have seen the truth you wanted to see, from now on, you shall stay here and observe carefully whether I'm whomever you think I am." Having said that, she turned to Clement. "Sorry, Clement, but can you clear a room out for Captain Gleeman?"

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### Chapter 447 Cold Body, Sealed Lips

Clement's attention was entirely on Elise's silver needle. He was so caught up in it that he didn't respond in time. For a typical man, that couldn't have been more normal; but for a robotic man, who only responded to orders from their masters, as he was, his daze was significantly notable. It wasn't until every eye in the room turned to him did he regain his senses and carried Jackson out of the room.

"What do we do with this guy?" Claude pointed at Reuben's corpse.

"Just leave it be." Elise tranquilly stated, "I'll have an expert examine his body tomorrow." Returning to her room, she logged onto SK System and published a request announcement.

'Emergency forensic wanted. Requirements: proficient, tacit, confidential. Price doubled.'

Shortly after, a user named “guiltypleasure” sent her a private message. ‘Where.’

Elise swiftly replied, ‘Athesea, Tissote. When?’

The user, guiltypleasure, answered, ‘Tomorrow night. Address.’

After Elise sent over the address, the user logged off.

Very soon, it was already the next day.

Three at dawn, Elise walked out of the courtyard house. After waiting for some time at the gates, she saw a figure slowly approaching from the alley. Then, the figure revealed itself under the streetlight and stopped before Elise.

Recognizing the person’s face, Elise squinted her eyes. “It’s you?” He’s the forensic officer who was responsible at the crime scene back in the university!

“How fateful. We meet again,” Bartholomew greeted with an uncontrollable grin. His forensics pass was still hanging around his neck while he carried a simple toolbox on his back. Obviously, he just came over from the Forensic Science Division.

“Why are you here?” Elise scowled.

“To solve your problems, of course.” Bartholomew introduced himself, “guiltypleasure, at your service.”

Elise was at a loss for words. Guy’s from the Forensic Science Division, so he’s at least half a cop. Things’ll get troublesome if I were to let him in.

“Too late to regret now.” Bartholomew read her mind and suspiciously uttered, “You’re looking for a forensic scientist, which means someone here has died to unknown causes, and the chances of it being a murder is high. It’s pretty obvious.”

“Are you planning to report this?” Elise remained still on the outside as a pair of silver needles slid into her palm.

“Hehehe!” Bartholomew stared at her hand and knowingly clarified, “No worries. I’m here as guiltypleasure, not a forensic officer. Even if you don’t trust me, you should trust in SK’s

security measures. They wouldn't let a cop who'd disrupt the system's equilibrium into the system, would they?"

Hearing that, Elise turned a tad relieved. Bartholomew was right. SK was able to stand this long without falling mainly because of its insanely strict security measures. Basically, even operating in a gray area had its rules, and anyone who went against the rules meant declaring a war against the entire group. SK had members of different professions all around the world. One could only anticipate death once they had broken even one rule of the system, and no one would be so dumb to oppose the entire world solely to make some extra cash.

"Okay." Elise sheathed her needles and turned around into Alexander's courtyard. "Follow me."

Bartholomew, with his hands in his pockets, followed steadily behind Elise. Walking past the courtyard, he caught a glimpse of Jackson sitting on a chair in the guest room, looking at him, begging for his help with his eyes and a sincere expression.

He halted his steps to contemplate. Under everyone's attention, he went to the door of the room that was containing Jackson. Right when Jackson was thinking that he was about to get rescued, Bartholomew swiftly extended his arm and grabbed the door handle before slamming the door shut. Turning around, he revealed a harmless smirk. "You're not exactly giving me a way out here." Since Bartholomew was working for the police force, his identity was exposed the moment Jackson caught him hanging around Elise and her gang.

"Apologies." Indeed, Elise had overlooked some details. She promised, "Don't worry. I assure you he won't expose you."

"And how do you do that?" Looking sullen, he remarked, "Only cold bodies have sealed lips." His speech was not emphasized, but it was still highly unnerving. He seemed so gentle, but one couldn't help but feel wary of him, as if he would stab them in the back when they had their guard down. After he said that, the courtyard was filled with nothing but silence. Nobody in the entire premises ever had the idea of killing off Jackson.

"Based on what you said, we should kill him first, then you, to be extra cautious, yes?" Elise questioned, her tone cryptic.

Hearing that, Bartholomew shrugged his shoulders and reverted to his mischievous demeanor. "Just kidding, heh."

"Highly unfunny." Elise apathetically ordered, "Come in. The body's inside."

The entire corpse inspection process was public. Although there were only Elise and Bartholomew in the room, the others gathered outside the room and observed the inspection.

Shortly after, Bartholomew came to a conclusion. "Suicide. Tongue bite. No other possible cause."

Outside the door, Claude shot a logical inquiry. "He should still live for a brief moment after he bit his tongue, but he died instantly. You sure there's no other cause?"

In response, Bartholomew turned to him, feigning the arrogance he once did to Jackson. He took off his gloves. "Wanna see for yourself?"

"Tsk." Claude rolled his eyes. We're all doctors here. Who do you think you are, being so cocky, huh?

After contemplating for a bit, Elise commanded, "Check his lungs."

"No need." Bartholomew clapped his gloves. "There were no signs of poisoning. Dissection will only be a waste of time."

"You've accepted the job, so it's your obligation to satisfy your client. You know that, right?" Elise coldly replied.

Bartholomew turned around and met her piercing gaze. After a moment of silence, he re-equipped his gloves as he claimed, "I do not want the presence of anybody while I'm dissecting the body, and that includes the client herself."

"Fine." Without debating more, Elise exited the room and shut the door.

Once the door was shut, Claude immediately ranted, "God damn. You could've told me if you wanted a corpse inspection. Why do we have to take punches from him?"

Ignoring him, Elise wordlessly stood still.

About one hour later, the door was opened from the inside. Bartholomew took off his mask and declared, "It was as you said. The lungs' nerves deteriorated quickly under the effect of

a certain drug. The moment he bit his tongue, his breathing stopped, and the two combined caused his instant death.”

“Can you determine what kind of drug it is?” Elise inquired.

“I’ll need a further look in the lab.” After saying that calmly, he looked at her. With an inexplicable tone, he questioned, “This is not your first corpse inspection, is it, Miss Sinclair?”

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Chapter 448 First to Renege

“I don’t have experience in inspecting corpses,” Elise perfunctorily answered.

“You don’t? How did you know his lungs had issues, then?” Bartholomew persistently interrogated.

“I checked his pulses when he was still alive. I sensed it then,” she replied.

“Really?” Bartholomew lifted his leg to walk over the doorsill. Standing before Elise, he ambiguously quizzed, “I once met a woman in Africa. She, too, had pointed out the error in my inspection. She goes by the name ‘Eliza.’ Do you perhaps know her?”

“I don’t,” Elise countered without even blinking her eyes. “Your task is complete. You may go now. I’ll transfer the payment over as soon as possible.”

Bartholomew stood up straight, revealing a look as if he had gotten his answer. Swiftly, he took off his latex gloves and turned back into the room to grab his toolbox before walking



out of the house. When he passed by Elise, he halted his steps and suggestively stated, "See you soon, then."

"I'll see you out." Alexander sneaked up noiselessly like a ghost.

When they reached the gates, Alexander stopped in his tracks. "Stay away from her."

Bartholomew slowly turned around and crossed his arms before his chest. "Why, we have a fiancé intending to strip his bride-to-be of her rights to socialize."

"Cut that crap." Alexander's inky eyes grew deeper under his lashes. "Pull anything funny and you'll be the one inspected the next time we meet."

"Wow, scary man." Bartholomew pouted his lips, showing no signs of fear on his face. "Almost everyone's trying to make a move on her. Will you be able to kill us all?"

Alexander narrowed his eyes and wondered before flaunting his intimidation. "One by one. Two only makes a pair."

Bartholomew nodded and gave a thumbs up. "Strong man, scary man." After a pause, he added, "Anyone could do one or a pair. Though you should save your threats for when you finally realize what you're truly facing." Having said that, he turned around and walked into the night, slowly fading into the darkness.

After standing idly for a while, Alexander eventually walked back into the house.

The next day, the sun had only risen while Clement was helping Jackson wash up when Danny barged into the room. As soon as Danny saw Clement holding Jackson's face, his eyes instantly glistened, as if he had discovered an ultimate secret.

Clement, meeting Danny's eyes, was stunned for a second before realizing what the latter was thinking about, and he sneakily withdrew his hand that was supporting Jackson's face.

Regardless, Danny remained nosy. He hunched over and tiptoed into the room. Once he was in the room, he grabbed Clement by the shoulder and interrogated, "My man Clement, spill the tea! Since when did you guys get together?"

While he was at it, he winked at Jackson, giving him a knowing look, to which the latter rolled his eyes at him. Is this dumbass really Alexander's brother?

“Young Master Danny, you’re misunderstanding—”

“Aww, don’t need to feel embarrassed. I’m an open-minded man.” Right when Clement was about to explain, Danny quickly interrupted him as he patted his chest, “Now, who’s the pursuer here?”

Rendered speechless, Clement let out a sigh before patiently explaining, “Young Master Alexander had me in charge of Captain Gleeman’s well being. Nothing more.” His utterance was as calm as usual and bore no intention of jesting. Clement had no sense of joking, and that was pretty much a common knowledge.

Awkwardly, Danny let out a fake cough before withdrawing his hand that was on Clement. Deliberately, he went on a tangent. “I mean, Captain Gleeman here seems fine to me. Why are you looking after him?”

Clement courteously clarified, “He does look healthy, but it seems like Miss Sinclair has messed with his meridians, and now he can’t move.” Despite his reluctance to believe that Elise had such a great ability, Clement couldn’t deny it with the facts presented right before him. He saw it for himself that Elise had brought Jackson, who was bigger than himself, down with just a needle within one second. He couldn’t help but to fear such a needling technique. And that was when he decided he had to reassess the things he knew about Elise.

“Ah, is that it?” Danny nodded as if he was contemplating.

Taken aback, Clement glanced at him. Is that it, he says? Is he not surprised at all? Is needling even something a normal person can easily do?

Meanwhile, Danny was wondering, After such a huge misunderstanding, Jackson wouldn’t come looking for me after Elise fixed his meridians, would he? Having thought of that, Danny thought it was best that he disappeared from Jackson’s sight. “Please take good care of Captain Gleeman, will you?” Danny patted Clement on the shoulder before hopping out of the room like a wild hare, leaving Clement stunned, as if he was completely disregarded.

In a flash, Danny was already with Alexander to keep himself updated. “What did Captain Gleeman do to upset Elise that he ended up that way?”

"Don't ask something you shouldn't," Alexander, highly perturbed, impatiently blurted before walking out of the room.

Realizing he'd brought that upon himself, Danny scratched the back of his neck, thinking the number of secrets in this house was larger than the amount of sand in an hourglass. Besides the addition of Jackson, something told Danny that Joseph's presence made Joseph a more complex character than met the eye. Having no desire to remain oblivious, Danny decided to pick a room to live in. There's no way I can't figure out what happened if I were to stay here the entire day.

Unfortunately, there was no entertainment around the courtyard house, so he grew drowsy guarding his surroundings, and his drowsiness was followed by a shut-eye.

Right when he was falling asleep, a turmoil could be heard from the courtyard next door. Sensing the thundering noises, Danny still assumed that he was only dreaming. While his eyes were closed, he suddenly remembered he was in Alexander's place. Forcefully, he opened his eyes and sprung up from bed. He stormed out of the door, only to hear wails echoing throughout the yard.

"Oh Heavens, the pain on my leg! Pay me a leg, Elise!"

"Somebody, save me! I'm dying! Someone's completely ignoring her cousin! Lord, why did this happen to me?!"

In that instant, Daniel was lying on a stretcher as he hugged his broken leg, screaming out of pain as if he was living in between life and death.

Accompanying him were a couple of nurses who carried the stretcher and about eight bodyguards escorting him. Standing innermost within the group was Russell, who rested his arms behind his back while revealing a frown that was most bitter. Seeing Elise, who had just returned from the backyard, Russell eagerly went up to reprimand her.

"Look at what you've done, Yoona! You went to the Dahlens. Why didn't you bring your cousin back with you? The Dahlens literally broke his leg!"

Hearing that, Elise glanced at Daniel, who was lying on the stretcher on the ground, and swiftly withdrew her gaze. Then, she lowered her head and pulled out her phone to check on the balance in her bank account.

Yup, same as yesterday. Maxwell has yet to send the money over. Good job, Maxwell. You're the first ever person to renege on me.

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### Chapter 449 Clearing the Place

Seeing that Elise wasn't paying attention to him, Russel lost his temper at once. "Hey, what the hell is on your mind? Didn't you hear what I said? Didn't you see how much pain Daniel's in? What the hell are you waiting for? Hurry up and cure him now!"

Elise tapped on today's financial news in silence while still ignoring Russell. As she had expected, Maxwell wasn't only unwilling to pay the money; he was also secretly plotting to deal the Griffith Group the finishing blow at the moment. He had even stretched his claws toward the Anderson Family; only he hadn't been found out for the time being since he had done so in a covert way. After pondering for a moment, Elise picked up her phone and dialed a number.

"Who is it?" Nathan sounded quite irritated as he was roused from sleep.

Just as Elise was about to respond, Russell daringly made a lunge at her and snatched her phone away directly. He said testily, "I'm talking to you! Did you hear me?"

As soon as he took her phone away, though, he met her eyes, which had appeared delicate and beautiful to him at first glance. At this moment, however, her eyes were dark and gloomy and gleaming with a strong murderous desire, as though she would go on a killing spree at any time.

Elise was half a head shorter than Russell, but she naturally projected a commanding aura even when she wasn't looking angry. Seeing the look in her eyes, Russell unconsciously gulped a mouthful of saliva and silently put her phone back in place.

Elise shot him a chilly sidelong glance. Then, she went on and said to the other end of the line, "I've found you a fun job to do, Nathan."

Russell's cloudy eyes instantly widened with astonishment when he heard Nathan's name. Nathan?! Is that the Nathan York that I know about? So the rumors are true that Elise and Alexander have a close relationship with Nathan York! If the Andersons manage to establish a relationship with him, we'll have a divine hand in opening up the global market in the future, won't we?

Unaware of the old devil's scheming, Elise pressed her lips together, waiting for Nathan's reply.

Nathan got out of bed and found a bath towel to wrap around his lower body. Then, he poured himself a glass of wine and drank it. After breathing in with a hiss, he asked leisurely, "What's the job?"

"Buying out the Dahlens' family business," replied Elise.

"No problem." Nathan responded to her request without hesitation, but he bared his fangs soon afterward. "As long as you give me the word, making any business in the country go bust or lose all its capital is never a problem for me. Still, I can't keep doing business at a loss, right? And besides, I've got to answer to my clients."

Elise seemed to realize what he was getting at. "What do you want?"

"That's exactly what I like about you. You're always so straightforward." Nathan walked over to the French window with his wine glass between his fingers. Looking down at the ground below, he continued in earnest, "I want to meet with A in person."

Elise didn't want to take advantage of him, though. She reminded him kindheartedly, saying, "Are you sure you'll be able to answer to your clients after meeting with A? However capable A is, she's just a human being."

However, Nathan replied with conviction, "Well, just as no one will turn down a dinner with Warren Buffett, I believe that a meeting with A will be worth more than its price."

"Alright then. I'll help introduce you to her when this matter is over," Elise replied.

“Okay.” Nathan threw his head back and gulped another sip of his red wine. After smacking his lips, he said confidently, “It won’t take long.”

Elise hung up right away without continuing the conversation.

“Yoyo?” Russell called ingratiatingly in a whisper.

Elise turned her head away in disgust. “Who are you calling Yoyo?”

“You, of course!” Russell stared at Elise, his eyes sparkling brightly. Then, he realized that he had called her by the wrong name. Correcting himself at once, he said, “Oh, sorry, I was wrong. It’s Elise. Elise, were you talking to Nathan York—the outstanding investment broker—on the phone just now?”

“What does that have to do with you?” Elise replied snappishly while raising an eyebrow.

Russell replied in a groveling manner, “How could that have nothing to do with me? We’re a family, after all. From what I heard just now, you’re going to arrange a meeting between Nathan and your friend. In that case, how about you reserve a place for me?”

“D-Dad...” The ignored Daniel sat up, baring his shoulder. With a look of resentment, he asked Russell for help, urging, “Don’t forget about me. My leg can’t wait another minute!”

Only then did Russell come to his senses. He cleared his throat, saying, “Ahem! Well, uh, Y... Elise, since you’ve started taking action against the Dahlens, why don’t you treat Daniel’s leg while you’re at it? After all, he got himself into such a state after going to the Dahlens with the best of intentions to cure Maya for you.”

Elise turned to look at Russell coldly. “For me, you say?” she asked. Then, she retorted, stressing each word, “Did I tell him to take a bunch of quacks with him to diagnose her? Or did I tell him to administer medicine and treatment carelessly despite knowing nothing about her illness? Are you sure I was the one who told him to do all that?”

“Well...” Russell was instantly stumped for an answer. After being speechless for a long time, he finally forced out an excuse. “B-But it was you who told Daniel to treat her! He only made the desperate move because he had no other options left!”

“Oh,” Elise murmured in acknowledgment with an expressionless face.

"Oh?!" Russell's lips twitched. "Is that all? Your cousin risked his life without hesitation for your sake. Aren't you even gonna say thanks to him?"

"Well, I'm not as good with words as you are." Elise locked her phone's screen and put her phone in her trouser pocket. Then, with her hands in her pockets, she looked straight ahead, saying as if nobody else was around, "I'll cure the patient if I can, but if I can't, I'll admit that I can't cure them. I won't show off my superiority or try to be a hero for the sake of trying to make myself look good. Besides, those who end up hurting themselves by pursuing their own interests under the excuse of doing good to someone else don't deserve sympathy either."

Suddenly, she thought of Alexander, and she lowered her head and smiled in self-deprecation. "Moreover, my sympathy's limited. I can't afford to take care of every Tom, Dick, and Harry, right?" Well, I have to avoid some risks and protect myself for somebody's sake, after all, she thought. After a moment's thought, she said under her breath through her thin lips, "Throw all these people out."

"How dare you do this to me, Elise?! I'm your uncle!" Russell protested as he struggled.

However, Elise merely plugged her ears with her index fingers. She said impassively, "What a racket in the early morning!"

Daniel was left alone in the center of the yard. Seeing Russell being thrown out in a curve through the air, he gulped a mouthful of saliva in fear and crawled outside, dragging his broken leg.

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### Chapter 450 An Irrejectable Phone Call

It took Daniel forever to crawl through the gates. The instant he finally did so, he held his broken leg and whimpered through clenched teeth like a hurt puppy.

The Anderson Family's servants hurriedly rushed to him and Russell. After helping the father and son up, they took to their heels and ran away swiftly.

Danny was baffled at the sight of the scene. "What's going on, Elise? That spoiled rich dandy of the Anderson Family, isn't he your cousin?"

Instead of answering his question, Elise walked out and entered Joseph's room in the yard next door.

Joseph was working on his computer. Upon seeing Elise, he heaved a sigh of dejection. "I still can't reach Xavier."

Elise asked, "Don't you have a way to bypass the internal communication tools and contact SK Group's members directly after running the group for so many years?"

Joseph shrugged his shoulders. "As you said, I'm in charge of running the group, not of developing softwares. Perhaps we should contact A, the mysterious hacker, for this. But A's gonna charge us... and SK Group has a limited budget."

Elise fell silent for a moment. Then, she took over the computer, working briskly on it with a speed that took Joseph's breath away. Soon, lines of code appeared on the computer's screen.

Joseph noticed that Elise was working on two monitors, which were running different programs simultaneously. As SK Group's leader, Joseph had seen many talented people, and the top hackers he had seen before were too numerous to enumerate. All of them, however, paled in comparison with Elise.

Five minutes later, Elise struck a key on the keyboard. "Alright, it's done. In ten minutes from now, only you can reach Xavier by phone. Hurry up!"

"Okay." Before Joseph could marvel at her skills, his body had reacted first by taking out the phone and dialing Xavier's number.

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Meanwhile, in Lithium City, Xavier arrived at the periphery of Timothy's dwelling place by following up on recently obtained information. An incredibly patient hunter, he wasn't in a hurry to catch his prey. He lay in ambush outside, waiting for the safe period to be over before he went into action.

Lithium City had very sparse vegetation, so the only place to hide was the yellow earth. Luckily, Xavier came fully prepared. At this very moment, he was in a pit that he had dug on the spot. It was covered at the top with straws and soil. There was only an opening, which was only big enough for a pair of binoculars to poke through for spying.

When Xavier's phone rang, he was standing behind his binoculars, spying on the legendary physicist and his wife with a grave expression. Dressed simply and spectacled, the couple were typical high intellectuals; even their haircuts had a bland feeling about them. However, no amount of soil could hide the scholarly vibes that emanated from their souls.

The hiding period had already ended. Tonight, he would show himself and take the couple away. Otherwise, he would be beaten to it by other people who got here after learning about the information.

Just then, however, his phone began vibrating like mad with a continuous buzz.

Xavier picked it up and took a glance at its screen. It was a phone call from an unfamiliar number, but he didn't intend to answer it. Before his mission was complete, he would block all incoming calls on his phone to avoid being affected by the outside world. At the thought of this, he pressed the 'Decline' button.

However, what happened next surprised him. His phone kept vibrating, and he couldn't reject the phone call no matter what.

Involuntarily, he pressed the 'Answer' button, and the phone's screen was instantly taken over by the call interface. Speechless, he expressionlessly put his phone to his ear and asked in a cold voice devoid of human feeling, "Who are you?" Apparently, the caller was aware of his habit, which was why they'd had a bug installed so that he couldn't reject the phone call.

"It's me, Joseph. Something's happened within the organization, and you're now being used. The information this time is very likely to be a trap. Never show yourself easily!"

Upon hearing the man's words, Xavier fell silent for a very long time. Then, he replied unhurriedly, "If you really were Joseph, you should've known that I hate nothing more than being disturbed while carrying out a mission. And besides, I don't think Joseph would still assign the mission to me if he thought I was a weakling who couldn't even see through somebody else's petty tricks." After that, he warned, "Whoever you are, don't call me again. Otherwise, I'll have you die a horrible death when I find you."

With that, he hung up right away without waiting for the other party's response. After switching off his phone expressionlessly, he returned to his binoculars and continued with the spying.

Meanwhile, in Athesea, Joseph handed the phone, the screen of which had gone back to showing the list of contacts, to Elise. "Seems like Xavier's not gonna escape his fate."

Elise let out a heavy breath. "Well, we all learn from our mistakes. It's not a bad thing for him to run into some trouble. Let's hope that he'll come back safely."

Joseph let out a sigh as well. "Yeah, I hope so."

"Have a good rest and be sure to take the medicine I've prescribed to you on time. When you recover, you have to go back with me to seize the headquarters back," Elise urged. Then, she stood up and went to open the door.

However, as soon as the door opened, she saw Danny leaning sideways in an eavesdropping position. Upon seeing her, he froze all over.

"Eavesdropping isn't a good habit, Danny," Elise said.

Her voice brought Danny to his senses. Turning his face toward Elise with hindsight, he pushed her aside and walked straight up to Joseph, his eyes shining with excitement. "A-Are you Joseph Fuller? I mean, the Joseph Fuller who heads SK Group?!"

Joseph's expression froze for a moment before he looked over Danny's shoulder at Elise.

With a look of resignation on her face, Elise gave Joseph a reassuring look. Danny was a bit of a drama queen, but he was good at keeping secrets, so letting him know about it wasn't a big deal.

Joseph gave her a slight nod before nodding at Danny impassively. "Yes, I am."

Danny gave a loud gasp before managing to compose himself. Then, he let out a scream, staring at Joseph like a beast that had discovered its prey.

Feeling uncomfortable under the boy's stare, Joseph cleared his throat and took the initiative, asking, "Is there anything you want to talk to me about?"

"No, nothing. What can I talk to you about?" Danny blurted out with a cheeky grin. Then, he immediately realized that he had said the wrong thing. He corrected himself at once, saying, "No, wait a minute. It seems I really have something to talk to you about!"

"Shoot," Joseph replied calmly.

"Could you take me in?" Danny asked in an earnest tone. He had spent a lot of manpower and material resources these days in order to get recruited into SK Group. But so far, he had only been running around like a headless chicken without getting any closer to the group. Now that SK Group's supreme leader was sitting right before him, how could he not take the shortcut?