

Cooldest Girl in Town Chapter 363 - 364

Chapter 363

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.

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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

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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.

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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.

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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.

Cooler Girl in Town Chapter 364

Chapter 364

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.

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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.

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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!

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And so, Jeanic 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 Tissote's most powerful clans-the Olson Family Clan. Now, their family 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

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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?"

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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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