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Chapter 379 The DNA Test, Coolest Girl in Town

While everyone was gone, Joshua hastened to snoop around the house, but he still found nothing of value after checking every nook and cranny. He was currently holding an old wooden box that he had uncovered from storage before he mumbled begrudgingly, "Keeping everything under lock and key, huh, you old geezer? Did you really think I don't know how much stuff the family has?" The words had only just escaped under his breath when Alexander and Elise came into the room. They said nothing to one another as they sat on the couch, whereupon he proceeded to pour out a cup of tea for her, his mannerisms leisurely.

The next second, Cameron strolled through the front door with four or five sinewy bodyguards in his wake. Frightened by the sight of this, Joshua shrunk into a corner and exclaimed loudly, "You actually called men over to drag me out? You best believe the police will hear about this! You're not going to get away with throwing me out!" Alexander was indifferent as he raised his cup and took a sip of his tea. "Well, no one will find out about this if we move fast enough, will they?" As soon as Alexander said that, Cameron lifted his hand to address the bodyguards sternly, "Get him."

The bodyguards hurtled into the room after they heard the order and restrained Joshua at lightning speed. Just as he let out a cry of protest, the bodyguards shoved a bunched-up rag into his mouth and finished off the knot on the ropes that tied his arms to his torso. But even so, Joshua continued to put up a fight, and amidst his muffled cries, he struggled to break free of the ropes. Seeing this only made Elise exasperated and she walked up to the restless, apprehended man to stab a slender needle into his neck, immediately knocking him out.

Then, turning to face Alexander, she shrugged nonchalantly and pointed out, "At least he's quiet now. You cut him too much slack." Alexander choked in amusement. "Duly noted." "So, what are you going to do with him?" she asked. "We'll have someone keep an eye on him," he answered. "Your grandmother still has a soft spot for him, so disposing of him quietly isn't a viable option for us." Elise nodded in agreement. They couldn't risk putting a strain on Laura's nerves, at least not in her present state of health. More importantly, Abel and his infernal persistence proved to be the bigger issue at hand.

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As things were, they had neither the time nor energy to waste on Joshua, but they knew they had to deal a clean strike when the time came for him to show his hand. Meanwhile, the bodyguards were carrying a restrained and gagged Joshua out the door when Jeanie turned up. Pretending to be confused, she asked, "Oh, my, what's going on here?"

"Nothing," Elise replied indifferently. "Miss Gray, you'll have to stay in with my grandfather for the time being; don't go out if you don't have to." The war was about to start, and with the Olson Family as the enemy, someone had to make sure a backyard fire didn't break out. "Okay."

Jeanie nodded before she handed the thermal flask of soup over to Elise as she asked, "It took a whole afternoon of stewing to obtain the perfect flavor. Won't you try some of it?" In truth, Elise didn't feel like she could stomach food at the moment, but for some reason, when she turned and saw the earnest look on Jeanie's face, she couldn't quite bring herself to say no. "I'll have some," she answered, relenting as she took half a bowl of the soup. "Tastes pretty good to me. It's fragrant and the amount of salt is just right. I have to get going now; I have a couple errands to run.

Lock the doors, okay?" With that, she set the bowl down on the table next to her before she shot Alexander a meaningful look. Then, the both of them walked out of the front door. It wasn't until after they were out of sight that Jeanie swiftly took the bowl Elise had used earlier. She had been watching Elise earlier and knew which side of the bowl Elise had drunk from.

As such, she poured the rest of the soup away from the other side. Having done so, Jeanie anxiously returned to her bedroom with the bowl in hand. This could be the only chance for her to reunite with her lost daughter. Regardless of how slim the chances were, she wasn't going to let it go.

However, the problem now lay in her ability to come up with the money for the expensive DNA test, for when she left the Anderson Family, she had not a single penny to her name

Coolest Girl in Town Chapter 380

Chapter 380 I Want to Hear What You Think, Coolest Girl in Town

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The power struggle between the Griffith Group and Olson Pharmaceuticals was getting heated, and while Alexander had been careful not to bring this up in front of the rest of the Griffiths, it didn't stop them from worrying either. With immense pressure from the family, Adam had no choice but to have Alexander return home so they could get to the bottom of the brewing business war. Alexander had wanted to keep Elise out of the murky situation, but her insistence had worn him down and he eventually agreed to let her participate in the Griffiths' family conference.

Upon arriving at the Griffith Residence, Elise and Alexander saw that nearly everyone in the family had turned up and there were even a few unfamiliar faces. They had all squeezed themselves into the living room and seemingly filled up every available space. These were all relatives whose livelihoods depended on the success of the Griffiths and Griffith Group.

When Jonah had been in charge, his authority had overpowered any rumor or threat that loomed over the company's reputation. However, now that Alexander had taken over his grandfather's place, the sudden and seismic shifts that happened were making everyone uneasy.

In particular, they had heard from some unconfirmed sources that the only reason why Alexander was waging war against the Olson Family was because he wanted to avenge his fiancée; while this alone did not sit well with the rest of the Griffiths, there were also some who started to question his ability to lead the company. After all, none of them cared about a woman's dignity and they certainly didn't think it was worth gambling on the family fortune. As such, they treated Elise as the cause of all this and her faults far outweighed Alexander's lapse of judgment.

Presently, as she walked into the house, everyone—even the most distant of the Griffiths who had never met her before—eyed her with unadulterated hostility. If looks could kill, she would have died from a thousand cuts the moment she walked past the threshold.

Meanwhile, upon noticing his family's unfriendly gaze, Alexander blinked and took Elise's hand in his. He was unfazed and his gestures were slow and steady. He had as good as told everyone that Elise was his woman, his only choice, and anyone who dared to scorn her would do well to remember their place.

Elise, on the other hand, had been expecting something like this way before their arrival. Her expression had betrayed nothing and despite the circumstances, she was centered and unfazed. Indeed, her stature and her temperament did not sit well with a lot of people.

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Alexander had been fielding controversies left and right ever since he coupled with her, but maybe he would finally make a decision today.

"Don't just stand there. Take a seat," Madeline said, breaking the long and stifling silence. Elise had intended to cross over and boldly take her seat among the Griffiths, but at that moment, Alexander said drily, "No, thanks. It's getting late and I'd like to drop Elise home as soon as possible. Whatever it is you have to say, just come right out with it." "Will you take a look at that? Are the elders gathered here today nothing more than chopped liver compared to some woman—some outsider?

I don't know how any of you see it, but I think this boy's gone stupid from love!" The man who said those words shook his head in disapproval. He was a senior family member who made sure to criticize in that exact capacity. When everyone else heard this, they muttered their agreement, though they dared not speak up against Alexander directly.

They worried about no one but themselves, but feigned concern for the whole family and assumed a self-righteous air as though they were fighting for a just cause. Alexander narrowed his eyes dangerously as he zoomed on the man who made that scathing remark before he withdrew his gaze as a form of pointed ignorance.

Then, his eyes flickered over to Adam instead. "I want to hear what you think, Dad," he said calmly.