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Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 245

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"What are you talking about, Alexander? Wouldn't it be inconvenient for you and Elise to meet up after she moves out?" "Yeah, that's right! Elise is engaged to you, so she's part of our family. She'll be staying with us sooner or later, anyway." However, Alexander didn't bat an eye. He replied flatly, "I'm just respecting her decision." Elise's heart instantly sank when she heard this, but she put on a calm face without revealing any emotion. She didn't know what was wrong with her. She was the one who said she would be moving out, and he agreed to that at last, but she became even more upset instead... "Well then, go on with your breakfast. I'm going upstairs to pack up my stuff," she said. With that, she went upstairs, leaving everyone else to look at each other in puzzlement. Jack said, "Something's amiss! Did you guys notice that something was wrong with Elise's mood today?"

Upon hearing Jack's words, Brendan pondered for a moment and then turned to look at Alexander. "I noticed that too. Besides, Elise has been going out early and coming back at night lately. Is she hiding something from us?" Everyone fell silent at his words, whereas Alexander's piercing eyes darkened bit by bit. Elise didn't have many belongings, so she only packed them in a simple suitcase. As she dragged her suitcase downstairs, Danny immediately trotted up to her to help her. "Let me help you with that, Boss," he said while taking the suitcase from her. However, instead of going downstairs, he stood still and continued, "Are you really leaving, Boss?"

"I'll miss you very much." Elise comforted him, saying, "I'm just moving out. It's not like we're not gonna meet again. If you wanna play games with me, just text me on WhatsApp. I'll play with you if I'm free." Danny pouted his lips before he replied despondently, "Alright, Boss." Just then, Alexander came over to them. "Just put the suitcase in the trunk. I'll drive her there." Danny still wanted to say something, but when he saw how unyielding Alexander was, he could only hold back the words on the tip of his tongue and obediently put the suitcase in the trunk.

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"Let's go," Alexander said before going out first. Elise followed Alexander closely, though neither of them spoke on their way to her apartment. When they arrived at Bollinger Gardens, Elise unbuckled her seat belt, saying, "We've arrived. Just drop me here." To her surprise, Alexander didn't say a word in reply. Instead, he merely opened the car door, got out of the car, and picked up her suitcase. He asked, "Which block are you staying in?" Elise pointed at a building nearby. "Over there in Unit 1002, Block 3B." Alexander then dragged the suitcase toward Block 3B.

At the sight of the scene, Elise hurriedly caught up to him. "Actually, you don't have to escort me there. I can move into my apartment on my own." Alexander raised an eyebrow slightly. Seeing that the elevator had arrived, he motioned for Elise to go in first. As the elevator door closed, he slowly said, "You can move into your apartment on your own, but it's my duty and responsibility as your fiancé to safely escort you to your destination." Silenced by his words at once, Elise replied, "Oh, okay," without saying anything else. The elevator slowly went up until it stopped on the tenth floor.

After the couple walked out of the elevator, Elise hurriedly took out her keys and opened the door to her apartment. The apartment was a fully-furnished 3-bedroom unit, and she had made a special effort to buy it along with the furniture and electrical appliances back then. Therefore, it was very convenient for her to move in with only her belongings. Alexander put her suitcase in the bedroom before surveying the apartment.

He asked, "When did you buy this apartment?" "Before coming to the Griffith Residence," answered Elise. "Uh-huh," Alexander uttered. "This place is nice. Still, it's a bit dangerous for you to live alone as a lady." Elise replied, "It's okay. I have it figured out. I'll buy a pair of men's slippers and put them at the door tomorrow. Also, I'll hang some men's clothes to dry so no one would think that I'm living alone." Alexander narrowed his eyes slightly. "Well, you're quite thoughtful, but don't you have any alternative?" Elise subconsciously asked, "Isn't this good enough?"

Alexander looked around and inspected the balcony and the bathroom window. After making sure that everything was alright, he said, "I've got something to do at my office, so I'll be going there first. Be careful while you stay here alone." Elise nodded repeatedly. "Don't worry. I know that." However, she became downcast at once after Alexander left. Staring at the spacious and empty apartment, she felt a void inside her. Meanwhile, Alexander didn't leave after the apartment door was closed. Instead, he glanced at Unit 1001 next door and pressed the doorbell without the slightest hesitation.

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"Coming... Who is it?" When the door opened, Alexander stood there and said, "Hi, there's something I'd like to discuss with you..." The apartment's owner was startled for a while. Then, he said, "In that case, come on in. Let's talk about it inside." ... On the first day of moving in, Elise did a quick cleaning of the apartment and ordered a takeout for lunch. Everything was fine up until then. However, when she lay alone in bed and stared at the ceiling above her at night, a feeling of loneliness welled up within her.

She had trouble sleeping in an unfamiliar bed, so she had a hard time adjusting to it after moving to a new place all of a sudden... She tossed and turned until the second half of the night before falling asleep. When she woke up the next day, it was already 9AM. She quickly washed up, got changed, and got ready to leave the apartment. However, when she opened the door, she saw a few people moving things into the apartment next door. She asked curiously, "Are you guys the new neighbor?"

The worker answered, "Nope, we're movers. We're helping the apartment's owner move in." Elise thought it coincidental that a new neighbor was moving into the apartment next door after she had moved here yesterday, but she didn't give it much thought. When the elevator arrived, she took the elevator right away. It was already 10AM when she arrived at Brendan's studio. As soon as she arrived, Brendan came up to her, asking, "Are you alright, Elise?"

Elise replied with a smile, "Yeah, I'm fine! I just woke up late because I'd just moved house and was a bit unused to it." "Ah, that's okay. That's not what I'm asking about, anyway. I wanted to ask..." Brendan hesitated for a moment. Then, he asked, "Why exactly did you move out all of a sudden?" Upon hearing Brendan's question, Elise replied slowly without revealing any emotion on her face, "Uh, there's no particular reason, actually. I just wanted a change of environment since I've bothered you guys for too long."

Brendan obviously didn't believe her story, though. "Really? Or do you not want to tell me the reason? We've known each other for such a long time, Elise, so you've got to tell me if anything happened to you. Don't treat me like an outsider." Elise nodded. "Don't worry. I'll tell you about it if anything happens to me. Don't overthink it, though." Brendan was relieved to hear Elise say so. "Alright then. Go ahead with your work while I go back to my office first."

After Brendan left, Elise pulled out her chair and sat down. After looking at her design drawings, she picked up the pencil and continued drawing her designs. However, it didn't take long before she heard what sounded like a quarrel outside. "We placed the order for the custom-made evening dress a month ago. The film festival is coming soon, and you gave us this piece of junk?" "I don't care about anything else. You guys must solve this problem for

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me right now, or we'll terminate all our contracts with your studio." "You know Maeve's current standing in show business.

Can you afford to pay the losses if she can't wear the dress at the film festival?" Volley after volley of arguments were heard. Elise opened the door and walked out of the room. Seeing that many people had gathered in front of her, she stopped an assistant and asked, "What happened? Why are they quarreling?" The assistant glanced at the crowd before explaining in a low voice, "Something's wrong with Maeve's evening dress; they're displeased with the dress we designed. We had let them take a look at the design when it came out, and they didn't voice any objections then.

Now that the dress has been completed, they keep finding fault with it instead." Elise frowned slightly. Normally, both the studio and the client would exchange their opinion on such a custom-made evening dress when the design came out. If the client was dissatisfied with the design, they could totally have had it revised at the time. Therefore, it was somewhat unreasonable for them to voice their dissatisfaction with the design now that the dress had been completed. "I'm going to take a look." The assistant hurriedly stopped her. "No, don't do that.

This is Mr. Griffith's design, so he'll take care of this," she said. Then, she deliberately lowered her voice and continued, "It's obvious that Maeve is making things difficult for Mr. Griffith on purpose. Everyone knows she's got feelings for him. You should stay out of this, Elise..." Elise knitted her brows.

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As they were speaking, Brendan came out of his office with an obviously gloomy expression on his face. He then said to Maeve Lindberg's manager, "The dress has already been completed. If you're dissatisfied, we can give you a full refund." Apparently, Maeve's

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manager didn't expect Brendan to say that. Surprised, she replied with a smile, "Please don't be mad, Mr. Griffith. We aren't saying that we're not satisfied with the dress; it's just that Maeve said the dress is the result of your hard work since you designed it yourself. You know what kind of a person she is, though. She said she'll perhaps be satisfied if you personally deliver the dress to her." "That's enough," Brendan interrupted her right away. "Please help me tell Miss Lindberg that it's not a problem if she's dissatisfied with the design and needs it to be revised. If she's dissatisfied with the dress, we can have it remade, and if she wants to terminate our contracts, we can choose to terminate the contracts amicably. As for everything else, please tell her to behave herself." The manager quickly replied with an obsequious smile, "You're going a bit too far in saying that, Mr. Griffith. Maeve didn't mean anything else. She just wanted to be friends with you, but if you don't want to, she won't force it, of course. To put it bluntly, we didn't come to you for the dress; we came to you because Maeve is interested in you. Since you don't reciprocate Maeve's feelings, let's forget about our collaboration. As for the compensation, you just have to pay the money according to what was stated in the contract." Brendan looked as black as thunder. "Alright then, goodbye and good riddance," he uttered between clenched teeth. Then, he turned around and left regardless of the manager's response. The manager then said, "Don't show me the door in such a hurry, Mr. Griffith. Actually, you're skilled as a designer, but Maeve admires your personality more. Besides, you're currently single, and Maeve is a popular female celebrity. She's a good match for you, so why put on airs when you don't have to?" As soon as the manager finished her sentence, Elise walked out right away and looked at her with a faint smile. "Since Maeve is a popular female celebrity, why force people into doing things they don't wanna do?" When the manager saw Elise, her eyes widened with amazement, especially when she looked at Elise's face, which was especially fair despite having no makeup on. Her bright and clear eyes were especially beautiful, and her slender figure made her look like someone born to be a star. Even Maeve would pale in comparison with her if she stood in front of her. However, for some reason, the manager thought Elise's face looked familiar to her. "And you are?" she asked with a groveling smile on her face. Elise replied flatly, "Just one of the studio's designers." The manager then took out a business card from her pocket. "I'm a manager from Bright Star Entertainment. Are you interested in entering show business? You look so beautiful, and you're young. I guarantee that I'll make you the top celebrity in less than three years." "And then you'll make me as overbearing as you are?" Elise shot back. The manager's expression changed at once. "Brendan Griffith should feel honored that Maeve has taken a fancy to him. Do you believe that Maeve can make your studio go out of business with just a word?" Elise had seen some arrogant people before, but she had never seen someone as arrogant as the manager. Folding her arms across her chest, she said, "Well, you can give it a try. Let's see if our studio will go out of business or if Maeve will disappear from show business in the end." Elise's words sent a chill down the manager's spine. She had a vague feeling that Elise didn't

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seem to be joking, and that she really seemed capable of doing that. But on second thought, Elise was only a young lady who was still wet behind the ears. *How capable can she be?* she thought. "Do you think such a threat will work on me? Let me tell you that it's only a matter of minutes if we want your studio to go out of business." Elise replied, "Alright then, I'll wait for it! But let me remind you that a wicked person is doomed to destruction. Lastly, tell Maeve to stop harassing Brendan." The manager gave Elise a long stare before replying with a sneer, "Who do you think you are? What makes you think you can meddle in Maeve's affairs? Here's a piece of sound advice for you: you'll pay the price for poking your nose into somebody else's business." Without waiting for Elise's response, she shot her a warning stare and left. At the sight of the scene, Elise's eyes grew darker bit by bit. Just then, the assistant hurriedly came to her and asked, "Are you alright, Elise?" Elise's instinct told her that there was more to it than what the manager had said, but she didn't give it much thought. She merely replied, "I'm fine." The assistant sighed. "This isn't the first time Maeve has pestered Mr. Griffith. In fact, she has done it a few times. Mr. Griffith has been reluctant to deal with them, but the collaboration agreement they signed back then is valid for a year, so he's been doing all he can to keep Maeve away... But it seems that Maeve won't stop until she's got her hands on Mr. Griffith. It's the first time I've seen such a shameless woman. She pretends to be so likable and innocent on the big screen, but who would've known that she's such a woman in private?" she said. As she spoke, however, she broke off in the middle of her speech and looked at Brendan nearby with a horrified expression. "Mr. Griffith, I..." Brendan opened his mouth, saying, "Just go ahead with your work." The assistant quickly ran away. When Elise realized what had happened, she was already nowhere to be seen. Brendan came over and said, "Thank you, Elise. But please stay out of this in the future." Elise was somewhat puzzled. "Why are you putting up with her like that?" Brendan explained, "Maeve's got connections in the underworld. I'm a businessman, so I can't offend those in the underworld." The furrow in Elise's brow deepened. "So you're just going to keep putting up with her like that?" Brendan let out a sigh. "I'm fine. The contract will end in less than half a year, anyway." Elise thought that Brendan didn't seem like someone who would swallow his pride, but he kept trying his best to avoid Maeve, as if she were vicious. Elise had a hard time concentrating in the afternoon as she kept thinking about Maeve. In the end, she took out her cell phone and googled Maeve's name, and a detailed introduction of her immediately popped up on Wikipedia... There was nothing special about the introduction on Wikipedia since it had glorified Maeve in every way possible. As Elise had no impression of the woman, she put her cell phone away without giving it much thought. Elise worked overtime until past 9PM as usual. Then, she switched off the lights, ready to leave the office. She was the last person to leave the studio every day, so she had grown used to it. As usual, she left the studio after locking the door. Unexpectedly, as soon as she came out of the studio, a dark silhouette popped up in front of her and then put a gunnysack on her. Elise struggled out of reflex, but she lost consciousness after only a few seconds. A male voice

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sounded, saying, "Throw her into the trunk." With that, several men quickly threw Elise into the car and then drove off. All of this happened in a flash. Within two mere minutes, the car was nowhere to be seen, and the surroundings were quiet again as usual.

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