

# Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 281

## Chapter 281 It's Right Not to Have Deep Friendships

By placing an elder under house arrest and blatantly handling a helpless, weak elderly person without even bothering to put up a pretense, Faye had turned this big, gloomy mansion into her territory where she did as she pleased. "Looks like you don't interact with elderly very often, Miss Sinclair," Faye pointed out calmly. "So what if it's true?" Elise argued, frowning slightly. Very subtly, she raised her brows while the corners of her lips drooped. With her alluring eyes brimming with confidence, she said, "Since that's the case, you definitely don't know how the elderly in their seventies act like a child.

At her age, Grandma is most likely to get careless. If there's no one to take care of her and she loses her way or some accident happens to her, who could bear this responsibility?" Her explanation got Elise speechless. It was said that not even a fair judge could settle family affairs, and family disputes were the trickiest cases which couldn't be simply lorded by people on the sidelines. If Elise stood on moral grounds and started criticizing Faye, it was highly possible that she would end up with a bunch of accusations. On the other hand, she couldn't stand by and watch as an elderly person was pushed around.

"Of course I believe that your intentions are kind, Miss Anderson. However, there are many examples in this world where bad actions turned out of good intentions, and I wonder how much you know about the penalty for abuse." With the same look in her eyes, Elise looked Faye in the eyes so that the latter would know how it felt to have a taste of her own medicine. Without waiting for Faye to open her mouth, Elise added, "Going against an elderly person's will, putting her in confinement, restricting her freedom, inflicting mental abuse, etc..."

Taking all these into consideration, it can easily end up being a two-year sentence. Miss Anderson, do be careful." With the most innocent tone, Elise had uttered the most threatening words. The look on Faye's face kept changing, and she didn't look pleased at all. Narrowing her almond-shaped eyes, she surveyed Elise undisguisedly. Rowena hit the nail in the head, she thought. This is a university student without any ideas of the world. It's a small matter to be slapped with a lawsuit, but if word got out that I'm confining two old women, it'll definitely affect the plan I've painstakingly carried out for years.

After some deliberation, Faye's lips curled upward instantly. Her entire face gleamed as she flashed a standard smile. "Thanks for the reminder, Miss Sinclair. But I think such a day won't arrive." After saying that, she spun to Rowena and the others, keeping away her smile as she said in faked dissatisfaction, "Ms. Johnson, how many times have I told you that you should get someone who could watch their strength to take care of Grandma? Look at how burly they are. When others see this, they might think that we can't afford to support the elders with the wealth that we have and couldn't wait to watch them die. That'll ruin the good reputation our family has built for generations!"

With a chuckle, Elise sighed. As expected of the woman who turned this family upside-down. With a few words, she dismissed the accusation of elderly abuse and even ridiculed me. Everything she said, hidden or not, simply meant that the Anderson Family is a strict and wealthy family. Nobody would believe that the abuse of an elderly person is happening here. After saying that, Faye secretly gave Rowena and the rest a look. Understanding what she meant, Rowena instructed the servants to keep away from Bertha. Free from restriction, Bertha regained her freedom, but upon closer inspection, she could easily notice that the servants had merely expanded the circle around her.

The tangible net had turned invisible, and it was just a double-faced act. Then, Rowena's expression changed, and she wrinkled her face pleadingly as she gazed at Bertha. "Old Madam, setting aside the fact that you hurt yourself physically the last time you sneaked out and fell into the river, the people who saved you almost lost their lives as well. Please be considerate and stop acting stubborn!" Grappling her walking stick, Bertha struck it on the ground hard a couple of times and glared at her. "Nonsense! I didn't fall into the river! You ungrateful creature might as well just act in a movie!"

she exclaimed before she turned to Elise with a soft face. When she wanted to explain something, she saw Elise shaking her head at her before she could even open her mouth again, signally for her to not act rashly. Startled, Bertha then understood her intentions and nodded curtly. She's right. It's a worthless struggle even if I explain myself in this situation, and it may even get that kind-hearted lass into trouble. It's better if I just succumb and lay low for now.

At the thought of this, she glanced at Faye from the corners of her eyes and straightened herself by gripping her walking stick. With a cold stance, she gave way, saying, "I'm tired and want to rest in my room." Hearing that, Faye's lips twisted into a conceited smirk. That's more like it, you old fart. "Quick, help Old Madam back to her room," she ordered. "Okay!" Wiping away the aggrieved and pleading expression from her face, Rowena put on a pleasing and accommodating face instead.

"This way, Old Madam!" After giving her an icy stare, Bertha then stole a peek at Elise before lifting her foot, turning around, and walking back into the house. With one step at a time, her pace was steady, and even though it was just from the back, Elise saw the figure of a strong woman in her youth. Finally, Faye urged Elise on purpose after catching her staring at Bertha for a while, "Miss Sinclair, please leave if there's nothing else. I have other matters to attend to and I'm afraid I don't have the time for small talks." She didn't say anything more, and Elise didn't plan to hang around much longer either.

After exchanging looks with their eyes, she then marched out of the place. A few minutes after she left the Andersons', she heard the blaring of a honk from opposite the street. Following the source, Elise saw Brendan's car and walked over. The driver with a keen judgment got out and opened the door for her. As thanks, she gave him a polite nod and got into the car. After she was seated, Brendan instructed, "Let's go."

Then, he turned to her. "Why did the Anderson Family look for you?" She cast a look at the Andersons' front gates and answered casually, "Nothing. Just small issues to go over about the wedding dress." Countless of malices lay hidden in this house worth hundreds of millions, and if it was possible, she didn't want to have anything to do with it after this.

There was enough trouble on her plate now, and even if she didn't find them a hassle, she didn't want to add more troubles for herself as that was the thing she hated the most. "That's good," Brenden said, nodding thoughtfully. "The Andersons are more than meets the eye. It's the right move not to have a deep friendship with them."

## Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 282

### Chapter 282 A Game of Cat-And-Mouse

After saying that, he passed her a very pretty invitation card. "This is Designer's Night organized by a few influential and seasoned designers in the country, and there should be quite a few new designs on this show. Later, accompany me to this event to have a look." Lowering her head, Elise studied the card in her hands, which had a familiar name on it. Designer's Night was considered as the source of fresh ideas for domestic fashion designers.

It may appear as a fashion show, but in private, the audience under the stage could make a bid according to the number on the model and win themselves the chance to meet and chat with the designer about the philosophy behind the design. To put it simply, it was an exchange of design inspirations. At first, Elise wasn't very interested in it, but she didn't want to turn Brendan down, so she followed him along. She felt much better when they received a mask at the entrance of the venue; hidden underneath the mask, so much hassle could be eliminated because nobody would know who the other was.

There weren't many points of the show which surprised Elise. In the end, she picked a design which was kind of to her liking, then she wrote down the serial number and price before leaving the show early to go to the bathroom. When she came out, a man was standing at the door with his back facing her. At first, she thought that he was one of the models, but when she saw the mask strap around the back of his head, she realized that he was also an invited guest. Her gaze stopped on him for a couple more seconds before she looked away and prepared to leave.

When she passed by the man, he suddenly extended his arm and blocked her path. "Is anything the matter, sir?" she asked. Taking a step forward, the man stood in front of her and didn't beat about the bush either, as he went straight to his point. "Nothing. I just wish to see how the lady who has the same tastes as me looks like," he said, reaching out his hand to take off her mask. Out of reflex, Elise stepped backward, but the man pushed his luck and came in closer until she was leaning on the sink. With no room left for Elise to retreat, he placed both of his hands on the sink, trapping her in between.

On the other hand, Elise, who had nowhere to go, felt a wave of disgust over her chest. By using his male physical advantages to subdue a woman, this man had really pushed her button. "Sir, please watch what you're doing." Clenching her fists tightly, Elise suppressed her urge to strike him. "I didn't mean to snatch anything from someone else and simply wrote a price. If you would like, you can meet with the designer."

Under the mask, a smug smirk tinged the edges of the man's lips. Although it was almost unnoticeable, it was especially glaring to Elise's eyes. She recalled that she merely wrote 1,000 as the bid half-heartedly, but this guy couldn't even out-bid her. *In his eyes, the designer's inspiration isn't even worth 1,000? Everyone who was invited here is either rich or wealthy, and yet, he's so stingy with his bid and even has the cheeks to make a fuss about it.* Unable to hold it back anymore, she snorted and said sarcastically, "Let me guess: A well-dressed gentleman such as you—whom people can easily tell how wealthy you

are—couldn't even make a bid of more than 1,000?" Her words struck Johan Olsen in his sore spot, and he snarled under his mask angrily.

As the successor of the dignified Olsen Family, the money he would drop on the floor every time he took out his wallet would be more than 1,000. So, how could he have made such a petty bid? *It's all the fault of that new assistant who has no experience with events like this. I'm going to fire him later when I get back!* he thought furiously. *But this woman has a sharp tongue, and it's kinda extraordinary how she insults without using any vulgar language.* The thought of this made him even more excited, and he grabbed her entire mask with his large hand, impatient to have a look at the face of the woman underneath. However, a leg appeared from the side the next second and kicked him out straightaway.

Landing on the floor with a loud *thud*, he also took Elise's mask with him at the same time. Scrambling to his feet, he had barely checked out his injuries when he decided to twist his head to check out the woman's face instead. To his dismay, she already had her back facing him, and the man next to her was wearing a solemn expression. With the fierce, cold air around him, he looked like a murderous wolf from the Siberia. Unwittingly, Johan was stunned for a moment as he held in pain the spot where he was kicked. Alexander narrowed his dark eyes, and every word he said was aloof but firm.

"It wouldn't be as simple as a kick if you touch her. You should be thankful." Then, he spun around, placed his arm around Elise's waist, and left. After they had left the masked man far behind, it struck Elise that Alexander should now be on a business trip in Athesea. "Why are you still here?" "I happen to have something to discuss with Brendan," he explained, opening the car door. "I'll send you back." All the way while they were walking out, his expression had been rather stony, and she thought that he must be angry. Hence, she was embarrassed to accept any more of his kind gestures. "It's okay."

Stopping next to the car, she wanted to ease the tension in the air and said jokingly, "You have serious matters to attend to; if you keep sending me to places, people might think that I've hired myself a handsome driver!" However, Alexander's face was grim, and he didn't say anything in response, which made the atmosphere especially awkward. In fact, he wasn't angry at Elise, but rather, he was mad at himself that he couldn't marry her earlier. Although the biggest reason was she hadn't reached the legal age for marriage, it still frustrated him.

If it was possible, he would write the words 'exclusively for Alexander Griffith' on Elise, but he couldn't do that. So, he could only keep her outside and watch in annoyance as unwanted characters kept approaching her. Worried that Elise might read his mind, he quickly gathered his emotions and changed the topic. "The man who blocked your path earlier has some issues with me on a project. That guy is insane, so stay away from him and don't

accidentally get yourself hurt." *This is such a small world*, Elise thought. *After twists and turns, it turns out that everyone is connected to each other.* "Got it," she answered with a nod. Seeing that he wasn't angry anymore, she asked in a pleasing voice, "Have you heard of the name Faye Anderson?"

"Is she from the medical family you mentioned before, the Andersons?" Elise nodded. "Yes." "Johan Olsen is her fiancé," he said patiently. "This initially started off as a marriage between Johan and Faye's younger sister, but it suddenly became hers in the past two years. The couple probably have their eyes on the Andersons' assets, and that's why they struck up this engagement in private." "So, it's a business marriage," Elise concluded. Instead of answering her directly, he reached out and nudged her into the car.

A few minutes later when the car had rolled a distance away, he explained composedly, "Johan Olsen is a despicable man, and so Old Madam Anderson didn't want to acknowledge this engagement. Because of this, both families have already fallen out with each other. A broken vase could never be repaired." After listening, Elise nodded in agreement. With Bertha's stubborn personality, Elise figured she would rather fall out with the other party than put herself at a disadvantage. This was very fitting with her personality. Nevertheless, the engagement was agreed from before, and if they wanted to annul it, they had to catch hold of the Olsens' mistakes.

Judging from the situation, Elise reckoned that Bertha didn't save any face for the Olsens and unilaterally decided to annul the engagement, which led to Faye and the Olsens ganging up in revenge. Scheming and plotting against each other among big families would always end up as a bloody scene! After the car stopped in front of her campus, Elise wanted to say goodbye to Alexander after hopping off when she saw him getting out as well. "Is there anything else?" Pacing forward, Alexander held her hand and walked toward the dorms, saying, "I just remembered that it's Friday today.

Gather your things and come with me after that." It would be fine if he hadn't bumped into Johan causing trouble for Elise. He had confidence in her, but since he did bump into the scene, he thought it would be better to keep her by his side just to be safe. In addition, he also had his own selfish reasons. All of a sudden, it hit Elise that this man was a little clingy, but what surprised her even more was, she didn't find it annoying. Instead, she was secretly happy. Perhaps this was what it meant to love someone. Meanwhile, Johan fired his assistant in front of everyone at the show and drove away.

After almost twenty minutes of driving around the city at high speed, his employee sent him Elise's university address as well as the picture of her student ID. Looking at the picture, he slammed on the brakes suddenly, and a sleazy smile spread across his face. "So I was

scolded by this ugly thing?" He felt disgusted for a couple of seconds, then he turned his steering wheel around and drove toward Elise's university. *I have to let this woman know what eternal doom means!* Leveling the gas pedal, he smiled cunningly. The game of cat-and-mouse was his favorite game.

## Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 283

### Chapter 283 No Avoiding the Enemy

In front of the girls' dorms at Tissote University, the aesthetic design of the red Porsche complemented the straight, creaseless suit on the man. On the balconies, the girls gathered in groups of three to five as they rubber-necked to look downward. The sun had set in the West, and the skewed afterglow made it very uncomfortable for Johan. Taking off his sunnies impatiently, he checked the time on his wristwatch and gritted his teeth in frustration. He had been waiting here for more than an hour, but he didn't even see Elise's shadow. Did this woman receive news ahead that I was coming and she's hiding from me on purpose?

Initially, he wanted to wait here to ambush her—he would pop up in front of Elise, who had already taken off her mask, and watch her crumble in shame with his own eyes. The scene in his mind was enough to make the adrenaline rush through his veins. However, he could only whisk out his cell phone in annoyance and call the number given by his subordinates. The call merely connected for a second before it was hung up immediately. Infuriated, he raised his hand and wanted to smash his phone to pieces on the ground, but he had only raised his arm halfway when it hit a soft surface.

A coquettish voice of a woman echoed together with the impact. "What are you doing?" Feigning injury and putting up a pathetic look, Janice hugged herself, looking as though she had been taken advantage of. Spinning around suddenly, Jonah shot her a steely look, and she couldn't help but shudder when their eyes met. After staring at her for a couple of seconds, he asked, "Do you know Elise Sinclair?" "Elise?" Upon hearing the name, she looked even more annoyed and asked indifferently, "Why are you looking for her?"

From far away, this man had already caught her eyes, and she wanted to chat him up without seeming too obvious, but it turned out that he was here for Elise. Why are all the

handsome men in this world seduced by that woman? Narrowing his eyes, Jonah was kind of sure that he had asked the right person. Without waiting for a reply from him, Janice volunteered to give him a piece of 'kind advice'. "I see that you're a fine man, so don't be taken in. Elise already has a boyfriend, and different men come to pick her up and drop her off every day. You'd just add to the pile.

As an outstanding youth of the society, don't lower yourself to that level!" The smile on Jonah's face deepened, and his eyes crinkled. There are too many women throwing themselves at me. Does she think that she's very smart? Staring at her, an interesting idea suddenly popped up in his mind. Changing his expression, he kept away his aggressiveness and turned himself into a bright, young man in a split second by smiling kindly. "Thanks for your advice, pretty lady. How should I repay you for doing me such a big favor?" Rejoicing silently, Janice thought, Finally, there's a person with taste.

Smacking her lips secretly, she quickly collected herself and put up an arrogant stance. "It's not a big deal," she said casually. "I just can't stand watching a person's sincerity being trampled by others. I'm not asking for anything from you, so you don't have to worry about it." Johan breathed lightly. Not bad. She's quite calm and even knows how to play hard-to-get. But too bad that she has no idea what kind of man she's up against. Immediately, he acted very interested. "That won't do. How about this—I have a friend in Athesea, and his club is opening tonight with a warm-up party.

I wonder if I have the honor to bring you along with me." "Athesea?" Knitting her brows, she pretended to be considering it. A few seconds later, she agreed readily. "Okay, since I have no plans for the weekend, I'll go on a trip with you and visit my ex-classmates in Athesea as well." After that, Jonah took a step back gentlemanly, opened the passenger seat door, and gestured for her to get in. "You can ask your classmates along. It's always merrier in a club with more people." His considerate acts greatly satisfied her vanity, and she pursed her lips haughtily.

Bending down, she slipped into the car. "I'll think about it." At the same time when she spun her head around, the smile on Jonah's face froze. It's not bad that I got a small compensation even though I didn't catch my prey. As for Elise Sinclair... Hmph, she won't get away from me! ... Elise felt that she had fallen for a trap. They agreed that it would be a getaway in Athesea, but she ended up accompanying Alexander in meetings the whole day. By the time they came out of the office building, the sky had already turned dark. Leaning into the seat, Elise let out a bored sigh.



It's so boring to be a businessman. I should have brought my sketch book along to help me pass time. Secretly, Alexander stole a look at her and saw how tired she seemed. Hence, at the next junction, he turned the wheel and drove in the opposite direction of the hotel. Almost immediately, she noticed that it was the wrong way, so she turned to ask, "Shouldn't we have turned left?" Driving with his full attention, he answered without looking away from the road, "Don't you want to go out and relax after a boring day?" Elise pouted her lips. "Of course I would like that, but don't you have another video conference in the evening?" After spending an entire day with him, she realized that career-minded men were akin to spinning tops.

They kept spinning and spinning, as though they would never stop to rest. Throughout the entire day, there were countless times when she was glad she was born a girl. If she were to live a life like his, she would probably be bored to death. "It's okay." With a faint smile on his lips, he added, "My friend arranged a meetup tonight, and I can't turn him down. If I have to meet them sooner or later, it wouldn't be too unbearable with you by my side."

Elise's lips turned upward into a grin as she laughed at him for being so dramatic. "Don't put such a high hat on me. You make it sound as though you wouldn't show up without me. In the world of business, connections are the biggest resources, and it's not something you can give up easily." "Nothing escapes your eyes." After he was exposed, he chuckled and shook his head, saying jokingly, "Looks like there will be nowhere to hide a secret from you in the future." "Exactly. So don't even think about lying to me. There will be severe consequences!"

she said playfully. There wasn't a second when the edges of his lips were pointing downward. "I'll definitely remember it well!" The car drove into the busiest street filled with clubs and bars, and they found the place effortlessly because it was a new club with a bunch of neon lights at the entrance. After handing the car key to the valet parking, Alexander held Elise's hand and went in. Upon entering, Elise was blinded by the brilliant lights and the sound of the DJ blasting in her ears. Raising her hand to block out the lights, she opened her eyes to see a tipsy crowd and confetti flying everywhere.

Looking at the place where the upper class spent their money, Elise could only link it to the word 'extravagant'. Holding Alexander's hand, she slowly walked toward the VIP area, which was on the second floor. From there, it was easy to see the entire dancefloor clearly, and it could greatly satisfy the condescending mentality of the rich. As she got up the stairs, Elise turned toward the commotion in the VIP room on the right. "Chug! Chug! Chug!" A group of men and women gathered around a woman and chanted, but it was obvious that the woman couldn't drink anymore. A few gulps later, the bottle of liquor remained the same, and that made someone in the crowd unhappy. "Johan, your partner is too weak!"

"Yeah, she shouldn't come out clubbing if she can't drink. What a party-pooper!" While they were speaking, the woman who was drinking earlier barfed and sprawled on the table, panting weakly. "I can't drink anymore. Send me home now, Johan..." She could barely open her eyes, but the onlookers were merely watching it as a show without any intentions of helping her out. This scene didn't surprise Elise. In order to get ahead, hostesses in nightclubs were played like monkeys, and there were countless examples of them who drank until they were unconscious.

It was nothing more than a mutual agreement between both sides, where one was getting the hits willingly. Elise didn't want to interfere and leaned in closer to Alexander, preparing to walk through the corridor as though she hadn't seen anything. However, when she was passing by their door, the woman who was played by the group fell in front of her directly, blocking her path. Lowering her head, she caught a good look at Janice's flushed cheeks and frowned unwittingly. Today, I finally learned that I can't avoid my enemy.

## Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 284

Chapter 284 Was She Your Plaything Before?

Despite being in a stupor, Janice was still asking for help meekly. "Send me back. I don't want to stay here. I don't want to play anymore..." The man who was calling for her to chug earlier pulled her up. "Stop pretending; we barely even started yet. All of us have brought out our best collection of liquor, and you think you can leave just like that before we're satisfied?" he said and grabbed the nearest glass of whisky before pouring it into Janice's mouth roughly. Struggling in misery, Janice pressed her lips together tightly, and all the alcohol which couldn't get in were spilled out, soaking her clothes as she whimpered weakly.

"Ugh!" Pathetic and helpless like a puppy that had fallen into the waters, she looked like she might suffocate any minute. Damn, how I hate this unreasonable empathy of mine, Elise thought. This bunch of a\*sholes who treat women as playthings don't even have the least respect for life at all. Forget it. I'll just pretend that she's a stranger to me. That way, I feel better if I help her. After struggling within herself, she finally decided to take Janice away. Just as she was about to open her mouth, a hand next to her reached out and grabbed the man's hand which was pouring the drink.

As Alexander had already read her mind, he had acted before she did. "That's enough." "Who are you to stick your nose into this?" Jerking Alexander's hand away, the man raised his fist and swung it with full force. The second before his fist landed on Alexander, the latter blocked it with his palm, wrapped his hand around the man's fist, and gave it a strong twist. The sounds of dislocated bones echoed, and the man kneeled down in pain. "Ah! Jonah, save me! Jonah!" Hearing his cries, a person inside the VIP room sprang up and marched toward them.

Quickly, Alexander released his hand and kicked down the man who was pouring the whisky. With lightning speed, he caught Jonah's fist, which was flying in his direction, and threw Jonah over his shoulder, tossing him into the VIP room opposite. Before Jonah could scramble to his feet, Alexander dashed forward and grabbed him by his throat. After struggling a little, Jonah wanted to stand up by propping up on the couch, but Alexander placed a foot on his chest and pushed him down. With only limited air, he could no longer exert his strength and gave up all resistance. Alexander was no stranger to Jonah, and even though the latter was beaten to the floor by Alexander, his tone was stubborn.

"It's you again, Griffith. This is the second time you're spoiling my plans today." Instead of answering, Alexander cast a glance backward, scaring away the others in the VIP room who were waiting to strike with his dark, solemn eyes. "I don't mean to interfere with your personal affairs, but I'm taking away that woman." "What makes you think you can do that? I'm the one who brought her here. What, now? Was she your plaything before?" Jonah sneered, as though it could diminish the awkwardness that he was under Alexander's foot now. Sweeping his eyes over him coldly, Alexander said, "Elise, take her and go first." She gave him a nod and went to help Janice up before retreating back to the staircase.

After making sure that they were in a safe situation, Alexander released Jonah. Step by step, he walked backward as Jonah got up from the couch. Gritting his teeth, Jonah patted the spot Alexander stepped on earlier and glared fiercely at him, but when he saw Elise behind him, his expression broke into delight. Well, I found her without any effort at all. The lighting earlier was too dim, and Elise was standing too far away for him to catch a good look at her. Upon a second look, he felt that this woman was uglier than the picture on her student ID.

From the fashion show until now, Elise Sinclair has been together with Alexander? I've heard for a long time that he's already engaged, but I didn't think that his fiancée would be such an ugly woman. At the thought of this, he didn't feel so bad that he was repeatedly beaten by Alexander. Sensing the sinister in Jonah's gaze, Alexander immediately moved a few steps to the side and placed himself completely between Elise and Jonah. His eyes burned like

torches, asserting his dominance. Jonah narrowed his eyes. Looks like I was right; Sinclair is his woman. That makes this game even more exciting. If I can make his woman mine, that will pay for all the frustrations I suffered!

With a dirty smile still remaining on his face, Jonah was already beginning to imagine Elise kneeling in front of him, begging him for his love. In the distance, Elise saw his distasteful smile through the gap and was disgusted. Is Janice blind? She even threw herself at such a pretentious man. If we hadn't run into her this time, she would probably end up in a ditch somewhere. A short moment of confrontation passed, and it was Alexander who spoke first to break the silence. "Sorry for spoiling everyone's mood today. The bill is on me today, so just order what you would like to drink and I'll get the boss to put it on my tab. I'll excuse myself." After all, he was the one in the wrong for snatching someone away.

Spending some money could save a lot of trouble, and it was all pros and no cons. After saying that, he turned and left while covering the two girls. After their figures had disappeared into the crowd downstairs, the atmosphere in the VIP room turned lively again. "What a damper the night has been. Where's the waiter? Come here. Bring me a round of all the most expensive liquor you have. Damn it. Isn't he really rich? I'll rack up a huge bill for him, then!" "Exactly. Serve us everything that is expensive. No one is going home tonight without getting wasted!" "Hey, Jonah. Don't be mad anymore. This drink is to you. It's just a woman, and we can find any type downstairs..." Jonah was wearing a long face, and when someone next to him came over with a drink, he directly splashed the drink in the glass on his face.

These were rich and wealthy people who just wanted to have some fun when they gathered, so the man was immediately peeved when he was suddenly humiliated like this. "What the f\*ck?!" The words had just left his lips when Faye barged into the room suddenly, grabbed a glass of drink, and splashed it on Jonah's face. "F\*ck!" Swearing in anger, Jonah was so mad that he wanted to retaliate, but when he stood up and saw that the person was Faye, he clenched his jaw and swallowed his anger. After rolling her eyes at him in disappointment, she turned to the man who had the drink splashed in his face. "Doug, do you think this is enough as an apology? If not, I'll splash another drink on him."

Everyone was stunned by Faye's actions. After a long while, someone finally reacted and hurriedly tried to pacify the situation. "That's enough. We're all friends, and it's fine now after the frustrations have been vented. Be the bigger person and don't take this to heart, Doug." "He's right. Doug, Jonah, we're going to be friends for life, and we shouldn't turn into enemies just because one did something stupid in a drunken stupor, right?" After hearing so many speeches, Doug figured it would be awkward if he acted up again, so he merely waved his hands in embarrassment, putting an end to the situation.

"Thanks for your understanding, Doug." Faye cast him an apologetic smile and turned to Jonah. Immediately, her attitude was stone-cold again. "Come with me for a while," she said, leading the way toward the emergency exit. When she pushed the door open to the stairwell, she happened to bump into a couple who were making out. She knitted her brows, and her strong, dominant air made the couple scurry away in fear.

Before leaving, they even muttered, "Crazy woman." When they brushed past Jonah, he misheard them and thought that they were scolding him. Holding his fist, he was going to chase after them. "Who are you calling crazy, you a\*sholes!" "Come back here!" Faye yelled at him to stop. Only then did he drag his feet back to the stairwell unwillingly. Before he had barely stood still, she gave him a tight slap across the face. The numbness in his face from the slap instantly made him alert, and he roared, "Are you f\*cking crazy?!"

## Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 285

Chapter 285 Alexander Can't Get Rid of Janice?

Looking at him with an aloof face, Faye said, "It's okay if you play around with other women, but you actually had the nerves to target a female student from Tissote University. Do you know how much public criticism you'd cause if anything happens? Where's the girl?" Jonah gritted his teeth and spat. "She's gone, and I'm not so dumb as to create trouble for myself." "That'd better be true." Still, she doubted his words and warned, "I don't want to hear anymore negative news before the wedding. Don't drag me along even if you want to ruin yourself!" Then, she left the spot in a huff with her heels clicking on the floor.

From far, Jonah stared at her back and was reminded of his emotionless discipline teacher from highschool, whereupon an icy stare flashed in his eyes. If he hadn't had his eyes set on the wealth of the Andersons, he would have kicked this woman away. Just you wait and see how I'll torture you after we get married. Meanwhile, the car drove out of the nightclub street, and Alexander's eyes swept past the rearview mirror. "What do you plan to do with her?" Helplessly, Elise looked at Janice, who had passed out next to her, and said, "Let's put her up in a hotel for the night." She might as well go through with this good deed that she started. In this unfamiliar city, she couldn't just simply drop Janice off anywhere.

Returning his eyes to the road, Alexander drove around the city center. In the end, he chose a hotel which looked rather safe. After getting a room, he walked in front and opened the door so that Elise could help Janice to the bed. Then, she went to the bathroom while he leaned on the TV console, picked up his cell phone, and started replying to work emails. It had been a rough night for Janice, and she gradually regained consciousness. In her daze, the light from the crystal lamp above her head blinded her eyes, and she couldn't open them. Using her hand as a shield, she slowly sat up in the bed.

Alexander merely peered at her coldly and returned to his phone, pretending he hadn't seen anything. However, Janice thought that she was dreaming when she saw him. After blinking a couple of times, she pinched herself hard on her arm to be sure that she was not dreaming. So, I'm really in the same room with Elise's super cute boyfriend! "Are you the one who saved me from Johan Olsen?" she asked meekly. "Yeah," he replied curtly without even looking up at her. Embarrassed, she bit her lower lip, regretting the fact that she had too much to drink and had completely missed out on his heroic act when he saved her.

Nevertheless, she figured that since this man was willing to go against Johan and his friends for her sake, then he must be attracted by her beauty. In addition, judging from his dressing and demeanor, he must be from a well-to-do family as well. If I can snag him away from Elise's side, then I can have all my revenge against her! At the thought of this, her eyes gleamed cunningly before she pretended to be in a daze, mumbling about how terrible and hot she was feeling as she started undressing. Annoyed, Alexander knitted his brows and straightened himself suddenly.

"What are you doing?" Sprawled out limply on the bed, she mumbled, "I'm really thirsty. Could you please bring me a glass of water?" Lowering his eyes, he had no patience for her at all. Of all the women he knew, he found it a waste of time if any of them asked for a favor, except Elise. Seeing that he was unmoved, Janice pretended to be unwell and coughed a couple of times. In an even more pathetic tone, she said, "Please, it's just a glass of water. I'm feeling really uncomfortable. Besides, you already brought me all the way here, so can't you do me another small favor?"

Even though he was aware that she was trying to make him do stuff for her, Alexander felt that she was very noisy and wanted her to shut her mouth as quickly as possible. Hence, he picked up a bottle of water on the TV console, opened it, and poured out a glass before bringing it to the bed. "Hold it." Pretentiously, she reached out her hand and made it look as though she couldn't reach it. "Can you please... come a little closer?" Annoyed and

frustrated, he bent over and pushed the glass to her forcefully, stopping inches away from her chest and turning in disgust to look the other way.

Out of the blue, Janice grabbed his wrist and used it to pull herself up before putting her arms around his neck, clinging her entire body on him. "I feel really terrible. Stay with me and don't leave tonight, okay?" She deliberately made her voice a little lower so that she sounded even more sexy and alluring. Men are creatures who think with the lower half of their bodies, she thought. In front of the woman they're interested in, not many of them could hold back their desires and act like a true gentleman. Also, she had absolute confidence in her body, and the more Alexander pushed her aside, the more she would raise her chest and stick it toward his body. Instantly, an unhappy look washed over him, and he grabbed her arms.

Before pulling her away, he warned her icily, "Let go!" His principles taught him to respect women, but it didn't prevent him from keeping his bottom line. If the other party was persistent, then he wouldn't hesitate to act roughly on a woman. On the other hand, Janice interpreted his short moment of hesitation as his attempt at playing hard-to-get. If he was really unwilling, a big man like him could have easily pushed her aside. The thought of this made the adrenaline pump through her veins. "I already fell for you since the first time I saw you, and I swear you're the first man in my life. Don't say no to me, okay?" As she spoke, she went on tiptoes and rubbed her face against his neck, kissing him while he tried to dodge it left and right.

When he was close to blowing his top, Elise opened the bathroom door, and the sight of them tangled together greeted her. Twitching her lips awkwardly, she felt that her buttons had been pushed once more. It was Alexander who reacted first. Without any regard for Janice's pride, he peeled her away from himself directly and threw her on the bed. "Are you done with your madness?" Falling hard on the bed, Janice felt herself slipping into unconsciousness again as her head turned woozy. As though she was watching a show, Elise crossed her arms and leaned on the doorframe of the bathroom. "Looks like I came out at the wrong time and ruined your moment," she said sarcastically.

Still furious from Janice clinging on to him, Alexander became even more frustrated when he saw Elise looking neither jealous nor angry. Gritting his teeth in anger, he then stormed out of the room. Hearing Elise's voice, Janice was stunned for a couple of seconds before opening her eyes in realization. The moment their eyes met, she was so shocked that she was jerked awake and straightened herself. "What are you doing here?!" Ignoring her question, Elise asked in sarcasm, "Are you so very interested in my boyfriend?" Exposed, Janice was momentarily speechless. "W-Who said so? No, I'm not." After a short pause, something came into her mind and she argued, "Even if I am, so what?"

You guys are just dating and are not even married yet. He has the right to choose who he wants to be with!" Elise snorted, wondering how her university had such an immoral student. Forgetting the fact that Janice didn't even thank her for getting her out of a fix, she still had the nerves to act so righteously after trying to seduce her boyfriend! Alas, my kindness didn't beget kindness. I shouldn't have been so soft-hearted in the club earlier. Uncrossing her arms, Elise dropped them by her sides naturally and enunciated, "Maybe you don't know that I'm a little mysophobic and also a little possessive.

I hate it the most when someone covets after my belongings, be it an item or a person. In contrast, I don't mind if we talk about everything that happened tonight at school." As if feeling that she didn't appear assertive enough, she repeated, "You didn't hear me wrong. I mean everything." From what happened in the club until the hotel, every single thing was enough to destroy Janice's impression in her suitors' hearts completely.

"Don't you dare!" Furious, Janice slammed the bed. "Do you think anyone will believe you? That's slandering!" "I see," Elise uttered nonchalantly, shrugging and turning to leave. While walking away, she added, "I'll be waiting for you to sue me, then. I would like to see if you're going to send me to jail first or I'll ruin you first!" After saying that, she disappeared completely from the door. Hysterical, Janice shrieked, "You're a b\*tch, Elise Sinclair!"