

Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 331

When night came, Elise decided to have dinner with Robin and Laura. Her grandparents had nearly gone mad with worry before she successfully escaped from Matthew's clutches, so she didn't intend to go out that night.

However, she still didn't see any sign of Alexander when the clock struck ten and both grandparents had already gone to bed. Elise felt a little antsy at that. She repeatedly paced between her room and the balcony, her eyes fixed on the road that led to the Sinclair Residence, searching for Alexander and his car.

After some time, Elise's pacing came to a halt in the living room. There, she belatedly realized that she was actually eager to see Alexander. Or to be more precise, she was already eager to see him even though they had only been apart for an afternoon.

When did Elise become so attached to him?

As she was immersed in her thoughts, her phone rang from where it was on the coffee table. She paced over to pick it up. The moment she saw Alexander's name on the caller ID, she immediately answered the phone.

Alexander's voice was pitched very soft and low, as though he was afraid of startling her. "Were you asleep?"

"No," Elise answered honestly. "I slept a lot this afternoon, so I haven't been able to fall asleep now. I'm a bit bored."

"Come down, then," Alexander said.

"Huh?" Elise didn't quite process that, standing there stiffly for a few moments before she whirled around and ran toward the balcony.

With the aid of the yellow glow of the streetlights, she could see Alexander, dressed in a leather trench coat. The belt around his midsection perfectly brought out the lines of his waist, making him look even taller and slender.

All of a sudden, Elise felt like she couldn't control herself as she hung up and dashed outside without even throwing on a jacket.

Their eyes met. Before Elise could even speak, Alexander undid his belt and draped his coat around her.

"You still came here even though it's so late already?" Elise asked.

Alexander's gaze was soft, and his voice was so lovingly gentle. "I wanted to see you. I'll only be able to relax once I'm sure that you're still here."

Elise didn't quite understand what he was getting at. If he wanted to make sure that she was safe, a simple phone call would have sufficed. There was no need for him to personally come here.

At the sight of Elise's expression, Alexander knew that she was lost again. His smile deepened, and he reached out to pull her into his embrace.

Someone—Elise had forgotten who—had once told her that the act of hugging could soothe one's heart. So, was Alexander trying to soothe himself by hugging her?

Is it because of what Grandpa said earlier? Figuring that was the case, Elise felt a little apologetic. "Grandpa didn't have any bad intentions. Please don't take what he said to heart."

"Silly, I can't even begin to express my gratitude. Why would I be angry with your grandfather?" Alexander released Elise and took a step back.

Their gazes met again. When Elise recalled the matter of the photos, her eyes began to glimmer. She didn't feel quite at ease.

Strange. She was clearly almost out of her mind with impatience when Alexander still hadn't come to see her. Now that he was actually here, she didn't even dare to look him in the eye.

"Elise," Alexander called out to her.

"Hm?" Elise whipped her head up, only for her eyes to immediately meet Alexander's fiery ones. Instantly, heat rushed to her face. But before she could react, Alexander's cool lips had already pressed themselves against her lips.

All Elise could feel was the jolts of electricity zipping across her nerves. Her entire body burned.

It wasn't until their breaths got heavy that Alexander reluctantly separated himself from her. The edges of his lips twitched up into a gentle smile. "See? Nothing has changed. Isn't that right?"

Her body was the most honest part of her. That kiss alone was proof enough that they were the best match for each other; nothing would change that fact.

And smart people didn't need any further explanation for that. At last, Elise smiled as

well. She voluntarily stepped forward and pressed herself against his chest. "Thank you for loving me so deeply, Alexander."

Alexander didn't speak. They both stood under the streetlights just like that, leaning against each other.

Meanwhile, Robin watched everything from where he was upstairs, unable to sleep because of his concern and worry for Elise

The next day, Elise changed into a casual outfit before she strolled to campus. The moment she stepped into the dorm, Janice stopped her. "Elise, why are you back?!"

The corners of Elise's mouth awkwardly twitched as she scoffed. "Heh... Does it matter much whether I come back or not?" She didn't like to interact much with people like Janice. The reason being, once they had their sights set on someone, they could never be shaken off.

Janice looked around before she said mysteriously, "Elise, I won't be someone that a country bumpkin like you can just shrug off in the future: I'm pregnant, and the baby is Johan's."

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Elise sucked in a breath, her eyes widening as she stared at Janice's flat abdomen in astoundment. She couldn't believe that there was already a new little life forming inside there in just those few days that she had been gone.

To top it off, Johan was definitely not a good match for Janice.

Elise truly didn't understand why Janice insisted on dying on the hill that was Johan Olson even though she was a stellar student at Tissote University, enjoying the best education there was—she clearly had a bright future ahead. And most importantly, if Johan's fiancée, Faye, were to find out, Janice might lose her life, never mind the baby growing in her belly.

Meanwhile, however, Janice still seemed unaware of the dangers she was about to face as she continued to talk excitedly to Elise.

"Now that you're pregnant, you should talk with Johan as soon as possible about your marriage. If the baby arrives with no status and no father, it will be detrimental to both you and the baby."

That was Elise's last reminder to Janice. She didn't want to continue to bother with whatever had happened in the past between them. It was different from how she imagined things would go, but she wouldn't need to keep wasting her breath on Janice anymore.

Having said all that, she smiled and prepared to leave.

"Elise, can you help me?" Janice furrowed her brows together, as though she had been deeply hurt.

Did someone spike her water or something? Why did Janice suddenly do a 180?! Elise had a hard stance on this. Her face darkening, she reached out to push Janice away in an attempt to leave.

However, Janice's grip was like a vice; she refused to let go of Elise. In their tussle, Janice suddenly lost her balance and tipped backward.

Elise's first reaction was to ensure the baby's safety, so she frantically twisted her body to the side to keep Janice from falling. While she managed to help reduce the impact for Janice, both of them still fell over by the door. The back of Elise's head struck the door, and she instinctively reached up to rub at it. But before she could register the pain, she heard Janice's choking sobs. "My stomach, it hurts... Help me..."

Subsequently, a few passing students called an ambulance to send them both to the hospital.

Elise was sitting outside of the emergency room, waiting for the doctor to finish checking Janice when Alexander called her. Immediately after pressing her phone to her ear, she heard Alexander's rich voice. It made her feel significantly more at ease.

"I'm already outside your dorm. Let's go have lunch."

"I'm at the hospital," Elise said.

Instantly, Alexander panicked. Even his tone changed. "What happened? Which hospital are you at?"

"I'm not sure, but it's the one closest to campus. You..."

Beep

Before she could finish speaking, all Elise could hear was the long beep of a call that had ended. She pulled her phone away to look at it, only to see that Alexander had already hung up. As she stared blankly at the screen, the emergency room light dimmed. The doctor then emerged from the room. "Is the patient's family here?"

Elise only returned to her senses after hearing the doctor's voice, getting up to greet him. "I'm her classmate. Is she all right, doctor?"

"We've already given her emergency care. The baby is safe, but I still suggest for her to remain here so that she can be observed for the next few days. Call her family so that the paperwork for her stay can be filed," the doctor said.

"Understood. Sorry for all the trouble."

"It's what any doctor should have done." With that, the doctor left.

Not long after that, a nurse wheeled Janice out and moved her into a regular ward. After hooking up an IV, the nurse urged, "There are limited beds. Her family should hurry up and file the paperwork."

Elise nodded repeatedly. Now that she was involved, she had no choice but to ask Janice for her family's contact. "You'll have to inform your family. What's their phone number? I'll help you call them."

Once she handed Janice off to her family, Elise could withdraw; she would've fulfilled her duty as a responsible citizen. But how could Janice reveal her pregnancy to her

family? She looked away to the side, her lips sealed.

Elise could see through her thoughts, and so she patiently asked again, "Okay, so you don't want your family to find out. How about your best friend then? Or any other friend?"

Janice remained silent.

Elise was a little angry now. "Janice Garcia, do you think that I'll hesitate to leave you here alone?"

"Then just let me die alone," Janice said huffily without even turning to look at her.

Elise smacked a hand to her forehead. She wasn't Johan; was there any point in Janice losing her temper at her? That being said, Elise wasn't actually able to bring herself to do it. Thus, she took the bills and headed to the first floor to settle the procedures for Janice's hospitalization.

Just when she reached downstairs, she ran into Alexander. "Perfect timing, ..."

"I'm glad you're safe."

Elise had been prepared to vent, but Alexander already had her in a bear hug before she could finish her rant. And so, she swallowed her words. She could clearly sense Alexander's relief after he hugged her. *This guy... Did he think I was the one who got hurt?*

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That was, indeed, Alexander's thought. After he felt her warm presence, he finally cased up.

Elise didn't dislike Alexander's contact, but the gazes from the other families in the lobby was uncomfortable. With no other choice, she tugged on the hem of his shirt. "We're at a hospital," she reminded.

Alexander reluctantly pulled back before he held her by the arm and thoroughly inspected her. Once he had confirmed for himself that she was unhurt, he relaxed. "Why are you all the way here?"

Elise shrugged helplessly and brandished the bill in her hand. "I was forced to come."

.Alexander took the bill from her, seemingly understanding the gist of the situation

when he saw Janice's name on it. "Since when were you two close?"

Elise squeezed out a pained smile. "Is 'no idea' a good answer?"

In truth, Elise had no idea how she ended up getting involved with Janice either. In her worldview, there were only two colors—black and white. There was no room for gray. She and Janice were already like fire and water; they should be constantly butting heads with each other.

It was Elise's fault for being so soft-hearted. She had wanted to maintain a good relationship with her classmates, but she never expected Janice to try and climb up the status hierarchy. Now, she couldn't shake her off even if she wanted to.

Just my luck, Elise mentally lamented.

Alexander's lips curved up. "The friendship between girls is always a mystery," he joked.

"You can stuff it." Elise had a sour expression on her face. "A passing acquaintance is not a friend, and a one-off act is not enough basis for friendship. I can even say that the president is my friend, but is that possible?"

"With how skilled and talented you are, that's not out of the realm of possibility," Alexander said with a straight face.

Elise immediately pulled a face, squinting to glare at him.

It was then that Alexander knew he had crossed the line, so he immediately changed his tune. "Okay, I'll stop teasing you. Since you don't want to stay here, come with me. I'll let Cameron handle this."

"Great. I've had to put up with the smell of disinfectant the entire morning, and I'm sick of it." Now that Elise already knew that Janice was a giant pain, all she wanted to do was keep a wide berth from her. She didn't even care that she was causing more trouble for Alexander anymore.

Alexander smoothly pulled her outside. "There's a new restaurant that opened recently. The vibe is nice. It's a good place to relax."

"Sure." Elise's lips thinned for a moment as she smiled. She had no intention of telling him about the truth with Janice. She just hoped that this would be the end of having to do anything for Janice. From now on, they would not get involved in each other's lives.

Alexander wasn't lying. The restaurant was in the suburbs, far away from the hustle and bustle of the city. The air was fresh, the environment serene. If Elise focused, she could even smell a faint sweet scent floating in the air.

The restaurant was built around a lake. It was an open-air establishment. Every few yards, there was a pavilion, and they all had booths. She and Alexander picked a spot with a better view of the lake, and they ordered all of the restaurant's signature dishes.

Elise was starving after all that busywork earlier that morning; she had already begun to dig in even though not all of the food had arrived.

Alexander poured a glass of warm water and placed it within her arm's reach. "Don't worry. I won't be stealing your food," he said, seemingly as a joke.

Elise froze for a moment before she belatedly came to her senses. She had been rude by eating like that, so she hastily stopped.

Alexander actually wanted to tell Elise that she didn't have to be so restrained around him, but his heart melted at the sight of her bashfulness. He selfishly drank it all in for a while, engraving this honest side of her in his heart. His only response to her was a faint smile.

Right at that moment, Alexander's phone rang. He glanced at the screen through the corners of his eyes. It was Cameron.

There was no need for Cameron to call him over the minor nuisance that was Janice. So, it had to be about Matthew.

"I'm going to take this call, okay?" Alexander asked for her permission, picking up his phone to head to an empty pavilion nearby.

"Go ahead." Elise was overjoyed on the inside. This way, she could eat to her heart's content without having to worry about her image.

The moment Alexander left, Elise grabbed one of the desserts, scooping up a large spoonful to wolf down. Instantly, a satisfied smile rose on her face. "Oh, that just hits the spot—"

The food on the table was plated beautifully. All of it tasted absolutely wonderful and delicious, but the desserts were mind-blowing.

Just as she was about to take another bite, a rich male voice rang out above her. "Get the pastry chef to send two more of his signature desserts to this booth."

Elise caught sight of Johan staring at her sinisterly the moment she looked up, a pretty woman in skimpy clothes by his side. His arm was wrapped snugly around the woman's slender waist. It was more than evident just how close those two were.

At the memory of Janice lying weakly but stubbornly in a hospital bed, Elise couldn't help but feel her stomach churn. All of a sudden, her appetite left her.

However, Johan seemed enthusiastic. "If you like the food, you can come here more often. This restaurant is one of my investments. If you ever come back here again, everything will be on the house."

Elise's expression chilled. She put down her food and deliberately put as much distance between them as she could. "There's no need for that. I'm not one to accept charity. I'm not so poor that I can't even pay for a single meal," she said blandly. With that, she steepled her fingers, supporting her chin with her hands as she looked up at him. A harsh glint shone in her pretty eyes. "If you have the time to make idle chit chat with a woman you have no ties to here, why don't you direct some of that attention to those you share your bed with?"

Johan didn't know about Janice's pregnancy. He instinctively looked at the woman next to him upon hearing that. Thinking that Elise was talking about her, a sly look flashed across his eyes. He then reached out and seductively gripped the woman's chin. "Tell Miss Sinclair here how I treat you," he said, seemingly in a teasing way.

The woman smiled bashfully. "Everyone in Tissote knows that you're the best at

understanding a woman's heart. Naturally, you're the kindest man out there."

A pleased look appeared on Johan's face. He then turned to look at Elise and smugly raised an eyebrow. "Heard that?"

"Yeah," Elise said evenly. "You cast a wide net."

This guy was a casanova, no different from any other playboy out there. He'd go for any woman he could lay his eyes on.

Johan instantly picked up on Elise's implications. She was clearly mocking him for being a "manwh*re" among men, who would not reject anything that moves.

At this, he gritted his teeth, his expression changing. A cold look was present in his eyes now. *This woman's words are as barbed as ever, leaving no room for mercy.* He hated it with every fiber of his being, but he also felt inexplicably excited. *How exciting would it be to conquer a woman like this?*

He released his hold on the scantily-clad woman and walked into the booth. Placing both palms on the table, he leaned over to look at Elise. "You know me so well, Miss Sinclair. Could it be that you have eyes for me?" he asked with a half-smile.

"Eyes for what?" Alexander's rich voice instantly shattered the sinister atmosphere hanging over the booth.

Johan immediately straightened up at Alexander's voice. By the time he blinked, Alexander was already right in front of him. When their eyes met, their gazes seemingly morphed into invisible blades, battling with each other. Neither of them would yield.

After standing off against each other, Alexander lowered his gaze to condescendingly scan Johan from head to toe. He then chuckled coldly. "Maybe your honeyed words? Your greed? Or maybe how you're impotent because of how you overindulged while still in your youth?" he asked.

"What did you say!" Johan's eyes bugged out of his skull, his fist unconsciously clenching up.

Alexander, however, was unbothered. He maintained his smile as he slowly answered, "What? Was I right? Did I strike a nerve?"

For a moment, Johan was struck speechless, unable to answer Alexander's question. His chest heaved from anger.

One could attack a man for his looks, his height, or his physique. But the one thing one could never attack a man for, though, was his virility.

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Alexander said it in such a delicate way that Johan's answer did not matter anymore. It was undeniable that the latter was frustrated and embarrassed.

Because both of them were famous big shots in Tissote, the atmosphere became tense and suffocating at once with the two men in a stalemate.

Fortunately, the waiter was observant and quickly went to inform the manager upon perceiving the awkward situation.

Since the manager was also a shrewd lady, she knew that could not afford to offend either party. So, she thought of a way to separate them. "Mr. Olson, your client is still waiting for you."

Initially, Johan was still thinking about how he should put this to an end, and the opportunity soon came. Despite feeling pleased inwardly, he still feigned an impatient look as he cast a side glance at the manager with a long face before looking at Alexander again. "Mind you. No one will forever be on a roll. You're just lucky today but we'll wait and see," Johan gritted his teeth and warned Alexander.

Thereafter, he put his arm around his companion's waist and left.

Meanwhile, the manager and waiter stood aside with their heads lowered. It was only after Johan and the woman had walked away did they go up to apologize to Alexander. "I'm so sorry for the interruption, Mr. Griffith. Your meal will be on the house today. Besides, I'll ask the waiters to send another bottle of first-class wine. Please forgive us and don't take it to heart."

Alexander had no intention to put the manager in a difficult position to begin with, so he looked down and nodded. "Mm-hmm."

Hearing that, the manager curled her lips slightly and was overjoyed. "I shall excuse myself first then."

As she said that, she gave a look to the waiter behind her, and the two quickly left.

On the other hand, Elise had been observing this female manager's performance and realized she was very sharp, so she couldn't help praising her. "This manager is rather observant—she knows it's worse to offend you than Johan."

Hearing that, Alexander smiled faintly and went back to his seat. "Do you think she's just a manager?"

Elise was confused. "Isn't she?"

Seeing that Elise had already finished half of her dessert, Alexander put his beside her. "To be precise, she's actually the owner of this restaurant."

Surprised, Elise couldn't help but look toward the direction where the manager left again.

In the restaurant they were currently dining in, one meal could easily cost up to ten thousand. Hence, it was deemed as a restaurant of the highest standard in Tissote. With that said, the female manager was indeed extraordinary to have this kind of achievement at such a young age.

"Let's drop this topic." Alexander was not too interested in other people's matters, so he switched the topic. "Do you feel like getting revenge?"

"What?" Elise was stunned for a moment.

Alexander lifted his brows and did not explain further.

Elise looked at his expression and understood at once. Then, she waved her hands about and rejected him. "I didn't take it to heart."

After saying that, Elise thought something was not right, so she quickly added, "However, a jerk like him indeed deserves a lesson."

While Janice was alone staying in the hospital, Johan was swaggeringly having a good time out here. Anyone who saw this situation would want to teach him a lesson.

Elise was not a busybody, but she would readily lend a helping hand to a stranger who was faced with injustice, let alone Janice.

Pressing her lips, Elise pondered for a while and had an idea in no time. She looked at Alexander and said excitedly, "Mr. Griffith, would you like to help establish justice?"

Alexander looked at Elise's quirky expression and smiled in affection. "I'd love to."

Thereafter, Elise grabbed Alexander's phone over and sent a message to the major news forums in the city before returning the phone to Alexander again, satisfied. "Your phone, sir."

"What did you do?" Alexander was curious as he had rarely seen Elise this bubbly.

"You'll know tomorrow." Saying that, Elise then finished the remaining half of the dessert in one gulp.

The next day, when Johan woke up on the big bed in a high-end hotel, the woman beside him was still sound asleep. Dressed in a bathrobe, he got out of the bed to pour a glass of wine. Then, he drank it while walking toward the living room and sat down on the couch to read the news habitually.

However, a few minutes after he started scrolling through his iPad, his finger stopped midair above the screen.

*Famous model Vivian is exposed for living a promiscuous life and has had illicit relationships with numerous magnates. It is alleged that Vivian is diagnosed with an STD, and several famous individuals have already gone for a checkup at hospitals as of now...'

Johan thought he had read it wrongly, so he quickly put down the wine glass in his hand and zoomed in on the screen with his two fingers.

After confirming that the Vivian mentioned in the news was none other than the woman lying on his bed, Johan was so annoyed that he threw the iPad right away and snarled loudly, "F*ck this wh*re!"

The iPad was smashed onto the cupboard's glass, and Vivian was awakened by the noise. Ruffling her hair, she sat up on the bed in a daze. Before she could open her eyes, Johan grabbed her hair and gave her a fierce slap in her face.

After falling back to the bed after getting hit, Vivian covered her face in pain and whined pitifully, "What is this about, Mr. Olson? Didn't we have a great time last night? You hurt me..."

Johan scolded while putting on his shirt, "Shut up, you b*tch! You got me in deep trouble! If something really happens to me, I'll kill you!"

Vivian stopped whining at once and could only sob softly as she did not dare to look at Johan. Even after the latter had left, she still did not understand how exactly she offended him.

After that, Johan spent an entire two hours undergoing every possible checkup. It was only until the result was released to confirm that he was not infected with any disease did he feel relieved and leave the hospital.

"You got frightened pretty bad, huh?" Suddenly, Matthew appeared beside Johan.

Hearing that, Johan turned to look at Matthew's direction sulkily. In one glance, Johan immediately recognized the young master who was once on the big headlines. "Damn! Yet another Griffith! What an unlucky day!" he tutted.

"Not at all. You need to be clear of one thing I'm not your enemy at all." Matthew raised his right hand and shook his index finger. Then, he walked up to Johan and stood in front of him. "Don't you want to find out who is the one who got you into such a fright?"

Suspicion arose in Johan the moment he heard Matthew's question. Frowning, he pondered inwardly and remembered that while waiting for the checkup reports, he read through the news again. Just as Matthew had said, the main focus should be on the news that Vivian contracted a disease and had sugar daddies. However, as the incident developed, a few influencers who had huge fan bases exposed old pictures of him and Vivian on social media. As such, he actually became the focus of public opinion instead.

Most importantly, even the Anderson Family was made known to the news. It had only been a few hours since the news was out, yet Faye had already sent Johan tens of messages to question him, which made him frustrated.

To think about it, Johan thought it indeed seemed like someone was deliberately plotting this.

He lifted his eyes to glance at Matthew again. Narrowing his eyes, he asked tentatively as he roughly had a guess, "Are you saying... it's Alexander?"

Matthew lifted his brows with a smile and said, "The Olson Family is also famous in the city. Besides Alexander, who else could be this influential to be able to order around all the major media in the city at the same time?"

"Why should I believe you?" Johan stared at Matthew dubiously.

"Of course you have to believe me." Matthew stuck out his chest with confidence written across his face. "An enemy's enemy is a friend, isn't that right?"

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Johan's eyes darkened slightly as he sank into deep thoughts.

Matthew was now a fugitive, so the only reason he initiated to come to Johan was that he wanted to use the latter to go after Alexander.

However, this encounter did not really mean much to Johan as even without Matthew, he would sooner or later make Alexander suffer too. However, the point was what advantage would he garner from Matthew?

On the other hand, Matthew actually came prepared. Seeing Johan's hesitation, he continued to rub Johan's nose in the dirt. "As far as I know, you just lost to Alexander in the auction recently. It has just not been long since then, yet you're getting screwed over by him again. One would rather die than be humiliated. Don't you want to seek revenge on him a hundredfold like a real man?"

Johan sneered coldly as he understood what was going on. "You're trying to provoke me?"

Matthew curled his lips and put on an innocent smile. "I'm just unhappy with his actions."

Johan shrugged and had no intention to do Matthew this favor. "I'm not interested in the dispute between you guys. However, let me remind you that there are quite a number of policemen around this area, so watch out."

After saying that in a surly voice, Johan left directly without waiting for Matthew to respond

He was not that stupid. Although Alexander and Matthew were on bad terms, they were a family after all and this relationship could not be denied. If he agreed to join Matthew to teach Alexander a lesson today, he would be the only one suffering if the two men

reconciled in the future. As such, he had no intention to be involved in this losing proposition.

Meanwhile, hatred flashed through Matthew's eyes as he stood at the spot and watched Johan leave.

One who lost his position and influence would easily be bullied by the others. *He's just an ape who indulges in debauchery. How dare he too look down on me? Fine. I should teach you a lesson then.*

Elise received a call from Janice the moment she came out of the restaurant.

Just as she was hesitating whether to answer the call, Alexander directly snatched her phone from the side and switched off its power. "Being indecisive will only put you at a disadvantage. Since when did you become this soft-hearted?"

Elise knew she was in an indefensible position, so she did not retort Alexander's words but merely stuck out her tongue mischievously and admitted his allegation.

Moments like this would show the difference between the personalities of a man and a woman. Although Elise was strong and independent, she was a girl after all, so she would become indecisive when faced with the vulnerable ones.

Nevertheless, the situation now was rather good—since Alexander shielded her from all these, she did not have to get involved with Janice anymore in the future.

Moreover, she had sought revenge on behalf of Janice today, so if Janice still had some integrity, she should know how to resolve the current plight.

Sometimes, having strong support would actually make one weak. In contrast, when she realized that she was completely on her own, she would learn to fix her problems herself.

"Do you want to go home or to school?" Alexander asked.

"School. There should be a lot of outstanding matters to be solved by me after such a long leave."

In fact, this was her original plan for the morning, but it was postponed due to Janice's emergency situation. Elise disliked the feeling of accumulating pending tasks, so she wanted to settle all of them today.

"Head to Tissote University," Alexander ordered.

"Yes, sir." Cameron quickly started the car engine to send both of them to the university.

Half an hour later, the car stopped at the entrance of the university.

Alexander's eyes turned lazy and complicated as he sat in the car and watched Elise walk away. "How's the matter of hiring a private bodyguard going?"

"Everything is ready. The bodyguard will enter Tissote University as Miss Sinclair's classmate. I've coordinated with the university to arrange for them to stay in the same hostel too."

"Alright," Alexander hummed indifferently as he kept his eyes glued to Elise.

It was only to this extent that he could be slightly relieved as he would never allow the situation to happen again—where Elise could not be contacted or located for several days.

When Elise walked into the hostel, it was extraordinarily quiet because Addison and the others were napping.

So, Elise softened her steps and walked toward her bed.

Walking toward her place, she realized there were several notebooks of different colors placed on her desk.

She opened them to see the pages fully packed with notes of different subjects. At one glance, Elise could tell from the messy handwriting that these notes were written by Addison.

Feeling touched, Elise smiled.

Addison rarely attended classes on normal days, but she actually took down all these notes for her.

A friend in need was a friend indeed.

While Elise was still feeling touched, Addison suddenly turned around on the bed behind.

"Hey. Elise. You're back. I'm hungry; please order some delivery for me. I feel like having meat dishes..." Addison leaned half of her body against the bed frame and started acting in a coquettish manner before even opening her eyes.

"Sure. What do you want to have?" Elise agreed readily. "Since you were kind enough to help me take notes, I don't mind buying you some more expensive food—I'm fine if you want to dine out too."

Hearing that, Addison widened her eyes at once and became sober immediately. "Seriously? Are you going to buy me a feast?"

"Mm—hmm." Elise nodded and explained with a smile, "But not now as I've just had lunch not too long ago. Is dinner okay?"

"Of course!" Addison kicked away her blanket immediately and started putting on her shirt after getting out of bed.

Elise thought Addison did not hear her clearly, so she reminded her, "We're only going at night. Don't you want to sleep in a little while more?"

"You don't get it. Health is the greatest wealth, and nothing is more important than eating. I need to get out of the bed now to wash up, take a shower, and put on some makeup. Even so, I'm afraid that I won't have enough time and you might still need to wait for me toward the end!" While saying that, Addison quickly jumped down the bed and darted toward the washroom to start washing up.

On the other hand, Elise observed Addison quietly from the side. She always felt that the innocence in Addison was rare among those of their age, and that made Elise feel comfortable getting along with her for some reason.

In short, there was a world of difference between Addison and Janice.

At the thought of Janice, Elise rubbed her brows again as she started pondering how she should deal with her after she was discharged.

Just then, the clattering sound of high-heels emerged from outside the door, and the source of the sound approached closer.

In no time, a tall woman, who had a long ponytail and donned a leather suit strutted into Elise's room.

The woman had a compelling aura, and she started sizing up every corner of the room with her eyes which had heavy eyeliner applied to them the moment she entered the room.

Puzzled, Elise asked, "Excuse me. May I know who you are looking for?"

"Are you Elise Sinclair?" the woman turned around to look at Elise and asked.

"That's me." Elise stood up slowly. While answering to the woman, she racked her brain to recall if she had ever provoked a lady of this style, but to no avail.

"Great. I'm your new roommate cum private bodyguard, Miller Mikey." While saying that, Miller hurled the luggage she was carrying over her shoulder onto the only vacant bed in the room and called dibs on the space.

"Who sent you here?" Elise was still confused—she was here to study, not preparing for a battle, so how weird would it be to have a bodyguard following her around?

"I can't tell you that at the moment. All you have to know is that I'm here to protect you."

Saying that, Miller pulled out the closest chair to her and sat down. Thereafter, she lit up a cigarette and started smoking while staring at the floor in a daze.

Elise frowned as she wanted to continue asking her something.

Just then, Addison came out of the washroom to see the room's door wide open and an overdressed woman smoking swaggeringly in the room, so her immediate hunch was that someone wanted to mess with Elise again.

Without hesitating, Addison pointed at Miller and darted over fiercely. "Who are you?! How can you simply barge into our dorm, and you're even smoking! Mind you. I'm going to report you to the discipline master now. Stop smoking already!"

After saying that, Addison reached out her hand to snuff out the cigarette. However, before she could reach the cigarette butt, Miller sprang up all of a sudden, pressed Addison's face on the table, and seized both her hands from the back.

"It's dangerous here! Leave quickly!" Miller ordered Elise, who was behind her, in a serious manner.

While saying that, she exerted more force on Addison, which made the latter whine in pain, "Ouch... Ouch... Help me! Help me, Elise!"