

Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 356

Chapter 356

Jeremy had always been the target of paparazzi because of his status and his behavior. This time around, the news of him and Johan being imprisoned was instantly on the trending page.

Everyone had been guessing the identity of the mastermind who dared to challenge the Olson Family's dignity.

Meanwhile, all hell broke loose in the Olson Family as well.

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"Elise is the one who caused my son to go to jail? Which family is she from?"

"I have no idea," the policeman replied truthfully in a timid voice.

"I only know that her fiance is Alexander Griffith and he is indeed not an ordinary man."

As soon as Amelia heard Alexander's name, she instantly knew who he was.

After all, the circles of the upper-class society were tightly knitted, so everyone knew each other fairly well. Whenever they gathered, they would complain and gossip apart from carrying out some entertainment activities.

From what I have heard from Madeline, I bet Elise is the girl from the countryside who clings onto Alexander and wants to use the Griffith

Family to increase her status. Madeline is usually quite courteous, so she would not easily offend others. I bet it's Elise who is behind all this. I heard from Madeline that Alexander has

been smitten by this countryside vixen. He doesn't even listen to his mother anymore, as if he is under a spell. Alright.

In that case, I will help Madeline to weed the trouble from her family to vent my anger!

"Where is she now?" Amelia asked with a darkened face.

"She is a student of Tissot University, so I think she might be on campus now," the policeman replied grudgingly.

"Very well.

I want to have a good look at what this vixen looks like."

With that, she left in her high heels.

At this moment, Elise and Addison were attending their lectures.

Just as the lecturer was about to play his powerpoint slides, they heard a shrill woman's voice.

"Elise Sinclair of the Mathematics Faculty, don't let me look for you in every classroom and get your *ss out of there!"

Even though Amelia was quite far away, Elise's name had clearly rang throughout the entire lecture hall.

Elise had always been famous in the university to begin with. Now that someone insulted her with her full name, everyone in her class shifted their attention to look at her.

The lecturer was a well-tempered man who decided to ignore this and he merely tapped on the blackboard to remind the students to pay attention to him.

However, Amelia did not throw in the towel. She had found a loudspeaker somewhere and recorded her voice into it. Then, she repeatedly played the recording throughout the entire campus.

"Elise Sinclair, you b*tch! If you dare to do whatever you like, you should dare to man up to your actions. I dare you to come out to meet me now! Stop hiding there like a coward!"

“Elise Sinclair, you—”

Although Amelia’s insults did not annoy Elise, the lecturer was infuriated. He removed his glasses and threw his notes on the desk as he said in a low voice, “What a menace to our education!”

An annoyed Elise sighed as she took the initiative to stand up. “Sir, I’ll handle this.”

“You don’t have to do that. I will contact the university’s security immediately. We will not allow such progress to be impeded by such behavior!”

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However, as he was rather elderly, he forgot to wear his glasses again due to his impatience. Hence, he fumbled around and did not make the call even after a long time.

As Elise could not stand hearing Amelia continuously repeating the word ‘b*tch, she left her seat and walked out of the hall.

By the time she had arrived on the ground floor, she noticed Amelia holding a loudspeaker, along with her bodyguards, as they directed the loudspeakers at the lecture halls.

“Uncultured b*tch.” With that, Elise clucked her tongue.

Although Elise’s voice was quite soft, Amelia seemed to have sensed Elise’s presence and immediately turned around; it was just in time to meet Elise’s careless gaze.

When they locked eyes, they sharply stared down at each other, each refusing to give in to the other.

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At this moment, Amelia took measure of the woman before her.

The woman was dressed in a plain and simple manner. Her clothing was decent and tasteful, and even her face was ordinary with nothing remarkable about it. It was only that her gaze seemed deep and unruly-Amelia could tell at first glance that the woman was not one to be easily messed with.

However, Amelia wasn't an easy target to pick on either. Thus, she took control of her emotions and rocked up to Elise in her pair of stilettos.

Since the world wasn't lacking in gossip, the academic building was packed to the brim with curious onlookers within seconds.

"Elise Sinclair?"

As Amelia was already a tall woman, her heels had allowed her to tower half a head over Elise; currently, she had her chin lifted loftily and was imperiously looking down at Elise.

The Olson Family had been doing well in Tissote all these years.

Amelia hadn't needed to display her arrogant manner to others in a while; in her imagination, her stature was enough to weaken the knees of these country bumpkins.

However, the truth was that Elise had folded her arms across her chest and sneered at Amelia, looking so scornful that she might as well be watching a clown perform at the circus.

The treatment that Amelia had never experienced before irritated her so much that she raised her voice as she repeated, "I asked you whether you were Elise Sinclair."

With her expression still the same, Elise remained quiet and stared at Amelia for a moment before calmly replying, "Sorry, I don't speak with strangers. Personal habit."

The answer made Amelia gasp angrily. Stranger Personal habit? How dare she!

Amelia was the apple of the Olson Family's eye! How dare this yokel behave like she is above my level!

Elise was as what Madeline had said-truly ignorant to etiquette and ungrateful to her superiors to the point where she spoke rudely to an elder.

Thus, after a moment of thought, Amelia raised a hand before she dropped it to slap Elise's cheek so hard that Elise's head turned to one side.

"This is for your disrespect," she told Elise, narrowing her eyes haughtily, before raising another hand. "And this is for your lack of sense!"

Yet, before the second blow could land on her, Elise had caught hold of Amelia's wrist.

A surprised Amelia met Elise's gaze once more only to notice that the previously clear eyes were now filled with a murderous rage. More importantly, Elise's slender fingers were so powerful that they felt like they were going to snap Amelia's wrist in half at any second.

"I was careless to let you hit me the first time, but you don't actually think you could be so lucky, do you?" Elise growled in a bloodthirsty manner.

By now, Amelia was in so much pain that she had scrunched her face. As she gritted her teeth and hissed, she involuntarily leaned into Elise, trying in vain to alleviate the pain in her wrist, while snapping at the bodyguards behind her, "Are you all dead? Hurry up and help me!"

Only then did the bodyguards come to their senses and rush toward Elise.

However, as soon as they arrived closer toward her, she displayed her martial prowess by kicking them both to the ground in succession.

Meanwhile, Addison was rushing downstairs and couldn't help patting her chest in relief when she saw the two bodyguards on the ground before shouting at the top of her lungs, "Are you okay, Elise?"

After having seen Amelia slap Elise without warning from the upper floors, Addison had hurried downstairs without thinking, only to realize that Elise had single handedly dealt with all three of them.

"I'm fine," Elise answered slowly as she glanced behind her. "Take a step back, Addy. I don't want you to get hurt by accident."

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"Okay." A helpless Addison nodded before retreating into the doorway of the academic building to watch from afar,

Seeing that Elise had dealt with the bodyguards, Amelia surrendered and tossed her shoulder bag onto the floor so that she would have a free hand to grab Elise's hair.

However, Elise inevitably caught the free hand as well.

She wasn't in a good mood as of late, so she didn't feel that she should be blamed for her ruthlessness at this woman's insistence on staring down the barrel of a gun. After all, if Elise had endured being slapped, what else could the woman get away with?

Thus, she exerted force without mercy, which caused Amelia's knees to give out beneath her. As she kneeled before Elise, she cried out in pain, "Ow, ow, ow... Help!"

The two previously defeated bodyguards then rose to their feet and wanted to tackle Elise again, only to have her glare menacingly at them as she strengthened her grip on Amelia's wrists.

Amelia's wrists had dislocated with a click and it caused her so much pain that she began to cry. "Help me, please! She's going to kill me! Help me!"

Upon seeing that, the bodyguards no longer had the courage to approach the two women.

By now, even the school security guards had rushed over and were shocked to witness this scene.

They had been told that there were outsiders causing trouble.

Why did it now look like it was a female student who had the upper hand?

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Moreover, judging by the student's demeanor, she was trained in martial arts.

"M-Miss... Please calm down and release the other party. It's against the rules to pick fights in school! If there's any quarrel between you both, we can see the dean for mediation. Please don't make any extreme moves!" a slightly older security guard

advised Elise after summoning the courage.

As she raised her left eyebrow, Elise turned her head to look at him. What on earth is he talking about?

That was when she saw that the spectating students had begun to cheer for her.

"Wow, amazing!"

"F*cking awesome, dude!"

"You go, girl! Hang them out to dry! Give them another left hook!"

She sighed in exasperation and thought, What busybodies. She noticed from the corner of her eyes that on the floor where her classroom was,

her teacher was spectating as well. However, he looked much graver than he had before.

As Elise knew very well, this wasn't a scene he wanted to witness.

To prevent the situation from deteriorating any further, she finally released Amelia's wrists.

The moment Elise did so, Amelia lost her balance and toppled heavily onto her dislocated wrists as she had no time to react.

The pain made her scream and as large beads of tears rolled down her cheeks in two thick tracks, washing away most of her makeup, her image as a gentlewoman was utterly destroyed.

Biting her lip, she tried her best not to sob in public to preserve the last of her dignity.

Finally, under the accompaniment of the security guards, both of them were taken to the office of Olive Goodman, the university dean.

Because Amelia was in so much pain, a house doctor had to be summoned to reduce the swelling in her wrists before the office could finally regain its peace.

The moment Amelia was finally able to lower her wrists, she began to attack Olive. "So, you're the dean. Is this what Tissote University students are like? How could they assail such a weak, vulnerable woman like me so brutally and savagely? Is this how your students are taught?

This is assault. I'm going to take both her and your school to court!"

While, at first, she hadn't thought of how to deal with Elise taking her son to court, she now had a solution. Assault was even worse than slander and harassment, and with this upper hand on Elise, she could make life a living hell for the woman,

After what she experienced, getting Elise to drop the lawsuit wouldn't be enough.

No-Elise was about to find out the consequences of offending the Olson Family!

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A scornful Elise stared at Amelia. Like Johan and Jeremy, this woman was so good at crying foul when she was the one who came to cause trouble.

After a moment of consideration, Elise decided that while she did in fact have no direct quarrel with Amelia, she still had harbored no goodwill for any of Johan and Jeremy's family members.

Very well. If the boys are going to send someone else to fight on their behalf, I might as well deal with all of them in one fell swoop.

And so, she opened her mouth only to have Olive speak up first.

“Were you the one who assaulted this woman, Elise?”

No such serious altercations had occurred ever since Olive became the Dean of

Tissote University. If it was not handled well, this incident would become a stain on her resume.

Therefore, it didn’t matter who Elise was and where she came from. Olive would go to any means necessary to resolve things as quickly as possible.

“Yes,” a calm Elise answered.

“So, you’re admitting to provoking a fight on school grounds?” Olive pushed her glasses up her nose, slightly calming down at the confession.

As long as she could get Elise to bear all of the responsibility and make any necessary apologies and reparations for Amelia’s grievances to dissipate, the problem would be resolved on its own.

Despite her popularity in school, Elise didn’t come from much of a background. On the other hand, Amelia Olson had appeared on the cover of an entertainment magazine more than once and she was even highly valued by Stanley Olson, the

patriarch of Olson Family.

As the apple of Stanley’s eye, Amelia only needed to tell someone to jump before they would ask how high. Even though she had overstepped her boundaries somewhat by trespassing on school grounds with her bodyguards, she was ultimately injured. If the situation was not handled in a manner that was satisfactory to her, there was no doubt that the school would be in hot water.

For the sake of the bigger picture, Elise would have no choice but to take the loss. After all, she was part of the school; surely she could understand Olive's difficult position.

Unfortunately, Elise would not play along and she only scowled before saying impatiently, "I was defending myself. Everyone at the teaching building saw it, Dean Goodman."

The title was bitten out sharply, as if in question of the dean's intelligence.

Of course, that was exactly what Elise meant to do. It was ridiculous to her for a dean not to only refrain from figuring out the truth and protect the students' interests, but to partner up with an outsider to indiscriminately pressure her. Anyone with a weaker mental constitution would have broken down by now.

However, Elise had not.

She would not. If anyone was going to break down, it would be Amelia.

At this time, when he read the news on the campus forum about Elise being slapped, Danny immediately set aside his matters at hand to rush in the direction of the university while calling Alexander at the same time.

At this moment, Alexander was in a video conference with his foreign work partners and had his phone placed on silent. Since the call was from Danny, Alexander reflexively set his phone aside for later.

Danny waited until the call automatically disconnected before sending a text message to Alexander.

'Your wife is being bullied at school! Come ASAP!'

Then, Danny stepped on the accelerator and zoomed off in the direction of the school. How dare that woman assault someone from the

Griffith Family! Did she not value her life any longer?

At a red light, he picked up his cell phone once again to peruse the pictures that were posted to the forum. The more he glanced through them, the more he found the showily dressed woman to look familiar.

Finally, as the light turned green, he recalled who she was.

Wasn't she Jeremy Olson's mother?

Meanwhile, Alexander carelessly glanced at the contents of the text message that had appeared on his cell phone before his gaze darkened. Nevertheless, he kept his expression neutral and appeared to still be focused on what the other party of the video conference said.

It was only that below the screen, his long, well-defined fingers grabbed hold of the device and began to type rhythmically against it.

Soon enough, Danny received a reply on his side.

"An eye for an eye. A tooth for a tooth?"

Every syllable seemed emphatic.

"Very well." After seemingly having immunity now that Alexander had given his permission, Danny floored the accelerator and zoomed off with a screech.

At first, Olive thought she could have immediately rescued the school's reputation only to have Elise's words ruin her effort.

Now that she was irritated, she huffed incredulously before glaring at Elise with her bulging eyes. "What do you mean by that? Are you calling my abilities into question?"

Do you think you can criticize the work of whomever you wish simply because you're good at your studies? Look at what you did to Mrs. Shoal. However smart you might be or however good your grades are, a bad character makes you rotten to the core and means that you've utterly failed as a person!"

Somewhat disdainfully, Elise shrank back.

However, it was for no other reason than that Olive was leaning in so close that she was nearly spitting on Elise's face.

When Olive finally finished speaking, Elise seamlessly stepped aside to increase their distance,

Then, she pulled a piece of wet wipe from her purse to clean her own face before calmly heading to clean Amelia's hands.

Naturally, Olive was so incensed by the series of actions that she stomped her foot. "Elise Sinclair! Now is not the time to be focused on sanitation! I'm teaching you a life lesson. How dare you act like this!"

A nonchalant Elise finished cleaning Amelia's hands before folding the piece of wet wipe in half. Then, she lifted her hand with her eyes set on the bin next to the desk.

With a toss, the wet wipe arced through the air and landed unerringly inside the bin.

Only after withdrawing her hand did an indifferent Elise finally stare at the dean and sneer cynically, "Naturally, I pay attention to my lessons, Dean Goodman, but not

everyone is qualified to teach."

"What do you mean by that? Are you saying I'm not your teacher if I don't personally

conduct your lessons?" a confident Olive snapped with a raised voice.

"Let me tell you something, Elise Sinclair-As long as you are a student at Tissote University, I have the right to sanction you, but you don't have the right to tell me what to do. How dare you call my qualifications to teach you into question! Students like you should be exposed to the media!"

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As soon as Olive finished shouting that, Danny barged in, challenging, "Alright, then! Let the reporters see how you teach students!"

Only now was he skidding to a perfect stop after having raced up the stairs so quickly that he nearly knocked several bystanders over and wrenched the door handle open with his momentum.

"Sorry your help arrived late, Boss!" he panted before glaring fiercely at Amelia.

"I thought we were going to summon some reporters. Why not do it now so that the whole nation can see how you treat delicate female university students, Amelia Olson?"

With that, Danny pulled his cell phone out of his pocket and unlocked it.

Then, he pulled up the recording that he had downloaded from the forum of Elise being slapped, and tossed the phone right at Amelia.

The corners of Elise's mouth tugged downward in embarrassment.

Delicate? Is he referring to me?

Clearing her throat, she turned sideways to remind him, "Don't go too far."

Nonetheless, Danny only raised an eyebrow at her, as if to indicate for her to wait and watch.

Meanwhile, Amelia had reflexively raised her hands to catch the phone, only to scream in pain as it impacted her broken wrists. So weak were her limbs right now that one of the bodyguards had to step forward to help her right the phone.

The video was taken from an angle that showed Amelia's face very clearly and even somewhat unflatteringly. Used to being fawned over by professional photographers, she was somewhat disdainful of it.

However, when she realized the situation that she was in, she immediately instructed the bodyguard, "Delete it! Delete it at once! Break the phone!"

Understanding her meaning, the bodyguard immediately held his arm aloft, about to drop the phone to the ground.

However, Danny chose that moment to point out indifferently, "Break the phone if you must, but this video is already on the school forum. I fear someone has already

sold this baby to some reporters in advance, Amelia. Looks like you'll be trending very soon!"

At that, Amelia was so incensed that her chest rose and fell rapidly, and she slightly lifted her somewhat less painful left hand to point at Danny's nose. "What kind of trash are you?

Even your mother respects me. How dare you slander me behind my back?"

With a sneer, he responded, "Apologies, but I'm no trash.

I'm a person, and a very handsome one at that. You, on the other hand, should look in a mirror!"

"Danny Griffith!" Amelia roared. "I don't blame you for being bewitched by Elise, but you'd best know your place. I'm stepping in on your mother's behalf, so you'd better not interfere!"

Upon hearing that, Danny snorted as he thought, How dare she bring up our family name into this while bullying a member of our family?

Throughout his life, he had met many shameless people, but none as shameless as her.

After spitting internally at her, Danny opened his mouth to start yelling when a hurried Alexander beat him to the punch.

"What are you going to do about it if we interfere?" The older sibling asked before calmly walking over to Elise and lifting a hand to cup her slap-reddened cheek. With a frown, he asked very gently, "Does it still hurt?"

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At this moment, Elise shook her head. "I thought you said you had a conference that had been put off for so long that you had to get it done today. Why are you here

now?"

With a sigh, Alexander parted his lips to say with some resignation, "Company affairs are a small matter in comparison to your affairs."

The answer nearly made goosebumps rise on Danny's arms. Since when did my brother turn so sappy?

And so, he coughed with his fist raised to his lips.

"Uh... you're in public. Please watch your image-"

Immediately, Alexander shot him an icy glare, prompting him to mime a zipping movement over his mouth.

Following that, Alexander scooped up Elise's hand before standing shoulder-to-shoulder with her and staring emotionlessly at Amelia.

"You said my mother instigated you to attack Elise. Do you have any proof?"

Cowed by his imposing demeanor, Amelia choked on her own words for a moment before stammering, "I-It's just idle chatter during our normal get-togethers. Who would make a recording of it? I'm helping you discipline your future wife, Alexander.

Don't be so ungrateful!"

Ignoring the latter half of her statement, Alexander glared murderously at her before pressing through his teeth, "That means you have no proof. I'm only going to say this once-apologize to her!"

Contemptuously, Amelia sneered, "What grounds does a country bumpkin have to get an apology from me?"

Narrowing his eyes, Alexander told her even more ominously, "On the grounds that she is my fiancée and the future co-owner of the Griffith Group. Assaulting her is an assault on me.

But if you feel that it doesn't matter whether you offend Griffith Family, then by all means, leave."

Though Amelia was terrified by Alexander's demeanor, she still took the chance to say tentatively, "I am your mother's best friend. How are you going to answer to her if you harm me?"

With an unchanging expression, he peered down at her and answered lightly, "Only one member of Griffith Family will have the final say in the future, and that's me. Unfortunately for you, I'm not a particularly magnanimous person."