

Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 366

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"Who are you? What right do you have to stick your nose into other people's business?" Madeline was powerless in front of Alexander, but she was never afraid of outsiders.

"I'm not qualified to say anything, but at least I know how to be nice to other people. If you want others to do something for you, you must first look at what you have done to others rather than controlling other people's lives just because you think you are superior." It was rare for Jeanie to have a clear mind and she didn't plan to stop her mouth now.

"People usually see themselves in other people. If you're saying that Elise is plotting something against the Griffith Family, does that mean your initial family was more powerful before you married into the Griffiths?"

"You—" After Madeline's true intentions were exposed, she was left speechless, so she put on a disdainful look as if she was too noble to argue with her. "Barbarians! You are all barbarians! The truth is there for everyone to see, so I won't waste my time arguing with you!"

"Enough!" Elise shouted while holding Laura in her arms.

"Alexander, you better take your mother away; otherwise, I can't promise what will happen to her!" A dark aura seemed to have enveloped her entire body.

Robin and Laura were her absolute limit, so she would never allow someone else to hurt them no matter who they were.

At the moment, Elise looked like a cold and lonely demon that just crawled out of hell, and it was a side of her that Alexander had never seen before.

At that point, he began to feel anxious as he knew that if he didn't do anything quickly, he would no longer be able to enter Elise's heart.

Without any hesitation, he grabbed Madeline's wrist and dragged her out forcefully.

The Griffith Family's car was parked at the entrance, so he immediately shoved his mother inside and slammed the door shut.

"Send her back home."

After giving the driver his order, Alexander turned around and ran back into the Sinclair Residence.

Madeline didn't even have the chance to call out to him, only feeling a sense of loneliness inside her heart.

Sighing, she took out her phone and called Amelia.

*Mrs. Shoal, I'm afraid that I can't help you."

"What are you saying, Mrs. Griffith? Don't tell me that you can't even help me out on this? Or are you deliberately making excuses to stall me?" Amelia sneered.

"Mrs. Shoal, how could you say that?" Madeline didn't expect Amelia to bite back at her, and she was rather infuriated. "Do you know that I had a big fight with my son because of you? How could you suspect that I'm stalling you? If I wanted to find an excuse, I wouldn't have come here to be yelled at by everyone!"

"I'm not interested in you and your son. I only have one thing to say-if anyone dares to touch my son, I won't hesitate to give my own life to protect him! Mrs. Griffith, I hope you know what you are doing!"

"Hey" Before Madeline could speak, the call ended. Upon seeing that, she angrily threw her phone aside.

I knew I shouldn't have helped her. Now, I've been put in a difficult position!

When Alexander rushed back into the Sinclair Residence, Laura was in a very bad condition.

When he left earlier, she could barely open her eyes but now, her breathing was weak and she looked like she was fading away.

Elise, on the other hand, was holding onto her grandmother tightly, as if she was a little kid who was afraid to let go of her precious toy.

Looking at the situation, Alexander felt an ache inside his heart, and he felt it hard to catch his breath

Then, his phone rang.

"Hello, did you call an ambulance to the Sinclair Residence? There's a problem. We are blocked by a traffic accident at a nearby intersection and can't get through for the time being. See if you can find a way to move the patient out!"

"I understand."

Alexander quickly hung up and stepped forward to carry Laura out of the house.

"Don't move." Elise suddenly reached out to grab his wrist with a frightening force. "She can't stand any bumps for now!"

Just as Alexander approached her, Elise seemed to come to her senses and her pretty eyes flashed with a sharp light. The very next second, she entrusted Laura to Jeanie and rushed into her bedroom.

When she came back, she had a set of needles in her hands.

Elise then laid out the silver needles on the coffee table and turned toward Alexander. "Help me move Grandma here. Be careful."

"Okay."

He nodded his head, his expression dark.

With a few helping hands, they finally helped Laura to lie flat on the couch, unharmed

Then, Elise skillfully picked out some of the thinnest silver needles on the coffee table before sticking them into Laura's head and hand.

As soon as she stuck in the last needle, Laura immediately took a deep breath before her eyes gradually opened.

Her cloudy eyes looked stunned for a moment as she turned her head aside to look at everyone. "What happened to me?"

Looking at her, Elise breathed a sigh of relief. "You're fine, Grandma. We'll go to the hospital later on to do a detailed check-up."

I've always kept a close eye on Grandma's lifestyle so logically, she should be strong enough to endure the anger that comes with Madeline's words.

It was then that Elise suspected that something else was wrong with Laura, but the former couldn't detect it with just the silver needles and her pulse.

Finally, the ambulance arrived at the scene 20 minutes later.

Robin was still worried, so he followed in the ambulance while Alexander drove Elise and Jeanie, following closely behind.

Originally, they wanted to send Laura to a nearby clinic but since she was now in a better condition, Alexander made the decision to send her to the best hospital in

Tissote.

The attending doctor was Thomas Davis, a long time friend of Alexander's. After the inspection, Elise and Alexander were both called into his office.

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"Old Mrs. Sinclair's situation is a bit complicated." Thomas sat at his desk while looking at the report in his hands repeatedly with a tense expression.

"Just tell us what's wrong," Elise uttered calmly.

For some reason, Alexander felt that she was acting very abnormally.

Therefore, he instinctively reached out to hold her hand.

The moment he touched her, he couldn't help but suck in a breath. Her hand is so cold and it seems to be coming from her very blood.

At some point, Elise no longer had any temperature.

Seeing how calm she was, Thomas put down the report in his hands and looked at her seriously, his expression complicated. "We detected a chronic toxin in Old Mrs. Sinclair's body."

"She was poisoned?" Elise unconsciously clenched her fists tightly so Alexander did the same, engulfing her entire fist.

"Yes."

Thomas nodded. "The toxin is tasteless. At first, the patient will not have any adverse reaction when it enters the body but when it accumulates over time, the patient's organs will fail rapidly once the attack occurs." A moment later, he spoke in a somewhat apologetic tone. "Old Mrs. Sinclair only has six months left at most."

Immediately, Elise took a big gulp while her eyes turned red.

As her body trembled uncontrollably, she clenched her fists so hard that her nails almost embedded in her flesh.

Alexander felt the unusual movement in his palm, so he quickly released his hand and saw her hurting herself.

"Elise." He held both her hands in his palms and spoke in an almost pleading tone. "Please calm down. I beg you. Stop torturing yourself!"

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Elise did not give any response. Instead, two hot tears escaped her eyes and fell on Alexander's hand. It felt so hot that his heart skipped a beat.

The person before him seemed to have lost her soul. I have to find her! he thought.

Panicked, Alexander had no choice but to stimulate her using another method. "If you don't pull yourself together, who will help you to search for the person who harmed Grandma? Elise, both Grandma and Grandpa need you. You can't afford to collapse at this moment!"

The next instant, Elise's soulless eyes regained focus and she released both her hands. He's right.

I haven't taken revenge on the person who harmed Grandma, so I can't afford to lose my sense now. Since it's poison, there must be an antidote or a cure. I will save Grandma's life even if I have to turn the world upside down.

Returning to her senses, Elise took a deep breath. Her eyes were not as tender and watery as before; right now, they were sharp and full of determination, and most would not dare to meet her gaze.

Meanwhile, Alexander felt relieved that Elise was back to her usual self and he asked, "Dr. Davis, is there any cure?"

"I can't be sure right now.

We have to conduct further tests and do some checkups, but we can try some powerful drugs. The effect will depend on its clinical manifestation."

Thomas Davis had encountered plenty of complicated conditions having been a doctor all these years, but he had never seen any symptoms like what Laura was showing at the moment. Hence, even he himself was not confident that he could treat the patient.

"I understand." Elise nodded. "I'll leave the treatment to you, but I would like my grandmother to receive supplementary traditional medical treatment as well simple acupuncture treatment, to be exact.

I suppose that won't affect your treatment, will it?"

"Not at all." Thomas shook his head. "I happen to know a professor from the Institute of Traditional Medicine. I'll invite him over and we will have a joint consultation. I believe that we will receive some good news soon."

However, Elise rejected his kind offer and she murmured, "No, thank you. I don't feel comfortable leaving this to others. I'll handle the traditional medicinal treatment myself."

Thomas was stunned to hear that. Although he knew Elise was not insulting him, he was still astonished by the confidence that this young lady radiated.

"It's great to hear that you can perform acupuncture, Miss Sinclair." Thomas nodded, but after a brief hesitation, he tactfully reminded, "However, traditional medicine is a vast and profound subject. You have to be skillful in it in order to use it in clinical treatment. Old Mrs. Sinclair's condition doesn't allow any flaws."

To him, Elise was a young lady who, at the very most, was able to maintain her composure during critical times. Perhaps she was passionate about acupuncture, but she still lacked reverence toward diagnosis and treatment of illnesses.

A patient's life was not something one should joke about, so utilizing half-baked skills in treatment was akin to murder.

"Dr. Davis, I respect your opinion and I have faith in your expertise, but you missed the fact that no one knows my grandma's condition better than I."

With that, she rose up and left the office.

Looking at her walking away in confidence, Thomas felt inexplicably frustrated.

He was the youngest attending physician in Tisotte. Countless patients and their family members scrambled to have him treat them and their loved ones; even the rich treated him with respect and did not dare to raise their voices before him.

However, this lady named Elise Sinclair made him feel as if he was a quack doctor who cheated people out of their money, a nobody who no one could recognize when he was out and about, or someone who didn't deserve any attention or respect.

"Is she the fiancée that you chose?" Thomas raised his left brow, a depressed look on his face. "I must say, she has quite the personality."

Alexander patted him on his shoulder. "Her grandmother is one of the two family members that she has left. Please try to understand that."

"There's no use even if I understand that. Didn't you hear what she said? She said that she wants to treat the old lady herself. That's complete nonsense!"

It wasn't a false accusation. Truth was, none of the professors from the Institute of Traditional Medicine dared to announce to the public that they were proficient in Traditional Medicine before their hair turned white.

A girl at Elise's age would only be a beginner in the field, yet she was going to practice her skills on a patient whose life was at stake. Although they were a family, as a doctor, Thomas couldn't allow such an unprofessional thing to happen under his watch.

Alexander calmly cast him a glance before looking toward the door.

With narrowed eyes, he explained, "Before Old Mrs. Sinclair was sent to the hospital, she passed out once and it was Elise's acupuncture that saved her life."

"She passed out once?" As Thomas wasn't informed about that, he had a complex look in his gaze when he heard Alexander's explanation.

Just as he had mentioned, Laura's first episode was the most critical one. She would have lost her life if something had gone wrong.

If the truth was indeed like what Alexander had said, whereby Elise had saved her life, it meant that Thomas had definitely underestimated her.

However, Alexander didn't respond. After a moment of silence, he left and went after Elise.

At the entrance of the ward, Elise sat on her own on the bench in the hallway. She looked to the front with empty eyes and nobody could tell what she was thinking.

The next second, her phone beeped. It was a notification about a deposit into her bank account.

"10,000,000 has been deposited into your account ending with the number 2138. Your current balance is..."

She lowered her head and glanced at it, a strong murderous intent flashing across her eyes.

10,000,000. In Tisotte, where every square meter counted, the amount of money couldn't even afford a decent office building,

The Olson Family Clan is treating me like a beggar, huh? Great! I've given them an opportunity, so it's not my fault that they refused to take it.

Alexander, who saw her from afar, felt distressed.

A girl, who had been as gentle as water, had become like this; she was now so cold hearted that she had a hard time warming herself to others.

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If he had been able to make a firm choice when it came to choosing between his mother and Elise sooner, things might not have come to this point.

Alexander resented himself for the countless times when he had hesitated. This was why at that moment, he made up his mind.

Anyone who dared hurt Elise, no matter who it was, would only face one consequence, which was to disappear from their sight and from the face of the Earth.

Alexander sat down beside Elise. He then wrapped his long arms around her and took her into his embrace, hoping that he was able to transmit some of his warmth to her.

"I'm sorry. I didn't handle my mother's matters properly."

"Don't be silly. Mrs. Griffith was used." Elise clearly knew what had taken place. "I'm not stupid. I'm aware who the real culprit behind this is."

"Alexander." She suddenly called out his name before she asked, "You have one last chance-do you want to break up with me? I won't be as kind as I used to be after this."

Upon hearing that, Alexander pursed his lips, thereafter wrapping his arms around her. Pressing his face against hers, he whispered in her ear, "Coincidentally, I don't want you to be kind anymore. I just hope that my Elise won't be upset from now on."

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Elise calmly allowed Alexander to embrace her, but there wasn't a slightest emotion in her eyes when she declared, "I want the Olson Family Clan to disappear from the face of the Earth forever!"

In response, he tightened his arms around her and said, "Sure."

Meanwhile, shocking news spread in Tisotte—the renowned investor, Nathan York, had suddenly arrived in Cittadel and he now stayed at the Gold Peace Hotel in Tisotte.

As Nathan had control over the funds of investors from all over the world, his sudden appearance at this point of time had caused a huge impact. No matter who he chose, be it the Olson or the Griffith Family, his choice would produce a new hegemon in the country's domestic economics.

The moment Amelia and Johan received the news, they immediately rushed toward the hotel.

Usually, the information of the hotel customers would be kept confidential to prevent harassment from the outsiders.

However, as the Olson Family Clan was booming with signs to even surpass the other influential families, the hotel manager dared not offend Amelia, so he allowed her to go to the penthouse.

Nonetheless, as soon as Amelia and Johan of them exited from the lift, they were stopped by Nathan's personal bodyguards.

His bodyguards were foreigners with burly figures, and they were taller than the two of them by at least a head.

Although Amelia tried her best to persuade them to allow them to meet Nathan, the bodyguards wouldn't budge.

Hence, they had no choice but to leave as they were afraid to annoy a VIP of this level. If Nathan chose to collaborate with the Griffith Family because of this, they would be doomed.

When they arrived at the hall, they bumped into Elise and Alexander, who happened to rush to the hotel at that time.

When the two parties crossed paths, they eyed each other with a menacing glance, and even the hotel employees next to them quietly dodged away.

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If looks could kill, Amelia would be nothing but ashes at this point. "Who would have thought that even up to this day, you guys could still catch wind of Mr. York so fast?" Amelia muttered sarcastically. Ingratiating with the powerful and looking down at the weak was a norm among the upper-class society. Now that the Griffith Family was at a disadvantage, most people would stand by the sidelines and go so far as to avoid mentioning them. Truth was, Elise had acquired the news about Nathan's arrival via a special channel, but Alexander didn't mind the process.

All he knew was that this would be a battle that the two of them would be facing together as one. He squeezed Elise on her shoulder and took the initiative to walk past them from the side, having no intention to be held up by Johan and Amelia. "Mr. Hayden!" Amelia suddenly called out to the lobby manager. "These two people are going to barge in and disturb your valuable customers without making an appointment. Are you going to just stand and watch?" What she said put Mr. Hayden on the spot. Both parties were people he couldn't afford to offend. He initially had planned to turn a blind eye on them and the matter would have passed, but now that Amelia had dragged him into it, he wouldn't be able to be out of the picture without making a choice between them.

However, one wouldn't require much contemplation when it came to making a choice between the Olson Family Clan, who was strong in the share market and various aspects, and the Griffith Family, who was suffering a huge loss and was neglected by many at the moment. After some consideration, Mr. Hayden went up to Alexander and Elise, thereafter blocking their way. "I'm sorry, Mr. Griffith. You know how things work here. The customer staying in the penthouse dislikes any visits." "What if I insist on going up?" Alexander's expression sank and a murderous intent flashed across his eyes. "Mr. Griffith, please don't put us on the spot." Mr. Hayden bowed his head before he raised his hand to gesture to the other hotel staff to come over to block the hallway.

It was apparent that Alexander wouldn't be able to go in unless he did it by force. "It seems like you two refuse to accept the reality that the Griffith Family is now nothing!" Amelia mocked, her tone gloating. A wicked smile played at the corner of Johan's lips as he walked up to Elise. Then, he made a few turns around her while his malicious gaze roamed all over her body as he offered, "Miss Sinclair, if you are willing to say a few nice things to me, I'm

more than happy to give you a hand and allow you to take a look at the penthouse. What do you say?" "Save your breath."

A hint of impatience appeared in Elise's eyes as she eyed him with narrow eyes. "If you look at me with that perverted gaze for another second longer, I swear I will destroy them!" Being well-aware of how fierce Elise was in character, Johan shrank backward as his heart leapt into his mouth. Although the woman seemed tender and weak, she exuded an intimidating presence when she decided to go all out. However, men were like cats, a creature that had the courage to do absolutely anything as long as it wasn't life-threatening. This was why when Johan remembered that the Olson Family Clan was at an advantage at the moment, the urge to stir something up overtook him again. He let out a cold chuckle and continued to lock his pery gaze on Elise's long legs that were exposed under her skirt.

A sharp gleam flashed across her eyes, her hand making a slight move by her side and a silver needle slid to her fingers. Nonetheless, before she could make a move, Alexander flung his fist violently at Johan, and the latter collapsed on the floor. He threw punches after punches like a madman, and Johan was unable to fight back at all. In the end, Alexander lifted a foot and stomped on Johan's chest. A shock look spread across Elise's face but she soon regained her calmness and quietly kept away the silver needle between her fingers. "Alexander Griffith, how dare you?"

Aren't you afraid that I'll make sure that the entire Griffith Family will go down together with me?!" With blood trickling down the corner of his lips, Johan tried to struggle and put on a brave front. An impassive Alexander stepped on him even harder—so hard that Johan was unable to even raise his head. With his head glued to the floor, he resembled a tortoise that was flipped upside down, and the only parts he could move around were his limbs.

The hotel customers that passed by discreetly took out their phones to record the scene. Ignoring the bystanders, Alexander nonchalantly took out his phone and dialed a number. "I'm at Gold Peace. The new manager that you employed seems to dislike me." The person on the other end of the line replied to him and Alexander hung up a few seconds later. The next instant, Mr. Hayden's phone rang urgently. Fishing out his phone, he noticed that it was a call from the general manager of the hotel. His hand trembled and he dropped the phone on the floor.

However, he immediately squatted down to pick it up before accepting the call with his heart in his mouth. Before he even said anything, the person on the other end of the line roared, "What did you do? How could you stop Alexander? Don't you treasure your job? Give

full cooperation to all his requests if you still wish to stay!" "Y-Yes, sir! I-I'll do so right away!" The call was killed even before Mr. Hayden finished his sentence. He gulped, inwardly curious as to why the general manager would side with Alexander. However, he obediently stepped forward and apologized to both Alexander and Elise. "President Griffith, Miss Sinclair, please come this way. I'll lead you to the penthouse."

He paused for a moment and continued, "I'm really sorry for that. When Mr. York checked in here, he specifically instructed that nobody—not even the hotel employees—is allowed to step foot into the penthouse. So, I was put on the spot as well." Alexander darted a look at him from the front. "Is that so?" he questioned, his voice stern. "You weren't put on a spot when it was the Olson Family Clan that you were dealing with, were you?" "Uh..." Mr. Hayden was rendered speechless, his face pale. Meanwhile, Alexander, who was in no mood to lecture him, bent over and gripped Johan's chin instead. As he stared at the latter's eyes and examined them carefully, he stated indifferently, "Indeed, your eyes don't match your face well."

"I'll come and get them in a couple of days." With that, he abruptly released his grip and retracted his hand before turning around and returning back to Elise's side. "Darling, we are meeting a client today, so we shouldn't let blood spill for the time being, alright?" *Darling?* Elise was stunned to hear that. This seemed to be the first time he addressed her with such endearment. After a while, she returned to her senses and nodded cooperatively. "Sure, let him take care of them for the time being." Alexander revealed a slight smile in response. "Let's go."

After they had barely taken two steps, the lift doors suddenly slid open and the bodyguards from the penthouse were seen stepping out of the lift. The moment Mr. Hayden saw that, he immediately rushed forward to ask, "Is there any request from Mr. York? Do let me know and I'll make sure that it is carried out right away." However, the bodyguard lifted a hand and pushed Mr. Hayden to one side, then marched in the direction of Elise and Alexander. "Mr. Griffith and Miss Sinclair?" he said in Chinese, his voice husky. "Yeah." "Yeah." Alexander politely nodded.

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"Mr. York would like to meet you two." The bodyguard stated in Chinese, then gave way to the duo, inviting them into the lift. Mr. Hayden attempted to get into the lift as well but was stopped by the bodyguard, who explained, "Mr. York said that he only wants to meet Mr. Griffith and Miss Sinclair." Then, the bodyguard coldly pressed on the lift button to close the lift doors. Looking at the slowly closing doors, Mr. Hayden gulped in horror. *What's going on?*

Could it be that the news out there is fake and the Griffith Family is not suffering any losses? Not only was the general manager afraid of offending Alexander and giving him special treatment, but why is this VIP treating the two of them like this as well? Meanwhile, news about Nathan accepting Alexander and Elise's visitation instantly spread throughout the hotel and gradually on the Internet.

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Chapter 370 Feeling Insecure

News about the collaboration between Nathan and Alexander resembled a bomb that suddenly exploded in Tissote's business world, creating huge ripples. The companies that previously had been taking a wait-and-see approach instantly acquired a large number of the Griffith Group's shares. While the outside world was in turmoil, the presidential suite in the penthouse was completely unaffected. When Elise and Alexander entered the room, Nathan was seen sipping wine on the couch with his legs crossed. "Have a seat." Holding a tall wine glass with his slender hand, he pointed at the couch beside with his other hand. Currently, his whole demeanor seemed somewhat unfathomable.

A hint of impatience flashed across Elise's eyes. The older he is, the more pretentious he becomes, she thought to herself. If it weren't for Alexander's presence at the moment, she would have walked up to Nathan and given him a good smack on his head to help him to clear his head. Alexander had long heard about Nathan's reputation. As they both were capable people, they exchanged a simple glance and treated each other politely. "Where's A now?" Nathan got straight to the point and asked. "You meant the long-lost Stocks Master?"

Alexander had heard about the classic collaboration between Nathan and A years ago and was aware that the two of them were close. However, he gently shook his head. "I'm sorry to tell you that we don't interact with A much." Only then did Alexander understand why Nathan had specially requested to meet them—the latter seemed to have mistaken their relationship with A. Upon hearing that, Nathan nodded without replying, but his gaze was inadvertently attracted to Elise. He found the girl rather special. When facing a tycoon of the business

world, not only did she not show any admiration or respect, but what piqued his curiosity was the fact that she seemed to treat him as though he was invisible.

At the moment, she was completely unfazed by him. Upon noticing his gaze, Alexander subconsciously wrapped Elise's hand in his. "This is my fiancée, Elise Sinclair." He introduced her to Nathan in such a way that it was rather obvious what he meant. Nathan was stunned to hear that, but he then let out a soft chuckle. "I didn't expect the renowned President Griffith to feel so insecure in front of your girlfriend." Alexander cocked his head to one side, responding with a sense of humor as he murmured, "Well, I can't help it when my girlfriend is so popular." Upon hearing that, Nathan nodded.

"The two of you have such a close relationship. Keep it up." Seeing that the two of them hadn't been able to get to the point after so long, Elise decided to do so herself. "Hey." She suddenly peered at Nathan and muttered impolitely, "If you have the time, do hang around more with the bunch of fools from the Olson Family Clan. Don't shut yourself in the room all the time. You are making yourself seem like a damsel who doesn't leave the house!" Nathan was taken aback by what she said. It had been so long since anyone had dared to speak to him in such a manner. A damsel?

Standing at six feet two, I can be categorized as a sensual man even when compared with the foreigners. Yet, I'm akin to a shy damsel to her? Such poor eyesight she has! Alexander was equally shocked by Elise's rude attitude, so he quickly explained, "I'm sorry. My fiancée is quite the maverick and often has surprising ideas. She doesn't bear you any ill will." Nathan glanced at Alexander then at Elise, feeling totally stupefied. A had contacted him online and had asked him to try his best to cooperate with the two of them. And so, he had thought that it wasn't a stretch for Alexander to know A with his capabilities.

However, now that Nathan thought about it, a person like Elise seemed to be more to A's liking. "I'm not that petty." Nathan waved his hand. "A friend of A is also a friend of mine. Rest assured, I'll announce my investment in the Griffith Group's stocks. Olson Pharmaceuticals will be the least of your worries by then." Just as Alexander opened his mouth in an attempt to thank Nathan, Elise, who was beside him, abruptly stood up. "I asked you to get in touch with the Olson Family Clan. How hard is it for you to understand that?" At that instant, both Nathan and Alexander were puzzled. "Girl, do you know what will happen if I get in touch with them?" Nathan patiently asked with a frown.

Alexander's fiancée has quite the temper. I reckon that soon, there will be another hen-pecked man in this world. "The good news will spread. Everyone will think that they

have gained the support of international investors, and the defeat of the Griffith Family has been destined. The Olson Family Clan will be making tons of money and their net worth will increase exponentially.” The words came out of her mouth so rapidly, as though she didn’t even need to think about it. Nathan laughed. “Since you know about it, why are you requesting me to get close to your fiancée’s opponent?”

Perhaps you are not getting along well with President Griffith and you want to teach him a lesson? Forgive my bluntness, but I have to say that this lesson you’re about to give him is a little too harsh. If you were to do so, the Griffiths may not be able to make a comeback.” As Nathan spoke, he furtively cast a glance at Alexander, gesturing to the latter to get his fiancée under control. Elise might be clever, but she was still unclear about the rules of the business world. Nathan could have stood by, but he patiently reminded her for the sake of A’s request.

On the contrary, Alexander, who knew Elise really well, was aware that she wouldn’t joke around at this point of time. The only reason she would make such an unusual decision would be that she had other plans. After some contemplation, Alexander gently patted the back of her hand to comfort her, which instantly calmed her irritation. After collecting herself, Elise said, “If memory serves, A’s original words were for you to assist us from the sidelines but not take over the decision making. Mr. York, did you misinterpret A’s true intention?” Nathan peered at Elise.

Her eyes were stunning. Although she was still young, he was able to tell from how she looked now that she would become a beauty when she reached adulthood. For some reason, he was able to feel a powerful yet shockingly unprecedented intimidating presence at that moment—it somewhat resembled what A made him feel when he or she was behind the screen. I must be seeing things, he mused to himself. How could a teenage girl be A, a miracle who had saved thousands of people from the disaster back then? He averted his gaze and asked, “Are you saying that A has other plans?”

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“Mr. York, your head works slower than I imagined.” Elise then insinuated, “Perhaps it’s the long years you have stayed abroad that caused you to forget about a classic saying in Cittadel. ‘In order to completely destroy your enemy, you have to allow them to grow’. The Olson Family Clan has made my grandmother ill, so I’ll make sure that they fall from their peak and shatter into a million pieces.” That’s harsh. This was the only thought that Nathan had after listening to her plans.

The business elites from the whole world could be found on Wall Street and among those who revolved around Nathan were some of the most outstanding women. Yet, he had never

seen such a horrifyingly devastating aura on a young face like hers. Elise gave him a sense that she certainly would be able to do anything that she promised. In all honesty, she completely resembled A. "Okay." A fighting spirit ignited inside Nathan somehow, so he quickly agreed to her request.

After exchanging their contact details, the two of them left. The next day, news about Nathan York playing golf at the golf course together with the Olson Family Clan instantly made the headlines of the major media. While lounging on the sun lounger, Johan triumphantly guffawed when he saw how exuberant he seemed in the newspaper. He glanced at Nathan, who was standing yards away swinging his golf club, and suddenly had the courage to dial a number. "Let's go and practice with President Griffith!"