

Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 361

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The statement was like a wake-up call to Amelia.

Based on Alexander's capabilities, there was no doubt the power in the Griffith Family would eventually end up in his hands.

It meant that even if she could get away with what she did today, her precious son would suffer in the future.

After everything that happened recently, the Olson Family Clan was badly affected.

There was no saying whether they would be able to preserve their position in Tissote even after using up half of the resources that they had previously saved. Hence, it would be sheer folly to go up against the Griffith Family now.

However ambitious Amelia might be, she was still a mother. What wouldn't she do for her children?

And so, after a long moment of consideration, she swallowed and turned away from the door that she had begun to walk toward. Going up to Elise, she lowered her head and said in a small voice, "I'm sorry. I'm to blame for what happened today."

Her voice was only slightly louder than a mosquito's hum.

Having too much fun to let things go just like that, Danny fanned the flames from the sidelines. "I never knew I would be going deaf at such a young age. Did someone say something?"

The Olson cousins' reputation was known so far and wide that there weren't many rich young people in Tissote who weren't afraid of them. However, Danny wasn't one of those people.

Not only was he unafraid of them, he even wished the two families would have a complete falling out so that he would have free rein to teach both the cousins and this woman a proper lesson.

Whoever touched his people would learn the meaning of death!

Already having put up with the humiliation, Amelia couldn't help cursing him in her heart for saying such a thing before reluctantly repeating more loudly, "I'm sorry, Miss Sinclair. I shouldn't have hit you. I hope you'll be gracious and forgive me!"

That was the most she could do. If they continued to make things difficult for her, then she wouldn't hesitate to have a fall out with them. At worst, the two families would just fight to the death.

Even though both Elise and Alexander could tell what Amelia was thinking, they didn't expose her.

Some people did not know the meaning of fear until they had brought calamity upon themselves.

Abruptly, Elise found the enthusiasm to say good-humoredly, "You may leave now."

The moment Amelia heard that, she turned and left without a second glance.

Unfortunately, what she failed to realize was that although Elise appeared to have spared her, the younger woman actually hadn't offered a single sentence of forgiveness from start to finish.

No, Elise had planted a ticking time bomb instead.

Death wasn't scary—the scary part was knowing that you were about to die but not knowing when.

It seemed like the Olson Family Clan had really brought trouble upon themselves now.

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After stepping out of the office with Danny and Alexander, Elise did not return to class.

Being a discerning man who had no wish for becoming a third wheel, Danny found an excuse to leave. "Well, since everything has been resolved, I should go. I need to prepare for the SK Group's assessment."

"The SK Group?" Elise asked with a rare look of interest on her face.

"Yup." Danny nodded before elaborating with considerable pride, "You know the FBI?"

The SK Group is something like that, but with a broader scope of business. Basically, as long as you have a request, they should be able to get it done for you. Previously, they were active on the dark web, but this is the first year that they're openly recruiting members. All of the powerful families in Tissote have their eye on

it."

"Is that so?" Elise's reaction was rather indifferent.

All of a sudden, Danny got the impression that he was speaking to a brick wall. At first, he thought she was familiar with the SK Group because she had an identity as a hacker, but it seemed even she had domains that she was unfamiliar with.

Still, she doesn't have to react so indifferently, does she? For a moment, he was at a loss.

After spending so long with Alexander, Elise seemed to have become much more taciturn, giving Danny the impression that she was no longer as approachable as she used to be.

Thankfully, his phone chimed at that moment, rescuing him from the awkwardness.

After pulling out the phone and reading the notification on it, he said, "I'll elaborate some other time. They're hounding me now. I'll see you later."

"Go on, then," Alexander said mildly.

On the way back to Elise's dormitory, the couple ran into Miller and Addison, who looked like they were in a hurry.

"Are you okay, Elise?" Addison panted, breathing somewhat unevenly as she bent over and clutched at her waist. Immediately after Elise was taken away, she rushed off to find Miller. Ever since their first meeting, she had considered Miller to be virtually undefeatable. As far as she was concerned, Elise wouldn't suffer any losses even with the presence of two additional bodyguards as long as Miller was there.

On the other hand, Miller didn't show any drastic reactions, since she could tell from the way Alexander was shielding Elise that she had arrived too late. Shrugging her shoulders, she explained, "I couldn't make it here earlier. The academic buildings for the Humanities Faculty and the Mathematics Faculty are too far apart. Perhaps I should sneak into the Mathematics classes from now on?"

At the end of the day, Miller was someone Alexander was forced to use his connections to get into Tissote University.

Even though he managed to get her transferred to the same dormitory as Elise, the Mathematics Faculty was Tissote University's top-performing college. Apart from having flashes of brilliance while collecting money from others, Miller's foundation in mathematics was so atrocious that she not only failed to meet the minimum requirements for admission, she didn't even perform well enough for her results to be faked.

And so, she could only be assigned to the Humanities Faculty, which had the lowest requirements for admission.

Although Miller's question was directed at Alexander, Elise didn't seem to mind as she commented, "It's okay. I didn't suffer any losses, anyway."

"I think you should," Alexander said at the same time before realizing that his opinion differed from Elise's. After sharing a glance with her, they came to a tacit agreement.

Glancing from Elise to Alexander, Miller remarked carelessly, "That's settled, then.

I'll attend the Mathematics Faculty classes from now on. It's not like I'm here to study, anyway."

With great incredulity, Addison stared at the trio.

Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 363

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Worried about leaving the two elderly people at home alone since Jeanie was staying overnight, Elise decided not to remain at the dormitory that night.

On the way home, she remembered what Danny had said, so she suddenly asked, "Does the Griffith Family really require the \$K Group's power?"

"Not really. That organization operates on the fringes of the law and isn't easily controlled. It's just that other families are vying for it as well, and we'd be at a loss if we didn't catch up" Alexander answered casually, more focused on driving.

"I see.

So, it's in high demand simply because many people are vying for it." She turned her head to look at him. "And you? Are you intending to ally with them?"

With a mild chuckle, he answered, "I don't really wish to." After a pause, he elaborated, "It's not that I'm so against it, either; in fact, as long as the SK Group ignores all of the families, the fuss will die off very quickly."

"They sound like a sh*t stirrer based on how you're talking about them," she teased.

Alexander chuckled deeply in response. "If they heard you say that through a wiretap, we would be in big trouble."

"They wouldn't dare," she responded without elaboration.

Somewhat surprised by Elise's reply, Alexander studied her casually through the rearview mirror, but she had already turned her head away, obviously having no intention to explain herself. So, he dropped the topic.

Meanwhile, ever since leaving the police station, Madeline had been acting soullessly.

Her mind kept replaying the words that Elise and Alexander had said to her before they left.

Even when Adam set her lunch out in front of her, she didn't respond.

"Are you okay? You've been acting strangely ever since we returned this afternoon." He finally put down his fork, intending to have a good talk with her.

"I'm fine," she replied absent-mindedly.

To Madeline, Adam had never paid much attention to the family's activities, so there was no point in discussing her concerns with him now.

Not intending to drop the topic, he opened his mouth, about to say something when her cell phone rang.

Without looking at the caller ID, she put the phone to her ear. "Yes?"

"It's me, Mrs. Griffith. Do you have time to talk?"

Upon hearing Amelia's voice, Madeline spared her husband a single glance before standing up and taking the phone call out on the balcony.

Only after sliding the glass door shut did she say more loudly, "We can speak freely now, Madam Olson."

"In that case, I won't beat around the bush. I'm sure you know what happened between my son and your future daughter-in-law. You should know why I'm seeking you out." Amelia's tone was calm and not the least bit beseeching.

After a lifetime of being put on a pedestal, she had her nose in the air; it was difficult for her to learn how to humble herself.

However, while Madeline did not care much about that, she was momentarily at a loss for how to respond to something concerning Elise and Alexander.

Noticing Madeline's lack of a reaction, Amelia continued to speak to her own interests. "Young people are arrogant; it's very normal for them to get into clashes. That being said, we can't conduct our affairs based on what's happening right in front of our faces alone. Given that both the Olson and Griffith Family are famed and respected clans in Tissote, we're bound to have interactions again in the future. Wouldn't you agree?"

"I understand. It's simply that..." In all honesty, Madeline wasn't even sure if she could call the shots on Alexander's behalf, let alone Elise's.

"Mrs. Griffith!" Hearing the hesitation in her voice, Amelia immediately hardened her attitude. "Jeremy and Johan are responsible for the future prosperity of the Olson Family Clan. If anything happens to them, I dare not guarantee that no one else within my family would take drastic action. By that point, the situation will have deteriorated beyond our control!"

Miserably, Madeline fell silent as she knew that Amelia was correct. The Olson Family Clan hadn't had a good reputation in Tissote in recent years. There were no lengths to which they wouldn't go and if the Griffiths forced them into a corner, they would have no choice but to retaliate,

Ultimately, it was better to have one more friend than one more enemy.

After yet another moment of silence, Madeline finally threw caution to the wind and said into the phone, "I'll try, but I can't make any guarantees. Also, Mrs. Shoal, don't think this is because the Griffiths are afraid of the Olson Family Clan. If anything, I'm merely humoring you!"

With that, Madeline hung up.

At the end of the day, she was still the only mistress of the Griffith Family. She wasn't going to let anyone intimidate her just like that.

Nevertheless, setting her anger aside, she opened up her contacts and located a number with a gray avatar next to it. And then, she made a call to the number.

Very quickly, the call connected. Without making any small talk, she got straight to the point. "Where is he?"

Only after going to the supermarket and buying a ton of ingredients did Elise and Alexander return home. After dropping Elise off at the door, Alexander headed back to work.

As she started preparing lunch, Jeanie entered the kitchen to help.

However, used to being pampered and waited on regardless of her state of mind, there wasn't much Jeanie could do but rinse the vegetables.

Glad to see Elise, she began to start up some idle chatter.

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"In today's world, there aren't many young women left like you who would make both a wonderful homemaker and a fantastic conversationalist at a dinner party, Miss Sinclair."

"I don't think that's the case. There are many such women in the world," Elise answered carelessly. "It's simply that you haven't met them yet."

"That might be true." Jeanie nodded before sighing wistfully. "I have, indeed, not left the house or experienced the outside world in a long time."

Coming to the abrupt realization that she had misspoken, Elise paused in the midst

of cutting up the vegetables to comfort sympathetically, "You're young yet. There's no rush."

Upon hearing that, Jeanie muttered pessimistically, "I fear I won't live to see that day as long as my daughter is still around."

Inexplicably, Elise felt a dull ache in her chest, as if she could sense Jeanie's pain.

And so, she put down her knife and lifted her head to meet Jeanie's gaze in earnest. Solemnly, she told Jeanie, "I can help you. As long as you speak up, I can help you clean it all up."

The sudden goodwill took Jeanie aback but when she recalled what Faye could do, she furrowed her brow. "It's okay. I've put you on the spot enough these few days, and I don't wish to cause Sinclair Family any trouble by involving you in my family affairs."

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"But I don't think it's any trouble," Elise told her earnestly. "I'm only doing what I want to."

Indeed, Elise never looked into things too deeply and only followed her heart.

If she wanted Jeanie to stay, she would allow it; if she wanted to help Jeanie, Jeanie only needed to speak up. Elise's only precondition was that it was what the other party needed.

To the best of her ability, Elise tried to look as genuine and sincere as possible to Jeanie so that the other woman would know she could be trusted.

Meanwhile, a voice in Jeanie's head told her Elise could be relied upon.

On the other hand, another voice told Jeanie that Elise was too good to be hurt. The former simply would not drag the young woman into the bottomless hellhole that was the Anderson Family.

And so, after the momentary stand-off, Jeanie finally glossed over the topic with a laugh. "Let's not talk about this any longer. We'd better get moving. Starving must be the worst fate for an old person!"

It was her subtle way of declining the offer.

Understanding Jeanie's meaning, Elise could only drop the topic. Lowering her head, she picked up the knife and continued prepping for lunch.

It was only that, in the time following that, they each had a load on their mind now and could no longer chatter as cordially as they had before.

Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 364

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In the winter, Tissote's skies grew dark rather early. By 6.00 PM, the lights in the living room had to be turned on.

For tonight's dinner, Elise had prepared some food to be shared with the others at the dinner table. Even though the dishes were nothing but ordinary home-cooked food, they were fragrant and colorful.

As Jeanie sat down at the dinner table, she nearly drooled. "Looks like I'll be having more servings than usual tonight."

Robin chuckled warmly in response.

"Good, good. Don't be a stranger. Make yourself at home."

"Of course I will. I haven't experienced such a homey atmosphere in a long time." All of a sudden, Jeanie's throat itched. When she recalled Bertha staying all alone at the Anderson Residence, she couldn't help sniffing with her head lowered.

Since the rest of them knew what Jeanie had been through, they could only watch on sympathetically without saying anything.

Realizing that she had brought the mood down, Jeanie hurried to tuck her feelings away and commented, "Ah-look at me misspeaking again."

"Let's drop the issue and start eating. We can't let Elise down!"

"Indeed! One can't function on an empty stomach. Once you've eaten, you'll find the strength to go up against anything!" Laura hurried to add.

And so, the atmosphere dissolved into harmony once more, with both food and laughter being shared around the dinner table.

It wasn't until the sound of high heels clicking against the ground that the sound of laughter abruptly stopped.

Standing on the stone step of the open doorway was Madeline, staring at the full dinner table in confusion and feeling an indescribable sense of pressure.

Although Elise had long stopped feeling any goodwill toward Madeline, she was ultimately Alexander's mother, and it didn't seem appropriate to send her away when she had come all the way there. So, left with no other choice, Elise could only stand up and welcome her in.

After a round of introductions and an extra place setting, everyone at the table considered themselves acquainted.

Despite not being very approving of Elise and Alexander's relationship, Robin treated Madeline as courteously and thoughtfully as he would any other guest.

Knowing that Elise's parents had both passed away and that Laura and Robin had only each other to rely on, Madeline imagined the elderly couple was eager to facilitate Elise and Alexander's marriage. Thus, using that as leverage, she began to approach the topic in a roundabout way.

**Truthfully, I quite like Elise, but she's still young enough to be impulsive and incapable of looking at the broader picture. I think she still needs to be disciplined by her elders." Having no appetite for the home-cooked food, Madeline spooned herself a perfunctory few spoons of food.

Laura and Robin's expressions sank when they heard that.

Surely Madeline hadn't come to them so that she could criticize their precious granddaughter?

Even Jeanie found the woman's remarks to be amiss, so she commented blindly, "Ah -children have their own opinions these days. The times are different now. There's nothing we as elders can do but put up with it. Now, Mrs. Griffith, try some of these prawns. Elise made them herself. They're quite good!"

With that, Jeanie placed a prawn on Madeline's plate using her own fork.

Eyeing the fork that had previously been in Jeanie's mouth with distaste, Madeline frowned and shoved the plate away.

This is what the lower classes are like-even with so many people crammed around a tiny, rickety dining table for dinner, they fail to consider the virtues of a serving utensil.

Naturally, everyone at the dining table took Madeline's naked disdain to heart. Even the usually good-tempered Jeanie couldn't help showing a sliver of unhappiness.

Is this Elise's future mother-in-law'Surely she's too difficult to get along with. Won't Elise suffer if she marries into that family in the future? This won't do!

And so, Jeanie made up her mind to talk Elise into reconsidering the marriage. After all, it involved not only Elise but two families as well. A wrongful marriage would very well be cause for lifelong regret!

On the other hand, Robin did not have as much patience and only slapped his fork down onto the table with a clink before growling, "I suggest you be blunt, Mrs. Griffith. I'm sure us country folk lack the social finesse that you possess and would fail to grasp what you were getting at. I would hate for you to have wasted all this effort in coming here."

Any discerning person would be able to tell that he was livid.

However, always having considered herself to be above others, Madeline didn't take his reaction to heart and only fixed her expression before starting haughtily, as if he genuinely hadn't understood, "Allow me to be clearer, then." She paused and glanced at Elise, "The person you got into a dispute with today is a member of one of

their family has always Tissote's most powerful clans-the Olson Family Clan. Now, their family been on good terms with the Griffiths and our two families have many involved interests. A fall out would bring about unimaginable consequences. What I mean to say is that you should be the bigger person and let the two Olson kids go so that you can save both our families a great deal of embarrassment. What do you think?"

**Kids?" Elise mocked with a smirk. "Are you sure a kid would do what they did?"

Startled by the coldness in her gaze, Madeline was momentarily cowed before she could resume her overbearing demeanor. "At any rate, since you're to become the Griffith Family's daughter-in-law, you'll have to put the interests of the Griffiths first. Don't forget-you're

Alexander's fiancée. Everyone will remember your impulsive actions as the actions of the Griffith Family. Surely you don't need the entire family to clean up after you?"

Smash!

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As soon as she finished speaking, Robin swept his hand out, knocking his glass to the ground and causing his drink to spill in a puddle. "Forget about the marriage, then!" he shouted

From the very beginning, the Sinclairs had found the Griffith Family's relationships to be too complicated, anyway. They never wanted Elise to be in too much contact with Alexander, especially not after what happened with Matthew.

Yet, Elise always talked about how good Alexander was and how unique the Griffith Family had to be to get to the point that they were at today. It was only for that reason that Robin and his wife hadn't forced the two to separate.

Based on Madeline's attitude today, however, he made up his mind that no matter what they were talking about or whether Elise was in the wrong or right, the engagement between the Sinclair Family and Griffith Family would never continue.

The apple of their eye was not to be subjected to humiliation by the Griffiths just like that!

On the other end, Alexander reached his workplace and was about to get out of his car when he suddenly noticed through his rearview mirror a very suspicious figure lurking around the corner of an alleyway.

Acting like he hadn't noticed it, he got out of the car and went into the café across the street.

Using the wall and the waitstaff as his cover, he hid himself behind a glass wall where he could observe the other party.

Sure enough, the other party followed him inside very quickly and stood at the door, searching furtively for him.

Averting his gaze, Alexander left his hiding place and boldly walked through the crowd in the direction of the shop's back door.

Finally, around the bend of the alleyway where the coffee shop's back door led, he shoved his pursuer up against the wall. "Tell me who sent you."

"No one. I'm a reporter. I have the right to take pictures and access public places. Surely you're being over-sensitive, President Griffith!"

"Oh?"

A rising tone was the only warning the man received before Alexander exerted pressure and caused the reporter's left wrist to dislocate.

"Ow!" the man shouted in pain.

Calmly, Alexander reached for the man's uninjured hand. "Now for this side..."

"I'll talk! I'll talk!" The man whimpered before admitting in a quavering voice, "Mrs. Griffith sent me. She wanted me to keep tabs on you at all times. I'm only doing this for the money. If you're going to blame anyone, blame your mother!"

Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 365

Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 365

The moment Alexander rushed to the Sinclair Residence, he could feel that there was something wrong, especially with Robin. In the past, the elderly man was always polite toward him but today, his eyes were clearly giving out a signal that he couldn't wait to kick Alexander out of the house.

Meanwhile, Madeline didn't know what was going on behind her. However, her expression instantly darkened when she saw that Robin was disrespecting the Griffith Family. In a cynical tone, she sneered, "Everyone can make fake promises, but can they really fulfill that

promise? Why don't you ask your granddaughter if she can stay away from my son? Since we are going to be a family, what's wrong with getting used to it in advance?"

Madeline paused for a moment and squinted her eyes to look at Robin's reaction. Seeing that he was speechless, she smirked and continued with her ridiculous speech. "Besides, I'm not asking Elise to commit any murderous acts, I'm just asking her to be merciful and forgive those two boys in the Olson Family Clan, This is something that'll make everyone happy, not to mention that Elise has nothing to lose by doing so, so I don't understand why it can't be done. Elise, are you saying, that you are not satisfied with me as your future mother-in-law, so you're deliberately confronting me? Is that what you want?"

Throughout her comments, Madeline glanced at Elise from time to time to apply more pressure onto her.

After listening to what she had to say, Robin could no longer suppress the anger inside of him. "That is enough, Mrs. Griffith!" His voice was so loud that even Alexander, who was standing at the door, could hear his every rage. "My granddaughter doesn't need the Griffith Family to gain a higher status.

Instead, you should be grateful that she chose to marry into your family. She isn't an item for you to sacrifice for your own personal gain. The Griffith Family isn't that worthy for our Elise to put aside her principles and submit to all of you!" There seemed to be a raging flame burning in Robin's eyes as his chest began to puff out angrily.

However, Madeline seemed to think that his words were a big joke, so she chuckled. "Are you saying that my son isn't worthy of your daughter? That is the funniest joke I've ever heard! You—"

"Enough!"

Before she could finish her sentence, Alexander interrupted her as he couldn't stand listening to her.

Hearing his voice, Madeline felt a shiver down her spine.

As she slowly turned her head, she could see his gloomy face approaching her.

"Alexander, why are you—" she mumbled while standing up.

"Are you about to ask why I am suddenly here?" He stood still in front of her with a chilling expression that would terrify anyone. "Not only did you ask someone to follow me, you even found someone to look into me. Are you really that desperate to control my life? Am I your son or a puppet for you to control?"

"How could you speak to your mother like this?" Alexander's glare was so frightening that Madeline didn't dare to look him straight in the eye, so she kept on avoiding his gaze.

"You know that I love you the most. I asked someone to follow you because I was worried about your safety. You should know that Matthew—"

Alexander didn't give her a chance to finish her words as he thundered, "Enough! I don't want to hear about it anymore." With eyes as cold as ice, he uttered coldly, "Mom, this is my last warning to you. Elise is my limit, and no one can change it. From now on, I don't want you to meet her again without my presence. Even if you two meet each other, I will still stand by her side if there's any conflict. I don't want to make you sad, but if you intend to hurt the person I love, then I have no other choice."

"W-What are you saying?" Madeline was so startled by her son's words that she couldn't react to it in time. "Are you really going to cut ties with your own mother just for her?"

He straightened his back and uttered every word firmly. "If it's necessary, then yes."

At this point, Madeline couldn't believe the words that just came out of his mouth. I was only asking a favor from Elise, but he is now willing to cut ties with me? Doesn't he know that he is my son?! Why is he so sure that he'll stand by that woman's side forever?

She felt an ache inside her heart while the rage and shame drove her completely insane.

"Fine! If you want to cut ties with me, I'll allow it! From today onward, you are no longer my son! You—"She paused for a moment while pointing at Alexander before turning toward Elise. "And you! Since you don't have any respect for the Griffith Family and are not willing to make any sacrifices, let me see how determined you are. Tomorrow, I want you to publish a statement in the newspapers and disassociate yourselves from the Griffith Family!"

Alexander narrowed his eyes and asked, "Are you sure you want to go down this

road?"

Everyone knew that the Griffiths had a glamorous reputation, but they themselves knew clearly that after what happened with Matthew, the family was now riddled with problems. If Alexander actually decided to leave the family, it would certainly cause a huge mess.

However, Madeline was now filled with anger, so she didn't think about it carefully as she played along. "Show me to what extent you are willing to sacrifice for her!"

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And so, Alexander took a deep breath and uttered, "As you wish." Then, he gave Cameron a call in front of Madeline. "Go and contact all the reporters we are familiar with. I want them to send out a statement tomorrow that I'm disassociating myself from the Griffith Family."

"What?" Cameron was stunned. "Come again, President Griffith? Do you really want to disassociate yourself from the Griffith Family?"

"I don't want to repeat myself."

With that, Alexander hung up.

Listening to the call, Madeline was so frustrated that her face turned red. "Fine! I'm glad that I've raised such a wonderful son!"

However, Alexander stared at her emotionlessly, as if none of this had anything to do with him.

Truth was, Madeline knew her son well enough to know that she would never receive any reaction from him so in the heat of the moment, she simply directed her anger toward Robin and Laura.

"I see now, Old Master Sinclair. This is the granddaughter that you two have raised. Look at how well she has manipulated my son to turn against me. He used to respect me, but look at what he has become now! Are you finally satisfied?" she roared before turning toward Laura.

"Old Mrs. Sinclair, we are both women, so I understand that taking care of our husband and children is our responsibility. We don't have a say in our husbands' nature, but we are deeply responsible for what our children become in the future. I know that I shouldn't say this, but

seeing how unreasonable Elise has become, don't you think that outsiders will look at you differently from now on since you are the one who raised her?"

"Y-You-"

Laura had been friendly to everyone all her life, so she had never been mocked in this way. At that moment, she couldn't catch her breath and she held her chest as she

fell backward.

Fortunately, Robin was quick enough to hold her,

Elise also instantly got up from her chair to support her from behind. "Grandma? Grandma!"

"I'll call an ambulance right away." Alexander quickly reacted to the situation.

However, Madeline was still gloating on the sidelines, "Look at the lot of you! If you can't handle this kind of pressure, I can't imagine what will happen when you actually become the in-laws of the Griffith Family.

You are just a house of old and fragile people. How dare you say that you are not using us to elevate your status!"

Suddenly, Jeanie, who had been quiet the whole time, slammed her hand on the table and shouted, "You cruel woman! Can't you see that Old Mrs. Sinclair is in trouble? How dare you keep spouting nonsense? You're right. Elise is indeed not suitable for the Griffiths because I'm afraid that she'll be influenced by people like you and become a scum in the future!"