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Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 386

Chapter 386 Slit Her Throat

That same afternoon, the Olson Family declared their bankruptcy at the end of the stock trading and the company assets were frozen while the court issued a bankruptcy order. Amelia presently appeared to be in a daze as she sat next to Jeremy, letting out long and tired sighs every once in a while.

She wondered how she was going to tell her son that she had gambled the entire family fortune away. There didn't seem to be a gentle way to break the news, and with his poor state of health, she wasn't sure whether he could accept the blow. Then, Jeremy woke up with a violent coughing fit and the heaving made his body shudder.

Within seconds, he was coughing up blood. "Doctor! Doctor!" Amelia looked as if she had gone insane as she scrambled out of the room, and she returned with the consulting doctor and a team of nurses in tow. While the medical team went about the emergency life-saving procedure, she stood out in the hallway and watched the entire episode through the glass. It was only a full hour later that Jeremy's condition was stabilized, but the doctor walked out and informed wearily, "I'm sorry. We've done our best, but we can't promise that he will survive the next fit."

"No, don't say that! My son was perfectly fine, so don't tell me he's terminally ill all of a sudden!" Hot tears streamed past her cheeks as she gripped the doctor's arm and begged, "Please, please save my son. He's only twenty; he's still a child! He's too young to die!" However, the doctor could only sigh ruefully and he couldn't make any promises. At last, Amelia was exhausted from all the crying and she suddenly grew calm as she recalled Elise's warning from the other day at the clubhouse. "When the Griffiths wind up the company for good, that will be the end for Jeremy."

While the Griffiths were not bankrupt on paper, they were already on the verge of becoming so and this coincided with Jeremy's inexplicable deterioration in health. Elise has to be the one behind all this! There isn't anyone else! At the thought of this, she dried her tears and slowly sat up from the floor before she rose to hurry out of the hospital. She forked out a huge sum of cash, and within an hour, she managed to locate Elise. However, upon seeing

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the address, Amelia froze in astonishment. Elise was currently at the Silverton Club, the very same place where Nathan had told Amelia and Johan to hold the press conference.

Seized with a bad premonition, Amelia nearly retreated from the confrontation, but the thought of keeping Jeremy alive overwhelmed all reason. With a deep breath, she clenched her jaw and barged into the clubhouse. She was practically moving on instinct, but when she hurtled through the doors of the VIP lounge, she saw Nathan sitting insouciantly inside with Alexander and Elise. The three of them formed some sort of insidious triangle as they occupied the two couches in the lounge, and it was clear to see from their dynamics that they had known each other for quite some time.

"Mr. York..." Amelia began, a little startled as her gaze fixed on the man. "I've been looking for you." Nathan, however, was heartless as he pretended not to know about this. "Oh, really? I had no idea. I mean, I'm sure there are plenty of things you have to deal with at the moment. Why are you so anxious to see me, Mrs. Olson?" She was as pale as a white sheet in fury before she turned red as blood rushed to her face. The Olson Family's bankruptcy would have been headline news among the investors, and for a prominent figure like Nathan, there was no way he hadn't heard about it.

He's just pretending to be baffled on purpose! However, as things were, she had no leverage against him. The three of them were already on the top of the capitalist food chain and she was the bird whose wings had been clipped. She could neither soar above them nor make him bend to her every whim. "O-Oh, it's nothing," she finally responded bitterly through gritted teeth. "Well, that's good to know," Nathan replied impassively, indulging in cruelty. At the sight of his cold indifference, Amelia grew outraged, but she forced herself to turn away from him.

She took two steps closer to Elise instead and barked, "Come with me to the hospital right now, Elise! You're the one who hurt my son, so you'll have to save him!" Regardless of the financial troubles that plagued her family, the commanding edge in her tone did not seem to have softened. Elise was unbothered as she countered coolly, "Do you have proof to support that accusation?" "Of course I do! Everyone saw you touch him, which means you're the one who landed him into such a sorry state! Don't you dare deny this!" Amelia spat. "I had no idea that your son was so weak that he could become terminally ill from a light touch.

Is he perhaps made of fine china and he'd crack at the slightest bump?" Elise asked. At that moment, it was as if panic had turned Amelia's brain to mush. She wasn't in the mood to argue with Elise now and decided that pleading was the best way to go. As she humbled herself, she begged, "Please, Elise, you have to save my son. He's too young to die like this.

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“I’d do anything you want if you save him!” Elise wickedly eyed Amelia as she pointed out, “The Olson Family has no fortune to their name, and you’re nothing but a street rat now.

“What right do you have to bargain with me?” It was only then that hard realization dawned upon Amelia as she fearfully took in the apathetic look on Elise’s face. She finally understood the full extent of Elise’s intelligence and how a young girl like her could make all the right moves through cold, hard calculation. Barely a month had passed since the Olson Family’s first encounter with Elise, but that was enough time for them to slowly lose everything. She’s a force to be reckoned with, Amelia thought with a chill down her spine. All this aside, Elise was the only one who could save Jeremy and Amelia had no choice but to beg.

Amelia had been a proud woman all her life, but at that moment, she cast her pride away and fell on her knees, her bones hitting the cold, hard ground. Bowing her head, Amelia could finally see why Thaddeus had such high regards for Elise. In hindsight, she should have heeded her father’s advice and known better than to trifle with the girl. “My son and I were wrong to have done all those things to you in the past. I hope you can find it in your heart to forgive us and give my son a chance to live. I promise you he’ll change for the better!” “It’s too late,” Elise drawled icily.

“I gave you plenty of chances—like back at the car dealer and at the police station, just to name a few occasions. Jeremy could have changed for the better after he was rescued, but he didn’t.” Then, she paused and held Amelia’s gaze impassively. She parted her lips and emotionlessly added, “You have to pay the price eventually for all the bad things you did.” “Isn’t it enough that the Olson Family lost everything?!” Amelia shrieked, thumping her chest with her fists all curled up. “You took away our money, our reputation and our place in society.

“We have nothing to lose now but the life of a young one and you don’t even try to sympathize with us! How could you be so heartless?!” Am I heartless? Elise wasn’t sure about this question, but she knew that an apology from Amelia was equivalent to sweeping the past under the rug. No longer wanting to stick around for this conversation, she turned to address Alexander, “I’m tired.” “Okay.” Alexander nodded and said in the direction of the doorway, “Take this woman out of here immediately.”

The next second, two men in suits walked into the lounge and flanked either side of Amelia, thereafter dragging her out. “No! I won’t leave until Elise promises to save my son! I’d rather die than be dragged out like this!” Amelia struggled in the security guards’ vise-like grip, and inadvertently, she caught sight of the cabinets that were built into one side of the wall.

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Seized with determination, she broke free of the guards' rein and threw herself hard against the cabinets. The head-splitting pain that followed the collision made her see stars and black spots in her vision.

Fresh blood trickled down from her forehead almost instantaneously, staining half her face. She reached up to press a hand to her wound and tried to find her balance. When she did, she slowly opened her eyes and looked at Elise darkly, then bit out in a strained voice, "If you don't save my son, you'll have to watch me die right here right now!" The whole room fell into a deathly silence as Elise and Amelia faced off against one another.

The tension brewed and after what seemed like an eternity, an unaffected Elise took a deep breath and said, "Then go ahead and die." Amelia's eyes widened in disbelief as she couldn't imagine anyone being so ruthless. The wheels in her mind turned as she concluded, Elise is only saying this because she thinks I wouldn't kill myself out of desperation. She swallowed convulsively as she grew numb to the pain of her wound.

Mortality made her fear death, but she was more afraid of seeing her son die than anything else. If she had to choose, she wouldn't pick living if it meant her son couldn't be saved. A steely look flashed across her bloodstained face, and with one last glare at Elise, she ran out of the lounge. A few minutes later, one of the bodyguards brisk-walked into the room and reported, "That woman ran into the kitchen and slit her own throat with a knife!"

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Chapter 387 The Mad and the Foolish

Elise's expression shifted when she heard this. Nathan was the first to break the shock silence that came with the information. "Is she dead?" he asked. "No," the bodyguard replied. "She barely got through any skin and the slit isn't deep enough to kill her. She's already been sent to the hospital." To one side, Alexander noticed Elise let out a slow breath of relief and he raised his hand to dismiss the guard while saying, "That will be all." When the guard left, she muttered without making much sense, "Even a person like her would do anything to save her son."

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And I never even got to see my own biological parents. Am I just not good enough? She then thought about what Joshua had said—that she was only adopted, and no matter how close of a bond she and her grandparents might share, they were ultimately separated by the lack of blood relation. If it all came down to choosing between her and Joshua, there was no telling whether Robin and Laura would or wouldn't pick Joshua. Elise would always be the one left behind; abandonment was a fate she had been born into. "Everyone is different," Alexander prompted meaningfully, pulling her out of her thoughts.

"Maybe," she murmured as she spun and headed for the door. At the sight of this, he rose from the couch and asked, "Where are you going?" "To save Jeremy." She had changed her mind; regardless of whether Amelia would survive the ordeal, she would still spare the woman's son. It didn't take long for Alexander and Elise to arrive at the hospital. Under Elise's expert skills in acupuncture, Jeremy regained consciousness from his coma, though his last memory was the one from the other day when he had badgered Elise. Now that he was looking at her the moment he opened his eyes, his hand flew to his neck as he demanded warily, "What do you think you're doing?"

"Your mother's been hospitalized," Elise explained icily. "What? What the hell did you do to my mom?!" he roared as he bolted upright in bed. "You little b*tch! I swear I'll make you pay if anything happens to my mom!" She narrowed her eyes and shot him a dangerous look. "Keep saying that if you want to be a comatose forever." Jeremy knew better than to challenge her, so he shut up like she told him to. When Elise left, he hurried to look into Amelia's whereabouts. By the time he found her room, Amelia was already awake. "Mom! Are you alright? Why would you do such a thing?"

Tell me who it was that pushed you into doing something like this. I'll make them pay!" he cried, throwing himself down in the seat next to her bed as he sobbed pathetically. He might be an incorrigible troublemaker, but he still loved his mother dearly. "There, now; you're awake and that's all that matters. I'll be fine as long as you are, my child," a weak Amelia commented. "How are you 'fine' right now? Look at the state of you! I won't just sit here and take this without a fight. I'll find that person who did this to you and make them pay. Was it Elise?"

That scheming little witch has gone too far this time! I'll find her and if I can't kill her myself, I'll hire someone to do it!" "Stop!" Panic settled over Amelia as she reached up and clutched Jeremy's shirt, drawing him closer with a frantic gleam in her eyes. "That's enough. Don't go around saying stuff like that anymore. That woman is someone we can't afford to trifle with!" With slow hesitation, she added, "In the few days that you've been unconscious, the

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Olson Family has gone bankrupt." A loud ringing filled Jeremy's ears like his mind had just imploded. "That's impossible! I don't believe you. You're lying!"

The Olson Family is a titan in the industry and we have William and Nathan on our side. How could we have lost everything?" "You fool! Don't you understand? Nathan has been on Elise's side from the very beginning! He only got close to us for us to lower our guard!" "What?" He crashed to the floor in a miserable heap. Bewildered, he started to recall everything that had culminated into this. Now that he thought about it, it was no wonder that Alexander and Elise could access Nathan's suite whenever they liked, but the Olson Family could not.

As it turned out, the wheels of Elise's plans had been set in motion without Amelia and anyone else in the Olson Family realizing it. Everything had been a ploy to begin with. How terrifying can one woman be? Jeremy thought with a shiver. Presently, Amelia let out a sigh. She stared at the ceiling with a faraway gaze as she added, "It was our fault for pushing Elise's limits. We need to know our place now and we have to realize that our glory days have come to an end." "No! I won't do it! I won't go down like this!" Jeremy couldn't accept the fact that he had gone from riches to rags as soon as he had woken up from his coma.

As though having gone insane, he roared and howled, then rushed out of the hospital the same way Amelia had earlier at the clubhouse. A few days later, news of him getting beaten into a pulp headlined the entertainment gossip column. He suffered such severe brain damage from the assault that rumor had it he wouldn't be the same person even after treatment. Unable to cope with this cruel twist of fate, she lost her mind. Meanwhile, Elise had gone through the paperwork for Laura's discharge from the hospital and brought Laura home.

Following several rounds of acupuncture, Laura had already regained her mobility and Elise decided to bring her grandparents to seek medical help abroad after a month or two of recuperation. In order to celebrate Laura's discharge from the hospital, Joshua had been released from custody as well. After having not seen or heard from Joshua for the past few days, Maureen was ecstatic to see her husband return and the couple staked out a corner to talk about something in secret. Elise was helping Laura into a seat when she saw Jeanie sighing. Upon sensing that Jeanie might be in low spirits, Elise followed her into the kitchen and asked, "You look a little down, Mrs. Anderson.

Is something the matter?" Jeanie turned away as soon as she heard Elise's voice and quickly dabbed her tears. "I-It's nothing. I'm fine." While Jeanie thought she was being subtle, Elise actually saw through her gestures and grew even more worried. As she approached the older woman, Elise said gently, "Mrs. Anderson, you know about my being

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adopted by the Sinclairs, and that I'm not biologically related to my grandparents, but that doesn't change the fact that our bond is real. If you see me as family, Mrs. Anderson, you don't have to hide anything from me or be so courteous toward me."

Jeanie sighed. Since Elise had persuaded her, she reached out to take the girl's hand as she said wistfully, "I was feeling dejected about how a girl as wonderful as you didn't turn out to be my daughter." She paused, then mused thoughtfully, "And I'm upset because I went to get a DNA test done after I found out you were adopted. In the end... You have no idea how much I wish you were my daughter!" Elise felt her heart leap to her throat, but she maintained composure as she asked, "You went to get a DNA test done?" "Huh?" Jeanie froze for a moment before she quickly apologized, "Yes, I went out to deliver the DNA sample to the facility that ran the test for me.

I'm sorry for not staying home like you told me to, Elise." "No, I'm worried about something else," Elise explained gravely. "Something else?" A baffled Jeanie couldn't quite understand what else could worry Elise other than the trip she had made to the DNA test facility. With a sigh, Elise decided to be frank with the woman. "Faye has hired someone to keep an eye on you and the spy has been watching you from outside the house all this time." "What?"

Jeanie placed a hand over her heart and as the belated realization sank in, she muttered, "Does that mean Faye knows about the test?" "I wouldn't be too concerned about that." Elise briefly pondered on this, then met Jeanie's gaze as she asked somberly, "Mrs. Anderson, could you give me a copy of the DNA test results?" "It's all just a bunch of technical data. Would you be able to understand the data at all?" Jeanie asked. "No," Elise replied bluntly.

"Maybe I could trace the data source, though." Jeanie couldn't quite comprehend this, but she did as she was told and returned with the test results. Elise took the results and went back to her room, then somehow hacked into the facility's database by using the facility's name and the serial number printed on the test results. When she saw the real report leap out at her from the screen, she stared at the computer for long enough that one might think she had turned to stone.

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Chapter 388 Forcefully Remove People From My House

The woman whom Elise saved was actually her biological mother. For so many years, she had hoped to meet her mother and live with her, but when all of this was within reach, she suddenly became overwhelmed. At the same time, Faye also saw the real report. That woman is actually Yoona!

She's not dead; she's actually still alive! Faye tightly squeezed the identification report until the document became wrinkled. She seriously wished to crush it as if doing this would remove the big stone weighing on her heart. In fact, she had worked so hard for so long to lay out her plans to reach this position, so she knew she must not allow Yoona to appear and affect everything.

Just as she was about to think of a solution, the office door was violently pushed open from the outside. Her secretary had stood in front of Johan to block him but that could not stop him from striding forward. "Mr. Olson, you can't go in. Miss Anderson is..." As the secretary spoke, Johan had already walked up to Faye. The secretary lowered her head to immediately apologize, "Sorry, Miss Anderson, I couldn't stop him..." "It's fine. You may leave first." Faye waved her hand to dismiss the secretary. When the door closed, Johan sneered, "Faye, you really are busy, huh?"

Your own fiancé has to make an appointment to see you." She unhurriedly returned to the chair and sat down. Only then did she slowly say, "You should know very well that we are only engaged and not married. We can break off the relationship at any time."

"I know. Even lovers will break up in the face of hardship. If I were you, I would also make the same choice," he admitted. "Good to know," Faye spoke in a formal tone. "In that case, please leave." "Don't rush to drive me away. I haven't finished talking yet." Johan pulled out the chair and sat down, crossing his legs with a leisurely look on his face.

At this moment, she could not hide the disgust in her eyes and said in a mean manner, "You know, I truly admire you. When everyone was fighting over the family assets, you were not worried at all, and I even had to continuously push you before you would make a move. Now

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that the Olson Family is facing bankruptcy, you're again not worried at all. You have a good mentality." "You're right." Johan was not annoyed. Instead, he smiled before he placed his fingers on his chin. As he stretched his neck, he said quietly, "Well, I have a great girlfriend." "Hey."

Faye made a gesture of stopping him. "That was long before; I have nothing to do with you now." "Oh..." Johan laughed dryly as he revealed a calculating smile. "Faye, do you really think you can get rid of me? I did many dirty things for you and retained all that evidence.

If you drive me away and make me unhappy, I might make a mistake. We will all be suffering by then!" Silence fell in the room. Narrowing her eyes, Faye stared at Johan across the table. She had underestimated this man whom she had thought only knew how to drink and be merry and did not expect to actually be countered by him.

Those matters that couldn't be brought to light would cause her to lose her position in the Anderson Family and even get herself imprisoned if they were leaked. As Faye thought of these, her expression changed and she instantly smiled again. "Then, it seems that we can't dissolve our relationship in the near future. In that case, let's endure each other's presence for a while." "Of course." Johan reached out and took Faye's hand in his before he kissed it gently. "I knew it, my dearest. You wouldn't watch me die without lending a helping hand, right?"

The smile on Faye's face gradually deepened, but what she thought in her heart was that she wished nothing more to tear him apart. ... That afternoon, Faye took Johan and a few policemen to knock on the door of Sinclair Residence. "Is anyone there?" The leader of the police in charge shouted loudly. "Is there anyone?" "Who is it? What's so urgent?" Maureen hurriedly went over to open the door. She had only just opened it when all five people barged in. "Hey, hey, hey, who are you looking for?" She hurriedly blocked their way. "Are you Jeanie Gray?" the policeman asked.

She shook her head. "No." "Then, who are you?" the policeman asked again. "I'm the mistress of the house!" Maureen exclaimed; it was only a matter of time before the old woman's life was over anyway. "Then have Jeanie come out, please. We need to take her to the station."

"I don't know her," a resentful Maureen commented. "You guys are weird. Why are you here at the Sinclair Residence looking for someone with the last name of Gray?" "If you don't know her, why are you delaying us?" With that, the police headed inside. She looked at the

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man's uniform and did not dare to stop him, so she just trotted all the way to the front and walked in front of them. Jeanie was walking with Laura in the courtyard.

When Faye came in and saw her, she feigned distress and ran up to hold Jeanie's hand. "Mom, what are you doing? You are Mrs. Anderson of the Anderson Family. How can you behave like a servant and take care of other people's elderly?" Johan also followed suit and echoed, "Yes, Mrs. Anderson, just come back with us. Faye has been talking about you all day and she can't sleep well." As Jeanie heard those words from the two of them, she stood still. They then looked to the police and said, "Officer, we've found her." "In that case, bring her back."

Before coming here, Faye had informed them that Jeanie was a mentally ill woman who did not usually behave like herself. She had gotten lost, only to be detained by the Sinclair Family. Thus, this time, they were here to bring her back. After all, mentally ill patients did not have the right to make their own decisions and their guardians had to either make the decision to keep them at home or admit them to the mental hospital. In any case, it was not possible for them to stay in the homes of outsiders. "I'm not leaving! I'm not going back!" Jeanie resisted and shook off Faye's hand, but she was grabbed by the bodyguard Faye had brought and was dragged out in the next second. "Stop!"

At this point, Alexander and Elise entered the courtyard and saw this absurd scene. "What are you doing?" Alexander asked coldly. "How dare you forcefully remove people from my house!" "What? I'm bringing my mother back to my own home. Do I have to tell you that in advance? Alexander, you're way too full of yourself." Faye rolled her eyes at him. Then, she said to the police, "Officer, we'll take her away first!" The police nodded.

"Go back and be reunited with your family!" "How dare you take her away from here!" Elise suddenly spoke up, her voice icy. The policeman stiffened and said angrily, "What are you talking about? The daughter wants to bring her mother home, so how can you stop her?"

If her family does not agree to her staying here, you're illegally abducting and detaining her, which you'll be sentenced to prison for! Do you understand?" "Are you sure her family doesn't agree?" Her face was cold. "Where is her family member who agreed to Jeanie staying? Why do I not know about it?" The police officer spread out his hands as if he had heard some big joke.

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Chapter 389 The Anderson Family's Daughter

"I agree," Elise said coldly. "You?" The police officer stared at her up and down for a moment. "What's your name?" "Elise Sinclair." When the police heard this, his expression darkened. "Well, stop cracking jokes here. I'm busy and have no time to joke around with you.

You're a Sinclair, not an Anderson. How dare you speak up about this!" With that, he turned around to urge Faye to take Jeanie away. At this time, Elise's voice rang out again. "I am Jeanie's long-lost daughter, Yoona Anderson." Her voice was not shrill, but every word was loud and clear and it shocked everyone present.

Everyone looked at her as they waited for an explanation. However, she just calmly walked up to push away the two hands holding Jeanie before taking her away. Jeanie was completely stunned by what Elise had just said and she hadn't returned to her senses as she was dragged away by Elise. As for Faye, she quickly reacted by rushing over. Then, she grabbed Jeanie's other hand and said fiercely, "Do you think we'll believe it?

The whole city knows that the Anderson Family's other daughter died long ago. Elise, even if you're a gold-digger, you should find another family to harm!" "Let go!" Elise said in a stern voice. "Don't even think about it!" a stubborn Faye replied. "No matter what, I have to take my mother away today!"

"Oh?" Elise slowly inclined her head and raised an eyebrow to look at her. "It looks like you want me to remind you how you bribed the staff of the DNA identification center, tampered with the DNA report, and imprisoned Old Mrs. Anderson and Mrs. Anderson."

"Y-You're talking nonsense!" Faye's eyes flashed with panic, but she quickly calmed down again. Then, she smoothly added, "My grandmother is old and she always needs someone around to watch her. As for my mother, she has a certified psychiatric report from the hospital, and she needs to be placed under continual observation too.

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If you're trying to say that this is me imprisoning them, I'm sure the officers will be a good judge of that!" "Is that so?" Elise sneered. "If you're observing them so diligently, why would they still be kidnapped? Was that an accident or a deliberate set-up?"

Officer, don't you think this is extremely strange?" "Elise!" Faye was so agitated that her voice rose higher. "You don't need to demonize me here. In any case, I am legally my mother's daughter and the only heiress of the Anderson Family. I am also her current guardian, so I am qualified to take her away!"

With that, she turned to the officer and begged, "Officer, you have read all the legal information, so please help me take my mother home!" "Miss Anderson, don't worry. With me here, no one can separate you and Mrs. Anderson!" Then, the police officer placed his hand on Elise's hand that was holding Jeanie.

"Miss Elise, please let go and don't obstruct our duty. Do not interfere with us!" Elise did not move but increased the force in her hand by squeezing Jeanie's hand even tighter. As the pain was being transmitted to Jeanie, she regained some sanity, but she did not feel the pain at all. Instead, when she looked at Elise's face close at hand, she inexplicably felt peace and she believed every word that Elise said. She knew that Yoona had returned!

At this moment, Elise's expression was gradually changing in which there was already a killing light in her eyes. The police officer was frightened by her aura, so his other hand inched toward the gun at his waist. He thought that Faye was probably right: Elise Sinclair of the Sinclair Family was actually crazy.

I have to be on guard. Seeing that the situation was about to get out of hand, Alexander strode forward to squeeze both the officer and Elise's hands. "Elise," Alexander called out in a low voice. "Relax. Please relax. Mrs. Anderson will not be taken away. Trust me." When she heard that, the furious Elise finally calmed down and her delicate hand gradually slipped off from Jeanie.

At that, the police breathed a sigh of relief and released his gun. "Well, to be honest with you, you should not be interfering with the family affairs of others. Why bother making a fool of yourself?" After the admonishment, the police signaled to Faye to hurry up and take Jeanie away first.

Faye immediately understood and along with Johan, she fiercely dragged Jeanie to the outside. When they reached the door, they were suddenly blocked by a crowd of people.

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Cameron was blocking the door with a group of bodyguards, leaving no possibility for Faye and Johan to escape.

When the police saw that they were being blocked, they became angry. "What are you trying to do? Are you part of the underground? How dare you restrict the freedom of the police in broad daylight! Are you aware of the law or not?" After that, Alexander slowly waved at Cameron.

Cameron nodded respectfully before he took a document from the assistant behind him, crossed the courtyard, and gave it to Alexander. While holding the document, Alexander slowly said, "This is the paternity report of Elise Sinclair and Jeanie Gray, also known as Mrs. Anderson. It proves that Elise is Jeanie's biological daughter.

The DNA identification center is located right here in the city, so if anyone does not believe this report, you may immediately head there with my people to verify it." With that, he threw the report at Faye's feet. Then, he looked at the police and asked, "Officer, are we now qualified to allow my mother-in-law to stay?"

The police officer looked at him with some doubt before he turned to pick up the report. Only when he saw the 99.99% probability of a confirmed paternity test did he look at Faye with chagrin. "Miss Faye, what's going on here? Didn't you say that Elise is not a relative of the Anderson Family and is illegally detaining your mother?"

How do you explain this?" Faye had no way to explain, so she gritted her teeth and glared at Elise with resentment and anger. She had underestimated Elise too much; even though she had already spent money to expunge the data from the identification center, Elise still had the real report. What a vindictive woman! She pretends to be pure and harmless, but in reality, she still wants to claim her heritage and compete with me for the Anderson Family's assets!

The police took a look at Faye's expression and knew that what Alexander said was true, so he felt embarrassed. "It's hard for the police to judge family affairs. You can solve your family's crap yourself! We're not going to care anymore!" After saying that, he threw the report aside and left in a rage. Alexander's men did not stop the police and allowed them to leave. Over in the courtyard, Jeanie squatted and picked up the report again.

After reading the last page, she then held it like it was treasure. Then, she walked toward Elise and hugged her tightly. "Yoyo, my daughter, you're finally back! I missed you so much!" Elise had always felt that she was sensible enough to control her emotions. However, when

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Jeanie hugged her and cried bitterly, her own emotions were immediately thrown into chaos.

Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 390

Chapter 390 Let's Get Married

Faye's hand that was at her side unconsciously clenched into a fist. She gritted her teeth in indignation as she watched the two of them embrace each other. For more than 10 years, she had forced herself to become outstanding and excellent, but Jeanie and Bertha didn't even care a hoot.

Elise was just a worthless girl who did not have family at an early age, so she was incomparable to Faye, but Jeanie still considered Elise as a treasure. But even so, Faye still quickly forced herself to calm down, took two steps forward and reminded Jeanie, "Mother, this is such an important matter; it is better to be cautious.

Although I also want my sister to come back, we know for a fact that she died. I wonder if the sudden appearance of this woman claiming to be my sister could be a fraud." "You shut up! My heart clearly knows whether she's the real Yoyo or not!" Jeanie released Elise before tightly holding her hand again.

In a stubborn manner, she said, "Elise is Yoyo, and Yoyo is Elise. She is my daughter!" Being yelled at had caused Faye to be taken aback and momentary ruthlessness flashed in her eyes, but soon disappeared again. Then, she said quietly, "Mother, the Anderson Family has to decide if she is Yoyo.

It's not up to you alone!" Elise inexplicably felt annoyed. "It's not up to you either." "Please leave, Miss Anderson." Alexander immediately said. "This is a private place and a small one at that. We can't accommodate this many people for now."

An exasperated Faye glanced at the bodyguards crowded all over the courtyard, knowing that she couldn't touch them, so she had to leave. As soon as she and her companions left,

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the bodyguards also withdrew. Soon, everyone returned to the main hall and sat down where Elise then explained why there were two DNA identification reports.

“What a load of balderdash!” Robin was so angry that he hit the table. “What, do they think that Elise cares about that tiny bit of assets the Anderson Family own?” All those present did not dare to answer. Joshua and his wife weren’t happy as they thought that if Elise didn’t return to the Anderson Family to fight for the family assets, could she be waiting to inherit the Sinclairs’ family assets instead? After all, they did not agree to this. Elise was just a foster daughter, and there were no blood ties between her and the Sinclair Family, so why should she have a share of their family assets?

Of course, the couple did not dare to voice those words aloud, but only quietly made plans in their hearts. As for Jeanie, she kept grabbing Elise, afraid that Elise would disappear again. It was only after a long time that she made up her mind and said, “No, Yoyo, you must fight for it. Everything in the Anderson Family was originally yours to begin with!” Her illness seemed to have suddenly gotten better and she analyzed the situation seriously. “Faye does not have good intentions and the Anderson Family has long since become warped in her hands over the years.

Only when my Yoyo returns can the Anderson Family revive.” Elise stoically listened, as if what Jeanie had said was someone else’s business and had nothing to do with her. In the room full of people, everyone had their own preoccupations. Robin and Laura were still reluctant to let Elise go.

Suddenly, Alexander posed a rather inappropriate question. “Mrs. Anderson, please clarify to me this: are you telling Elise to go back because you sincerely miss your daughter, or do you simply need her as a tool to fight for power and benefits?” His expression darkened as a rare trace of anger surfaced on his face. When it came to Elise, he would cast all his values aside and only cared about her.

Hearing that suddenly caused Jeanie to freeze. It was a long time before she reacted and repeatedly apologized to Elise. “Yoyo, I did not mean that. I just felt that I’ve owed you too much and want to give you all those things. I’m not fighting for my benefit, I’m not...” she explained anxiously and was suddenly a weak woman with no opinion.

She was as incoherent and panicked as a child who had done something wrong. “I know.” Elise covered the back of Jeanie’s hand with hers. She faintly reassured Jeanie, “I didn’t think that way.” “T-Then... Will you acknowledge m-me?”

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Jeanie stammered. Things had happened so fast that she forgot to ask what Elise thought, and now that she reflected on it, she was indeed a bit disrespectful. "No matter what, I am your daughter. That is a fact." Elise's face was expressionless, making it impossible to distinguish her exact mood at the moment. "You can stay here in peace now." She motionlessly pushed Jeanie's hand away and casually found an excuse to leave. "I'll go back to my room and rest for a while." "Go on," Laura responded. Elise nodded, and only then did she go back to the courtyard.

After she left, Robin sighed. "She can't get over the news." Laura gave him a look and nodded silently. However, Jeanie was fidgety. "Does E-Elise hate me?" "Give her some time," he said. "I'll go take a look," Alexander offered as he got up to walk out. Outside the door of Elise's room, he reached out and knocked twice.

Knock knock. However, there was no response. He fell silent and thought for a while before he pushed the door open. In the room was Elise seated in front of the dressing table and staring at the mirror. Alexander walked over and stood behind her, his big hand gently resting on her shoulder. "Are you okay?" She ignored his words and instead looked at the mirror, muttering, "Who am I really?"

Elise or Yoona? Should I become a different person and live a different life? She couldn't figure out how to transition between the Sinclair Family and the Anderson Family. He bent down and hugged her from behind.

His cheek pressed against hers as he tried hard to warm her with his body. "You are Elise and you are also Yoona. Most importantly, you are my fiancée. You are you; your name is just a name. No matter what your name becomes tomorrow, you are always yourself." "Maybe my name is more than enough to confuse you," Elise said self-deprecatingly.

"What, am I so useless in your heart?" Alexander joked. Then, he became serious again. Looking at Elise's reflection in the mirror, he said solemnly, "I will always recognize you, no matter what your name is. I will always remember you. Marry me, Elise. I want to have a family of our own with you." "Aren't we already engaged?" Elise asked. "I mean, let's get married."

His voice rose a bit, his gaze firm and sincere. Elise's expression finally changed. Although she could see him in the mirror, she still turned and met his eyes. "You really want to marry me?" When he heard that, Alexander sighed and laughed. "When have I not wanted to?" "Maybe you will change your mind later." "I am only afraid that you will change your mind, so let's just get married, Elise. I want to be with you for the rest of my life."

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