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## Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 416

### Chapter 416 An Idiot

Elise felt a warm and fuzzy feeling in her heart. It melted her, and she couldn't resist his hug. She couldn't say anything embarrassing either, so she let him hug her as she felt the thump of his heartbeat.

A while later, they went back to the front. Ever since they switched houses, they got new servants, and Maria was the one preparing the meals for them. Once they came back out, Elise told Maria, "Prepare five more portions for dinner tonight."

"You have guests coming over?" Alexander asked.

"You can say so," Elise answered vaguely. "Just do as I say, Maria."

"Yes, Miss Sinclair," Maria answered and went to the kitchen.

Two hours later, Trevor came back out looking refreshed. "I can beat up ten guys now, no sweat!" He showed his muscles and looked like he was raring to go. Physically, his body did not change in the slightest, so all he had to show was a frail arm. His bones underwent a huge change, but nobody could see that.

Jeanie got up and smacked his head. "What did you say, you brat? You want to get your butt kicked again? Do you have any idea how much your sister had to do to heal you? You're going to exhaust her, you idiot!"

"Ow, ow, ow, Mom. Stop hitting me." Trevor dodged his mother deftly, but he couldn't stop her from chasing him around. "Fine, fine, I'm sorry." He gave up. "I won't go into battles I'm not prepared for. I won't trouble Elise anymore, alright?"

"That's more like it." Jeanie stopped after he promised her that.

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Trevor kept quiet after that ordeal, but he still had that repressed energy within him, and he wanted to vent. He had that chance when dinner came, but instead of using it to beat someone up, he spent all that energy on eating.

Elise told Maria to make five more portions for dinner, but Maria made even more than that. However, half of it was already devoured by Trevor before all the dishes were served.

Aside from Elise, everyone stopped to look at Trevor, who was gorging on all the food. It was as if a black hole had formed in his stomach, and no matter how much he ate, he was not satisfied.

When he picked up his second chicken drumstick, Jeanie gulped in fear. She put her cutlery down and stopped him. "Alright, I won't yell at you anymore, but please stop this. Do you want your belly to explode from all the food?"

"Sorry?" Trevor looked at her innocently. "I'm not even full yet. You can't be serious, Mom. I promised I won't trouble Elise anymore, but now you are stopping me from eating my fill?"

"That is not what I meant! Do you realize that you've eaten all the food here? I know you're hungry, but if you keep this up, you'll end up sick again!" Jeanie lectured him.

Trevor stopped dumbly and looked at the table. When he realized that everyone only had some potatoes in their bowl and nothing else, he immediately felt embarrassed. "Sorry." He smiled sheepishly. "I'm starving today."

"It's alright, my boy." Robin smiled. "Great food should be enjoyed. Eat as much as you want, Trevor."

"I don't think I will." He put the chicken drumstick down, since he was worried it might do him no good if he ate too much.

"Just eat it," Elise said quietly. "Your meridians and bones are undergoing a big change now. Out with the old, in with the new. All that energy for the change has to come from somewhere. As long as you still feel like you can eat, your body can take it." She paused for a moment and gave him another chicken drumstick. "You are what you eat. You want muscles? Eat more meat. You'll be kicking Harald's behind in no time."

"Really?" Trevor looked excited, but then he realized something, and he gnashed his teeth. "Harald's nothing to your lackeys. There's no achievement in beating him."

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"Oh, that was fast." Elise took some food from the table. "If you have realized that, then you have to get stronger as soon as possible. I can't keep you safe forever."

Trevor nodded solemnly. Only the strong are worthy to befriend the strong. If I want to be the defender instead of the weakling, I have to get stronger. As long as he could have the chance to protect Elise, he had no reason to stop. Trevor took the chicken drumstick from her and gave her a meaningful look before he gorged on the food once more.

Everyone thought it was amusing to see him eat. They weren't hungry anyway, so they put their cutlery down and watched him eat.

In the end, he finished all the food on the table. Jeanie asked him if he had his fill, and he burped. "About eighty percent full." He raised eight fingers. "Can't eat too much, so this is enough."

"You really are a pig," Jeanie mocked him again.

Trevor didn't argue this time. He rubbed his belly, thinking, So what if I'm a pig? I don't care if that's what it takes to get stronger and to have the strength to defend myself. Trevor wanted to vent even more after dinner, and he set his sights on Alexander. "Wanna spar?" He smiled.

Alexander looked to Elise for her opinion, and she said bluntly, "You're no match for him. Don't waste your time."

Trevor smacked his lips and gave up. Sitting around was getting frustrating, so he took Jeanie and went on a walk.

Night came, and when the clock struck midnight, Elise heard something rustling in the yard next door. This time, she went over, but she saw something she did not expect. Alexander was still in his yard, while a group of people was sending something to him discreetly. Once they were gone, she leaped down from the wall.

Alexander looked at her helplessly. "Can't you use the front door?" What am I going to do about this girl? What if she hurts herself parkouring so much?

"Eh, it's a hassle," she retorted and went into the house. She walked around the hall, but there was nothing to be found. "Where's the treasure?" She stared at Alexander.

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Alexander smiled. "And how do you know they were here to give me a treasure?"

"I just know! Now tell me where it is!" Elise stomped her foot. She wanted to say it was because she knew him too well, but it sounded too mushy for her, so she didn't.

Alexander would do everything to give something to her if she showed an interest in it. And there's no way it's something ordinary if he asked his men to send it over at this hour. Alexander couldn't refuse her, so he shook his head and pointed his chin at the room in the furthest corner of the house.

Whipped by her curiosity, Elise trotted over to take a look at the treasure. However, she couldn't bring herself to smile when she saw what it was. The thing Alexander had received was an ice coffin, and there was someone lying in there—someone familiar to Elise. He was none other than Joseph, the administrator of SK Group who was replaced.

## Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 417

### **Chapter 417 Her Life, Worthless**

Elise thought Joseph was under someone's control, but she never thought he'd be in such a dire situation. She looked at him, but she felt no signs of life. "Is he dead?" she asked solemnly.

She hid her feelings well, but Alexander could still tell that she and Joseph shared a deep bond. It was the first time Elise showed so much care to another man in front of him. For some reason, it felt like someone was squeezing his heart, and he felt frustrated. "There's no reason for anyone to take his body away," he said calmly. "The coffin has a temperature control mechanism built in, and he has ample oxygen supply. He's just in a fake death state."

Elise nodded and went up to open the coffin. When she performed a quick check, she realized Joseph's condition was far worse than she imagined. The tendons in his limbs were broken, and he was in a coma because of some substance in his body. He seemed fine, but she knew he was a hair's breadth away from death. She didn't know what kind of substance

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was in his body, but she knew he had to have a surgery performed on him as soon as possible.

Then, she called Claude right in front of Alexander. "You have to come back right now," she said solemnly. "Joseph's in trouble, and he needs a surgeon. You're the man for the job."

"Wait, what? Joseph? But that's impossible. He was still talking to me before you called," Claude blabbered quickly.

A frown appeared on her head. "You have to move right now. You're exposed."

"Slow down. What are you talking about? First you say Joseph's in trouble, and now you say he leaked my location? Can you give me a second to process things?"

"No. Just run. I'll send you a safe route in a second. Use that to come back right now." Elise hung up and immersed herself in her own thoughts.

Joseph is SK's top brass and the most trusted, reputable man in the group. He also has the highest security clearance. It's hard to believe that he's in trouble, and he sold out his group's members. However, things had already gone out of control, so all Elise could do was try to save him and cut their losses. Believe it or not, it's up to them. "Do you have a laptop somewhere?" She looked at Alexander.

"It's in my room," he replied calmly.

"I need to use it." She went toward his room.

As expected, a few groups of people had locked in on Claude's location. The nearest enemy was only a hundred yards away from him. He's going to get caught at this rate. She clacked away at the keyboard and attacked the enemy's tracking software. Once she destroyed it, she quickly hid Claude's signal. A moment later, Claude's signal was already some distance away from the enemies'.

Five minutes later, he called Elise. "Oh my god, Father. You were right. I almost got caught. Who's the enemy? How did they hack us, dammit?" Claude cursed. Holy motherf\*cking sh\*t. I almost lost some good meds.

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"I don't know just yet," she said calmly. "The longer you are outside, the more dangerous it becomes for you. I'll get a chopper to pick you up. Then you'll go to the airport and come back on a jet."

"Sure. You do your stuff. As long as I get to keep my meds, I'll do anything you ask," Claude said happily.

Elise hung up.

Alexander waited for a moment longer and only came in after she put her phone down.

However, it was as if Elise didn't even notice him. She kept her eyes on the screen and didn't even look at him, as if he was nothing but air.

Alexander frowned. He regretted taking that coffin back, since it only made Elise ignore him. When Elise stopped working, he finally asked her, "Is that your friend?"

"Yes," Elise answered calmly.

"Are you good friends?" he asked again.

"Yes," she answered without even hesitating. "He saved my life before."

"Hm?" Alexander arched his eyebrow, and a thought raced in his mind. Since he saved her life, does that mean she has to marry him as payment?

"I don't want to talk about my past." Elise didn't plan on elaborating, but she said, "I'm going to keep him safe, but it's going to land me in a whole world of danger and offend a lot of parties. I don't want to trouble you, so you have two options. You move somewhere else, or I take him away with me."

Alexander took a deep breath. He was starting to have mixed feelings about the matter. Did he really only save her life before? "Don't you have anything else to say?" Alexander looked at her, then he squinted with slight excitement.

"No. That will be all for now." Elise didn't even look up.

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Alexander's eyes dimmed, and he said coldly, "Never thought you were such a coward." Frustrated, he went out of the room and slammed the door shut, causing a loud bang.

Elise looked at the door that was slammed shut, but she was confused. What happened?

However, her train of thoughts was broken by a message from 'Joseph.'

'You'd better hide. My men will be there soon.'

Elise squinted. He's more daring than I thought. Already exposing his identity and issuing me a challenge so openly even before he got his hostage? Well, now that he's already here, there's no reason for me to back down. She replied quickly, 'Welcome.'

I will make sure those who attack my friends pay for their crimes.

She tried to send a message in SK Group's global channel, but as expected, she and Claude were banned from texting. Everyone there was bashing them for betraying the group, though it was apparent that this was the result of the usurper's brainwashing.

One of the messages read, 'I offer a two hundred million bounty for anyone who can kill Eliza.' When Elise saw that, she chuckled and turned the laptop off.

Eliza was the name she used in SK Group. So I'm only worth two hundred million to them?

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### Chapter 418 Mike Oxlone

Looks like SK has been growing well over the past few years. A random member alone can offer a two-hundred-million bounty. No wonder someone wants this group all for their own.

She put the laptop aside and realized that Alexander seemed to have come in earlier. She went out and looked around the yard, but he was nowhere to be found. Only Cameron was around. "Where's Alexander?" she asked.

"He just went out," Cameron answered politely. "Do you need me to call him?"

"No. Let him do his job," Elise refused and went back to perform an acupuncture treatment on Joseph.

A few hours later, she had almost used all her needles, and she leaned against the wall to rest. She had tried her best, but Joseph showed no signs of waking up, so she had to give up for now. She closed the coffin, plugged the oxygen in, adjusted the temperature, and went to sleep in the room next door. Battered down by exhaustion, she drifted to sleep the moment she went to bed, forgetting that it was Alexander's room.

While sleeping, she felt someone closing in. Elise got her guard up by reflex, but when she felt the person tiptoeing around so as to not wake her, she relaxed and went back to sleep.

Elise was woken up by her phone the next morning. When she realized it was Claude's ringtone, she opened her eyes and sprang up, going into focus mode immediately. "Hello? What is it?"

"I left the airport, but someone's following me," Claude said calmly, as if it was nothing.

"Don't hang up." Elise turned the laptop on and clacked away at the keyboard, then she said, "Tell the driver to head toward the biggest mall in town. Once you're there, go to the staff's



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locker room on the top floor. There are new clothes, phone, and my location inside. There's no surveillance camera in the stairs at the back. And hurry."

"No problemo." Claude hung up so nobody could track the signal.

He wasn't worried about the ones following him, since Eliza could settle it. However, he underestimated the people in the nation. He had someone hot on his tail, and he ran into a sudden check at the last toll booth. Obviously, it was set up specifically for him.

His pursuers were right behind him, while the police were ahead of him. It was obvious which side would make him suffer more, so he pushed his cap down and pretended to sleep in the backseat. A short while later, it was their turn to be checked.

The young officer knocked on the window, and Claude pretended to wake up. He stretched his arms and asked groggily, "What is it, officer?"

"We're performing a check. I need to see your ID," the officer said.

"Sure," Claude answered readily. He went through his bag for a while, then he looked at the officer apologetically. "Sorry, officer, but I seem to have left my ID at home."

"You left it at home?" The officer looked at him suspiciously. "You should remember the number, right?"

"What seems to be the problem?" The other stops were already starting to verify the citizens' details, so the holdup here was getting the officer in charge's attention.

The officer in charge pushed the young officer aside and stuck his head into the car. He looked at Claude closely and pretended to ask nonchalantly, "Where do you come from?"

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## Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 419

### Chapter 419 Extreme Measures

"I'm on my way to visit my grandma, so I thought I didn't need to bring my ID along. Besides, I was in a hurry, so I left it at home," Claude answered as 'honestly' as he could. He was an innocent-looking guy to begin with, and nobody would suspect him of anything.

Jackson stared at him for a moment, then he took the verification device from the young officer and said indifferently, "Give me your ID number."

"830..." Claude told him a string of numbers, smiling all the while.

A while later, the officer in charge frowned and looked at Claude, holding the device with one hand. "Your name is Mike Oxlone?" he asked seriously.

Yeah, I know, right? "Nice name, huh?" Claude smiled drily.

"Yes. Remember to bring your ID anywhere you go next time."

Claude nodded, and his eyes glinted. "I will, officer." He smiled.

"Let them go!"

After he got past that stop, Claude returned to his old, cunning self once more. "I'll double your pay, driver. Hit the wheels!"

"You got it!" Energized by the temptation of more money, the driver floored the accelerator and sped past all the cars that passed the checks the same time as them.

The officer in charge was checking the other cars, then he looked back for some reason. When he saw the green taxi driving off into the distance, he thought about the name he saw quietly. Mike Oxlone... Mike Oxlone... Hey, wait a minute! That sounds like 'my c\*ck's long!' Only an idiot would come up with that name! That's a fake ID!

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"Dammit! He ran off right under my nose." The officer in charge smacked his head in frustration and turned his walkie talkie on at once. "All officers, hunt down a cab with the plate number 4739!"

Half an hour had passed when his order reached the front line officers. The driver had already arrived at the mall in twenty minutes, seeing as he could get double the fare.

"Here you go." Claude handed him a wad of cash and joked, "You should be an F1 driver with that kind of skill."

The driver happily took the money and arched his eyebrow. "You're not the only one who told me that. Before I worked as a taxi driver, I was a super racer."

"Of course you are." Claude smiled in amusement and got out of the car, then he headed into the crowded mall.

Claude was long gone when the officer in charge got a cab and came to the mall. Looking at the locked mall, the officer flew into a rage, then took his phone out and called someone. "Where are you, Alexander?"

Alexander told him the location and hung up. It turned out that the officer in charge was none other than Alexander's good friend—Jackson. Jackson hopped into his car and went to the rendezvous point as fast as he could.

He couldn't have escaped me so easily. Someone powerful must have helped him. If I want to arrest him, I have to go for something extreme.

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## Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 420

### Chapter 420 Fatal Mistake

Elise picked Claude up and went back home. She put him in a disguise and they hurried out. "We'll have to go to Joseph, stat."

Claude turned on his serious mode when Joseph was brought up, and he followed her out.

They made a beeline for Joseph, but when they came into the hall, they saw Alexander and Jackson talking in there. When Claude saw Jackson, he gasped. Sh\*t. Just my luck.

Claude's flight response was triggered, but Elise caught him before he could run. It was then he remembered his appearance had changed. With Elise's amazing skills, not even his father could recognize him if he was here.

Jackson didn't seem to be trying to arrest him either, so he heaved a sigh of relief and eased up.

"And they are?" Jackson looked at them.

"Elise Sinclair and her friend," Alexander said calmly.

It had been a while since she heard Alexander calling her by her name. She paused for a moment and looked at him. What's up with him? Usually, he would tell people that I'm his fiancée, but he seems to be distancing himself from me today.

Ever since Claude saw Alexander, he kept staring at Alexander's face. It was too impeccable, and he thought it was a threat for Elise's chastity. He took out a bottle of pills and handed it to Alexander.

The bottle looked plain. It was obvious that the pills were shady, and nobody in their right minds would take it.

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"What is this?" Alexander asked cautiously.

"Contraceptives," Claude answered. "We're all men here, so I know what you're thinking. To be honest, she's still too young to have kids, and we can't have her taking any contraceptives. Her body needs to be kept in top shape. Since you're the man here, you take the responsibility."

An awkward silence fell upon them.

Even Jackson—who was usually serious—had to clear his throat to keep himself from laughing.

Alexander's face darkened. He put his hands in his pockets and refused to take the bottle of pills. I don't need a stranger to tell me about my family planning. Or is this what Elise wants? Is she just getting someone else to tell me that? So, she doesn't want to marry me or bear my children?

At that point, Elise couldn't keep her silence any longer. She leaped up and knocked Claude on his head. "Are you stupid? What kind of idiot would give their host a bottle of contraceptives as a meeting gift?"

"Ow!" Claude covered the bruise on his head and started getting tearful. I was just being considerate. "What do you know? I'm doing this for you! You're SK's—" He realized he almost had a slip of tongue, so he stopped talking and looked at Jackson cautiously.

"She's SK's what?" Jackson was smart enough to see through the problem.

"SK... SK..." Claude stammered and paced around the hall. When he saw the hand moisturizer on the table, he got an idea. "She's SK-II's ambassador! She has to keep her skin and body in top shape! She'll lose her value if she gets pregnant." Then he turned around and looked at them seriously. "Have you guys even heard of that brand before? It's a high-end skincare product. I know you guys haven't."

"Is that brand real?" Jackson looked at Alexander dubiously.

Alexander nodded, but he was impatient. "Yes." He would always take a look at the list of gifts for his clients, and SK-II was on the list of high-end skincare products.

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Jackson loosened up a little after getting the confirmation, but he still thought Claude's eyes looked familiar. Now where have I seen those eyes before?

"I see. And who might this gentleman be?" Jackson asked.

Claude hesitated. Mike Oxlong's out now, and this guy's in the system. If I make up another name that doesn't exist, he'll know who I am this time.

"Max E. Mumm." Elise answered for him.