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## Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 431

### Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 431

You're Sick

"What's going on?" Claude was a busybody—he was the first to lower his cutleries and rush over to take a look. "Hey, who sent you guys here?"

"These are the gifts that Mr. Griffith has prepared for the senior members of the Sinclair Family," a woman who was standing in the middle of the line replied with a smile.

Elise immediately lowered her cutlery when she heard what the woman said. "Did you arrange all of this?" She stared at Alexander, her eyes wide with surprise.

"Yeah," he replied while eating in an unhurried manner. It was almost as if he wasn't related to the entire scene that just occurred in front of them. That was when Elise realized something—Alexander's jealous! Someone as cold and indifferent as him would never send gifts to the elderlies otherwise. He's trying to win them over, huh? Elise felt both sorry and happy as she watched him trying his best to remain calm. Her eyes were filled with love for the man as she gazed at him.

Claude had just given her family gifts one day ago, and Alexander instantly gathered all sorts of suitable gifts the very next day. Alexander even made sure to put on a grand show of the gifts. If they were to compare the quality of both men's gifts, one of them was going to be embarrassed.

Right then, Cameron walked over to address Elise in a polite tone. "Young Master Alex was the one who prepared all of this. Apart from preparing the same gifts that Mr. Mumm had prepared, he also purchased some nutritional and healthy foods, a famous painting, and a hundred doses of the hyacinth serum that you asked for, Miss Sinclair."

"Sh\*t." Claude was already surprised when he heard that Alexander had purchased a famous painting, but he was blown away when he heard Cameron's last sentence. "That's a

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lot of money!" Claude exclaimed. Alexander is willing to give his all to impress Father, huh? Just the hyacinth serums probably cost him more than 100 million. That's brutal!

Elise wasn't sure whether to laugh or to cry. "The truth is... I've already pre-ordered the hyacinth serum."

"You can just cancel your order," Alexander uttered without even looking up. Once he finished speaking, the men from the second row stepped forward to open their gift boxes. Inside them were fresh and delicious-looking dishes. The men set the dishes on the table while Cameron continued to provide an explanation for the gifts. "Young Master Alex prepared these dishes based on your family's recent health condition—he specially incorporated some ingredients with special health benefits. Furthermore, he was the one who prepared these dishes on his own. Please enjoy them."

Tania pounded her fist against her chest when she heard what Cameron said. Didn't Alexander say that he doesn't like the smell of oil and smoke?! She wasn't the only one who felt ashamed—Claude felt just as embarrassed by the situation then. Alexander even dirtied his hands just to prepare this meal. There's simply no way for me to outdo this guy!

Robin was the first to notice what Alexander was trying to do. He let out a grateful sigh as he parted his lips to give a rare compliment. "That's really thoughtful of you, Alexander."

Alexander's eyes lit up for a moment as he raised his head to look at Robin. Both of them gave each other a nod when their gazes met. They had a man-to-man connection—Alexander could tell that Robin was willing to reconsider him as Robin's future son-in-law. Ever since Matthew and Elise's pictures were exposed, such moments had been rare, so Alexander found this especially meaningful.

After Alexander's men left the house, the family's maids dragged two women over to the dining area. "These two brats were snooping around outside. We don't know what they were trying to do!" one of the maids uttered. They gave the two women a slight push, and Maya nearly stumbled and fell. Her assistant held onto her just in time to stop her from falling. Once they steadied themselves, Maya hastily fixed her hair and clothes.

"Did Young Master Alex send you over too? Are you here to dance and entertain us?" Claude asked in a teasing voice.

"You b\*stard!" Maya shot him a glare. "How dare you compare me to those filthy women who sell their bodies for money?"

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"Who are you calling a b\*stard?" Claude's expression turned grim as he glared at Maya.

"You're the b\*stard!" Maya straightened her back to show that she wasn't afraid of him.

"You're just a useless guard dog—how dare you look down on me?!" she cried.

"Hmph! You're really provoking me now!" Claude rolled his sleeves up and readied himself for a fight.

"That's enough." Elise stopped them, stepped out of the dining area, and stared Maya down. "This is our property, and you came without an invitation. We can be rude to you, and we can even get violent with you—what are you going to do about it? Do you think you're allowed to do as you please here just because of your status?"

"I'm not talking to you." Maya knew how powerful Elise was, so she decided to avoid a confrontation with her. "Tell Alexander to come out. I want to talk to him!"

Elise turned around to gaze at the man sitting in the dining area. "She's here for you. You can deal with this on your own." Upon hearing her words, Alexander unwillingly got to his feet.

"Who are you?" he asked as he stepped out to stop in front of the woman. Maya stared at him helplessly when she heard his words. "I'm Maya!" She was about to lose her mind. "We've met a few times when Mrs. Griffith tried to matchmake us. Don't you remember me?" Maya shot Elise a piercing glare as she spoke. This woman must have cast some spell on Alexander. That's why he didn't come for me even after so long!

Elise narrowed her eyes as she met Maya's gaze. For some reason, Elise felt a strong dislike toward the woman then. Should I just get rid of her right now? The very next moment, Alexander's deep, icy voice filled the air. "I have a pretty bad memory when it comes to people and things that don't matter to me," he said matter-of-factly.

Elise no longer felt the urge to do anything after that. Maya, on the other hand, clenched her fists in shame. Am I that unimportant to him? Do I not matter to you at all, Alexander? Just you wait! You'll come begging for me someday! Maya gritted her teeth and dug her nails into her palms as she took a deep breath to calm herself down. "That's okay. It's fine if you don't remember what happened in the past. All that matters is that you remember what happens from now onward. Come home with me, Alexander. You don't belong here," she said with a smile on her face.

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Maya gave Alexander a longing gaze as she continued talking. "I understand your situation, Alexander. I know that the Griffith Family has been hard on you. Don't worry, I'll help you regain your status as the head of the family. You're a privileged man, so you shouldn't waste your life away in this rotten, old home. Don't ruin your life like that."

Elise scoffed. "You wouldn't be so kind if you didn't have some sort of ulterior motive. Why don't you tell us what you really want? You'd sound more sincere that way."

Maya didn't seem flustered even though her intentions had been exposed. Instead, she stepped forward and tugged on Alexander's sleeve. "You know I love you, Alexander. I'll belong to you once we're married. Everything the Dahlen Family owns will become yours as well. With my father's support, you won't have to struggle out here anymore."

"Tsk tsd tsd, what a sincere confession." No one had noticed Claude walking over to them. He scanned Maya with his eyes before he spoke in a rather shocked tone. "Are you aware of your sickness, young woman?"

"You're the one who's sick!" Maya hissed. She nearly lost her composure, but she calmed herself down after taking a look at Alexander.

"I'm serious," Claude uttered in a serious tone. "Do you feel like your complexion has been deteriorating? You might also feel rather light-headed, and you might feel some dryness in your mouth!"

Maya realized there was some truth in his words, and she subconsciously reached out her hand to feel her throat.

"That's right!" Claude snapped his fingers. "You've got an incurable disease!"

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## Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 432

### **Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 432**

You're One of Them Now

"That's nonsense!" Maya cried indignantly. "I do a body check-up every year, and I don't have any terminal illnesses! You need to stop alarming others with your lies!"

"Do you think I'm trying to scare others away by lying?" Claude sneered. "I don't have the spare time to do such things. Forget it. I only reminded you about it because I didn't want to see a young woman like you dying at such an early age. Well, since you don't believe me, then you can continue to delay treatment. You're the one who's going to die, not me." After he finished speaking, he took a long look at Maya before heaving a huge sigh. "Ahh!" He shook his head in pity.

Initially, Maya had been firm with her words. However, after witnessing his actions, she couldn't help but take a gulp as she felt uneasy. Her gaze hovered around her surroundings for a while before she noticed Elise. Then, she stuck her chin high as she snapped back into reality. "You got someone to scare me on purpose, didn't you, Elise? I know what you're trying to do. You're trying to scare me off so that you can stay with Alexander! You can continue dreaming!" Maya cried fiercely. "You're the one who ruined the Griffith Family. You're the reason they went bankrupt, and you're the reason their family fell apart! You're a curse to them!"

"Maya!" Alexander had been silent for a while, but right then, he let out a fierce growl. His words were as sharp as daggers. "You're not welcome here. Get lost immediately."

"How could you? Why are you doing this?" Maya was hurt. "I'm here to help you. How could you do this to me?"

"You asked for it," Alexander replied as he turned to Cameron. "Why aren't you doing anything?"

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"I got it!" Cameron gave Alexander a respectful nod before he strode over and pointed Maya to the exit. "Please leave now, Miss Dahlen!"

"You must be out of your mind!" Maya was fuming as she gave Elise a hateful glare. "You witch! You evil woman! I'm not going to let you ruin his life!"

"Cameron!" Alexander shouted in an urgent tone. Cameron's expression darkened as he reached forward and grabbed onto Maya's arm. Both Maya and her assistant were frail women, and neither of them had the strength to resist Cameron's strong tugs as he dragged them out toward the exit. They tripped over their own feet as they made their way out.

"Wait a second," Elise called out before they left the house. Cameron's footsteps came to a halt, but his grip remained firm on Maya's arms—she couldn't wriggle her way out at all. Elise took large strides toward Maya. She narrowed her gorgeous eyes to give Maya a dangerous and sinister glare. "What did you call me earlier? You called me an evil woman, didn't you?"

Maya tried to fling Cameron's arm away, but she gave up when she realized how futile her efforts were. Instead, she turned around to stare right into Elise's face. "That's right. You're an evil, cunning lady! Anyone who gets involved with you will eventually end up in a horrible mess!"

Elise shut her eyes and pressed her hand against her face to wipe off the saliva that came out of Maya's mouth as she spoke. There was a hint of disdain in Elise's eyes as she gazed at Maya. When Elise lowered her hand, there was already a thin needle between her fingers.

"Hold on tight, Cameron!" Elise ordered. Cameron froze for a moment before he used his other arm to press Maya down firmly. Right then, Elise raised her hand to show Maya the shining needle between her fingers. She waved it around in front of Maya's face.

Maya felt a chill running down her spine as the light reflected off the needle and struck her eyes. She turned her head sideways to keep a distance from the needle. "What are you trying to do?!"

"What do you think I'm doing?" Elise raised an eyebrow. "An evil woman has to act in ways to live up to her title, don't you think? You were the one who said that the people I'm involved with always end up in a mess. Well, you're one of them now. I can't leave you out, can I?"

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"What logic is that?!" Maya shrank her neck to stay away from the needle. "I'm not related to you. Why are you getting me involved in this?"

"Why aren't you related?" Elise pressed the tip of the needle against Maya's neck before she gently traced her skin with it. "Alexander's mine and you're in love with my man. That's how we're related, aren't we?" With that said, Elise stabbed the slim needle into Maya's skin in one swift motion.

Maya hissed in pain when she felt the needle poking into her trapezius muscle. She instinctively tilted her head to the left to stay away from the needle. However, when she tried to return her head to her original position, she realized that her entire neck had become stiff. She couldn't move at all. "What have you done to me?!" Maya widened her round eyes in shock as she stared at Elise.

Elise curled her lips into an eerie smile. "Well, I love killing my enemies with kindness. Didn't you hear what that handsome man said? He told you that you have a terminal illness. I simply helped you treat it."

Claude's ears twitched before he pointed at himself. "Handsome man? Did she just call me a handsome man? Hahaha! Did you guys hear that? Father said that I'm a handsome man!" he cried excitedly.

Maya wasn't in the mood to care about anything else, and she eyed Elise suspiciously. "Are you that kind?"

"No." Elise wiped the smile off her face. "You keep calling me a witch and an evil woman, so why should I be kind to you? You actually have a terminal illness now. Are you finally satisfied? Are you happy now?"

Am I happy? I'm practically in tears! Maya thought. However, she tried her best to calm herself down. It's just a needle. She might have just done some tricks to get my muscles to tense up. If I break down in tears now, I will become a source of entertainment for Elise and the rest of these people.

Therefore, Maya gritted her teeth and stared at Elise calmly. "That's fine. I don't care what you just did. I'm rich enough to receive any treatment I want—that's how I'm different from you. You're just an unwanted orphan with no parents, Elise. As long as I leave this place alive, I'll make sure to end you someday!"

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"An unwanted orphan?!" Jeanie couldn't stop herself from charging over when she heard what Maya said. "You're the disrespectful and unwanted child here!" she cried as she gave Maya a slap.

Maya stumbled as a result of Jeanie's powerful slap, and a look of disbelief filled Maya's face immediately after that. By the time Maya returned to her senses and looked at Jeanie, Jeanie was already shouting at her. "Elise isn't an orphan. She's a biological child of the Anderson Family, and she's our precious little daughter. Who are you to cause such havoc here?!"

"That's right." Trevor had disliked Maya from the moment he laid eyes on her. If it wasn't because he didn't hit women, he would have probably broken all the bones in her body. "You're from the Dahlen Family, right? Go home and tell your father to pack up and leave. The Dahlen Family is dead meat!"

## Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 433

### Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 433

I Need to Escape!

"The Andersons?" Maya looked slightly flustered. Although the Anderson and Dahlen Families were in different industries, both families were considered large and powerful families in Tissote. In fact, the Andersons had a longer history than the Dahlens.

After all, the Andersons had a background in medicine—they had saved countless patients' lives. Through their services, they managed to develop firm connections with many individuals in society. Not every family had the ability to do such a thing. If the Dahlen Family actually got on the Andersons' bad side, they would definitely be defeated by the Andersons. Maya's anger died down at that thought.

A few minutes later, they chased Maya out of the house. Maya stared at the front entrance as she howled at the top of her lungs. "Just you wait, Elise!"

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Meanwhile, Tania, who had witnessed the entire scene, carefully lifted her legs to tiptoe to the door. I can't stay here any longer—I need to escape now! It took her a great deal of effort to get to the door, but Elise's voice rang beside her ear at that moment. "Where are you going, Tania?"

Once Elise spoke, everyone shifted their gaze to Tania. They all noticed Tania's right leg hanging in the middle of the air as she had been about to take another step toward the door. A look of utter embarrassment spread across Tania's face as she helplessly put her leg back onto the ground. She turned around to come face-to-face with Elise. "I'm not going anywhere," Tania said without looking into Elise's eyes. "I... I thought I'd go back next door to have my meal. Haha... I shouldn't waste food, should I?" she stuttered.

Even Tania didn't trust her own lame excuse. She engaged her facial muscles and forced a smile just to reduce the awkwardness in the atmosphere. "Hmm. I didn't know the young lady of the Anderson Family was such a thrifty person," Claude teased playfully. Tania bit her lip as she shot him a glare. Why can't this man learn how to keep his mouth shut?

But Claude was immune to such minor forms of provocation and didn't even bat an eyelid as he looked back into Tania's eyes. As much as Tania wished to continue losing her temper at Claude, she knew who her true enemy was in that house. Therefore, she quickly shifted her gaze away to look at Elise politely. There wasn't a hint of sloppiness in Tania's actions then.

"It's right to value your food," Elise uttered light-heartedly. "You've worked hard today. Where are you going to sleep?"

Tania was too afraid to say that she wanted to sleep in Alexander's area. After giving the question some thought, she finally came up with an answer. "Should I sleep with Maria?"

"Would that be okay?" Elise frowned in a rather displeased manner.

When Tania met Elise's eyes, she felt as if her heart was about to leap out of her throat. "I miss my bed. I should go home to sleep. I'm not going to bother you anymore!"

Only then did Elise's expression soften a little. "Will that be okay? You've just arrived, and you're leaving already? Would your father think we're bullying you?"

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"No! Of course not!" Tania was so afraid, she was practically in tears. She felt a strong urge to just run out at that moment. "I'm the one who isn't used to the place. I can't sleep on hard beds, and I can't deal with the strong winds here. I was spoiled as a child, and I'm too used to my comfort zone. This has got nothing to do with anyone here!"

"Mm-hmm." Elise nodded her head in satisfaction. "If that's the case, I won't continue troubling you, Tania. The door is there. Send yourself out."

"Thank you, Elise. Thank you!" Tania was extremely thankful and she scurried toward the exit after giving Elise a few bows. Tania's figure was gone in the blink of an eye.

Elise readjusted herself for a while before she changed the topic. "Are you guys done eating? If so, I'd like you guys to go and get ready. Please dress in a light, casual outfit for traveling."

All of the equipment for the surgery had arrived, so it was time that they sent Joseph to the hospital. Claude took a glance at her and nodded at her knowingly, then hurried over to the backyard.

## Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 434

### **Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 434**

Of Course I'll Bear the Consequences!

Later that night, when the entire residential area was dead silent, a specially modified ambulance came to a halt in front of the house. A short while later, the ambulance drove out of the town with a total of four cars escorting it from the front and back.

About one hour later, in the ICU of a private hospital, two men were standing beside a glass coffin. Thomas took one look at the man inside before he dragged Alexander over to the side. "Didn't I say this before? He's a comatose patient—he's not going to wake up. Why are you sending him over?"

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"We need your place to conduct a surgery," Alexander replied calmly.

"A surgery? For the guy in the coffin? What sort of joke is this?" Thomas was utterly dumbfounded and bombarded Alexander with a series of questions. Although Thomas wasn't the most experienced doctor, he was still one of the most capable specialists in Tissote. Wouldn't he be able to tell if a man showed any signs of waking up from a coma? Putting such a patient through surgery would only cause greater harm to the patient's body.

However, even after Thomas finished speaking, Alexander gazed at him with the same stern expression on his face. Elise, who was standing beside them, had an equally serious look.

"You guys aren't joking after all." Thomas was certain when he saw their faces. "No way." He held his arms out to stop them from moving. "I'm a doctor, and I have the duty to protect patients. You guys are fooling around with another man's life, and I will not agree to this!"

Thomas had just finished speaking when Claude strolled over in a white lab coat. Thomas noticed Claude from the corner of his eye, and he immediately spun around to realize that Claude was the doctor who was going to conduct the surgery. Thomas hastily leaped forward to stop the man. "Hey! What sort of scammer are you? How could you suggest for the patient to undergo surgery when he's in this state? Do you know that the patient might die if you make any mistakes with the craniotomy? Are you going to bear the consequences?!"

"Yeah, yeah." Claude eyed Thomas with an innocent look on his face. "I'll bear all the consequences. You're such a handsome man, so of course I'll be the one to bear the consequences!"

Thomas hastily put his arms in front of his chest. "I'm talking about the patient's life! This is a serious situation—I'm not fooling around with you! Won't you feel guilty if that man dies? You guys can take risks if you want—just don't kill a man in my surgical theater!" Thomas stuck his chin high to show that he wasn't going to work with them.

"You're going to agree to our plan eventually." Claude grinned as he stuck his hands into the pockets of his lab coat.

"Hah! I'd never agree with some rookie doctor like you..." Thomas lowered his head as he spoke, but the very moment he met Claude's gaze, he noticed grains of white powder being thrown toward him from the side. Thomas held his arm up to block the powder, but it was too late—he had inhaled some of the substance. Moments later, he felt his legs turning to

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jelly. Thomas clutched onto the wall for support, but he slid down the wall and collapsed onto the ground. "H-How dare you drug me?" Even his voice had turned softer as he lay on the ground weakly.

Claude bent down to pat Thomas on the head. "Just stay here and wait for us to come out, okay?" Claude said with an evil smile on his face.

Thomas could only watch as a few people walked into the surgical theater. Soon after that, the red light that said 'surgery in progress' lit up above the doors. Thomas knew then that it was too late for him to do anything. He calmed himself down and narrowed his eyes to glare at Elise and Alexander resentfully. The couple was seated on a long bench outside the surgical theater, and Alexander pretended not to see Thomas as he reached his hand over to give Elise's hand a squeeze.

Upon witnessing their actions, Thomas widened his eyes in shock. He was dumbfounded by what they were doing, but he was too weak to react. Are you guys really human? I can't believe you guys are showing affection to each other when I'm in this state!

It was almost like Alexander could read Thomas's mind because just then, Alexander shot a glance at Thomas before looking away. Thomas felt like he was nothing but a piece of furniture in the room. Isn't anyone going to pick me up from the ground? Thomas thought as he glared at them speechlessly. Doesn't Elise have some magical acupuncture skills? Is she pretending to be blind right now? Ugh!

However, Elise couldn't read Thomas' mind. She lowered her gaze and looked at Alexander's large hand squeezing hers, and a sense of security filled her insides as she felt the warmth of his hand. It had been a while since she felt that way. Moments later, Elise looked up to meet Alexander's gaze. "Are you done being angry?" she asked calmly.

"Since when was I angry?" Alexander gazed at her with an enigmatic look on his face.

"Why have you been ignoring me if you weren't angry at me? You haven't been pestering me for the past few days," Elise uttered.

Alexander tilted his head sideways. "Do you need me to pester you?"

"Of course," Elise replied without any hesitation. She only realized how intimate her statement was after she finished her words. It was such a primal thing to need someone

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and to be needed by someone. In the past, Elise had always been an independent woman who could deal with things on her own. However, she realized a shift within her after she met Alexander.

She got used to having him around, to having someone to talk to, and to having someone she could occasionally order around... She got used to Alexander. Alexander had become a constant in her life a long time ago, but Elise hadn't noticed it in the past. She didn't want to admit it even after she realized what was going on. Being accustomed to a person would mean that she had a weak spot that her enemies could target.

When Alexander realized the look of surprise on Elise's face, his gaze lit up like there were balls of fire in his eyes. What lovely words to hear! She just said that she needed me. Just those few words are enough to eliminate all of the envy, suspicion, and distance that I've felt in the past few days. If my suffering can provide me with Elise's validation, then I'm willing to go through the same things for the rest of my life.

Alexander let go of Elise's hand and put his arm around her waist. He pulled her in for a hug. "I love what you just said." Alexander rubbed his chin against the top of her head lovingly. "Why don't you tell me two sweet things each day from now on, Ellie?"

"Why do you need two sweet things? Can't I just give you one each day?" He's such a demanding man, Elise thought.

"Because I like it that way," he replied with a smile.

She felt her face burning. "Is that a valid reason?"

"Of course." Alexander wrapped his arms around her. "Anything you say about me is music to my ears."

Elise attempted to wriggle her way out of his arms to disagree with him. However, Alexander only tightened his arms around her. "Don't bother trying to bargain with me. I'll request you to tell me two sweet things during every meal otherwise."

"Fine." Elise gave up and allowed him to hug her. After a moment of silence, the couple realized a piercing glare that seemed to be burning through their skin. They let go of each other as they both turned to look at Thomas. They saw a man with his eyes narrowed and his teeth gritted—he looked as if he wanted to eat them up.

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God, please just punish me if I've ever sinned. I just don't want to watch this couple acting like they're in some romance movie! Thomas thought.

## Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 435

### Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 435

I'll Wait for You

Meanwhile, a conflict was brewing in Russell's house. Previously, Daniel had confidently promised Elise to look for the hyacinth serum. After they got home, both Daniel and Russell did their research to find out that the hyacinth serum was more valuable than all of the most treasured items in their possession. They couldn't even purchase the serum in any of the markets or herbal stores in Tissote.

Although they heard that the serum was available in the black market, it was too much work. Firstly, they didn't know anyone that could get them into the black market, and secondly, the price of the serum itself already made them tremble in fear. They couldn't even afford a single one, let alone a hundred of the serums.

"It's your fault! How could you be so uneducated? You don't even know what the hyacinth serum is! Now that you've made a promise, that brat will no longer trust us if we don't give her the items! Do you think she'd be willing to change her perceptions toward us if we failed her this time?!" Russell smacked his palm against the table. He was harsh and aggressive—the complete opposite of the polite and respectful man he appeared to be in front of others.

"What's the use of scolding me now?" Daniel didn't look like he was sorry at all. "If I knew what it was, I would've had to admit that I couldn't get it for her on the spot. I'd be embarrassing myself one way or another. What difference does it make? Now, at least we managed to protect our dignity. We can continue to drag this promise—that brat won't ask us for the items as long as she doesn't have the money to pay us," Daniel uttered.

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"I guess that's the only thing we can do now," Russell said with a sigh. He gazed out into the distance as he spoke in a solemn voice. "We'll just have to pray that everything's going well on Tania's end."

Russell had just finished speaking when a petite figure walked through the entrance. Russell's face darkened immediately. Tania went over to them, but before she could voice her complaints, Russell began shouting at her. "Didn't I tell you to stay with the Sinclairs? It's only been a day! Why are you back here?!"

Tania had to force her tears back down as she bit her lip and eyed her father with a pitiful look. "It's not that I don't want to stay there, Dad. I simply can't do it anymore! Alexander is a pedantic man who doesn't allow anyone else close to him, and Elise... She's just too terrifying! You guys didn't see how she used a tiny needle to paralyze the young lady of the Dahlen Family! That woman's head was crooked when she left their house! I'm afraid I might lose a limb if I stayed there any longer!" Tania cried.

When Daniel heard what Tania said, he looked down and began to chuckle.

"What are you laughing at?!" Tania shot him a side glare.

"Oh, it's nothing. I just recalled something funny." Daniel parted his arms and stood up to walk over to Tania with an undaunted look on his face. He patted Tania on her shoulder as he spoke in a neutral tone. "You can just tell us if you can't handle the harsh conditions there. I'm sure Dad will allow you to come home if you whine to him for a while—he'd still feed you and allow you to continue being a useless brat at home. You don't have to come up with this nonsense of a story."

"You're the useless brat!" Tania blurted, but she gasped and forced a smile after that. "Fine. I'm the useless one. Since you're so amazing, why don't you take up this duty to get closer to Elise?" She paused for a while before she turned to Russell. "I admit that I'm useless, Dad. I'm sorry. From now on, I'll stay at home so that I don't cause you guys more trouble. I believe Daniel can be the one to realize your amazing plan. I'm tired, so I'll go to bed now."

Russell parted his lips as if he were about to say something, but Tania didn't give him the chance to speak—she turned and went upstairs immediately. Daniel seized this opportunity to step forward and flatter his father. "Don't worry about her, Dad. She's a girl—what help can she be? We just need to make sure that she gets married to a good man so that she doesn't continue spending our money. Don't worry, I'll make sure to settle things with Elise, and I'll make sure to do it well."

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"Does that mean that you have an idea on how to deal with this?" Russell asked.

Daniel smiled in a confident manner. "Tania said that things didn't work out with Alexander, right? Since a pretty woman can't do the job, then we'll use a handsome man to do the same thing. I have a friend who's great with women..."

...

It was in the wee hours of the night when the lights above the door of the surgical theater went off. Claude walked out of the room without any expression on his face. Thomas, who had recovered his energy by then, charged over to grab Claude's shoulders before shaking Claude. "How was it? The man's not dead, is he?" Alexander and Elise gathered around them as Thomas spoke.

Claude tilted his head sideways to give Thomas a tired smile. "What happens if the man is alive and awake?" he asked in a playful tone.

"That's impossible." Thomas pulled his hands away. "For this patient's case, God would have to create a miracle to allow you to perform a craniotomy and keep him alive at the same time."

"I don't believe in God," Claude uttered with a smile still on his face. "Go in and take a look. If I'm telling the truth, you have to be my disciple. How does that sound?"

"Bring it on!" Thomas threw his hands up before he strode into the surgical theater. Claude turned to look at Elise then. "I've done all that I can—you'll have to do the rest. I need to go home and sleep for a few days," he said weakly.

"Thank you for the hard work," Elise replied. She had just finished speaking when a figure charged out of the surgical theater. Elise, Alexander, and Claude turned around to find Thomas with a pale and dumbfounded look on his face as he stood by the door.

"Why do you look so shocked?" Elise grumbled. Claude, on the other hand, wasn't surprised by Thomas' reaction. "I'll wait for you to come to me, okay?" Claude said in a seductive tone as he raised an eyebrow and winked at Thomas.

Both Alexander and Elise felt goosebumps forming on their skin. Claude didn't seem to notice anything odd about his own actions and merely stretched his limbs before he headed

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to the lounge. Soon enough, the nurses pushed Joseph out of the surgical theater. Thomas only came to his senses when he felt one of the roller trays bumping against his leg. He hastily got out of the way while Elise followed the patient to the ward. Alexander had been about to go with her when he turned back and stared at Thomas. "Snap out of it!" he ordered.

Thomas felt like he only recovered from his shock then. He patted his chest as he thought, This world is just too scary. Elise and her friend are too scary. Judging by the current medical technology, that patient shouldn't have stood a chance of survival. But that guy... I can't believe he did it.

When Thomas charged into the surgical theater just now, he found Joseph with his eyes wide open. Thomas felt as if his soul had been sucked out of his body when he saw Joseph breathing on his own, like any other normal human being. Learning has no limits, huh. I finally understand how the same principle can be applied in medicine. There is no illness that's too tough to be cured, only doctors who aren't good enough to cure them. Thomas shut his eyes and thought about it for a moment before he followed behind them to Joseph's ward.

When Thomas entered the ward, he saw that the rest of the doctors and nurses had already been chased out of the room. Joseph's bed had been adjusted so that he could sit upright, and it was clear that they were about to have a talk. Thomas could tell that they wouldn't want others to be there, so he locked the door after he entered the room. Then, he positioned himself by the side of the room.

Joseph looked a little hesitant when he saw Thomas, but Elise quickly reassured Joseph. "Don't worry, he's one of our own. He's Aldric's disciple."

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## Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 436

### Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 436

Making Room to Run

Who said anything about being that guy's disciple? Thomas was stunned once more. Who are these people? Forget it. I'll just listen to what they have to say for now.

Joseph nodded before he spoke weakly. "About a year ago, the organization began to receive orders to search for known physicists in every nation. Since it was just a search for some professionals, I got a few of the regular staff members to work on it. However, we didn't get any positive responses until I received news about Timothy and Sasha. Things began to change then. We found out that there were at least two other groups of people who were looking for them.

It seemed like these two groups were pretty powerful people. So, I handed the job over to the mafia and got them to take charge of it. Xavier received news about Timothy before I fell into a coma. He proceeded to check on the situation, but our headquarters were invaded before I heard from him again. Someone attacked me after that, and I've been in a coma since."

"So, there are now three groups of people going after Timothy and Sasha," Elise uttered with a grim look on her face.

Joseph nodded. "You know how SK Group is. Once they start a mission, they don't stop until they're done."

"I've logged on a few times in the past months, but I've never seen Xavier online. Could he have...?" Elise made a wild guess. The organization would assign search missions to its members from time to time, and some forces might have attempted to create diversions in order to capture SK Group's people for their own use. They might have attempted to capture those who were carrying out the mission.

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Considering that Xavier received the news after Timothy and Sasha had been off the radar for so long, it was possible that it was a trap, and Xavier might have fallen for it. "I can't be sure either," Joseph uttered with a solemn look. "If what you said is true, then it's possible that things might be going smoothly for Xavier, but it might also be possible that something has happened to him. We'd have to take action to save him if that's the case."

Elise nodded in agreement. However, she had a few concerns regarding the matter. "How are we going to save him?" she mumbled to herself. The world was a large place, and they had to have some direction. They couldn't just search for him blindly. She had a point—since SK Group's headquarters had been overpowered by other forces, they had no means of obtaining information about Timothy and Sasha. If they made a move, they would be working without a solid plan, which would be a waste of time.

"I remember there was a location provided when Xavier last gave me an update. It indicated that Timothy and Sasha's ancestors were in Lithium City."

Lithium City? Isn't that in the Northwest region? That's where the Sinclair Family comes from. Elise thought about it for a long while. I've been gone for so long. Perhaps it's time to head back to take a look.

## Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 437

### **Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 437**

Who Said I'm Apologizing?

Before dawn arrived, the group of them led Joseph, who was fully awake, and Claude, who had collapsed from exhaustion, back to the house. They had just got out of the car when a stern-looking man hurried out of the house and strode toward Alexander. "Mr. Griffith." The man wasn't tall, yet he seemed like a fierce man because of his actions and demeanor.

"Yeah." Alexander nodded before he turned to introduce the man to Elise. "This is Clement. He used to help me with my work overseas, and he'll be responsible for the safety of the houses from now onward."

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"Thank you," Elise uttered with a polite smile.

"No worries. I'm just following orders," Clement said with a blank expression on his face. His gaze was fixed at a space in front of him, but it seemed like his eyes weren't focused on any particular object. Elise could sense great hostility coming from the man.

...

The few of them had just helped Joseph to settle down when Danny strutted over curiously. "Hey, Elise. Why didn't you tell me that you knew Aldric? Why don't you promote me to him, huh?" Danny uttered with a playful look on his face.

"There's no need for that. SK Group is a mess now—you'll probably get turned into ashes if you enter the organization."

"I'm not that smart, but I'm pretty sure I have enough combat skills to save my life, don't you think?" Danny scratched his head grumpily. All of a sudden, his eyes lit up as he shuffled over to whisper in Elise's ear. "I've been thinking about something. Do you want to hear my theory?"

"You can tell me if you want to." Elise was rubbing a needle between her fingers, and she didn't even bother to look at him. Danny pouted for a moment before he started speaking in an unenthusiastic tone. "I just wanted to say that you seem really similar to Master Eliza from SK Group. You're really skilled, after all."

Elise chuckled when she heard him. He isn't that dumb after all. However, she didn't respond to him. Danny walked over to the door as he was disheartened by her lack of response. Coincidentally, he bumped into Clement, who was bringing tea into the room.

"Clement?" Danny gave Clement a friendly punch in the chest when he saw him. "Dude! Weren't you sent over to Africa? When did you get back?"

"Today." It was almost as if Clement had a quota for the number of words he could say in a day. Danny continued to pound his fists on Clement as he blabbered on. Clement's figure wobbled in response to Danny's heavy punches, but he had the same emotionless look on his face. Every man had a master—it seemed like Danny was Clement's master.

...

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Daniel invited himself over to the house after breakfast. He stopped Elise as she was walking in the courtyard. "Have you gathered the hyacinth serum?" she asked with an eyebrow raised.

"Well... I need a little more time for that." Daniel gave her a vague answer before he changed the topic. "Look, there's another reason I'm here, Elise."

"What is it?" she asked.

He let out a sigh before putting on a troubled look. "Maxwell paid a visit to the Andersons just now."

"Maxwell? Who's that?" Elise eyed him puzzledly. Daniel froze as he thought, You sure are a brave one! How could you attack someone's daughter without knowing who her father is?

"Maxwell is Maya's father," Daniel said in the most patient tone he could muster.

"Oh. What's your point?" Elise uttered in an equally peaceful tone.

"Maya has fallen extremely ill after she left your place. Maxwell is furious, and he said that he will not let you go so easily. Fortunately, my father stepped forward to calm Maxwell down. I also gave Maxwell some valuable herbs to apologize on behalf of you. We managed to soothe Maxwell's temper, and all of this will be over as long as you agree to go over and treat Maya," Daniel stated in a confident tone.

"Who told you that I wanted to apologize to them? You can treat her since you're the one who made the promise." Elise didn't fall for his words at all.

"That's not right of you to say that, Elise." Daniel was dumbfounded by her words. I came here to show her that I'm a nice person. How did I end up taking responsibility for her mess?

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## Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 438

### Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 438

Are You Questioning My Fiancé's Status?

"What should I say, then? Should I thank you for embarrassing me and causing more trouble for me?" Elise frowned, hinting at Daniel to stop messing with her.

The corner of Daniel's lips twitched in frustration. Is she implying that my efforts to help her turned out to be creating more problems? It's fine if she doesn't understand how powerful the Dahlen Family is, but wouldn't a regular person understand that they would have to bear the consequences after hurting someone else's daughter? Both Russell and Daniel had used all of their efforts on trying to convince the Dahlen Family, and they had even offered them some expensive herbs. Yet, it seemed like Russell and Daniel's actions were pointless in Elise's eyes.

"You're still young, Elise; perhaps that's why you lack foresight in this situation. Do you know that the Dahlens hold almost as much power as what the Griffiths used to hold? If we hadn't helped you earlier, you would have to suffer in Tissote from now onward," Daniel explained in a solemn tone.

"Haha..." Elise responded with a fake laugh. "You're right. I had no reason to interact with people like them at first, but now, thanks to you, I'm afraid I'm stuck in this mess." She paused to watch the look of disbelief spreading across Daniel's face. "You should end what you've started. Since you were so thoughtful to help me with this matter, why don't you help me treat their daughter as well, huh? I'll thank your whole family for the efforts, okay?"

The mixture of emotions that filled Daniel's face was pure entertainment to Elise. Daniel had imagined all the possible reactions Elise might give him, but he hadn't expected her to be so unappreciative of his actions. Yet, since things had come to that point, Daniel couldn't embarrass himself by rejecting her request. He had already done half the work—he couldn't just give up then. "Fine. Since you asked for my help, I'll do you another favor this time! But I hope you remember that you owe me one once I'm done treating the patient, Elise!"

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"That's not going to happen!" Elise shot him an emotionless stare. She sure is a stubborn one, Daniel thought. But she has underestimated my patience and greed! She doesn't want to owe me anything, right? Well, I'm going to make sure that she does! I just have to treat a patient, after all. The Andersons have nurtured a good number of skillful doctors in the past years, and they have helped cure loads of rich people. Maya is just another one of those people, right?

"Fine. We'll see how it goes, Elise!" Daniel gritted his teeth and spoke in an animated manner. Before he stormed off, he made sure to give her a final, firm glare. However, it only took an hour for Daniel to realize that he had embarrassed himself once more.

Russell rushed over in search of Daniel, but he only found Trevor and Jeanie when he arrived. "Jeanie," Russell cried anxiously. "Where's Yoyo? Tell her to get out here to save Daniel! Daniel offered to treat the Dahlens' daughter as he was trying to compensate for the mistakes that Yoyo made. But now, Miss Dahlen is in a great deal of pain, and the Dahlens think that Daniel was trying to curse them. They've captured him, and they're threatening to end his life if anything happens to Miss Dahlen!"

Trevor's expression remained blank and he said mockingly, "Remember when my dad and I were stuck in our beds in Pinewood Hospital? We were in a similarly life-threatening situation then, but why didn't you and Daniel show up to help us? If my memory serves me right, you guys didn't even care for Mom and Grandma. I know Yoyo well—I know that she wouldn't want to get involved in this. I think you should leave and go elsewhere to find a solution."

Russell was displeased about Trevor's tone. However, for the sake of Daniel, Russell decided to hold his temper back and stayed where he was. "I want to see Yoyo," Russell repeated in a stubborn voice.

"Yoyo is extremely busy during the day. Even if she's back, I wouldn't want to see her tiring herself out even more by wasting her energy on some troublemaker. You should leave now." Jeanie's words were brutal.

"A troublemaker?!" Russell was already frustrated to begin with, and he was even more furious when he heard Jeanie. "You watched Daniel grow up, Jeanie. How could you call him a troublemaker? You guys were never so cold-hearted in the past. Did Yoyo decide to cut ties and forget about her own uncle when she has only been living away from home for a while?"

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"You shouldn't talk about our relational ties when you've always been heartless to us." An icy, bone-chilling voice sounded from behind Russell right after he finished his sentence. Alexander and Elise walked over together, and Alexander positioned himself right in front of Russell. "If you think Ellie is a heartless person, then you can stop using relationships to persuade us to do anything. Why don't we talk business, Mr. Anderson?"

Human connections were ultimately transactional relationships, after all—some individuals may agree to exchange one valuable thing for another. However, people like Russell were the ones who would use the excuse of relational ties and bonds to guilt-trip others into doing things for him. Alexander wasn't about to let Russell play the same trick this time. Alexander decided that he wouldn't hold back with Russell since Russell was the one who asked for it.

The strong aura in the air made Russell's pupils shrink. "W-What business?" he asked weakly.

"Elise can treat the Dahlens' daughter, but you'll have to use all of the Anderson Family's shares to pay for it, Mr. Anderson." Alexander's face was void of any emotion. Even Elise raised an eyebrow when she heard his words. In the past, Elise had heard rumors about Alexander being the most unforgiving and harsh opponent in the business industry. However, when she actually got to witness him negotiating with another individual, she was still surprised by the power he had to force others into a corner.

"We're talking about family matters here. You're not officially married to Yoyo, so you shouldn't stick your nose into other people's business, President Griffith." Russell gave Alexander a warning. The Andersons' shares were practically their family's lifeline—Russell wouldn't even agree to touch 1% of the shares, let alone all of it.

Furthermore, with the high unpredictability in the markets, even an additional 1% might determine their wins and losses. Russell didn't want to test his luck. "Are you questioning my fiancé's status in the family?" Elise shot Russell a glare. "If that's the case, I'll just repeat what he said. If you want me to save your son, you'll have to give us all the Anderson Family's shares. Otherwise, you can just wait around for your son's funeral!"

"You—" Russell had tried his best to maintain a gentlemanly tone throughout their conversation, but his façade was fading as he widened his eyes to glare at Elise. "Fine. If you don't agree to save him, then I won't have you as my niece from today onward!"

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“Ooh, that’s terrifying.” Alexander stuck his head out and leaned closer to the other man. “It seems like you’ve forgotten that you guys are the ones trying to build connections with my fiancée. Do you think we’d be bothered after we get rid of a piece of gum that has been sticking onto our shoes?”

A piece of gum? How dare he describe me that way? I’ve lived for so long, but I’ve never been offended in such a horrible manner. Russell felt his rage building up in his chest, but he couldn’t seem to release it at them, nor could he swallow and conceal his anger. In the end, he kept his mouth shut, and he spun around and stormed off.

Russell had only taken a few steps when he heard a phone ringing from behind him. Alexander held his phone up, and he felt his eyebrow twitching when he saw the caller ID. Elise squinted to read the caller ID on the screen. ‘Mommy,’ it read.

## Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 439

### **Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 439**

He Won’t, But I Will

Alexander zoned out and stared at the screen for a while before Elise snatched the phone over to pick up the call. She had just placed the phone against her ear when she heard Madeline’s stern tone on the other end of the call. “I know you’re willing to do anything for that woman you like, Alexander, but we are your parents—we were the ones who brought you up!

If you refuse to stay by our sides and repay our sacrifices, you should at least stop causing trouble for us! You think of Elise as some perfect angel, but has she ever cared for you? Everyone in Tissote knows that you’re my son. Whatever you guys did to Maya... Have you ever considered how that would impact your father and me?

You abandoned everyone in the Griffith Family for your own selfish reasons, and you’re enjoying your life out there. Yet, you’re making us pay for your stubborn behavior. I’ve

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wasted more than 20 years of my life caring for you, Alexander. Do you think I deserve to be placed in this situation?!”

Madeline’s voice was piercing—it hurt Elise’s eardrums just to listen to the woman. “Are you done?” Elise’s calm voice sounded while Madeline paused to take a breath.

“Why are you the one answering the phone?” Madeline froze for a moment before she continued speaking in a sarcastic voice. “I sure taught my son well! Now, he’s even ignoring his mother for the sake of some woman!”

“You’re right. You did a good job teaching your son. But if you’re not impressed with whatever he’s doing, then why are you calling him now?” Elise asked flatly. “I know why. Deep down, you know that Alexander will never bring himself to be cruel to you guys—that’s why you’re not afraid to confront him in such a harsh tone. You know that I’m the one who did those things to Maya, but you’re too afraid to question me, right?”

That’s because you know that Alexander’s the only one who will give in to your bad temper. You wish to control his whole life, and you proceed to hurt him whenever he tries to rebel against you. He might not be a good son, but do you think you’re a good mother? Do you think speaking in grandiose terms makes you right? You claim that your actions are for his own good, but the truth is that you’re doing all of this just to satisfy your sick and terrifying need for control!”

Elise then handed the phone back to Alexander. “I’m sorry. I lost control of myself there.”

It was rare for Alexander to see Elise say so much in one go, so he was rather stunned at first. He stared dazedly at her side profile for a few seconds before he took the phone from her. He ended the call without any hesitation. Elise noticed what he did from the corner of her eye, but she quietly turned away to act as if she didn’t know anything.

They were silent for a while before Alexander changed the topic. “I’m going out for a while later. There’ve been too many uncontrollable forces surfacing in Tissote recently—I need to go check it out.” First, it was their opponent; then, it was the SK Group. There were even some influential individuals who were showing up in the black market because of Elise. Tissote was a melting pot at that point.

“I got it. You can go ahead,” Elise replied.

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"Okay." Alexander turned to give Jeanie a nod—that was his form of greeting to her. Then, he walked out of the house calmly, as if the entire phone call hadn't happened at all.

Trevor watched Alexander leave before he parted his lips to speak. "Is he secretly going to treat that Dahlen girl?"

"He won't do that. He'd tell me if he wanted to do so," Elise replied in a firm, confident tone. Trevor turned to look at the determination in Elise's eyes. It looks like there's still a lot that I don't understand about Elise and Alexander's relationship.

"But I can't say the same for myself," Elise uttered as she walked out. She changed directions when she arrived at the front door—she turned around to sneak into the house next door, where Alexander stayed.

Claude was secretly stalking Clement. He made sure to keep a safe distance as he was afraid to get too close to the man. Which troop did he belong to in the past? Why haven't I heard of his name? I can't even find any information about him. He doesn't exist on the records at all. Claude had been immersed in his thoughts when he felt someone kicking his leg. He was taken by surprise, and his body fell forward in Clement's direction as he tripped on his own feet.

As Claude was about to fall into Clement's arms, he saw the vicious look in Clement's eyes, and he had an immediate vision of himself being dismembered. With all the flexibility he could summon in his body, he forced himself to twist his body sideways. In the end, he managed to dodge Clement's body to land on his bottom instead. "Ouch!" Claude rubbed his bruised bottom before he looked up to find Elise staring at him. He immediately started fake-crying. "You could've warned me before you kicked me! I would've just moved aside! You nearly gave me a heart attack with your ambush!"

Elise merely gave him an uninterested stare. "Get up. I need you to do some translations."

"Translations?" Claude got to his feet grumpily, and he brushed the dirt off his bottom as he spoke. "I can only speak my national language and I don't know any other languages. What am I supposed to translate?"

"That's enough." Elise no longer had the desire to speak as she had used up all her words with Madeline. "All I need is your unfiltered blabbermouth."

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Claude immediately understood what was going on when he heard what she said. He hurried over like an excited puppy. "Don't worry! I promise to capture and convey the essence of your intentions!"

Clement, who hadn't been involved in the conversation thus far, couldn't help but glance at the two people. For some reason, Claude reminds me of a follower who's unconditionally supportive of his leader. He might not realize this, but his eyes are filled with admiration and joy whenever he looks at Elise.

...

Meanwhile, at the Dahlen Residence, Maya was curled up into a ball in bed. Her loud screams filled the entire villa as she cried out in agony. "It hurts, Dad! I'm in so much pain. Save me! Am I dying, Dad? I don't want to die! Ahhh!"

Maxwell stood up and grabbed Daniel by his collar when he heard his daughter's agonizing screams. "If anything happens to my daughter, you will not step out of here alive!" he growled while looking Daniel in the eye.

Behind Daniel were a few famous doctors whom Daniel had brought to treat Maya. Right then, they felt their legs turning to jelly as they crouched down and trembled in fear. They were too afraid to make a single noise. "Please calm down, Mr. Dahlen! Miss Dahlen is going to be fine!" Daniel held his arms in front of his chest to protect himself.

He no longer had his usual, cheery look on his face. Initially, Daniel thought he had it all planned out. He had brought a few of the most prestigious doctors to treat Maya's illness, so Daniel was certain that whatever the doctors did would do more good than harm. I can't believe Maya's condition deteriorated after the first doctor just started performing acupuncture on her! Her condition now looks ten times worse than before—she looks like she's about to have a seizure.

Maxwell lost his temper, and he immediately assumed that Daniel and Elise were on the same side. Once Maya's condition worsened, Maxwell ordered his servants to give Daniel a fierce beating. Daniel could still feel his bones aching. Fortunately, his assistant had been smart enough to rush home to deliver the message, and all Daniel could do then was to stall them.

"She's going to be fine, huh?! Listen to that! Does she sound fine to you?!" Maxwell didn't allow Daniel to explain himself. Instead, Maxwell shoved Daniel onto the ground and gave

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the servants his orders. "Drag him out to the back and break one of his legs. He'll suffer for as long as my daughter suffers."

## Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 440

### Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 440

#### Half of the Dahlen Family's Fortune

"Got it!" The servants immediately stepped forward and heaved Daniel up to bring him to the backyard. "No! Mr. Dahlen! Wait! My dad is bringing more men over! If he comes and finds out that my leg is broken, he won't agree to treat your daughter!" Daniel used his legs to stop himself from being dragged away as he spoke to Maxwell in a flustered tone.

"Your father? Hah! I'm breaking your leg as compensation for what you've done to my daughter. I would do the same thing even if your father was here to witness it!" Maxwell knitted his brows in anger. "What are you guys still doing here? Bring him out!" he barked.

"No! No!" Daniel thrashed his limbs around, and another two servants ran over to help when the first two servants couldn't tackle him on their own. It took four of them to keep him under control. Maxwell changed his orders when he saw how uncooperative Daniel was. "You guys can break his leg here!"

"Alright!" One of the servants already had a bat in his hand, and he stepped forward before raising the heavy bat up into the air. He was just about to swing the bat when one of the maids hurried into the room. "Elise has brought her people over, Mr. Dahlen!"

Maxwell gritted his teeth as he waved an arm to signal his servants to step back. "You guys can leave him for now," he ordered as he returned to his seat on the couch. "Bring them in," he told the maid.

Daniel heaved a sigh of relief—he had been so close to losing a leg. He immediately scrambled to his feet before tidying his hair and shirt. Then, he stood in a corner with his gaze cast downward. Soon enough, Elise and Claude walked into the room. When Elise

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heard the noise coming from upstairs, she could vaguely estimate Maya's condition based on the intensity of her cries.

"Are you the one who did this to my daughter?" Maxwell's face darkened as he questioned Elise in a blaming tone. Elise didn't respond to him and simply shot a glance at Claude. Claude nodded before he walked over with a cocky expression on his face. "Watch your words. Your busybody daughter wouldn't have ended up in this situation if she hadn't overstepped her boundaries and messed with Elise."

"Who are you to say that about my daughter?!" Maxwell narrowed his eyes as he glared at Claude, with the aura and power of the head of a family. "I'd recommend you not to mess around here. After seeing what the perpetrator did to my daughter, I've already decided that I'll make that person pay for their actions! Although the Dahlen Family doesn't have the power of Gods, we aren't easy targets!"

When Maxwell realized Maya's cries were starting to get louder, he felt increasingly frustrated. Could Elise be the only person who can save my daughter? At that thought, Maxwell dropped the harsh attitude that he had just moments ago. "Miss Sinclair, I'll give you anything you want, as long as you promise to let my daughter and I go!"

"Why did you have to offer me anything? I came over because I wanted to save your daughter," Elise muttered as she crossed her arms in front of her chest.

Maxwell froze for a moment before he realized that he had made a terrible mistake. "I'm sorry, Miss Sinclair. I was being foolish! I hope a kind soul like you will be able to forgive my shortcomings! Please cure my daughter of her suffering—I promise I'll always be thankful to you!" he cried.

"I don't need you to be thankful. I'm here to save a life—my intentions wouldn't be pure if I were doing it to win your gratitude, right?" Elise asked.

Maxwell let out a long sigh. He had been about to thank Elise when he heard her speak once more. "Unfortunately, I'm not as kind of a person as I would like to be. For the sake of Alexander, I initially planned on asking for a tiny reward in return for my services. But now... I've changed my mind. I want half of the Dahlen Family's fortune!"

"Half of our fortune?!" Maxwell knitted his brows together. If their family lost half of their fortune, they would lose half of the power they had. If that happened, they would be humiliated and bullied by the rest of the families in Tissote.

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"What is it? Are you not willing to give me the money?" Elise raised an eyebrow as she gave him a cunning smirk.

"No! No! Of course I'm willing to give it to you! Of course! As long as you cure my daughter, I promise to give you half of my fortune!" Maxwell cried. "Show her to the room!" he ordered his maid.

"Follow me, Miss Sinclair!" the maid uttered. The few of them were prepared to head to Maya's room when Elise voiced up. "I want everyone in the room to get out and wait outside." Elise didn't speak in an extremely stern tone, but her voice had an impact on others—it made everyone gasp in fear.

The room was cleared out in a matter of seconds. Elise stepped into the room and shut the door behind her. A few seconds later, Maya stopped screaming in pain. About two minutes later, Elise walked out of the room.

"T-That's it? She's cured?" Maxwell asked weakly.

## Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 441

### **Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 441**

Murderer

At such a time, even the most formidable doctor in Tissote couldn't determine a result.

Maxwell looked at Elise suspiciously, and before she could say anything, he dashed into the room. Maya was seen lying still on the bed. From afar, she seemed like a body that was no longer breathing. "Maya?" He warily approached. The room was as silent as the grave, and not a movement was seen. His heart skipped a beat before he lost his balance and

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collapsed to the ground as his face blanched. "Daddy's so sorry, Maya! I shouldn't have sent you to this murderer!"

In the next second, a fragile voice came from above the bed. "What are you doing, Daddy?"

As if he had woken up from a nightmare, he sprung up from the ground and went to the bedside. With tears profusely shedding, he grabbed Maya's hand. "You're fine! You're fine!"

"Who told you that?" Elise stood expressionlessly at the door. She pulled out a piece of prescription from her pocket and tossed it onto the ground. "Do as the note says, for one month."

"Will do, will do!" Maxwell gratefully nodded.

Maya, on the other hand, couldn't grasp why her father would behave so courteously in front of the woman. She was about to say something but was eventually held back by her illness.

Claude briefly peeked at the prescription on the ground and let out a couple of coughs with his fist before his lips. He stared at Elise as if he was pondering. Oh, merciless Father! The sick woman's gonna lose her sense of taste after one month based on what's on the prescription.

"Don't forget your promise to me," Elise calmly said.

"Don't worry. I'll have somebody clear up some properties and transfer them to you right away!" Maxwell replied.

Coldly, Elise glanced toward the figure on the bed before turning around to walk down the staircase. Following behind her was Claude, who—despite her shady action—joyously inquired, "The building's full of doctors, Father. Don't you fear the prescription would get seen through?"

Without even turning back, Elise answered, "Do you think anybody could deny anything I came up with?" Her tone was neither light nor weighty, yet Claude couldn't help but feel a chill running up his spine.

"Cuzzie!" When they reached the first floor, Daniel was seen pettily approaching them. He seemed to want to grab Elise but didn't dare to do so. Thus, he awkwardly paused with a

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farewelling pose. "I see you're leaving. Why don't you take your cousin brother along with you?"

"What's that noise?" Elise didn't even care to look at him. She turned around and asked, "Since when did I have a cousin brother? Do you know?"

"Nope," Claude tacitly replied.

"Come on, Cuz! I only offended Maxwell for your sake. You're not gonna ignore me, are you?" Daniel attempted to shift the blame away from himself.

"For my sake?" Elise stared straight into his soul. "Did I ask you to rescue the patient by putting her life in danger? Did I ask you to toy with Maya's life?"

"I—" Daniel was rendered speechless. Hasty, he went on a tangent. "They're going to break one of my legs, Cuz. Do you really not care about me?"

"I do. Of course I do." Elise took out a bag of medicinal powder from her pocket with a pair of fingers and tossed it into his hand. "I mixed this myself. It's the most effective painkiller you'll ever know. Take it after they take away your leg, and I assure you won't feel any pain within twenty-four hours." Saying that, she patted Daniel's shoulder and walked out of the room. Having only taken a couple of steps, she stopped and turned around, reminding, "By the way, there's a side effect to the medication. After twenty-four hours, the pain on your leg will worsen tenfold. Do consume at your own risk!" Unlike a quack doctor, she made sure to give her patients gentle reminders.

Daniel was left thoroughly dumbfounded.

...

When Elise arrived at home, she bumped into Alexander, who also coincidentally returned. They greeted each other at the doorstep.

"Where did you go?" Alexander quizzed.

"Went to buy some herbs," Elise answered.

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"Herbs?" Seeing Claude, who was behind her, was empty-handed, he subtly smiled. He did not intend to expose her. "Let's go in." After saying that, instead of going back to his own house, he went into Elise's yard.

Upon entering the door, they saw Jackson and a few other uniformed police officers surrounding the yard.

At their arrival, Jackson approached Elise. "Excuse me, Miss Sinclair. I'll need you to follow me."

"Jackson." Alexander frowned. "What's going on?"

"Sorry, Mr. Griffith. Things happened so suddenly I couldn't properly greet you." Jackson orderly uttered, "Three authoritative professors from Tissote University's physics department were found dead this dawn. And Miss Sinclair's notebook was found at the scene. She's now our only suspect, so we urgently need her cooperation."

"You could use some improvements in how you run things." Alexander was visibly hostile. "Hasn't anyone told you that Elise hadn't been to class lately?"

"You should know, Mr. Griffith, that not attending class doesn't mean not going to school," Jackson calmly stated.

Ultimately, Elise and the rest were brought to the crime scene. Due to the massive number of people in Tissote University, two police cordons were set up around the area to prevent any trespassers and possible rumor spread. Walking past the police cordon, the group of people came to the physics lab building.

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## Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 442

### Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 442

#### Can't Be Her

At that moment, Elise viciously stared into the distance and caught a familiar figure among the crowd surrounding the barricade tape. It was Addison, and she was sporting a vest that was normally worn by witnesses. She was also carrying a stack of books in her arms as she stood on her toes, trying to see what was happening within the tapes. Seeing her, Elise scowled as she clenched her fists. If Addison were to appear in that manner at such a time, the police would definitely take her away. Since she had always been responsible for Elise's notebook, a simple interrogation in the department could swiftly reach her.

Noticing the change on Elise's face, Alexander turned to where she was looking and immediately knew what was going on. Remaining composed, he pretended as if he was looking for evidence and slowly faded into the crowd. Very soon, he was already behind Addison, and no one even noticed his presence.

"Why are there so many cops? What's happening?" Addison muttered to herself. As soon as her words were voiced, her shoulder was grabbed. Subconsciously, she turned around and saw Alexander. "Al—" Before she could finish calling out his name, the man did a shushing gesture, and Addison instantly shut her mouth.

Then, Alexander signaled her with his eyes, asking her not to do anything reckless. With that, she nodded and both of them fled the scene without drawing any attention.

Seeing that, Elise heaved a sigh of relief.

All of a sudden, the forensic officer had come to a result. He walked to Jackson and took off his mask, casually informing, "We suspect they committed suicide with drugs. Possibilities of homicide are eliminated."

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"Suicide?" Jackson expressed his suspicion. "There must have been some kind of mistake. Why would three professors with bright futures suddenly decide to give up on life?"

"I'm gonna need you to trust me on this, Captain Gleeman. Or perhaps you could check it out for yourself." The forensic officer obviously had his share of temper. He unequipped his gloves and handed them to Jackson.

Scornfully, Jackson flinched his neck and glowered. Is it actually okay for him to swing those corpse-touching gloves around? "Never mind." Jackson continued, "It's your job. I just need a detailed report from you. As for the rest, I'll do my job accordingly."

"Whatever." An assistant came over with a plastic bag, to which the forensic officer threw the gloves into it before smugly walking out of the barricade tape.

"The case's not done. Where are you going?" Jackson attempted to stop him.

"But my job's already done." The forensic officer, without turning back, raised his hand and waved. "See ya."

Everyone else was stunned by his behavior.

Oh well, nothing good could come from having to see the forensics anyway. As Jackson was about to walk away, a group of men in suits was seen rushing over to him. One of them was Simon, who apparently was the leader of the group. Jackson went to greet him. "Why are you here, Mayor Bull?"

"I'm here for a look-see." Simon nodded. When he saw that Elise was present as well, he walked to her and questioned, "Why are you here?"

Elise squinted her eyes and pointed at Jackson with her chin as she raised her head. With a confusing expression, she answered, "Your men suspect that I'm the culprit."

Instantaneously, Simon revealed a frown. He turned to Jackson with anger in his eyes. "Is that true?"

Despite being baffled, Jackson countered with reasons of his own, "The evidence we have on the scene all points to Miss Sinclair."

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"It can't be her," Simon confidently claimed. "My men will handle this. Have your men stand down."

"That's against the law, Mayor," Jackson perturbedly replied.

"Against what law? There's a problem, and I'm here to solve it." Simon's voice was thundering. He turned away to Elise and spoke with a significantly softer tone. "You may head home."

"Mayor Bull!" Jackson agitatedly stated, "We have witnesses and evidence. According to the law, we have forty-eight hours of custody of the suspect."

Simon was visibly infuriated. "No, you're not hearing me. As I said, Elise is not the culprit. Are you doubting me now?"

"I didn't mean that..." Jackson grew glum, thinking he was about to upset a force that could easily drown him.

Regardless, Simon was a clean figure. He would never hide any secrets in the system. A man like him would aim only to eliminate any kind of crime and injustice instead of shielding them. Jackson, on the other hand, was a rigid man who knew only to follow the rules and procedure. Despite his discipline, two things he was bad at were sugarcoating his words and improvising in situations. Thus, in his perspective, Simon was hiding something. Furthermore, Jackson had always been highly suspicious of Elise, as well as Max who was beside her. And with three deceased in a case, he wouldn't let her off so easily.

"You didn't mean that, nor do you mean to follow my orders, correct?" Simon's tone was growing colder. Before Jackson could respond, he raised his head to a bystanding officer and yelled, "Where's Bart? Have him here right away!"

Bartholomew Larson, or simply Bart, was the forensic officer that left earlier. In his absence, his assistant, head lowered, timidly mumbled, "Officer Larson had left. He said the case was a suicide, and that there's nothing to look into."

"The suspects are here but he's already gone? Where's his professionalism for Heaven's sake? I want to see him in my office first thing tomorrow," Simon vexedly remarked.

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"Yes, Mayor. I'll be sure to pass it on." The assistant was still lowering his face, which was full of cold sweat.

Having not the mood to care about such trivial matters, Simon apathetically turned around and gazed at Jackson in condescension. "You heard him. Bart's the most proficient forensic officer in the force. Since he had announced the result—there was no culprit, then there's no culprit. Why are you persistent on having Elise to stay? Are you trying to dig up the truth, or are you trying to avenge a personal wrong?"

"How could you doubt me, Mayor?" Jackson was stupefied when he realized he'd cast doom upon himself.

"I can doubt every single soul in the world. Why do you think you'd make an exception?" With an icy glare, Simon shouted at his assistant, "Captain Gleeman obviously needs a break to clear his mind. Otherwise, he'll continue to forget the line between public and private matters and end up staining the force's reputation."

"You're suspending me for this woman?" Jackson stared at him in dismay.

"Think whatever you want." Having said that emotionlessly, Simon took Elise with him and left the crime scene.

## Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 443

### **Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 443**

Reuben Hunts

Watching as Elise escaped right out of his grasp, Jackson angrily smashed his phone.

Why is everyone willing to risk suspicion just to protect that pretty face? Just you wait. I'll dig up everything there is about you, Elise Sinclair!

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Having exited the police cordon, Simon had his assistant and men leave him, and he walked ahead with Elise.

"Don't worry about the case. I'll handle it for you. Since you're studying at the university, you should focus on doing so. No one else will come to bother you."

"I'm not worried." Elise was being rather casual with mindlessness. After pausing for a moment, she switched the topic. "Say, Mr. Bull, you summoned the best forensic officer in the force, and even came here yourself. There's more to this suicide than meets the eye, eh?"

"Though it sure met yours." Simon faintly smiled before raising his head, revealing the glower on his face. "Indeed, as you said, something's fishy about this case. In the last six months, there have already been four cases of suicide committed by physicists in this city alone. This one's the fifth."

As expected, it's aimed at physicists. Elise squinted her eyes. This must be related to the group suicides Joseph mentioned.

"Physics is one of the most complex subjects there ever are, and people who excel in this field are as rare as a pearl. A country's scientific development is closely determined by the standards of the nation's physicists. If these talented souls continue to go, physicists are going to go extinct in this country." Simon was one who truly cared about the world, and he couldn't help but let out a sigh of disappointment when he thought of that.

"So you're suspecting the culprits are from overseas, and are deliberately targeting our scientists?" Elise tacitly quizzed.

"Beats me." Simon shook his head in confusion. "Similar cases have also happened in other countries, so..."

Elise nodded in acknowledgment of his message. Rather than the techniques themselves, these countries are more interested in people who understand said techniques. There's no way they are willing to sacrifice these talents even for the sake of causing disputes.

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"Okay. You shouldn't be concerned about such matters. Just focus on your own development, will ya?" Donning a senior's role, Simon gently patted Elise's head and expressed his affection for her. "Just make sure you get to live a free life."

"That's what I've been doing." Like an agile little hedgehog, she swiftly and noiselessly dodged the man's hand. She still couldn't get herself to get used to such intimate interaction. Head touching, for instance.

Seeing her reaction, Simon wasn't exactly surprised. He then departed after saying his goodbyes.

Elise, too, headed back to her courtyard house. More precisely, it was Alexander's courtyard house. When she entered the house, Miller and Addison were already inside.

At Elise's arrival, Alexander went to her at once. "Jackson's not going to let this off so easily. I'll handle him."

"Mm." Elise nodded and paused for a second before warning Alexander, "Be careful out there."

Alexander lifted his commissures and gave her an affirming gaze before leaving.

Slightly stunned, Elise stood still to contemplate for a while before entering the house. Straightforwardly, she interrogated Addison, "You went to the physics department this morning?"

"Yup." Addison innocently nodded. "The substitute said that the professor left some homework there. So I went to fetch it, only to find no one in the room. I was even bumped into, literally."

"Who bumped into you?" Elise pursued.

"I didn't see clearly. It was too early I wasn't even fully awake," Addison claimed.

Upon those words, even Claude realized what happened. "Someone just set you up, girl. Do you know that?"

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"How?" Addison was absolutely clueless. "What happened back there? Is someone suspecting me for stealing a lost belonging?"

As death was nothing minor, the higher ups in Tissote University, fearing the incident would harm the university's reputation, tried to contain the news as much as possible. Even the witnesses were told to keep things to themselves. And that was also why Addison had no idea what happened within the strict, barricaded area.

"Theft is nothing." Claude waddled carefreely to her and suddenly pulled a perplexing expression, muttering, "Somebody's dead. Murder happened in the research building, and you, right now, are the biggest suspect the cops have eyes on!"

"M-Murder?" Shocked, Addison shot her eyes wide open. "How can this be? I mean, why me?"

"There are witnesses that saw you showing up at the crime scene, and that you left Elise's notebook there. Those are enough to prove that you're the biggest suspect!"

"No, it's not me!" Addison sprung up from her seat, startled, and she agitatedly grabbed Elise. "Elise, I only went to submit my assignments. I know nothing! I don't even know who died!"

"Calm down. It's nothing. Don't worry and relax." Elise softly comforted her. "You have me here, don't you? I'll look into it. Trust me, okay?"

Vaguely grasping the situation, Addison was still holding Elise's arm with her trembling hands.

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## Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 444

### **Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 444**

Why the Persistence?

Elise informed Addison, "For now, stop attending class and just stay here. Also, stop wearing that jacket. You may pick something else in my room."

"Okay." Addison naively nodded.

She was only an ordinary girl. For her to have gotten involved in an incident pertaining to death, she had surely grown less bold and were now less likely to go on a high profile. Shortly after, she grabbed Elise and said, "Let's eat, Elise. I've been living in fear for so long. I'm starving!"

After eating, Claude clapped his tummy and collected his belongings, preparing to head out.

All of a sudden, a car was heard pulling up outside the house.

Miller, who was rather on edge, went to the top floor. And after identifying the people in the car, she turned around and shouted, "You don't have to go anymore."

"What?" Drops of sweat surged on Claude's forehead. I finally got the chance to prove myself, and she's suddenly telling us we no longer have to go?

A few minutes later, in Alexander's courtyard, Reuben, the witness who reported his sighting, was tied up and thrown onto the ground. His mouth was sealed off with a tape, and his eyes plainly reflected his dissatisfaction.

Elise knew who he was—the fellow student who stained her name by accusing her of cheating in the Mathematics Olympiad. Although he didn't reveal himself back then, she had heard things about him.

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"Clement, can you please take him to the empty room inside?" Elise requested.

Without a word, Clement turned to Alexander for confirmation. After receiving Alexander's answer, he lifted Reuben up with one arm and carried him into the room, to which Elise tightly followed.

Wanting to clear things up in her mind, Addison went after Elise.

After putting the man on a chair inside the room, Clement tacitly retreated. He was like a robot that wouldn't show any expression regardless of what he was doing.

Then, Addison shut the door, and Elise tore away the duct tape covering Reuben's mouth.

"I knew it was you, Elise! Aren't you too hasty, wanting to kill off any witness?" The initial words out of his mouth were already overstepping.

"I'm guessing you're not setting Addison up solely because you're envious of me. Tell me, who gave you the orders?" Elise went straight to the point, having no interest in taking detours.

"Give me orders? Why would a man with such an excellent academic performance and a bright future like me need to receive orders from anyone else? Am I sick of life already?" Reuben revealed a scornful grin. "Besides, do you even have evidence? You don't. But I... I am the proof itself—the living proof that's gonna prove that you're a sick murderer!"

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## Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 445

### Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 445

Alexander's Solution

"You know, you look pretty good yourself, but why do you gotta be so vicious?" Addison angrily added, "Don't you know that if either Elise or I end up in jail, one of us is gonna live with the infamy forever?!"

"What does that have to do with me?" Reuben apathetically continued, "I'm simply a member of society trying to fulfill my responsibilities, and whatever happens to you in the future is your own fault."

"How dare you!" Addison was left tilted and speechless. As she was about to teach him a lesson, Elise reached out and stopped her.

"So, it seems like you're not going to be upfront either way," Elise expressionlessly uttered.

Reuben indifferently heaved a sigh as he sat up straight, leaning against the back of the chair. "What is this, forced interrogation? No, more like a coercion against an innocent man. Sadly, Elise, you're underestimating me. No matter where I go, you're a murderer, and I'll tell that to anyone I see. Don't even think about changing my mind!"

"Oh, man's got the balls." Elise lifted her eyebrows and spoke in a tone that was neither light nor heavy. Slowly, she raised her arm, revealing the silver needle in her hand. "Let's see how long your balls will last you." Saying that, she probed the needle into his skin around his collar that was not concealed by his clothes.

Instantly, Reuben could feel a sting and electricity surging through his entire body. Gnawing his teeth, he forced himself not to blurt a sound as he subconsciously clenched his fist. No matter how hard he tried to suppress the torment, his agony still showed on his face. Nonetheless, because of that, Elise was reassured that his identity was not as simple as an ordinary physics student like any other.

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"Pushing the limits, aren't we?" Elise revealed a cold smirk as she cruelly went on, "Oh, but this is only the beginning. I've coated the needle with some type of powder I manufactured. As time passes by, your pain will only worsen, so I'd advise you to speak up before we get there."

Reuben's body started to shiver from the pain, and he was sweating profusely on his forehead. As his vision was starting to get hazy, he began letting out whimpers. After some time, he slowly raised his head. Mustering every last trace of conscience he had left, he forcibly opened his eyes. With his eyes filled with red, tiny veins, he persistently gazed at Elise, provoking her as he gritted his teeth, "Is that all you've got? Come on, give me all you got! No matter what you do, I won't surrender what I have!"

His expression was so ferocious that even Addison, whose heart was filled with pique, couldn't help but feel shocked. Never had she seen a face as desperate as his from someone her age. It was as if Reuben was a prey that was forced to back into a corner and was putting up a last, struggling fight in its defense.

Elise took a deep breath. After a pause of silence, she took the needle out of his body before turning around to leave. After all, the reason she studied medicine was to help others. Hence, she couldn't bring herself to use it for torture.

"Elise? You're leaving just like that?" Although Elise's methods were certainly barbaric, Addison couldn't help feeling distressed as the truth had yet to reveal itself. She then chased after Elise before stopping just two steps later.

"Hehe..." Reuben feebly snickered. "Look, I haven't even started yelling and she's already feeling guilty about this."

"Shut the f\*ck up!" Addison's vulgarity revealed itself. "Reuben, you're nothing but a disgrace to humanity!"

Reuben used all his strength to get himself up against the back of the chair as he slothfully raised his eyebrows, giving her a look of "whatever you say."

Frustrated, Addison clenched her teeth in anger and eventually left the room.

Seeing the women had come out of the room, Alexander approached them. "How did it go?"

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"He wouldn't talk." Elise shook her head and sighed.

"Worst guy ever!" Addison pouted her lips and yelled, "What a sight for sore eyes!"

Elise bitterly grinned. "That's not what you think it means, dear."

"What's wrong? My eyes sore just by looking at him. Nothing else sounds worse than this." Despite her proficiency in mathematics, language and literature were obviously not quite her forte.

Elise slightly frowned but said nothing more.

At that moment, Alexander extended his arm and tenderly patted her shoulder. "Take a break. I'll take care of it." Having said that, he opened the door to the room and went inside.

Reuben, having already regained his senses, was now complacently sitting on the chair. He shot Alexander a scornful gaze. "Here comes another one." After a momentary pause, he goaded, "Give me all you got. As long as I'm still breathing, I'll expose everything that has taken place here once I'm out. Every single thing!"

Alexander looked at him with a condescending leer, seemingly having no intention in participating in his debate. His ebony eyes, under the shadow of his fringes, appeared more grim by each second.

Receiving no response, Reuben lifted his head as a tinge of confusion flashed across his eyes. "What's with the silence? Are we going soft now? I'll have you know that sugarcoating is not gonna work, so it's best that you swallow down whatever you intended to spit."

As if he didn't hear him, Alexander reached out his hand to grab a chair and sat before Reuben. He crossed his legs with his right ankle on top of his left knee before slowly raising his eyes, saying languidly, "Reuben Hunt, the youngest member of the Physics Boundary Organization. Having gained the International Physics Award at the age of thirteen, you entered the organization and swiftly became one of its core members. You then involved yourself in countless 'suicide cases' of physicists within and outside the country, and had always managed to get away scot-free."

Hearing that, Reuben became visibly nervous. "Who are you? How did you find out about Physics Boundary?"

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"Not that you need to know." Alexander remained a still face, and there was not a twitch in his still eyes. "All you have to do is tell me why you made Elise one of your targets."

"I've got nothing to say." Reuben was stupefied as his eyes exposed his nervousness.

"Even if you don't tell me, do you think I won't be able to find it out? I'm only giving you a chance to live." Alexander's utterance was tranquil, as if he was casually speaking at home. Anyone outside the situation would assume he was only having a friendly chat. However, the mannerful man was, in fact, a threat to every living being.

"It seems like I'm not leaving here alive if I continue to keep my mouth shut," Reuben mumbled to himself as he lowered his head. "Since that's the case, you can go look for the answers yourself!" Upon saying so, he lowered his head as much as he could and sneakily bit his own tongue.

In a matter of seconds, when Alexander realized it, he quickly went to grab his hair and lifted his head, only to find that it was already too late. Reuben's eyes were staring ahead blankly; he was no longer breathing. There was even blood flowing on his tongue. Scowling, Alexander pressed his cheeks to force his jaw open as his eyes were filled with annoyance knowing that he could have stopped his suicide. Still, he was one step too late.

Due to his big movements, he accidentally kicked a chair over. And the loud bang attracted the rest into the room. The moment they entered, all they saw was Alexander strangling Reuben, who was dead with his eyes staring ahead blankly.

Claude's nose twitched as he was stunned. "You didn't just kill him because you're trying to get us out of this, did you?"

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## Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 446

### Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 446

All Because of You!

Although Addison was always brave, she couldn't help but recoil when she saw the dead man right in front of her. Quietly, she retreated behind Elise, who was pursing her lips with a weighty expression as she was unable to determine what happened. One thing she was certain was that Alexander wouldn't kill an innocent man. So, did Reuben say something that triggered him, or did Alexander simply decide to take things into his own hands?

In the meantime, at Griffith Residence, Madeline, who couldn't reach Alexander's phone, dialed Maya's number.

"What is it?" Maxwell happened to be the one accepting the call. His voice was innately low and hoarse, so there was no telling what emotion he was feeling right then.

"Oh, Mr. Dahlen. It's me, Mrs. Griffith. I heard that Maya fell very ill, and I happened to know two pretty outstanding doctors. If you don't mind, I'll send them over to check on Maya soon," Madeline gratifyingly stated.

"It's fine." In a stiff tone, he replied, "She's recovered."

After a brief pause, he strangely added, "It's all thanks to you, Mrs. Griffith. Elise said that she was only willing to treat my daughter because of the Griffiths."

Elise treated her? She sounded as if she abhorred Maya on the phone, so why would she... After a moment of stupefaction, Madeline swiftly collected her feelings and responded with a pleasing tone. "That's great to hear! If only you knew how concerned my husband and I were. I've always seen her like my future daughter-in-law, you know?"

"Yes, yes, I know. Since you've already gotten a grasp on the situation, I have to excuse myself as there is business to attend to. Farewell."

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"Thump."

The rest of Madeline's bootlicking words had yet to leave her throat, and she was already hearing beeps from an ended call. Thus, she could only hang up. After putting down her phone, she started pondering on Maxwell's words, realizing that Elise had handled the situation without her knowing. This girl, despite her uncivilized mouth, is actually that kind? Or have I been too harsh on her?

...

Alexander calmly scanned outside the room before withdrawing his hands. He pulled out his handkerchief and began steadily wiping. "He bit his tongue," he serenely stated.

"We might still be able to save him." Claude dashed over and grabbed Reuben's hand to check on his pulse, only to reach a disappointing result. "He's dead," he helplessly announced as he released his hand.

At this moment, there was a commotion outside the door. The group went out and found Clement expressionlessly suppressing Jackson and dragging him toward the door.

"Sir, I caught this man attempting to break into Miss Sinclair's room," Clement coolly claimed.

"Let him go," Alexander softly ordered.

"Hear that? Unhand me!" Jackson shouted as he shook himself out of Clement's hands.

"Say, Captain Gleeman, you're one of the government's men. Why are you being so sneaky in here?" Claude curiously quizzed.

"Mind your own business." Jackson shot him a cold glare before turning to Elise. "If you're not guilty, why would you need so many men guarding the house?"

"I arranged it," Alexander sedately answered. "Elise is currently the most rightful heir to the Anderson Family, and there are too many people who want to set out and harm her. So I've arranged this only to protect her and her family."

Jackson, despite the answer, turned away with his unbelieving look.

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Glimpsing at the gap between Alexander and Addison, however, he caught sight of a figure being tied to a chair in the room. Intuitively, he shoved them away and rushed into the room. He lifted the figure's head, and after identifying the man to be Reuben, he checked on his breath. Shocked in dismay, Jackson turned to the door. "You people slaughtered a helpless student?!"

"That, we can explain," Elise said.

"What is there to explain? He just reported that you are the murderer this afternoon, and now he's stopped breathing, under your roof. Tell me, what is there to explain?!"

Devastated, Jackson glanced at Alexander as he unhand Reuben before walking to Elise. Then, he grabbed her arm and was about to walk out. Out of nowhere, a pair of massive arms ferociously grabbed him, to which he turned around only to meet Alexander's piercing gaze.

"Alexander!" Jackson maniacally screamed. "You're willing to go beyond your limits for the sake of one woman?"

"She is my limit," Alexander emotionlessly remarked. "He died because of me. Unhand her."

"And what if I don't?" All of Jackson's beliefs shattered. Having been best of friends with Alexander for so long, he had never expected a moment where they would have to rival each other. But now, Alexander was willing to stick his neck out for Elise and murder a witness. He couldn't idly watch as his dearest friend walked toward his own ruin. Whether as a friend or a policeman, he was obliged to bring Elise to justice.

"You have three seconds to unhand her. After that, I'll make you." Alexander's intonation was ever-intimidating. The two gazed at each other in the eyes. None of them was willing to compromise with each other. A brief moment after those words, Alexander tensed his brows and exerted force on his hands, twisting Jackson's arm before landing a kick on his chest.

The kick sent Jackson crashing into the door frame, and he felt a stinging pain on his head and back. Nonetheless, he crawled back up as if nothing happened. Raising his clenched fist, he charged at Elise. "It's all you... It's all because of you!"

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Alexander, who was rubbing Elise's arm, heard Jackson's voice and immediately, a piercing light flashed across his eyes. Swiftly, he drew his leg and was about to counter Jackson.

Nevertheless, Elise's movements were quicker than his. Before he could land a hit, a needle flew past his vision, projecting forward rapidly and finally landing and probing on Jackson's neck.

As expected, the moment Jackson clutched his own neck, his legs turned into jelly as he collapsed before the rest. Despite his partial paralysis, he glared at them with his hateful eyes, obviously upset.

"Captain Gleeman." Elise calmly stared at him. "I don't mind the prejudice you hold against me. But I strongly believe that you should trust Alexander. He's no criminal nor will he become an accomplice. And I wouldn't do anything to betray his trust. Since you're so determined that I'm the murderer and have seen the truth you wanted to see, from now on, you shall stay here and observe carefully whether I'm whomever you think I am." Having said that, she turned to Clement. "Sorry, Clement, but can you clear a room out for Captain Gleeman?"

## Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 447

### **Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 447**

Cold Body, Sealed Lips

Clement's attention was entirely on Elise's silver needle. He was so caught up in it that he didn't respond in time. For a typical man, that couldn't have been more normal; but for a robotic man, who only responded to orders from their masters, as he was, his daze was significantly notable. It wasn't until every eye in the room turned to him did he regain his senses and carried Jackson out of the room.

"What do we do with this guy?" Claude pointed at Reuben's corpse.

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"Just leave it be." Elise tranquilly stated, "I'll have an expert examine his body tomorrow." Returning to her room, she logged onto SK System and published a request announcement.

'Emergency forensic wanted. Requirements: proficient, tacit, confidential. Price doubled.'

Shortly after, a user named "guiltypleasure" sent her a private message. 'Where.'

Elise swiftly replied, 'Athesea, Tissote. When?'

The user, guiltypleasure, answered, 'Tomorrow night. Address.'

After Elise sent over the address, the user logged off.

Very soon, it was already the next day.

Three at dawn, Elise walked out of the courtyard house. After waiting for some time at the gates, she saw a figure slowly approaching from the alley. Then, the figure revealed itself under the streetlight and stopped before Elise.

Recognizing the person's face, Elise squinted her eyes. "It's you?" He's the forensic officer who was responsible at the crime scene back in the university!

"How fateful. We meet again," Bartholomew greeted with an uncontrollable grin. His forensics pass was still hanging around his neck while he carried a simple toolbox on his back. Obviously, he just came over from the Forensic Science Division.

"Why are you here?" Elise scowled.

"To solve your problems, of course." Bartholomew introduced himself, "guiltypleasure, at your service."

Elise was at a loss for words. Guy's from the Forensic Science Division, so he's at least half a cop. Things'll get troublesome if I were to let him in.

"Too late to regret now." Bartholomew read her mind and suspiciously uttered, "You're looking for a forensic scientist, which means someone here has died to unknown causes, and the chances of it being a murder is high. It's pretty obvious."

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"Are you planning to report this?" Elise remained still on the outside as a pair of silver needles slid into her palm.

"Hehehe!" Bartholomew stared at her hand and knowingly clarified, "No worries. I'm here as guilty pleasure, not a forensic officer. Even if you don't trust me, you should trust in SK's security measures. They wouldn't let a cop who'd disrupt the system's equilibrium into the system, would they?"

Hearing that, Elise turned a tad relieved. Bartholomew was right. SK was able to stand this long without falling mainly because of its insanely strict security measures. Basically, even operating in a gray area had its rules, and anyone who went against the rules meant declaring a war against the entire group. SK had members of different professions all around the world. One could only anticipate death once they had broken even one rule of the system, and no one would be so dumb to oppose the entire world solely to make some extra cash.

"Okay." Elise sheathed her needles and turned around into Alexander's courtyard. "Follow me."

Bartholomew, with his hands in his pockets, followed steadily behind Elise. Walking past the courtyard, he caught a glimpse of Jackson sitting on a chair in the guest room, looking at him, begging for his help with his eyes and a sincere expression.

He halted his steps to contemplate. Under everyone's attention, he went to the door of the room that was containing Jackson. Right when Jackson was thinking that he was about to get rescued, Bartholomew swiftly extended his arm and grabbed the door handle before slamming the door shut. Turning around, he revealed a harmless smirk. "You're not exactly giving me a way out here." Since Bartholomew was working for the police force, his identity was exposed the moment Jackson caught him hanging around Elise and her gang.

"Apologies." Indeed, Elise had overlooked some details. She promised, "Don't worry. I assure you he won't expose you."

"And how do you do that?" Looking sullen, he remarked, "Only cold bodies have sealed lips." His speech was not emphasized, but it was still highly unnerving. He seemed so gentle, but one couldn't help but feel wary of him, as if he would stab them in the back when they had their guard down. After he said that, the courtyard was filled with nothing but silence. Nobody in the entire premises ever had the idea of killing off Jackson.

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"Based on what you said, we should kill him first, then you, to be extra cautious, yes?" Elise questioned, her tone cryptic.

Hearing that, Bartholomew shrugged his shoulders and reverted to his mischievous demeanor. "Just kidding, heh."

"Highly unfunny." Elise apathetically ordered, "Come in. The body's inside."

The entire corpse inspection process was public. Although there were only Elise and Bartholomew in the room, the others gathered outside the room and observed the inspection.

Shortly after, Bartholomew came to a conclusion. "Suicide. Tongue bite. No other possible cause."

Outside the door, Claude shot a logical inquiry. "He should still live for a brief moment after he bit his tongue, but he died instantly. You sure there's no other cause?"

In response, Bartholomew turned to him, feigning the arrogance he once did to Jackson. He took off his gloves. "Wanna see for yourself?"

"Tsk." Claude rolled his eyes. We're all doctors here. Who do you think you are, being so cocky, huh?

After contemplating for a bit, Elise commanded, "Check his lungs."

"No need." Bartholomew clapped his gloves. "There were no signs of poisoning. Dissection will only be a waste of time."

"You've accepted the job, so it's your obligation to satisfy your client. You know that, right?" Elise coldly replied.

Bartholomew turned around and met her piercing gaze. After a moment of silence, he re-equipped his gloves as he claimed, "I do not want the presence of anybody while I'm dissecting the body, and that includes the client herself."

"Fine." Without debating more, Elise exited the room and shut the door.

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Once the door was shut, Claude immediately ranted, "God damn. You could've told me if you wanted a corpse inspection. Why do we have to take punches from him?"

Ignoring him, Elise wordlessly stood still.

About one hour later, the door was opened from the inside. Bartholomew took off his mask and declared, "It was as you said. The lungs' nerves deteriorated quickly under the effect of a certain drug. The moment he bit his tongue, his breathing stopped, and the two combined caused his instant death."

"Can you determine what kind of drug it is?" Elise inquired.

"I'll need a further look in the lab." After saying that calmly, he looked at her. With an inexplicable tone, he questioned, "This is not your first corpse inspection, is it, Miss Sinclair?"

## Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 448

### **Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 448**

First to Renege

"I don't have experience in inspecting corpses," Elise perfunctorily answered.

"You don't? How did you know his lungs had issues, then?" Bartholomew persistently interrogated.

"I checked his pulses when he was still alive. I sensed it then," she replied.

"Really?" Bartholomew lifted his leg to walk over the doorsill. Standing before Elise, he ambiguously quizzed, "I once met a woman in Africa. She, too, had pointed out the error in my inspection. She goes by the name 'Eliza.' Do you perhaps know her?"

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"I don't," Elise countered without even blinking her eyes. "Your task is complete. You may go now. I'll transfer the payment over as soon as possible."

Bartholomew stood up straight, revealing a look as if he had gotten his answer. Swiftly, he took off his latex gloves and turned back into the room to grab his toolbox before walking out of the house. When he passed by Elise, he halted his steps and suggestively stated, "See you soon, then."

"I'll see you out." Alexander sneaked up noiselessly like a ghost.

When they reached the gates, Alexander stopped in his tracks. "Stay away from her."

Bartholomew slowly turned around and crossed his arms before his chest. "Why, we have a fiancé intending to strip his bride-to-be of her rights to socialize."

"Cut that crap." Alexander's inky eyes grew deeper under his lashes. "Pull anything funny and you'll be the one inspected the next time we meet."

"Wow, scary man." Bartholomew pouted his lips, showing no signs of fear on his face. "Almost everyone's trying to make a move on her. Will you be able to kill us all?"

Alexander narrowed his eyes and wondered before flaunting his intimidation. "One by one. Two only makes a pair."

Bartholomew nodded and gave a thumbs up. "Strong man, scary man." After a pause, he added, "Anyone could do one or a pair. Though you should save your threats for when you finally realize what you're truly facing." Having said that, he turned around and walked into the night, slowly fading into the darkness.

After standing idly for a while, Alexander eventually walked back into the house.

The next day, the sun had only risen while Clement was helping Jackson wash up when Danny barged into the room. As soon as Danny saw Clement holding Jackson's face, his eyes instantly glistened, as if he had discovered an ultimate secret.

Clement, meeting Danny's eyes, was stunned for a second before realizing what the latter was thinking about, and he sneakily withdrew his hand that was supporting Jackson's face.

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Regardless, Danny remained nosy. He hunched over and tiptoed into the room. Once he was in the room, he grabbed Clement by the shoulder and interrogated, "My man Clement, spill the tea! Since when did you guys get together?"

While he was at it, he winked at Jackson, giving him a knowing look, to which the latter rolled his eyes at him. Is this dumbass really Alexander's brother?

"Young Master Danny, you're misunderstanding—"

"Aww, don't need to feel embarrassed. I'm an open-minded man." Right when Clement was about to explain, Danny quickly interrupted him as he patted his chest, "Now, who's the pursuer here?"

Rendered speechless, Clement let out a sigh before patiently explaining, "Young Master Alexander had me in charge of Captain Gleeman's well being. Nothing more." His utterance was as calm as usual and bore no intention of jesting. Clement had no sense of joking, and that was pretty much a common knowledge.

Awkwardly, Danny let out a fake cough before withdrawing his hand that was on Clement. Deliberately, he went on a tangent. "I mean, Captain Gleeman here seems fine to me. Why are you looking after him?"

Clement courteously clarified, "He does look healthy, but it seems like Miss Sinclair has messed with his meridians, and now he can't move." Despite his reluctance to believe that Elise had such a great ability, Clement couldn't deny it with the facts presented right before him. He saw it for himself that Elise had brought Jackson, who was bigger than himself, down with just a needle within one second. He couldn't help but to fear such a needling technique. And that was when he decided he had to reassess the things he knew about Elise.

"Ah, is that it?" Danny nodded as if he was contemplating.

Taken aback, Clement glanced at him. Is that it, he says? Is he not surprised at all? Is needling even something a normal person can easily do?

Meanwhile, Danny was wondering, After such a huge misunderstanding, Jackson wouldn't come looking for me after Elise fixed his meridians, would he? Having thought of that, Danny thought it was best that he disappeared from Jackson's sight. "Please take good

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care of Captain Gleeman, will you?" Danny patted Clement on the shoulder before hopping out of the room like a wild hare, leaving Clement stunned, as if he was completely disregarded.

In a flash, Danny was already with Alexander to keep himself updated. "What did Captain Gleeman do to upset Elise that he ended up that way?"

"Don't ask something you shouldn't," Alexander, highly perturbed, impatiently blurted before walking out of the room.

Realizing he'd brought that upon himself, Danny scratched the back of his neck, thinking the number of secrets in this house was larger than the amount of sand in an hourglass. Besides the addition of Jackson, something told Danny that Joseph's presence made Joseph a more complex character than met the eye. Having no desire to remain oblivious, Danny decided to pick a room to live in. There's no way I can't figure out what happened if I were to stay here the entire day.

Unfortunately, there was no entertainment around the courtyard house, so he grew drowsy guarding his surroundings, and his drowsiness was followed by a shut-eye.

Right when he was falling asleep, a turmoil could be heard from the courtyard next door. Sensing the thundering noises, Danny still assumed that he was only dreaming. While his eyes were closed, he suddenly remembered he was in Alexander's place. Forcefully, he opened his eyes and sprung up from bed. He stormed out of the door, only to hear wails echoing throughout the yard.

"Oh Heavens, the pain on my leg! Pay me a leg, Elise!"

"Somebody, save me! I'm dying! Someone's completely ignoring her cousin! Lord, why did this happen to me?!"

In that instant, Daniel was lying on a stretcher as he hugged his broken leg, screaming out of pain as if he was living in between life and death.

Accompanying him were a couple of nurses who carried the stretcher and about eight bodyguards escorting him. Standing innermost within the group was Russell, who rested his arms behind his back while revealing a frown that was most bitter. Seeing Elise, who had just returned from the backyard, Russell eagerly went up to reprimand her.

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"Look at what you've done, Yoona! You went to the Dahlens. Why didn't you bring your cousin back with you? The Dahlens literally broke his leg!"

Hearing that, Elise glanced at Daniel, who was lying on the stretcher on the ground, and swiftly withdrew her gaze. Then, she lowered her head and pulled out her phone to check on the balance in her bank account.

Yup, same as yesterday. Maxwell has yet to send the money over. Good job, Maxwell. You're the first ever person to renege on me.

## Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 449

### **Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 449**

#### Clearing the Place

Seeing that Elise wasn't paying attention to him, Russel lost his temper at once. "Hey, what the hell is on your mind? Didn't you hear what I said? Didn't you see how much pain Daniel's in? What the hell are you waiting for? Hurry up and cure him now!"

Elise tapped on today's financial news in silence while still ignoring Russell. As she had expected, Maxwell wasn't only unwilling to pay the money; he was also secretly plotting to deal the Griffith Group the finishing blow at the moment. He had even stretched his claws toward the Anderson Family; only he hadn't been found out for the time being since he had done so in a covert way. After pondering for a moment, Elise picked up her phone and dialed a number.

"Who is it?" Nathan sounded quite irritated as he was roused from sleep.

Just as Elise was about to respond, Russell daringly made a lunge at her and snatched her phone away directly. He said testily, "I'm talking to you! Did you hear me?"

As soon as he took her phone away, though, he met her eyes, which had appeared delicate and beautiful to him at first glance. At this moment, however, her eyes were dark and

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gloomy and gleaming with a strong murderous desire, as though she would go on a killing spree at any time.

Elise was half a head shorter than Russell, but she naturally projected a commanding aura even when she wasn't looking angry. Seeing the look in her eyes, Russell unconsciously gulped a mouthful of saliva and silently put her phone back in place.

Elise shot him a chilly sidelong glance. Then, she went on and said to the other end of the line, "I've found you a fun job to do, Nathan."

Russell's cloudy eyes instantly widened with astonishment when he heard Nathan's name. Nathan?! Is that the Nathan York that I know about? So the rumors are true that Elise and Alexander have a close relationship with Nathan York! If the Andersons manage to establish a relationship with him, we'll have a divine hand in opening up the global market in the future, won't we?

Unaware of the old devil's scheming, Elise pressed her lips together, waiting for Nathan's reply.

Nathan got out of bed and found a bath towel to wrap around his lower body. Then, he poured himself a glass of wine and drank it. After breathing in with a hiss, he asked leisurely, "What's the job?"

"Buying out the Dahlens' family business," replied Elise.

"No problem." Nathan responded to her request without hesitation, but he bared his fangs soon afterward. "As long as you give me the word, making any business in the country go bust or lose all its capital is never a problem for me. Still, I can't keep doing business at a loss, right? And besides, I've got to answer to my clients."

Elise seemed to realize what he was getting at. "What do you want?"

"That's exactly what I like about you. You're always so straightforward." Nathan walked over to the French window with his wine glass between his fingers. Looking down at the ground below, he continued in earnest, "I want to meet with A in person."

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Elise didn't want to take advantage of him, though. She reminded him kindheartedly, saying, "Are you sure you'll be able to answer to your clients after meeting with A? However capable A is, she's just a human being."

However, Nathan replied with conviction, "Well, just as no one will turn down a dinner with Warren Buffett, I believe that a meeting with A will be worth more than its price."

"Alright then. I'll help introduce you to her when this matter is over," Elise replied.

"Okay." Nathan threw his head back and gulped another sip of his red wine. After smacking his lips, he said confidently, "It won't take long."

Elise hung up right away without continuing the conversation.

"Yoyo?" Russell called ingratiatingly in a whisper.

Elise turned her head away in disgust. "Who are you calling Yoyo?"

"You, of course!" Russell stared at Elise, his eyes sparkling brightly. Then, he realized that he had called her by the wrong name. Correcting himself at once, he said, "Oh, sorry, I was wrong. It's Elise. Elise, were you talking to Nathan York—the outstanding investment broker—on the phone just now?"

"What does that have to do with you?" Elise replied snappishly while raising an eyebrow.

Russell replied in a groveling manner, "How could that have nothing to do with me? We're a family, after all. From what I heard just now, you're going to arrange a meeting between Nathan and your friend. In that case, how about you reserve a place for me?"

"D-Dad..." The ignored Daniel sat up, baring his shoulder. With a look of resentment, he asked Russell for help, urging, "Don't forget about me. My leg can't wait another minute!"

Only then did Russell come to his senses. He cleared his throat, saying, "Ahem! Well, uh, Y... Elise, since you've started taking action against the Dahlens, why don't you treat Daniel's leg while you're at it? After all, he got himself into such a state after going to the Dahlens with the best of intentions to cure Maya for you."

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Elise turned to look at Russell coldly. "For me, you say?" she asked. Then, she retorted, stressing each word, "Did I tell him to take a bunch of quacks with him to diagnose her? Or did I tell him to administer medicine and treatment carelessly despite knowing nothing about her illness? Are you sure I was the one who told him to do all that?"

"Well..." Russell was instantly stumped for an answer. After being speechless for a long time, he finally forced out an excuse. "B-But it was you who told Daniel to treat her! He only made the desperate move because he had no other options left!"

"Oh," Elise murmured in acknowledgment with an expressionless face.

"Oh?!" Russell's lips twitched. "Is that all? Your cousin risked his life without hesitation for your sake. Aren't you even gonna say thanks to him?"

"Well, I'm not as good with words as you are." Elise locked her phone's screen and put her phone in her trouser pocket. Then, with her hands in her pockets, she looked straight ahead, saying as if nobody else was around, "I'll cure the patient if I can, but if I can't, I'll admit that I can't cure them. I won't show off my superiority or try to be a hero for the sake of trying to make myself look good. Besides, those who end up hurting themselves by pursuing their own interests under the excuse of doing good to someone else don't deserve sympathy either."

Suddenly, she thought of Alexander, and she lowered her head and smiled in self-deprecation. "Moreover, my sympathy's limited. I can't afford to take care of every Tom, Dick, and Harry, right?" Well, I have to avoid some risks and protect myself for somebody's sake, after all, she thought. After a moment's thought, she said under her breath through her thin lips, "Throw all these people out."

"How dare you do this to me, Elise?! I'm your uncle!" Russell protested as he struggled.

However, Elise merely plugged her ears with her index fingers. She said impassively, "What a racket in the early morning!"

Daniel was left alone in the center of the yard. Seeing Russell being thrown out in a curve through the air, he gulped a mouthful of saliva in fear and crawled outside, dragging his broken leg.

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## Bring Your A Game, Mr Chapter 450

### Bring Your A Game Mr Chapter 450

#### An Irrejectable Phone Call

It took Daniel forever to crawl through the gates. The instant he finally did so, he held his broken leg and whimpered through clenched teeth like a hurt puppy.

The Anderson Family's servants hurriedly rushed to him and Russell. After helping the father and son up, they took to their heels and ran away swiftly.

Danny was baffled at the sight of the scene. "What's going on, Elise? That spoiled rich dandy of the Anderson Family, isn't he your cousin?"

Instead of answering his question, Elise walked out and entered Joseph's room in the yard next door.

Joseph was working on his computer. Upon seeing Elise, he heaved a sigh of dejection. "I still can't reach Xavier."

Elise asked, "Don't you have a way to bypass the internal communication tools and contact SK Group's members directly after running the group for so many years?"

Joseph shrugged his shoulders. "As you said, I'm in charge of running the group, not of developing softwares. Perhaps we should contact A, the mysterious hacker, for this. But A's gonna charge us... and SK Group has a limited budget."

Elise fell silent for a moment. Then, she took over the computer, working briskly on it with a speed that took Joseph's breath away. Soon, lines of code appeared on the computer's screen.

Joseph noticed that Elise was working on two monitors, which were running different programs simultaneously. As SK Group's leader, Joseph had seen many talented people,

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and the top hackers he had seen before were too numerous to enumerate. All of them, however, paled in comparison with Elise.

Five minutes later, Elise struck a key on the keyboard. "Alright, it's done. In ten minutes from now, only you can reach Xavier by phone. Hurry up!"

"Okay." Before Joseph could marvel at her skills, his body had reacted first by taking out the phone and dialing Xavier's number.

...

Meanwhile, in Lithium City, Xavier arrived at the periphery of Timothy's dwelling place by following up on recently obtained information. An incredibly patient hunter, he wasn't in a hurry to catch his prey. He lay in ambush outside, waiting for the safe period to be over before he went into action.

Lithium City had very sparse vegetation, so the only place to hide was the yellow earth. Luckily, Xavier came fully prepared. At this very moment, he was in a pit that he had dug on the spot. It was covered at the top with straws and soil. There was only an opening, which was only big enough for a pair of binoculars to poke through for spying.

When Xavier's phone rang, he was standing behind his binoculars, spying on the legendary physicist and his wife with a grave expression. Dressed simply and spectacled, the couple were typical high intellectuals; even their haircuts had a bland feeling about them. However, no amount of soil could hide the scholarly vibes that emanated from their souls.

The hiding period had already ended. Tonight, he would show himself and take the couple away. Otherwise, he would be beaten to it by other people who got here after learning about the information.

Just then, however, his phone began vibrating like mad with a continuous buzz.

Xavier picked it up and took a glance at its screen. It was a phone call from an unfamiliar number, but he didn't intend to answer it. Before his mission was complete, he would block all incoming calls on his phone to avoid being affected by the outside world. At the thought of this, he pressed the 'Decline' button.

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However, what happened next surprised him. His phone kept vibrating, and he couldn't reject the phone call no matter what.

Involuntarily, he pressed the 'Answer' button, and the phone's screen was instantly taken over by the call interface. Speechless, he expressionlessly put his phone to his ear and asked in a cold voice devoid of human feeling, "Who are you?" Apparently, the caller was aware of his habit, which was why they'd had a bug installed so that he couldn't reject the phone call.

"It's me, Joseph. Something's happened within the organization, and you're now being used. The information this time is very likely to be a trap. Never show yourself easily!"

Upon hearing the man's words, Xavier fell silent for a very long time. Then, he replied unhurriedly, "If you really were Joseph, you should've known that I hate nothing more than being disturbed while carrying out a mission. And besides, I don't think Joseph would still assign the mission to me if he thought I was a weakling who couldn't even see through somebody else's petty tricks." After that, he warned, "Whoever you are, don't call me again. Otherwise, I'll have you die a horrible death when I find you."

With that, he hung up right away without waiting for the other party's response. After switching off his phone expressionlessly, he returned to his binoculars and continued with the spying.

Meanwhile, in Athesea, Joseph handed the phone, the screen of which had gone back to showing the list of contacts, to Elise. "Seems like Xavier's not gonna escape his fate."

Elise let out a heavy breath. "Well, we all learn from our mistakes. It's not a bad thing for him to run into some trouble. Let's hope that he'll come back safely."

Joseph let out a sigh as well. "Yeah, I hope so."

"Have a good rest and be sure to take the medicine I've prescribed to you on time. When you recover, you have to go back with me to seize the headquarters back," Elise urged. Then, she stood up and went to open the door.

However, as soon as the door opened, she saw Danny leaning sideways in an eavesdropping position. Upon seeing her, he froze all over.

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"Eavesdropping isn't a good habit, Danny," Elise said.

Her voice brought Danny to his senses. Turning his face toward Elise with hindsight, he pushed her aside and walked straight up to Joseph, his eyes shining with excitement. "A-Are you Joseph Fuller? I mean, the Joseph Fuller who heads SK Group?!"

Joseph's expression froze for a moment before he looked over Danny's shoulder at Elise.

With a look of resignation on her face, Elise gave Joseph a reassuring look. Danny was a bit of a drama queen, but he was good at keeping secrets, so letting him know about it wasn't a big deal.

Joseph gave her a slight nod before nodding at Danny impassively. "Yes, I am."

Danny gave a loud gasp before managing to compose himself. Then, he let out a scream, staring at Joseph like a beast that had discovered its prey.

Feeling uncomfortable under the boy's stare, Joseph cleared his throat and took the initiative, asking, "Is there anything you want to talk to me about?"

"No, nothing. What can I talk to you about?" Danny blurted out with a cheeky grin. Then, he immediately realized that he had said the wrong thing. He corrected himself at once, saying, "No, wait a minute. It seems I really have something to talk to you about!"

"Shoot," Joseph replied calmly.

"Could you take me in?" Danny asked in an earnest tone. He had spent a lot of manpower and material resources these days in order to get recruited into SK Group. But so far, he had only been running around like a headless chicken without getting any closer to the group. Now that SK Group's supreme leader was sitting right before him, how could he not take the shortcut?

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